









FOLEY'S STATUE OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

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STONEWALL JACKSON.

STATE NORMAL SCHOOL,
LOS ANGELES, -- CALIF.

4491

BY

JOHN ESTEN COOKE.

44

AUTHOR OF "SURRY OF EAGLE'S NEST," "MOHUN," ETC.



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CONTENTS.

PART I.

FROM HIS CHILDHOOD TO THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

	PAGE
✓ CHAP. I.—Country Boy and Constable.	9
✓ II.—Cadet at West Point,	12
III.—Lieutenant of Artillery in Mexico,	14
IV.—Professor at Lexington,	19
V.—Jackson is appointed Colonel of Volunteers,	34
VI.—The Valley,	39
VII.—The First Brigade,	41
VIII.—Johnston Retreats,	44
IX.—The "Affair at Falling Waters,"	49
X.—Johnston leaves the Valley,	53
XI.—Advance of the Grand Army,	59
XII.—Manassas,	63

PART II.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE VALLEY.

CHAP. I.—The Autumn of 1861,	77
II.—Jackson's Farewell Address to his Brigade,	82
III.—Jackson's Plan,	86
IV.—The Winter March to Romney,	88

	PAGE
CHAP. V.—Jackson falls back from Winchester,	98
VI.—Kernstown,	107
VII.—Behind the Scenes,	119
VIII.—McDowell,	124
IX.—Jackson flanks his Adversary,	137
X.—General Banks Retreats,	144
XI.—Winchester,	149
XII.—The Lion in the Toils,	154
XIII.—Out of the Meshes,	162
XIV.—The Death of Ashby,	167
XV.—Jackson narrowly escapes Capture,	176
XVI.—Cross Keys,	181
XVII.—Port Republic,	186
XVIII.—Jackson in June, 1862,	193

PART III.

FROM PORT REPUBLIC TO CHANCELLORSVILLE.

CHAP. I.—“General T. J. Jackson, Somewhere,”	200
II.—On the Chickahominy,	206
III.—Cold Harbor,	214
IV.—General McClellan retreats to James River,	227
V.—Malvern Hill,	233
VI.—Federal Accounts of the Retreat,	238
VII.—The end of the Drama,	245
VIII.—General Pope in Culpepper,	249
IX.—Cedar Run,	254
X.—Jackson Pursues,	263
XI.—General Lee advances from the Rapidan	267
XII.—The March to Manassas,	274
XIII.—Jackson at Bay,	284
XIV.—Manassas, August 29, 1862,	288
XV.—The Second Battle of Manassas,	295
XVI.—Oxhill, or Germantown,	303

CONTENTS.

7

	PAGE
CHAP. XVII.—General Lee enters Maryland,	307
XVIII.—Boonsboro' and Crampton's Gap,	317
XIX.—Capture of Harper's Ferry,	320
XX.—Sharpsburg, or Antietam,	327
XXI.—Shepherdstown,	343
XXII.—The Campaign,	345
XXIII.—General Lee's Address to his Army,	347
XXIV.—Jackson and his Veterans Resting,	349
XXV.—General McClellan Advances,	356
XXVI.—Jackson halts,	362
XXVII.—Change of Commanders,	365
XXVIII.—Fredericksburg,	368
XXIX.—General Burnside attempts a last Advance,	379
XXX.—Jackson at Fredericksburg,	384
XXXI.—Winter Quarters at Moss Neck,	388
XXXII.—Federal preparations for the Campaign of 1863,	394
XXXIII.—The Campaign Opens,	397
XXXIV.—General Hooker Advances,	401
XXXV.—In the Wilderness,	404
XXXVI.—Chancellorsville,	411
XXXVII.—The Result of Jackson's Movement,	429
XXXVIII.—"It is All Right,"	438
XXXIX.—Jackson's Remains taken to Lexington,	445
XL.—Jackson the Soldier and the Man,	450

A P P E N D I X .

BY REV. J. W. JONES, D. D.

Personal Reminiscences and Anecdotes	467
Proceedings attending the Unveiling of the Bronze Statue of Jackson—the Gift of England to Virginia—at Richmond, October 26, 1875	514
Oration by Rev. Moses D. Hoge, D. D.	556
The Spirit of the Press	573



STONEWALL JACKSON.

PART I.

FROM HIS CHILDHOOD TO THE FIRST BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

CHAPTER I.

COUNTRY BOY AND CONSTABLE.

THE Jackson family came from England to Virginia in the last century. John Jackson, the first of whom we have mention, settled near Weston, in Lewis County, beyond the Alleghanies, and his son Edward became county surveyor, and served in the Legislature. Jonathan, the son of Edward Jackson, settled in the town of Clarksburg in Harrison County, where he commenced the practise of the law, and married Miss Neal of Wood County. Of his four children by this marriage, two sons and two daughters, THOMAS JONATHAN, born at Clarksburg, January 21, 1824, was the youngest.

The events of Jackson's life up to the commencement of the late war are not sufficiently interesting to justify very extended notice, but some particulars deserve to be recorded. The Jacksons did not belong to the class of planters, living in luxury and elegance on the seaboard, but to that energetic, intelligent, and thrifty population which settled in Western Virginia. - In the

first generation they cleared the land, established mills, and tilled the soil. In succeeding generations they were lawyers, judges, members of the Legislature, and soldiers, filling offices of usefulness, and occasionally of distinction. Their manners were plain, their houses and style of living unpretending, but the class to which the family belonged was justly regarded as one of the most intelligent and respectable in the Commonwealth.

Jonathan Jackson practised law for many years with success, and became a thriving citizen, but his latter years were overshadowed by misfortune. His wife died, and the amiable gentleman having become security for needy friends, found all the hard-earned profits of his profession swept away. When he died in 1827, he left his children penniless. Jackson was then three years old. The child was thus left, upon the very threshold of life, to learn the hard lesson of poverty. It is the old story which meets us at the commencement of many a great career, and need not be dwelt upon. The boy was taken to the house of a Dutch farmer, his uncle-in-law, who probably did not make an agreeable impression upon him, as he soon ran away and took refuge with a kind aunt, the wife of Judge Allen of the Court of Appeals. It is said that when the lady gently chid the forlorn young runaway, and urged him to return to his uncle, he replied, with great calmness and decision, "Maybe I ought, ma'am, but *I am not going to.*" Another uncle, Cummings E. Jackson, now came to his succor, and took him to the old family homestead near Weston. Here he remained until he was sixteen, acquiring the rudiments of a plain English education at an old field school, and assisting his uncle in the labors of the farm. His subsequent acquisitions were all due to the hours spent in study at West Point and Lexington.

The character of the boy at this time seems to have been earnest and energetic. At sixteen he had secured so high a reputation for intelligence and probity, that the Justices of the County Court of Lewis elected him constable, the duties of which office he performed with credit and efficiency. It is probable, however, that the position did not please him, and hearing

that there was a vacancy at West Point, he at once determined to apply for the appointment. This intention was expressed to a friend, Colonel J. M. Bennett, who urged the high standard of studies at the great public school, and asked the boy if he had prepared himself. Jackson's reply was, "I am very ignorant, but I can make it up by study. I know I have the energy, and I think I have the intellect."

This reply pleased Colonel Bennett so much that he at once sat down and wrote a letter of introduction to the representative of the district in Congress, urging him to assist the youth, and with this letter in his pocket Jackson resigned his office of constable and set out for Washington. An incident of this journey indicated how much importance he attached to the observance of his promises. He borrowed a friend's horse to ride to Clarksburg, where he expected to take the stage, promising to leave the animal at a certain stable in the town, but upon reaching the place found that the stage was several miles upon its way. This was a serious disappointment to the ardent youth, and a friend, seeing his trouble, urged him to ride to the next town, where he could come up with the vehicle, promising to send after the borrowed horse and return him to his owner. The temptation to accept this offer was great. The roads were ankle deep in mud, and the stage rapidly rolling on its way; the only obstacle was his promise to *leave the horse at Clarksburg*. He declined the friendly offer, delivered the horse at the appointed place, and shouldering his baggage set off on foot through the mud to catch the stage. He came up with it, and proceeded to Washington. This occurred in June, 1842. Jackson's application was successful, and on the first of July in the same year he was admitted a cadet at West Point.

CHAPTER II.

CADET AT WEST POINT.

SUCH is a glimpse of Jackson, the orphan boy, at home in Virginia. We have next to look upon the country-bred youth, clad in the neat uniform of the West Point cadet, and making indefatigable exertions to keep up with his class. His studies were algebra, geometry, and French, and in the same class with him were Generals McClellan, Foster, Reno, Stoneman, Couch, and Gibbon of the United States army afterwards, and Generals A. P. Hill, Pickett, Maury, D. R. Jones, W. D. Smith, and Wilcox of the Confederate States army.

It may encourage others to know that his progress was slow. At the end of the first year his standing in a class of seventy was 45 in mathematics, 70 in French, and 51 in general merit, with 15 demerits. During the second year he made visible progress, however. At the examination he stood 18 in mathematics, 52 in French, 68 in drawing, 55 in engineering, and 30 in general merit, with 26 demerits. At the end of his final year he was 12 in engineering, 5 in ethics, 11 in artillery, 21 in infantry tactics, 11 in mineralogy and geology; had 7 demerits, and his graduating standing, including all previous drawbacks, was 17. His "general standing" in his first year had been 51; in his second 30; in his third 20; in his fourth it was 17. One of his companions declared, with apparent justice, that if he remained four years longer he would graduate at the head of his class. This progress had been the result of hard study. Of genius, in any form, we find no traces in him at this period. All was resolute toil. He did not penetrate the subject before him at a glance, but mastered it by laborious application, breaking the obdurate husk only by incessant blows. Every hour brought progress. What he once acquired was drilled into his mind, and every step which he ascended was solid under his feet.

Of the youth's personal appearance and deportment at this period of his life some traits are remembered. He was not social in his habits, and made no figure in society. His natural character and his position in life were both opposed to the fun, frolic, and abandon of the volatile youths at great public schools. He had come to West Point to secure an education which would enable him to rise from his "low estate" of dependence upon his relations, or the distasteful drudgery of his office of constable, and from this great object he permitted no social enjoyments to divert him. The self-denial was not difficult, however. Jackson was not fond of society, and made no impression in it. He was neither gay nor witty, and had little or no humor. In character and appearance he was sedate and earnest; in manner shy and ungraceful. The recollection is still preserved of many of his personal peculiarities—his simplicity and absence of suspicion when all around him were laughing at some of his odd ways; his grave expression and air of innocent inquiry when some jest excited general merriment, and he could not see the point; his solitary habits and self-contained deportment; his absence of mind, awkwardness of gait, and evident indifference to every species of amusement. These eccentricities attracted attention, and were the subjects of jesting comment; but this comment was not ill-natured. The kindness and simplicity of the hard-working youth seem to have made him many friends, and disarmed all hostility.

In relation to his intellectual faculties, his associates are unanimous in declaring that he exhibited no indications whatever of his future career. They gave him credit for an amount of industry and energy which would enable him to accomplish much, but there is nothing to show that his most intimate friends at this time suspected him of possessing any thing resembling military genius.

CHAPTER III.

LIEUTENANT OF ARTILLERY IN MEXICO.

JACKSON graduated and received the appointment of brevet second lieutenant of artillery on July 1, 1846. He left West Point at a fortunate moment. The United States were at war with Mexico. All the roving and adventurous classes of society swarmed toward the Rio Grande, fired by the fancy of picturesque warfare in a romantic country; and it is probable that Jackson, then but twenty-two, shared this general excitement. He was assigned to the First Regiment of United States Artillery, then serving under General Taylor in Mexico, and proceeded immediately to join his command. It is known that he had a strong desire for active service, but this craving was not for some time gratified. The regiment remained inactive until the spring of 1847; but active operations then commenced, and the battery to which Jackson was attached was sent to take part in the assault on Vera Cruz. About the same time he received his appointment as second lieutenant, and commanded a battery of siege guns during the bombardment. His conduct under fire for the first time must have been creditable. In August, for "gallant and meritorious conduct at the siege of Vera Cruz," he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant.

After the fall of this fortress, the American army advanced upon the city of Mexico. All Jackson's aspirations now pointed to a position in the light artillery. The command of heavy guns did not suit his temperament, and his preference for service in the field was soon gratified. Captain John B. Magruder led the storming party at Cerro Gordo and captured a Mexican battery, which General Scott thereupon presented to him as a reward for his gallantry; and Jackson immediately applied for a position under Magruder.

"I wanted to see active service," he said in after years, "to be near the enemy and in the fight; and when I heard that John Magruder had got his battery, I bent all my energies to be with him, for I knew if any fighting was to be done, Magruder would be 'on hand.'"

He succeeded in securing his transfer, and took a prominent part in the assault on the enemy's intrenched camp at Contreras, and in the stubborn struggle which followed at Churubusco. "My fire was opened," wrote Captain Magruder, "and continued with great rapidity for about an hour. In a few moments Lieutenant Jackson, commanding the second section of the battery, who had opened a fire upon the enemy's works from a position on the right, hearing our own fire still further in front, advanced in handsome style, and kept up the fire with great briskness and effect. . . . Lieutenant Jackson's conduct was equally conspicuous throughout the whole day, and I cannot too highly commend him to the major-general's favorable consideration."

This report was addressed to "Captain J. Hooker, A. A. G.," afterwards General Hooker.

In the report of General Twiggs the young lieutenant was mentioned for "gallant services;" and for "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battles of Contreras and Churubusco," he was brevetted captain. On the 8th of September came the victory of El Molino del Rey; and on the 13th the city of Mexico was stormed and taken.

Jackson had borne his fair share of the toils and dangers of the campaign, and had secured high commendation. The source and character of this commendation place his merit beyond question. General Scott twice mentioned him in his report, and declared that he had "gained merited praise." General Worth wrote: "After advancing some four hundred yards we came to a battery which had been assailed by a portion of Magruder's field-guns—particularly the section under the gallant Lieutenant Jackson, who, although he had lost most of his horses and many of his men, continued chivalrously at his post, combating with

noble courage." General Pillow wrote: "Captain Magruder's field-battery, one section of which was served with great gallantry by himself, and the other by his brave lieutenant, Jackson, in the face of a galling fire from the enemy's intrenched positions, did valuable service preparatory to the general assault. . . The advanced section of the battery, under the command of the brave Lieutenant Jackson, was dreadfully cut up and almost disabled." Captain Magruder made mention of the young man's services throughout his report, and wrote: "I beg leave to call the attention of the major-general commanding the division to the conduct of Lieutenant Jackson of the First Artillery. If devotion, industry, talent, and gallantry are the highest qualities of a soldier, then he is entitled to the distinction which their profession confers."

This warm testimony to the young soldier's skill and courage was not disregarded. For "gallant and meritorious conduct in the battle of Chapultepec, September 13, 1847," he was brevetted major. In less than a year he had risen from brevet second lieutenant to brevet major, distinguishing himself so greatly in every action as to attract the attention, and secure the especial notice of his generals, including the commander-in-chief. "The brave Lieutenant Jackson"—"The gallant Lieutenant Jackson"—his "devotion, industry, talent, and gallantry"—these tributes to his merits as a soldier had been showered upon him by some of the bravest and most famous officers of the army; and such praise must have thrilled to the very depths of a heart, at that time, if not afterwards, passionately sensitive to military glory.

An incident, which appears to rest upon good authority, will serve to convey an idea of the young lieutenant's coolness and nerve. His section had opened fire on the enemy's intrenchments, and drawn upon itself a whirlwind of iron which tore man and horse to pieces. Men fell around the guns at every moment, and the fire of the enemy at last became so terrible that the bravest of the cannoneers fled from the pieces. Only Jackson and a sergeant were left, and dismounting, the youthful

lieutenant took the sponge staff, and, with the assistance of his sergeant, began to load and fire with immovable phlegm and coolness. He was thus engaged when Magruder rode up and ordered him to withdraw his guns; but against this Jackson strongly remonstrated. He could hold his ground, he declared, and if General Worth would only send him fifty regulars, he would silence the enemy's batteries and render their capture easy. Magruder acquiesced, the men were sent, and Jackson immediately advanced his section, opening with a more rapid and destructive fire than before. The opposing batteries were silenced, the works were charged, and the American troops were soon occupying them.

On another occasion when his men ran from the pieces, and crouched behind a bank for shelter from a heavy fire of artillery, Jackson is said to have advanced into the open space, which was every moment being ploughed up with shot and shell, calling out with great coolness, "Come on! This is nothing. You see they can't hurt me!"

Long after the war, in 1858, a gay youth at Lexington asked Jackson one day if one of these anecdotes was true, and receiving a reply in the affirmative, added:

"That was a very hot place, wasn't it, Major?"

"Yes, very hot," was the reply.

"Why didn't you run, Major!" asked another as the laugh ran round the circle. With a smile Jackson replied:

"I was not ordered to do so. If I had been ordered to run, I would have done so; but I was directed to hold my position, and I had no right to abandon it."

Such was the explanation of the ex-artillerist; but we suspect that the character of his audience, or self-deception, led him to dwell too exclusively on the motive of duty. That motive may have been controlling with him, and the question of his young pupil gave him an excellent opportunity to enlarge upon it, and "point a moral." But behind the composed mask of the grave Lexington professor we think we can discern the grim smile of the artillerist of Contreras, Churubusco, and Chepul-

tepec. Whatever may have been the sentiment of Major Jackson of the Virginia Military Institute, Lieutenant Jackson of the United States Army in Mexico loved fighting. He loved it to the last with all his piety and kindness; and for the simple reason that his organization was essentially dominant, combative, delighting in antagonism. Until greatly changed by religious feeling, he seems to have loved fighting for its own sake; and it is certain that he performed his military duties in Mexico with the greatest gusto. He does not seem at that time to have been at all pious. He was a young soldier leading a soldier's life, in the atmosphere of the camp; busy with many things; full of ambition; in good health; and delighted with this "best of all possible worlds" in which he had become a major of artillery at the age of twenty-three. To have his battery in readiness for action at a moment's notice—to get the best position, stand to his guns, do the enemy the largest amount of damage, and thereby secure "honorable mention" and a brevet—this was probably regarded as the chief end of man by the young and ardent artillerist.

It may be said that there was nothing very grand about all this; but it is something to be a good soldier, and Jackson certainly was such. He worked hard in camp, and fought hard in the field. Devotion, industry, talent, and gallantry are not possessed by every one; but Magruder, who knew Jackson intimately, declared that he possessed them.

He was more than a good soldier afterwards—he was a very great man. But that was when a sublimer thirst than that for human glory had made him a true "Soldier of the Cross."

CHAPTER IV.

PROFESSOR AT LEXINGTON.

THE capture of the city of Mexico ended the war, and peace was soon declared between the two countries.

The United States forces were withdrawn, and we next hear of Major Jackson in Florida, where the remnant of the Indian tribes formerly inhabiting that region still carried on hostilities against the Government. Here his health gave way. He had never been a person of very robust constitution, though capable of enduring great fatigue, and the swampy airs of Florida soon told upon a frame subjected to a heavy strain in the campaigns of Mexico.

This feeble state of health was probably the main reason which induced him to accept a proposition made to him early in the year 1851, to become a candidate for the chair of Natural and Experimental Philosophy at the Virginia Military Institute. This step involved a relinquishment of all the dreams of military glory which had so long filled his mind. He was called upon to bid farewell to that "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war" which he loved; to hang up the sword battered in glorious encounter; to close his eyes to all the bright hopes of the future; and, his "occupation gone," settle down into a simple professor, drilling knowledge into the minds of his pupils year after year, with no wars, no battles, no thunder of the cannon any more. It must have been a hard struggle with the young soldier. The camp had now become his home: the service his chosen occupation, in which were centred all his joys and aspirations. He must consent to sever at a single blow the tie so firmly knit: to commence life afresh, and bending all his energies in a different direction, make usefulness his aim, no longer military glory. His health, or other circumstances, however decided him. He wrote from Fort Meade, Florida, February 25, 1851, to Colonel

(now General) Francis H. Smith, superintendent of the institute, acquiescing in the proposition to bring his name before the Board of Visitors, and said: "Though strong ties bind me to the army, yet I cannot consent to decline so flattering an offer." Other names had been submitted to the Board by the Faculty of West Point, all distinguished for high scholarship and gallant services—among them Generals McClellan, Reno, and Rosecrans, of the Northern army, and General G. W. Smith of the Confederate army. McClellan, Reno, Rosecrans, Jackson! Such was the occasion upon which these afterwards celebrated athletes came in collision. The Virginian unhorsed all his opponents, and, March 28, 1851, was elected.

We have stated that the condition of Jackson's health was probably the controlling motive for his relinquishment of active service in the field. It is proper to add, however, that he stated to his intimates that one of his objects was to keep his mind fresh, especially in artillery tactics, in order to "embrace any opportunity that might offer, for obtaining command in the event of war." Whether he then contemplated the great collision between the North and the South, is not stated. The authority for the above statement adds: "He seemed to feel that he was born for command;" but at a later period, these martial longings are said to have greatly diminished. He had become a professor of religion, and "would have engaged in no military service but one really defensive; and while desirous of honorable regard, his great aim was duty—good to be done—an approving conscience, and the glory of God."

On the 1st of September, 1851, Major Jackson entered upon his duties as Professor of Natural and Experimental Philosophy and Instructor of Artillery in the Virginia Military Institute near Lexington. Whatever doubts he may have had about his new duties, there could be no doubt that the locality was a change for the better. Lexington is a town situated in the county of Rockbridge, in the Valley of Virginia, surrounded by blue mountains, and in the midst of smiling fields. Nowhere can be found a purer air, or a more charming landscape. It

was a good exchange for the miasmatic atmosphere of the low grounds of Florida, fruitful in fevers, and stealing away the life of the unacclimated stranger. Such was Jackson's new home, and life must have had a gay and smiling appearance to him there from the beginning. We know that the region soon became dearer to him than all others.

Here were spent the most tranquil and serenely happy hours of a manhood which commenced and ended amid the storms of battle; and here were first revealed to him the full glory and sublimity of that faith in God, which soon became the master element of his being. At Lexington he was happy as husband, father, friend, and citizen; and to this spot of earth the rigid form of the dead soldier, was sent back, and, borne on a caisson of the cadet battery, committed to the earth. He had asked them to bury him there, to let his bones repose in the dear earth to which his thoughts recurred with so much tenderness. On his death-bed, when his hours were numbered, and his spirit drifted slowly toward eternity, the pale lips opened, and he murmured in a whisper:

“Bury me in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia!”

Two important events mark this period of Jackson's life—his marriage and profession of religion. He married Miss Junkin, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Junkin, President of Washington College. This lady did not long survive her marriage, and her only child, a daughter, died in infancy. Several years after the death of his first wife he was again married to Miss Morrison of North Carolina. By this marriage he had one child, Julia, born a few months before his death.

Jackson became a member of the Presbyterian church of the town, then under the charge of an excellent old man, the Rev. Dr. White. The circumstances leading to this public profession of Christian faith are unknown to the present writer; but it is certain that he speedily became an active and prominent member of the church, and filled, during his residence at Lexington, important secular positions in it. Every Sunday, with military regularity, the figure of the Professor was seen in his

pew at the Presbyterian church, hymn-book in hand, his earnest countenance turned up to the pulpit with close attention. Religious duties soon became the controlling occupation of his life; the society of good men and women his chief relaxation and greatest source of pleasure. All who know any thing of Jackson, and observed him in private then and during his period of command in the field thereafter, will remember the marked preference which he displayed for the society of clergymen, and the childlike fondness, almost tenderness, which he exhibited toward the pious ladies whom he encountered on his marches. His reputation as an earnest and devoted Christian had singularly endeared him to these gray-haired matrons, and he repaid their attentions with a respect and deference which was beautiful to behold. The present writer has seen him, after a long and exhausting march, when he had scarcely tasted food for twenty-four hours, forget the tempting supper before him, and give his whole attention to the aged lady who sat beside him. This spectacle was familiar to those who lived with him. Strangers may have found in it a topic for amusement and jests; but to the writer of these pages it seemed indicative of that simplicity and goodness which were the natural instincts of his character.

Any discussion of the peculiar religious views of Jackson must be left to abler hands than those of the present writer. He was popularly spoken of as a "fatalist"—which means, if it means any thing, one who believes that *what will be, will be*. It is sufficient to say of Jackson that he was a member of the Presbyterian Church, and strongly embraced the doctrines of predestination and Providential supervision. It has been said that he cherished an unflinching "confidence in his destiny," and believed that he had "a distinct mission of duty in which he should be spared for the ends of Providence." This may be true; but it is certain that his motto was, "Do your duty, and leave the rest to God." His faith was not speculative, but practical and living. His earnestness of temperament was carried into religious affairs, and he was averse to all sentiment which did not prove

its genuineness by *action*. With him his Christian faith was a practical influence, shaping his habits and life. The reality of his feeling was shown every day, and no adverse influences seemed to affect it. In camp and surrounded by the many distracting cares of command his habits of meditation and prayer remained unaltered, and he was as devout an observer of religious exercises as in the days of peace. He was generally regarded as sectarian in his views, and one of his nicknames was "The Blue Light Elder." But this popular belief seems to have been entirely erroneous. He was a devoted but not bigoted member of the Presbyterian Church; and a most intelligent staff officer, long serving near his person, assured the present writer that he had no such exclusive feeling whatever. A letter to Dr. Hoge on the subject of army chaplains, in the spring of 1863, is a strong proof of this; and those who were thrown in personal contact with him during his military career, will not easily be convinced that his just, liberal, and Catholic intellect could have hampered itself within the narrow boundaries of sectarianism.

We pass now to his personal traits and habits. Well-meaning persons have drawn a wholly incorrect likeness of Jackson at this period of his life. Misled by admiration, and yielding to the temptation to eulogy, they have bestowed upon Professor Jackson every moral and physical grace, and even his eccentricities have been toned down into winning ways, original and characteristic, which only made their possessor more graceful and charming than before. We are sorry to say that this is all fancy. Jackson was the farthest possible removed from any thing graceful; and as the first merit of any biography is accuracy, we shall endeavor to lay before the reader a truthful sketch of the real form seen moving to and fro, on the streets of Lexington, between the years 1851 and 1861.

It was the figure of a tall, gaunt, awkward individual, wearing a gray uniform, and apparently moving by separate and distinct acts of volition. This stiff and unbending figure passed over the ground with a sort of stride, as though measuring the

distance from one given point to another ; and those who followed its curious movements, saw it pause at times, apparently from having reached the point desired. The eyes of the individual at such moments were fixed intently upon the ground ; his lips moved in soliloquy ; the absent and preoccupied gaze and general expression of the features, plainly showed a profound unconsciousness of "place and time." It was perfectly obvious that the mind of the military-looking personage in the gray coat, was busy upon some problem entirely disconnected from his actual surroundings. The fact of his presence at Lexington, in the commonwealth of Virginia, had evidently disappeared from his consciousness ; the figures moving around him were mere phantasmagoria : he had travelled in search of some principle of philosophy, or some truth in theology, quite out of the real, workaday world, and deep into the land of dreams. If you spoke to him at such times, he awoke as it were from sleep, and looked into your face with an air of simplicity and inquiry, which sufficiently proved the sudden transition which he had made from the world of thought to that of reality.

In lecturing to his class, his manner was grave, earnest, full of military brevity, and destitute of all the graces of the speaker. Business-like, systematic, somewhat stern, with an air of rigid rule, as though the matter at issue was of the utmost importance, and *he* was entrusted with the responsibility of seeing that due attention was paid to it—he did not make a very favorable impression upon the volatile youths who sat at the feet of this military Gamaliel. They listened decorously to the grave Professor, but, once dismissed from his presence, took their revenge by a thousand jests upon his peculiarities of mind and demeanor. His oddities were the subject of incessant jokes : his eccentric ways were dwelt upon with all the eloquence and sarcastic gusto which characterize the gay conversation of young men discussing an unpopular teacher. No idiosyncrasy of the Professor was lost sight of. His stiff, angular figure ; the awkward movement of his body ; his absent and "grum" demeanor ; his exaggerated and apparently absurd devotion to military regularity ; his wear-

some exactions of a similar observance on their part:—that general oddity, eccentricity, and singularity in moving, talking, thinking, and acting peculiar to himself—all these were described on a thousand occasions, and furnished unfailing food for laughter. They called him “Old Tom Jackson;” and pointing significantly to their foreheads, said he was “not quite right *there*.” Some inclined to the belief that he was only a great eccentric; but others declared him “crazy.” Those who had experienced the full weight of his Professional baton—who had been reprimanded before the class, or “reported” to the superintendent for punishment or dismissal—called him “Fool Tom Jackson.”

These details are not very heroic, and detract considerably from that dignified outline which eulogistic writers upon Jackson have drawn. But they are true. Nothing is better established than the fact that the man to whom General Lee wrote, “Could I have directed events, I should have chosen for the good of the country to have been disabled in your stead,” and of whom the *London Times* said, “That mixture of daring and judgment, which is the mark of ‘Heaven born’ Generals, distinguished him beyond any man of his time”—nothing is more certain, we say, than that this man was sneered at as a fool, and on many occasions stigmatized as insane.

It is doubtless true, however, that some of the youths, of more generous disposition or penetrating judgment, did not share in this general opinion. They saw in the young Professor originality rather than eccentricity of mind. They could acknowledge the peculiarities of his views and opinions, and the singularity of some of his habits, without sharing the popular impression that some wheel or crank of his mental machinery was out of order. Upon one point, however, there seems to have been a general concurrence: the young teacher’s possession of an indomitable fearlessness and integrity in the discharge of every duty. His worst enemies never ventured to say that he did not walk the straight path of right, and administer his official duties without fear, favor, or affection. They were forced to recognize the fact that this stiff military machine measured

out justice to all alike, irrespective of persons, and could not be turned aside from the direct course by any influences around him. The cadets laughed at him, but they were afraid of him. They agreed, by common consent, that it was time thrown away to write excuses for a "report" made by Major Jackson. The faculty, from long experience, had come to understand that when Major Jackson reported a cadet he deserved punishment, and the consequence was that although the young men derided his peculiarities, and laughed in private at his odd ways, they felt that he was their master, and yielded full obedience to his orders.

Such was the ex-artillerist turned professor. From his functions of professor in the school-room he would pass to those of instructor of artillery on the parade ground. Here he was more in his element. He was called upon to teach the mysteries of that arm of the service which he loved above all others; and the proficiency of the cadets in drill and all the evolutions of the battery was soon a subject of remark. Jackson took great interest in these drills, especially when blank cartridges were used. "An ex-Cadet," in his interesting account of this portion of Jackson's life, says: "As soon as the sound of the guns would fall upon his ears, a change would seem to come over Major Jackson. He would grow more erect; the grasp upon his sabre would tighten; the quiet eyes would flash; the large nostrils would dilate, and the calm, grave face would glow with the proud spirit of the warrior. I have been frequently struck with this, and have often called the attention of others to it."

We have thus presented the figure of Jackson under two or three aspects—as the absent-looking thinker moving, lost in meditation, through the streets of Lexington; the grave professor in the lecturer's desk, and the officer of artillery, with sabre at his side, directing the drill and drawling out his commands in the long, singsong fashion peculiar to the graduates of West Point. His appearance on Sunday will conclude our outline. He attended church with unfailing regularity. Punctual

to the moment, the form of the Professor was seen to enter church, decorously approach the familiar pew, and enter with grave respect in his whole demeanor. Book in hand, he followed the words of the hymn sung by the congregation, and at the signal for prayer rose erect, his tall figure remaining as motionless as a statue until the prayer was finished. After the service he retraced his steps with decorous gravity and retired to his quarters, to return again with the same punctuality, and conduct himself with the same solemn respect, at the evening service. The hours of Sunday not spent in church were given up to religious reading, meditation, and prayer in his study or in the bosom of his family.

Thus passed, in a routine of duty, barren and dull to the beholder, but doubtless interesting to him, a period of nearly ten years. Jackson's health was still delicate, and he suffered much from weakness of eyesight; but these drawbacks did not interfere with the rigid and complete discharge of his duties. The feebleness of his sight induced him to turn his attention especially to that subject, and when the revolution commenced, he had made considerable progress in an elementary work on Optics, which he proposed to publish for the benefit of his class. His character seems to have been understood and appreciated by the best classes of the little society of Lexington, and his virtues were greatly respected. Men of grave character and experience discerned the solid merits of the man; and if they did not suspect the presence of that military genius which he afterwards exhibited on another arena, they valued him for his conscientious devotion to duty, and loved him for his simplicity and piety. One who was connected with him officially at this time, Colonel Smith, the superintendent, writes: "His great principle of government was that a general rule should not be violated for any particular good; and his animating rule of action was, that a man could always accomplish what he willed to perform." This statement may be paraphrased in the words system, regularity, justice, impartiality, and unconquerable perseverance and determination. These were valuable lessons to

teach youths. They laughed at him, but they imbibed the principles of action which he taught. They derided the rigid discipline which the young martinet enacted; denounced him for administering things "on a war footing," and no doubt honestly regarded him as a most unreasonable advocate of useless military etiquette; but they were slowly and certainly trained, like growing twigs, in the direction which the teacher wished. Jackson proceeded upon the eminently just view that the Institute was a military school, whose chief value consisted in the habits of military system and obedience which it impressed on the ductile characters of the cadets, and regarded any relaxation of the rules of the establishment as directly tending to strike at the intention of its founders and destroy its usefulness. Many anecdotes touching this point are related of him. He once continued to wear a thick woollen uniform during the sultriest days of summer, when everybody else had adopted the lightest attire possible; and when asked by one of the professors why he did so, replied that "he had seen an order prescribing the uniform which he wore, but none had been exhibited to him directing it to be changed." Another incident is equally characteristic. Colonel Smith declares that he has known him to walk to and fro, in front of the superintendent's quarters, with a heavy rain beating upon his person, "because the hour had not quite arrived when it was his duty to present his weekly reports." Such things appeared extremely absurd to the young gentlemen who had no idea of the importance of military "orders," and the implicit obedience which a good soldier considers it his duty to pay to them. But which was right—the laughing young cadet, or the grave major of artillery? Let the thousands who in the late bitter and arduous struggle have been taught by stern experience the necessity of strict compliance with all orders, to the very letter, answer the question.

As yet, however, the cadets laughed, and doubted the good sense of all this rigid discipline. They not only made fun of the grave Professor behind his back, but persecuted and "sorely tried" him, says "An ex-Cadet," by practical jokes. One of

these was amusing, and will give the reader some idea of the youths with whom he had to deal. The battery used in drilling was managed by drag-ropes, which the junior class manned. These would play all sorts of pranks. Sometimes a lynch-pin would be secretly abstracted, and the piece or caisson would break down in the midst of the drill. A more mirth-provoking device even than this, however, was hit upon. A small bell was adroitly suspended inside of the limber-box, and the conspirators demurely took their places at the drag-ropes. The commander of the battery gave the order "Forward," and the pieces began to move. Suddenly a mysterious tinkling was heard, and the cadets, unable to withstand this tax upon their risible faculties, burst into shouts of laughter. The Professor looked astonished, halted the battery, and with great earnestness instituted an inquiry into the phenomenon. It was in vain; nothing was discovered, and the order was again given for the pieces to move forward. They moved, and the hidden bell again tinkled, amid renewed shouts of laughter. How this adventure terminated we are not informed, but there is no doubt that the trick was played and was not greatly enjoyed by Professor Jackson. Other devices of the frolicsome cadets to annoy him seem to have affected him with a touch of humor. We have referred to the long drawling manner in which, following the fashion of West Point, he gave his commands. A favorite movement with him was to bring the battery into echelon; and whenever the command to "Form echelon" was given with its accompaniment, "Right oblique—trot—march!" the whole ground would ring with the commands, repeated by the cadet officers, in the most ridiculous drawl imaginable. One evening when this had been carried to unwonted excess, the adjutant approached Jackson and asked him how he was pleased with the drill.

"Very much, sir," replied Jackson; then smiling slightly, he added, "the officers gave very fine commands this afternoon."

No opportunity of having a laugh at the Professor's expense was lost sight of, and on another occasion the cadets had some grounds for their amusement. One day Jackson informed his

class that the clock in front of the Institute was not correct, and declared his intention to ascertain, by scientific means, the exact time. He accordingly marched out to the parade-ground, with the class at his heels, and proceeded, by means of his instruments, to take an observation. The result was amusing and delightful to the cadet-heart. He finished his work about half-past twelve in the day, and to his profound astonishment discovered that it was *nearly seven in the evening!* The cadets set up a shout, and after looking around him with incredulous surprise for some moments, Jackson joined in the general laughter. It was soon discovered that the instruments were out of order, but the cadets did not suffer this fact to lessen their appreciation of the joke.

One of the few exhibitions of a tendency to humor which we find in Jackson's whole career occurred at this period. The reader will not be troubled with many similar incidents, and we give the anecdote here. One morning in 1858 he called up a member of the graduating class, and with profound gravity propounded the following scientific question :

“Why is it impossible to send a telegraphic despatch from Lexington to Staunton?”

The cadet reflected for some moments, and then replied that the explanation of this phenomenon doubtless lay in the fact that the amount of iron ore in the mountain drew the magnetic current from the wires.

A covert smile touched upon Jackson's features ; fled away, and he said :

“No, sir ; you can take your seat.”

Another was called up, but he too failed to explain the mystery. A second, then a third were equally unsuccessful—Jackson listening to their theories with profound attention, but with the same sly smile which had greeted the first solution. This smile, probably, attracted the attention of the next cadet who was called, and threw a sudden light upon the subject. His countenance lit up ; his lip broke into a smile in return, and he said :

“ Well, Major Jackson, I reckon it must be because there is no telegraph between the two places.”

“ You are right, sir,” replied Jackson, who had suddenly renewed his composed expression. “ You can take your seat.”

An outburst of laughter from the class greeted this passage of arms in which the Professor was overthrown, but the unwonted display of humor had apparently exhausted Jackson's appreciation of the quality for the time. He called the class to order, and calmly continued the subject of the recitation as if nothing had happened.

We give this incident upon good authority. It is the first and last attempt at a practical joke which we find in Jackson's life.

Another incident of his dealings with the cadets is an illustration of the quiet courage of the man, and disregard of personal consequences where duty was concerned. He had brought charges against a cadet, who was tried and dismissed from the Institute. Burning with resentment, the young man declared his intention to take Jackson's life, and arming himself took his position on the road from Lexington to the Institute, over which he knew the Professor would pass on his way to meet his class. A friend had overheard the youth express his bloody intention, and hastening to warn Jackson, met him on the road, and informed him of his danger, strongly urging him to turn back. To turn back, however, was to neglect his recitations on that day, and to hold his recitations was a part of his duty. He peremptorily refused to retrace his steps, and with the cold and stern reply, “ Let the assassin murder me if he will !” continued his way. As he approached the spot indicated, he saw the young man standing and awaiting him. He turned and gazed fixedly at him with that look which had fronted, unmoved, the most terrible scenes of carnage upon many battle-fields. The youth could not sustain it; he lowered his eyes, and, turning away in silence, left the spot, while Jackson calmly pursued his way.

We have here placed upon record, with such illustrations as we could collect, the traits of character which distinguished

Jackson at this period of his life. One other which is mentioned by a recent biographer should be noticed—the strength of his memory. “In the section room,” says “An ex-Cadet,” “he would sit perfectly erect and motionless, listening with grave attention, and exhibiting the great powers of his wonderful memory, which was, I think, the most remarkable that ever came under my observation. The course that he taught was the most difficult and complicated known to mathematics, running through at least half a dozen text-books. In listening to a recitation he rarely used a book. He was ready at any moment to refer to any page or line in any of the books, and then to repeat with perfect accuracy the most difficult passages that could be referred to.”

Such was Jackson at Lexington; a stiff, earnest, military figure—artillery officer turned professor: stern in his bearing, eccentric in his habits, peculiar in many of his views, leading a life of alternate activity in the section room and abstraction in the study, independent, devoted to duty, deeply religious in sentiment, and notable in person, deportment, and character for an undoubted originality. The eccentric figure was as well known in Lexington as that of the “Iron Duke,” raising the finger to his hat, and uttering his curt greeting in the streets of London. As years wore on his character was better understood—his merit more fully recognized. We may doubt Colonel Smith’s assertion that at the breaking out of the present war, “the spontaneous sentiment of every cadet and graduate was to serve under him as their leader,” but there is good reason to believe that he had strongly impressed great numbers of persons with a conviction of his soldierly qualities—his good judgment, impartiality, perseverance, courage, and knowledge of the profession of arms.

Thus passed the years, almost without incident with Jackson—month following month, with little to distinguish one from another. The death of his first wife; his second marriage; a brief visit which he made to Europe in 1858, and his march to Charlestown, Virginia, in command of the cadet battery, in

1859, during the John Brown agitation, are the only events which seem to have interrupted the monotony of his daily duties. The loss of his wife must have been a heavy blow to a man of so much depth and earnestness of feeling, but we have no private records connected with that event. His tour in Europe is equally a blank. We only know that in 1858 he obtained a furlough of three months from the Board of Visitors, which he spent in European travel. The tour was brief and rapid, and we can trace from it no influences upon his life or character. At the expiration of his leave of absence he was back in his accustomed place, dressed in his accustomed uniform, and calmly pursuing his recitations, his artillery drills, and his scientific studies.

His life had thus flowed on, almost without a ripple on the serene surface. He was a sentinel on duty, whose "beat" was between his study and his recitation-room. The ardent young soldier had settled down into the serious professor, drilling military and scientific knowledge into the minds of youth, and content in this sphere of usefulness to forget all the dreams of ambition. Had not the recent struggle called him to the field once more, it is almost certain that he would have grown gray in his professor's chair, and died unknown.

But such a tranquil life and death was not to be the fate of Jackson. His early manhood had been passed in the hot atmosphere of battle, and amid the roar of artillery and small arms: that stormy music had saluted his youthful ears, and was to thunder round him on many a hard-fought field in a fiercer contest than any of the past; and with the solemn diapason rolling in the distance still, his spirit was to pass away.

CHAPTER V.

JACKSON IS APPOINTED COLONEL OF VOLUNTEERS.

THE causes which led to the late war are too well known to require any notice here. Other considerations operate to deter the writer from entering upon the subject. A brief summary would be too little, and a full discussion too much.

South Carolina seceded on the 20th December, 1860, and by the 1st of February, 1861, she had been joined in the order named by Mississippi, Florida, Alabama, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. Military movements had begun at many points, and the formal collision was rapidly approaching. Early in February, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, was elected President of the Confederate States, and on the 13th of April Fort Sumter surrendered to General Beauregard.

On the next day, April 14, 1861, President Lincoln issued his proclamation calling upon the States for 75,000 men, to enforce obedience to the United States authority in the seceded States.

This proclamation decided the course of Virginia. She had long delayed her decision, from an almost unconquerable repugnance to a dissolution of the Union, and the inauguration of a bloody civil war, which must desolate her own territory more than that of any other State; and, in the Convention, then sitting at Richmond, the advocates of secession had hitherto found themselves opposed by a majority which nothing seemed able to overcome. This large party were in favor of mediating between the extremes, and believed themselves competent to arrange the differences by Peace Commissioners, and an appeal to the old kindly feeling of both sections. In April, however, it began to be plainly seen that these hopes were illusory. The Commissioners returned from Washington without attaining any results, and the proclamation of the President of the United States calling for troops to act against the South, speedily followed.

Virginia, as one of the States still in the Union, was expected to furnish her quota of this force of 75,000 men; and the Commonwealth was called upon immediately to decide whether she would fight against or with the South. Her decision was shown by the passage, on the 17th of April, of an ordinance of secession, and Virginia took her place, for weal or woe, by the side of her Southern sisters.

Having thus cast their lot with the seceding States, the authorities of Virginia proceeded to prepare for war. The Convention entered with vigor upon the work of putting the Commonwealth in a state of defence; volunteers were directed to be enrolled and held in readiness in every part of the State; and Colonel R. E. Lee, who had resigned his commission in the United States cavalry, and repaired to his native State, was appointed Major-General of the Provisional army of Virginia, and placed in command of all her forces.

These steps were not taken too soon. The action of Virginia had been anticipated by the Federal authorities, and they now acted with decision. The passage of the ordinance of secession became known on the 18th, and on the 19th of April Lieutenant Jones, of the United States army, evacuated Harper's Ferry, having first attempted to blow up the public buildings there. On the next day reënforcements were promptly thrown into Fortress Monroe; and the navy yard at Norfolk, together with the war shipping there, was set on fire and abandoned.

War had thus commenced, and with it Jackson appeared upon the scene. He left Lexington on the 21st of April, in command of the corps of cadets, and, proceeding to Camp Lee at Richmond, entered energetically upon the task of drilling the new levies flocking in from every portion of the State. While he was thus engaged, Governor Letcher nominated him for colonel of volunteers, and his name came up before the Convention. Here some objection was shown to the appointment. A strong prejudice had taken hold upon the public mind against the managers of the Military Institute, who were supposed to have betrayed an intention of monopolizing, if possible, for the officers

and graduates of that school, all military appointments in the Virginia forces, and the career of Jackson in Mexico, never very widely known, appeared to have passed from the memories of everybody.

“Who is this Thomas J. Jackson?” was a question asked by many, and one of his friends replied:

“I can tell you who he is. If you put him in command at Norfolk, he will never leave it alive, unless you order him to do so.”

His services in Mexico and at the Institute were dwelt upon by his friends, and his appointment was unanimously confirmed. But he was not sent to Norfolk. He was directed to proceed to Harper's Ferry and take command of the forces assembling there, which he did on the 3d of May, 1861.

We have a personal sketch of Jackson as he appeared at this time, which, if not very complimentary, is at least characteristic, and shows what effect he produced upon strangers.

An army correspondent of one of the Southern papers drew an outline of the newly appointed colonel. The queer apparition of the ex-Professor on the field excited great merriment in this writer. The Old Dominion must be woefully deficient in military men, he feared, if this was the best she could do. The new colonel was not at all like a commanding officer. There was a painful want in him of all the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war.” His dress was no better than a private soldier's, and there was not a particle of gold lace about his uniform. His air was abstracted; his bearing stiff and awkward; he kept his own counsels; never consulted with his officers, and had very little to say to anybody. On horseback his appearance was even less impressive. Other officers, at that early stage of the war, when the fondness for military insignia and display was greater than afterwards, when the blockade had cut off the supply of gewgaws and decorations, made their appearance before their troops on prancing horses, with splendid trappings, and seemed desirous of showing the admiring spectators how gracefully they could sit in the saddle. The new colo-

nel was a strong contrast to all this. He rode an old horse who seemed to have little of the romance of war about him, and nothing at all fine in his equipment. His seat in the saddle was far from graceful; he leaned forward awkwardly; settled his chin from time to time in his lofty military stock, and looked from side to side, from beneath the low rim of his cadet cap, in a manner which the risible faculties of the correspondent could not resist. A queerer figure, and one which answered less to the idea of military grace, had never before dawned on the attention of the literary gentleman who sketched it for the amusement of the Southern reader.

The sketch was not inaccurate in the main particulars. Such was not a bad description of the figure which the troops scanned curiously as he passed to and fro on duty; and those who distrusted the ability of this silent and phlegmatic personage to command the forces, had their views apparently confirmed soon afterwards. On the 23d of May, General Joseph E. Johnston, formerly of the United States Army, and an officer of tried ability and courage, arrived, and took command of all the troops at Harper's Ferry. Jackson was assigned to the command of a brigade of infantry, composed of four regiments of Virginians.

The Federal authorities had meanwhile called for additional troops, and did not seem to share the opinion of the leading Northern journals, which predicted an early and almost bloodless termination of the war. "The nations of Europe," said one of these journals, "may rest assured that Jeff. Davis and Co. will be swinging from the battlements of Washington, at least by the Fourth of July. We spit upon a later and longer-deferred justice." Another said: "Let us make quick work. The 'rebellion,' as some people designate it, is an unborn tadpole. Let us not fall into the delusion noticed by Hallam, of mistaking a 'local commotion' for a revolution. A strong, active 'pull together' will do our work effectually in thirty days. We have only to send a column of 25,000 men across the Potomac, to Richmond, and burn out the rats there; another column of 25,000 to Cairo, seizing the cotton ports of the Mississippi, and

retaining the remaining 25,000 included in Mr. Lincoln's call for 75,000 men, at Washington, not because there is any need for them there, but because we do not require their services elsewhere." A third said: "No man of sense can for a moment doubt that this much-ado-about-nothing will end in a month. The rebels, a mere band of ragamuffins, will fly like chaff before the wind on our approach." "Let the East get out of the way," said a fourth, "this is a war of the West. We can fight the battle and successfully, within two or three months at the furthest. Illinois can whip the South by herself. We insist on the matter being turned over to us." A fifth said: "The rebellion will be crushed out before the assemblage of Congress—not a doubt of it."

The impression of the journals from which we have taken the above extracts differed widely from the apparent conviction of the Federal Executive. As early as the 3d of May, President Lincoln called for 40,000 additional infantry volunteers, 18,000 seamen, and ten more regiments for the regular army, then being concentrated around Washington. This would place at his disposal about 150,000 troops, and this force was evidently the very least number possible, to carry out the plan of the Government. This plan—devised, it is said, by Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, commanding the Armies of the United States—was, to send one column to seize upon the Valley of the Mississippi, another to enter Kentucky and crush the rising spirit of rebellion there, and a third to capture Richmond, and paralyze the Confederate power in Virginia. With a strict blockade of the Southern ports, these steps, it was supposed, would terminate the Southern movement.

Virginia was to be invaded in four directions—from Fortress Monroe up the Peninsula, between the James and York Rivers; from Alexandria by way of Manassas and the Orange and Alexandria Railroad to Gordonsville; from Williamsport up the Valley of the Shenandoah; and from the northwest toward Staunton. These four columns were to move at the same time, and, converging upon Richmond, take that city, reduce Virginia,

under the Federal sway again, and then, uniting with the columns in Kentucky and the Mississippi Valley, penetrate to the heart of the Confederacy, and dictate terms at Montgomery where it had originated.

It remained to be seen whether the able soldiers in command of the Confederate forces would permit this plan of operations to be carried out. The question of the time necessary to subdue the Southern movement—upon which Lieutenant-General Scott and the editors differed so widely—was, after all, to be decided by Johnston and Beauregard.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALLEY.

THE Valley of the Shenandoah, where Jackson's most celebrated military movements took place, is that portion of Virginia lying between the Blue Ridge and North Mountains, and extending from the headwaters of the Shenandoah near Staunton to the Potomac.

The region has been called with propriety the "Garden of Virginia;" and a Southern writer, in a rapture of admiration at its beauties of field and forest, mountain and river, describes it as a veritable Arcadia, realizing the most fanciful dreams of the elder poets. In the last century we find an English traveller, Burnaby, revelling in animated pictures of the splendid landscape which he looked upon from a spur of the Blue Ridge:—the pellucid waters of the Shenandoah, skirted by tall trees, with drooping foliage, the chamædaphnes in full bloom, and burdening the air with fragrance; the mighty forests and smiling fields; the delicious climate; and the Eden-like happiness of those who, far from the bustle, the cares, and the anxieties of the worn-out world of Europe, here lived, in the midst of a lovely land, a life of freedom and tranquillity unknown to princes.

This beautiful and fruitful region was worthy of protection for its own sake, for its patriotic inhabitants, its large slave population, and for the rich supplies which its fertile fields contained. But it was also exceedingly important, in a military point of view, that it should be held by a Confederate force, and no part of it surrendered to the occupation of the enemy. A glance at the map of the State will show the justice of this statement. It will be seen that no portion of the region could be given up, without serious detriment to military operations north of Richmond; and that possession of the upper valley would enable an enemy to cut off the Confederate communication with the Southwest, and strike a dangerous blow at the capital.

It was especially important at this time—May, 1861—that not a foot of ground in the lower valley should be surrendered. Winchester, the key of the region, was essential to the Confederates, and this central point was entirely undefended by fortifications of any description. The town was less than thirty miles from the Potomac; and excellent turnpike roads converged toward it from Romney, Martinsburg, Sheppardstown, Charlestown, and Berryville, like the fingers of an open hand. Over these roads, the Federal force, reported to be near Romney and Williamsport, could easily advance with their trains and artillery; and Winchester once in their possession, the effect would have been disastrous in the extreme. A short march through the Blue Ridge, at Snicker's, Ashby's, or Manassas Gaps, would enable them to take Manassas Junction in flank and reverse, assail the Confederate force there at an enormous advantage, and either force it to fight upon terms which they dictated, or fall back to the line of the Rappahannock.

Thus, to give up Winchester was to abandon not only that portion of the valley with its rich resources and loyal inhabitants, but to yield possession of the whole extent of country east of the Blue Ridge, and north of Fredericksburg. The Federal forces would have poured into this smiling region, established themselves firmly throughout the entire "northern neck," and almost without fighting, achieved a position for future opera-

tions, to attain which afterwards cost them an untold expenditure of money and blood. It was to prevent them from securing so dangerous a foothold thus early in the struggle, that an army had been sent to the lower valley, and placed under the direction of an officer of tried capacity and courage.

CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST BRIGADE.

JACKSON was superseded in command, as we have said, by General Johnston, on the 23d of May. He had been active and energetic in organizing, equipping, and drilling the troops; and every thing was to be done. Organization, instruction, and drill were only a portion of the labor. Transportation was to be secured, artillery horses collected, and ammunition to be obtained. The very harness to draw the guns was difficult to be secured. The volunteers were generally well armed, but the Ordnance Department of the Confederacy was wholly unorganized, and the few munitions then manufactured in the South were too defective to be relied on. General Lee showed Colonel Stuart, about this time, a miserable-looking percussion-cap, apparently exploded, and said sadly, "This is the best we can make."

Jackson's energy soon achieved good results. The little army of volunteers was gradually moulded into something like an effective force; and although its equipments were not such as enabled it to take the field with advantage, General Johnston found himself in command of a very respectable body of troops. It consisted of nine regiments and two battalions of infantry; four companies of artillery, with sixteen pieces, but no caissons, horses, or harness, and about three hundred cavalry.

The troops were only partially drilled, several regiments almost without accoutrements, and the supply of ammunition was entirely inadequate for active operations; but the character of

the men who commanded this volunteer force was a sure guaranty that all defects would be speedily remedied.

General Johnston was a thorough soldier, and had his whole heart in the cause.* Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, who commanded the cavalry, was characterized by untiring energy, clear judgment, and extraordinary powers of communicating his own brave spirit to his men. And Captain Pendleton, in charge of the artillery, was an excellent officer, a graduate of West Point, and devoted heart and soul to the South. The deficiency in harness for the artillery was readily supplied by the use of ropes and farm gearing: the cavalry were taught that more depended upon stout hearts, strong arms, and the *élan* of the true cavalier, than on the number or excellence of weapons; and into the ardent youths of the infantry were infused the stern courage, the unyielding fortitude, the daring, the obstinacy, the unshrinking nerve of Jackson. With Stuart in command of his cavalry,

* The correspondent of a Southern journal thus described Johnston: "General Johnston, as you are aware, is a native of the proud old Commonwealth of Virginia, and a little turned fifty years of age. He weighs about one hundred and sixty pounds, is five feet ten inches in height—though he looks taller on account of his erect carriage—has a florid complexion, short gray hair and closely cut side-whiskers, mustache and goatee. His manners are rather quiet and dignified, and his general appearance and deportment highly military. Indeed, every thing about him—his bearing, style of dress, and even his most careless attitudes—betoken the high-toned and spirited soldier, who loves his profession, and whose soul revels in the din and uproar of the battle-field. His short hair and beard, high color, close-fitting uniform, striking air and self-possession, remind one of the game cock, the most courageous of all 'the fowls of the air,' when clipped and trimmed and prepared for the ring.

"As a strategist he enjoys a very high reputation among military men. In his operations he regards masses and general results, rather than isolated bodies and mere temporary effects. And hence the opinion prevails, with some, that he lacks energy and enterprise. This, however, is a great mistake. No man is more watchful of his adversary, or more ready to strike when the right time comes; and when he does strike he delivers the blow of a giant. He sees but little advantage in picking off a man here and there, or in precipitating small bodies of men against each other. Instead of frittering away his strength, he seeks rather to husband it until the auspicious moment arrives, and then he goes to work with an energy and resolution that is wonderful."

Pendleton in charge of the artillery, and Jackson to lead his infantry, General Johnston had an auspicious augury of the splendid results which, in spite of its small numbers, the army would surely achieve. Jackson had been assigned to the command of the First Brigade of the "Army of the Shenandoah," as it was now called—consisting of the 2d Virginia, Colonel Allen; the 4th Virginia, Colonel Preston; the 5th Virginia, Colonel Harper, and the 27th (Lieutenant-Colonel Echols commanding), to which was soon afterwards added the 33d Virginia, Colonel Cumming. These regiments were composed of the very flower and pride not only of the valley, but the whole commonwealth; and this fine fighting material was rapidly taking shape from the iron hand of its leader. Jackson had already begun to mould his command into that phalanx which stood unbroken afterwards amid scenes of the most frightful carnage. It was to take his own impress, rejoice in being led by him, and, as the "Stonewall Brigade," attain a renown which will live in the pages of history.

The origin, embodiment, and organization of this famous brigade would afford material for an interesting sketch. For this we have no space, but a brief reference to the material and character of one of the regiments—the 2d Virginia—will convey an idea of the rest. This regiment was composed of young men from the counties of Jefferson, Berkeley, Frederick, and Clarke, where there had been scarcely a youth over fifteen who had not shouldered his musket and marched to defend the border. The ardor of the times burned in every breast, even in boys far below the military age, and it became wholly impossible to keep them at school. In vain did the mothers of these gay youths, trembling at the thought of exposing their weak frames to the hardships of the service, use every means of retaining them at home. The high spirit derived from courageous ancestors broke through all obstacles, and carried its point. The schools were deserted; the scholars laid down their text-books to take up the musket; the towns, villages, and cross-roads were alive with young warriors, ardently learning the drill and

the management of their arms; and from their own beardless ranks were elected those officers who afterwards faced the storms of battle at Manassas, Kernstown, Port Republic, and in all the great campaigns of the low country—of Maryland and Pennsylvania—with a nerve so splendid and heroic. They had, many of them, lived in luxury, but they strapped on the knapsack, shouldered the musket, and marched and fought and lived hard, with the contentment and resolution of veterans. There was little repining at hard fare or exhausting marches—and marched they were very nearly to death. They proved themselves thorough soldiers; accepted good fortune and bad with equanimity; and, advancing into action with a gay and chivalric courage, fought and died with a smile upon the lips. In the ranks of the regiment were persons of all ages and conditions—old men and boys, the humblest of the sons of toil and the heirs of the most ancient families—but there was no distinction which separated them. They were all united, trained, and working for a common object; and thus united they continued to the end.

All that this excellent fighting material required in May, 1861, was a leader who could compel the respect, arouse the enthusiasm, and control and direct the chivalric impulses of the men. This leader was found in the person of Jackson

CHAPTER VIII.

JOHNSTON RETREATS.

AN opportunity to test the efficiency of the troops was now near at hand. The Federal authorities had entered upon the campaign in Virginia with great vigor, and the surprise and capture of about 600 Confederates at Philippi, in Northwestern Virginia, seemed a happy omen of the future. The affair at Bethel, in Lower Virginia, on the 10th of June, was not so encouraging. At that place an attacking force of Federal infantry,

about 4,000 in number, was repulsed by about 1,800 Confederates posted behind earthworks, and forced to retreat, with some loss, to Fortress Monroe.

The most important field of operations was, however, on the Potomac, and toward the middle of June the great campaign in that region commenced. General McClellan was advancing from the northwest with an army of about 20,000 men; Patterson was moving from Pennsylvania on Williamsport with a force estimated at 18,000; and the "Grand Army," assembling at Alexandria, was nearly ready to advance along that great war artery, the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, upon Richmond. To oppose the march of these heavy columns, the Confederates had about 23,000 men—of whom 15,000 were at Manassas, and about 8,000 at Harper's Ferry. Much reliance was, however, placed upon the officers in command at the points in question. General Beauregard, commanding at Manassas, was a soldier of recognized ability, and General Johnston was supposed to possess high qualifications for his position. Although the two armies were separate and distinct, they were within supporting distance, and could easily be consolidated. In case a movement of the large Federal force at Washington threatened to overpower the troops at Manassas, and thus open the way to Richmond, General Johnston could promptly evacuate the valley, unite with Beauregard, and oppose the Federal advance with the entire available force of the Confederacy in that region.

Such was the general situation. We proceed now to the field with which we are more particularly concerned.

Upon assuming command at Harper's Ferry, General Johnston made a complete reconnoissance of the place and its environs. The authorities seem to have regarded it at the time as a point of strategic importance, but Johnston's examination of the ground confirmed, he declares, his preconceived opinion that the position was untenable by any force not strong enough to take the field against an invading army, and hold both sides of the Potomac. In fact, this romantic spot is a species of triangle, of which the Potomac and Shenandoah, here mingling their waters,

form two sides, and an elevated plateau in rear of the town the third. The position is exposed to enfilade and reverse fires from the lofty ridge across the Potomac, known as Maryland Heights, and could easily be turned by the enemy crossing above or below. In addition to all this, Harper's Ferry was twenty miles from the great route into the valley, by which Patterson would advance; and if he continued to hold it, General Johnston saw that he would be out of position to defend the valley; unable, in case of emergency, to join General Beauregard, and would, himself, be exposed to serious danger by a movement of the enemy on his rear.

These considerations determined him to evacuate a position which it "perfectly suited the enemy's views" to have him occupy, and retired to Winchester, his true base of operations, where all the great highways converged. Thence he could oppose the columns advancing from the northwest and by way of Williamsport; had the valley to fall back along, if necessary, and, better than all, the way was open to Beauregard, who might need his assistance at Manassas. From a veritable trap General Johnston would emerge into an open field, where he could advance or retire at will, free as a ranger of the prairie to strike, stand on the defensive, or retreat; and this new position, offering so many advantages, he determined at once to occupy.

The movement, however, was not then made. The military authorities at Richmond regarded the continued occupation of Harper's Ferry as indispensable, and Johnston "determined to hold it, until the great objects of the Government required its abandonment."* To guard against surprise, in the meanwhile, and deceive the enemy as to his intention, he directed Major Whiting, his chief engineer, to mount a few heavy guns on Furnace Ridge, above the town, and otherwise strengthen the position. The important duty of picketing the river, above and below, was entrusted to the cavalry under Colonel Stuart.

This officer, styled by Johnston "the indefatigable Stuart,"

* This ambiguous sentence is taken from General Johnston's official report.

here inaugurated that energetic system of cavalry tactics which afterwards on a wider field accomplished so much, and secured for its originator his great and justly-earned reputation. Bold, ardent, and "indefatigable" by mental and physical organization, the young Virginian—for he was not yet twenty-eight years of age—concentrated all his faculties upon the task before him, of watching for the enemy's approach and penetrating his designs. Educated at West Point, and trained in Indian fighting on the prairie, he brought to the great struggle, upon which he had now entered, a thorough knowledge of arms, a bold and fertile conception, and a constitution of body which enabled him to bear up against fatigues which would have prostrated the strength of other men. Those who saw him at this time are eloquent in their description of his energy and the habits of the man. They tell how he remained almost constantly in the saddle; how he never failed to take to one side and specially instruct every squad which went out on picket; how he was everywhere present, at all hours of the day and night, along the line which he guarded; and how, by thus infusing into the raw cavalry his own untiring activity and watchfulness, he was enabled, in spite of the small force which he commanded—about three hundred men—to observe the whole front of the Potomac from the Point of Rocks east of the Blue Ridge to the western part of Berkeley. His personal traits made him a great favorite with all who knew him, and contributed to his success with volunteers. His animal spirits were unconquerable, his gayety and humor unailing; he had a ready jest for all, and made the forest ring with his songs as he marched at the head of his column. So great was his activity, that General Johnston compared him to that species of hornet called a "yellow jacket," and said that "he was no sooner brushed off than he lit back again." When the General was subsequently transferred to the West, he wrote to Stuart: "How can I eat, sleep, or rest in peace without you upon the outpost?"

The anticipated advance of the Federal forces soon began. On the 13th of June, information reached General Johnston that the town of Romney, about thirty-seven miles west of Winches-

ter, was occupied by 2,000 Federal troops, supposed to be the advance force of General McClellan, and that General Patterson was moving from Chambersburg on Williamsport. On receiving this intelligence, Johnston sent Colonel A. P. Hill with three regiments to check the advance of the force at Romney, and made immediate preparations to evacuate Harper's Ferry, and fall back upon Winchester. Active steps had already been taken in anticipation of the necessity of this movement. The valuable machinery for manufacturing muskets and rifles had been removed to Richmond, and Fayetteville, North Carolina, and every arm serviceable and unserviceable secured. All that now remained to be done was to send the heavy baggage and public property still there to Winchester.

This was done, and on the morning of June 14th, the long railroad bridge over the Potomac and the public buildings were set on fire. The spectacle was magnificent. The buildings and bridge were soon wrapped in flame, clouds of lurid smoke darkened the landscape, and the troops gazing upon the scene felt that the war had commenced in earnest.

On the morning of the 15th, Johnston fell back from the place, and, passing through Charlestown, where the troops were warmly received, bivouacked in the woods beyond. On the 16th he moved by his right flank across the country to Bunker Hill, on the Winchester and Martinsburg turnpike, and was thus in front of General Patterson, who had thrown a force across at Williamsburg, but now withdrew it, finding that Johnston's main body was ready to meet any advance. As soon as the enemy were known to have disappeared from his front, General Johnston retired from Bunker Hill, and concentrated his whole force, including Hill's command, which had returned at Winchester.

CHAPTER IX.

THE "AFFAIR AT FALLING WATERS."

EVERY thing remained quiet, after these movements, during the month of June. Stuart was, as usual, in command of the front, and "his increasing activity and vigilance," says General Johnston, "were relied on to repress small incursions of the enemy, to give intelligence of invasions by them, and to watch, harass, and circumscribe their every movement." Johnston, then occupied in throwing up earthworks at Winchester, depended upon this officer for prompt warning of any movement on the part of General Patterson; and this warning soon came. Stuart sent word that the enemy were moving, and, on the 20th of June, Jackson was despatched with his brigade to the neighborhood of Martinsburg, with orders to send such of the rolling stock of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad as could be removed to Winchester, destroy the rest, and when the enemy appeared, act as a support to the cavalry. He was not, however, to make a decided stand, but feel his adversary, and, if hard pressed, retire toward Winchester.

The high-spirited young men of the First Brigade received the order to march against the enemy with enthusiasm; and this sentiment was not unshared by their commander. Jackson's love of movement, action, and conflict has not been sufficiently dwelt upon by the writers who have described the man and his career. To the last he was impatient of the inactive life of the camp, and, in the fall of 1862, expressed a strong desire to accompany General Stuart in his expedition around McClellan, in Maryland, as a volunteer cavalry man. In June, 1861, the order to advance and "feel the enemy," was received by him with unalloyed satisfaction. This was more than shared, as we have intimated, by his troops. They were proud to have been selected

for this first collision, upon the result of which so much was apt to depend, and prepared with ardor for the march.

Jackson was soon at Martinsburg, from which place he sent a number of locomotives back to Winchester, drawn by teams of horses over the turnpike. About forty engines and three hundred cars were burned, and the brigade then advanced to support the cavalry between Martinsburg and Williamsport. This was the first occasion upon which Jackson and Stuart, afterwards so closely associated, acted together in face of the enemy. Common recollections of "old times in the Valley," became a bond of union between them subsequently, and their friendship remained warm and constant to the last. When Jackson fell at Chancellorsville, his thoughts at once turned to Stuart as his successor, and he murmured, "Tell him to act upon his own judgment, and do what he thinks best; I have implicit confidence in him;" and when the news came of his death, tears gushed into Stuart's eyes, and he said, in a broken voice, "It is a national calamity; Jackson's loss is irreparable."

These officers were now to act together in front of the invading force under Patterson, and their skill, enterprise, and courage gave promise of favorable results. Stuart with his cavalry, and Jackson with his infantry, formed a dangerous combination. The one, living in the saddle and watching with lynx-eyed vigilance, was sure to discover every movement of his adversary, and promptly meet it; the other, lying in wait, was ready to advance and try of what mettle the invading column was composed.

Jackson encamped in the neighborhood of the little village of Hainesville, on the road to Falling Waters and Williamsport, the camp of Colonel Stuart being a little in advance of that point in the same direction. Such was the position of the Confederates when, on the 2d of July, the Federal army crossed the Potomac at Williamsport. They were commanded by General Patterson in person, and Jackson immediately advanced to receive their attack—Colonel Stuart having moved with about one hundred cavalry by a circuitous road to attack their flank

and rear. It was on this occasion that Stuart captured, in person, forty-four men. He was detached from his command, and seeing a company of Federal infantry resting in a field, separated from him by a fence and bars, determined to attempt their capture. He accordingly rode up to the fence, ordered one of the Federal soldiers to take down the bars, which was done with respectful alacrity, under the impression, doubtless, from his blue uniform coat, that he was an officer of the United States army, and then thundered, "Throw down your arms, or you are all dead men!" This stentorian order was obeyed at once by the raw troops, who not only dropped their arms, but fell upon their faces, and were all captured.*

Jackson had meanwhile advanced to meet the enemy, taking with him the 5th Virginia infantry, numbering three hundred and eighty men, and Pendleton's battery of four six-pounders. His object, he informed Captain Pendleton, was "not to fight a battle, but to feel the enemy, strike a good blow, and satisfy himself what it was best to do." The remainder of his brigade had accordingly been left in camp, and three of the guns were soon halted, Jackson proceeding with the regiment of infantry and one gun toward Falling Waters. Near that place he came upon the enemy advancing from Williamsport, their advance force consisting, it is said by Federal authorities, of the brigades of Abercrombie, Thomas, and Negley, with artillery, and about five hundred cavalry. When first seen the Federal column was emerging from a skirt of woods through which the turnpike ran, and Jackson's regiment had halted behind a hill which concealed them.

His orders, as we have seen, were to feel the enemy as they advanced, and he now promptly made his dispositions to do so. The 5th Virginia was deployed to the right and left of the road, the piece of artillery held ready for action; and these arrangements were scarcely made when the rapid formation of line of battle by the Federal troops indicated that they had discovered

* This incident was related to the writer by General Stuart.

the presence of the Confederates. Their infantry line occupied the edge of the skirt of woods, with a battery posted on their right, and a column of cavalry was visible in rear.

Jackson proceeded here as elsewhere upon the rule that it is better to attack if possible, and promptly ordered his line to advance. Harper's men did so with alacrity—were met by the Philadelphia Rangers—and the action began with animation on both sides, the Federal battery on the right of their line opening a vigorous fire upon the Confederates. In spite of this fire, however, and that of the Federal sharpshooters, they continued to advance, and drove the enemy from a farmhouse and yard which he had occupied, which so elated the young volunteers that they prepared to attack the main Federal line of battle. Jackson, however, ordered them to fall back from this dangerous position; and the movement having been construed as a defeat, the Federal cavalry pushed forward in pursuit, advancing rapidly in close column down the turnpike. They were met by the artillery. Jackson galloped back to Pendleton's gun, which was under the crest of the hill, and, pointing out the cavalry, directed him to fire a shot at the column. This was promptly done; Captain Pendleton, who had been an Episcopal clergyman, giving the characteristic order, "Aim low, men! and may the Lord have mercy on their souls!" The shot struck the head of the cavalry column, overthrowing men and horses; they wheeled about in confusion, and, says an eye-witness, "vanished like phantoms." The fire of the six-pounder was then turned upon the Federal artillery, and one who took part in this skirmish, whose statements are always fair and reliable, declares that their cannoneers ran from the pieces at the first shot. They had better gunners afterwards.

The action continued until about noon, the Federal forces apparently fearing to advance incautiously. The Confederate line was no doubt regarded as the advance-guard of a much heavier force near at hand, and General Patterson extended his flanks to envelope Jackson and force him to fall back upon his supposed reserves. This resulted as he wished, the Southern

troops slowly retiring to prevent being outflanked; the loss upon each side having been, it is said, exactly the same—two men killed and a few wounded.

The “affair at Falling Waters,” as Johnston styles it in his official report, was inconsiderable for the force engaged, and decided nothing; but its effect upon the *morale* of the Southern troops was important. It gave them confidence in themselves, since a force of three hundred and eighty men had been able to hold in check for several hours an invading column of many thousands; and, what was perhaps equally important, convinced them of the coolness and soldiership of their commander. Jackson had met the enemy with the skill and nerve of the trained soldier; and the men afterwards told with admiration how, while writing a despatch in the midst of the action, a cannon ball which tore the tree above his head to splinters had not made him move a muscle or discontinue his occupation. These may seem trifles, and some readers may regard it as unnecessary trouble to state that Jackson had military courage. But such incidents are not trifles in war. They conciliate the confidence and good feeling of troops; and happy is the general who impresses upon his men the conviction that his nerves are beyond the influence of danger, though death stare him in the face. The troops believed this much of Jackson after the Falling Waters affair.*

CHAPTER X.

JOHNSTON LEAVES THE VALLEY.

JACKSON fell back slowly, continuing to show a bold front to the enemy, and, reaching his camp, struck tents and moved every thing to the rear. He then continued to retire, but about a mile further put his artillery in position, drew up his brigade, and, in

* The writer is indebted to General Pendleton for a detailed account of this engagement.

the words of an officer who was intimately associated with him in these movements, "determined to meet the whole invading force if it should come up, satisfied that he could, by the blessing of God, cripple if not crush it."

The Federal column did not advance, however, upon him in front. The flanking movement continued; and to avoid this, Jackson again retreated. Passing through Martinsburg late in the afternoon, he reached Big Spring, about two miles from the town, on the road to Winchester, where he bivouacked for the night. He was still "full of fight," and anxious to bring on a general engagement before General Patterson's full force came up. During the action in the forenoon he had sent repeated despatches to General Johnston, announcing the state of affairs, and urging him to advance with his main body and attack the Federal commander before he reached Martinsburg. Failing in this hope, he still expected reënforcements, and during the entire night of the 2d of July listened anxiously for the approach of the troops which would enable him to attack Patterson on the next day. The commands of Bee and Elzey were promised, but they did not come, and Jackson's impatience amounted finally to something nearly resembling wrath.

The night passed, morning came, and the day passed on—still no reënforcements came. General Patterson had meanwhile advanced unopposed and occupied Martinsburg, whereupon Jackson fell back again, halting this time at the village of Darksville, seven miles from the town. Here he was met by General Johnston with his whole command, and the troops were speedily disposed in line of battle upon the hills and in the fields surrounding the village. Filled with ardor at the expected battle, Jackson was indefatigable in marshalling his force for the conflict; and, remaining hour after hour in the saddle, chose carefully the position to be occupied by each regiment of his brigade. It was on this occasion, while riding over the ground with Captain Pendleton, that he said: "Captain, I want my brigade to feel that it can itself whip Patterson's whole army, and I believe it can do it!"

Johnston remained at Darksville, drawn up in line of battle, for four days. He was unwilling to attack General Patterson in the town of Martinsburg, whose solid stone buildings and enclosures of masonry gave him every advantage against an assailing force, and hoped, by occupying a position so threatening in the Federal commander's front, to bring him out of his defences to battle in the open fields. His own force was less than half that of his opponent, and his supplies of ammunition were terribly meagre; but trusting to the valor of the troops, he determined to bring on a general engagement and risk all results.

This challenge continued, as we have said, for four days; the troops in order of battle, and every hour expecting an advance of the enemy. None, however, took place, and on the fourth day General Johnston, leaving Stuart with his cavalry in front of the enemy, moved with his command back to Winchester, "much to the disappointment of our troops, who were eager for battle with the invaders." *

The men on this occasion almost broke out into open murmurs. They had been subjected persistently day after day to the excitement of an expected action, and now that they were ordered to fall into column and march back, their dissatisfaction was bitter, and they construed the movement into a want of courage and enterprise on the part of their commander. They did not know the scarred veteran commanding them. That officer looked beyond the moment, and his course was soon vindicated by the progress of events. Woven into the warp and woot of his thoughts and meditations was "*Manassas*."

A few days after the arrival of the army at Winchester, Jackson received his commission of brigadier-general, remaining in command of the First Brigade, to which was added about this time the 33d Virginia regiment, Colonel A. C. Cumming. This appointment was probably made at the instance of General Johnston, who thoroughly understood the capacity of Jackson, and no doubt urged his promotion. It made little difference in

* Johnston's Official Report.

his position, and none at all in his personal demeanor or appearance. He appeared before his brigade in the same old gray coat which he had always worn; and the only observable circumstance was that the little known individual, "Colonel Jackson," had assumed that name of "General Jackson," by which he is now known.

No further movements of interest marked the campaign in this region—beginning and ending with the skirmish at Falling Waters; and we linger too long, perhaps, amid these early scenes of the career which we have undertaken to depict. Mightier events were on the march; the Federal authorities were now ready to strike their great blow at the main body of the Confederates at Manassas. Here Jackson was to display, in their fullest extent, those qualities of stubborn courage and resolution which characterized him, to win his name of "Stonewall," and to arouse that enthusiasm which in the latter months of his life became so universal. To this great drama we shall now proceed.

General Patterson soon left Martinsburg, and advanced upon Winchester. His force, according to the best information, now numbered about 32,000 men, while Johnston's had been also swollen by the arrival of eight additional regiments from the South. The design of the Federal commander was to hold General Johnston in check, while General McDowell, with the "Grand Army" of 55,000 men, advanced to crush Beauregard at Manassas. It was now the 15th of July; the Federal columns were in motion from Washington, and in three days would be in front of Bull Run. General Patterson accordingly moved from Martinsburg—Stuart retiring with his cavalry before him—and on the 16th was in position at Bunker Hill. The critical moment had now arrived; every hour counted. On the 17th General Patterson knew, by telegraph, that the "Grand Army" was at Fairfax Court-House, within a few hours' march of Beauregard's position; and a further movement was promptly made to hold Johnston in the valley. General Patterson swung his left wing round to the little village of Smithfield, in the direc-

tion of Berryville, and in this position awaited any movement of Johnston, with the evident design of holding him in check, or attacking him in flank if he endeavored to march to the assistance of Beauregard by the route of Ashby's Gap.

It was only at one o'clock in the morning, on the 18th of July, and when the "Grand Army" had driven in the Confederate advance force at Manassas, that a telegraphic despatch from the Government at Richmond announced the critical state of affairs to Johnston. He was directed, if practicable, to send his sick back to Culpepper Court-House, to evacuate Winchester, and hasten to the assistance of Beauregard.

The good judgment showed by General Johnston in the evacuation of Harper's Ferry now became apparent. The road to Manassas was unobstructed, and the way open for his march. To go to the assistance of the Army of the Potomac, it was necessary either to defeat General Patterson or to elude him. The latter course was chosen as the most speedy and certain, and preparations were immediately made to commence the movement. The number of the sick—some 1,700—rendering it impossible to remove them at so short a notice, they were left at Winchester; and the defence of that point, where some earthworks had been thrown up and a few heavy guns mounted, was entrusted to the militia of the region under Generals Carson and Meem. Stuart posted a cordon of cavalry pickets from the neighborhood of Smithfield along by Summit Point and Rippon to the Shenandoah, completely cutting off all communication and concealing every movement; and having thus guarded against every contingency in the best manner possible, Johnston left Winchester behind him, and commenced his march by way of Ashby's Gap, toward the east.

The valley region will long be alive with traditions of this great flank movement, and the spirit exhibited by the men. They had so often formed line of battle in front of the enemy, only to retire afterwards without fighting, that, as we have said, the troops at one time nearly broke out into open murmurs against their commander. They did not know that frequently,

when his bristling guns threatened the foe with their grim muzzles from every hillock, those guns were scarcely supplied with a round of ammunition, and that no one could be more disappointed at the necessity for retiring than the general himself. Now, however, when the order for the march to Manassas came, all murmurs disappeared. They responded eagerly to the inspiring summons, and filled the air with cheers. Through Frederick and Clarke, across the Opequon and through the little village of Millwood, wading the clear waters of the Shenandoah with its margins of drooping foliage, and toiling up the rough pathway through Ashby's Gap, the troops went upon their way, without rations, ignorant of their destination, caring for nothing, and knowing one thing only, that the moment for action had arrived. On the way a message from Beáuregard reached Johnston by an officer who killed his horse to carry it. This message was: "If you wish to help me, now is the time." Johnston hastened on, his troops half famished, but with spirits that rose above hunger and fatigue. Stuart drew in his pickets, slowly put his little column in motion to cover the rear, and, striking across by Berryville, passed last through the Gap, and then pushed on to the front. At Piedmont the exhausted infantry were embarked on a train of the Manassas Gap Railroad; the cavalry and artillery continued their march, and the Army of the Shenandoah hastened toward Manassas.

The larger portion of the troops arrived about noon on the 20th of July. Among the first was Jackson's brigade, which was directed to take up a position in the pine thickets opposite Mitchell's ford, the centre of the Confederate line.

The morning of the memorable 21st found Jackson here, with 2,611 muskets, awaiting orders.

CHAPTER XI.

ADVANCE OF THE GRAND ARMY.

THE battle of Manassas possesses an interest peculiar to itself. It was not remarkable for the loss on either side; indeed, the casualties were comparatively trifling. Beyond exhibiting the prowess of the Southern troops, it accomplished no tangible results. And yet this battle will continue to hold its place among the most celebrated conflicts in the annals of the world.

The explanation of this singular attraction will be found in the terribly dramatic character of the conflict. It took place under circumstances which drew to the arena the eyes of all the world. Here two great races—members of a Republic which had held together for three generations—first tried their strength upon the battle field, and fought breast to breast for victory.

It was the first great battle of the war; was fought with stubborn persistence and enormous bitterness. Hour after hour the Northern and Southern lines reeled to and fro on the bloody plateau, in desperate attempts to remain the masters of it; and the world still listens to the story of the shifting fortunes of the hard-fought day with indescribable interest. Much more absorbing is the subject to those who took part in the engagement. Its bloody scenes rise up once more before the eyes, and its thunders again ring in the memory.

The fortunes of this memorable day were decided, as we shall show, by the "First Brigade" of the Army of the Shenandoah, under Jackson. The battle is thus intimately connected with the subject of this volume, and we shall give its main events, leaving, however, to the regular historian of the entire Revolution, the task of gathering up and placing upon record the minute details.

The blow about to be struck at Manassas was intended by

the Federal authorities to be decisive, and many things combined to make them certain of success. The North had responded to the appeal of the President with immense promptness and enthusiasm; and when he called for an army of 400,000 men and a loan of \$400,000,000, Congress had voted these great supplies with acclamation. Volunteers to invade the South rushed to the Federal standard in great numbers, and events occurring about the middle of July increased still further the general enthusiasm. General Pegram, of the Confederate army, was forced to surrender his whole command at Rich Mountain, in Western Virginia, and General Garnett was defeated and killed at Carrick's ford. Everywhere disaster seemed to attend the Southern arms, and there appeared to be some justice in the *dictum* of the Northern journalists, who had described the revolution as a "local commotion" only, or, in language still more forcible, as an "unborn tadpole." Until the capital of the Confederacy, however, was captured, and the government dispersed, the great end was unaccomplished. The Southern forces at Manassas lay in the path; Patterson had accomplished nothing against Johnston, and to defeat these two bodies of troops was essential to the Federal success. To attain this important object, what was called by the newspapers the "Grand Army" was speedily organized at Washington.

Great attention was paid to the organization and equipment of this force, upon which so much depended. The troops were armed with the best weapons, and the artillery was numerous and excellent. The cavalry arm was numerous but defective, and two or three years of hard fighting were necessary to show the importance of that branch to the service; but at this time cavalry was not considered necessary. It was universally believed at the North that the splendid body of infantry assembled at Washington would be able to march, without serious opposition, to Richmond, and the campaign appears to have been regarded rather as a summer excursion than as the initial movement of a long and bloody war. This conviction was apparent in the personal equipments of the men, and the articles of con-

venience and luxury which they carried with them. The army rations were varied by large supplies of preserved meats, cordials, liquors, wines, and every luxury to tempt the palate. Excellent oil-cloths protected the troops from the damp, and white "havelocks" warded off the burning rays of the sun. The march was looked upon as a frolic.

With the United States regulars, who had been summoned from the West, the "Grand Army" amounted, by Federal accounts, to about 55,000 men, with 9 regiments of cavalry, and 12 batteries of rifled artillery, numbering 49 guns. It was placed under the command of Major-General Irwin McDowell, an officer of ability, and its movements directed by Lieutenant-General Winfield Scott, a Virginian, who had retained his position in the United States Army, and now commanded all the Federal armies.

Such was the force which was ready by the middle of July to advance upon General Beauregard at Manassas. His own army consisted of 21,833 muskets, and 29 pieces of smooth-bore artillery, with about 3 companies of cavalry. By the arrival subsequently of General Johnston, with 8,333 muskets, 300 cavalry, and 20 guns, and General Holmes from the lower Potomac, with 1,265 muskets and 6 guns, Beauregard's force was increased to 31,431 muskets, 55 guns, and about 500 cavalry.

The Confederate commander had taken position upon Bull Run, a small watercourse which rises near Aldie, and flowing around Manassas Junction, empties into the Occoquan. The banks of this stream were abrupt, and densely wooded; but it was fordable in numerous places, and was crossed on the Centreville and Warrenton road, below Sudley Church, by the "Stone Bridge," a solid and not unpicturesque structure of brown stone, near which the battle of Manassas was fought.

General Beauregard had posted his troops along this watercourse, behind earthworks, from Union Mills nearly to Stone Bridge, a distance of about eight miles, ready to meet the Federal forces should they attempt to cross at any of the fords. His

centre rested at Mitchell's ford, on the direct road from Centreville to Manassas; and opposite this point, Jackson, it will be remembered, had been directed to take up his position.

The Federal army moved forward on the 16th of July, and on the morning of the 17th entered Fairfax Court-House, General Bonham, who commanded the Confederate advance guard at that place, retiring slowly before them. He continued to fall back all day, his rear skirmishing with the Federal advance; and after making a brief stand at Centreville after dark, and throwing up signals to warn General Beauregard of his approach, retired, at daylight on the 18th, within the lines on Bull Run.

About ten in the forenoon the enemy appeared, and opened an artillery fire upon the Confederate centre at Mitchell's ford; but the dense woods concealed the troops from view, and no loss was inflicted. This was followed by an obstinate attack upon General Longstreet, who was placed with 1,200 muskets at Blackburn's ford below. A force of about 3,000 Federal infantry drove in his advance on the north bank of the stream, and, supported by a heavy fire of artillery, attempted to force their way across the ford. Three vigorous charges were made to attain this object, but all were repulsed. Longstreet's infantry, although unprotected by earthworks, fought with great nerve, and the Federal infantry finally retired; the affair turning into an "artillery duel," as General Beauregard styled it, in which the guns of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans were handled with great skill, and inflicted some loss upon the enemy. Soon afterwards the Federal infantry retired from Longstreet's front.

Such was "the battle of the 18th," as it is called—the prelude to the greater struggle on the 21st. The Confederate loss was 15 killed and 55 wounded; the Federal loss 64 left dead upon the field, the number wounded not known.

These two unsuccessful attacks, at Mitchell's and Blackburn's fords, upon the Confederate front, induced the Federal commander to abandon the further attempt to break through Beauregard's line. His attention was now turned to the left

BATTLE

OF MANASSAS

2 miles to 1 inch.

Centreville

Route of Federal Column

BULLY RUN

Sudley Fd.

Stone Bridge

Henry Hill

Mitchell's Fd.

Blackburn's Fd. July 1862

Union Mills

Manassas Gap R. R.

MANASSAS

Orange R. R.

Groveton

Gaines V.

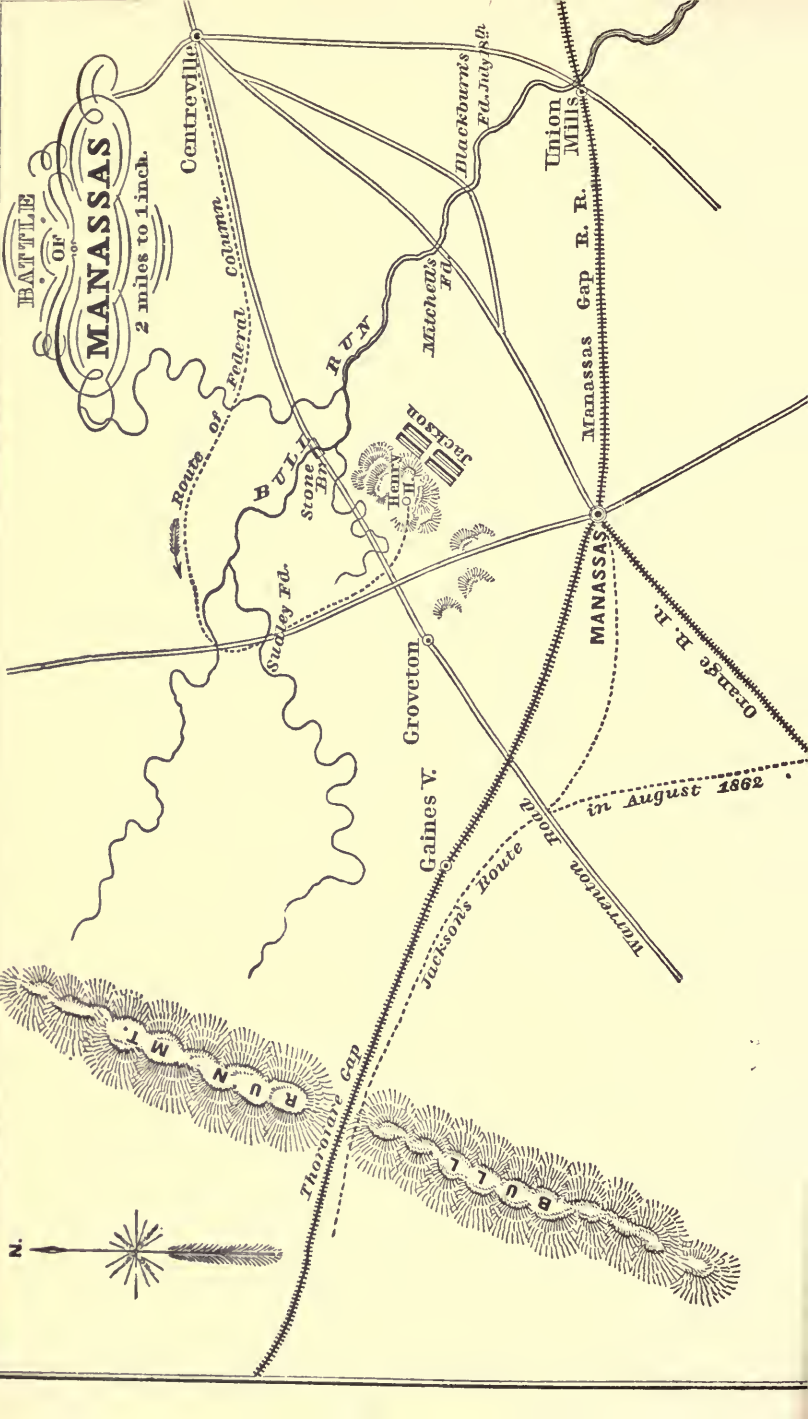
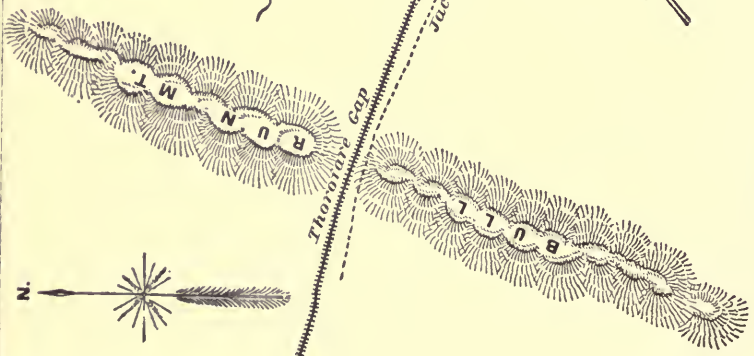
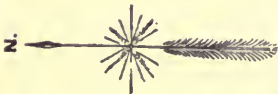
Jackson's Route

Warrenton Road in August 1862

Thorburn's Gap

RUN MOUNTAIN

BULLY RUN



flank of the Confederate army, and preparations were made to strike a decisive blow in that direction.

On the night of the 20th all was ready for this movement, and at daylight on the 21st the Federal columns were far upon their way.

CHAPTER XII.

MANASSAS.

A GLANCE at the map will give the reader a clearer idea of the movements which now took place, than any description can convey.

Beauregard's forces were strung out along the southern bank of Bull Run, over a space of nearly eight miles—from Union Mills to Stone Bridge; and the design of the Federal commander was to move his main body silently through the woods to the Confederate left, cross the upper fords of the stream, and, falling upon Beauregard's flank, drive him back upon Manassas, or cut him off completely from that base. He would then be compelled to hasten from his earthworks, form line of battle anew with a powerful enemy pressing him, and, in case he was defeated, as he probably would be, the victory would be decisive.

The details of the plan of operations betrayed the skilful hand of Lieutenant-General Scott. One division of about 16,000 men was to remain behind at Centreville, to protect the Federal communications; another to march to Stone Bridge with orders to make demonstrations there; and a third to move up to Red House ford, with directions to wait until that point was uncovered. Then a third was to cross at Sudley ford, still higher up, and drive away the Confederate forces at Red House ford and Stone Bridge, when the divisions there would cross; and thus a force of about 40,000 men would be concentrated upon the southern banks of Bull Run, directly upon Beauregard's

left flank. Then one determined charge, and the end would crown the work.

The movements to attain this object commenced in presence of a great crowd of spectators—editors, idlers, sensation hunters, and even ladies—who had hastened with eager curiosity from the Federal capital to witness the defeat of the Southern forces. Champagne and every delicacy had been sent to Centreville to celebrate the anticipated victory; and on the 20th that town and the camps around it were the scene, it is said, of something like a carnival. The excited crowd were listening for the thunder of the guns from those “mysterious Virginia forests” so often mentioned, and there was little or no doubt in any mind of the result. Lieutenant-General Scott, and others who knew some what better the mettle of the South, probably experienced no little anxiety; but the crowd of spectators seem to have been firm in their faith of a great Federal triumph.

Meanwhile the columns were moving, and during the night of the 20th scouts brought word to General Beauregard, who directed operations under General Johnston, that the enemy were concentrating on the Warrenton road. The probability of an attack upon the Confederate left wing was apparent, and at four in the morning orders were despatched to all his commanders, by General Beauregard, to hold the troops in readiness to march at a moment’s warning. The design was, as soon as the enemy’s intentions were fully developed, to advance and attack him in flank and reverse at Centreville, a point completely in his rear. This excellent plan was never carried out, however, owing to some fatality which attended the transmission of the orders; and the battle of Manassas commenced and ended south of the Stone Bridge.

The ground there is an extensive plateau, rising about one hundred feet above the level of the stream, and consisting of open fields, which fall off in gentle slopes, furrowed at intervals by ravines. In these ravines grew clumps of bushes, and the southern and eastern brows of the plateau were skirted with a thick growth of young pines. The only buildings to be seen

were the Henry and Robinson houses, plain wooden structures, and the well-known "stone house" near the intersection of the Warrenton road, and that extending from Manassas to Sudley ford, which is known as the Sudley-Brentsville road. Near this point was a belt of oak forest, where the final struggle took place.

The Federal advance force was moving toward the Confederate left all night, and, following a narrow road through the "Big Forest," reached Sudley ford about eight in the morning. This column consisted of Hunter's and Heintzelman's divisions; and the division opposite Stone Bridge having opened fire on the Confederates and attracted their attention, General Hunter at once threw his command across, and advanced rapidly to the attack.

The extreme Confederate left at Stone Bridge was held by Colonel Evans, with fifteen companies of infantry and Latham's battery of smooth-bore six-pounders. He did not reply to the artillery fire of the enemy, his guns being useless for that purpose; but when they threw forward a line of skirmishers, met them and engaged in a desultory skirmish, which lasted for three hours without result. It was now half-past eight, and General Hunter was over. Evans had become convinced that the attack upon him was merely a demonstration to cover other objects, and intelligence soon reached him showing the truth of this surmise. A heavy force was reported to be moving against his flank, and, taking eleven of his fifteen companies, he hastened forward by the Carter house, and, drawing up his line across the Sudley-Brentsville road, with his artillery on the high ground in rear, received the enemy's attack.

The conflict which immediately took place at this point was very severe. The force of Colonel Evans was 800 infantry and two six-pound guns; that of General Hunter, by Federal accounts, 16,000 infantry, 7 companies of cavalry, and 24 pieces of artillery; of which force 3,500 muskets and 8 guns were at once thrown forward into action. The Federal division hastening down from Red House ford would make the force op-

posed to Evans not far from 30,000 men, and to check this column even for a moment, with 800 muskets, seemed impossible. It was necessary, however, to make the attempt, and the men responded with ardor. The regiment was the 4th South Carolina, supported by a company of Wheat's battalion, and the men were called on at once to meet a vigorous charge of the 2d Rhode Island, supported by the fire of six thirteen-pound rifles. The struggle was bitter and determined. Wheat was severely wounded, but his Louisianians fought only the harder for it, and Evans succeeded in repulsing the charge. His object now was to hold his ground as long as possible, in order to give General Beauregard time to send forward reënforcements and form his new line of battle; and the difficulty which the enemy experienced in forcing him back is a high compliment to Colonel Evans and his men. They fought with desperation, but were slowly being pressed back by the heavy Federal line when the promised succor came. General Bee, who had been ordered to repair as quickly as possible with his own command and that of General Bartow to the left, reached the plateau in rear of Evans while the fight was raging, and perceiving the strength of the position, drew up his whole command, consisting of four regiments, two companies, and a battery, near the "Henry house." Finding, however, that Colonel Evans was hard pressed, he promptly advanced to his assistance, and, reaching the field of action, disposed his forces upon Evans' right, with his battery on the high ground in rear. He arrived just in time. The Southern line was just giving way before the advance of fresh Federal troops, which poured in a steady and destructive fire, when the appearance of the Confederate reënforcement gave a new aspect to affairs. Bee rapidly advanced with his four regiments—the 7th and 8th Georgia, 4th Alabama, and 2d Mississippi—and, taking command of the field, threw himself with ardor into the action.

It was at once renewed with additional fury. Bee's regiments fought with such gallantry, that, as one of them afterwards, with thinned and bleeding ranks, marched off the field, General

Beauregard raised his hat as they passed, and exclaimed, "I salute the 8th Georgia with my hat off! History shall never forget you!" The gallantry of the others was equally marked, and for an hour the blended commands of Bee and Evans faced the great force opposed to them unmoved. The moment came, however, when the term of further resistance was reached. Many officers had fallen, the men were exhausted, and still the dark columns of Federal infantry grew heavier as their rear closed up. Bee's force, with that of Evans, was somewhat more than five regiments, with six guns; the force opposed to him, from Federal accounts, two divisions, consisting of eight brigades, with seventeen companies of regular infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and twenty rifle pieces.

In face of this great odds Bee was slowly forced to give ground. His thin lines were swept by a destructive fire of musketry from the Federal troops, sheltered behind stone fences, and the rifle guns of Ricketts and others filled the air with a whirlwind of iron. General Bartow, Bee's second in command, had had his horse shot under him, and was fighting on foot; Wheat had been borne from the field, and the ground over which the opposing lines had fought was covered with dead bodies and bathed in blood. The astonishing spectacle had been presented of regiments holding their ground against brigades, and sustaining without confusion the fire of many times their number for hours; but the men were now exhausted, hope began to desert them, and Bee saw that he must fall back in the best order he could to escape destruction. He gave the order to retire just as the brigades of Sherman and Keyes, which had crossed at Red House ford, pressed down upon his flank.

The scene which ensued was one of painful disaster to the Southerners. The Federal troops swept forward with triumphant cheers, and as Bee's shattered battalions fell back in full retreat, poured into them a more rapid and galling fire than before. The Federal artillery redoubled its fire, and the retreat became every moment more disordered. The bristling battalions of Federal infantry rushed upon their prey; the merciless fusillade

continued without intermission, and the fields were strewed with the dying and the dead. Dust, blood, the lightning of musketry, and the thunder of artillery, made the scene one of inexpressible anguish and despair.

Bee had aimed to retire in something like order to the plateau near the Henry house, and make a stand there, in a stronger position; but the quick eye of the soldier now told him that all was lost. No exertions which he made could restore good order; and though he rode to and fro, amid the storm of bullets, beseeching the troops by all they held dear to rally to their colors until reënforcements came, he could not reform his line. His voice was not heard, or his commands were disobeyed. All was over.

Such was the condition of things when the glitter of bayonets caught the eyes of Bee, beyond the Henry house hill; and a courier brought word that the reënforcements were coming at last. Bee galloped in the direction of the fresh troops; they were the First Brigade, under Jackson. He had been sent some time before to support General Cocks, below Stone Bridge, but, hearing the hot fire upon the left, had moved his brigade in that direction. As he pressed on rapidly, the disordered troops of Bee and Evans swept by toward the rear, but the First Brigade continued to advance. All at once Bee appeared, approaching at full gallop, and he and Jackson were soon face to face. The latter was cool and composed; Bee, covered with dust and sweat, with his drawn sword in his hand, his horse foaming. In the bitter despair of his heart he could only groan out, "General, they are beating us back!"

The face of Jackson betrayed no corresponding emotion. He had his "war look" on, but that was never a look of excitement. His eye glittered, and, in the curt tone habitual with him, he said coolly, "Sir, we will give them the bayonet."

These words seemed to act upon Bee like the ring of a clarion. He galloped back to his men, and, pointing with his sword to Jackson, shouted, "Look! there is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Let us determine to die here, and we will

conquer!" His command was partially rallied; the detachments took their position on the right, and Jackson's line swept steadily on toward the plateau.

In a moment the whole aspect of affairs had undergone a change. The Federal forces, which were rushing forward in pursuit of the broken battalions of Bee, saw themselves suddenly confronted by 2,600 bayonets, and their advance was checked. At the same moment the 600 infantry of Colonel Wade Hampton, who had held the Warrenton road against Keyes, repulsing him, until his position was completely flanked, fell back and took position on the right. Met thus by Jackson and by Hampton, whose splendid nerve was afterwards exhibited upon so many memorable fields, the Federal lines came to a halt. The First Brigade was in position, the troops ready and eager. From this rock the wave went back.

There is no doubt that the presence of Jackson at this crisis saved the fortunes of the day. No other troops were near, and in thirty minutes the enemy would have been strongly posted upon the plateau near the Henry house. The retreat of General Beauregard upon Manassas would have followed, or a desperate assault upon earthworks occupied by the bulk of the Federal army.

The current of battle, only for a moment checked, now began to move again with greater force than before. The Federal battalions pressed across the Warrenton road, and rapidly advanced toward the Henry house, where the hottest portion of the struggle was to take place. Jackson had formed his line just under the eastern crest of the plateau, with Hampton and the shattered remnants of the commands of Bee and Evans in a ravine and forest on his right; in front of him he had placed two guns of Stanard's battery, which kept up a steady fire as the enemy continued to advance. The 4th and 27th Virginia infantry formed his centre, the 5th Virginia his right, and the 2 and 33d Virginia his left. The instructions given by Jackson to his troops were, "to charge the enemy with the bayonet so soon as they should appear over the crest, and within about fifty yards."*

* Jackson to Colonel J. M. Bennett, July 28th, 1861, in Appendix.

As Jackson took position to check the Federal advance, Generals Johnston and Beauregard appeared upon the field. They had up to that time remained upon a lofty hill in rear of Mitchell's ford, near the centre of the Confederate line, and, hearing the continuous roar upon the left, had waited anxiously, says General Beauregard, for similar sounds from the front, as an order had been sent for the whole right wing of the army to advance and attack the enemy at Centreville. At half-past ten a despatch from General Ewell, at Union Mills, conveyed the mortifying intelligence that the order had never been received ; and as it was now too late to make the movement, the whole attention of the Confederate commanders was directed to the left. The entire body of reserves was ordered to repair without delay to that point, and Johnston and Beauregard set out at a rapid gallop for the scene of action, which they reached about noon, just as Jackson had opened fire with his artillery.

The spectacle at this moment was one of absorbing interest. Through the dust and smoke which filled the valleys and swept across the hills, were seen the heavy masses of Federal infantry rapidly forming upon the plateau ; and from this cloud came the thunder of artillery, the roll of musketry, and the confused shouts of the combatants. At a single *coup d'œil*, the glance embraced the artillery-swept plateau and the sheltering ravines, the glitter of bayonets, the red glare of the cannon, and the forms of the officers as they passed to and fro rallying or cheering on the troops. Jackson's men could scarcely be seen. They were lying down in line of battle, under the crest of the plateau, awaiting the order to advance.

Generals Johnston and Beauregard found affairs in a most critical condition. Lee and Evans were overpowered, and unless Jackson and Hampton could hold their position until reënforcements arrived, the day was lost. Galloping up and down the disordered lines of Bee, they appealed to the men by all they valued on earth to rally to their standards ; and seizing the colors of the 4th Alabama, Johnston led them forward, and formed them in face of a heavy fire. Beauregard was meanwhile en-

gaged in cheering on the men in every portion of the field. The animation of his Creole blood burned in his dark face, and rang in the inspiring tones of his voice, as in brief soldierly phrase he called upon the troops to follow him. As the reserves came up, he rapidly formed them under heavy fire, and soon had a line of battle consisting of, on the extreme right, Bee and Evans; in the centre, Jackson, with his four regiments, and thirteen guns under Colonel Pendleton; and on the left, the remnant of the 7th Georgia, the 49th Virginia battalion, the 2d Mississippi, and the 6th North Carolina. Hampton's legion, the 8th Virginia, and Jackson's 5th Virginia supported the right, as a reserve. On the right of all was a company of cavalry, and on the extreme left flank, another under Stuart.

This force consisted of 6,500 infantry and cannoneers, 2 companies of cavalry, and 13 pieces of artillery. The Federal force in line of battle, by their official statement, was somewhat more than 20,000 infantry, with 7 companies of regular cavalry and 24 pieces of artillery. About 35,000 reserves were at Centreville, Stone Bridge, and opposite the lower fords.

The coming shock was to be borne by the Confederate centre, composed of the Virginia regiments of Jackson. Fresh, thoroughly disciplined, and commanded by a soldier of known coolness and courage, these regiments were rightly regarded as the chief dependence of the Confederate commander in holding his ground until reënforcements arrived. Jackson was indefatigable in encouraging his men, and rode up and down his lines in the midst of a heavy fire, with an unconcern which had an excellent effect upon the untried youths of his command. He had placed his artillery in front, without cover, and the cannoneers served the pieces with ardor, returning rapidly the fire of the Federal batteries, which were planted upon every rising ground in front. "I fully expected them all to be killed in that position," he said afterwards, "yet felt that the occasion demanded the sacrifice." His infantry was lying down about one hundred yards in rear of the guns, and as the familiar figure of their commander passed to and fro on his bay horse, the men

heard the calm lips utter constantly the words, "Steady, boys! steady—all's well!" Those who saw him on this occasion noticed especially his coolness. "A more earnest yet calm expression," says General Pendleton, "I have never seen upon human countenance."

No material change took place in the positions of the opposing forces until about two o'clock, when the Federal lines were pushed forward, and their batteries advanced, inclining to the right, with the evident intention of securing an oblique fire upon Jackson's front. In doing so one of them approached so near Colonel Cummings' regiment—the 33d Virginia—that he charged and captured it, but owing to the destructive fire of musketry was obliged to retire and abandon the guns. This movement of their artillery was the prelude to a new and more determined advance of the Federal troops. Their infantry, swarming upon the face of the plateau, was massed in the vicinity of the Henry house, and all at once the bristling lines were thrown forward, and hurled with fury upon the Confederate centre. As they moved, the artillery under Pendleton greeted them with a discharge of canister at close range, and then withdrew at a gallop to the high ground across the little valley, where they continued to fire upon the Federal forces as they rushed forward at a double-quick to the charge.

Jackson met this charge with the bayonet. They were now so close upon him, as, in his own words, "to call for the free use of the bayonet; and I accordingly ordered the charge to be made, which cut the enemy's centre, and thus separated his wings." The scene described and dismissed in these few simple words, was one of the most stirring and magnificent spectacles of the war. The long and glittering lines of Federal infantry, supported by the fire of their finest batteries, were almost in contact with Jackson, when he ordered his men to charge. They responded with wild cheers, and, firing a heavy volley, rushed forward with all the ardor of volunteers. The enemy met them with determination; and with one mad yell arising from both adversaries, and mingling its savage echoes, the sur

ging masses came together. The scene which followed is indescribable. The thunder of artillery and the sustained crash of musketry rolled like some diabolical concert across the hills, and the opposing lines were lost in a dense cloud of smoke, from which rose shouts, yells, cheers, and the groans of the dying.

Jackson had charged without orders, from the necessity of his situation; but General Beauregard, it seems, had at nearly the same moment ordered his whole front to advance. At this order the troops rushed to the attack with an ardor and enthusiasm never afterwards surpassed during the war. The men seemed inspired with a species of fury almost, which made them careless of wounds and death. One who was carried dying from the field, exclaimed, with clenched hands, "They've done for me now, but my father's there yet!—our army's there yet!—our cause is there yet!—and liberty's there yet!" The officers set a chivalric example to the troops, and suffered heavily. Hampton was shot while bravely leading on his men. Bee fell mortally wounded at the head of the Alabamians and Georgians, near the Henry house, grasping the sword presented to him by South Carolina, and urging on his men to the last. Colonel Fisher, of North Carolina, was killed; Colonels Gartrell and Falkner wounded; and General Bartow, who had said, "I shall go into that fight with a determination never to leave the field alive, but in victory," was shot through the heart while rallying the 7th Georgia, and fell, exclaiming to the men around him, "They've killed me, but never give up the field!"

In the midst of this hot struggle Jackson's equanimity remained unshaken. He does not seem, during any portion of the battle, to have contemplated disaster or defeat, and opposed to the agitation and flurry of many around him a demeanor entirely unmoved. When an officer rode up to him, and exclaimed with great excitement, "General, I think the day is going against us!" Jackson replied, with entire coolness in his brief, curt one, "If you think so, sir, you had better not say any thing about it."

His bayonet charge had pierced the Federal centre, sepa-

rating the two wings ; but such was their preponderance of numbers that this advantage not only became of doubtful value, but the Confederate line was in danger of being enveloped by the heavy masses closing in upon its flanks. Jackson put forth all his strength to retain his vantage ground ; and the enemy made corresponding exertions to drive him from the plateau. At this stage the struggle reached its utmost intensity. In portions of the field, especially near the Henry house, the opposing lines fought almost breast to breast ; and though repeatedly repulsed, the Federal infantry constantly returned with new vigor to the charge. Still the Confederate front remained unbroken. Led by determined officers, who kept their ranks closed up, and cheered them by word and example, the troops continued to hold their ground upon the plateau—especially the first brigade, which occupied the dangerous and important position in the centre. The Federal line had first been broken by this brigade, and now was destined to receive from it the *coup de grace*.

Jackson had held his position for about an hour ; and this had enabled General Beauregard to hurry forward troops from the lines along Bull Run. These were at last in position, and, taking command of them in person, General Beauregard, about three o'clock, ordered the whole line to advance and make a decisive assault.* Jackson still held the centre, and, although wounded in the hand by a fragment of shell, paid no attention to the accident. At the word, his brigade rushed forward, broke through the Federal line in front of them, and, supported by the reserves, drove the enemy from the plateau, across the Warrenton road, into the fields of the Dogan farm.

The decisive success had been mainly achieved by Jackson's command, and he proudly wrote to a friend soon afterwards : " You will find, when my report shall be published, that the First

* The writer is unable to state the number of Confederate troops in this final charge. He is able, however, to vouch for the statement that the bulk of General Beauregard's forces under Longstreet, Bonham, and Ewell were still retained at the lower fords to guard that front. The brunt of the battle thus continued to be borne by the Army of the Shenandoah.

Brigade was to our army what the Imperial Guard was to the first Napoleon ; that, through the blessing of God, it met the thus far victorious enemy, and turned the fortunes of the day." From a man so modest, and so much opposed to all vain-gloriousness and boasting, this statement stands for a great deal. It would never have been made had the praise been undeserved.

The battle, however, was not over. The Federal lines had been driven from the Henry house plateau, but their numbers rendered them still formidable, and prompt steps were taken to follow up this important blow. While marshalling his troops for a final attack, General Johnston, who had commanded the whole field from his headquarters at the Lewis house, received intelligence that "a Federal army" had reached Manassas, and was then advancing upon his rear. This force was soon ascertained, however, to be that of General Kirby Smith of the Army of the Shenandoah, who had just arrived with 1,700 fresh infantry. They had come over the Manassas Gap Railroad, and, hearing the heavy firing, General Smith had stopped the train before it reached the Junction, disembarked the troops, and hastened forward to the battle field. Coming rapidly into position near the Chinn house, on the Confederate left, he opened fire with Beckham's battery on the enemy at the moment when they were commencing a final attack. Their line extended in the shape of a crescent from the Carter house, around in rear of Dogan's, and across the Warrenton road to Chinn's house. The fields and roads were filled with infantry, and their two brigades of cavalry which had not been used. General Smith had scarcely formed his line, when the Federal commander, throwing forward a cloud of skirmishers, extended his right wing to out-flank and envelope the Confederate line. They were met by the fresh troops under Smith and Early with great spirit, and this unexpected resistance, at a point supposed to be undefended, obviously disheartened the attacking column. At the same moment the whole Southern line advanced to the charge, and the combined attack upon the Federal flank and front was decisive. The enemy was forced over the narrow plateau near Chinn's

house, out of the woods on its western slope, across the Warrenton road, and on toward Sudley and Red House fords. Their lines were broken, and the army in full retreat. Soon this retreat became a wild and panic-stricken flight. The roads were filled with artillery, the horses at full gallop; men were crushed beneath the wheels; wagons were overturned amid the hurrying crowd, and every article which could impede the retreat was dropped by the men in their headlong flight.

The rout was so complete, that Jackson said, in his curt voice, as he sat his horse and looked at the retreating army: "Give me ten thousand men, and I will be in Washington to-night!"*

* The writer has received valuable information in regard to this battle from General Stuart, General Hampton, General Pendleton, and others. Jackson's report of the operations of his brigade is lost, and the general official report is very confused and inaccurate. It is there stated that Jackson was repulsed and driven from the plateau at two o'clock. This is unquestionably an error. He states, in his letter to Colonel Bennett, that he pierced the Federal centre and held the ground thus won; and General Pendleton, who was present, writes that in this charge the enemy were "thoroughly broken and thrown back, nor did they at all again recover that ridge." General Hampton's statement to the writer is distinctly to the same effect. The unreliable character of the general official report was a matter of notoriety in the Army of Northern Virginia; but no intelligent person regarded the eminent soldier whose name is signed to it as responsible for its inflation of style or inaccuracy of statement.

PART II.

THE CAMPAIGN OF THE VALLEY.

CHAPTER I.

THE AUTUMN OF 1861.

THE first days succeeding the battle of Manassas were passed by the Southern troops in discussing the incidents of the engagement. Among other things, they recalled General Bee's expression while rallying his broken lines: "There is Jackson, standing *like a stone wall*"; and the name of "Stonewall" from that time forward adhered to the Virginian. It has now become his designation throughout the world.

Jackson always insisted, however, that his troops, and not himself, were entitled to this name. He was not a little gratified at it, and on his death-bed said: "The men who live through this war will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade,' to their children." But the brigade and the army insisted as pertinaciously upon applying the term to himself as descriptive of his obstinate resolution; and they succeeded in fixing it upon him. He was never generally known as "Thomas Jonathan"—his real baptismal name. Bee, when about to surrender his brave soul to his Maker, had baptized him, amid blood and fire, as "Stonewall" Jackson.

The part taken by his brigade in the battle has been described. They undoubtedly decided the fortunes of the day, by first checking the rapid advance of the Federal forces until the Confederate line was formed, and then, by piercing their centre, separating their wings, and compelling them to fall back from their strong position upon the plateau near the Henry house. The importance of these services was recognized by the country, and Jackson began to be spoken of as a commander of nerve and ability. Beyond this, however, his fame did not extend. No one seems to have suspected the existence of those great resources of strategy and daring which lay under the calm exterior of the Virginian; and his celebrity as a soldier was still to be won upon more arduous fields.

For three days Jackson waited impatiently for the order to advance upon Washington. We have heard his exclamation on the field of battle, that with ten thousand men he could enter the Federal capital that night; and to the future, when all the facts shall be published, we must leave the decision of the question whether he erred. What seems plain is, that Washington at that moment was almost undefended, the Federal army routed, and the way open. Jackson thought the movement perfectly practicable, and said more than once, with some impatience, "I have three days' rations cooked, ready to advance. Why don't the order come!"

It did not come—for what reason it is difficult at this time to understand. The army was not well, but sufficiently provisioned; the means of transportation were limited, but many wagons were not needed; and General Patterson had not moved from his position on the upper Potomac. This was not certainly known, however, and the apprehension was felt that a new army would await the Confederates at Arlington Heights. The men were not then inured to forced marches and fasting, and the idea of promptly advancing was abandoned. To the eye of him who to-day embraces the whole field, "looking before and after," the movement seems to have been practicable; but the future was then hidden, the ground unknown, and the project of a forward

movement was given up. General Johnston collected his army, much scattered in the hot conflict, and sending forward advance forces to Fairfax Court House and Vienna, went into camp near Centreville.

The intelligence of the victory at Manassas was greeted in the South in a manner which seemed disproportioned to its importance. No bells were rung, or crowds harangued by street orators; and it was difficult to believe, from the demeanor of the people, that they realized the good fortune of the Southern arms. Such at least was the fact in Virginia, and the explanation may probably be discovered in the natural character of the population. The Virginians are not easily elated by good fortune, or depressed by bad; and they exhibited this temper of mind on the present occasion. The Congress imitated them. Resolutions of thanks to the Southern troops were passed, couched in terms of gravity and decorum, and the subject then seemed to be forgotten. The effect of the battle at the North was different. Such ardent expectations of a decisive victory over the South had been indulged, that the result fell upon the people with the startling effect of a thunderbolt. The press teemed with angry denunciations of the generals who had thus suffered themselves to be defeated; a policy of extermination against the South was hotly advocated; and the entire body of Northern society seemed to be convulsed, as it had never been before, in the recollections of the living.

Prompt steps were taken by the Federal authorities to retrieve the disaster, and every energy was brought into play. New levies were made; a heavy loan negotiated with the banks of New York, on terms which indicated no change in the public conviction that the South would soon be forced back into the Union; and Lieutenant-General Scott, now past seventy, yielded the command of the Federal armies to a younger and more active officer. General George B. McClellan, the officer in question, will probably rank, in the ultimate judgment of military critics, as the ablest Federal commander of the war. This estimate, which is formed by the present writer after a careful study

of his official reports, and a full consideration of all the circumstances under which he acted, will only go for what it is worth; but his great abilities as a soldier were unquestioned even by his opponents. He was at this time about thirty-five years of age, was a graduate of West Point, and had been chiefly known before the war as the author of a work upon European tactics, the result of a visit as military commissioner to the Crimea. When the war broke out he was assigned to the command of the Federal forces in Western Virginia, where he achieved a complete success over the Confederate arms at Rich Mountain and Carrick's ford. These affairs had appeared on the Federal bulletins as "two victories in one day;" General McClellan received the flattering name of "the Young Napoleon," and his sudden promotion to the command of all the United States forces indicated the high opinion which had been formed of his abilities. Precise and military in his bearing when on duty, but at other times easy, approachable, and ever ready to smile and utter a kind word, he became immediately and greatly popular with the troops. His sentiments toward the South were those of a soldier for an open and powerful opponent, and he entered upon the duties of his great position with a zeal and energy which soon accomplished the most important results. Under his directing hand the disorganized Federal army again took shape, reformed its broken ranks, and once more presented a determined and dangerous front to the South.

The military operations which took place during the remainder of the year 1861, over the whole field of struggle from Virginia to Missouri, form no part of the present narrative. The South had not profited by the result of the battle of Manassas. It is doubtful whether that victory did not prove a misfortune to the Confederacy. Instead of concentrating all their energies, and preparing for a hard and protracted struggle, the Southern people seemed to consider the conflict over, and the revolution victoriously terminated at a blow. The *ignis fatuus* of European intervention danced before every eye, leading the people of the Confederate States still deeper and deeper into the treacherous

slough : and during all this time the North, with greater energy and resolution than before, was gathering, by land and by sea, an overpowering force for their destruction. Immense iron-clad men-of-war ; great armies at every point on the frontier ; enormous levies of additional troops, and fresh loans ; a resolute determination to crush the South at any cost—these were the elements which the North now brought, with persistent activity, to the further struggle. Active operations followed at nearly every point. Armies took the field in Missouri, Kentucky, and Virginia ; and extensive expeditions by water were undertaken against the fortified places along the Southern coast. In Western Virginia an active campaign took place, resulting in the indecisive affairs at Scary Creek, Cross Lanes, Carnifax Ferry, and Cheat Mountain, where Generals Floyd and Wise carried on the contest with varying but unimportant results. The only affairs of importance which redeemed the campaign in Virginia, after July, from its general aspect of nonsuccess, were the actions at Leesburg and Alleghany Mountain, in October and December. In the former Colonel Evans met and repulsed with heavy slaughter a Federal force which crossed the Potomac at Ball's Bluff ; and in the latter, Colonel Edward Johnson, with a small body of Confederates, sustained the attack of a much larger force of Federal troops for about six hours, when they retired and left him in possession of the field.

But these successes did not greatly change the face of affairs, and the prospect for the spring looked threatening. Two Federal armies were held ready to advance at the opening of fine weather—that at Washington, under personal command of General McClellan, and a second opposite Leesburg, under General Banks of Massachusetts. In addition to these, considerable bodies of Federal troops occupied the counties of Hardy, Hampshire, and Morgan, on the head-waters of the Potomac, where they lived on the country, harassed the inhabitants, and treated as public enemies all who refused to subscribe to the Federal oath of allegiance.

To protect this portion of the State, and guard the lower

valley against General Banks, the Confederate Government determined to send a force to Winchester. This could not be wholly drawn from the army at Centreville, which faced General McClellan, and other sources were looked to. Detached bodies from various quarters were ordered to concentrate at Winchester, and especially the commands of Generals Loring and Henry R. Jackson, who had hitherto operated in Western Virginia. The force thus organized was officially styled the "Army of the Monongahela," and was placed under the command of General Stonewall Jackson, who had been advanced to the rank of major-general.

This gratifying promotion seemed to produce little effect upon Jackson, or he was too modest to let his feelings be seen. On the night when he received his commission, his friend Colonel Pendleton slept with him, and they talked confidentially for hours, but Jackson did not allude to it. It was only on the next day, when they rode together to Fairfax Court House, that Colonel Pendleton heard of it. Jackson was looking for a magistrate to administer the official oath, and was thus led to mention his promotion.



CHAPTER II.

JACKSON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS TO HIS BRIGADE.

AFTER the battle of Manassas, Jackson had remained with his brigade in the woods near Centreville, only moving once, when the Confederate generals advanced to Fairfax Court House, and then abruptly retired, with the hope of drawing General McClellan from his earthworks at Arlington. He had looked in vain for the signal to march upon Washington. Day followed day—and then weeks and months went by—the signal did not come. His brigade awaited the order to advance with an im-

patience as great as that of their commander, and were restive as the bright autumn thus passed on.

They had began to regard their leader with that admiration and affection which subsequently became so ardent. The Army of the Potomac was nothing in their eyes without the Army of the Shenandoah, the Army of the Shenandoah nothing without the "Stonewall" brigade; and the commander of that brigade was, in the opinion of his troops, the first of men—the "noblest Roman of them all." His coolness in action, and the obstinate resolution with which he fought, had made him the hero of the ardent youths, sensitively impressible to military glory, and prone, like the young everywhere, to hero-worship. They were charmed with his soldierly qualities; delighted with his dingy gray coat and yellow cap; and his very eccentricities and oddities were new claims upon their liking. They called him "Old Jack" and "Stonewall;" and when troops bestow nicknames on a commander, they almost always admire him. They laughed when he rode by upon his sorrel, with the rim of his cap on his nose and his chin in the air, but the cheer which followed was an evidence of the admiration and affection under the laughter. Those who witnessed the meetings between this officer and his troops, at that time and afterwards, will recall the spectacle of waving hats, and tumult and rejoicing. It was in vain that Jackson endeavored to avoid these ovations, which, in spite of his innate modesty, were the most delightful incense to the pride of the soldier. In vain did he pluck off his old cap—fix his eyes straight before him—and pass at a rapid gallop, with his staff strung out behind him, in the effort to keep pace with him. The men refused to be thus defeated. The signal was given at one end of the brigade that "Old Jack was coming:" the men ran to the road, and as he passed at full speed, cheers arose and were carried along the line, as though their leader was rallying them in the gulf of battle. So unfailling was this reception of Jackson by his men, and such an uproar did his presence always occasion, that it was compared to the immense excitement produced in the regiments and brigades by the ap-

pearance of a hare or squirrel, which the men invariably ran down with deafening shouts and cries. When that distant cheering was heard, the army would exclaim with good-humored laughter, "That's Jackson or a rabbit!"

This great popularity of the General will serve to explain the depression of his men when they were informed that their favorite was about to leave them. The fact seemed incredible. That any other general but the officer in the old gray coat, with the old yellow cap, on the old sorrel horse, should lead the *Stonewall Brigade*, appeared an idea too absurd for belief. It seemed an outrage on them; a wanton disregard of their feelings which no public reasons could justify.

But in spite of this extraordinary excitement in the ranks of the brigade, the inexorable order remained unchanged—the sorrowful moment approached when they were to bid farewell to their commander.

The day at last came; it was the 4th of October. In a field near Centreville all the regiments of the brigade except the 5th Virginia, then on picket, were drawn up in close column with their officers in front, and Jackson appeared before them as though about to give the order for a charge. But now no enthusiasm or cheers awaited him. All knew for what purpose he came, and the sorrow which filled every heart betrayed itself in the deep silence which greeted his approach. Not a sound was heard along the line nor hand raised in greeting to indicate that the men had recognized their captain. The faces of the troops were full of the deepest dejection, and they resembled children about to be separated from their father.

As Jackson reached the centre of the line his staff halted, and he rode slowly forward until he was within a few paces of the men. As his glance met theirs, a slight color tinged his cheek, and his eye flashed. Mastering his emotion with an effort, in the midst of the profound silence, and speaking in the short abrupt tones which were so familiar to them, Jackson addressed them as follows:

"I am not here to make a speech, but simply to say farewell

I first met you at Harper's Ferry in the commencement of this war, and I cannot take leave of you without giving expression to my admiration of your conduct from that day to this—whether on the march, in the bivouac, in the tented field, or on the bloody plains of Manassas, where you gained the well-deserved reputation of having decided the fate of the battle. Throughout the broad extent of country over which you have marched, by your respect for the rights and the property of citizens, you have shown that you were soldiers—not only to defend, but able and willing both to defend and protect. You have already gained a brilliant and deservedly high reputation throughout the army of the whole Confederacy, and I trust in the future, by your deeds on the field, and by the assistance of the same kind Providence who has heretofore favored our cause, you will gain more victories, and add additional lustre to the reputation you now enjoy. You have already gained a proud position in the future history of this our Second War for Independence; I shall look with great anxiety to your future movements, and I trust whenever I shall hear of the *First Brigade* on the field of battle, it will be of still nobler deeds achieved, and higher reputation won!”

As he uttered these words Jackson paused, and his eye passed slowly along the line, as though he wished thus to bid farewell, individually, to every familiar face. His emotion seemed profound—the rush of memories crowding upon him more than he could bear. He could not leave them thus, with such formal words only; and the iron lip which had never trembled in battle was suddenly seen to quiver. Mastered by an uncontrollable impulse, the soldier rose in his stirrups, threw the reins on the neck of his horse with an electric gesture which sent a thrill through every heart, and extending his arm, added in tones of the deepest feeling:

“In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the *First Brigade!* In the Army of the Potomac you were the *First Brigade!* In the second corps of the army you are the *First Brigade!* You are the *First Brigade* in the affections of your General; and I hope, by your future deeds and bearing, you will be handed

down to posterity as the *First Brigade*, in this our Second War of Independence. Farewell!"

As the last words echoed in the ears of the men, and Jackson turned to leave them, the long pent-up feeling burst forth. Three prolonged cheers rolled along the line of the brigade, and no sooner had they died away than they were renewed and again renewed. The calm face of Jackson flushed as he listened to that sound, but he did not speak.

Waving his hand in token of farewell, he galloped away, and the brigade returned slowly and sorrowfully to camp.

CHAPTER III.

JACKSON'S PLAN.

BEFORE entering upon the narrative of the campaign in the valley, it is necessary that we should briefly refer to Jackson's views in the fall of 1861. What a distinguished man conceives is often as interesting as what he executes, and certainly serves equally to display his character. The plan of operations which we are about to notice was never carried out, and many persons at that time thought it absurd; but it was the deliberate result of Jackson's reflections, and will at least show his views at that time.

He proposed that the Confederate forces should invade the North in two columns, winter at Harrisburg, and in the spring of 1862 advance directly upon Philadelphia. The result, he believed, would be a treaty of peace, and the establishment of Southern independence.

The logic by which he arrived at the conclusion that this plan must succeed was certainly plausible. The battle of Manassas had paralyzed for the time the military power of the North, and every thing in that country was in confusion. On every side were the evidences of discouragement and dismay:

the legislature was the arena of warring factions, the executive embarrassed and disheartened, the old army disorganized, the new levies undisciplined; and the whole Northern country, exhausted by the great effort which had ended so disastrously, lay, for the moment, like a mighty hulk which had run on the breakers, and threatened every instant to go to pieces. Cool heads saw that this prostration, however, was only temporary; that the immense resources in population and war material at the North would soon enable her to recover from the blow she had received; and it was to take advantage of her present weakness and avoid the recoil, that Jackson proposed his plan.

Its details were as follows: While the people and the authorities were thus discouraged, he proposed to advance with the Army of the Monongahela, about 10,000 in number, into Northwestern Virginia, where he would reclaim that whole country from the Federal sway, and summon the inhabitants of Southern sentiment to array themselves under his standard. His information in regard to the feeling in that region—derived from personal knowledge and the statements of influential men—was extensive and reliable; and he did not doubt his ability to recruit between fifteen and twenty thousand men, which would place at his command at least 25,000 troops—enough for his further designs. These were bold and simple. While the enemy were under the impression that his only object was to reclaim and occupy Northwestern Virginia, he would rapidly move his whole force across the Monongahela, into Monongalia County, march upon Pittsburg, seize that place and destroy the United States arsenal there, and then, in conjunction with the army of the Potomac, which was to cross at Leesburg and form a junction with his own column, advance upon Harrisburg and occupy the capital of Pennsylvania. From Harrisburg he proposed that the united armies should advance in the spring upon Philadelphia.

Such was the plan of operations which Jackson believed would terminate the war before the summer of 1862. With the heart of the North thus pierced by the Southern troops, the

strategic points captured, and Washington evacuated—the Federal authorities, he believed, would abandon their opposition to secession and agree to an honorable peace.

It was proposed to the Confederate authorities at Richmond, but was not adopted. Nothing ever came of it, and the South entered upon a military policy which contemplated a long defensive war, in which the Federal Government would find its resources exhausted, or the patience of the people worn out. Whether this was an altogether prudent course, let the subsequent events of the struggle declare. It never had the approval of Jackson. He believed then, and continued to believe, as will be seen throughout his career, that “the Scipio Africanus policy was the best.” Invasion of the North was his possessing thought, and became the dream of his life. He never ceased to think of it, and the great successes at Port Republic, Cold Harbor, and the second Manassas, were chiefly important in his eyes from their bearing upon his favorite policy.

To the question what would have been the result of the adoption of this plan in the autumn of 1861, there will probably be many answers; but we pass from what Jackson suggested to what he effected.



CHAPTER IV.

THE WINTER MARCH TO ROMNEY.

JACKSON proceeded to Winchester, and assuming command of the valley district, applied himself energetically to the task of organizing and drilling the raw levies from the surrounding country. General Loring with his command arrived in December; and Jackson had succeeded, to his great joy, in regaining his old brigade, which returned to him and went into camp near the afterwards famous locality of Kernstown, in the latter days of November.

The troops thus placed at his disposal were about 10,000 in

number. With this force he hoped to afford complete protection to the country, and he applied himself with great activity to the work of putting the troops in proper order for the spring campaign. They did not remain, in the meanwhile, entirely idle. On the 17th of December a portion of the Stonewall Brigade proceeded to the Potomac, and driving away a body of Federal troops posted there, destroyed dam No. 5 on the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal. Washington and Alexandria were largely supplied with coal and other heavy produce from the interior by means of this canal, and the inconvenience thus occasioned was probably considerable. Soon afterwards preparations were made for a vigorous movement against the Federal forces at Romney, Bath, and other points, which it was desirable to drive beyond the Potomac.

Jackson at this time expressed succinctly and forcibly to one of his officers, his opinion in reference to the fire delivered by troops. The conversation had turned upon the relative advantage of firing by file, and by company or battalion, and Jackson said: "I rather think the fire by file is best on the whole, for it gives the enemy an idea that the fire is heavier than if it was by company or battalion. Sometimes, however, one may be best—sometimes the other—according to circumstances. But my opinion is that there ought not to be much firing at all. My idea is that the best mode of fighting is to reserve your fire till the enemy get—or you get *them*—to close quarters. Then deliver one deadly, deliberate fire—and charge!"

His preparations were not complete until the last days of December. All was ready at last, however, and on the first day of January, 1862, he set out on the road to Romney, with about 9,000 men, in the midst of many speculations as to his intentions. "Conjecture was rife as to our destination," says an officer, "but Jackson kept his own secrets so well as to deceive both the enemy and ourselves." In spite of the winter season the day was exceedingly bright and beautiful; the air soft and balmy; and Jackson afterwards said to a gentleman from Jefferson, "Sir, the dust was flying in the roads!" So

mild was the temperature that the men left behind them their overcoats and blankets, to be brought on in the wagons. A short distance from Winchester Jackson wheeled to the right, and now marched in the direction of Bath. On the next day the weather changed and grew intensely cold. The men marched all day, and at night the wagons which had been unable to keep up with the troops, had not arrived. The army in consequence was compelled to go into bivouac without rations or covering of any description—depending upon camp fires for protection against the cold. On the third day Jackson continued to press forward, in spite of the sufferings of the troops, who, taken from comfortable winter quarters, and unaccustomed to hunger, cold, and fatigue, found it almost impossible to proceed. Jackson became restive. Riding along the column, he found his old brigade halted on the side of the road, and asked General Garnett, who had succeeded him in the command, the reason for this delay.

“I have halted to let the men cook rations, General,” was the reply of Garnett.

“There is no time for that,” responded Jackson briefly.

“But it is impossible for the men to march further without them.”

“*I never found any thing impossible with that brigade!*” returned Jackson in his curtest tones, and he rode on. His plans did not admit of delay. He intended to surprise and drive the enemy before him; and in comparison with the success of the campaign, which depended upon the celerity of his march, he rightly estimated the sufferings of the men as a secondary matter. Such is the fatal logic of war—the necessity of military affairs.

Jackson now drew near Bath, and suddenly found his advance guard attacked. The Federal forces were posted behind fences and other cover, and poured a sudden fire into the vanguard, consisting of a portion of the 48th Virginia, Colonel Campbell. Two companies of the 21st Virginia, under Colonel Patton, were thrown forward to their support, and an animated skirmish ensued. The enemy held their ground for about half

an hour, when reënforcements coming to the relief of the advance guard, the Federal forces were driven off with the loss of about twenty prisoners. This engagement took place within a few miles of Bath, and to that place the enemy retired on their main body. The Southern troops encamped just outside of the town, and as night descended a freezing snow-storm, accompanied with hail, swept down from the mountains, and beat directly in their faces. The wagons had again failed to arrive—the men were without any thing to eat, or blankets to cover them, and their situation was distressing. They were even without axes, and the officers were compelled to overlook the destruction of the fences for firewood. "Strike for the rails, boys," was the order of an officer of the advance guard, and around the cheerful blaze the men sank down in the snow which continued to fall, and worn out with fatigue slept profoundly.

"I built a fire," says a young soldier whose notes of the march are before us, "and went to sleep by it, but waked up about twelve o'clock at night and found the fire out, and about three inches of snow over me." He like the rest had left his blankets in the wagons, and this snowy winding sheet covered, that night, the whole slumbering army.

On the next morning the mountains and valleys were covered with snow, which still continued to fall without cessation. Jackson did not modify his plans, however, in consequence of this unexpected and most unfortunate change in the weather—so bright and beautiful when he left Winchester. Bath was in front of him, still occupied by the enemy; and as soon as the troops had snatched a hasty meal, the order was given for an advance upon the town. The Federal forces made but a brief resistance. The Southern artillery was placed in position and opened fire, when the infantry charged the enemy's breastworks, and they fell back hastily in the direction of the Potomac. Jackson had sent a force round in rear of the town to cut off their retreat, but their movements were too rapid. Before the troops could reach the point designated, the Federal forces had passed it and effected their retreat. They were pursued by Ashby's

cavalry, which came upon a considerable force of infantry in ambush, and the cavalry having fallen back, the Confederate artillery was brought forward and fire opened. At nightfall the enemy fell back from their position and retreated across the Potomac, wading the freezing stream in one of the coldest nights that had ever been known in that region. The Federal quarters in the town of Bath fell into the hands of the troops, and a number of stores were captured. In their abrupt retreat the Federal officers had left behind them rich uniforms, fine services of china, and all the luxurious appendages of winter quarters. These were taken possession of by the troops, who devoured with humorous satisfaction the excellent dinners of some Federal officers, which were found smoking on the board.

At nightfall the artillery fire ceased and the troops fell back, two regiments, however, remaining on picket. As these were forbidden to make fires, the bitter cold of the January night caused them intense suffering. The soles of the men's shoes, in many instances, froze tightly to the ground, and the sufferings of all were indescribable. On the morning of the 5th of January Jackson formed line of battle opposite Hancock, which was held by a Federal force under General Lander; and bringing up his batteries, placed them in position to open fire. He then sent Ashby with a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the place. This was refused by General Lander, when Jackson sent back word that he was about to shell the place—giving the authorities of the town two hours to remove the women and children. At the expiration of that time he opened with his batteries on the town, and the Federal batteries returned the fire. The cannonade continued rapidly for about an hour without result—Jackson directing his fire only at that portion of the town which was occupied by the troops—and then it ceased on both sides for the day.

On the next day the cannonade was resumed, and getting our range, the Federal batteries poured a heavy fire upon the troops, with little injury, however. They had been reënforced during the night, and Jackson saw that the place could not be

taken without very severe loss in charging across the river. This fact, and the additional consideration that he had accomplished the object of his march in that direction, by driving the Federal forces from the soil of Virginia, induced him to abandon the design—if he had entertained it—of following the enemy into their own country, and give up the plan of taking the town. His attention was now turned toward Romney, where a Federal force, variously estimated at from six to twelve thousand, still remained; and having removed the stores abandoned opposite Hancock, he prepared to advance on the former place.

While these events were taking place near the town of Hancock, Colonel Rust had been ordered to proceed with two regiments and a battery up the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, which here runs along the Potomac, and destroy the railroad bridge over Capon River. On the way to that point he fell into an ambuscade, but succeeded in driving the enemy from their position; after which he pushed on, burned the bridge, and destroyed a considerable portion of the road. He then rejoined the main body, and Jackson set out for Romney.

The weather had now become terrible, and the difficulties in the way of military movements almost insuperable. It has been truthfully said, that Napoleon's passage of the Alps scarcely surpassed this march. Rain, snow, hail, and sleet beat upon the troops, who were without tents, overcoats, or blankets; and had it not been for the bivouac fires, many of the soldiers must have perished.

The difficulties of the march were fourfold for the trains and artillery. The roads were covered with ice two inches thick, and so thoroughly glazed by the sleet that horses and men kept their feet only by the greatest exertion. Men were slipping, and their guns going off all along the line. "Thousands fell flat every day," says an eye-witness—and both men and animals were often seriously hurt. The knees and muzzles of the horses were terribly injured; and they were seen limping along, crippled and streaming with blood; but still Jackson continued his march. Wagon after wagon slid off the steep and slippery roads, and

turned bottom upward, despite every attempt made to steady them. One train of wagons and artillery took from daylight until three P. M. to pass a hilly point; heavy details of men roughening the frozen roads with pickaxes, steadying the animals, and almost lifting the vehicles along. Jackson was present everywhere, encouraging the troops and seeing that no unnecessary delay was permitted by their officers. His presence infused life into the laggards, and silenced the malcontents. Passing a point of the road where a piece of artillery had stalled, while a crowd of men were looking idle on, he stopped, dismounted, without uttering a word, and put his own shoulder to the wheel. The men were shamed by the rebuke, and hastened to take their places; the horses were whipped up, and the piece moved on.

In spite of the extraordinary difficulties which this terrible condition of the roads threw in the way of further operations in that mountainous region, Jackson did not swerve from his fixed purpose to clear the whole country of the enemy. He hoped to surprise the Federal garrison at Romney, but intelligence of his advance preceded him. General Kelly, who commanded the Federal forces there, prepared to defend the town, and issued orders to the troops to be ready. But these orders proved, it is said, of no avail. A panic had seized upon the troops, and at Jackson's approach General Kelly hastily evacuated the place, leaving behind him his official papers, and public property to the value of about half a million dollars, which fell into the hands of the Confederates.

The objects of the expedition had thus been accomplished. Two large counties had been cleared of the Federal troops which had so long harassed them; the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the great military artery between the East and the West, had been seriously damaged, and the bridge over Capon River destroyed; large amounts of stores had been captured; and the country effectually reconquered from the enemy. These results had been achieved by the persevering resolution of Jackson, and the endurance of the troops who had suffered severely from the bitter

cold. But the result of their hardships repaid them. The inhabitants of the region could now sleep in peace. When Jackson entered Romney no Federal force was left in the entire country.

It was necessary, however, to promptly guard against an advance of the enemy on his rear, from Williamsport or Harper's Ferry. Jackson accordingly left General Loring with a portion of the army at Romney, and returned with the remainder to Winchester. Here he wrote to a friend in Richmond, on January 29th, "Please procure me thirty-five miles of telegraph wire from this point to Romney"—his intention being to connect the two places by a line of telegraph, so that General Loring might communicate with him at a moment's notice, and announce any movement of the Federal forces. Posted at Winchester meanwhile, with the main body of the army, he would be able to guard the approaches both to that point and to General Loring's rear, and move either force as the operations of the enemy dictated. He would thus be able to hold both the valley of the Shenandoah, the valley of the South Branch of the Potomac, and the Mountains of Morgan. Not only Jefferson, Frederick, and Clarke, but Berkeley, Morgan, Hardy, and Hampshire would be completely protected.

Such was the design of Jackson; but for reasons now generally known, it was not carried out. From their first arrival at Winchester, General Loring, and a great number of his officers and men, had made no concealment of their lack of confidence in Jackson as a soldier. Truth demands the statement, that on many occasions this want of respect was displayed in a manner highly derogatory to military discipline, and that deference which is due to a military superior. Jackson was regarded as a man of weak judgment and deficient intellect, who had accidentally attained his position; and the report was industriously circulated that he cared nothing for the men of General Loring's command. With this the camps had buzzed at Winchester; and the hardships of the winter expedition had added virulence to the sentiment. When General Loring was directed to remain at Romney, the dissatisfaction of that commander, and many of his officers

and men, was excessive. As the Stonewall Brigade marched back, General Loring's troops saluted it with jeers, and cries of, "There goes the Mud Fence Brigade! There go Jackson's Pet Lambs!"—and this was succeeded by more serious evidences of dissatisfaction. A paper was drawn up and signed by General Loring and many of his officers, reflecting in disparaging terms upon Jackson's dispositions at Romney: representing that the losses of the expedition had been enormous; that the region was untenable; Romney assailable by no less than *twenty-three* roads, and forage and subsistence inaccessible. So strong were the representations of this memorial, which was forwarded directly to Richmond, that an order was sent directly to General Loring, for the withdrawal of his force from Romney to Winchester. In consequence of this order, which he regarded as a personal discourtesy, and construed into an evidence of a want of confidence in his capacity, Jackson resigned his commission in the army.

This unlooked for result of the action of the War Department created much discussion and feeling in Richmond, and wherever it was known. Governor Letcher, without Jackson's authority, withdrew his resignation, but to this he would not consent. In vain did one of his most confidential friends urge upon him the propriety of reconsidering his determination. Walking up and down his headquarters, in great wrath, Jackson said, in his curtest tones, that he would not submit to such treatment. For himself, he said, he did not care. If he knew his own heart, he had been actuated by no sentiment but love of country in embarking in the war, and the War Department could not prevent him from serving in the ranks, as he intended to do. *He* was nobody, but the authorities at Richmond must be taught a lesson, or the next victims of their meddling would be Johnston and Lee. He would not put up with a proceeding unmilitary and discourteous throughout, and would not hold his commission.*

In this resolution he for some time remained obstinately fixed,

* We are indebted to Colonel A. R. Boteler for these details. Jackson's angry protest was addressed to that officer.

but the representation of friends gradually had their effect. His convictions of a supposed hostility to him at Richmond, and absence of confidence in his capacity, were changed; and withdrawing his resignation, he retained the command. Returning to his duties, he wrote: "Though the troops under my command are inadequate to the defence of this district, yet we must look on the bright side, trusting that a kind Providence will continue to give its protection to this fair portion of our valley. I regret that should not regard the success of the recent expedition as far outweighing the losses sustained."

We have summed up briefly the successes—the losses were considerable. A large number of men were laid up in the hospitals, and the army seriously crippled. It is true that the great majority only suffered from colds and slight ailments, but they were lost to the army for the time. The reader will, however, decide for himself whether the expedition was or was not worth what it cost. The unfortunate results which followed the withdrawal of General Loring are certain. We soon afterwards find Jackson, ordinarily so mild and patient, announcing to a friend in terms of great bitterness, that the enemy were in possession of Moorefield; "General Loring," he wrote "ought to be cashiered." The results of the expedition were thus negatived at one blow, and all the sufferings of the troops had been for nothing. Moorefield, Romney, and Bath were again defenceless, and the counties of Hardy, Hampshire, and Morgan once more at the mercy of the enemy.

In the space of thirty days a principality had been won and lost again.

CHAPTER V.

JACKSON FALLS BACK FROM WINCHESTER.

THE spring campaign of 1862, in Virginia, was looked forward to by the Federal authorities as the decisive movement of the war—the hinge upon which the whole would turn.

Their plans were not destitute of ingenuity, and promised to be crowned with success. Several schemes were in turn resolved on and abandoned. General McClellan, we believe, was in favor of advancing up the Rappahannock, and thence marching across to York River, within about thirty miles of Richmond. President Lincoln, however, preferred the line of Manassas, and on the last day of January he issued the following special order :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *January 31, 1862.*

Ordered, That all the disposable forces of the Army of the Potomac, after providing safely for the defence of Washington, be formed into an expedition for the immediate object of seizing and occupying a point upon the railroad southwestward of what is known as Manassas Junction; all details to be in the discretion of the General-in-Chief, and the expedition to move before or on the 22d day of February next.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

This plan not meeting the ready concurrence of General McClellan, the Federal President wrote him the following note three days afterwards :

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, *February 3, 1862.*

Major-General McClellan :

MY DEAR SIR,—You and I have distinct and different plans for a movement of the Army of the Potomac: yours to be down the Chesapeake, up the Rappahannock to Urbana, and across land to the terminus of the railroad on York River—mine, to move directly to a point on the railroad southwest of Manassas. If you will give me satisfactory answers to the following questions I shall gladly yield my plan to yours :

1. Does not your plan involve a greatly larger expenditure of time and money than mine ?

2. Wherein is a victory more certain by your plan than mine?
3. Wherein is a victory more valuable by your plan than mine?
4. In fact, would it not be less valuable in this, that it would break no great line of the enemy's communication, while mine would?
5. In case of disaster would not a safe retreat be more difficult by your plan than by mine?

Yours truly,

A., LINCOLN.

The reply of General McClellan to this note is not given, but his programme of operations, with some modifications, was subsequently adopted, and the plan of the entire campaign determined on.

Upon the Confederate capital four armies were to converge; that of Fremont from the northwest, that of Banks from the valley, that of McDowell from Fredericksburg, and that of McClellan from the peninsula, between the James and York. Fremont and Banks, having united their forces, were to drive Jackson before them, ascend the valley, cut the Confederate communications, and sweep down upon the capital from the mountains. McClellan was to march up the peninsula to the Chickahominy, and extend his right wing far up that stream; and at the same time McDowell was to advance from Fredericksburg and extend his left wing until it formed a junction with McClellan's right. By this time Jackson, it was supposed, would be defeated and swept away, and Fremont and Banks would unite with the right wing of McDowell. The line would thus form an immense semicircle, from the shores of the James to the base of the Blue Ridge, and Richmond would be enveloped on the east and the north with a cordon of fire. Before the column ascending the peninsula, 150,000—the column advancing from Fredericksburg, 40,000—and the army descending from the mountains, 50,000—in all 240,000 men, the capital of the Southern Confederacy must be evacuated, and Virginia come under the sway of the Federal authorities.

Such was the Federal programme for the spring of 1862. Toward the end of February it was obvious to General Johnston that General McClellan designed an attack on his position

at Centreville, as soon as the roads were firm, and the weather admitted of an advance. To disappoint this movement and concentrate the Army of the Potomac with that under General Magruder on the peninsula, for the defence of Richmond, Johnston now removed or destroyed his stores and baggage at Manassas, and early in March fell back toward the Rappahannock. McClellan pursued him as far as Manassas, but speedily withdrew his forces to Washington; and at this point in the coming contest we rejoin General Jackson at Winchester.

We now approach the "campaign of the valley." By his operations on this great theatre, in the spring of 1862, Jackson will be mainly estimated in that aftertime which sums up and passes judgment on all human events without fear, favor, or the prejudices of the contemporary. In the great career extending over barely two years of struggle, but so crowded with memorable scenes, the names of Kernstown and McDowell, Winchester and Port Republic, will outshine Cold Harbor, Manassas, Sharpsburg, Fredericksburg, and even Chancellorsville. In these latter battles Jackson was one of General Lee's lieutenants, carrying out the orders of a commander-in-chief under the eye and direction of that commander. In the valley he was commanding in the field, with general orders only to control him. After the first blows struck at the enemy, it was plain that full confidence could be placed in Jackson, and what he thenceforth accomplished was due to his own brain and nerve. The result was the greatest of his campaigns; and the military student will delight to dwell upon the toiling, marching, thinking, and fighting of those three months in the valley. Tradition will cluster around the least detail, the soldier will be inseparably connected with the beautiful region which he loved so well, and old men will tell their grandchildren with pride that they "fought under Jackson in the valley."

His scheme of invading the North had been long since abandoned, and he now bent all his energies to the hard task of holding the valley against the heavy forces of the enemy about to advance upon him. He could expect no reënforcements from

General Johnston's army, which, reduced in numbers and embarrassed like his own by the process of reorganization, was barely strong enough to present a bold front to the large force under McClellan; and so deeply did the people at large sympathize with the exposed situation of the little army, that it was earnestly hoped and confidently expected, that the government would order Jackson to fall back, and give up the idea of holding his advanced position. Such was by no means the desire of Jackson; and he had resolved that nothing but the direct assault of an irresistible force should drive him from the soil he had undertaken to protect.

The days hurried on, the snows of January were succeeded by the cold rains of February; and as March approached the brisk winds began to dry the roads. On the 26th of February the Federal forces began to move. On that day, Major-General Banks crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry with a force said to number 20,000 men, afterwards swollen by reënforcements to 35,000; and on the same evening the Federal cavalry, before which Col. Ashby with his small force was compelled to retire, occupied Charlestown. General Lander was moving from above with about 11,000 troops, and these two columns, numbering in all about 46,000 men, were now posted in Jackson's front. It is doubtful if he had at disposal to meet them as many as 4,000 men; but these were excellent troops, and, to use his own words, he "did not feel discouraged." Reënforcements were expected from the upper valley, and, until these arrived, he determined to take no step backward, unless compelled to do so by numbers which he could not resist. He had realized the long train of "woes unnumbered" which would attend the occupation of the valley by the Federal forces. It gave them a foothold which not only exposed the whole country north of the Rapidan, but directly threatened the communications of Richmond. All his energies were accordingly bent to the almost hopeless task of repulsing them, and retaining possession of the country. "*If this valley is lost, Virginia is lost,*" he wrote to a friend on the 3d of March, and this extreme statement

will serve to show his feeling. Indeed, the affection which Jackson, never an imaginative or fanciful person, had for the Valley of Virginia, was almost romantic. He always spoke of it as "our valley" to his soldiers; and his blows were never so sudden and dangerous as when he was compelled to leave Winchester and retreat. Even the Federal troops discovered this love of Jackson for the region, and are said to have regarded it as "his property," which he would surely come back and wrest from them. Thus the feelings of the individual came to add vigor, if it had been needed, to the resolution of the soldier; and Jackson prepared to defend every foot of the country. "It is but natural," he wrote afterwards, "that I should feel a deep and abiding interest in the people of the valley, where are the homes of so many of my brave soldiers, who have been with me so long, and whose self-sacrificing patriotism has been so thoroughly tested." This affection was more than returned by the inhabitants. They speak now of Jackson as of one who belongs entirely to themselves; and one of the young ladies of the region wrote the other day, "He is such an idol with me, that I devour every line about him." He did much to conciliate this admiration and affection. His whole heart seemed to be set on defending to the bitter end the whole extent of the valley, and some of the hardest fighting of the war took place in the rough struggle for its possession.

Of Jackson's situation at the time which we have now reached—the first days of March, 1862—the following extract from a letter written by him to a friend on the third will convey an accurate idea:

"My plan," he writes, "is to put on as bold a front as possible, and to use every means in my power to prevent his advance whilst our reorganization is going on. What I desire is to hold the country, as far as practicable, until we are in a condition to advance; and then with God's blessing let us make thorough work of it. . . Banks, who commands about 35,000 men, has his headquarters at Charlestown; Kelly, who has succeeded Lander, has probably 11,000, with his headquarters at Paw Paw.

Thus you see two generals, whose united force is near 46,000 troops already organized for three years or the war, opposed to our little force here. But I do not feel discouraged. Let me have what force you can. . . I am delighted to hear you say that Virginia is resolved to concentrate all her resources, if necessary, to the defence of *herself*. Now we may look for war in earnest. . . I have only to say this—that if this valley is lost Virginia is lost.”

His design, it will be seen, was to check the Federal advance whilst his “reorganization was going on.” Those brief words touched on a dangerous and difficult subject. A large portion of the Confederate forces had volunteered for twelve months only, with the expectation that the war would terminate before the expiration of that period. This hope was disappointed, a year had passed away and hostilities were about to recommence with new vigor. The Confederacy was threatened with an attack still more dangerous, at the moment when her soldiers claimed the letter of the contract—the right to disband—leaving the country defenceless. To prevent this disastrous result, Congress retained the troops in the field, passing several acts, however, permitting the men to change their arm of the service, to elect new officers, and reorganize throughout the army.. It was this “reorganization” in the face of the enemy—throwing all into confusion and rendering the camps so many scenes of electioneering for commissions—that Jackson was fearful of at the beginning of March. While the “Carnival of Misrule” was reigning throughout his army, and every cabin of logs and mud in the winter quarters around Winchester, was the scene of merrymaking over sly canteens of whiskey, smuggled in by the candidate who was anxious to serve his country with braid on his sleeves, while the men felt their power to dethrone their present officers, and those officers unconsciously relaxed in discipline on that account—in the midst of all this confusion the enemy might at any moment advance. To prevent this advance by assuming a bold front, and waiting patiently for the reorganization to be completed, was the object of Jackson in the first days of March.

The roads rapidly dried, and were now firm to the tread, and hard enough to bear the heaviest artillery; but the reënforcements expected by Jackson did not arrive. With his army, reduced by sickness, and leaves of absence—and before the new organization was accomplished—he was called upon to meet the enemy. They numbered, according to Jackson's estimate, about 46,000, while his own force was in all about 4,000; but among these were the men of the Stonewall Brigade, and many gallant regiments formerly commanded by General Loring. With this little force he determined to make as obstinate a resistance as possible.

The collision soon came. On the day that the above letter was written by Jackson, the 3d of March, General Banks left a portion of his army at Charlestown, and marched with his main body to Martinsburg, from which an excellent turnpike road led to Winchester.

Colonel Ashby, whose cavalry remained in front watching the enemy, reported these movements to General Jackson, and preparations were made to receive their attack. The Confederate commander had no thought of retiring without a fight, and his small force was soon ready to meet the Federal attack, which speedily followed. On the 10th of March General Banks moved toward his adversary, and on the 11th the columns from Martinsburg and Charlestown were united at a point about six miles from Winchester. About two o'clock in the afternoon, Ashby's cavalry picket, about four miles from the town, was attacked in force and the cavalry compelled to fall back. Reënforcements were speedily despatched to the scene of action, but these were also obliged to retire; and Jackson promptly threw forward his whole force and offered battle.

This determined front, as afterwards at Kernstown, must have persuaded the Federal general that his adversary's force was larger than it had been represented. He did not accept the proffered battle, and made no further advance at the time, waiting for his main body to arrive.

Jackson still occupied his position in advance of the town

with the determination not to retire before the enemy without engaging them, when late in the afternoon he received an order from Richmond directing him to evacuate Winchester, and fall back up the valley. This was a bitter disappointment to him. All his dreams of defending Winchester were at once dispelled; and with a heavy heart he prepared to obey. There was nothing in his orders, however, which forbade him to fight as he fell back, and he resolved that before retiring he would attack his adversary. An incident related of him on this occasion conveys an accurate idea of his feelings and intentions.

On the night of the 11th of March he visited the family of the Rev. Mr. Graham, a Presbyterian clergyman of the town, with whom he was intimate, and the whole family were struck with the unusual buoyancy of his bearing. His manner was animated; his countenance smiling, almost gay; and he came in with a rapid and elastic tread which indicated high spirits. As the hour for evening prayers had arrived, he asked permission to read a chapter in the Bible and offer a prayer, as he frequently did; and every one took notice of the eloquence and feeling in his voice. When the family rose from their knees, Jackson remained for a moment silent, and then said: "My good friends, I can tell you what I am going to do to-night. I shall attack the enemy, and defeat him."

After a few more words he left the house, but, to their great surprise, returned toward midnight, looking haggard and dispirited. He came in slowly, almost dragging himself along, and said, in accents of the greatest depression: "I have come to tell you that I must leave you, and to say farewell." His head sank as he spoke, and he seemed to fall into a gloomy reverie. From this he suddenly roused himself, and starting to his feet with flushed cheeks and flashing eyes, he half drew his sword from the scabbard and exclaimed:

"I will never leave Winchester without a fight!—never, never!"

He stood looking at the astonished auditors for some moments without uttering another word, and then his excitement dis-

appeared. His sword was driven back with a ringing clash into the scabbard, and in tones of profound discouragement he said :

“No! I cannot sacrifice my men. I intended to attack the enemy on the Martinsburg road, but they are approaching on the flanks too, and would surround me. I cannot sacrifice my men; I must fall back.”

He then bade his friends farewell, and left the house.* On the same night he recalled his troops from their position in front of the enemy, left the cavalry to guard his rear, and silently evacuated Winchester.

He had remained in person until the last moment, to see that no stores of any description were left. Even the useless telegraph wire was directed to be brought off, and he entrusted this duty to Major Harman, the chief quartermaster, with the statement that he was “in no hurry to leave Winchester.” Every thing in the shape of public stores had been already removed. The cars and engines from the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad had all been sent to the rear, and the men had been greeted with the unique spectacle of one huge railroad engine rolling along the valley turnpike, drawn by forty-two horses. Nothing was thus left, and Jackson doggedly retired.

On the next morning a column of eight thousand Federal troops entered the town and took possession. Colonel Ashby, commanding the cavalry, which composed the rear-guard of the army, remained behind his men, alone, in Winchester, until the enemy had swarmed into the ancient town, and were within two hundred yards of his position.

An incident very characteristic of Ashby followed. The enemy had observed the daring cavalier, who thus persistently sat his horse, watching their entrance, and two men were sent to make a circuit, and by striking the valley turnpike in his rear, intercept him and cut off his retreat. If Ashby saw this he did not pay any attention to the circumstance. He waited until the

* The scene here related is given on the authority of a highly respectable gentleman of Winchester, who received the incident from the family of the Rev. Mr. Graham, who witnessed it, and bear testimony to its truth.

Federal column was nearly upon him, and then waving his sword around his head, uttered a cheer and galloped off. At the edge of the town he found himself confronted by the men sent to intercept him; and those acquainted with the daring character of Ashby will easily believe that this opportunity of venting his spleen at being compelled to retreat was not unacceptable. Without attending to the loud "halt!" he levelled his pistol as he came on, and fired at one of the cavalry men, who fell. Ashby then caught the other by the throat, dragged him from the saddle, and carried him off at full gallop. This incident took place exactly as here narrated. It can only be explained by the statement that Ashby was the best rider in the Southern army.

Jackson continued to fall back, and Ashby's cavalry, supported by Chew's battery of horse artillery, held the rear, disputing every inch of ground with the enemy, who pursued closely. The crack of the cavalry carbines is described as having been incessant, and the roar of the artillery was "the lullaby and reveille" of the little army.



CHAPTER VI.

KERNSTOWN.

JACKSON'S retreat on this occasion was sullen and deliberate, and the forces assailing his rear gained no advantage over Colonel Ashby, who confronted them with his cavalry everywhere, and obstinately sustained their attack. At Newtown he met and repulsed a column under General Shields which made a furious assault upon the Confederate rear-guard, and the army continued its march. Reaching Cedar Creek, near Strasburg, on the evening of the first day, Jackson continued to retreat until he arrived at the little town of Mount Jackson, nearly opposite Luray, and about forty-five miles from Winchester. Here his weary troops went into camp, the enemy having ceased the pursuit.

The Federal forces were now in possession of the entire region around Winchester, and sound policy would have seemed to suggest a system of conciliation toward the inhabitants, with a view to changing their sentiments of hostility, and reconciling them to the Federal Government. This would have been difficult, perhaps, but not impossible; for in large portions of Frederick and Jefferson Counties, the opposition to secession had been violent and determined—the attachment to the Union great. A policy of kindness and conciliation toward the inhabitants would have increased this feeling; and a majority of the people might have been won to neutrality at least. General Banks seems not to have understood the character of the people, and his hostile treatment of them made them bitter enemies. His policy united the jarring elements, and confirmed the wavering in their Southern sympathies. Portions of this region had been considered somewhat lukewarm in Confederate sentiment up to that time, but General Banks succeeded in making the whole strongly Southern. In 1863 a member of Congress from one of the Gulf States declared that he regarded it as “the soundest district in the Confederacy.”

General Banks seemed at first to intend a hot pursuit of Jackson, but this design was not executed. He massed his troops at Winchester, and, at the same time, a considerable force was sent across the Blue Ridge toward Fredericksburg. General Banks now regarding Jackson as for the time beyond his reach, and believing that the Confederate commanders had neither the ability nor the desire to return and attack him, turned over the command to his subordinate, General Shields, and repaired to the city of Washington.

On the 21st of March Jackson received intelligence from Ashby, who had remained with his cavalry in front of the enemy, that their troops had evacuated the town of Strasburg, and fallen back in the direction of Winchester. He immediately resolved to follow them, and acted with his habitual promptness. From Mount Jackson, where his army lay, to Winchester, the distance was nearly fifty miles, and to arrive in

time to strike the rear of the retiring enemy, the "Foot Cavalry," as the troops now began to be called, must put forth their utmost exertions. No time was lost. Jackson broke up his camp, placed himself at the head of his column, and leaving Mount Jackson at dawn on the 22d, marched twenty-six miles, and bivouacked that night at Cedar Creek, beyond Strasburg. Ashby had followed the enemy, incessantly skirmishing with their rear-guard, and on the evening of Jackson's arrival at Cedar Creek, had an animated engagement with cavalry and artillery, in which General Shields was slightly wounded by a fragment of shell. The action lasted until night, the enemy continuing to fall back.

During his march Jackson received information from scouts and other sources which induced him to hurry forward still more rapidly. The enemy, he was informed, were sending off their stores and troops from Winchester; only four regiments of infantry were now in the town; and as he approached the place he was notified that fifteen thousand troops under General Williams were then moving through the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, below Berryville, to operate against General Johnston. Jackson saw at a glance that if this intelligence was reliable, an opportunity now presented itself to regain all his lost ground, and strike a heavy blow at the entire programme of the enemy. With his three or four thousand men he did not doubt his ability to crush the four regiments at Winchester, and this sudden and wholly unexpected attack on the enemy's rear would have the effect of retaining General Williams in the valley.

Such was Jackson's design as he now hurried forward by forced marches to Winchester. He did not doubt the report which had been brought to him of the small force there. He had received his intelligence "from a source remarkable for reliability," Colonel Ashby, and it was not until he was actually engaged with the enemy that he found the Federal force amounted to about eleven thousand men.

Marching from Cedar Creek at dawn he continued to press forward, and about noon came up with the enemy's rear at the little village of Kernstown, which is situated on the valley turn-

pike, about three miles from Winchester. Here the men stacked arms, and threw themselves on the ground to snatch some rest after their incessant movement. The advance had been one of extreme rapidity, the troops having passed over a distance of more than forty miles within a period of less than thirty-six hours. The march had been so rapid that only 3,087 infantry, with 27 pieces of artillery, had been able to keep up; and these were so thoroughly exhausted that they could scarcely stand. An eye-witness declares that "the men were utterly broken down when they reached the battle-field, and so footsore and weary, that if they trod on a rock or any irregularity, they would stagger." This condition of the troops induced Jackson to resolve on deferring the attack until they had gained a night's rest, but he subsequently returned to his original intention. His presence was known, as the enemy's position gave them a fair view of his troops; and fearing that they would hurry forward reinforcements during the night, he resolved to attack them at once. The men were in excellent spirits in spite of their fatigue, and the order was given to prepare for battle.

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon, and the declining sun warned the Confederate commander that no time was to be lost. As the infantry came up he assigned them their places in the commanding position which he had selected on the turnpike, and impatiently awaited the return of the cavalry scouts which had been sent out to reconnoitre. While he was thus engaged forming his troops in line of battle, the roar of Ashby's guns directly in front showed that the action had begun. Jackson was still forming his line when the scouts hurried in, and informed him that the enemy, who had been posted in heavy force on the right of the turnpike, were then making a circuit at a double-quick, and as secretly as possible, to the *left*.

Their intentions were thus developed. They obviously designed, under cover of a demonstration on the Confederate front, to move around and assail the left flank—a repetition of their strategy at Manassas—and dispositions were promptly made to meet this emergency. Ashby was left with his cavalry and ar

tillery, supported by Colonel Burks' brigade, to guard the turnpike; and with Colonel Fulkerson's and General Garnett's brigades (the latter the "Stouewall"), and a gun from Carpenter's battery, Jackson moved to the left, and rapidly pushed on to gain an elevated position which commanded the enemy's right.

① The battle of Kernstown was fought near the eastern declivity of the Little North Mountain, not far from the spot where the Opequan takes its rise. The country is undulating, and generally open, but with patches of oak, birch, and other trees, which afford a good cover for infantry. The fields are large, gently rolling, and divided by rail fences or stone walls. At the end of March, when the action took place, a portion of the ground was ploughed, but the greater part was covered with a thick crop of broom straw. Where the battle raged most hotly the opposing lines were almost in collision with each other; the woods in which they were formed being only separated by a narrow neck of open field, where the ground sunk down in one of the undulations mentioned. This was alternately taken possession of by both parties. On the left of this position was a common rail fence which ran perpendicular to the Confederate line, and formed a connecting link between the adversaries. At right angles with this, and in front of the Confederate left wing, was a substantial stone wall in a field of ploughed ground, which extended toward the base of the mountain.

To attain the high ground on the left was the object of both adversaries. The struggle thus became, in its very commencement, an attempt of each to outflank his opponent. The enemy had gotten the start, but Jackson moved promptly to counteract this advantage, and succeeded—through a heavy fire of artillery directed at his column as it swept across the fields—in reaching, without loss, the position selected for his artillery. He opened fire immediately with the gun from Carpenter's battery, and then hastened back in person to hurry forward the rest of the artillery. Every moment now counted, and new batteries came up quickly. Waters' battery, and McLaughlin's "Rockbridge artillery," one piece of which had done such good service in the

hands of Captain Pendleton at Falling Waters, were placed in position; and supported by the 21st Virginia, Colonel Patton, who was ordered by Jackson to stand by the guns to the last opened fire on the Federal columns, which were seen rapidly moving to the left. Their batteries promptly replied to the challenge, and for some time a rapid and continuous fire was kept up—showers of case shot and shell falling in the midst of the troops, but doing them little injury.

During this animated duel between the opposing batteries, the infantry of the two armies had continued steadily moving to the left, and in that quarter the real contest soon commenced, to which the artillery fire had only been the prelude. All at once a long roar of musketry resounded from the woods, where the Confederate left was posted, and in a moment the air was filled with the din of battle. Colonel Echols, of the 27th Virginia, had opened the action by an attack upon the force immediately in his front, and this, he soon ascertained, was very large. Jackson watched the contest closely, and seeing that Echols was hard pressed by numbers, ordered the 21st Virginia to his support. That regiment advanced and took position on Echols' right, and the battle began to rage in earnest. The enemy were masked in the woods, opposite Echols and Patton, and, throwing forward line after line, made vigorous attempts to outflank the Confederates both on the right and the left. These attempts were partially successful, but did not accomplish their object. The Federal infantry reached the flank of Jackson's line, and poured a steady fire into the Southern troops; but the position of the latter, in the woods, partially concealed them, and the Federal fire being too high, they suffered comparatively small loss, and did not retire. The remainder of Fulkerson's brigade now came to their support, and soon afterwards the Stonewall Brigade hastened up and formed line of battle upon Fulkerson's right. These opened immediately a rapid and destructive fire. Before it the enemy's first line gave back, and could not be rallied; but fresh troops instantly took its place, and a resolute charge was again made upon the Confederates

It was repulsed; and for some time this continued to be the character of the contest—the Federal troops rushing forward, the Confederates meeting them with a heavy fire, repulsing and pursuing—and then the sudden appearance of Federal reserves, in turn driving back their adversaries.

The Southern infantry engaged in every part of the field numbered 2,742 men, according to Jackson's official report; and he estimates the force of the enemy present at 11,000, of whom "over 8,000" he declares were probably engaged. They were thus enabled to meet the Confederate assaults with fresh troops from the reserves, and did so with promptness. One Federal regiment was completely repulsed, and the Confederates were hotly pursuing the men into the woods, when they suddenly found themselves confronted by a fresh regiment which had been lying down. "They seemed to rise," says an eye-witness, "out of the earth, and coming forward in beautiful order at a double-quick, took their place"—with the stars and stripes, says another, "flaunting in our very faces." The battle thus continued to rage with varying fortunes, the Federal forces having failed to secure any advantage. The roll of musketry in the woods, says one who heard it, "rose and fell, and swelled on the air like some grand infernal organ." The artillery continued to thunder from its position, but its deep diapason was no match for the frightful din which rose steadily from the woods, and showed that the more fatal "small arms" were busy at their work.

The action had now become furious. There was little manœuvring on the part of either adversary—all was hard, close fighting. The lines wavered to and fro—advanced rapidly or retired as quickly—and the musketry fire never relaxed. Men and officers were falling or being wounded and borne off at every moment. Colonel Echols had his arm broken by a bullet, and was compelled to yield the command of his regiment to Lieutenant-Colonel Grigsby. Lieutenant Dale, of the 5th Virginia, fell while leading on his men. Captain Jones of the Irish battalion, mounted a stump and was cheering on his company, when

a bullet penetrated his brain, and he too fell. Captains Austin, Robertson, Morrison, Lieutenant Lisle, and Lieutenant Junkin, one of Jackson's aide-de-camps, were some of them wounded, and all taken prisoners. Colonel Burks had his horse shot in four different places, and six balls passed through his clothes. Three times the colors of the 2d Virginia were shot down, and but for the gallantry of Colonel Allen, who leaped from his horse and seized them, they would have been captured.

The battle raged thus blindly and without plan as it were, for nearly two hours. "There was almost a continuous roar of musketry," says Jackson in his report of the action, "the enemy's repulsed regiments being replaced by fresh ones from his large reserves." Jackson was everywhere seen under the hottest fire, waving his sword around his head, and exclaiming, "Give them one more volley, my brave boys!" His form towered above the smoke on his sorrel horse; and a participant in the battle makes the statement that he led five distinct charges in person.

The Federal commander was still endeavoring to accomplish his original design of turning Jackson's left, and assaulting him in the rear. But at that point Fulkerson, with the 23d under Taliaferro, and the 27th under Carson, held the position against six Federal regiments without flinching. The ground was peculiar—the adversaries occupying a skirt of woods on each side of a narrow field of ploughed ground, with the substantial stone wall which we have mentioned, running directly across it, in their front and parallel with their lines. The distance was inconsiderable between the two lines of battle, and the stone wall was a coveted object with both, as it would enable them to shelter themselves entirely from their opponent's fire. To attain this advantage the two lines now gradually advanced, continuing to fire hotly as they came. When within close and deadly range, each broke at a rapid double-quick for the wall, cheering loudly and endeavoring to reach it first. The Confederates beat their opponents; they occupied the position while their enemies were still forty or fifty yards distant, and, dropping on their

knees, rested their guns on the wall, and poured a heavy volley into the Federal line. The effect was decisive. The enemy broke in confusion, left one of their colors on the field, and retreated in disorder to the shelter of the woods. An Ohio and a Pennsylvania regiment, which took part in this charge, are said to have carried back only twenty men. The rest were killed, or left on the field, and Fulkerson remained in possession of the ground.

The force of the Federal commander was too large, however, to render this and other advantages gained by the Southern troops, in any degree decisive of the result. Their reserves enabled them to fill up the broken ranks, and after each repulse they returned with vigor to the encounter. The engagement had become general in every portion of the field, and the fire of artillery and musketry was incessant. The batteries roared hotly from the rising ground on the right—on the left the rattle of musketry never ceased or relaxed—and from the direction of the turnpike, on the Confederate right, was heard the continuous thunder of the artillery under Ashby. The enemy were pressing him, too, as they were Fulkerson on the left; and the effort to turn Jackson's flanks and silence his artillery became desperate. The guns were the aim of the Federal batteries, and the object of charge after charge by their infantry. The fire on them was accurate, and resulted in some loss. One gun was dismounted from its carriage by a round shot, and another was overturned by the frightened horses, among whom a shell had burst. Both pieces subsequently fell into the hands of the enemy. The charges which the artillery sustained were determined. As a piece belonging to the Rockbridge battery was hurrying to take position in a different portion of the field, it was observed by a Federal regiment close at hand, and a charge made to capture it. The officer commanding the gun withheld his fire until the enemy were within less than one hundred yards, when the piece was double shotted with canister and discharged. The execution was frightful, and a second shot drove back the entire regiment. They retired in confusion, and one of the can-

noneers who served at the gun, declares that the field, as the smoke lifted, was "one withering mass of humanity."

Jackson's whole force, with the exception of Campbell's and Langhorne's regiments, was by this time engaged; and he afterwards declared to one of his officers that it was "a fiercer fight, during its continuance, than any portion of the battle of Manassas." The stubborn stand made by the Confederates undoubtedly discouraged the Federal troops exceedingly, and the citizens of Winchester declared that "crowds came stampeding through Winchester during the fight, making for Yankee-land, and exclaiming that they were utterly routed." These numerous stragglers were seen at Charlestown, on the next morning, twenty-five miles distant; and there is reason to believe that at one time the result of the action was extremely doubtful. Three times the stars and stripes were seen to fall, and three times the headlong charge of the entire Federal line was met and repulsed. Their officers behaved with great gallantry, and were seen riding up and down behind the lines, striking the men with their swords, and ordering them to return to the contest. The Confederate officers were equally active, and performed many acts of personal gallantry. Captain B. W. Leigh, of the Irish Battalion, when his men were thrown into disorder, seized the colors, and advancing under a heavy fire to a hillock in front of the enemy, rallied his broken line for a new struggle. Other exhibitions of soldierly coolness were witnessed on the part of officers, and the men fought with a persistence scarcely to have been expected in raw troops, the majority of whom had never before met the enemy. When the ammunition of some of the regiments became exhausted, the men borrowed from their comrades, and in the hottest part of the battle they were seen to stoop and cut the cartridge-boxes from the dead bodies of the enemy.

The battle continued with unrelenting fury until the shades of night began slowly to creep across the fields. The sun had sunk behind the North Mountain, casting the long shadows of the contending lines over the expanse of broom-straw, now dabbled in blood, and waving in the chilly March winds; and still

the affair seemed as far from being decided as at first. The moment, however, was near at hand when the ranks of the Confederates were to be borne back, and the Federal forces were to hold possession of the hard-fought field.

Jackson always believed that he lost the battle of Kernstown^e by the falling back of the Stonewall Brigade. How did these tried troops, under gallant officers, come to incur this grave imputation from their old chief? This question we shall endeavor to answer. The Stonewall Brigade had taken position on the right of Fulkerson, and had sustained charge after charge without wavering. In their turn they had charged, with all the soldierly ardor which had animated them at Manassas, and the Federal colors had more than once sunk before them. The brigade had come, at various times, to the support of nearly every regiment on the field, and late in the afternoon their supply of ammunition became exhausted. This unfortunate accident occurred at the most critical moment of the battle, when they were hotly engaged; and finding that his men were only being butchered, without the power to return the enemy's fire, General Garnett, commanding the brigade, ordered his lines to retire a short distance, where they were less exposed. Such was the origin of this unfortunate movement. Jackson was watching the progress of the action from a point near at hand, when suddenly, to his inexpressible chagrin, he saw the lines of his old brigade fall back. He galloped to the spot—stern, fiery, and menacing as Washington at Monmouth—and imperatively ordering General Garnett to hold his ground, pushed forward to stop and rally the men. Seeing a drummer retreating like the rest, he seized him by the shoulder, dragged him to a rise in the ground, in full view of the troops, and said, in his curt quick tones, "Beat the rally!"

The drum rolled at his order, and with his hand on the frightened drummer's shoulder, amid a storm of balls, Jackson saw that the disordered lines were reformed and brought into something like order.

But he had arrived too late. The enemy had seen their

advantage, and were now pressing forward with triumphant cheers. They penetrated the opening, turned Fulkerson's right, and he was forced back in disorder. At the same moment the approaching roar of Ashby's artillery from the direction of the turnpike, indicated that the enemy were pressing down upon the right. The day was lost.

But Jackson would not yield. His stern temper was fully aroused, and with the heavy columns pressing him on both flanks and in front, he refused to abandon the struggle. Under his passionate appeals and orders the 5th Virginia, though almost entirely without ammunition, re-formed under a heavy fire, and taking position directly in front, held the enemy in check, without support, until the arrival of the 42d, under Colonel Langhorne. This regiment was hurried forward, and formed on the right of the 5th. But the day was lost. The enemy had pushed forward rapidly, and turned the Confederate left flank; and the handful of Southerners who still held their ground, saw the Federal columns sweeping round and nearly enveloping them. The two regiments supported for a time the weight of the masses thrown against them; but the Federal flanking column having gotten almost entirely in the rear of the 5th Virginia, it was forced to fall back. This exposed the left flank of the 42d, and that regiment in turn was thrown into disorder, and retired before the enemy.

With his left thus enveloped, his cavalry retiring along the turnpike on his right, and his centre broken through, Jackson could no longer continue the contest. He gave no order to retreat, but that or destruction was the alternative, and the lines retreated sullenly from the field. It was Jackson's first and last defeat, and he "died hard," fighting to the last. His sole remaining regiment had been ordered forward to continue the action, but before it arrived he determined to fall back. The troops, says an officer who was present, fell back "without panic" *—sole cheering incident!—and the enemy was in possession of the field.

* "Such was their gallantry and high state of discipline, that at no time

Night had descended, and a chill wind sighed in its passage over the wide fields of broom-straw, and through the gloomy depths of the forest, where so many dead and wounded men were lying. The Federal troops had won the day, but the price of the victory had been bloody.

CHAPTER VII.

BEHIND THE SCENES.

BEFORE passing to the events which succeeded the battle of Kernstown, let us glance at some particulars relating to this singular and comparatively unknown conflict. Many persons regarded it as a blunder in Jackson; others as one of his chief successes. Federal writers claim a victory certain from the first; but Jackson died in the belief that if he had held his ground ten minutes longer, the enemy would have retreated. Northern accounts stated the Federal numbers at 10,000, and Jackson's at 12,000. Such were the various opinions. What was the truth?

The battle was not a blunder or an accident, but the result of calculation and design. Jackson was misinformed in relation to the force in his immediate front, but would have fought it, at the same time and place, with full knowledge of its amount. An attack was necessary to accomplish his object—the retention of the Federal forces in the valley; and this attack he would certainly have made. When he commenced his march from Mount Jackson, the Federal troops were leaving the valley; and as he approached Winchester, General Williams, with his 15,000 men, was below Upperville, east of the Blue Ridge, ready to press General Johnston, who, falling back from Manassas, had reached the Rapidan. It was important to divert this force from

during the battle or pursuit did they give way to panic.”—General SHIELDS' Report.

its march, for the relief of General Johnston, and the battle of Kernstown accomplished this. The roar of artillery from Winchester was plainly heard by the Federal commander; and under the impression, no doubt, that Jackson had been strongly reënforced, and had fallen upon General Shields, General Williams made a rapid countermarch to his assistance. It will be seen that Jackson's whole force up was 3,087, and that of General Shields estimated at 11,000. Thus the assault of about 3,000 men, kept about 26,000 from operating against Johnston.

The action was, beyond doubt, one of the fiercest encounters of the war. Jackson states his force present on the evening of the battle to have been 3,087 infantry, 290 cavalry, and 27 pieces of artillery. Of this number, 2,742 infantry, the whole of the cavalry, and 18 pieces of artillery were engaged. The Federal force seems to have considerably exceeded this. Jackson estimated their numbers on the field at 11,000, and stated that "probably over 8,000 were engaged." He was always extremely cautious in his statements, and this is doubtless not far from the truth, though it would seem improbable, that in a conflict so obstinate and doubtful, the Federal commander would keep out of action reserves amounting to about 3,000 men—more than Jackson's whole force engaged. Taking this estimate, however, the Federal force was three times greater than the Confederate. The loss of the latter was 80 killed and 342 wounded—422. A Federal officer stated, some days afterwards, that their loss in killed was 418. The Federal report is not at hand.

The battle was an undoubted defeat of the Confederates. General Shields wrote: "The enemy's sufferings have been terrible, and such as they have nowhere else endured since the beginning of this war." The Southern loss was heavy, the victory complete; but in spite of this, the affair was spoken of among Federal officers as one over which they had very little reason to rejoice. The bloody resistance made by the Southern troops was the topic of conversation in Winchester, and the officers, it is even said, "did not claim a victory, only a drawn

battle." We have quoted General Shields' statement, that the Confederates at no time "gave way to panic;" the testimony of another Federal authority was, that the stubborn stand made by one of the Federal regiments, "alone saved them."

These are not recorded in order to glorify the Southern arms, but to show that this brief and desperate conflict with which the spring of 1862 opened, was at one time very uncertain. A further proof of this is a statement made by Ashby to Col. J. M. Patton. Ashby stated that when the Southern line fell back, in consequence of the movement of the Stonewall Brigade, an order for the Federal troops to retire was actually on the way from General Shields, and would have arrived in ten minutes. "This," says Colonel Patton, "I had from Colonel Turner Ashby, who told me *he knew it to be so.*" Ashby's character was very high, and he would not make such a statement lightly. Jackson, it is certain, believed it; hence his displeasure at the order from General Garnett, one of the bravest men in the army, which virtually lost him, as he believed, the victory.

Private letters brought through the lines seemed to indicate no depression of mind in those who sympathized with the Confederates. The people around Winchester were said to regard "the gallant fight of Sunday in the light of a victory," and another letter described the passage of the Confederate prisoners through the town as "a march of triumph rather than of defeat." Every attention was paid to them by the ladies of Winchester, remarkable throughout the whole war for their Confederate sympathies, and the success of the Federal troops seemed only to intensify the bitterness of their dislike for the blue uniform. Contemporary narratives paint the scene vividly—the waving handkerchiefs as the Southern prisoners passed by, and the flushed cheeks, and eyes full of scornful tears, as the ladies glanced from the ragged scarecrows of Jackson to the finely dressed Federal officers. The saddest scene of all was the appearance of mothers and sisters upon the ghastly field of Kernstown. The mayor of Winchester and the citizens dug a pit on the battlefield, and buried the dead bodies of the Southern soldiers,

Among the crowd were many of the ladies of Winchester, closely scanning the bodies as they were brought up one by one, and sobbing as they recognized some relation or friend. Many found their kindred among the dead left on the field, for the larger part of Jackson's force was from the valley, and the spectacle of the recognition of the bodies was harrowing. It affected even the Federal officers present; but one of these declares that every feeling of the Southern ladies, even grief for the dead, seemed merged into an intense hatred toward themselves. With flashing eyes and flushed faces, they would exclaim, "You may bring the whole force of the North here, but you can never conquer us!—we will shed our last drop of blood!" *

Jackson had retreated from the field of Kernstown; but he did not go far, and did not seem to be aware of any danger in remaining near the victorious enemy. Retiring to the position on the turnpike which he had occupied in the morning, he issued orders for the troops to bivouac where they were, and soon the fires were seen sparkling like stars along the roadside, the men

* "There is nothing," says the correspondent of a Northern journal, writing of the Southern ladies, "nothing they will not surrender with a smile—the gemmed ring, the diamond bracelet, the rich wardrobe. They cut up rich carpets for soldiers' blankets without a sigh; they take the fine linen from their persons for bandages. When four hundred of Longstreet's men came up to Nashville prisoners of war, about the roughest, dirtiest looking set of fellows the sun ever shone on, and a flight of stairs in the building they occupied fell, killing and wounding a large number of them, you should have seen the fair young traitoresses come forth from the old aristocratic mansions, bearing restoratives and delicacies in their hands, mingling in the dingy crowd, wiping away the blood with their white handkerchiefs, and uttering words of cheer; should have seen them doing this with hundreds of Union soldiers all around, and smiling back on the rough blackguards of rebels as they left. But in all there was a defiant air in their humanity strange to see. Of a truth, they carried it off grandly. And about all these girls were in mourning for dead rebels—brothers, lovers, friends, whom these same girls had sneered into treason and driven into rebellion, and billowed all the South with their graves; and the least they could do was to wear black for them and flaunt black from the window blinds. *Clothed be their souls in black.*"

cooking their rations and laughing over the events of the day. Jackson got an armful of corn for his horse, and, wrapping his blanket around him, laid down by a fire in a fence corner and went to sleep. He was close enough to hear the conversation of the Federal soldiers at their camp fires. At four o'clock in the morning he commenced his retreat.

The enemy followed, and at Cedar Creek opened upon his trains with artillery, forcing him to continue his retreat. It was made deliberately, and growing tired, apparently, of assailing so impassive an adversary, the Federal commander gave up the pursuit, fell back from Strasburg, barricading the roads in his rear, and returned to Winchester.

One of the many peculiar features of the battle above described, was the effect it produced upon the men and the opinion it gave them of Jackson. Defeats generally dishearten troops, and put them out of humor with their commander. The result on this occasion seems to have been very different. "We don't feel at all whipped," wrote an officer to his wife; and if it were worth while, we might record many incidents showing that the men of Jackson were proud of their exertions at Kernstown, and believed that the enemy had suffered far more than themselves. Their sentiment toward their commander was still more striking. Jackson had fought them desperately, and had them nearly cut to pieces; but one of the officers of Loring, who signed the protest against him at Romney, says that after Kernstown "the men went frantic about him." As he passed along the column they cheered him vociferously—the men of Loring as well as of his own Stonewall Brigade. To fight them with desperation and march them to death, seemed, to judge from their demeanor, the best claims on the regards of the troops. They struggled on exhausted, but jesting, and one was heard to say: "Why is Old Jack a better general than Moses? Because it took Moses forty years to lead the Israelites through the wilderness, and Old Jack would have double-quickened them through it three days!" Jackson's spirit of combativeness seems to have excited this enthusiasm; and it is certain that from the time of

the battle of Kernstown, he seemed able to achieve, with his own particular troops, impossibilities almost. He held them in his grasp as a sharp and tempered weapon, and it never failed him.

CHAPTER VIII.

MCDOWELL.

KERNSTOWN had been only a momentary check. The enemy now resumed their former design of following Jackson and clearing out the upper regions of the valley, with an energy greater than before.

The plans of the Federal authorities for the conduct of the campaign and the thorough subjugation of the State were now ripe. The following letter from General McClellan, addressed to General Banks on the first day of April, will throw some light on the Federal programme :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
ON BOARD COMMODORE, *April 1, 1862.* }

MAJOR-GENERAL N. P. BANKS, *Commanding 5th Army Corps :*

GENERAL: The change in affairs in the Valley of the Shenandoah has rendered necessary a corresponding departure—temporary at least—from the plan we some days since agreed upon.

In my arrangements I assume that you have a force sufficient to drive Jackson before you, provided he is not reënforced largely. I also assume that you may find it impossible to find any thing towards Manassas for some days; probably not until the operations of the main army have drawn all the rebel force toward Richmond. . . .

I doubt whether Johnston will now reënforce Jackson with a view to offensive operations. The time has probably passed when he could have gained any thing by so doing. . . .

I will order Blenker to move on Strasburg, and report to you for temporary duty; so that, should you find a large force in your front, you can avail yourself of his aid. . . .

In regard to your movements—the most important thing is to throw Jackson well back, and then to assume such a position as will enable you to pre-

vent his return. As soon as the railway communications are reëstablished, it will be probably important and advisable to move on Staunton; but this would require communications, and a force of 25,000 to 30,000 for active operations. It should also be nearly coincident with my own move on Richmond; at all events not so long before it as to enable the rebels to concentrate on you and then return on me. . . .

Please inform me frequently by telegraph and otherwise as to the state of things in your front.

I am very truly yours,

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN,

Major-General Commanding.

It will thus be seen that, to "throw Jackson well back," and, when the railroad was ready, to "move on Staunton," were the intentions of the Federal commander about the first of April. To coöperate with General Banks, two other columns were to move in the same direction from different points—one under General Fremont from the upper waters of the Potomac, and a considerable force under General Milroy from the direction of Monterey. With Banks and Fremont following on Jackson's rear, and Milroy sweeping down on his flank from the western mountains, it was confidently anticipated that the Confederate leader would be crushed, and the rich region around Staunton fall into the hands of the Federal forces.

Such was the plan of operations, and such the situation of Jackson, in the beginning of the month of April, which had now opened with its bright verdure and brilliant sky.

Jackson slowly retreated after the battle of Kernstown, the enemy pursuing him in force and skirmishing incessantly with his rear-guard under Ashby. That cavalier was untiring in the performance of his important duty, and the roar of his artillery continued throughout the day—saluting the ears of the troops as they awoke in the morning or laid down in bivouac at night. The men suffered few hardships during the retreat. The weather was growing mild, and delightful with the approaching spring, and though, by an order of Jackson, none but commanders of brigades were allowed to have tents, the troops did not complain of sleeping in the open air. They kindled their campfires on the side of the turnpike, and, lulled by the distant thun-

der of Ashby's artillery, went to sleep as soundly as if they had been at home in their beds.

Jackson thus crept along in the days succeeding Kernstown—like a wounded wolf, but turning every moment to snap at his pursuers, and offer battle if they pressed on him—and thus came again to the vicinity of Mount Jackson, where he went into the old camps which he had abandoned to march to Winchester. Here he remained for more than a fortnight, paying no attention to the enemy, whose large force was at the village of Edinburg, in his front. General Banks seems to have been afraid to attack him during this time, and contented himself with skirmishes while waiting for reënforcements to his already large army.

About the middle of April, however, General Banks again began to move, and Jackson promptly broke up his camp and resumed his retreat. He reached the north fork of the Shenandoah where the turnpike crosses it without loss, and now, if he could destroy the bridge in his rear before the enemy reached it, their further advance would be temporarily checked. They were pressing on, driving Ashby before them; and knowing the importance of preventing, if possible, the destruction of the bridge, made great exertions to attain that object. Ashby held them in check only by the most determined fighting; and when the infantry and artillery crossed the bridge, the roar of the guns from the rear-guard, close at hand, indicated the near approach of the enemy. The bridge was finally passed by the army, and it was Ashby's business now to destroy it, and check further pursuit. The task delighted this soldier; for nothing is more certain than the fact that he loved danger for its own sake, and never was so happy as when contending face to face with imminent peril. Those who differ from him in temperament may doubt this assertion, but the friends who knew him best will support our statement. The work now before him was one of those tests of the stern fibre of his courage which he loved best of all in the life of a soldier. With the masses of Federal cavalry and artillery, supported by infantry, pressing

hotly on him, he had employment for his best faculties. Hurrying his cavalry across the bridge, he followed in person with the artillery, which thundered over at a gallop, and then with a detachment of picked men he hastened to apply fire to the bridge. The enemy were now upon him. Their cavalry advanced at a gallop, firing volleys as they came, but Ashby remained seated upon his white horse superintending the work. It was more difficult than he had expected. The timbers were wet from rain, the flame would not kindle, and the bullets whistling around the heads of the working party embarrassed their exertions. The Federal cavalry had now reached the bridge, the first files dashed across, and Ashby's men ran to their horses, leaving him alone. He was obliged to follow or be captured, and galloped off last, pursued by eight of the enemy, whose fire he was unable to return, his own pistols having been emptied. They followed him closely, firing incessantly upon him as he retreated, and this animated chase continued for nearly two miles. Assistance was then near, and, looking back, Ashby saw that two of his pursuers were in advance of the rest. This odds was not great, and he at once reined in. The Federal cavalymen came on at a headlong gallop, carried forward by their horses, and the next moment terminated their career. A bullet from one of Ashby's command pierced one of them through the body, and the other, arriving abreast of Ashby, was cut down with one blow of his sabre.

Such was the famous chase of Ashby. He had distanced his enemies, but the fine horse which he rode—the beautiful milk-white charger which the whole army admired—had received a mortal wound. A ball had pierced his side, and the blood was now gushing out at every pant. As he was led along the line of a regiment under arms, an eye-witness declares that he never had imagined so spirited and magnificent an animal. "He was white as snow," says our authority, "except where his side and legs were stained with his own blood. His mane and tail were long and flowing; his eye and action evinced distinctly the rage with which he regarded the injury which he had received.

He trod the earth with the grandeur of a wounded lion, and every soldier looked upon him with sympathy and admiration. He had saved his master at the cost of his own life. He almost seemed conscious of his achievement, and only to regret death because his own injuries were unavenged.”*

The Federal forces did not press Jackson closely after the passage of the bridge, and he continued his retreat without interruption. Crossing, on the 19th of April, into Elk Run Valley, he took up a strong position between that place and Swift Run Gap, and faced the enemy, with the determination to make a stand and receive his attack. His new position had been chosen with the eye of a soldier, and gave him many advantages. He was able here to meet, in a strong position, the assault of the force which had followed him up the valley; to face the column under Milroy, rapidly advancing from the west, toward Staunton; and, if necessary, to retreat upon Richmond, and unite his forces with those of General Johnston, against the army under General McClellan on the Peninsula.

The strength of his position was appreciated by General Banks, and the main body of that commander's army did not proceed further south than Harrisonburg. He seems to have regarded the campaign as ended. On the 24th of April he telegraphed to President Lincoln: “The rebel Jackson has abandoned the Valley of Virginia permanently, and is en route to Gordonsville by the way of the mountains.” General Banks was soon to find, however, that the dangerous rebel had no thought of retreating.

We have a characteristic picture of Jackson at this time, which may interest the reader. He was riding, on one Sunday morning, along his lines drawn up for inspection, when Dr. Dabney, his chaplain, determined to address the men. He and Jackson accordingly dismounted and tied their horses; the Bible was laid open upon the head of a bass drum; the small drums beat to attention, and Dr. Dabney preached to the troops. During the sermon of more than an hour, Jackson stood perfectly motionless, with his old cap drawn down to shield his eyes from

* See note in Appendix.

the dazzling sunlight ; and throughout the whole sermon an officer directly in front of him declares he did not move, or even "wink his eyes."

Jackson's position was strong, but things looked hopeless for a further continuation of the campaign in the valley. Forced back to the Blue Ridge by the heavy columns in his front, he now saw approaching from the western mountains another army under Milroy, which would swoop down like a hawk upon Staunton, and the whole region be in the possession of the enemy. General Milroy was rapidly moving from the direction of Monterey with his main body, and his advance force had already crossed the Shenandoah Mountain.

The rich prize of the Valley of Virginia seemed almost in the Federal grasp—its fate trembled in the balance. If Banks and Milroy formed a junction, Staunton was gone ; and as General Edward Johnson, with two brigades, was then near Buffalo Gap, a further result from the seizure of a point so important would be to place the Federal forces between General Edward Johnson and the main army at Swift Run Gap. Jackson was forced to decide promptly what course he would pursue. *Divide et impera* was obviously his best policy ; and he determined to advance immediately and attack the force approaching from the west. General Ewell had just arrived from Gordonsville with his division, and Jackson posted him at Swift Run Gap to confront General Banks, while by a forced march he would sweep around by Staunton, and fall upon General Milroy. After defeating that commander, his design was to concentrate his own forces, Ewell's, and Johnson's, upon Banks, and drive his column back down the valley to Winchester.

His plans were instantly put into execution. Taking his own division, consisting of the brigades commanded by General Taliaferro, General Winder (Stonewall Brigade), and Colonel Campbell, he proceeded rapidly to Staunton, where he found General Smith, of the Virginia Military Institute, with his corps of cadets, which had been directed to repair thither for the defence of the region. From that point he continued to move

westward, and, forming a junction with General Edward Johnson, who had six regiments under his command, advanced by forced marches upon Milroy.

On the morning of May the 7th, General Johnson, who knew the country thoroughly, and led the advance, encountered the enemy at the Shenandoah Mountain, and drove four regiments on picket there before him. They retreated in haste, and the Confederates took possession of their camps, in which were found tents, clothes, arms, and a considerable amount of commissary stores. Scouts ascended the mountain, and were followed by a portion of the troops, who saw, as they reached the deserted camps on the summit of the range, the enemy's regiments retreating about five miles in front of them, on the east side of Bull Pasture Mountain. On the western slope of the Shenandoah Mountain, which had thus been cleared of the enemy, the men went into bivouac for the night.

At sunrise on the following morning the troops were again put in motion, and advanced toward McDowell, a little village situated in the valley of that name, just beyond the Bull Pasture Mountain. The men pressed forward and approached the eastern slope of the wooded range, when Ashby's scouts, who had gone in advance and reconnoitred, returned with the intelligence that the enemy had posted four pieces of artillery in the road, on the western base of the mountain, with the obvious intention of disputing the further advance. The road at that point passed through a narrow gorge, which was susceptible of being defended by a very small force against one much larger; and Jackson determined to turn the position by ascending the steep road leading up the mountain, near the gorge. This movement was executed without resistance on the part of the enemy, and the elevated ground was attained. General Johnson, who led the advance, then proceeded with a party of thirty men and several officers to the top of Sutlington's Hill, an isolated spur of the mountain, on the left of the main road, and saw before him, at his feet as it were, the whole valley of McDowell, bathed in the warm sunlight of the May morning. From this elevated point the entire

position of the enemy was commanded, and their strength to a partial extent discovered. In the valley near McDowell a considerable body of infantry was seen, and a height more to the right was occupied by two additional regiments, drawn up in line of battle. Directly in front, about a mile from the position occupied by General Johnson, a battery had been posted, supported by a body of infantry.

The presence of the reconnoitring party on Sutlington's Hill was speedily discovered, and the enemy sent forward a body of skirmishers to attack it. These were engaged by the thirty men which formed General Johnson's escort, and the Federal skirmishers were driven back. General Johnson then sent word to Jackson that the hill was a position of great importance, and the six regiments of Johnson's command were accordingly despatched to him to hold it.

The battle of McDowell commenced at this point, and was a struggle for the possession of Sutlington's Hill.

As General Johnson's regiments were hurried forward, one after another, to the elevated ground, he hastened to place each in line of battle to repulse the assault which it was evident General Milroy was now about to make. The Federal commander is said to have sent to General Fremont, who was approaching from the northwest, for reënforcements; but he had a considerable body of troops concentrated in front of the Confederates, and he seems to have determined to direct all his energies meanwhile to the object of occupying the important position from which General Johnson had made his reconnoissance, in advance of the latter.

Johnson had made rapid preparations to receive the expected attack. His two brigades, respectively commanded by Colonels Scott and Connor, had not yet arrived, but a portion of one of them—the 52d Virginia infantry—was already in position in the woods on the left side of the spur. This regiment received and repulsed the assault of the enemy's skirmishers, and thus gave time for the arrival of the other regiments, all of which, but two, hastened forward to the positions assigned to

them. The 52d Virginia, as we have said, held the left; the 58th Virginia formed on the right of that; the 12th Georgia on the right of that, and holding the crest of the hill; the 44th Virginia on the right of all, near a ravine which protected its right flank. On the slope of the hill, in front of the Confederate lines, was a body of woods, in which the skirmishers were posted, and in this order General Johnson awaited the assault which he saw would soon be renewed. He had no artillery in position, nor was any used by the Confederates during the engagement. There was no road to the rear by which it could have been withdrawn in case of disaster.

During the pause which succeeded the first advance of his skirmishers, and their repulse, the enemy opened with his artillery directly in front, and kept up a rapid and incessant cannonade while making his further preparations. A shower of case shot and shell was thrown into the Confederate lines, but the troops were so well under cover, and the angle of elevation at which the pieces were fired was so great, that no loss was inflicted. The artillery continued to thunder, with no response of any description, until the moment came for the advance of the Federal infantry, when it ceased firing.

General Milroy had been reënforced by the arrival of General Schenck, who had been hurried forward while the Confederates were held in check by his artillery, and had now at his disposal a force estimated at 8,000 men. This force he threw forward, with the evident determination of carrying Sutlington's Hill, and driving the Southern troops from the advantageous position which they occupied on its summit. The attack was vigorous and resolute. Advancing a heavy line of infantry toward the western slope of the hill, where the character of the ground and the thick woods afforded him great protection, the enemy charged up the hill, drove the Confederate skirmishers from their cover, and, emerging from the woods directly in front of Jackson's line, poured a sudden and galling fire upon his right. The 12th Georgia in the centre, and the 44th Virginia on its right, received this fire, and responded with a heavy vol-

ley ; and in a moment the battle began to rage with violence. These two regiments supported alone the whole weight of the column thrown against this point, delivering a fire so rapid and steady that the charge, which was intended to repulse and turn the Confederate right wing, completely failed. The two remaining regiments of Johnson's command, the 25th and 31st Virginia, now hastened up the rough road to the support of the others ; and the Federal troops, having returned to the charge with greater fury than before, a sanguinary contest ensued all along the line.

The Federal commander seemed determined to make the battle "short and decisive," and to gain possession of the coveted hill by one brief and desperate charge, which should overwhelm all resistance, and accomplish his object at a blow. The Federal lines were thrown forward amid rolling volleys of musketry, and they pressed General Johnson with a force so heavy that the utmost exertions of the troops under that commander were necessary to retain possession of the hill. The densely wooded hillside was one long sheet of flame, and the reverberations rising from the forest and rolling along the mountain warned Jackson that the moment had arrived to throw forward his main body.

General Taliaferro was accordingly sent forward, and hastened with his brigade up the rough and winding by-road which led from the turnpike to the summit of the hill, the 21st Virginia being left at the point on the turnpike where the wood road entered it to guard against an attack of the enemy on the rear. Taliaferro soon reached the field, and promptly threw his brigade into line of battle ; the 23d and 37th to support Johnson's centre, where the 12th Georgia was holding its ground "with great gallantry ;" and the 10th Virginia on the left, where the 52d had succeeded in driving the enemy headlong down the hill. This regiment, now reënforced by the 10th, advanced with loud cheers ; and such was the impetuosity of the men, that the Federal right wing was repulsed, and the Confederate left swept round with the design of assailing the enemy in flank, and forcing them back upon their centre.

The resolute and aggressive front thus displayed on Jackson's left induced the enemy to concentrate their main strength against his right, and, by a determined attack, attempt to turn that flank, and drive him from the hill. This design was speedily discovered by Jackson, and his whole disposable force was rapidly concentrated in that part of the field to resist it. Taliaferro and the 12th Georgia came quickly to the assistance of the right wing, now hard pressed by numbers; and observing that an elevated piece of woodland to the right and rear completely commanded the field, and afforded an excellent position to fall back to if necessary, Jackson hastened to occupy it with portions of the 25th and 31st Virginia regiments, which were hurried forward and rapidly placed in position. The interval between this force and the main body was filled by Campbell's brigade and the 10th Virginia which had hastened up from the left, and with this strong reserve posted in the woods near the base of the ridge, Jackson felt confident that the determined effort of the enemy to turn his right flank would be defeated.

His anticipations were correct, and his dispositions crowned with success. The Federal forces made a persistent attempt to break through this new line and obtain possession of the hill; but charge after charge was repulsed. General Johnson was wounded and forced to quit the field, but General Taliaferro took his place and led the troops with skill and gallantry. Many officers fell; among the killed and wounded were Colonel Gibbons of the 10th, Colonel Harman of the 52d, Colonel Smith and Major Higginbotham of the 25th, and Major Campbell of the 42d Virginia. The Confederate troops, however, held the position which they had occupied, and the battle raged along the wooded slopes of the mountain until after dark, when the Federal forces gave up the attempt to carry the hill, and retired.

General Milroy did not want to sustain the attack which he had every reason to expect would be made upon him on the ensuing morning; during the night he evacuated McDowell, set the woods on fire in his rear, and retreated toward Franklin.

The battle of McDowell took place between the hours of half-

past four and half-past eight on the afternoon of the 8th of May, and thus lasted four hours. It was hotly contested, especially in the latter portion of the day, when the determined attempt was made by the enemy to turn the Confederate right, and some of the Southern regiments suffered severely. The Confederate loss in killed was 71, in wounded 390, making a total loss of 461. That of the Federal troops is not known, as they held their ground until night and bore off their dead. But 103 bodies are said to have been discovered, covered with brushwood, in a hollow of the mountain. At the village of McDowell a camp was found, with large bake ovens, cooking stoves, and every appliance of comfort. The camp equipage, some cases of fine Enfield rifles, and other public stores, fell into the hands of the Confederates.

Having announced his success to the authorities at Richmond by the brief despatch, "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday," Jackson went in pursuit of General Milroy, and continued to press him until he had reached the neighborhood of the town of Franklin. The Federal troops, who had halted here, did not offer battle, but retiring to the mountains near at hand, planted their batteries, and set fire to the woods in front to conceal their position. The dense smoke which rose from the burning forest effectually accomplished this object, and night approaching Jackson made no attack. On the next morning he found that the enemy had taken up a very strong position, and as his own situation, with General Banks at Harrisonburg, was by no means safe, he prepared to retrace his steps.

Before leaving Franklin he determined, however, to formally return thanks to God for his success in the recent conflict. The scene which followed is said to have been affecting and imposing. Jackson drew up his men in a little valley about three miles north of Franklin, and after a few words, in his habitual curt tone, commending their gallantry at McDowell, appointed 10 o'clock on that day as the occasion of prayer and thanksgiving for the victory. "There, in the beautiful little valley of the South Branch," says an eye-witness, "with the blue and tower-

ing mountains covered with the verdure of spring, the green sward smiling a welcome to the season of flowers, and the bright sun unclouded, lending a genial refreshing warmth, that army, equipped for the stern conflict of war, bent in humble praise and thanksgiving to the God of battles, for the success vouchsafed to our arms." During this scene, the artillery of the enemy rolled its threatening thunders from time to time through the gorges of the mountain; and if any there prayed, "from battle and murder and from sudden death, good Lord deliver us!" the words must have seemed to them exceedingly appropriate, and formed, as it were, for the occasion. Jackson stood as usual, motionless, with bent head and devout bearing, while the prayers were uttered by the chaplain; and the reader may fancy his erect figure either that of some pious cavalier, or devout Roundhead, performing his devotions on the field of battle.

This scene took place on the 14th of May, and on the same day Jackson marched his troops back to McDowell. On the next day he crossed the Shenandoah Mountain and halted at Lebanon Springs, where the army was permitted a brief rest from its fatigues, and an opportunity was afforded them to attend religious services, and observe the day appointed by President Davis as one of fasting and prayer. On the 17th the troops were again in motion, and Jackson proceeded in the direction of Harrisonburg.

General Banks had fallen back to Strasburg, eighteen miles from Winchester. This sentence sums up the results achieved by Jackson, in his advance against Milroy. The importance of the success at McDowell could scarcely be estimated too highly. General Banks had nearly consummated his plans to drive Jackson from the valley, and was nearly in sight of Staunton, with Milroy approaching from the west, when, at the moment of greatest peril for the Confederate cause, appeared suddenly the *Deus ex machina*. Jackson advanced swiftly upon Milroy, and struck a heavy blow at that portion of the programme. He then returned toward Harrisonburg to assail his more powerful adversary there; but General Banks did not await his coming

He fell back to Strasburg, and even this distant point, it will be seen, was only the "half-way house" on his retreat to the Potomac.

CHAPTER IX.

JACKSON FLANKS HIS ADVERSARY.

THE designs of Jackson now required energy, nerve, rapidity of movement, and all the greatest faculties of the soldier. Upon him depended, in no small degree, the fate of the campaign in Virginia.

Events had hurried on. While he was marching and countermarching in the valley—advancing to attack his adversary, or retreating before him—the plans of the Federal Government in other portions of the field of operations had been urged on with the most untiring energy. The great outline of the Virginia campaign, devised in the closet at Washington, had been translated into action, and the Federal forces steadily pressed on toward Richmond. McClellan had forced Johnston to evacuate the Peninsula, and withdraw his army behind the Chickahominy; and when Jackson began to move in pursuit of Banks, the Northern forces were dark on the fields of New Kent. The narrow and insignificant current of the Chickahominy, at some points approaching within a few miles of Richmond, was all that now protected the front of Johnston from the attack of 156,000 Federal troops, under the ablest general of the United States Army.

This was only a portion of the peril. At Fredericksburg, General McDowell, who had displayed such good generalship in the great flank movement at Manassas, was stationed with about 40,000 troops, and his preparations were nearly complete for an advance upon Richmond from the north. McClellan only waited for his arrival on the Chickahominy, to unite his right wing with McDowell's left, when the great assault on the Confederate capi-

tal would follow. With nearly 200,000 troops hurled against it, the city, it was supposed, must be evacuated or destroyed, and the "Rebellion" terminated.

To prevent this junction between the forces of McDowell and McClellan—to alarm President Lincoln, and induce him to withhold further reënforcements for the defence of his capital—such was now the design of Jackson. If he could drive General Banks before him across the Potomac, he would accomplish this; for the Federal authorities could not be at all sure that, in such an event, he would not cross into Maryland, and, taking advantage of the absence of McClellan's army, advance to the assault of Washington.

The Federal authorities seem to have realized their danger. President Lincoln's despatches teem with allusions to the suspected designs of the Confederate commander. On the 17th of May, when, having defeated Milroy, Jackson commenced his march upon Harrisonburg, Lincoln writes to General McClellan :

"In order, therefore, to increase the strength of the attack upon Richmond, at the earliest moment, General McDowell has been ordered to march upon that city by the shortest route. He is ordered—*keeping himself always in a position to cover the Capital from all possible attack*—so to operate as to put his left wing in communication with your right. * * * *

The specific task assigned to his command, has been *to provide against any danger to the Capital of the nation*. At your earliest call for reënforcements he is sent forward to coöperate in the reduction of Richmond, *but charged, in attempting this, not to uncover the City of Washington; and you will give no orders, either before or after your junction, which can put him out of position to cover this city.*"

On the 21st of May, Lincoln writes to McDowell, at Fredericksburg :

"General Fremont has been ordered by telegraph to move from Franklin on Harrisonburg, to relieve General Banks, and capture or destroy Jackson's or Ewell's forces. You are instructed, *laying aside for the present the movement on Richmond*, to put

twenty thousand men in motion at once for the Shenandoah, moving on the line or in the advance of the Manassas Gap Railroad. Your object will be to capture the forces of Jackson and Ewell, either in coöperation with General Fremont, or in case a want of supplies or transportation interferes with his movement, it is believed that the force with which you move will be sufficient to accomplish the object alone. The information thus received here makes it probable that, if the enemy operate actively against Banks, you will not be able to count upon much assistance from him, but may even have to release him. Reports received this moment are that Banks is fighting with Ewell eight miles from Winchester."

General McDowell replies, on May 24th :

"The President's order has been received—is in process of execution. This is a crushing blow to us," He adds, on the same day : "I beg to say that coöperation between Fremont and myself, to cut off Jackson or Ewell, is not to be counted upon, even if it is not a practical impossibility. Next, that I am entirely beyond helping distance of General Banks, and no celerity or vigor will avail, so far as he is concerned. Next, that by a glance at the map, it will be seen that the line of retreat of the enemy's forces up the valley is shorter than mine to go against him. It will take a week or ten days for my force to go to the valley by this route, which will give it good forage, and by that time the enemy will have retreated. I shall gain nothing for you there, and shall gain much for you here. It is, therefore, not only on personal grounds that I have a heavy heart in the matter, but that I feel it throws us all back, and from Richmond, north, we shall have all our large masses paralyzed, and shall have to repeat what we have just accomplished. I have ordered General Shields to commence a movement by to-morrow morning. A second division will follow in the afternoon."

Such was the position of the pieces on the great chessboard of war toward the end of May. General McClellan threatening General Johnston at Richmond, but incessantly calling for reën-

forcements, without which he declared himself unable to move forward ; President Lincoln in Washington, telegraphing General McDowell at Fredericksburg to stop his advance toward Richmond, and send 20,000 men to the valley, to protect the Federal capital by destroying the command of Jackson ; General McDowell replying that to “ cut of Jackson is a practical impossibility : ” the Federal campaign embarrassed and everywhere halting in consequence of Jackson’s daring and aggressive movements. The complicated movements of Generals McClellan, Banks, McDowell, Shields, Milroy, and Fremont were enough to puzzle the brain of the most thorough master of the art of war.

They do not seem to have disquieted or embarrassed Jackson, who saw his work plain before his eyes—to divert reënforcements from McClellan ; and he advanced to the accomplishment of this object with the accuracy of a machine set in motion.

About the 20th of May he had arrived at Newmarket, where a junction was formed between his own troops and those of Ewell, who had marched from Elk Run Valley to meet him ; and from this point his campaign against General Banks commenced. The Federal commander had reached Strasburg, and was fortifying there. To assail him in front would be just what he expected, and the species of attack against which he had provided ; so to assault him on his flank, where he did not expect it, was the obvious policy of Jackson. A glance at the map of Virginia will be necessary to the right appreciation of the forward and retrograde movements of the Confederate forces, which were now to make the region famous. The village of Newmarket is situated on the valley turnpike in the county of Shenandoah, nearly forty miles from Strasburg. From this latter place to a point somewhat higher up than Newmarket runs the Massanutton Mountain, parallel to the Blue Ridge, which is separated from it by a narrow valley through which flows the south branch of the Shenandoah Travelling north from Harrisonburg, and turning to the right at Newmarket, you pass the Massanutton at Newmarket Gap, reach Luray, in Page County, and thence approach Front Royal by a road along the narrow valley in question. Once arrived

at the town of Front Royal, you have reached the northern terminus of the Massanutton Mountain, and are directly on the flank of Strasburg.

Leaving a small force of cavalry to hold the turnpike and conceal the movement of the main body, Jackson directed that every thing, even the knapsacks of the men, should be left behind, and set out by the route above indicated—his force amounting to 18,000 or 20,000 men. On the night of the 22d, his advance, under Ewell, bivouacked within ten miles of Front Royal. With such secrecy and celerity had the march upon Front Royal been made, that the army was nearly in sight of that place before a single inhabitant of the region suspected its presence. At dawn on the morning of Friday the 23d, Jackson resumed his rapid march, and, diverging to the right by a steep and rough by-path so as to strike across into the Gooney Manor road, came in view of the town about two in the afternoon. At this point—not more than a mile and a half from the place—he encountered the enemy's pickets, and drove them in; when an instant advance was ordered upon the town. The troops responded with cheers, and the 1st Maryland, under Colonel Johnson, rushed forward and encountered their namesakes, the 1st (Federal) Maryland, Colonel Kenley, whom they saluted with a volley and then charged impetuously, forcing them to fall back in confusion.

The cavalry, sweeping down at the moment when they broke, took a large number of prisoners; and Taylor's brigade, the reserve of the advance force, coming rapidly up, the rout of the Federal forces was complete, and the town was in the possession of the Confederates. The attack had taken the Federal forces completely by surprise. "When our guns opened on the enemy they had no idea who was hammering at them," says a contemporary letter. "Thinking that Jackson was a hundred miles away from them, they were completely surprised and panic-stricken by the suddenness of the attack; they surrendered to us by hundreds, allowing all their stores of every sort, and in the greatest quantities, to be captured, without an effort to defend or destroy them." Among the stores thus captured were about

five hundred excellent revolvers; and a soldier expresses the joy which all felt at finding a wagon load of coffee, which was a "perfect God-send," as their rations of that article had been stopped for some days. The appearance of the Confederates was joyfully hailed by the inhabitants. Men, women, and children ran through the streets, laughing and cheering. Every house was thrown open, and every window waved with handkerchiefs. But the men were not permitted to stop and accept the hospitalities of the inhabitants. They were rushed through the town at a double-quick, and a strong force thrown forward toward a commanding height on the right of the turnpike, where the Federal forces had taken position with the apparent intention of resisting the Confederate advance. As the latter approached they were met by a fire of rifled artillery; but Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery, placed some pieces in position; the 6th Louisiana was moved through the woods to flank their battery, and Wheat's Battalion and the 1st Maryland regiment drove in their skirmishers in front. Thus threatened on their flank and pressed down the turnpike, the Federal force retreated across both forks of the Shenandoah, closely followed by the Confederates. They attempted to burn the bridge over the north fork of the river, but before they could do so the Confederates arrived. The flames were extinguished, and, pushing after the Federal forces at full speed, the Confederates poured into them a hot fire of musketry and artillery.

During this scene the Confederate cavalry had moved to intercept the enemy's retreat. A force under Ashby and Flournoy had, before the assault on the town, crossed the south branch of the Shenandoah above Front Royal, and struck across toward the northern shoulder of the Massanutton, to get between this body of the enemy and their main force at Strasburg. Their orders were to destroy the railroad and telegraph line between the two places, so that Jackson's movement on his flank might be concealed from General Banks as long as possible, and to guard against the advance of reinforcements from Strasburg, or the retreat of the enemy from Front Royal. Having executed his

orders, Colonel Flournoy pushed back to the bridge over the north fork above mentioned; but finding some difficulty in passing it from the partial destruction of the framework by fire, he hastened on with four companies of the 6th Virginia cavalry, and came up with a body of Federal troops near Cedarville, five miles from Front Royal. This force consisted of two companies of cavalry, two pieces of artillery, two companies of Pennsylvania infantry, and the 1st (Federal) Maryland regiment, which had been rallied and posted there to check Jackson's advance. A charge was at once made on them by the four companies of Confederate cavalry, Captain Grimsby leading the advance, and the whole force was driven from the position which it held. They re-formed in an orchard on the right of the road, but a second charge threw them into confusion, and the whole force surrendered. Ashby was meanwhile scouting along the base of the Massanutton, and clearing out the country as he swept it with his cavalry. At Buckton he came upon a body of the enemy, posted as a guard at that point, in a strong position, and protected by the embankment of the railroad. Ashby charged and dispersed them, gaining possession of the place and capturing a train of cars; but this insignificant skirmish lost him some of his best officers, among them Captains Sheets and Fletcher. Captain Sheets was an officer of conspicuous gallantry, greatly esteemed by Jackson and beloved by the army. At Kernstown he had seen a Confederate lieutenant retreating alone, and hotly pressed by the enemy. So great was the exhaustion of the officer, that, coming to a fence, he climbed it with difficulty, and rolled over upon the ground. It was at this moment that Captain Sheets reached the spot; and though he had with him only a small detachment of men, while the force of the enemy's infantry was very considerable, he violently exclaimed, "I will never see a Southerner captured before my eyes," and charged them, rescuing the officer. He had been highly valued by Ashby, to whom he is declared to have been "only second in fame and efficiency;" and here he fell, shot through the head.

As night came on, both the cavalry and infantry ceased from further pursuit, and the weary troops went into camp. The first day had thus been decidedly successful. A section of rifled artillery, 700 prisoners, among them 20 officers, and large quantities of public stores, had been the result of the opening of the campaign. But the advantages secured did not stop here. Jackson had turned General Banks' position at the town of Strasburg, and the road was now open for him to press straight forward upon Winchester. When he had once struck the line of the valley turnpike he would be completely in rear of the Federal commander, and able to intercept his retreat.



CHAPTER X.

GENERAL BANKS RETREATS.

ON the next morning, May 24th, the troops were moving at daylight, and Jackson hastened forward to the accomplishment of his designs, which nothing but the exhaustion of the men had prevented him from pursuing during the night.

The time thus lost, as will be seen, was precious; but the delay could not be avoided. The men had marched from above Luray, a distance of nearly thirty miles, under a burning sun, and many had fallen out of the column overcome by heat and weariness. These it was necessary to collect before advancing further, and the march was delayed until morning. At the first dawn, the column was again in motion. General George H. Stuart, in temporary command of the 2d and 6th Virginia cavalry regiments, was sent northward to Newtown, about nine miles from Winchester. Ewell, with Trimble's brigade, the 1st Maryland regiment and Courtney's and Brockenbrough's batteries, was directed to move on the main Front Royal turnpike toward Winchester; and Jackson proceeded, in personal command of the main body of the army, in the direction of Middle-

town, with a detachment of Ashby's cavalry moving on his left flank and keeping a close look-out for any attempt of the enemy to retreat toward Front Royal.

On coming in sight of Middletown, Jackson saw the turnpike from Strasburg to Winchester black with long columns of Federal cavalry in rapid retreat. No time was lost in bringing up the artillery. The guns of Poague and Chew were rushed into position, supported by Taylor's infantry, and a hot fire was opened on the retreating column, which at once threw them into confusion. A few additional rounds finished the work. The cavalry broke in wild disorder, scattered over the adjoining fields, and disappeared like phantoms in the woods. "The turnpike," says Jackson in his report, "which had just before teemed with life, presented a most appalling spectacle of carnage and destruction. The road was literally obstructed with the mangled and confused mass of struggling and dying horses and riders." About 200 prisoners were captured, but the great body of the Federal cavalry made good their retreat.

The column had been followed by a park of artillery and about three regiments of infantry. The former now opened a rapid fire on the Confederates, and tried to force a passage through. But the guns were effectually cut off. The Confederate batteries engaged them, and Taylor's infantry at the same moment advanced, when the Northern artillery and infantry retreated rapidly upon Strasburg. There the infantry abandoned their knapsacks and other accoutrements, and, with the artillery, retired precipitately through the western mountains to the Potomac.

It was now obvious that General Banks had already passed Middletown with his main body in the direction of Winchester, and the infantry which had been halted was pushed forward rapidly in pursuit. Ashby had already followed, with cavalry, artillery, and a supporting force of infantry, a long train of wagons which was seen disappearing in the distance. The scene which followed is said to have been indescribable. The whole road was strewn with broken-down wagons, guns, knap-

sacks, oil-cloths, cartridge boxes, haversacks, swords, arms, clothes, and accoutrements of every description. "The rush of the retreat," says a writer at the time, "is represented to have been more ridiculously terrible than that at Manassas." Ashby had come up with the trains and the rear of the retreating Federals, and his batteries were firing upon them all along the turnpike. A shell or round shot would strike one of the wagons and overturn it, and before those behind could stop their headway, they would thunder down on the ruins of the first; others would tumble in, so as to block up the road completely; and in among the disorganized cavalry and infantry escorting the trains, trampled the horsemen of Ashby, taking prisoners or cutting down such as resisted. There was no discipline or order in the retreat, and few officers were visible. General Banks had retired to Winchester, whence he took the cars for Harper's Ferry. He is said to have been overwhelmed with chagrin at his misadventure, and even to have shed tears, declaring that "he had been sacrificed by his Government."

Ashby's pursuit was hot, and a remarkable proof of the demoralization of the Federal troops is given by a well-accredited incident of the retreat. "In the ardor of pursuit," writes a gentleman of character and veracity, "Ashby had separated himself from his men, and had gotten abreast of the Yankee column of cavalry which was rushing down the turnpike. Alone, he charged 500 of them, dashed through their line, firing his pistols right and left as he did so; then wheeling about, he again charged through them, and summoned them to surrender. All who heard his voice obeyed, threw down their arms, and dismounted, until some of the men came up and took charge of them. In one instance he took thirty in this way." Ashby caught a guidon from the hands of its bearer on this occasion, and this was afterwards suspended in the Virginia Capitol. The incident above given is not necessarily impossible, nor even improbable. Troops retreating in disorder become entirely disheartened, and lose the character of soldiers, despair inducing them to surrender without resistance.

The cavalrymen of Ashby's command did not imitate his example in looking first to the defeat of the enemy. Their misconduct nearly prevented Jackson from securing the fruits of all his marching and fighting. Up to this time all opposition had been borne down, and there was every reason to believe that, if General Banks ever reached Winchester, it would be without a train, if not without an army. The cavalry and infantry under Ashby now disappointed all these hopes, and, in spite of every exertion on the part of their commander, betook themselves to pillaging the Federal wagons. In vain did Ashby attempt to rally them to the serious work before them, and push on after the Federal column, now retreating in greater disorder than before. His orders were not heard, or disobeyed. The ranks of the pursuers were scattered, in hot pursuit, not of the enemy, but of plunder. The choice contents of the wagons were too much for their equanimity, and, forgetting their duty as soldiers, they became thoroughly disorganized, and gave themselves up to indiscriminate pillage.

The consequences of this gross neglect of duty were soon seen: the enemy, who should have been persistently followed, took advantage of the respite, and turned savagely upon Jackson's artillery, which had pushed on ahead, and was now near Newtown, without any species of support. They brought up four pieces of artillery, and planted them in the outskirts of the town, opening a furious fire upon the Confederate batteries. Jackson hastened to the front, and when he arrived at Newtown, found Poague with two guns engaged in a hot combat with the Federal artillery, which continued to check his further advance until dark.

This conduct of his advance force profoundly enraged Jackson, and many hot words grew out of it afterwards. He was much displeased with Ashby, whose fault as a soldier was too great a relaxation of the reins of discipline in his command; and as that officer felt that he had made every exertion to correct the evil, he resented this imputation on the part of his command, and for a time there was a marked coldness between himself

and Jackson. Proud and sensitive to any reflection upon himself or his troops, Ashby held himself aloof from Jackson, like Achilles in his tent; and the stern Agamemnon, knowing that he had done right, made no overtures for a renewal of amicable relations. But this did not last, the cloud soon passed away, and when Ashby fell, Jackson wrote a noble epitaph for the fallen soldier, which would be sufficient, if nothing else remained, to hand down his name to posterity.

At nightfall, the Federal artillery, which had held the Confederate advance in check at Newtown, retired from the field; and Jackson determined to push on after General Banks to Winchester. The troops accordingly passed through Newtown, and continued their march—the way “illuminated by burning wagons, pontoon boats, and other stores.” The scene in the little village of Newtown was inspiring, and communicated a new impulse to the troops. “It beggared description,” writes an officer who witnessed it. “Every house was illuminated by the inhabitants, women and even men weeping for joy, and cheering us till they were hoarse. They seemed ready to embrace every soldier; and so it was all along the road, bringing to them and forcing on the half-starved fellows, as they swept by in pursuit of the enemy, pies, bread, pickles, meat, and every thing they could raise.” The inhabitants were indeed crazy with joy at the sight of the gray uniforms of their own people.

Beyond Newtown, the spectacle along the roads was even more striking than that presented near Middletown. Hundreds of abandoned, overturned, or burning wagons, filled with stores of every description, were encountered by the troops, and excited their longing as they pressed rapidly on. But no benefit could be derived from these spoils of the enemy, as the delay produced by the pillage had made it necessary to push on, and stop for nothing.

At various stages of their march throughout the long night, the Federal forces made vain attempts to check their further progress. Soon after leaving Newtown, the advance was fired on by a concealed force, but the 33d Virginia, Colonel Neff,

soon dispersed them. Near the old battle-ground of Kernstown, a more serious attempt was made to check Jackson's advance. As the troops approached that point, a sudden fire on their right, left, and front at the same moment, revealed an ambuscade of importance; and three regiments of the Stonewall Brigade were thrown forward to engage the enemy. They attacked with great gallantry, and heavy firing continued for some time, but the enemy, growing disheartened, finally retired, and the army resumed its march. The Federal forces continued to ambuscade thus from point to point during the remainder of the night, but were regularly repulsed by the force in advance, and the army now drew near Winchester. The main body was halted for about an hour to rest, but the advance force still pressed on, Jackson's design being to occupy the heights commanding the town, before daylight warned the enemy of his presence.

As he advanced, about dawn, toward the coveted position, he received the welcome announcement that Ewell, pushing on from Newtown, had reached, early in the night, a position about three miles from the town, on his right, and had thrown forward pickets a mile in advance.

The plans of the Confederate commander were thus fairly in progress of fulfilment, and he instantly made his dispositions to attack the enemy.

CHAPTER XI.

WINCHESTER.

JACKSON'S advance force approached the lofty hill, on the southwestern side of Winchester, soon after daylight, on the morning of the 25th of May.

This position was occupied by the Federal skirmishers in force, and General Winder was directed to take the Stonewall Brigade, and seize upon the heights as soon as possible. This was promptly done. The 5th Virginia was thrown forward in

advance as skirmishers, and the remainder of the brigade having been drawn up in line of battle, a sudden rush was made for the hill. The enemy made a sharp and resolute resistance, firing heavy volleys as the Confederates charged toward their position, but the spirit of the Federal troops no longer responded to the call. They recoiled before the Confederate fire, retreated from their position, and the Southern troops, uttering loud cheers, gained the crest and were in possession of the hill.

Prompt measures were taken to improve this advantage, and open the attack with an energy which should give the Federal forces no time to prepare. They had hastily opened with a battery directly in front, and to dislodge these guns Carpenter's and Cutshaw's batteries, with two Parrott guns from the Rockbridge artillery, were rapidly placed in position and opened fire.

The battle speedily commenced in good earnest. It was absolutely necessary, if the Federal forces expected to hold the town of Winchester, that the Confederates should be dislodged from their commanding position; and a body of Federal sharpshooters was promptly thrown forward to feel Jackson's left, and drive him, if possible, from the hill. At the same moment another Federal battery began to thunder on the left, and a dangerous enfilade fire was poured on the Southern lines.

This advance of infantry, and the fire of the new battery, was promptly responded to by Jackson. The battery in his front had been reduced to silence, and his guns were now turned on the enemy's sharpshooters, who hastily retreated behind a heavy stone fence, which protected them. From this excellent position they opened a galling and destructive fire on the cannoneers and horses attached to the Confederate batteries, which were now engaged hotly on the left. The combined fire of their sharpshooters and artillery was so heavy that Captain Poague, who was most exposed to the enemy, was compelled to change position, in the midst of a storm of balls. He rapidly withdrew his guns; moved to the left and rear, and again taking position, poured a determined fire upon the enfilading batteries of the enemy. The Federal sharpshooters continued to fire from their

position behind the stone wall mentioned, with a precision which was galling and dangerous in the extreme. No one could mount to the crest of the hill without hearing the sudden report of their excellent long-range guns, succeeded by the whistling of balls near his person. Colonel Campbell, commanding the 2d brigade of Jackson's division, went up to the summit to reconnoitre, and was giving some directions to Colonel Patton, the senior officer under him, when a ball pierced his arm and breast, and he was borne from the field, surrendering the command of the brigade to Colonel Patton. To drive out these persistent and accurate marksmen, Captain Poague threw several solid shot at the wall which protected them; but in spite of the missiles and crashing stones around them, the line of sharpshooters still gallantly held their position.

While this hot fire was going on, the Federal commander was making his preparations to assail Jackson's position in force. All was ready at last, and suddenly the Federal infantry was seen moving in heavy columns to the left, with the evident intention of gaining possession of the ridge to the north and west of the town.

Meanwhile Ewell had not been idle. As soon as Jackson's guns were heard upon the left, he rapidly advanced toward the southeastern side of the town, and became engaged with the enemy, who were posted on the hills, and in the farm-houses which here dot the rolling landscape. The 21st North Carolina and 21st Georgia attacked and drove back the advance force of the enemy, and Ewell pushed forward rapidly; but here, as on the left, one of those obstinate stone walls, which appears so often in the narratives of battles taking place in the Valley region, opposed its bristling front to his further progress. The Federal sharpshooters lined it, and, resting their guns on the top, poured into the ranks of the 21st North Carolina, which was in advance, so destructive a fire that this regiment was forced to fall back with heavy loss. This success was, however, brief. Taking the place of the repulsed regiment, the 21st Georgia made a determined charge; the enemy were driven from their

cover; and the main body of Ewell's forces, which had been arrested by this obstacle, swept forward amid the thunder of artillery to the assault.

On the left of Jackson's immediate position a similar advance was made, as we have seen, at the moment when his lines were pushed forward on the right. To defeat the enemy's attempt to gain possession of the hill west of the town, Jackson ordered General Taylor to advance with his brigade—move in rear of the Stonewall Brigade—and making a circuit far round to the left, ascend the northern hill, and thus confront the enemy's line as it appeared. The movement was promptly made, and the foot of the hill reached in the midst of a heavy fire of musketry and artillery, which the Federal batteries already mentioned, and the sharpshooters behind the stone wall, poured into the Confederate ranks, as they took position. No attention was paid to this fire by Taylor. He formed his line of battle, with the 10th Virginia on his left, and the 23d on his right, and immediately gave the order for the troops to advance rapidly and gain possession of the hill. The men responded with cheers, and moved forward steadily up the slope, reaching the summit without resistance, and confronting the columns drawn up to receive them.

The Federal forces were thus caught in the grasp of Jackson, pressing upon both their flanks. The great leader "had his war-look on," declares a soldier, "and rode about the battlefield regardless of shot and shell, looking as if nothing was going on." The moment was enough to rouse him, and send a thrill through the pulses of any but a man of iron. Ewell was driving them on the right, and doing great execution with his musketry and artillery, whose traces may yet be seen on the houses and fences; and now Taylor was ready to fall on their main body on the left. The attack was not delayed. Jackson's lines swept down the hill, and across the intervening field, and came into collision with the enemy. The volleys of musketry were succeeded by the thunder of triumphant cheers rising above the roar of the artillery; and driving the Federal line before them, Taylor's men, reënforced by the Stonewall Brigade, burst

suddenly like a torrent into the town. At the same moment Ewell closed in on the right. General Elzey, who had been in reserve on the turnpike, advanced in front; and the whole Federal army gave way in disorder, and rapidly retreated.

The scene which ensued in the streets of Winchester is almost beyond the power of words. Men, women, and children thronged in crowds from the houses, and uttered cries of wild joy at the sight of the gray uniforms. The women were before the men in this ovation. All personal danger was lost sight of in their excitement. As the Federal forces rushed tumultuously through the town, the ladies swarmed into the streets, and paid no attention to the shell and musket-balls bursting and whistling around them. They hastened to every Southern soldier who had been wounded and needed their services; and a gentleman of the highest veracity declares that guards had to advance and clear the way for the platoons to deliver their fire on the enemy. Winchester was indeed wild with delight. Confederate flags and white handkerchiefs waved from every window; bright smiles saluted the troops on every side; and men, women, and children were heard shouting "Thank God, we are free! Thank God, we are free once more!" The whole town was one great scene of uproar and rejoicing—of mingled gray coats and blue—of old men and children—and the fitting forms of girls, boldly penetrating the crowd to administer to the wants of the wounded.

Jackson for the first time in his military career seemed mastered by excitement. He caught his faded cap from his head, and waving it in the air, cheered for the first and last time on record. His affection for the people of Winchester was so great, and his soldier pride so profoundly gratified at this triumphant return to a place from which he had been compelled to retreat, that he lost control of himself. The shouts of the men, the sobs and exclamations of the women, and the shrill cries of the children, mingled in one chorus of welcome; but they did not divert his attention from the work before him. The troops were pushed forward without a moment's pause, and Jackson rode far in advance of the column, in dangerous proximity to the enemy.

One of his officers said, "Don't you think you are exposing yourself to danger, General?" But his reply was, "Tell the troops to press right on to the Potomac!"

The Federal forces were followed persistently by the infantry, and the artillery kept up its fire; but they were not pressed with cavalry, owing to the absence of Ashby's men, and the singular impression of General George H. Steuart that he was under Ewell and not Jackson. The pursuit was thus stopped for the moment by the exhaustion of the infantry, who halted five miles from the town; but Steuart coming up about an hour afterward, and forming at Bunker Hill a junction with Ashby, who had swept round to the left, the Federal forces were followed hotly through Martinsburg, and driven across the Potomac, with the loss of many prisoners, and the capture of immense stores.

"It is seldom," says General Banks, in his report, "that a river crossing of such magnitude is achieved with greater success, and there never were more grateful hearts in the same number of men than when, at mid-day of the 26th, we stood on the opposite shore. My command had not suffered an attack and rout. It had accomplished a premeditated march of nearly sixty miles in the face of the enemy, defeating his plans, and giving him battle wherever he was found."

It seemed thus that both the Federal and Confederate commanders were well pleased with the result, and congratulated themselves upon the issue of the campaign.

CHAPTER XII.

THE LION IN THE TOILS.

JACKSON had thus driven his opponent before him, and regained possession of Winchester; but the Federal garrisons at Charlestown and Harper's Ferry remained, and to these his attention was now directed.

The troops, however, absolutely required rest. They had

made an exhausting march. From the camp above Luray to the point where the pursuit had stopped was about sixty miles, and this distance the men had passed over in three days, fighting two battles on the way. This was enough to break down their strength, and it was necessary to give them a resting-spell. On the following day, accordingly, religious services were held throughout the army, and thanks returned for the recent successes of the Southern arms. The men then rested for that day and the next. The army was then thoroughly refreshed and ready for new movements, which commenced immediately.

On the morning of the 28th of May, the Stonewall Brigade and the batteries of Poague and Carpenter, the whole under General Winder, left their camps near Winchester, and proceeded, by way of Summit Point, toward Charlestown. When they had reached a point about four miles from the town, intelligence was received that the enemy occupied that place in force, and intended to dispute their further advance. This information was promptly conveyed to Jackson, who immediately sent Ewell's division to coöperate in the movement. But Winder did not wait for reënforcements. He steadily advanced in the direction of the town, and, emerging from the woods within a mile of the place, saw the Federal forces in line of battle immediately in his front, and apparently about fifteen hundred in number.

He decided to attack them, and at once advanced, when, as he made his appearance, they opened upon him with two pieces of artillery. Carpenter's battery was placed in position, supported by the 33d Virginia, and returned the fire with such vigor that, in twenty minutes, the Federal forces retired in disorder, throwing away their arms, blankets, haversacks, and accoutrements. Winder followed them into the town, and here a scene took place similar to that which had occurred at Winchester. The ladies crowded the streets, waving their handkerchiefs, and exhibiting a "wild joy," says a letter of the time, at sight of their friends. The 2d Virginia was formed almost entirely of volunteers from Jefferson, Frederick, Clarke, and Berkeley;

and they had not seen their families for nearly a year. But they were not suffered to stop, even to shake hands. Winder followed the retreating enemy to the little hamlet of Halltown, firing into their rear both with musketry and artillery, and then, finding that they were posted in force upon Bolivar Heights, in front of Harper's Ferry, returned to the vicinity of Charlestown.

On the following day, Jackson arrived with the main body of the army, and preparations were made to attack and dislodge the Federal forces. His troops were in the neighborhood of Halltown, and the 2d Virginia had been sent across to Loudoun Heights, on the east side of the town, when intelligence reached him that Federal columns were closing in upon his rear. Shields was moving from Fredericksburg on his right, and Fremont from the south branch of the Potomac on his left, with the design of concentrating a heavy force at Strasburg and cutting off his retreat up the Valley.

It will be remembered that President Lincoln, on the 21st of May, had directed General McDowell, then commanding at Fredericksburg, to "put 20,000 men in motion" to capture or destroy Jackson and Ewell, and relieve General Banks. These forces were to move on the line of the Manassas Gap Railroad; and the march took place as directed. The letter of a Northern correspondent gives an entertaining account of the expedition, and we make the following brief extract, in which the writer amuses himself at the expense of General Banks:

"Word was flashed over the wires from Washington that the Philistines were upon the Congressional Samsons, and we were summoned to the rescue. The order from the War Department, to send 20,000 or 30,000 men to assist Banks and defend Washington, put an entirely new face on matters, and knocked the plans which a month and more of time and *millions of money* had been spent in maturing into that peculiarly chaotic, formless, and void shape popularly known and described as a cocked hat. As McClellan before had been served, so now was McDowell.

"At Markham Station, besides rheumatic pains, I encoun-

tered Colonel Ashby's house, a deserted whitewashed tenement, with battered walls and crumbling staircases, and smelling strongly of secession and old cheese. At Front Royal we found Major-General McDowell and several minor Generals. They were all determined upon one thing—that thing to bag Jackson, and recapture the immense train he took from Banks—for you must know that Banks *lost over two millions of dollars in property, and, it is said, several thousand prisoners.* Well, then, it had been determined to retake all these national goods and goods.

“A word about Blenker's division. With all respect to General Blenker himself, whom I highly esteem as a German and a gentleman, it comprises as lawless a set as ever pillaged hen-roosts or robbed dairy-maids of milk and butter. I saw a company of them gutting the cellar of a house, carrying off every thing eatable and drinkable, and only replying to the earnest remonstrance of the proprietary *widow*, and the representation that she had seven children to feed, with a guttural ‘*Nix fur stay.*’ And two infantry captains bathed their yellow beards in the golden cream, and were aiders and abettors, in fact, the overseers and directors of the larceny, not to say brutality.”

This force was now moving from the east, and General Fremont was approaching from the west, to meet them in the neighborhood of Strasburg. The only force which Jackson had near that point to meet them was a single regiment and two pieces of artillery, under Colonel Connor, at Front Royal; and with this small body overwhelmed, he would be completely cut off, and forced to surrender or fight his way through.

It was necessary to act promptly in this emergency. The whole effective force of Jackson was at this time 15,000 men, and the body about to attack him from the direction of Fredericksburg was probably larger than his whole army. If General Fremont formed a junction with it, the odds would be overpowering; and to reascend the Valley before his enemies combined was the obvious policy of the Confederate commander. He issued orders for that movement at once. All the troops, but the

Stonewall Brigade and the cavalry, were directed to return to Winchester; and these also, as soon as the 2d Virginia had returned from Loudoun Heights, were to rejoin the main body at that place.

Having made these arrangements, Jackson set out in person for Winchester, travelling by a special train on the Winchester and Potomac Railroad. A gentleman who was with him relates a scene that ensued during the brief journey. At one of the wayside stations, a courier was seen galloping down from the direction of Winchester, and Jackson clutched at the despatch which he brought.

“What news?” he asked, briefly.

“Colonel Connor is cut off and captured at Front Royal, General.”

“Good!” was the quick reply; “what more?”

“Shields is there, with four thousand men.”

“Good—very good!”

As he spoke his lips were firmly compressed, his face grew rigid, and his eyes fixed themselves apparently upon some distant object. Then this preoccupation suddenly disappeared; he read the despatch which he held in his hand, tore it in pieces, and dropped it, after his accustomed fashion, and, leaning forward, rested his forehead on his hands, and immediately fell asleep. He soon roused himself, and, turning to the gentleman who furnishes these particulars, said:

“I am going to send you to Richmond for reënforcements. Banks has halted at Williamsport, and is being reënforced from Pennsylvania. Dix, you see, is in my front, and is being reënforced by the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. I have just received a despatch informing me of the advance of the enemy upon Front Royal, which is captured, and Fremont is now advancing toward Wardensville. Thus, you see, I am nearly surrounded by a very large force.

“What is your own, General?” asked his friend.

“I will tell you, but you must not repeat what I say, except at Richmond. To meet this attack, I have only 15,000 effective men.”

“What will you do if they cut you off, General?”

Jackson hesitated for a moment, and then coolly replied :

“I will fall back upon Maryland for reënforcements.”

Jackson was in earnest. If his retreat was cut off, he intended to advance into Maryland, and doubtless make his way straight to Baltimore and Washington, depending on the Southern sentiment in that portion of the State to bring him reënforcements. The design was characteristic of his military genius, and its bold air of invasion probably surrounded it with charms to the leader, who never lost sight of that policy. That the Federal Government was apprehensive of some such movement is certain. The wildest rumors were everywhere prevalent in that country. It was said that Jackson had defeated all his opponents, had crossed the Potomac with an enormous army, and was then advancing on Washington. Terror reigned in the North. Men wore anxious faces, and, it is said, were asking constantly, “Where is Jackson?” “Has he taken Washington?” The best proof, however, that the movement was really anticipated, was the despatch of the Federal Secretary of War to the Governor of Massachusetts: “Send all the troops forward that you can, immediately. Banks completely routed. Intelligence from various quarters leaves no doubt that the enemy, in great force, are advancing on Washington. You will please organize and forward immediately all the volunteer and militia force in your State.” There is reason to believe that similar messages were sent to all the Northern States, and that the alarm of the Federal authorities was very great.

We have seen that the “great force” at Jackson’s command was 15,000 men, and that a much larger force was about to close in upon his rear. His position was critical in the extreme. Unless he moved with the greatest speed, and reached Strasburg before the junction of Fremont and Shields, his retreat would be cut off, and General McDowell, then at Front Royal, would achieve his design of “bagging Jackson.” The great stores at Winchester added to his embarrassment. The thought of losing the reward of all the toil and courage of his men was inexpress-

sibly bitter to him. Loss of all his stores, the capture, possibly the destruction of his little army—these were the contingencies which stared Jackson in the face. To defeat the designs of the enemy, and extricate his forces, was the object upon which he now concentrated all his skill, nerve, and generalship.

Once at Winchester again, he possessed himself of the very latest information from the rear, and made his dispositions with rapidity. The Federal columns were pressing rapidly to intercept him. Colonel Connor had been attacked, as we have seen, at Front Royal, by the Federal cavalry, and driven from the place with the loss of all his prisoners, and some men of his own command, but had destroyed all the captured stores, worth \$300,000, before he retreated. Fremont was already at Wardensville; no time was to be lost.

Early on the morning of May 31st, Colonel Cunningham left Winchester with the 21st Virginia, in charge of about 2,300 prisoners, and the wagon-train, and moved quickly up the valley. The train was twelve miles long, and was loaded with the captured stores, which the enemy were so anxious to regain. Jackson followed with the main body. The evacuation of Winchester was a heavy blow to him and to the inhabitants. We have met with no description of the sorrowful scene which so soon succeeded the joyful ovation upon his entrance. It was doubtless affecting, for the whole heart of this man was bound up in the old town, where so many loved him, and looked to him for protection. His parting with these faces, now filled with anxiety and distress, must have been bitter. We only know that in brief words he assured them that he would "return again shortly and as certainly as now," and that one day, not long afterwards, when the Federal forces occupied the place, their camps were suddenly thrown into tumult, their drums beat to arms, and the words passed from lip to lip, "Jackson is coming!"

A race now ensued, between Jackson and his adversaries, for the possession of Strasburg. Every moment was important. On the speed of the "foot cavalry" depended the safety of the army; and if the larger portion marched, as they seem to have

done, from the vicinity of Harper's Ferry to Strasburg, nearly fifty miles, between the afternoon of the 30th and the night of the 31st of May, it is one of the swiftest marches on record.

Jackson arrived in time, and just in time. He encamped at Strasburg on the night of the 31st, with General Fremont's advance almost in sight. Winder had not yet come up with his brigade and batteries, and, as it was necessary to remain at Strasburg until he arrived, Jackson determined to attack Fremont, and hold him in check. This duty was assigned to Ewell, who advanced on the next morning with his division, and, supported by other troops, afterwards sent to him, made a sudden and determined assault upon their advance force. The enemy resisted obstinately, but Ewell finally drove them back, and Winder arriving on the same evening, the whole army continued their retreat up the Valley.

Jackson was now comparatively safe. He had realized the prayer which his great namesake of the "Hermitage" uttered for a friend—he had "triumphed over all his enemies." He had flanked them at Front Royal, pursued them from Middletown, beaten them at Winchester, chased them to the Potomac, filled Washington with alarm; and now, when their forces were closing in upon his rear to intercept him, he had passed between them with his prisoners and stores, struck them heavily as he retired, and was moving toward the upper Valley.

He had captured 2,300 prisoners, 100 cattle, 34,000 pounds of bacon, flour, salt, sugar, coffee, hard bread, and cheese, \$125,185 worth of quartermasters' stores, \$25,000 worth of sutlers' stores, immense medical stores, 9,354 small-arms, two pieces of artillery, many cavalry horses; and 700 sick had been released on parole, making the full number of prisoners more than 3,000. These results had been achieved with a loss of 68 killed, 329 wounded, and 3 missing—total loss 400. In ending his report, Jackson proudly declared that the battle of Winchester was, "on our part, a battle without a straggler."

CHAPTER XIII.

OUT OF THE MESHES.

MAY had passed, June arrived, and the Federal authorities seemed as far as ever from the accomplishment of their designs against Richmond.

General McClellan's army still swung to and fro on either side of the Chickahominy, and that commander was still calling for reënforcements. A few days after the battle of Winchester, the bloody but indecisive action of "Seven Pines" took place, and this seems to have been regarded as the sure prelude to the capture and occupation of Richmond. To that achievement all the Federal movements were directed. McClellan was to press forward from the east, McDowell to descend from Fredericksburg, and Fremont and Shields to overthrow Jackson and swoop down from the mountains. The three columns would then compose a great cordon, and the Confederate power be crushed.

Such was the situation of affairs in the first days of June. Events were hastening on in the Valley and the tidewater; the great movements in both regions were contemporaneous. On the first day of June, at the very time when McClellan and Johnston were fighting at "Seven Pines," before Richmond, Jackson passed between the converging columns of his adversaries, struck their advance with his right wing, and retired in safety. At the very moment, some days afterwards, when General McClellan, in the summit of a tall tree, as one of their writers describes him, was straining his eyes to discern the columns of McDowell on the northern horizon, and listening for the tramp of Fremont's men from the mountains, news was to reach him of events which reversed the whole plan of his campaign. Richmond was directly in his front, with the sunshine on its spires; the army described as the "finest on this planet" was beneath him, in the trenches; and, amid the treacherous swamps of the

Chickahominy, all was ready for the great advance, to be cooperated in by Generals McDowell, Shields, and Fremont, when this intelligence came to overthrow the whole programme.

General Fremont had failed to intercept Jackson at Strasburg; and General McDowell's column, under Shields, had met with no greater success. Jackson had retired like a weary lion, carrying off all his spoils; and the Federal commanders only met at Strasburg to condole with each other on the escape of their prey. But Jackson was yet in great danger from the character of the country and the large force which the enemy had at their disposal. The valley turnpike runs along the western base of the Massanutton Mountain, which completely protects that road from a flank movement from the east, as high up as New Market. But opposite that point was the gap which Jackson had passed through in advancing. Proceeding up the Luray valley from Front Royal, a column of the enemy might cross the south fork of the Shenandoah, seize the gap in question, and, coming in on Jackson's flank, assail his forces and check their further advance. At the same time, the column which was following on his rear would close in and form a junction with the other; and he would thus be compelled to fight the entire Federal force in the valley, interposed between his front and the Blue Ridge.

This movement by Luray was evidently the design of the enemy. General Shields had now been in possession of Front Royal for forty-eight hours, and, as he had not formed a junction with Fremont, as was originally intended, it was obviously his purpose to make the flanking movement between the Blue Ridge and the Massanutton. To defeat this plan, Jackson sent forward a party to destroy the White House bridge, over the south fork of the Shenandoah, on the road to the New Market Gap, and also Columbia bridge, some miles up the river. A signal station was also established on the southern summit of the Massanutton, to advise him of movements in the Luray valley, and Jackson then hastened forward toward New Market with his prisoners and captured stores.

General Fremont's advance, which had been hovering near the Southern army, in spite of its repulse by Ewell, soon ascertained that the Confederates had retreated from Strasburg, and the whole force of the Federal commander was pushed forward in pursuit. Night had now descended, and a stratagem was attempted by the enemy, under the cloak of darkness, to throw the Confederate rear guard into confusion. The Federal cavalry approached cautiously, and, being challenged, replied, "Friends—Ashby's cavalry." This disarmed suspicion, and enabled them to come so near, that their attack was sudden and unexpected. The 6th Virginia cavalry, which was nearest, retired in disorder before the volleys poured into their ranks, and this confusion was communicated to the 2d Virginia cavalry, which was next to the 6th. At this critical moment, Colonel Munford, who commanded the 2d, acted with promptness and energy. He re-formed his regiment, charged the Federal cavalry, and drove them back, capturing a number of prisoners. The army then continued its march, without further annoyance that night.

Having snatched a brief rest, the troops moved again at daylight, resuming the retreat in the direction of Woodstock. The enemy followed slowly and cautiously on the trail, apparently afraid to press too near and encounter Ashby, who, with his cavalry, Caskie's battery, and the 2d brigade, under Colonel Patton, held the rear. Near Woodstock another attack was made on the rear guard. The extreme rear was held by Caskie's battery, supported by about two hundred men from Patton's command, as sharpshooters. This was regarded by Ashby as sufficient to hold the enemy in check; and his cavalry was quietly pursuing its way, in advance of the artillery, when the enemy's horsemen gallantly charged through the sharpshooters on the guns, captured some of the cannoneers, and nearly succeeded in cutting off the retreat of a rifled piece. It was withdrawn, however, in safety, a portion of the enemy rapidly following, and, before they were aware of the intended attack on them, the Confederate cavalry was thrown into disorder. The men retreated in confusion, and ran into the rear of the

48th Virginia—then passing along a narrow causeway with a ravine on one side and a steep embankment on the other—and, so sudden was the appearance of the disorganized cavalry in the midst of the infantry, that a number of the men were knocked down before they could get out of the way. All was now confusion; but the cavalry rallied—the 42d Virginia was hastily moved to the right of the road and the 48th to the left—and the enemy were received with a sudden volley which drove them back with loss. Three Federal cavalymen had charged through the whole length of the 2d brigade, two of whom were shot and fell between the regiments posted on the roadside, the other escaping.

This affair annoyed Jackson extremely, the force of Federal cavalry which made the charge having been very small, and on the next day he asked Colonel Patton to give him the details. That officer did so, and declared that he regarded it as the most dashing and gallant thing which the enemy's cavalry had yet done—adding, that if he had been able, he would have prevented the troops from firing upon the three men who charged through the brigade. Jackson took no notice of these words at the moment, but in a few minutes returned to the subject in a manner which indicated that this daring onslaught on his rear guard by so small a force had greatly exasperated him. "Why would you not have shot those men, Colonel?" he asked, curtly. "I should have spared them, General," returned the officer, "because they were brave men who had gotten into a desperate situation where it was as easy to capture them as to kill them." Jackson's reply was brief. "Shoot them all," he said, coldly; "I don't want them to be brave."

After this repulse, the army continued its march, Ashby having been put in command of the whole rear guard, cavalry and infantry, with orders to protect the rear during the remainder of the retreat. The energy of this commander was untiring, and, in spite of incessant and determined assaults on him, he repulsed every advance of the Federal cavalry throughout the march. The retreat was one long battle between the Confed-

erate rear and the Federal vanguard. They were pressing hotly to strike Jackson and delay him until General Shields reached New Market to intercept his retreat, and no efforts were spared to break through the obstinate impediment which Ashby presented, and force Jackson to turn and defend himself. Shields' column was pressing forward through the Luray valley; if the Confederate commander could only be delayed for a day, nay a few hours, his fate would be sealed.

Jackson fully appreciated, however, the critical character of his situation, and did not relax the rapidity of his retreat. His column pressed on along the bank of the Shenandoah, pushing the heavy trains and long lines of prisoners before it, and Ashby continued to hold the rear, repulsing successfully every assault. His artillery was never silent, and at times the troops in front would hear the sudden rattle of small-arms, indicating that he had ambushed the advancing squadrons, and from the woods on the roadside poured a fire into their ranks when it was least expected.

The Federal forces were thus successfully held in check. Mount Jackson was passed; the bridge over the Shenandoah, a locality well known to Ashby, was destroyed by him in rear of the army; and Jackson was safe from the column in his rear. A short march now promised to terminate the retreat. Jackson pushed on through New Market, and finding at Harrisonburg, which he reached on the 5th, that all the bridges above that point were destroyed by the citizens, turned to the left and followed a country road in the direction of Port Republic, beyond which Brown's Gap opened the straight path to Richmond.

The fluttering signals on the summit of the Massanutton Mountain informed him that General Shields was pressing up the Luray valley to intercept him at Port Republic; but this fact gave him little concern. The real struggle had been to prevent the enemy from uniting their columns and striking him while laden with spoils and prisoners. One of their columns was now distanced; the other was not feared. Jackson had been the lion in the toils, but he was now out of the meshes.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE DEATH OF ASHBY.

THE army marched from Harrisonburg in the direction of Port Republic, on the morning of the 6th of June. They had not seen the enemy for nearly two days, and indulged the hope that they were now beyond pursuit. In this, however, they were mistaken. The destruction of the bridge over the Shenandoah had delayed the Federal advance for a short time only, and they were now pressing forward again on Jackson's trail.

Their cavalry advance—the 1st New Jersey—was commanded by Sir Percy Wyndham, an Englishman, who had served as a captain in the Austrian army; in the Italian Revolution under Garibaldi as colonel, and had come to the United States at the breaking out of the war, and received from President Lincoln the appointment of colonel of cavalry. Placed in command of a regiment to operate in the Valley, Colonel Wyndham had suffered much from the enterprise and activity of Ashby, and had publicly announced his intention speedily to “bag” that officer. We learn this from a correspondent of a Northern journal who accompanied Colonel Wyndham, and who narrated what occurred on this occasion. Advancing now from Harrisonburg, Colonel Wyndham came, about three in the afternoon, upon Ashby's cavalry, drawn up to dispute his further progress, and notified his friend the correspondent, that if he “wished to see a little fun,” he ought to remain and witness the encounter. The correspondent did do so, and what he witnessed was the scene here recorded. Ashby had seen Colonel Wyndham some time before he was himself discovered, and determined to “bag” Sir Percy. He accordingly sent a portion of his command to make a circuit, unperceived, and take position on the side of the road at a point where the crest of a small hill concealed them from view. When the party was in position, he made a demon-

stration on the road in front of Colonel Wyndham, with the apparent purpose of opposing his advance.

The force which Ashby showed in front was designedly small, to draw his adversary on; and the plan succeeded. Wyndham, flushed with anticipated success, and now certain that he would capture or crush the renowned cavalier of the Valley, charged down the road; when Ashby advanced to meet him, the party in ambush closed in on his rear, and he was captured, together with sixty-three of his men. As he was marched to the rear, under guard, he is described as appearing "much chopfallen, and looking unutterable things in the way of impotent rage, disappointed hopes, and wounded pride." As he passed along, the troops greeted his appearance with laughter; but what is said to have excited his rage to the highest pitch, was the exclamation of one of the Southern soldiers as he passed: "Look at the Yankee colonel!" Sir Percy, it seems, had a great horror of being regarded as a "Yankee," and could not bear this title with equanimity.

The affair which thus resulted in the capture of Colonel Wyndham by the commander of the Confederate cavalry, was succeeded on the same afternoon by a more serious engagement, in which Ashby was to fall—depriving the army of the services of a partisan of matchless enterprise, indefatigable energy, and romantic daring. His fame had mounted to the zenith in the brief and fiery campaign now nearly over, and he seemed to have before him long years of renown and usefulness, when he was suddenly cut down. We approach the narrative of his death with reluctance, but cannot omit an event which covered the whole army with gloom, and struck down in his pride and strength the renowned Partisan of the Valley.

The enemy's cavalry was speedily followed by the main body of their troops, and, believing that he could strike them to advantage, Ashby sent back for a portion of the infantry which was placed at his orders, for the defence of the rear. The 58th Virginia and 1st Maryland were sent to him; and, leaving Colonel Munford in command of the cavalry, with orders to keep up a

fire of artillery upon the Federal cavalry, drawn up on a hill in his front, Ashby took the two regiments of infantry and moved to the right of the road through the fields, with the design of making a circuit, unperceived, and falling on the left flank of the enemy. They seem to have conceived a similar design to assail his right flank; and thus the two columns met, encountering each other in a field waving with ripe wheat, near a piece of woodland. General Ewell, who had now arrived, threw forward his skirmishers to drive the Federal forces from their cover behind a fence immediately in his front. It was about sunset when this movement was made, and the golden flush of the beautiful June evening lingered on the trees and brightened their summits, as it slowly died away beyond the western hills. The troops advanced cautiously through the tangled underwood, when all at once the dropping fire of musketry was heard in front, and the 58th Virginia, a very small regiment, was ordered to attack the enemy. Ashby led it, and a heavy volley was poured into the Federal forces, which they replied to; another came from the 58th, and the firing on the right became hot and continuous. General Ewell saw that the position of the enemy was such as to give them great advantage against an attack in front, and that the small numbers of the 58th were making no impression. He accordingly ordered Colonel Johnson, commanding the 1st Maryland, to advance, while the fight was going on, on his right, and, by charging the enemy's right flank, drive them from the fence. Johnson promptly obeyed, and, gaining the edge of the woods on the Federal flank, gave the order to charge, and his men rushed forward under a heavy fire. Captain Robertson and Lieutenant Snowden were shot dead; Colonel Johnson's horse fell with him, pierced with three bullets; and the colors of the regiment were three times shot down. But the Pennsylvania "Bucktails," Lieutenant-Colonel Kane, were driven from their position behind the fence, their colonel captured, and the Federal forces were now in full retreat.

Ashby was dead. He had gone forward with the 58th and taken position on the right of the regiment, which suddenly

found itself in front of the enemy. A volley was poured into the Federal forces, as we have seen, by the 58th—and then another: but the numbers of the Virginians were so small, and the position of the Federal troops so well chosen, that the fire did them little damage. Ashby witnessed this result and the persistent stand of his opponents with fiery impatience. He directed the 58th to cease firing, and press the enemy with the bayonet; and, putting spur to his horse, rushed forward, shouting, “Virginians, charge!” when the animal was shot under him, and fell.* In an instant he was on his feet, and again advanced. He had not, however, moved ten steps, and was still ordering the men not to fire but depend on the bayonet, when a bullet pierced his body, and he fell dead almost instantly, at the very moment when the shouts of triumph around him indicated the repulse of the enemy. His body was raised in the arms of the men, placed on a horse before one of them, and, with the equipments of his horse, borne from the field, where the soldier had died the death he would have chosen—leading a charge, and with his face to the foe.

Thus ended the brief but splendid career of Turner Ashby. The leader in a hundred engagements had fallen in an obscure skirmish, so insignificant that the very name of it is unknown. But that was not important. The time and place were nothing, and would thus have been regarded by him, so that he died “in harness,” fighting to the last.

The name of Ashby will long be remembered by the people of Virginia, who rightly esteemed him as one of the ablest soldiers of the war, and one of the noblest sons of the commonwealth which gave him birth. He was the ideal-type of the Southern cavalier, pure-hearted, stainless in morals, and of heroic courage and constancy. Let us praise the dead warmly, when we can do so with truth—and Ashby was one of those men who stand out

* This horse was the same which Jackson had ridden at the battle of Manassas, and belonged to Captain James Thomson of the Stuart Horse Artillery. He lent the animal to both Jackson and Ashby, and both were shot upon him.

from his contemporaries, and shed splendor upon an epoch. Those who knew him best were least able to discover his faults; and those which he did possess, were lost in the blaze of great virtues. The son of a gentleman of Fauquier, he had early conceived a passionate fondness for horsemanship, the chase, and all manly sports, and at the breaking out of the revolution had rushed to the standard of his State with the ardor of a knight setting out on a crusade, or to rescue some weak woman held in durance. He was already at Harper's Ferry when Jackson arrived there; and when a friend asked, "What flag are we going to fight under—the Palmetto, or what?" he raised his hat, showed in it a Virginia flag which he had had painted on the night before his departure from Richmond, and replied, "Here is the flag *I* intend to fight under." That night the flag was run up by the light of the burning buildings, and Ashby fought under it to the last. Thus commenced his career—in the midst of joyous excitement, with the flush of youthful ambition and hopes of distinction; but the cloud soon overshadowed this bright dawn. In the last days of June, 1861, his brother Richard, while scouting with six men on the Upper Potomac, was attacked by eighteen of the enemy, and, his horse falling with him, he was cruelly bruised, beaten, and then shot and killed, almost within sight of Turner Ashby. He tried to reach Richard, and with eleven men charged one hundred, killing five with his own hand; but all was of no avail. Richard lingered a few days and then died, and was buried near the town of Romney. Turner Ashby being present at his burial, he stood by the grave, took his brother's sword, broke it, and dropped it on the coffin, clasped his hands, and raised his eyes to heaven as though registering some vow, and then, closely compressing his lips to prevent a sob from bursting forth, mounted his horse in silence and rode away. After the death of his brother, a lady said of him, "Ashby is now *a devoted man.*" He took command of Jackson's cavalry in the autumn of 1861, and his commander wrote of him: "As a partisan officer I never knew his superior. His daring was proverbial, his powers of endurance almost incredi-

ble, his tone of character heroic, and his sagacity almost intuitive in divining the purposes and movements of the enemy." This partisan, of character so heroic, of sagacity so intuitive, was the native and untrained growth of Virginia soil, with no advantage from the schools, and no military education. He could scarcely drill a regiment; and the discipline which he preserved, if he could be said to preserve any with the men whom he commanded, was more like that of the chief huntsman of a hunting-party than a leader of men in the field. He was a knight rather than a soldier, but what he wanted in knowledge of the science of war, he made up by daring; and his men almost idolized him, for they saw that he had the eye and the nerve of the born leader. What made him their chieftain was his fearless courage, his contempt for danger, his unassuming bearing, and the fire of his eyes, as he waved his sword around his head, and cried in his clear, sweet voice, "Follow me!"

As a leader of partisans he ranked among the foremost of his contemporaries. He had the daring, the watchfulness, the love of wild adventure, and the *élan* in an attack, which make a leader irresistible. The best rider, probably, in the whole State of Virginia, he had delighted, in days of peace, to figure at tournaments on his swift blood-horses; and now the skill which he had acquired there, and in the chase, was made useful for the defence of the border. He might allow his men to rest, and return home if they were dissatisfied; but he never rested, and had forgotten all homes but his saddle. He was never idle; ever curious to know what the enemy designed, or were doing; and allowed no man to reconnoitre for him when he could do so in person. He would sometimes ride daily over a picket line sixty or seventy miles in extent, appearing suddenly in presence of the lonely videttes, and thus impressing upon them the conviction that his eye was always on them. His movements were rapid, untiring, without reference to night or day. He came and went, it was said, "like a dream." Heard of in one part of the country on a certain day, on the next he would appear suddenly, on his fleet white horse, nearly a hundred miles dis-

taut, in another region. He was the life and soul of the men thus on duty. He never looked gloomy or dejected, though often sad; and was cheerful, almost gay, except when the remembrance of his brother's death cast a shadow upon his forehead. When that spell came over him, and brought a sad smile to his lips, he was more than ever dangerous, and untiring on the trail of the enemy; for private vengeance as well as the public service then stung him to action.

He was a born king of battle, and had a passion for danger for its own sake. It charmed and intoxicated him; kindled the *gaudium certaminis* in his clear brown eyes; and he was plainly then in his chosen element. The thunders of battle made him happy. Habitually silent and sedate, at such moments he looked animated, and grew eloquent of speech. He met Danger and Death as old and familiar companions; shook hands and walked arm in arm with them. Defiance of the enemy was at such times a species of pride and delight to him. At Bolivar Heights his cannoneers were shot down, and the enemy were rushing with loud shouts on his artillery, when, leaping to the ground, he seized the sponge-staff, and loaded and fired with his own hands, driving them back with shattered ranks into the town. At Boteler's mill, to encourage the militia, he rode up to the crest of the hill on his famous white horse, in close range of the enemy's swarm of sharpshooters, slowly paced up and down, and, when the bullets were showering thickest, reined in his horse, and stood perfectly still, gazing carelessly at them, the picture and embodiment of chivalry. At Winchester, we have seen him wait until the enemy swarmed in, and then cut down the men sent round to intercept him; at Middletown, seen him charge upon hundreds single-handed; at the bridge over the Shenandoah, remain behind all his men, until the enemy were upon him; and we have shown how he fell, charging in front of his line, with a spirit that was inaccessible to the emotion of fear. But these scenes are only recorded by chance. The unwritten romance of his career would fill volumes, and will yet be collected from the gray-haired oracles of the fireside.

He never forgot that he was a gentleman, and kept his escutcheon untainted by any blot. No excitement, or peril, or reverse made him rude; no success or praise touched his delicate and lofty spirit with the stain of arrogance or vanity. He was as simple as a child, and preserved his winning courtesy even toward the enemies whom he must have hated bitterly. After the battle of Winchester, some Northern ladies came and said: "Colonel Ashby, you may search our baggage; we assure you we are carrying away nothing we are not at liberty to. You may search our persons, and see if we carry away any thing contraband." He replied: "I have no right to look into ladies' baggage, or to examine their trunks. Virginia gentlemen do not search the persons of ladies."

He was pure in his life, devout and childlike in his religious faith, and a regular attendant on the services of the Episcopal Church, which was the church of his ancestors. He was too proud a man not to be humble and bend his knee to his Creator. He would have nothing to do with the humors of the vulgar, and kept himself aloof from the taint of such intercourse with a sort of noble hauteur; though no man was more frank and gay on the march, in bivouac, and by the camp-fire.

In appearance the partisan was thoroughly the soldier. His figure was below the medium height, and, though not robust, closely knit and vigorous; a frame capable of sleepless activity and endurance; of remaining whole days and nights in the saddle, and of bidding defiance to all fatigues and hardships. His forehead was fine; his eyes dark brown, penetrating, and brilliant; his complexion so dark that he resembled a Moor; and this face was covered by a heavy black beard and mustache. He was careless in his dress, wearing a plain suit of gray, cavalry boots, and a sash. He "looked like work," and was generally spattered with mud, or covered with dust. A long sabre and dark feather indicated the cavalier; his seat in the saddle was that of a master rider; and when this figure appeared amid the smoke of battle, the face all ablaze, and the nervous hand guiding the most fiery horse, as though the two

were one, it was impossible to imagine a more perfect picture of the cavaliers of Prince Rupert in the days of Charles I. Of his appearance in action his friends recall many particulars, and their words grow eloquent as they write of him. "The last time I saw Ashby," says Colonel Johnson, who was near him when he fell, "he was riding at the head of the column with General Ewell, his black face in a blaze of enthusiasm. Every feature beamed with the joy of the soldier. He was gesticulating, and pointing out the country and positions to General Ewell. I could imagine what he was saying, by the motions of his right arm. I pointed him out to my adjutant. 'Look at Ashby; see how he is enjoying himself!'"

Of this beautiful nature, full of heroism, modesty, and chivalry, much more might be said, but the crowded canvas does not admit of an adequate delineation of him. The writer of this page had the honor and happiness to know him; to hear the sweet accents of his friendly voice; and to look into the depths of those clear brown eyes, which never sank before the stare of peril. It seems to him now, as he remembers Ashby, that he has known and clasped hands with one of the greatest of the worthies of Virginia. As a stranger, he was charming; but those who knew him best and longest are his warmest eulogists. "I was with him," says Colonel Johnson, "when the first blow was struck for the cause which we both had so much at heart; and was with him in his last fight, always knowing him to be beyond all modern men in chivalry, as he was equal to any one in courage. He combined the virtues of Sir Philip Sidney with the dash of Murat. I contribute my mite to his fame, which will live in the Valley of Virginia, outside of books, as long as its hills and mountains shall endure."

Such was the man who had fallen, in the bloom of manhood, and just as his fame began to dazzle every eye. The career of the great partisan was romantic, splendid, evanescent. He passed like a dream of chivalry. Young in years when he died, he was old in toil, in vigils, in battles, in responsibilities, and eminent public services. Fate had set its seal upon him. After

his brother's death, a sad smile was the habitual expression of his countenance, and his life was little worth to him, for he was "devoted" to death and to glory. That death soon came, when his pulses were most fiery; and in a mean, unknown skirmish Virginia lost one of the greatest of her defenders. The bold rider, the brave partisan, the great soldier, the gentleman, the patriot, the Christian, the knight without fear and without reproach—such was Ashby.

He fell on the field, with the war-cry on his lips, and fighting for his native soil; the wave of death rolled over him, and the figure of the partisan disappeared in its depths. But that figure is not lost. It has passed from earth and the eyes of the flesh, but will live immortal on the pages of history, in the memories of the aged, and in the hearts of the people who saw his great faculties, and loved him as the flower of chivalry and honor.

CHAPTER XV.

JACKSON NARROWLY ESCAPES CAPTURE.

To clearly comprehend the strategy of Jackson from this moment, it is necessary that the reader should have a correct knowledge of the situation of the opposing forces, and the ground upon which the adversaries were about to manœuvre their columns.

Port Republic is a village situated in the angle formed by the junction of the North and South Rivers, tributaries of the south fork of the Shenandoah, running, as we have seen, between the Blue Ridge and the Massinutton, and uniting its waters with the north fork in the vicinity of Front Royal. The village is about fifteen miles southeast of Harrisonburg, and is connected with that place by a county road which crosses a bridge over the North River at the town. Another road passes through a ford in the South River, runs northeast from Port Republic, and

down the right bank of the Shenandoah, to Conrad's Store and Luray. A third, crossing at the same ford, east of the town, runs southeast, passes the Blue Ridge at Brown's Gap, and leads to Charlottesville. The ground around Port Republic is rolling, and broken into hills and spurs, crowned with forests; the fields, at the time of the battle, were waving with corn and wheat. North of the town the ground is elevated, and this was the position which Jackson occupied with his main body, Ewell remaining in the rear, about four miles distant, on the road to Harrisonburg, and at a point to which the intersection of several roads had given the name of Cross Keys.

Port Republic, occupied by Jackson; Conrad's Store, occupied by Shields; and Harrisonburg, occupied by Fremont, formed very nearly the angles of an equilateral triangle, the sides fifteen miles in length. Brown's Gap was nearly in Jackson's rear, as he faced both his adversaries: thus his avenue of retreat was completely open, and it was entirely at his option whether he would fight, or fall back. Entirely out of the net which the enemy had thrown to entrap him at New Market, he was master of his own destiny, and it remained for him to decide whether he would abandon the Valley and unite his forces with those of Johnston at Richmond, or advance to attack the armies which had so persistently followed and offered him battle.

The odds against him were still such as would have discouraged a less resolute commander. General Fremont's army at Harrisonburg is said to have numbered about 20,000 men, and the force of General Shields, at Conrad's Store, between 10,000 and 15,000—probably about 12,000; making the whole force opposed to Jackson somewhat more than 30,000 troops. His own force had approached 20,000 when he marched down the Valley to attack General Banks; but such had been the rapidity of the march, both in advancing and retreating, and so many of his troops were laid up, detailed, and absent from other causes, that his entire force amounted, probably, at this moment, to not more than, if as much as 12,000 men.

These estimates are made upon reliable data, and, though

not official, are probably very near the truth. It will thus be seen that Jackson had in front of him an adversary more than twice as strong in numbers as himself.

It was the relative position of the two columns of the enemy, however, which now induced him not to retreat further, but to act on the offensive. Fremont and Shields were only ten or fifteen miles apart; but Jackson had destroyed the bridge over the Shenandoah at Conrad's Store, and they were thus no nearer a junction of their two columns than before. To attack him, General Fremont must assail him by the Harrisonburg road in his front, and General Shields by the road running down on his right flank; and, if he could strike these adversaries in detail, before their forces were united at Port Republic, he might count with some certainty upon defeating them.

His plans were rapidly resolved on, and he hastened to carry them into execution. General Ewell had fallen back from the ground where Ashby fell, and now occupied a strong position on the Harrisonburg road; and the defence of that avenue of approach could be left with confidence to this trusty soldier, while Jackson went with the main column to meet General Shields.

Jackson's plans were simple. He intended to crush General Shields at one blow, and then return to the assistance of Ewell, unite their forces, and fall upon the main body under Fremont. The rest he left to Providence.

The great series of manœuvres now commenced with energy. Jackson's main body arrived opposite Port Republic on the night of the 7th of June, and a small force of cavalry was at once sent out on the road toward Conrad's Store to verify the report of the rapid advance of General Shields, and reconnoitre the strength of his column. On the next morning the cavalry came galloping back, with discreditable precipitancy, and announced that the enemy were then marching on Port Republic, and were nearly in sight of the place. Jackson, who had crossed into the town on the night before, accompanied by some members of his staff, saw that not a moment was to be lost. The

enemy's design was evidently to make a sudden attack upon the town, destroy the bridge over the Shenandoah, and thus cut off the army, and get in its rear. To defeat this design, Jackson sent hurried orders to Taliaferro and Winder to get their men under arms for the defence of the bridge, and occupy the ground on the north side, immediately opposite to it, with their batteries. Before these orders could be executed, the Federal advance guard appeared, their batteries opened fire, and their cavalry, crossing the South River, dashed into the town, followed by the artillery, which thundered forward, and took position at the southern entrance of the bridge.

Jackson and his staff had not recrossed the river, and were completely cut off. His army was on the north side of the Shenandoah, its general with his staff on the south side, with the enemy's cavalry and artillery holding the only avenue of return to the northern bank. The emergency served to display Jackson's nerve and presence of mind. He rode toward the bridge, and, rising in his stirrups, called sternly to the Federal officer commanding the artillery placed to sweep it: "Who ordered you to post that gun there, sir? Bring it over here!"

The tone of these words was so assured and commanding, that the officer did not imagine they could be uttered by any other than one of the Federal generals, and, bowing, he limbered up the piece, and prepared to move. Jackson lost no time in taking advantage of the opportunity. He put spurs to his horse, and, followed by his staff, crossed the bridge at full gallop, followed by three hasty shots from the artillery, which had been hastily unlimbered and turned on him. It was too late. The shots flew harmless over the heads of the general and his staff, and they reached the northern bank in safety.*

* This incident has been variously related. It is here given accurately. The correspondent of a Northern journal published the following statement soon afterwards, which we extract for the amusement of the reader: "Yesterday I met Captain Robinson, of Robinson's battery, on his way home to Portsmouth, Ohio, to recruit. He was at the battle of Port Republic, where his brother lost three guns, and was wounded and made prisoner. Captain

No time was now lost in placing the Confederate batteries in position, and preparing for an assault with infantry on the force occupying the bridge. The guns of Wooding, Poague, and Carpenter were hurried forward, and Poague opened with one of his pieces on the Federal artillery, from which Jackson had just escaped. This was followed by a rapid advance of the infantry. Taliaferro's brigade having reached the point first, was ordered forward, and the 37th Virginia, Colonel Fulkerson, charged across the bridge in face of the enemy's artillery fire, and captured the gun which was playing upon them. The rest of the brigade followed; the Federal cavalry was dispersed and driven back; another gun captured, and the town was in Jackson's possession.

The enemy determined, however, not to give up the place without a struggle; and their 4th brigade, under General Carroll, now advanced to the attack. The effort failed in its inception. They were met by the fire of the Confederate batteries, which sent a storm of shell into the advancing infantry and retreating cavalry, and the Federal forces recoiled. In a short time they were observed to retreat, and they continued to fall back until they had reached Lewis', three miles down the river, where they turned a bend in the road, and were lost sight of by the artillery, which had continued to follow them on the opposite bank of the

Robinson, who appears to be a very modest and veracious man, relates that while he was working one of his guns, Stonewall Jackson, whose form was familiar to him, came within easy hailing distance, and, standing erect in his stirrups, beckoned with his hand, and actually ordered him to 'bring that gun over here.'

"Captain Robinson replied by eagerly firing three shots at the ubiquitous Presbyterian, but without even the effect of scaring him. 'I might have known,' said he, 'that I could not hit him.'

"Captain Robinson is utterly at a loss to explain this extraordinary personal demonstration of the redoubtable 'Stonewall.' Whether he mistook him for one of his own men, or that some incomprehensible ruse was involved in the act, he does not pretend to guess. But one thing he does know—that Stonewall Jackson is the great man of the war, and that our troops in the Valley believe him to be as humane as he is rapid and daring."

river, and hasten their movements by firing on their flank and rear. Such was the end of the first act of the drama.

CHAPTER XVI.

CROSS KEYS.

THE attack of General Shields on Port Republic had scarcely been repulsed, when General Ewell was assailed by General Fremont from the direction of Harrisonburg.

Ewell was posted, as we have said, with his division, nearly half way between Harrisonburg and Port Republic, where several roads unite at a point known as Cross Keys, from a tavern which formerly stood near the junction of the roads, bearing two keys crossed upon its sign-board. The ground upon which he determined to receive the attack of the enemy was a commanding ridge, running at right angles to the Port Republic road, which intersects it at about the centre. In front was a large extent of open ground through which a rivulet ran, and his flanks were protected by woods which concealed the position of the troops.

Trimble's brigade was posted in the edge of the woods on the right, across the creek, somewhat in advance of the centre; General Geo. H. Stuart's brigade on the left, in a wood, with a field in their front; and the centre was held by the batteries of Courtney, Raines, Brockenbrough, and Lusk, in the open field upon the ridge, supported by the 21st North Carolina, of Trimble's brigade, and Elzey's brigade as a reserve. From an aide-de-camp of General Blenker, killed by one of General Trimble's men, was afterwards taken General Fremont's "Order of March;" and this showed that his force consisted of six brigades of infantry, commanded by Generals Blenker, Milroy, Stahel, Steinwehr, and another, and one brigade of cavalry. Ewell had three brigades—Elzey's, Stuart's, and Trimble's, Taylor's

not having come up in time—and we have his own authority for stating that his force did not number 5,000 bayonets.

Ewell's dispositions were scarcely made, and the troops well in position, when the 15th Alabama, Colonel Canty, which had been thrown out some distance in front, was attacked by the enemy, and forced gradually to retire before the large force opposed to it. The regiment made, however, a gallant resistance, and succeeded in holding the enemy in check until Ewell was ready to receive them, when the men retired. The Federal forces now advanced cautiously, and threw out skirmishers to feel the Confederate position, their artillery following and taking position in the centre, near the church and former Cross Keys tavern, directly opposite to that of General Ewell. About noon their batteries opened, and the Confederates replying with animation, several hours were spent in an artillery duel, without serious results upon either side.

The indisposition of the enemy to advance upon the small force opposed to them can only be explained upon the hypothesis that General Fremont supposed Jackson's main body to be in his front. The roar of artillery from the direction of Port Republic had announced to him the arrival of General Shields at that point, and induced him to advance from Harrisonburg, with the view of attacking Jackson's rear while he was engaged with the column of Shields; but the gradually receding thunder of the Southern guns, as General Shields fell back and was pursued down the river, was sufficient proof of the failure of the attack; and the enemy now seemed to fear—with good grounds for the apprehension—an assault upon their main body by Jackson's entire command, concentrated at Cross Keys.

In this state of doubt and ignorance of his adversary's position and designs, General Fremont did not advance his infantry for some hours—contenting himself with the cannonade above described. But as the day passed on, and Jackson did not attack, he discovered the small number of the force in his front, and made his dispositions for an assault upon the Confederate right wing, to turn their position. The attack was soon made,

A Federal brigade was suddenly seen moving toward the Confederate right, under cover of the woods, in the direction of a hill whose crest was directly in front of General Trimble. They steadily moved forward without annoyance from the Confederates—Trimble reserving his fire—when, just as they mounted the crest of the hill, within easy range of musketry, Trimble gave the word, and a long sheet of fire ran along his lines, followed by a crash which resounded through the woods, and told Ewell that the battle had begun. The fire was so sudden and deadly that the ground was covered with the dead and wounded, and the whole Federal line was borne back and driven from the crest. This advantage was quickly followed up. Observing a battery coming into position directly in his front, General Trimble ordered a charge upon it. The 13th and 25th Virginia, of Elzey's brigade, had been hurried up from the rear; and, thus reënforced, General Trimble pushed forward to capture the battery. As he advanced, the Federal infantry posted to support the guns opened on his line; but the troops responded with so much animation, that the Federal forces were driven from their position, and the battery hastily limbered up and beat a retreat, leaving Trimble in possession of the ground. This brief engagement was almost without loss on the Southern side, and enabled Trimble to advance his position more than a mile; while the Federal forces were obliged to make a corresponding change and fall back to the ground occupied by them before they advanced to the attack.

In this charge, a stand of colors was taken; the honor of its capture being claimed both by the 16th Mississippi, Colonel Posey, and the 21st Georgia, Colonel Mercer.

A simultaneous attack had been made on the left, where Steuart was posted, and not less than four charges were made by fresh Federal troops in this part of the field. They were all repulsed with loss to the enemy—the Confederates fighting for the most part behind trees—and General Ewell was about to order his whole line forward, when a large force of the enemy was reported to be moving around his left, with the design of

assailing him in the rear. This turned out to be erroneous and, having strengthened his centre and left with the 42d and 48th Virginia and 1st ("Irish") battalion, all under Colonel Patton, he ordered a general advance, which began about dark. His left had advanced nearly within musket range of the Federal bivouac fires near the church, and Trimble was about as close to them, when Ewell received orders from Jackson to withdraw as soon as possible, and cross the river to Port Republic. This was done without loss of time. The dead were buried, the wounded removed, except those in *articulo mortis*, whom it would have been cruel to disturb,* and the troops moved about midnight toward Port Republic, which they reached at daylight.

General Ewell's loss in this battle in killed, wounded, and missing, was 300. The enemy are said to have buried about 300, threw others into a well, and lost about 100 prisoners. They stated their loss to be 2,000; and this remarkable disproportion can only be explained by the fact that Ewell's position was vastly better than his adversary's, and that his opponents were chiefly Dutch.†

The engagement at Cross Keys was indecisive, but important in its bearing upon the general plans of Jackson. General Fremont's whole column had been checked by a much smaller force, and an opportunity given for a concentration of all Jackson's troops for the object which he now had in view.

His design was to quietly withdraw the command of General Ewell during the night, leaving only a small force to make demonstrations in Fremont's front; and, concentrating the army at Port Republic, cross the river, advance upon General Shields, and crush him at a blow. The details of this intended movement, and Jackson's further designs, are so clearly conveyed in

* It is related of General Ewell that he remained to the last on the field of Cross Keys, helping to place the wounded on horseback with his own hands, and giving to those who were too badly injured to be removed, money out of his own pocket.

† The writer is indebted to General Ewell for interesting particulars relating to this action.

a MS. statement of Colonel John M. Patton, commanding the force left in front of General Fremont, that we here give an extract from it. Colonel Patton had in his brigade only eight hundred effective men ; and feeling that it was desirable to know as much as possible of Jackson's designs, and the duty expected of him, he repaired during the night to Port Republic, to have an interview with the General.

“ I found him at two o'clock A. M.,” says Colonel Patton, “ actively making his dispositions. He immediately proceeded to give me particular instructions as to the management of my men in covering the rear, saying : ‘ I wish you to throw out all your men if necessary, as skirmishers, and to make a great show and parade, so as to make the enemy think that the whole army are behind you. Hold your position as well as you can, then fall back when obliged ; take a new position and hold it in the same way, and I'll be back to join you in the morning.’ I replied that, as he knew the ground over which I had to retire (from Cross Keys to Port Republic) was as bad ground for the purpose as any in the Valley, and as my force was small, it was therefore very interesting for me to know *when* he would be back. He turned his face aside and a little up, as he sometimes did, and replied : ‘ By the blessing of Providence I hope to be back by ten o'clock.’

“ This purpose of General Jackson's,” adds Colonel Patton, “ was not executed, on account of the untoward result of his first charge on the Yankee battery at Port Republic. When that repulse took place, an aide was despatched to us, who reached us with his horse foaming, just as we were taking up a new position, and ordered us to break up our position, cross the bridge at Port Republic, burn it, and hurry up to the battle-field, double quick.”

But we anticipate the order of events.

CHAPTER XVII.

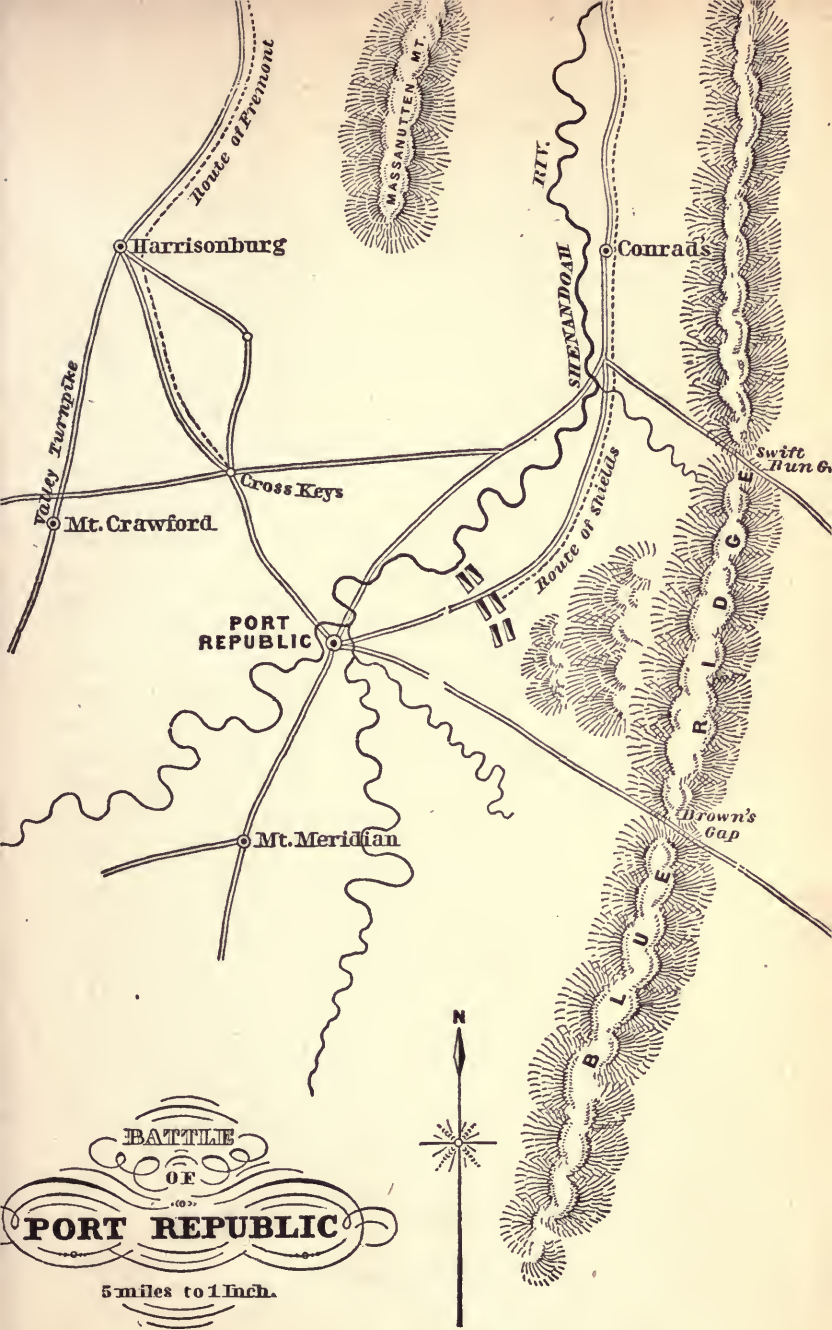
PORT REPUBLIC.

JACKSON moved to attack the Federal column under General Shields about sunrise.

The battle of Port Republic was fought on the eastern bank of the Shenandoah, about two miles from the town. The force driven out of the place on the preceding day was only the advance guard, under General Carroll. The main body of General Shields' army had now come up, and that commander had taken a position which gave him great advantages in the bloody conflict about to ensue. His right flank rested on the river, which here bends round in the shape of a crescent, and is edged with thickets along its margin, so dense as almost completely to prevent the advance of troops. From this strong point the Federal line of battle stretched away across an extensive field embraced in the bend of the stream, and at this time covered with a wheat crop which the sunny days of June had turned into waving gold. Their left wing rested on a wooded ridge near the Lewis house, and just at the foot of Cole Mountain; and at this point they had posted seven pieces of artillery, with others in the rear of the line, wherever the undulation of the ground afforded them an opportunity to employ artillery to advantage. Thus judiciously drawn up, with his flanks protected by a river and a thickly wooded ridge, General Shields awaited with confidence the expected attack of Jackson.

That attack was not delayed. The Federal regiments were scarcely arranged in line of battle, with the Stars and Stripes waving proudly in the early sunshine, when they saw advancing toward them a long line of glittering bayonets beneath the Confederate flag, and the blue "Sic semper" banner of Virginia.* It was the Stonewall Brigade, under General Winder,

* Letter of a soldier.



Harrisonburg

Route of Fremont

MASSANUTTEN MT.

RIV.

SHENANDOAH

Conrads

Valley Turnpike

Cross Keys

Mt. Crawford

PORT REPUBLIC

Route of Shields

Swift Run G.

Mt. Meridian

Drown's Gap

B L U E R I D G E

N

BATTLE OF

PORT REPUBLIC

5 miles to 1 Inch.

and accompanied by Jackson in person. They had encountered and driven off the Federal pickets about a mile and a half from Port Republic; and as they now swept forward, the 2d and 4th Virginia on the right, the 5th and 27th on the left, toward the river, they immediately became a target for the Federal batteries near the Lewis house, which swept the plateau in front and the field over which the Virginians were advancing, with a storm of shell. General Winder immediately brought forward his own batteries, and posted Captain Poague, with two Parrott guns, on the left of the road, with orders to open on the Federal artillery, and, if possible, silence it. Captain Carpenter was also sent to the right with similar orders; but the dense undergrowth upon the ridge rendering it impossible to drag the guns through it, he returned to the left and coöperated with Poague. A rapid and determined fire was now opened from the Southern guns, but their adversaries had the advantage in position and weight of metal. The Federal artillery opposed to Poague consisted of three guns from Captain Clark's battery, three from Captain Huntington's, and one of Captain Robinson's, nearly all rifles.* It was soon obvious that the Confederate batteries were no match for those of the enemy, and Winder determined to stop this long-range engagement, and charge the Federal artillery with his infantry. At the word, his brigade, now reënforced by the 7th Louisiana, under Colonel Harry Hays, advanced at a double quick; but encountering a fire of shell, canister, and small-arms so heavy and murderous that nothing could stand before it, the men fell back in disorder, and Winder was forced to abandon his design.

This first repulse gave the enemy renewed spirit, and they now rushed forward and made a vigorous attack upon the brigade, which retired before them. Jackson's artillery was, in consequence, obliged to retreat in haste from its position, and the ground which his lines had occupied was now in possession of the Federal forces. They continued to push their

* Report of General Tyler.

advantage and press forward against the reënforcements hurried to the front. The 54th and 58th Virginia, directed by General Ewell, and led by Colonel Scott, made a determined attack upon the flank of the advancing line, and for a short time held it in check ; but they were outnumbered by their opponents, whose attack was supported by a hot fire of artillery, and were finally compelled to retire into the woods, with the loss of one of Captain Poague's six-pounders, and a considerable number of men.

This inauspicious commencement of the action was disheartening, but a new aspect was speedily given to the face of affairs. Jackson soon perceived that the wooded ridge near the Lewis house, on the Federal left, was the key of the whole position, and that, unless the artillery there posted was captured or silenced, it would continue to sweep the entire ground in front, and render an attack upon the Federal centre or right wing impossible. But any attempt to take the guns seemed desperate. They were on commanding ground, supported by a heavy force of infantry, and the charge must be made in the face of a "fire of hell." Jackson sat on his horse, looking at the guns belching forth their showers of iron hail, and then, turning to General Taylor, who was near him, said briefly, "Can you take that battery? It must be taken." Taylor galloped back to his brigade, and pointing with his sword to the enemy's guns, called out in a voice which rang like a clarion, "Louisianians! can you take that battery?" The answer was a deafening shout, and, placing himself at the head of the column, Taylor gave the order to charge the guns.

The men swept forward at the word. They were the 6th, 7th, 8th, and 9th Louisiana, Wheat's battalion of "Tigers," and a Virginia regiment. The ground over which they moved was on the acclivity of the mountain, and they were obliged to penetrate a rough and tangled forest, which it was almost impossible to pierce. But nothing could oppose the ardor of the men ; they rushed forward with ranks broken by the inequality of the ground, and at that moment the loud cheering of the enemy on the left indicated their entire success in that portion of the field

A response came from the right. It was Taylor's Louisianians, who had re-formed their broken ranks, emerged from the woods, and now charged across the low grounds in front of the Federal batteries with deafening cheers. The low grounds were passed; they were now ascending the slope. As they did so, the Federal batteries directed upon them their most fatal thunders. The advance was made, says an eye-witness, in the midst of "one incessant storm of grape, canister, and shell, literally covering the valley." The men were mowed down like grass—dead and wounded were seen on every side; but the Louisiana Brigade still rushed on, determined to take the battery or die in front of it. The Federal guns were loaded and fired with extraordinary rapidity, and the wails of agony from men torn to pieces by fragments of iron, mingled wildly with the loud shouts of triumph as the troops still continued to press on up the hill. All at once, to the raking fire of canister from the Federal artillery was added a destructive fire from their infantry. The enemy's 3d brigade, under General Tyler, which was posted in the rear and on the flanks of the batteries, opened a determined fire, and men and officers went down before it in one indiscriminate mass. Colonel Hays, of the 7th Louisiana, fell severely wounded. His lieutenant-colonel, De Choiseul, was shot through the lungs, and, while waving his sword, staggered and fell insensible, and was borne from the field. Of 308 men of the regiment who went into the charge, 158 were either killed or wounded. The troops, however, continued to rush forward, regardless of peril; for an instant the gun-muzzles belched their iron contents in their faces, and then the crest was attained; with loud cheers the Confederates came in contact with the enemy: As the cannoneers turned to fly, many were transfixed with the bayonet, the horses were shot, and the guns were turned upon the retreating infantry.

But the struggle was not over. It was absolutely necessary for the Federal commander to recover, if possible, the lost ground. For that battery to remain in the hands of the Southerners, was to lose possession of the ridge—to lose the day—to be defeated, and driven from the field. Heavy reënforcements were hurried

forward ; a fresh brigade took the place of that which had been repulsed, and a gallant charge was made to regain the guns. The Louisianians were in turn driven back by the destructive fire poured upon them, and the enemy dashed forward and recovered the pieces. But before they could be turned upon them, the Confederates again charged, and a second time drove the Federal troops from the guns. The battery was thus three times lost and won in the determined effort on the part of the Louisianians and the best troops of the enemy, concentrated in this part of the field, to recover the guns and hold the ridge. Victory finally decided for the Confederates. The enemy were driven back ; the guns were again turned on them with destructive effect, and the Confederate lines continued to advance.

Taylor had won the position on the ridge, after a heavy loss, but he could not hold it, and he could not be reënforced. General Shields was pressing the Confederate left wing with such heavy masses, that all their disposable force was necessary in that portion of the field. His heavy reserves were now brought up and thrown upon Taylor—a fresh brigade advancing rapidly and attacking the latter in flank, while a piece of artillery, which had been posted within three hundred and fifty yards, opened a galling fire of canister on his front. Under this combined attack Taylor was compelled to fall back to the skirt of woods near which the captured battery was stationed, and from that point continued his fire upon the advancing enemy. They had now reënforced their left by withdrawing troops from their centre, and Taylor was in imminent danger of being outflanked and enveloped by the enemy. They made a determined effort to turn his left flank, which forced him to fall back ; and in the haste of this movement they recaptured one of the guns, though without the caisson or limber. But this advantage over Taylor had only been gained by dangerously weakening the Federal right wing and centre. Winder had now rallied his brigade, and, placing the batteries of Poague and Chew in position, opened a hot fire on the Federal left. The batteries of Brockenbrough, Courtney, and Raines were also hurried forward ; and with

these guns pouring a destructive fire into their centre, the Federal lines began visibly to waver.

Jackson saw his advantage, and now made a corresponding movement to that of the Federal commander, rapidly throwing his left wing to the support of his right. Colonel Connor's brigade arrived first, and, thus reënforced, Taylor turned savagely upon his assailants and forced them back. This was the decisive moment of the battle, and Jackson's generalship secured the result at which he aimed. The Confederate lines advanced with loud cheers, a roll of musketry extended from end to end of the line, and into the Federal right flank was poured a rapid fire from the artillery of General Winder. Before this hot fire in front and flank the Federal lines wavered more and more, and soon they were seen to break in disorder. The next moment saw them retreating, panic-stricken, from the field, with the Confederate infantry pursuing and firing upon them as they fell back. The infantry and artillery continued the pursuit for five miles, when the cavalry took it up, continuing to press the rear of the retreating column. One piece of artillery, about 800 muskets, and 450 prisoners were the immediate result of the action. General Shields was defeated.

Whilst the forces of General Shields were thus in full retreat, General Fremont appeared on the northern bank of the Shenandoah, and is said to have been furious at the manner in which he had been outwitted and General Shields defeated. The bridge over the river had been burned when Trimble and Patton retreated; and as the Shenandoah was greatly swollen, it was utterly impossible for General Fremont to come to the assistance of his coadjutor. He was compelled to look on while General Shields was being defeated; to witness his rout, and to observe every circumstance attending the pursuit. It is to be hoped that General Fremont did not direct the artillery fire which now took place upon the ambulances full of wounded, and the parties of men engaged in burying the Federal as well as the Confederate dead. The Rev. Mr. Cameron, chaplain of the 1st Maryland regiment, was standing near a row of graves in which the Federal dead

were being laid, and, with prayer-book in hand, was reading the burial service over them, when General Fremont's artillery threw shell into the group, forced the men to drop the dead bodies they were carrying to the graves, and Mr. Cameron to abandon his religious services. On the next morning General Fremont retreated, and Colonel Munford, pushing forward with his cavalry to Harrisonburg, captured about 200 men, many of them severely wounded, several Federal surgeons, about 200 arms, many wagons, and a considerable amount of camp equipage and medical stores.

In the battles of Port Republic, Cross Keys, and the skirmish in which Ashby fell, the Confederate loss in killed, wounded, and missing was 1,096. No estimate was made of the Federal losses, but as a defeated force generally loses more heavily than its adversary, the Federal casualties were probably greater. Jackson took 975 prisoners, about 1,000 small-arms, and 7 pieces of artillery, with caissons and limbers. One piece of artillery, from Poague's battery, was captured and carried off by the enemy.

The battle of Port Republic was one of the most sanguinary of the war. It was fought by Federal troops from the Northwestern States chiefly, the best in their army; and riding over the field after the battle, Jackson said: "I never saw so many dead in such a small space, in all my life before!" The slaughter was indeed terrible. The Confederate loss in killed and wounded was nearly one thousand men—for the losses in the preceding engagements were very slight; the Federal loss was probably greater. The Southerners fired low and fatally. A Northern correspondent, writing from the hospitals of Front Royal, said: "It is a noticeable fact that the majority are wounded in the legs or lower part of the body. One of the men remarked, 'They fired over our heads at Winchester, but they fired under them this time!'" Where the obstinate charge upon the Federal batteries took place, the ground was strewn with the dead and dying. Thus, in the mere amount of blood that was shed, the battle of Port Republic was remarkable and memorable; but this is the least of its grounds to be ranked among

the famous conflicts of the late revolution in Virginia. It was the final and decisive blow struck at the Federal campaign in the Valley. It crushed, inexorably, in a few short hours, the hopes and aspirations of the two leaders who had so long and persistently followed Jackson. It disembarrassed the Confederate commander of his adversaries in that direction, and enabled him to make his swift march against the right flank of General McClellan on the Chickahominy.

It was the successful termination of a series of manœuvres, which bear upon their face the unmistakable impress of military genius. From the moment when, arriving at the town of Port Republic, Jackson determined to retreat no further, but turn and fight, his strategy was admirable. Up to that time, the sharp claws of Ashby had drawn blood at every step as he retired; but there the tiger crouched, ready to spring. He only did so when the prey was within his reach. The blow delivered at Cross Keys was followed by the more decisive affair at Port Republic; and after that sanguinary contest General Fremont had no longer the ability to assume an offensive attitude. He retired from the conflict, abandoned any further struggle, and his victor remained master of the field. Jackson's despatch announcing his victory was in the following words:

NEAR PORT REPUBLIC, June 9th, VIA STAUNTON, June 10th.

Through God's blessing, the enemy near Port Republic was this day routed, with the loss of six pieces of his artillery.

T. J. JACKSON, Major-General commanding.

CHAPTER XVIII.

JACKSON IN JUNE, 1862.

At sunset on the 9th of June, 1862, the campaign of the Valley had terminated. It had commenced in earnest on the 11th of March, when Winchester was evacuated, and ended on the day of Port Republic, when Jackson had defeated his adversaries and remained in possession of the field.

The reader has had the events of the campaign narrated; what now rose above the smoke, dust, and blood of so many battle-fields, was, Banks, Shields, Milroy, Fremont, with Blenker, Sigel, Steinwehr, and other able soldiers defeated, and the whole upper Valley regained. In three months Jackson had marched 600 miles, fought four pitched battles, seven minor engagements, and daily skirmishes; had defeated four armies; captured 7 pieces of artillery, 10,000 stand of arms, 4,000 prisoners, and a very great amount of stores—inflicting upon his adversaries a known loss of 2,000 men; with a loss upon his own part comparatively small, and amounting in arms to but one piece of artillery abandoned for want of horses, and a small number of muskets.

The military results, in their bearing upon the whole field of contest, had been very great. At an important crisis in the history of the struggle, Jackson had intervened with his small army, and, by his skill, endurance, and enterprise thrown the whole programme of the enemy into confusion. Their design of combining three heavy columns for an attack upon Richmond had been frustrated by his daring advance down the Valley; all the campaign halted for the moment; and Fremont and McDowell were not only crippled for the time, but their dangerous adversary was in a condition to unite his forces with those of General Johnston, and make that sudden attack on the Chickahominy which led to such important results.

Jackson's campaign in the Valley will always attract the attention of military men, and be studied by them as a great practical exposition of the art of making war. The swift and sudden marches; the rapid advances and successful retreats; the furious onslaughts indicating apparent recklessness, and the obstinate refusal, on other occasions, to fight, from seeming timidity—these communicate to the campaign in question a vivid interest unsurpassed in the annals of the entire war. Looking back over the almost incessant movements of three months, it is difficult to discover any error in Jackson's operations. We have shown that he attacked at Kernstown from inaccurate information; but

that information was furnished by Ashby, the most enterprising and reliable of partisans; and the result of the battle, as the reader has seen, was exactly what Jackson designed. More than 25,000 troops were diverted from the attack on Richmond—and this great result had been attained by a force of about 4,000, of whom less than 3,000 were engaged. In regard to the success which had attended the remainder of the campaign, there could be no difference of opinion. The battle of McDowell permanently checked the advance of General Milroy from the west; the advance upon General Banks drove that commander precipitately across the Potomac; and the retreat of Jackson in consequence of the movements of Fremont and Shields against his rear at Strasburg, was a complete success. He brought off all his captured stores and prisoners; outmarched the two columns following him; and finally, by a strategy as successful as it was daring, fought them in detail at Cross Keys and Port Republic, and defeated both. From that moment Jackson was master of the situation, and could look with a grim smile toward his retreating adversaries.

This campaign made the fame of Jackson as a commander. In the operations of March to June, in the Valley, he had displayed his great faculties fully—his far-seeing generalship, his prudent boldness, and that indomitable resolution and tenacity of purpose which no storm could shake. Under the quiet and unpretending exterior was a soul which was not born to bend, and a will which broke down every obstacle in the path of its possessor. The rumor of his rapid movements and constant successes came like a wind from the mountains to the Confederate capital, and infused fresh life into the languid pulses and desponding hearts of the people. This will be remembered by many readers of these pages. The performer of these great achievements began to be looked upon as the "Man of Fate," whose mission was to overthrow all Federal generals who were opposed to him. His military traits were the common talk and admiration; his astonishing equanimity in the face of peril; his cool determination not to yield; his refusal to entertain the idea

that he could be defeated; and the belief that, with his men, he could go anywhere and achieve any thing. The South had found a military hero in the quiet soldier who concealed under his face of bronze such wonderful faculties. In June, 1862, Jackson was already the idol of the popular heart; and this was the result of his campaign in the Valley.

The fate of that region was now settled for the time, and the victor of Port Republic was called upon to enter, without pausing, upon another struggle, on a new arena. The Valley was exhausted; every portion of its highways and by-ways had been trodden by the "Foot Cavalry," until they knew and attached sad or pleasant recollections—memories of fatigue and suffering, or of rest and refreshment—to every stone, and bank, and spreading tree upon the roadside; * the mountains must now be left behind, and the army must set out for fresh fields of combat in the lowland. Before proceeding with our narrative, however, we shall give a brief outline of Jackson as he appeared at this time, all covered with the dust of the arena upon which the famous athlete had overthrown Banks, Fremont, and their associates. The popular idea of a general is a finely-dressed individual, covered with braid, mounted upon a prancing charger, and followed by a numerous and glittering staff. The personal appearance and equipments of Jackson were in entire contrast to this popular fancy. He wore, at this time, an old sun-embrowned coat of gray cloth, originally a very plain one, and now almost out at elbows. To call it sun-embrowned, however, is scarcely to convey an adequate idea of the extent of its discoloration. It had that dingy hue, the result of exposure to rain and snow and scorching sunshine which is so unmistakable. It was plain that the General had often stretched his weary

* So numerous were Jackson's marches backward and forward over the Valley turnpike, that his men came to know, and would afterwards recognize the most insignificant objects. "There is the very stone I sat down on in May, '62," said one of his old brigade with whom the writer rode over this ground; and, going a little further, he added: "I remember perfectly lying down under that tree yonder."

form upon the bare ground, and slept in the old coat; and it seemed to have brought away with it no little of the dust of the Valley. A holiday soldier would have disdained to wear such a garb; but the men of the Stonewall Brigade, with their comrades, loved that coat, and admired it and its owner more than all the holiday uniforms and holiday warriors in the world. The remainder of the General's costume was as much discolored as the coat; he wore cavalry boots reaching to the knee, and his head was surmounted by an old cap, more faded than all; the sun had turned it quite yellow, indeed, and it tilted forward so far over the wearer's forehead, that he was compelled to raise his chin in the air in order to look under the rim. His horse was not a "fiery steed," pawing, and ready to dart forward at "thunder of the captains and the shouting," but an old raw-boned sorrel, gaunt and grim—a horse of astonishing equanimity, who seemed to give himself no concern on any subject—would quietly lie down to doze in the pauses of the firing, and calmly moved about, like his master, careless of cannon-ball or bullet, in the hottest moments of battle.

The General rode in a peculiar fashion, leaning forward somewhat, and apparently unconscious that he was in the saddle. His air was singularly abstracted; and, unless aware of his identity, no beholder would have dreamed that this plain-clad and absent-looking soldier was the leader of a *Corps d'Armée*. The glittering eye beneath the yellow cap would have altered somewhat the impression that this man was "a nobody;" but beyond this there was absolutely nothing in the appearance of General Jackson to indicate his great rank or genius as a soldier.

Such was the outward man of the General, as he appeared soon after the campaign of the Valley; and this plainness of exterior had in no small degree endeared him to his soldiers. His habits were still greater claims on the respect and regard of the best men of his command. He was known to be wholly free from all those vices which are the peculiar temptation of a military life. He lived as plainly as his men, and shared all

their hardships, never for a moment acting upon the hypothesis that his rank entitled him to any luxury or comfort which they could not share. His food was plain and simple; his tent, when he had one, which was seldom, no better than those of the men; he would wrap himself in his blankets and lie down under a tree or in a fence corner, with perfect content, and apparently from preference; for to fight hard and live hard seemed to be his theory of war. He rarely allowed passion to conquer him; when he yielded, it was on exciting occasions, and when great designs were thwarted by negligence or incapacity on the part of those to whom their execution was intrusted. Such occasions seldom occurred, and Jackson's habitual temper of mind was a gentle and childlike sweetness; a simplicity and purity of heart, which proved that he had indeed become "as a little child," walking humbly and devoutly before his God. Prayer was like breathing with him—the normal condition of his being. Every morning he read his Bible and prayed; and the writer will not soon forget the picture drawn by one of his distinguished associates, who rode to his headquarters at daylight in November, 1862, when the army was falling back to Fredericksburg from the Valley, and found him reading his Testament, quietly in his tent—an occupation which he only interrupted to describe, in tones of quiet simplicity, his intended movements to foil the enemy. Before sitting down to table, he raised both hands and said grace. When he contemplated any movement, his old servant is said to have always known it by his "wrestling in prayer" for many hours of the night; and on the battle-field thousands noticed the singular gesture with the right arm, sometimes both arms, raised aloft. Those who looked closely at him at such moments saw his lips moving in prayer.

This, however, is not the place for a personal delineation of Jackson, which is reserved for a subsequent page. Our desire in presenting the foregoing brief sketch was to place before the reader's eye, so to speak, the figure of the chief actor in the stirring scenes which we now approach. The present writer

first saw General Jackson on the field of Cold Harbor, and the above is a correct transcript of his appearance.

It seemed hard to realize that the plainly-dressed, awkward-looking person on the gaunt sorrel horse, with the faded cap and the abstracted air, was the soldier who had foiled every adversary, and won at Port Republic those laurels which time cannot wither.

PART III.

FROM PORT REPUBLIC TO CHANCELLORSVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

"GENERAL T. J. JACKSON, SOMEWHERE."

IN the latter part of June, 1862, the writer of these pages was intrusted, for delivery to a confidential messenger, with a despatch addressed "General T. J. Jackson, somewhere."

"Somewhere" was at that moment, as it had been on many other occasions, the only known address of the rapidly-moving and reticent commander of the Army of the Valley. When he was executing one of his great movements, his operations were conducted with such secrecy that the troops used to say, "Jackson is lost." Let us tell how he became "lost" upon this occasion, and how he reached the unknown address of "somewhere."

The battle of Port Republic was fought on the 9th of June, and on the 12th Jackson recrossed South River and encamped near Weyer's Cave. "For the purpose of rendering thanks to God for having crowned our arms with success," he says in his report, "and to implore His continual favor, divine service was held in the army on the 14th."

The troops were resting; Jackson was dreaming of an advance into Pennsylvania. We have said that, in spite of his dis-

appointment in the autumn of 1861, the project of invading the North recurred to him after every great success of the Southern army; and a remarkable proof of the truth of this statement was at this time presented. So strong was his feeling on the subject now, that he, the most reticent and cautious of commanders, could not withhold some intimation of his views. To a confidential friend, on whose prudence he knew he could rely, he said at this time: “If they will only give me 60,000 men now, I will go right on to Pennsylvania. I will not go down the Valley; I do not wish the people there to be harassed. I will go with 40,000 if the President will give them to me, and my route will be along east of the Blue Ridge. I ought not to have told even you that; but in two weeks I could be at Harrisburg.”

The route here indicated was nearly identical with that which General Lee afterward followed in advancing to Gettysburg. It is left to the military student to determine whether a column of 40,000 men penetrating toward the heart of the North, and threatening Washington, would not have induced a withdrawal of the forces before Richmond for the defence of the Federal capital. But this policy, if it was urged upon the Confederate authorities, was not adopted. It was determined to concentrate all the troops near Richmond for a sudden attack upon General McClellan, and the movements looking to this object had already begun. On the 11th of June Whiting's division was embarked on the cars of the Danville Railroad at Richmond, and moved across the James to Manchester, opposite Belle Isle, where, at that moment, a large number of Federal prisoners were confined, but about to be released. The train remained opposite the island until the forenoon of the next day; and the public were much exercised upon the subject of this extraordinary blunder, as the Federal prisoners about to be sent down the river would unquestionably inform General McClellan of this reënforcement of Jackson. The train at last departed, however, and the troops reached Lynchburg, where they remained until the 15th, when they were moved to Charlottesville, and thence on the 18th to Staunton. On the 20th they were moved back to Charlottesville.

Jackson was already in motion. All this marching and countermarching had its object. It deceived the enemy, who believed that the Valley was alive with troops moving to and fro, and preparing for a great advance down the Valley in pursuit of Shields and Fremont. Attention was thus entirely diverted from Richmond, where the real blow was to be struck.

Jackson omitted, on this occasion, none of those precautions which so greatly contributed to the success of his movements, and which justly entitle him to be characterized as the general who "never made a mistake." He commenced by blinding those around him. His engineers were directed to prepare immediately a series of maps of the Valley; and all who acquired a knowledge of this carefully divulged order, told their friends in confidence that Jackson was going at once in pursuit of Fremont. As those friends told *their* friends without loss of time, it was soon the well-settled conviction of everybody that nothing was further from Jackson's intentions than an evacuation of the Valley. Having deceived his friends, the Confederate general proceeded to blind his enemies.

On the 16th of June he sent a note to Colonel Munford, who had succeeded Ashby in command of the cavalry, and held the front toward Harrisonburg, to "meet him at eleven that night at the head of the street at Mount Crawford, and not to ask for him or anybody."* Mount Crawford is a small village on the

* Colonel Munford had already received the following instructions :

NEAR MOUNT MERIDIAN, June 13th, 1862.

COLONEL: It is important to cut off all communications between us and the enemy. Please require the ambulances to go beyond our lines at once, and press our lines forward as far as practicable. It is desirable that we should have New Market, and that no information should pass to the enemy. I expect soon to let you have two more companies of cavalry for the Army of the Northwest. I will not be able to leave here to-day, and possibly not for some time, so you must look out for the safety of your train. Please *impress the bearers of the flag of truce* as much as possible with an idea of a *heavy advance on our part*, and let them return under such impression. Whilst it is desirable for us to have New Market, yet you must judge of the practicability. The only true rule for cavalry, is to follow as long as the enemy retreats; be

Valley turnpike, about eight or ten miles from Port Republic, and the same distance from Harrisonburg. Colonel Munford received the note, set out alone, and, at the appointed hour, entered Mount Crawford, which, at that late hour of the night, looked dark and deserted. The moon was shining, however; and at the head of the street, in the middle of the highway, a solitary figure on horseback awaited him, motionless, and in silence. The hand of the figure went to his cap, and in the curt and familiar tones of Jackson came the words:

“Ah, colonel, here you are. What news from the front?”

“All quiet, general,” replied Colonel Munford.

“Good! Now I wish you to produce upon the enemy the impression that I am going to advance.”

And Jackson then gave his orders in detail, after which the figures parted and went different ways—Jackson back to Port Republic, Colonel Munford to Harrisonburg. The following is the manner in which Colonel Munford carried out his orders:

At Harrisonburg were a number of Federal surgeons, who had come with twenty-five or thirty ambulances to carry away the wounded officers and men who had been abandoned at that point by General Fremont in his retreat. These were informed by Colonel Munford, that before he could give them permission to do so, he must ascertain the wishes of General Jackson; and with this reply he left them, to carry out the rest of the scheme. There was attached to his command, as an independent, a well-known gentleman of that region named William Gilmer; and to this gentleman, ever ready for a good practical joke, was intrusted

yond that, of course, you can, under present circumstances, do little or nothing; but every mile you advance will probably give you additional prisoners, and especially as far as New Market, where you will get command of the road from Kernstown and Columbia bridge. I congratulate you upon your continued success.

Respectfully, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON, Maj.-Gen.

P. S. Press our lines as far as you otherwise would have done, before the flag of truce is permitted to pass them.

T. J. J.

the execution of the plot. The Federal surgeons occupied an apartment next to the room used by Colonel Munford for his headquarters, and only a thin partition divided them. Every word uttered in one room could be heard in the other; and this fact was well known to Colonel Munford, who gave Mr. Gilmer his instructions in a loud tone, despatched him apparently to General Jackson, and then awaited the issue of his scheme.

Some hours having elapsed since they had been assured that General Jackson's wishes would be ascertained, the surgeons all at once heard a courier mounting the stairs, his spurs and sabre clanking as he ascended. They moved quickly to the partition, and placed their ears close to the cracks—as it was expected they would. The courier entered; the surgeons bent lower, and determined not to lose a word.

“Well,” said Colonel Munford, in a voice which he knew could be heard, “what does General Jackson say?”

“He told me to tell you,” replied Mr. Gilmer, in his loud and sonorous voice, “that the wounded Yankees are not to be taken away; and the surgeons are to be sent back, with the message that he can take care of their wounded men in his own hospitals. He is coming right on, himself, with heavy reënforcements. Whiting's division is up; Hood's is coming. The whole road from here to Staunton is perfectly lined with troops, and so crowded that I could hardly ride along!”

Such was the highly important dialogue which the Federal surgeons, listening with breathless attention, overheard. When Colonel Munford sent for them, every man was on the other side of the room from the partition. They were ushered in, and briefly informed that they could return with their ambulances; General Jackson had instructed him to say that their wounded would be cared for in the Confederate hospitals.

The surgeons returned without delay, communicated the important intelligence which they had overheard to General Fremont, and that night the whole Federal army fell back to Strasburg, where they began to intrench against the anticipated attack.

Jackson was meanwhile on his way to the Chickahominy. Such were the results of the nocturnal interview at Mount Crawford. Extraordinary precautions were used to conceal the intended route of the troops. The men were forbidden even to ask the names of the villages through which they passed; and orders were issued, that to all questions they should make but one response: “I do not know.” “This was just as much license as the men wanted,” says an eye-witness, “and they forthwith knew nothing of the past, present, or future.” An amusing incident grew out of this order. One of Hood’s men left the ranks on the march, and was climbing a fence to go to a cherry-tree in a field near at hand, when Jackson rode by and saw him.

“Where are you going?” asked the General.

“I don’t know,” replied the soldier.

“To what command do you belong?”

“I don’t know.”

“Well, what State are you from?”

“I don’t know.”

“What is the meaning of all this?” asked Jackson of another.

“Well,” was the reply, “Old Stonewall and General Hood issued orders yesterday, that we were not to know any thing until after the next fight.” Jackson laughed, and rode on. The troops had been moved for the greater part of the way by railroad; but at Frederick Hall, above Hanover Junction, they were disembarked, and “moved in as many columns as there were roads; and for the want of roads, we sometimes marched through fields and woods.”

On the morning of the 25th of June, the corps was rapidly “closing up,” and approaching Ashland. Jackson had gone on in advance, and, riding through Richmond, visited the headquarters of General Lee, on the Nine-Mile road. Some one recognized him as he passed, incognito, through the city, and spoke of his presence; but so thoroughly had the entire movement been concealed, that the inquisitive personage was told that his statement was all nonsense, as General Jackson was then beyond the Blue Ridge.

Having ascertained the views of the commanding general in detail, Jackson disappeared as quietly as he came, and again took the head of his advancing column.

"Somewhere," was the neighborhood of Ashland, upon the Fredericksburg Railroad, about sixteen miles from Richmond.



CHAPTER II.

ON THE CHICKAHOMINY.

BURIED in the tangled undergrowth on the shore of the Chickahominy, the Federal army had no suspicion of the heavy blow about to be struck at them.

General McClellan was now within a few miles of Richmond, at the head of the most numerous and best equipped army that had ever assembled on American soil. Every resource of the Federal Government had been taxed to the utmost, to render it overwhelming in numbers, and invincible in all the appliances of war. More than 150,000 troops were encamped on the banks of the Chickahominy, and the arsenals and machine-shops of the North had left nothing to be desired in their armament and equipment for the great struggle before them. They were armed with excellent rifle-muskets, and the cavalry with revolvers, repeating rifles, and carbines of the best pattern. To this admirable armament were added about 400 pieces of artillery, ranging from the 30-pound Parrott to the Navy howitzer. Such were the military equipments of the force; the appliances for personal comfort were as excellent. No trouble had been spared to make the troops contented; and that profusion of delicacies which had attracted the attention of the hungry Confederates at Manassas, was to greet their eyes again in the abandoned camps on the plains of New Kent and Henrico.

The Federal troops seem to have regarded their position as unassailable—and not without show of reason. In front of their

main body were the impassable swamps of the Chickahominy, and on each side, the Pamunkey and the James enabled their gun boats, mounted with artillery of the heaviest calibre, to guard the approaches to their flank. In their rear was the White House, where the largest steamers came to unload warlike stores or camp delicacies; and from this point the York River Railroad ran straight to the centre of the great camp, bringing thus to the very tents all which the cities of the North could afford for the comfort or equipment of the troops.

Over this large army, as we have seen, was placed the ablest and most accomplished soldier whom the North had yet produced; and the Federal authorities confidently expected to defeat Lee and capture Richmond.

Let us look back at the ground upon which this bitter and determined conflict was now to take place. The Chickahominy is a narrow and sluggish stream, which, rising northwest of Richmond, runs in a southeastern direction, and, holding its course down the Peninsula, heads to the south and empties into James River some distance above Williamsburg. Its banks are swampy, and overgrown with forest trees and heavy underwood, rendering the ground almost impassable. Through these tangled swamps, narrow and winding roads of oozy turf, on dark and miry clay, afford a difficult and uncertain means of transit from point to point. These mysterious depths are still tenanted by the fallow deer; and from the shadowy recesses, dim with trailing vines, comes the sorrowful and plaintive cry of the whip-poor-will. It was truly one of the strangest freaks of Fate, that these Pontine marshes, tenanted only by wild animals, strange reptiles, and the solitary whip-poor-will and screech-owl, should be destined to become the theatre of conflict between tens of thousands of human beings, who in all the wide land could find no other arena for combat.

Taking Richmond as a central point, the course of the Chickahominy described something like the arc of a circle around it to the north and east. At Meadow Bridge, where the outposts of the enemy's right wing were established, the stream is but six

miles distant from the capital; at New Bridge, on the Nine-Mile road, which led toward General McClellan's centre, the distance is nine miles. The avenues of approach from the Chickahominy, the arc, to Richmond, the centre of the circle, were—commencing on the north and travelling down the stream—the Fredericksburg Railroad, the Brook turnpike, the Meadow Bridge road, the Central Railroad, crossing at Meadow Bridge, the Mechanicsville turnpike, the Nine-Mile or New Bridge road, the York River Railroad, the Williamsburg turnpike, the Charles City road, and the Darby town road.

The Federal right was posted, as we have said, near Meadow Bridge, and his line swept along the left bank of the Chickahominy, by Mechanicsville and Beaver-Dam Creek, to Powhite Swamp, where it crossed the stream and extended beyond the York River Railroad; his left resting on the Williamsburg or Bottom's Bridge road, at "Seven Pines," about five miles from Richmond. The Federal line thus formed a species of crescent, ten or fifteen miles in length; the Meadow Bridge road connecting Richmond with the northern tip, the Williamsburg road with the southern, and the Nine-Mile or New Bridge road running nearly straight to the centre. This formidable line of battle was heavily fortified—at Mechanicsville, Powhite, and Seven Pines especially, where every knoll was crowned with almost impregnable breastworks of earth and trunks of trees, with the boughs lopped off and sharpened, and in front of these works a bristling abatis of felled timber rendered access almost impossible. The works were mounted with rifled artillery, and every avenue completely commanded by the grim muzzles ready to sweep the approaches with a hurricane of shot and shell. For many weeks after the battle, the frowning fortifications extending on both sides of the York River road, excited the astonishment of the citizens who visited them. But beyond the Chickahominy, on the hills above Mechanicsville and Gaines' Mill, the Federal works were still more formidable, and required, indeed, for their capture, the utmost exertions of the men of Hill and Longstreet and Jackson, charging hour after hour, in the

face of a fire which has seldom been surpassed for destructive violence in all the annals of war.

Such was the position of the Federal forces on the last day of May, when General Johnston struck at their left wing, stationed near "Seven Pines," and paralyzed for the moment the advance which General McClellan designed at that time upon Richmond. Their left was driven from the field, and their camps and artillery captured; but on the right they still maintained their ground, and were thus enabled to claim a drawn battle, in spite of the repulse on the Federal left.

This battle was hotly contested, and a private letter from a member of the New York artillery, in the *Cincinnati Commercial*, soon afterwards, thus described the scene:

"Our shot tore their ranks wide open," says the Northern writer, "and shattered them asunder in a manner that was frightful to witness; but they closed up at once, and came on as steadily as English veterans. When they got within four hundred yards, we closed our case shot and opened on them with canister; and such destruction I never elsewhere witnessed. At each discharge great gaps were made in their ranks—indeed, whole companies went down before that murderous fire—but they closed up with an order and discipline that was awe-inspiring. * * * It was awful to see their ranks, torn and shattered by every discharge of canister that we poured right into their faces, and while their dead and dying lay in piles, closed up and still kept advancing right in face of the fire. At one time, three lines, one behind the other, were steadily advancing, and three of their flags were brought in range of one of our guns shotted with canister. Fire! shouted the gunner, and down went those three flags, and a gap was opened through those three lines as if a thunderbolt had torn through them, and their dead lay in swaths. But they at once closed up and came steadily on, never halting or wavering, right through the woods, over the fence, through the field, right up to our guns, and, sweeping every thing before them, captured every piece. * * Our whole division was cut to pieces, with what loss I do not know."

The battle of "Seven Pines" was indecisive, as on the third day the Confederate forces fell back, and the Federal lines resumed their former position; and the Confederate cause sustained a serious loss in the wound received by General Johnston from a fragment of shell which struck him as he was reconnoitring with General Stuart near Fair Oaks, upon the left. He was succeeded by General Robert E. Lee, who now prepared for a general attack upon the Federal lines with the whole Confederate force then in front of Richmond.

General Lee was at this time about fifty years of age, and in the ripe vigor of his faculties. He was a Virginian by birth, the son of Colonel Henry Lee, surnamed "Light-Horse Harry," and, like his father, had been a cavalry officer. He had accompanied Lieutenant-General Scott to Mexico, where he is said to have planned the entire campaign; and that officer's opinion of his military abilities was known to be very high. In person, General Lee was tall and vigorously knit, his countenance was still remarkable for its personal beauty, his eyes were clear and benignant, but suddenly blazed when he grew excited, and his hair, beard, and mustache were gray. It was impossible to be in this officer's presence, and to note his air of self-poised strength and repose, without feeling that he was a person of great elevation of character and of broad and commanding intellect. He had, at that time, won little popular fame, but had made a deep impression upon some of the first men of the country. Those who knew him best, loved and respected him the most; and he was, indeed, a truthful type of the old Virginia cavalier. His manners were courteous but reserved, his voice deep and pleasant, his bearing characterized by a supreme repose which few human things seemed able to shake. Deeply sensible, apparently, of the great responsibility resting upon his shoulders, he was without gayety or *abandon*; but he had by nature a dry, quaint humor, which sometimes came out in private, and made him charming. What chiefly impressed a stranger was the noble simplicity of General Lee's demeanor, the air of proud courtesy which at other times distinguished him, and the latent

fire of an eye which could be soft or fiery. It was impossible to know him and not love him—for he was the soul of kindness, the flower of chivalry and honor. His stately figure brought to mind the old race of Virginians; and in prosperity or adversity, in victory or defeat, it was plain that this noble spirit was sufficient for itself, looking to a greater power than man's for support.

He was said to have been greatly attached to the flag under which he had so long fought, and to have resigned his commission in the United States Army only at the imperative call of his native State. But, once embarked in the Southern struggle, he had cast no look backward, and entered upon the war with all the vigor of feeling and conviction combined. Above the temptations of military ambition, as he was superior to the thought of mercenary advantage, he had indulged, it is said, the hope that the struggle might soon end, without bloodshed almost; and so well known was this sentiment, that many Southern journals sneered at him as a leader too soft and unwarlike for the stormy epoch in which he appeared. They did not know the great resources and imperial resolution of the man who concealed beneath his sweetness and repose of manner one of those powerful organizations which mould with an iron hand the destinies of nations.

In military affairs, the most notable traits of this officer were broad comprehension and great powers of combination. The movements of his mind were cautious and deliberate, and he liked best to initiate great campaigns and move large bodies over a wide arena—to manœuvre with armies, rather than detachments. Averse, like Johnston, to affairs of the outpost, and unnecessary bloodshed on any occasion, he husbanded his strength for decisive movements, and preferred to fight pitched battles rather than skirmishes. The world called him slow, and compared his movements unfavorably with those of Jackson; but Jackson left on record his own opinion of the man, when he said to an intimate friend, after the battle of Malvern Hill:

“General Lee is *not* slow. No one knows the weight upon his heart—his great responsibilities. He is commander-in-chief,

and he knows that, if an army is lost, it cannot be replaced. No! there may be some persons whose good opinion of me will make them attach some weight to my views; and if you ever hear that said of General Lee, I beg you will contradict it in my name. I have known General Lee for five-and-twenty years; he is cautious; he ought to be. But he is *not* 'slow.' Lee is a *phenomenon*. He is the only man whom I would follow blindfold!"

Such was the man who now took command of the Confederate forces, and prepared to play the great game against McClellan. To assail the Federal forces to advantage, it was obviously the best policy to strike at one of their flanks, and crush that wing before the other could cross the Chickahominy and come to its support. General Stuart suggested an attack upon the Federal left flank, which, in the event of his defeat, would have prevented his retreat to his gunboats on James River; but General Lee decided, finally, upon assailing his right wing, beyond the Chickahominy, and outflanking his right at the same moment, if the fortifications in that direction were such as to encourage the latter movement.

To ascertain the character of these defences on the enemy's right flank, and obtain information as to his strength and position, General J. E. B. Stuart was directed to make a reconnoissance with cavalry in that direction, and proceed, if possible, as far as Old Church, when his further movements would be regulated by circumstances. This officer, whom we have met with in the Valley, had now been promoted to the rank of brigadier-general, and had become the chief cavalry leader of the war. His operations in front of the enemy, toward Arlington Heights, and afterwards in covering the rear of the Army of the Potomac as General Johnston fell back from Centreville, had gained for him a high reputation, and this had been increased by operations in the Peninsula. His regiment had grown into a brigade, with such accomplished regimental commanders as Colonel Fitz Lee, Colonel Martin, Colonel W. H. F. Lee, and others; and with

about 1,500 men, General Stuart set out about the middle of June on his reconnoissance.

The "Ride around McClellan" was long remembered, not only by those who took part in it, but by the entire people, who were delighted with its audacity and pleased with the annoyance which it caused the enemy. Stuart passed through Hanover Court-House, driving away a picket force; charged and routed a squadron under Captain Royal, near Old Church, burned their camp and several transports on the Pamunkey, destroyed large wagon-trains, captured many prisoners, and, having marched entirely around General McClellan's army, built a bridge over the swollen current of the Chickahominy, far below, and safely crossed into Charles City, just as the Federal cavalry and artillery thundered down upon his rear. This expedition at a moment so important, excited general attention, and the Emperor Napoleon is said to have traced out Stuart's route upon the map with deep interest, but the information obtained was more important than the applause of citizens or soldiers. Stuart had completely succeeded in his object. The discovery had been made that the Tottapotamoi, a stream running across the Federal right flank, was wholly undefended, a movement in that direction entirely practicable, and a blow at General McClellan's rear, from the quarter of Cold Harbor, almost certain to prove fatal, if accompanied by an assault in front.

The result of this reconnoissance decided General Lee, if his resolution was not already taken; and General Jackson was promptly directed to move his corps to the Chickahominy, for an attack on the enemy in flank and reverse near Cold Harbor.

We have seen how he came at the summons, and on the 25th of June reached Ashland, about sixteen miles from Richmond.

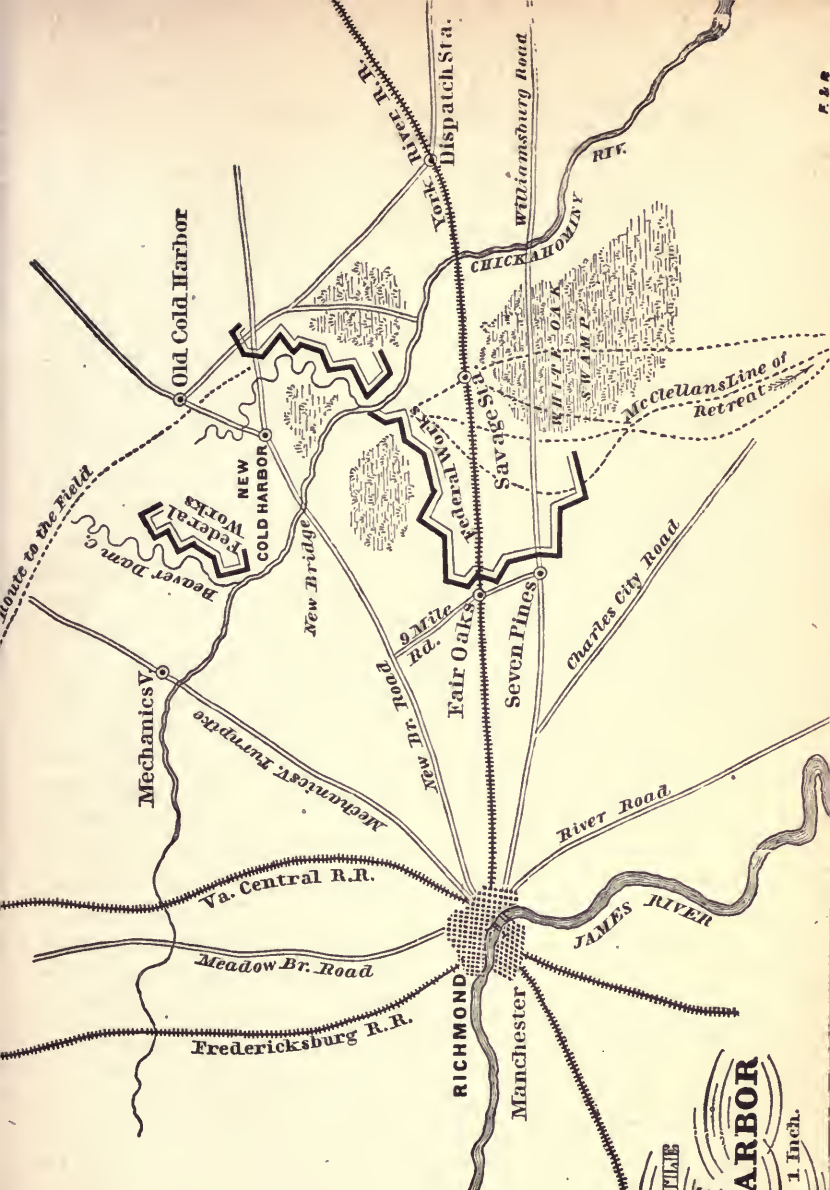
CHAPTER III.

COLD HARBOR.

ON the morning of the 26th of June, the great drama commenced. For seven long days and nights its tragic scenes were to be unfolded on the banks of the Chickahominy. For weeks, the sluggish waters had stolen away between the rush-clad margins, and no sound but the melancholy cry of the whip-poor-will, or the hum of the Federal camps, had disturbed the sultry nights of June. Now the dreary silence had given way to the uproar of battle. In the midst of dust, and smoke, and blood, the cries of the wounded, and the groans of the dying, with the thunder and lightning of artillery and small-arms, mingled in one great diabolical solo, the days were to dawn, reach their noon, and sink into the black and woeful night, in whose sombre depths were buried so many hopeless moans of anguish and despair.

When the movement of General Lee commenced, the divisions of Magruder and Huger, supported by those of Longstreet and D. H. Hill, were in front of the powerful Federal works on the York River Railroad and Williamsburg road, directly east of the city. The division of A. P. Hill extended from Magruder's left, up the southern bank of the Chickahominy, Branch's brigade occupying the point where the Brooke turnpike intersects the stream. Jackson, with his own, Ewell's, and Whiting's divisions, was on the march from Ashland, steadily sweeping down to his appointed work.

General Lee's plan possessed the simplicity of genius. Before any movement could be made against the Federal forces beyond the Chickahominy, it was necessary to carry their powerful advanced positions at Mechanicsville, and on Beaver-Dam Creek just below, so as to uncover the Mechanicsville bridge. These works Lee determined to turn with the column of Jackson, while A. P. Hill assailed them in front. Hill was ac-



TRAFFIC
OF
COLD HARBOR
3 miles to 1. Inch.

cordingly ordered, as soon as Jackson passed beyond Meadow Bridge, to throw his division across at that point; to advance upon Mechanicsville, attack the position, and uncover the bridge, when D. H. Hill would cross and join Jackson, and Longstreet reënforce A. P. Hill—Magruder and Huger remaining on the southern side in front of the enemy's left, with orders to hold their ground, whatever force was brought against them. The main body—Jackson, D. H. Hill, A. P. Hill, and Longstreet—was then to sweep down the northern bank of the Chickahominy in *échelon* of divisions, Jackson on the left and in the advance, and Longstreet next to the stream—threaten the Federal depots at the White House, and their line of communication, the York River Railroad; force them to come out of their intrenchments and fight—or retreat, and give up their position. By this plan of battle the enemy would be attacked beyond the Chickahominy before he could throw his left wing, near Seven Pines, across to the assistance of his right. The programme of operations involved desperate fighting for the possession of Mechanicsville, where a large body of the troops must cross; but with that point once secured, the movements which were to follow promised, as far as the human eye could see, to result in the success of the Confederate arms. The Federal right wing and centre would be assailed in front and flank at the same moment; and the defective communications between the northern and southern banks of the Chickahominy threatened General McClellan with utter defeat before his left could come up to take part in the action.

On the 26th, as we have said above, the great gladiators were face to face, and the struggle began. Brigadier-General Branch crossed the Chickahominy high up, where it is crossed by the Brooke turnpike, and moved down the left bank to form a junction with General A. P. Hill, who crossed at Meadow Bridge about three P. M. Branch did not arrive in time to join Hill, who advanced upon Mechanicsville, and attacked the Federal position there with stubborn resolution. The engagement which ensued was resolute and bloody; the Confederate

troops returning time after time to the assault. The Federal forces defended themselves with desperation, but were driven from all their positions, retreating rapidly; and the way having thus been cleared for the passage of Longstreet and D. H. Hill, their divisions were promptly thrown across.

Meantime, General A. P. Hill had pressed on, upon the track of the retreating enemy, and about a mile below Mechanicsville found himself in front of a new and far more formidable series of works on the left bank of Beaver-Dam Creek, which empties near this point into the Chickahominy. The Federal position here was almost impregnable to an assault in front. The banks of the stream occupied by the works were abrupt, almost perpendicular; the ground in front was open and completely swept by their numerous artillery; and to still further discourage assault, they had felled the trees, destroyed the bridges, and honeycombed every point with rifle-pits.

The most obstinate and determined efforts were made to drive the Federal forces from their strong position, and heavy firing was kept up with artillery until nine o'clock at night. The attack was resumed at dawn, and the Southern troops made every effort to overcome the fatal obstructions. Forcing a passage across the ground in front, under a heavy fire of artillery, they reached the banks of the stream, but the character of the ground made a successful assault of the works in front impossible. An attempt was about to be made to cross lower down, and attack the Federal left flank, when suddenly they retired in haste from their strong position, and, leaving every thing in flames, retreated rapidly down the stream. Jackson had crossed Beaver-Dam Creek, turned their right flank, and forced them to retire.

Jackson had moved as rapidly as the crowding obstructions in the roads would permit on the left of A. P. Hill, making for the York River Railroad. He advanced with Whiting's division in front, preceded and guarded on his left flank by the cavalry under Stuart. At Tottapotamoi Creek, a sluggish stream, with abrupt banks heavily wooded, the bridge was discovered to be

on fire, and the sound of the enemy's axes was heard beyond, felling trees to obstruct the road. To prevent the prosecution of this work, General Hood was directed to throw forward skirmishers, and Captain Reilly to open with his battery upon the enemy. This had the desired effect. They disappeared, leaving their axes sticking in the trees; and the bridge having been repaired, the army continued its march, still skirmishing with the Federal rear guard until it reached Hundley's Corner, where it bivouacked for the night. Jackson, following the orders of General Lee, had thus borne away from the Chickahominy, where the reverberating roar of artillery indicated the commencement of the battle; had gained ground toward the Pamunkey, driving all before him; and was now in a position to descend next day on the enemy near Cold Harbor, and decide the fate of the day.

The memorable 27th of June dawned clear and cloudless. Jackson, now reënforced by D. H. Hill, gradually converging toward the Chickahominy again, and advancing steadily, with Ewell in front, drove the enemy steadily before him, surmounted every obstacle which they had placed in the roads to bar his progress, and about five in the afternoon reached the vicinity of Old Cold Harbor.

He did not arrive a moment too soon. Whilst he had been rapidly bearing down, in accordance with his orders, in the direction of the White House, so as to threaten the Federal right flank, important events had been taking place nearer to the Chickahominy.

Longstreet and A. P. Hill had pressed on after the retreating enemy—who left behind them burning wagons and crowds of stragglers—until they reached, about noon, a point near New Bridge. Here they found the Federal forces drawn up behind Powhite Creek, in a position of very great strength, prepared to hold their ground and dispute the passage of the stream.

Powhite Creek is one of those small watercourses which traverse the counties of Hanover and New Kent, running between densely-wooded bluffs, or stealing across marshy low

grounds. It runs obliquely to the Chickahominy, in a direction nearly southwest, and on its left bank a long wooded ridge extends from above Cold Harbor to the vicinity of Gaines' Mill, where it terminates in a bluff rising abruptly from a deep ravine. On this ridge the enemy were posted; their right at McGehee's house, their left near Dr. Gaines'. The ravine in front was filled with sharpshooters, lurking behind the banks and trees; above them, on the slope of the ridge, a heavy line of infantry was stationed behind a breastwork of trees; and on the crest a third line was drawn up, supported by crowding batteries, ready to unloose their thunders as soon as the Southern troops appeared. No point was left unguarded; rifle-pits extended on every hand; artillery and infantry crowned every elevation; and the Federal batteries on the southern bank of the Chickahominy completely swept the ground over which the Confederates must advance to the assault.

In front of the Federal centre and right the ground was marshy, and obstructed by felled trees; and the coverts were full of sharpshooters, ready to delay the advance of the Southern forces; while the heavy batteries from the crest above played on them and repelled their attack.

General A. P. Hill advancing, followed by Longstreet, reached the vicinity of New Cold Harbor, opposite the Federal right and centre, about two o'clock. Here he came upon the enemy, whose advanced artillery was posted in the fields near by, and immediately attacked them, with a dash and courage which, at the close of that memorable day, had won for him and his men justly deserved fame. Their advance was driven back; and then, for more than two hours, ensued a conflict desperate and bloody in the extreme. In vain, however, did Hill, with his force of not more than 8,000 men, assail the strong fortifications in which nearly 30,000 Federal troops, with heavy artillery supports, disputed his advance. Their works crowning every slope, and protected by ravines, watercourses, and the swamp, in which the timber had been felled, rendering the approaches almost impassable, still defied his most determined efforts; and

in charge after charge, the bravest of the Southern troops recoiled from the horrible fire, shattered and broken. Hill was re-enforced by Pickett's brigade, and a still more resolute assault was made than before; but with the same result. The troops fought with the most reckless courage; and three of Hill's regiments pierced the Federal line and attained the crest, but were forced to retire before overwhelming numbers. Under the murderous salvos of shell and canister sweeping their ranks and strewing the earth with their dead, the Southern troops were forced to give back, and the enemy rushed forward and gained possession of the ground from which they had been first repulsed.

General Lee had joined General A. P. Hill at New Cold Harbor, and now listened with anxiety for the sound of Jackson's guns on his left. The obstinacy of the enemy in holding their position on Powhite Creek, instead of falling back, as it was expected they would do, to protect their communications, had compelled a corresponding change in Jackson's movements. The design of advancing down the Peninsula in *échelon* of divisions, was necessarily abandoned, in consequence of the changed aspect of affairs; and Jackson had to alter his order of march and hurry forward to the battle-field. To relieve General Hill, meanwhile, and hold the position until Jackson arrived, General Longstreet was directed to make a feint on the right against the enemy's left, near Gaines' Mill; and this he proceeded to do without loss of time. The batteries on the south side of the Chickahominy, as well as those in front, were sweeping the approach, but the men advanced with great coolness to the assault, and were now close upon the Federal position. Its enormous strength was now for the first time discovered; and finding that he could effect nothing by a feint, General Longstreet determined to turn the movement into a real attack, and made his preparations without delay.

Such was the aspect of affairs on the field about five in the evening. The Federal troops had repulsed every assault, and the descending sun threatened to set upon a day memorable in

the annals of the South for bloody and disastrous defeat. One man alone could reverse this picture of ruin. General Lee, as we have said, awaited anxiously, near Cold Harbor, the noise of guns upon his left, informing him that Jackson had arrived. Suddenly the hearts of all throbbed fiercely; and cheers rose and ran along the shattered lines of Hill, as the welcome sound was heard. From the woods on the left came the rattle of small-arms, mingled with the roar of artillery; and, with every passing moment, it grew louder and louder. General Lee pushed on in the direction of the sound, and saw Jackson coming to meet him.

“Ah, General,” said Lee, “I am very glad to see you. I hoped to have been with you before.”

Then pausing a moment, and listening to the long-streaming roar in the woods, he added: “That fire is *very* heavy! Do you think your men can stand it?”

Jackson turned his head to one side, as was his custom, listened, and then said, in his brief tones: “They can stand almost any thing. They can stand that!”

After a brief interview, he then returned to the command of his corps. His appearance on this day was not imposing. He rode a gaunt sorrel horse, slow, and somewhat awkward in movement, and his seat in the saddle was in strong contrast to that of General Lee, who is very erect and graceful on horseback. Jackson leaned forward like a tyro in riding; was clad in a dingy gray uniform, without decorations, and wore his famous old sun-scorched cap drawn down low upon the forehead. He was sucking a lemon, and rode about slowly, often wholly unattended, listening with outward calmness, but evidently with intense inward solicitude, to the continuous roar of musketry from the woods. His position during the battle was near the Old Cold Harbor house, on the left of his line; and riding slowly to and fro across the fields, he was subjected to a heavy fire of shell, which he appeared wholly unconscious of, retaining his calm, almost absent air through all. His appearance is best described by the statement, that he seemed to have lost all

personal consciousness of time and place. His brain seemed to be busy with the hot struggle in the woods in front of him, and he appeared to be absorbed in thought upon the great tragedy being played before him—to have concentrated on the bloody drama all the resources of his mind, and heart, and soul, until he had become oblivious of his personal identity. When spoken to, his head turned quickly, and the dark eyes flashed at you, from beneath the rim of the old cap. A quick response, or an order in the briefest tones, followed, and the General returned to his absorbing thoughts.

Jackson had never seen the ground before ; and this, he said, greatly embarrassed him. But his quick eye, as at Manassas, soon took in its general features, and his dispositions were promptly made. Stuart took position in the extensive fields near the Old Cold Harbor house, to charge and intercept the enemy if they attempted to retreat toward the Pamunkey—his men having been informed by their commander that they “had tough work before them, and they must perform it like men”—and the infantry was rapidly moved to the points where the Southern lines were weakest.

Whiting's division was hurried forward to assist Longstreet in his assault upon the Federal left, and formed on the left of his line, joining the right of General A. P. Hill. On the left of Hill, and opposite the enemy's centre, was a part of Jackson's old division, the remainder being sent to the right ; on the left of that, Ewell's ; and on the extreme left, D. H. Hill's division.

The artillery had not yet arrived ; but General Stuart's horse artillery, under the gallant Captain Pelham, had already opened on the left, near the Old Cold Harbor house ; and the moment had now come when the Federal positions must be carried, or the day be lost. We have described the ground over which the men of Jackson were now about to charge. In their front a swamp, and sluggish stream, a wood of tangled undergrowth, and heavy masses of felled timber, made successful attack almost hopeless. But that attack must be made. The troops of Hill were worn out by the long and tremendous struggle, of two days'

duration, and it was now the turn of their comrades. Jackson's men had charged and swept over the stone walls of the Valley, lined with long rows of marksmen; and they must now show that they were able to struggle through swamps, in which the feet sunk at every step; to clamber over the enemy's abatis of felled trees, with the boughs lopped and sharpened; to penetrate undergrowth, wade through deep ditches, and charge masked-batteries, which were vomiting masses of shell and canister in their faces. The work was hard, and required all their manhood; but it could not be avoided. The hour had come for them to conquer or die.

Jackson gave the order, and his whole line swept forward in one grand charge, with tumultuous cheers, and a long roar of musketry, which thundered through the woods. The action had begun in earnest.

Narratives of battles are chiefly valuable for the insight which they afford into the depths of profound intellects, planning and executing great movements upon arenas of decisive struggle. It is the work of the brain, not the labor of the hand, which attracts the attention of the student; the conception of the commander rather than the fighting of the troops, which advance or retire like puppets at the bidding of the controlling and responsible intellect presiding over all. This is fortunate for the narrator, who, deprived of the colors of the painter, finds his subject too vast and exciting for his powers. What follows that order to "charge with the bayonet," but smoke, uproar, the smell of blood, the groans of the dying, and the shouts of those who, perhaps, at the next moment will be riddled with bullets, or mangled with shell, and hurled in an instant into eternity?

After five o'clock on the 27th of June, 1862, the banks of the Chickahominy, near Powhite Creek, were enveloped in a vast lurid canopy, through which were seen long lines sweeping forward to the charge, and from whose depths came up in a long frightful roll, the crash of small-arms and the din of artillery, mingled with wild cheers, as the opposing ranks clashed one against the other. From the moment when Jackson gave the

order for his lines to advance, the battle raged with indescribable fury. Through the dense ascending clouds, we shall endeavor to follow the movements of the troops commanded by Jackson, and briefly describe the part which each took in the struggle. D. H. Hill's troops, on the left, first came in contact with the Federal line. The men rushed through the swamp, underwood, and felled trees, in face of a heavy fire; and after a fierce and bloody contest drove the enemy back on their reserve. They took position behind a fence and ditch; and Hill determined to press on, when his attention was called to a battery which was so posted as to pour a destructive enfilading fire upon his advancing line. It was necessary first to silence this battery; and Colonel Iverson, with the 1st, 3d, and 20th North Carolina, charged and captured it. The enemy immediately attacked them, in force, and succeeded in recapturing the guns, but not until General Hill had advanced over the dangerous ground, and was engaged in an obstinate contest with the entire Federal force in front of him.

Meanwhile General Ewell had a hard fight upon General Hill's right. The same obstacles barred his advance upon the Federal position, but he charged through the swamp, up the hill in face of a terrible fire, and fought with that daring which had so often excited the admiration of his commander. Reënforced by Lawton and Trimble, General Ewell continued the struggle until dusk, when his ammunition being completely exhausted, he fell back.

Jackson's old division was the third in the line, counting from left to right, and was held as a species of reserve, to be sent to the support of any part of the line which was hard pressed. The 1st "Stonewall" brigade moved on the enemy's front through the swamp, so frequently mentioned, and did some of the hardest fighting of the whole day.

It is related that when his lines at this point were hard pressed, Jackson turned to an officer of his staff, and said quickly: "Where is the 1st brigade?"

"In the woods, yonder, General."

“Order it to advance!” was Jackson’s brief response, and soon the lines were seen sweeping forward. As they charged, the officers and men were heard shouting, “Jackson! Jackson!”

The enemy contended with especial obstinacy for the possession of the ground at this point, which was the key of his position; and the roar of his artillery and musketry, as his fire converged upon it, was appalling. Jackson said that night, in the hearing of the writer, that it was “the most terrible fire of musketry he ever heard,” and all who heard it will recognize the truth of the description. The old brigade did not flinch from the ordeal. Under its brave leader, General Charles Winder, it moved steadily on, amid the tempest of projectiles, and driving the enemy from point to point, stormed his last position, three hundred yards beyond McGee’s, with the bayonet. The 2d brigade was sent to reënforce General Wilcox, at his own request, but arrived too late to take part in the engagement. The 3d brigade, sent to support Whiting, also came too late. The 4th brigade took part in the general charge late in the evening.

General Whiting’s division, which held the right of Jackson’s line, advanced through the wood and swamp, in face of a murderous fire. Hood’s 4th (Texas) brigade charged with a loud yell, and rushing down the precipitous ravine, leaping ditch and stream, pressed forward over the enemy’s abatis, and every obstruction, driving all before them. They lost 1,000 men, but took 14 pieces of cannon, and nearly a regiment of prisoners. It was of the Texans that Jackson said on the next day, when he surveyed the ditch and abatis, over which they charged:

“The men who carried this position were soldiers indeed!”

Of General Hood’s decisive charge upon the Federal works near McGee’s house, one of his Texans gives an animated sketch, of which a portion is here presented. “While Hood’s brigade,” says the writer, “was formed in line of battle, the 4th Texas was held in partial reserve, and soon became separated from the other regiments of the brigade. After remaining in

the rear, lying down, for perhaps half an hour, General Hood came for us, and moving by the right flank about half a mile, halted us in an open space to the right of some timber, and in rear of an apple orchard. The sight which we here beheld beggars description. The ground was strewn with the dead and dying, while our ranks were broken at every instant by flying and panic-stricken soldiers. In front of us was the 'Old 3d brigade,' who, but a few moments before, had started with cheers to storm the fatal palisade. But the storm of iron and lead was too severe, they 'wavered' for a moment, and fell upon the ground. At this instant General Hood, who had, in person, taken command of our regiment, commanded in his clear ringing voice, 'Forward, quick, march,' and onward moved the little band of five hundred, with the coolness of veterans. Here Colonel Marshall fell dead from his horse, pierced by a Minié ball. Volleys of musketry, and showers of grape, canister, and shell ploughed through us, but were only answered by the stern 'Close up—close up to the colors,' and onward they rushed over the dead and dying, without a pause, until within about one hundred yards of the breastworks. We had reached the apex of the hill, and some of the men seeing the enemy just before them, commenced discharging their pieces. It was at this point that preceding brigades had halted, and beyond which none had gone, in consequence of the terrible concentrated fire of the concealed enemy. At this critical juncture the voice of General Hood was heard above the din of battle, "Forward, forward, charge right down on them, and drive them out with the bayonet." Fixing bayonets as they moved, they made one grand rush for the fort; down the hill, across the creek and fallen timber, and the next minute saw our battle flag planted upon the captured breastwork. The enemy, frightened at the rapid approach of pointed steel, rose from behind their defences, and started up the hill at speed. One volley was poured into their backs, and it seemed as if every ball found a victim, so great was the slaughter. Their works were ours, and, as our flag moved from the first to the second tier of de-

fences, a shout arose from the shattered remnant of that regiment, and which will long be remembered by those who heard it; a shout which announced that the wall of death was broken, and victory, which had hovered doubtfully for hours over that bloody field, had at length perched upon the battle flag of the 4th Texas. Right and left it was taken up and rang along the lines for miles; long after many of those who had started it were in eternity."

The movements which we have here referred to, took place together all along the line. The declining sun looked down upon a conflict of unspeakable desperation and bitterness, and hour after hour the battle continued to rage, growing madder and more bloody as the shades of night drew near. With intense but thoroughly suppressed excitement, Jackson moved to and fro, receiving despatches, issuing orders, gazing at any one who spoke to him with a quick flash of the dark keen eye, and speaking in the curt, brief accents which characterized him. He listened intently to the crash of musketry which issued from the woods in front, and waited. The sound did not shift its direction, no change in the position of the combatants was discernible, and the roar continued, incessant and undiminished. It was obvious that the Federal forces had not been repulsed, and toward dusk a courier galloped up and delivered a message from one of the generals that "the enemy did not give way."

Jackson's eyes glittered under his cap, and in words which issued with a species of jerk, one by one as it were, from his lips, he said: "Tell him if they stand at sunset to press them with the bayonet!"

General Stuart, who was near, said: "You had better send a second messenger, General, this one may be shot."

Jackson nodded, and turning to a mounted man, said: "You go."

Major Pendleton of his staff, however, volunteered, and bore the duplicate order, and in a quarter of an hour the result was perceived. The musketry fire had been heavy before, it now became frightful. The order to charge with the bayonet had

been obeyed, and the Confederate lines advanced, carrying all before them. In spite of the terrible fire from the triple line of Federal infantry on the ridge, and the incessant cannonade of the batteries in front and flank, they steadily swept on, and before this determined charge the Federal lines gave way. They were driven from the ravines and swamps to the first tier of breastworks, over which the Confederates charged upon the crest blazing with artillery. This last line was stormed at the point of the bayonet, and abandoning their pieces the Federal troops fell back in the wildest disorder.

The battle was over, and, posted in advance of his batteries, near the Old Cold Harbor house, his figure clearly revealed by the fires which the shell had kindled, Jackson, whose corps had decided the event, listened to the wild cheers of his men, as they pressed the retreating enemy toward Grapevine bridge.



CHAPTER IV.

GENERAL McCLELLAN RETREATS TO JAMES RIVER.

WHEN night fell on Friday, June 27th, 1862, General McClellan was defeated.

Thenceforth the only question was, how could he withdraw his shattered and disheartened forces to a place of safety. Two lines of retreat were open, both perilous: One down the Peninsula, with the vengeful Confederates assailing him at every step, forcing him to turn and give battle day by day, if indeed the first encounter did not terminate in the destruction of his command. The other toward James River, on the right bank of the Chickahominy, right through the Confederate lines, through swamps and streams, over treacherous roads, through the tangled morass, with Lee on his rear and flank, ready to destroy him.

Neither prospect was inviting, but rapid decision was neces-

sary; and General McClellan determined to retreat toward Harrison's Landing on James River.

The condition of things at the end of the battle, and the state of the Federal troops, is well described by a correspondent of the New York "Tribune." The first sentences contain a statement of the impression produced upon the Federal troops by Jackson's appearance at Cold Harbor :

"My note-book," writes the correspondent, "says that, at six o'clock, the enemy commenced a determined attack on our extreme right, evidently with a design of flanking us. It was an awful firing that resounded from that smoke-clouded valley—not heavier than some in the earlier part of the engagement, but more steady and determined. It was only by overbearing exhausted men with fresh ones, that the enemy succeeded in turning that flank, as, at length, he did succeed, only too well; and he accomplished it in three-quarters of an hour. At the expiration of that time, our officers judiciously ordered their men to fall back; the order was not obeyed so judiciously, for they ran back, *broken, disordered, routed*. Simultaneously the wounded and skulkers about the buildings used as hospitals, caught a panic, whether from a few riderless horses plunging madly across the field, or from instantaneously scenting the rout, does not appear. A motley mob started pell-mell for the bridges. They were overtaken by many just from the woods, and it seemed as if Bull Run were to be repeated.

"Meanwhile the panic extended. Scores of gallant officers endeavored to rally and re-form the stragglers, but in vain; while many officers forgot the pride of their shoulder-straps, and the honor of their manhood, and herded with the sneaks and cowards. O, that I had known the names of those officers I saw, the brave and the cowardly, that here, now, I might reward and punish, by directing upon each individual the respect or the contempt of a whole people!

"That scene was not one to be forgotten. Scores of riderless, terrified horses, dashing in every direction; thick flying bullets singing by, admonishing of danger; every minute a man

struck down; wagons and ambulances and cannon blockading the way; wounded men limping and groaning and bleeding amid the throng; officers and civilians denouncing, and reasoning, and entreating, and being insensibly borne along with the mass; the sublime cannonading, the clouds of battle-smoke, and the sun just disappearing, large and blood-red—I cannot picture it, but I see it, and always shall.”

On the morning of the 28th it was ascertained that a portion of the Federal force still remained on the northern bank of the Chickahominy; and as General Lee had no assurance that they would not push forward reënforcements from the Peninsula, and make another effort to preserve their communications, and save the enormous accumulation of public stores at the White House, General Ewell was sent forward to Dispatch Station, about one mile east of the Chickahominy, on the York River Railroad, with orders to seize the road, and cut the enemy's communications with the White House. In this movement General Stuart coöperated with his cavalry, advancing in front of Ewell, and encountering the enemy at Dispatch.

As soon as Stuart's cavalry dashed up, the Federal forces at this point retreated in haste across the Chickahominy, burning the railroad bridge in their rear, and Ewell coming up, destroyed a portion of the track of the road.

General Stuart then proceeded down the railroad, to ascertain if there was any movement of the enemy in that direction, and reaching the White House, attacked and drove off a gunboat, which was still in the river at that place. With a Blakely gun Captain John Pelham attacked the dark-hulled “monster,” as the journals then styled these vessels, drove it from its moorings, and chased it down the river, until it disappeared behind the wooded bend. At General Stuart's approach, the officer commanding at the White House had set fire to the great masses of stores there, and retreated down the Peninsula. As the cavalry galloped up, the scene was one mass of crackling flames and lurid smoke, through which were visible the blackened ruins of the “White House” mansion, the property of Colonel W.

H. F. Lee, son of the Confederate commander, and the scene of Washington's marriage. From the burning mass General Stuart rescued several railroad engines, and about 10,000 stand of arms, partially burned; and on the next day, leaving a squadron to hold the position, hastened back to bear his part in the great scenes which still continued to attract all eyes to the banks of the Chickahominy.

Let us go back to the morning of the 28th of June, when Stuart took up the line of march for the White House. Up to the moment when the Federal forces retreated from Dispatch, burning the railroad bridge, and crossing to the south side of the stream, the intentions of General McClellan were undeveloped. It then became plain that he had abandoned the line of the York River Railroad; and early in the forenoon, the clouds of dust which rose from the southern bank of the Chickahominy, indicated that the Federal troops were in motion. Their destination still, however, remained unknown. No certain evidences of McClellan's intention to retreat toward Harrison's Landing were observed, and as he still had at his command Bottom's and Long bridges over the Chickahominy below, the line of retreat down the Peninsula remained open. To frustrate any movement in that direction, Ewell was ordered to move from Dispatch to Bottom's bridge, on the main road from Richmond to Williamsburg; and Stuart, on the next day, pushed on with his cavalry, to guard the bridges still lower down.

Late in the afternoon of the 28th, the Federal works on the south side of the Chickahominy, in front of Richmond, were reported to be fully manned, and their forces exhibited no intention of retiring. Here, however, commenced that run of good fortune which General McClellan derived from the character of the ground. The densely-wooded lowgrounds, penetrated only by narrow and winding roads, enabled the Federal commander to make his dispositions without chance of discovery; and at the moment when his frowning fortifications bristled with heavy guns, with cannoneers at their posts, rapid arrangements were being made to retreat to James River. During the night these

movements were too general to be longer concealed, and it was soon discovered that the entire Federal army was in full retreat.

Then commenced the great movement which will long be remembered for the horrors which accompanied it. The Confederates followed at dawn; and we shall proceed to narrate briefly the events which ensued, without undertaking to decide upon the charges of grave neglect of duty preferred by public opinion against some of the Confederate officers, for permitting the Federal forces to elude them. General Huger was to move by the Charles City road, so as to strike the flank of the retreating column; and General Magruder by the Williamsburg road, in order to assail their rear. Jackson, who had remained on the northern bank of the Chickahominy both to cut off their retreat down the Peninsula and from his inability to cross until the bridges destroyed by the enemy in their rear were reconstructed, was now ordered to cross to the south bank, and move directly down the stream to coöperate with Magruder in the attack upon the Federal rear.

On the night of the 29th, accordingly, Jackson, now rejoined by Ewell, took up the line of march for the new scene of operations, crossing at Grapevine bridge, a short distance north of the railroad. This bridge had furnished an avenue of retreat to General McClellan, on the night of the 27th, when his forces fell back from Cold Harbor; and having passed over the rolling structure of loose logs, half buried in the slushy soil, he had destroyed it behind him. Jackson hastily reconstructed it, and pushed forward without pause toward Savage Station, the line of the enemy's retreat.

Meanwhile the thunder of artillery throughout the latter part of the afternoon had indicated the progress of a severe engagement between the Federal forces and Magruder. Following the retreating column, Magruder had found their whole line of works deserted, and vast amounts of military stores abandoned. Approaching Savage's Station about noon, he came upon their rear guard, and attacked them with one of his divisions—the conflict continuing until night. The loss inflicted was consider-

able, and at nightfall General McClellan continued his retreat, leaving behind immense amounts of stores and 2,500 men in the hospitals. The stores had been partially burned, and the enemy had loaded a long railroad train with their surplus ammunition, gotten the engine under a full head of steam, and applying a slow match to the ordnance, started the diabolical messenger on its way toward the Chickahominy. The engine rushed on with its dangerous freight until it reached the destroyed bridge, where the train blew up with a roar which was heard more than thirty miles—the cars rolling, torn to pieces, into the river; the grimy engine hanging like some inanimate monster on the very brink of the trestle work, in the centre of the stream, where, by some strange chance, it had not toppled over.

The enemy's stand at Savage's Station had been made with the design of covering the further retreat of their main body. In this they succeeded, and, crossing White Oak Swamp without interruption, they destroyed the bridge behind them and were comparatively safe.

Jackson reached Savage's Station on the morning of the 30th, and gathered up about 1,000 stragglers from the Federal army. He did not delay his march, and pushing on, came up with the enemy at White Oak Swamp, where they had assumed a position behind the destroyed bridge, which rendered the passage of the stream in their front impossible. His artillery was placed in position, and a steady cannonade commenced—during which a severe action known as the battle of Frayser's Farm took place lower down.

Longstreet and A. P. Hill had pushed forward, and soon came upon the Federal forces strongly posted on the Long bridge road, about a mile from its intersection with the Charles City road. General Huger had reported that his progress was obstructed, but about four P. M. firing was heard on the Charles City road, which was supposed to indicate his approach; and Longstreet opened with his artillery to announce his presence. A fierce and sanguinary conflict followed between the enemy and Longstreet reënforced by A. P. Hill. General Huger did

not come up, and Jackson was unable to force the passage of White Oak Swamp: thus the two first-named commands bore the brunt of the whole battle, which raged furiously until nine o'clock at night. At that hour the Federal forces had been driven with great slaughter from every position but one, which they maintained until darkness settled down upon the woods. Under the cover of night they continued to fall back, leaving their dead and wounded on the field, several thousands of small arms scattered about, and large numbers of prisoners, including a general of division.

The battle of Frayser's Farm was the turning point of the drama. General McClellan fought with desperation, and managed to hold his ground until night, when he continued his retreat toward James River.



CHAPTER V.

MALVERN HILL..

EARLY on the next morning—the 1st of July—Jackson forced the passage of White Oak Swamp, captured a part of the Federal artillery, and pressing forward, reached the battle-field of the evening before, where he was assigned to the front by General Lee, and immediately continued the pursuit.

His presence infused new ardor into the movement, and, advancing down the Willis Church road, under an incessant fire from the Federal rear guard, he found himself in front of Malvern Hill.

On this powerful position General McClellan had drawn up his entire army to repel the assault of his obstinate and untiring foes. His left rested near Crewe's house, and his right near Binford's. His infantry was behind hastily constructed earthworks, and his artillery so massed as to concentrate a deadly fire upon every avenue of approach. In front the ground was open for about half a mile, and sloping gradually from the crest occu-

pied by the Federal forces, was completely swept by their infantry and artillery. To reach this open ground, the Confederate troops were compelled to advance through a broken and thickly-wooded country, traversed by streams and swamps, passable in very few places; and this whole ground was in easy range of the batteries on the heights as well as the gunboats in the river.

A more formidable position in which to repulse an assault can scarcely be imagined, and the sequel plainly pointed out the good generalship of the officer who had selected it.

General Lee determined to attack, and immediately made his dispositions for battle. Jackson formed his line with Whiting's division on the left and D. H. Hill's on the right—one of Ewell's brigades occupying the interval between them. The rest of Ewell's and Jackson's old division were held in reserve in the woods near Willis' Church. On the right of Jackson's line were posted two of General Huger's brigades, and on the extreme right of the Confederate line General Magruder's command was stationed. Longstreet and A. P. Hill were held in reserve, and took no part in the action. These dispositions were not made until late in the afternoon—the dense woods almost wholly interrupting communication. The same circumstance prevented a sufficient amount of artillery from being thrown into action; and under these disheartening circumstances the battle commenced.

Malvern Hill was less a battle, scientifically disputed, than a bloody combat in which masses of men rushed forward and were swept away by the terrible fire of artillery concentrated in their front. D. H. Hill, hearing, as he supposed, the signal from General Lee for a general advance, put his lines in motion, and advanced to attack the tremendous position before him. He was resolutely met, and so hard pressed that he was compelled to call urgently for reënforcements. Jackson promptly sent forward Ewell's reserve and his own division; but owing to the swampy nature of the ground, the thick undergrowth, and gathering darkness, their march was so much retarded that they did not arrive in time to enable Hill to maintain his position, and he

was forced to fall back with heavy loss. On the left, Whiting, with his batteries, drove back an advance of the Federal line upon Taylor's brigade, holding Jackson's centre; but this was decisive of no results.

On the right the command of Magruder and Huger gallantly advanced to the attack. Several determined efforts were made to storm the Federal position near Crewe's house, and the brigades advanced without faltering across the open field, in face of a hundred pieces of artillery which tore their lines as they rushed forward, and a deadly and destructive fire of musketry from the masses of infantry upon the crest. As they approached the hill some of the brigades gave way, and recoiled before the awful fire directed upon them; but others continued to advance, and, charging the Federal guns, drove them and their infantry supports from the position, leaving their dead mingled with those of the Federal troops upon the hill.

But these efforts were all unavailing. The position of the enemy was so powerful, and the absence of concert between the Confederate columns so fatal, that the Federal lines remained unbroken; and after struggling desperately to hold the ground thus won, the Confederate lines were compelled to fall back and surrender their hard-earned advantage. The firing continued until nine at night, when silence settled upon the battle-field, and the weary troops lay down within a hundred yards of the Federal guns.

Such was the battle of Malvern Hill, one of the most fierce and sanguinary engagements of the war. Our sketch has been tame and unequal to the subject; perhaps the reader may find in the following sentences of a newspaper writer, soon after the action, a more animated description:

"General McClellan," says this writer, "prepared, in the language of one of his officers, to 'clothe the hill in sheets of flame.' Every ravine swarmed with his thousands, and along the crest of every hill flashed forth his numerous artillery, having for the most part an unbroken play over the ascending slope, and across cleared fields of twelve hundred yards in length.

“ Notwithstanding the formidable nature of this position it was determined to attack him, and late in the afternoon of Tuesday, July 1st, this tremendous contest commenced. Soon Malvern Hill was sheeted with ascending and descending flames of fire. Thirty-seven pieces of artillery, supported at a greater distance by heavy and more numerous batteries, and by his gun-boats, kept faithful ward over the enemy’s position, and ploughed through our columns even before they could see the enemy or deploy into line of battle. Undismayed by the most terrific cannonading of the war, the advance of Magruder’s forces commenced. Onward, in the face of a storm of shot and shell, they pressed forward, until within musket range of the enemy, and then they opened their fire. Whole lines of the enemy fell as they stood, or, attempting retreat, were overtaken by the bullets of our troops, who never veered in their aim or recoiled while the enemy’s infantry remained in range; and when forced back for a time by the avalanche of converging artillery, yet when the infantry of the enemy ventured again beyond their batteries, our lines advanced with shout and bayonet and drove them back among the reserves and behind the wall of fire which flamed along the mouths of the circling cannon. Thus the contest ebbed and flowed until night spread its mantle on the battlefield.

“ The batteries of the enemy were not captured by assault, because no line of men could live in their converging fires, sweeping unobstructed the attacking forces for twelve hundred yards, but his line of infantry was repeatedly broken with frightful slaughter by the fierce charges of our troops, who held their position and slept on the field, within one hundred yards of the enemy’s guns. The extent of the carnage of the enemy no one imagined until daylight revealed it in the horrors of the battle field. Our dead lay close together, producing thus upon the beholder an exaggerated impression of the number; but an examination showed that the loss of the enemy much exceeded ours. His dead lay everywhere—here in line of battle, there in wild confusion of rout and retreat; not a ravine, not a glade, not a

hill that was not dotted by their mangled forms, while every dwelling, outhouse, barn and stable for miles around, was crowded with their dead and dying. In many places groups of dead were found distant from the battle-field, where it was evident they were carried, with the intent of bearing them to the river, and where they were roughly and rudely tossed on the wayside when the panic overtook their escort. Every indication showed the wildest flight of the enemy. Cannon and caissons were abandoned, and for miles the road was filled with knapsacks, rifles, muskets, etc. Loaded wagons were left on the road, with vast quantities of ammunition unexploded. Caisson drivers opened their ammunition chests, and threw out their powder and round shot to lighten their loads, to enable them to keep up with the rapid flight. It is hazarding but little to say that when night put an end to the battle, the whole army of McClellan, with the exception of the artillery, and its diminished infantry guard near Crewe's and Turner's houses, was utterly disorganized, and had become a mob of stragglers. At daylight next morning nothing could be seen of his army except some cavalry pickets that in the distance observed our advance. We do not believe that 15,000 of the Grand Army of the Potomac retreated from the bloody heights of Malvern Hill as soldiery. If nature had scooped out the bed of James River, twenty miles distant from Malvern Hill, the Grand Army of the Potomac would have ceased to exist."

The Federal army had indeed retreated in the night to Harrison's Landing, and the long agony was over.

CHAPTER VI.

FEDERAL ACCOUNTS OF THE RETREAT.

GENERAL McCLELLAN had thus made good his retreat, but in so doing he had passed through scenes the description of which in army letters harrowed for many months the blood of the whole Northern people.

The aim of this work is to present as faithful a picture as possible of the great series of events in which Jackson took part, and the statements of some Federal writers will here be given in reference to General McClellan's retreat. They are vivid, and paint the great lurid picture in bloody colors. That picture is a part of the present subject, since Jackson's corps first broke the Federal lines and compelled them to fall back; and his troops followed closely on the Federal rear, and largely contributed to the decisive result. A correspondent of the New York "Tribune" thus describes the scene:

"Huddled among the wagons were 10,000 stragglers—for the credit of the nation be it said that four-fifths of them were wounded, sick, or utterly exhausted, and could not have stirred but for dread of the tobacco warehouses of the South. The confusion of this herd of men and mules, wagons and wounded, men on horses, men on foot, men by the roadside, men perched on wagons, men searching for water, men famishing for food, men lame and bleeding, men with ghostly eyes, looking out between bloody bandages, that hid the face—turn to some vivid account of the most pitiful part of Napoleon's retreat from Russia, and fill out the picture—the grim, gaunt, bloody picture of war in its most terrible features.

"It was determined to move on during the night. The distance to Turkey Island bridge, the point on James River which was to be reached, by the direct road, was six miles. But those vast numbers could not move over one narrow road in days,

hence every by-road, no matter how circuitous, had been searched out by questioning prisoners and by cavalry excursions. Every one was filled by one of the advancing columns. The whole front was in motion by seven P. M., General Keyes in command of the advance.

“I rode with General Howe’s brigade of Couch’s division, taking a wagon track through dense woods and precipitous ravines winding sinuously far around to the left, and striking the river some distance below Turkey Island. Commencing at dusk, the march continued until daylight. The night was dark and fearful. Heavy thunder rolled in turn along each point of the heavens, and dark clouds spread the entire canopy. We were forbidden to speak aloud; or, lest the light of a cigar should present a target for an ambushed rifle, we were cautioned not to smoke. Ten miles of weary marching, with frequent halts, as some one of the hundred vehicles of the artillery train, in our centre, by a slight deviation crashed against a tree, wore away the hours to dawn, when we were debouched into a magnificent wheat field, and the smoke stack of the Galena was in sight. Xenophon’s remnant of ten thousand, shouting, ‘The sea! the sea!’ were not more glad than we.”

It is certain that the whole Federal army shared this feeling. Another writer in the New York “Times” says: “When an aid of General McClellan rode back and reported that the way was all open to James River, a thrill of relief ran through the whole line, and the sight of the green fields skirting its banks was indeed an oasis in the terrible desert of suspense and apprehension through which they had passed. The teams were now put upon a lively trot, in order to relieve the pressure upon that portion still in the rear.

“General McClellan and staff rode ahead and took possession of the old estate known as Malvern Hill, one mile back from Turkey Island Bend. It is a large, old-fashioned estate, originally built by the French, and has near it, in front, an old earthwork constructed by General Washington during the Revolutionary War. It has a spacious yard shaded by vener-

able elms and other trees. A fine view of the river can be had from this elevated position. General McClellan expressed the opinion that, with a brief time to prepare, the position could be held against any force the enemy can bring against us.

“Exhausted by long watching and fatigue, and covered thickly with the dust of the road over which we had passed, many officers threw themselves upon the shady and grassy lawn to rest. The soldiers also, attracted by the shady trees, surrounded the house, or bivouacked in the fields near by. General McClellan immediately addressed himself to the task of preparing despatches for the Government.”

From the composition of his despatches General McClellan was diverted by the intelligence that the enemy were approaching to attack him in his last stronghold. That attack was soon made and General McClellan was able, as we have seen, by massing his artillery upon strong positions, to repulse the Confederate assault, and hold the ground until the welcome shades of night put an end to the contest. But the battle of Malvern Hill, indecisive as it appeared, had a conclusive effect upon the Federal army. The frightful carnage which took place in their ranks bore heavily upon the spirits of men who were completely exhausted by the prostrating fatigue and excitement of six days of marching and fighting, almost without rest or food. From the 26th of June, the Federal troops had had no breathing space. They were either engaged in desperate combat, or retreating, hotly pursued. The Confederate column still followed, as fresh and vigorous, to all appearances, as ever; and under these combined influences of fatigue, famine, disaster, and hopelessness, the hearts of the Federal troops sunk. They gave up all further idea of victory; many threw down their arms, and *saue qui peut* was now the order of the day throughout almost the entire Federal army. They no longer looked forward toward the Confederate lines, but backward toward Harrison's Landing, where, under the shelter of the gunboats, they saw their only hope of extrication from the horrors which surrounded them. Broken

in spirit, prostrated physically, and seeing in further contests additional disaster only, they gave up the struggle, straggled away, and arrived at the haven of safety a confused and disorderly mob, rather than a disciplined and effective army.

The following paragraph, from the correspondent of the New York "Tribune," at Harrison's Landing, on the 2d of July, describes the demeanor of General McClellan, and the condition of his troops:

"General McClellan came on board the mail boat, greatly perturbed. He met General Patterson as he stepped on board, laid his hand on his shoulder, and took him in a hurried manner into the aft cabin, or ladies' saloon. As he went in he beat the air with his right hand clenched, from which all present inferred there was bad news. To the astonishment of the writer, it was subsequently explained 'that the whole Army of the Potomac lay stretched along the banks of the river where we lay, having fought their way all through from Fair Oaks, a distance of thirty miles.' General McClellan, however, claimed that his troops 'had fought the Confederates in superior numbers every day for a week, and whipped them every time.' To a question as to the location of certain divisions and their generals, the answer was, 'They are scattered everywhere, but are, nevertheless, in a solid, compact body.' And in reply to another remark, it was said, 'What we want is fresh men; they (the troops) are worked to death.'"

The great advance upon Richmond from the Peninsula had thus failed, like that from the direction of the Valley. General McClellan's large army, which he stated on his trial numbered 150,000, of whom 112,000 were effective for the field, had been entirely defeated, in battle after battle, and driven to seek protection under the portholes of the gunboats on James River. The Federal bulletins represented the movement from Cold Harbor to Harrison's Landing as only a premeditated "change of base," to attain a more favorable position for a new advance on Richmond; and it is true that General McClellan foresaw the attack upon his right, and really did intend to move his forces

gradually toward James River. Still it was obvious that this movement had now been made under compulsion, and that the safety of his army rather than the attainment of a stronger position, induced him to fall back to Harrison's Landing. In other words, the movement was not a military change of base, but a compulsory retreat, in consequence of the bloody defeat at Cold Harbor; and so it was regarded by the world. General McClellan had evidently suffered a disastrous and conclusive defeat. He had played for a great stake, and brought all his skill and energy to bear upon the game, but it had gone against him. He was bankrupt, and the world could not be induced to believe that he rose the winner.

The effective Federal force engaged in all portions of the field had been, by General McClellan's subsequent statement, 112,000 men. The writer cannot state the amount of Confederate troops accurately, and does not venture to set down the exact number. The force under General Lee after Jackson's arrival was generally estimated, however, by intelligent officers in the Confederate army at 60,000. It may be said with tolerable certainty that it did not exceed 70,000. The great battles of the Chickahominy did not depend, however, so much upon the number of the troops, as upon the skill of the commanders. The best proof of General Lee's abilities as a soldier, lies in the fact that General McClellan discovered his adversary's intentions, but does not seem to have been able to counteract them. On the 25th he wrote to President Lincoln that he "would probably be attacked to-morrow," but his position was such that he could not guard against the assault, or meet it with greater success. He had anticipated this very movement, but had not been permitted by General Lee to avoid it by changing the base of his army to James River. The inexorable fate approached in the person of Lee; the dial pointed to the destined hour—and the star of McClellan's fortunes went down in blood.

Lee had thus outgeneraled his great adversary, and reversed all his plans. The result had proved the Confederate commander to be one of the most accomplished soldiers of history;

but in estimating his great merits, we should not lose sight of the admirable fighting qualities of his troops, or the conspicuous abilities of his subordinate commanders. Lee had shown himself to be a great captain—but he had admirable lieutenants. Longstreet, the stubborn and unyielding fighter, who, like the “War Horse,” a name given him by Lee, seemed to thrill at the “thunder of the captains and the shouting,” and rejoice in the hard brunt of action; A. P. Hill, the dashing, chivalric, headlong commander of the “Light Division,” who seemed to understand with difficulty that the moment sometimes arrived when a general must fall back; Ewell, the blunt and determined soldier, trained and confided in by Jackson; Magruder, the passionate, excitable, and enterprising leader; Hood, the daring and indomitable Texan, tall, powerful, with his kind face and honest smile, but under all a will of iron; Stuart, the prince of cavalymen, with his native genius for the career of arms, his daring, nerve, and coolness even in a charge—that coolness which remained unshaken, whatever perils menaced him; the generals of divisions and brigades; the colonels of regiments; the commanders of squadrons and battalions; the captains of companies—all coöperated with the troops, and carried out the plans of General Lee, with a skill and vigor which alone could accomplish such results.

Among these distinguished soldiers, marching under Lee, none had performed more important services in the recent battles than Jackson. When he appeared upon the field the battle was almost lost, and the Confederate lines were on the point of falling back. The sound of his guns changed the whole face of affairs, as by magic; and when he threw his trained troops against the Federal lines, they began in their turn to waver. This was always the signal with Jackson for a more resolute attack; that attack was made, and the result was a decisive victory, in which Jackson's corps had borne the chief part.

He fought upon this occasion with the science of a trained soldier, but the anxiety of earlier days in the Valley was spared him. His troops no longer required watching and careful ma-

nouvring to make them victorious. The raw levies had become old soldiers, and fought with a steadiness which spared their commander all solicitude. This was shown in Jackson's demeanor on the field. He had the air of one who knew upon what he relied, and did not doubt the result.

Malvern Hill was the end of the struggle around Richmond. It is true that General Lee sent Jackson forward on the next day toward Harrison's Landing, and that on the day after there was a desultory skirmish between the opposing forces. But the roll of great events was exhausted, the curtain had fallen upon the bloody drama.

Subsequent revelations, by General McClellan, of the strength and condition of his army at that time, afford ample reason for believing that an advance would have terminated in his capture; but upon grounds which seemed to them at that time conclusive, the Confederate authorities determined to retire; and on the 8th of July the forces were accordingly withdrawn. Jackson's corps fell into line, left the hot pine woods in which they had lain, sweltering in front of the enemy, and took up the line of march for the neighborhood of Richmond.

Jackson had lost at the battle of Cold Harbor 589 killed, and 2,671 wounded. At the battle of Malvern Hill 377 killed, and 1,746 wounded.

The corps had sustained, in the fullest degree, its reputation, won in the hard combats beyond the mountains, and had left its mark all along the road from Ashland, by Cold Harbor to Malvern Hill; but it had left, too, some of its most precious blood, poured out in the lowlands, as other precious blood had been, in the Virginia Valley. Many brave souls slept under the green sod of the Hanover slopes, in the silent swamps of the Chickahominy, and beneath the dim pines of Charles City, sighing over their unknown graves. There may they rest in peace.

CHAPTER VII.

THE END OF THE DRAMA.

THE memorable "battles around Richmond" had thus resulted in the defeat of the Federal campaign, and the remnant of General McClellan's army had retired for safety under the frowning muzzles of the gunboats on James River.

We have traced in detail the movements which led to this result, but in the hurry of the narrative have omitted some things which are necessary to an intelligent comprehension of the situation of the adversaries.

At the moment when General Lee struck at him, General McClellan was within cannon shot of Richmond, and his great numbers seemed to render its capture certain. From the White House, their base of supply on York River, to Seven Pines, within four or five miles of the city, the Federal troops were encamped on every hill and in every valley. The fields and forests of New Kent, Henrico, and Hanover, which had made those counties among the most attractive in the State, were full of tents; the woods were disappearing after the fences, the meadows were traversed by wagon roads, the old mansions taken for hospitals or burned; and, under their impromptu arbors of boughs, the Federal soldiers divided the proceeds of their forays upon the neighboring estates. The troops seem to have fully expected to take Richmond whenever a general advance was made upon it; but General McClellan was not so well assured of the result. He seems to have shrunk from risking a battle and evidently designed to capture the place by regular approaches—to advance step by step, constructing powerful works as he proceeded, until his heavy guns should bear directly upon the city, and compel its evacuation. He was energetically pursuing this design, when, on the 27th of July, he was compelled

to concentrate his army, as far as he could, behind Powwhite Creek, near Cold Harbor, to protect himself from destruction.

This battle has been much misunderstood. It has been regarded by many persons as only a link in the chain of events, but it was in reality the day of decisive defeat for General McClellan. The action at Mechanicsville was comparatively an affair of the outpost, and the Federal commander promptly abandoned his position there, and concentrated his entire available force for the decisive struggle at Cold Harbor. He meant that to be the ground upon which the issue should be decided; his ability to hold the works behind Powwhite Creek, the test of every thing. They were stormed, and carried with the bayonet, and General McClellan had been defeated. What remained for him now was retreat; and all the fighting which followed was merely the effort of a good soldier to fall back in order, and save the remnant of his army.

General McClellan's position was at that moment extremely embarrassing. As we have seen, he was called upon to decide rapidly whether he would retreat down the Peninsula, thus preserving his stores at the White House, or march across to James River, a movement the moral effect of which would be much better on the troops. He decided promptly upon the latter course, but successfully masked his intention. A force was left on the north bank of the Chickahominy, and General Lee was thus in doubt as to the intended line of retreat. When that force was attacked on the 28th, it retired to the southern bank, and the perilous retrograde movement through the swamps of Henrico and Charles City commenced. The ability displayed by General McClellan in this movement is unquestionable. Its success, with the subsequent campaign of the same commander in Maryland, entitle him, all things considered, to the palm of superiority over all other generals of the Federal army. At every step the Confederate advance was confronted by a powerful and admirably handled rear guard, supported by artillery; and the skill and courage displayed by the Federal officers and troops, with the difficult character of the country, effected their object. At

White Oak Swamp, the position chosen by General McClellan was so excellent that Jackson could make no impression upon it ; and at Frayser's Farm the Confederate columns were held in check until dark. On Malvern Hill a decisive stand was made, McClellan massed his artillery, fought with the fury of despair, and repulsed every assault upon his shattered ranks. When he reached Harrison's Landing, as he did on the same night, it was to his skill and soldership alone that the Federal authorities owed the salvation of the army.

The Northern forces had thus escaped utter rout, but the results achieved by General Lee's attack were very great. In mere war material these embraced fifty pieces of artillery, many thousands of small-arms, millions worth of property, and thousands of prisoners. But the supreme result was the deliverance of the Confederate capital. Richmond had unquestionably been in imminent danger of capture, and all hearts had begun to despond, when, in one afternoon, the Federal power in front of the city was effectually broken, and the campaign terminated.

Jackson's part in these events has been described, and he now became absorbed in his favorite project of invading the North. This became his possessing thought, and was no secret from those with whom he conversed. As day after day passed, in the woods of Charles City, his impatience became extreme, and one night, while lying down in his tent conversing with a confidential friend, he suddenly rose from his couch, struck it violently with his clenched hand, and exclaimed :

“Why don't we advance ! Now is the time for an advance into Pennsylvania ; McClellan is paralyzed, and the Scipio Africanus policy is the best ! Let the President only give me the men, and I will undertake it. I say this in no improper spirit. I will go under any one—under Ewell, or anybody who will fight. General Lee, I believe, would go, but perhaps he cannot.” And then came that tribute to General Lee which we have already presented to the reader.

The views of Jackson were not concurred in by the Confederate authorities, who, menaced still by the force remaining

with General McClellan, and by the Federal army assembling at Warrenton, seemed to have considered their resources too limited to risk so important a movement, at such a distance from the capital. The absence, however, of those official revelations which are the basis of all just views of public events, renders any definite statement upon this subject premature.

With two little incidents which belong to this period, we shall conclude our sketch of Jackson around Richmond. The first exhibits that sternness of spirit which his sweet smile and courteous manner concealed, and is thus related by the person who witnessed it. Jackson sent an order to one of his officers, in the afternoon at Malvern Hill, to advance across the open space in front of the Federal works and attack them. The officer in question hurried to Jackson, and said almost rudely :

“ Did you order me to advance over that field, sir ? ”

Jackson's eye flashed under the rim of his cap, and, in his briefest tones, he said :

“ Yes.”

“ Impossible, sir ! ” exclaimed the officer, “ my men will be annihilated ! Nothing can live there ! They will be *annihilated* ! ”

Jackson listened in silence, but his face grew cold and rigid with displeasure. He gazed steadily for a moment at the speaker, raised his finger, and in low brief tones said :

“ General. —, I always endeavor to take care of my wounded and to bury my dead. You have heard my order—obey it ! ”

These words admitted of no reply, and the order was carried out. The officer who relates the incident declares that he has never before or since seen such an expression as that which burned in the eye of Jackson as he uttered the above words. He looked “ dangerous ”—and that admonition closed the interview.

The second incident displays the great personal popularity which Jackson had already secured. On the morning after the battle of Malvern Hill he was riding on the left of his line, when he met Colonel Munford of the cavalry, and after some words

upon military matters, asked him if he had managed to secure any breakfast. The Colonel informed him that he had, and Jackson said :

“ I should like to have some myself. I wonder if I can get some buttermilk? ”

“ Yes, General—come with me,” was Colonel Munford’s answer.

And they rode to the plain mansion in which an old lady of the humbler class had furnished Colonel Munford with his breakfast.

“ Can I get some breakfast for General Jackson, madam? ” asked the officer ; “ he has had none to-day.”

“ For whom? ” exclaimed the good woman, pausing in her work and looking earnestly at the speaker.

“ For General Jackson,” was the Colonel’s reply.

“ General Jackson! That is not General Jackson!” she again exclaimed, pointing to the man in the dingy uniform.

“ Yes it is, madam.”

The old lady gazed at the General for a moment in silence ; her face flushed red, and raising both hands she suddenly burst into tears.

Every thing in her house was produced without delay, including the longed-for buttermilk ; but nothing, evidently, in the old lady’s estimation was good enough for her hero.* These things touched Jackson more than the plaudits of victory.

CHAPTER VIII.

GENERAL POPE IN CULPEPPER.

THE disastrous issue of affairs on the Chickahominy took place at a moment when the Federal arms had achieved important successes in the West.

In that quarter the Confederates had met with serious re-

* These incidents are related on the authority of Colonel T. T. Munford of the cavalry.

verses. On the 30th of May General Beauregard had been compelled to fall back from Corinth, and on the 6th of June the Federal forces entered Memphis. They now held New Orleans, Baton Rouge, Natchez, and Memphis, on the Mississippi; and though Vicksburg still held out, and the Federal troops had to abandon the siege, the general result of the campaign was more than favorable to their arms. It was in the midst of the rejoicing at these successes that the great blow fell on the Chickahominy, reversing all their hopes of an early termination of the conflict.

The Federal authorities did not, however, despair. The Southern successes were only the signal for still more gigantic preparations, and determined efforts to overthrow the Confederacy. President Lincoln called for 300,000 additional troops; larger bounties were offered for recruits than had ever before been known in the history of any war; and the Federal legislation indicated the basis upon which the hostilities were thereafter to be carried on. A bill passed Congress, confiscating the slaves of all persons adhering to the Confederate Government. Another act directed slaves to be armed and enrolled as troops; and military commanders were authorized to seize and make use of any property, real or personal, belonging to Southern sympathizers, "necessary or convenient for their commands," without compensation to their owners. The war was thus to be conducted upon the hypothesis that the Southern States were not belligerents according to the laws of nations, but outlawed combinations beyond the pale of civilized warfare.

Immediate steps were now taken to retrieve the disasters on the banks of the Chickahominy; and, during the month of July, while General McClellan was still lying upon the hot shores of the James, fresh levies were rapidly hurried forward to Washington. That city became one great camp; the forces lately under Generals Banks, McDowell, and Fremont, were concentrated at the Capital; and large reënforcements having arrived from McClellan, a very considerable army was soon ready to take the field. This body was styled the "Army of Virginia."

and was speedily sent forward in detached columns to Warrenton, Culpepper Court-House, and Fredericksburg, with a view to unite and advance upon Gordonsville. This force was placed under the command of Major-General John Pope, who was said to have declared that he had "never seen any thing of his enemies but their backs."

General Pope reached the headquarters of the army, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, in a special car decked with streamers, and soon afterward, issued a general order, in which he said to the troops :

"I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases, which I am sorry to find much in vogue among you. I hear constantly of taking strong positions, and holding them; of lines of retreat, and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas. The strongest position which a soldier should desire to occupy is the one from which he can most easily advance upon the enemy. Let us study the probable line of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of itself. Let us look before and not behind. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear."

General Pope then issued what was styled his "expatriation order." This directed that all male citizens disloyal to the United States should be immediately arrested, the oath of allegiance proffered them, and if they took it, and "furnished sufficient security for its observance," they should be released. If they declined taking it they should be sent beyond the extreme Federal pickets, and if found again within his lines should be treated as spies and shot. "If any person," said this order, "having taken the oath of allegiance, as above specified, be found to have violated it, he shall be shot, and his property seized and applied to the public use." In addition, "all communication with any person whatever living within the lines of the enemy," was prohibited; and "any person concerned in writing, or in carrying letters or messages, will be considered and treated as a spy." General Steinwehr also issued an order directing that the prominent citizens of his district should be arrested and detained as hostages for the good behavior of the inhabitants, and made

to suffer in their persons for the acts of partisans and "bushwhackers." If any of the Federal troops were "bushwhacked," one of the hostages should suffer *death*.

The uncompromising hostility thus officially announced toward the entire population by General Pope and his lieutenants, speedily became the rule of proceedings on the part of the troops. Wholesale depredations were made upon the property of the citizens, and they were utterly unable to obtain from the Federal officers either indemnity for the past or protection for the future. We refrain from entering into the disagreeable and repulsive details of these excesses of the troops—excesses which induced a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* to declare that the war was being conducted "in a way that cast mankind two centuries back toward barbarism." A Federal writer thus describes the proceedings of the troops, and with his statement we dismiss the subject :

"The Army of Virginia has undergone a marked change in a very important particular. The new usage which has been instituted in regard to the protection of Confederate property, and the purpose of the Government to subsist the army, as far as practicable, upon the enemy's country, has produced a decided revolution in the feelings and practices of the soldiery, and one which seems to me very much to be regretted.

"Unless these innovations are guarded by far more stringent safeguards against irregular and unauthorized plundering, we shall let loose upon the country, at the close of the war, a torrent of unbridled and unscrupulous robbers. Rapid strides toward villany have been made during the last few weeks. Men who at home would have shuddered at the suggestion of touching another's property, now appropriate remorselessly whatever comes in their reach. Thieving, they imagine, has now become an authorized practice, and, under the show of subsisting themselves, chickens, turkeys, hams, and corn have become a lawful plunder, with little discrimination as to the character or circumstances of the original owner.

"It is to me a very serious and unfortunate state of facts,

when soldiers will rush in crowds upon the smoke-house of a farmer, and each quarrel with the other to get the best and greatest share. I blush when I state that on the march, through a section of country, every spring-house is broken open, and butter, milk, eggs, and cream are engulfed, almost before the place is reached by the men. Calves and sheep, and, in fact, any thing and every thing serviceable for meat or drink, or apparel, are not safe a moment after the approach of the army. Even things apparently useless are snatched up, because, it would seem, many men love to steal.

“At a place where I not long ago spent a night, scarcely an article to which the fertility of a soldier could suggest the slightest use remained to the owner upon the following morning. There had been soldiers there, you might wager. Pans, kettles, dish-cloths, pork, poultry, provisions, and every thing desirable had disappeared. The place was stripped, and without any process of commissary or quartermaster. So it has been in innumerable instances. Many a family, incapable of sustaining the slightest loss, has actually been deprived of all.

“I not long ago saw a dozen soldiers rushing headlong through a field, each anxious to get the first choice of three horses shading themselves quietly under a tree. The animals made their best time into the farthest corner of the field, with the men close upon them; and the foremost ones caught their prizes and bridled them as if they had a perfect immunity in such things. A scene followed. A young lady came out and besought the soldiers not to take her favorite pony. The soldiers were remorseless and unyielding, and the pony is now in the army.

“I know a case where a family were just seating themselves to dinner, when some of the soldiers being that way, they went in and swallowed every thing. That was not all; but whatever in doors and out of doors the soldiers wanted was readily appropriated, and the proprietor of the place told me sorrowfully that they had ruined him—he never could now get out of debt. I hardly regretted his misfortune so much on his account as for the influence of this thieving upon the soldiers. I was really grati-

fied to hear his little boy say, 'Pap says he wouldn't vote the secession ticket again if he had the chance.' His patriotism was evidently drawing too heavily upon his fortunes, and I was rejoiced to find him in an inquiring state of mind. But unless a check is given to this promiscuous and unauthorized plundering, the discipline and value of the army will be destroyed; and when the enlistments have expired we shall let loose a den of thieves upon the country."

It is said that General Pope subsequently issued an order declaring such proceedings unauthorized; * but the Federal forces had accomplished their work. The land was green when they came, but they left a desert behind them. The fences were burned, the forests felled, the farm lands turned into common, and fathers of families began seriously to dread that their children would starve. When the writer of this page passed through Culpepper in August, it was as much as he could do to procure food for himself and forage for his horse.

General Pope advanced through Culpepper toward the Rapidan, and had as yet encountered no enemy. His right extended to the foot of the Blue Ridge, and his left toward the confluence of the Rappahannock and Rapidan. This was the state of things in Culpepper in the last days of July.



CHAPTER IX.

CEDAR RUN.

WHILE General Pope thus advanced toward the Rapidan, seriously threatening with his large force the Central Railroad at Gordonsville, General McClellan was still with a considerable

* This was probably in consequence of General Order No. 107 from the United States War Department, issued August 15th, that "no officer or soldier might, without proper authority, leave his colors or ranks to take private property, or to enter a private house for the purpose, under penalty of death."

portion of his army at Harrison's Landing, and professed to design another advance on Richmond. It was thus necessary for the Confederate authorities to retain a sufficient number of troops at the capital to repulse any advance of the enemy from James River. It was equally important, however; to check General Pope; and to that end, Jackson, who had gone into camp on the Mechanicsville road, not far from Richmond, was directed to proceed toward Gordonsville, and guard that point against the threatened assault upon it. His own "Old Division," and General Ewell's, were accordingly moved in that direction, and reached Gordonsville on the 19th of July. Receiving reliable information that the Federal army in his front greatly outnumbered his own forces, Jackson sent back to General Lee for additional troops, and was reënforced by General A. P. Hill's division.

It was not long before the advanced forces of cavalry on both sides came into collision. On the 2d of August, whilst Colonel Jones, by direction of Brigadier-General Robertson, was moving, with the 7th Virginia cavalry, to take charge of picket posts on the Rapidan, he received intelligence, before reaching Orange Court-House, that the enemy were in possession of that town. Continuing to advance, Colonel Jones found the main street full of Federal cavalry, and charged the head of the enemy's column—another portion of the regiment, under Major Marshall, attacking them in flank. Both attacks were successful, and the enemy were driven from the place. But the Confederate forces were still greatly outnumbered; and, in consequence of the large body of the enemy in front, together with the fire of their flanking parties, Jones was compelled to fall back. He made another stand, however, not far from the town, and the Federal cavalry retired. In this brief contest, Colonel Jones, while gallantly charging at the head of his men, received a sabre wound, and Major Marshall was captured.

Such was the attitude of the adversaries on the Rapidan in the first days of August: Jackson at Gordonsville, General Pope at Culpepper Court-House, and the cavalry of the two armies in face of each other at Orange.

General Pope was waiting to be reënforced by General Burnside, and the problem with the Confederate authorities was, where would the Federal flotilla, under the latter commander, make an attack? It lay in Hampton Roads, and was either intended for the Rappahannock or the James; to operate with General Pope, or with General McClellan in another attack upon Richmond. The question was soon decided by a Confederate prisoner—Colonel John S. Mosby, the well-known partisan—who left Old Point to come up the river just as General Burnside was embarking infantry, cavalry, and artillery at Fortress Monroe. From a sure source he had obtained information that these troops were intended for the Rappahannock; and as soon as the flag-of-truce boat stopped below Richmond, Colonel Mosby repaired without delay to General Lee's headquarters and gave him the intelligence. General Stuart, then on an expedition toward the Rappahannock, had received the same information, but it could not be transmitted so quickly. It was despatched by relays of couriers to Jackson; and the receipt of this intelligence probably determined him to advance and attack General Pope before he was reënforced.

This design was carried into execution with that vigor and rapidity which characterized all the movements of Jackson. On the 7th of August he moved from Gordonsville, with his entire force, in the direction of Barnett's ford, on the Rapidan, a few miles above the point where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses the river; and on the morning of the 8th Robertson's cavalry, which had advanced beyond the Rapidan, encountered the Federal cavalry on the road from Barnett's ford to Culpeper Court-House. They were attacked, driven back, and pursued by General Robertson—the army continuing to advance on the track of the cavalry, with Ewell's division in front. The day was spent in skirmishing with the Federal cavalry, and such was the activity and enterprise which they displayed that Jackson was obliged to send back an entire brigade to guard his trains. Lawton's was selected, and thus was not engaged in the battle.

Jackson continued steadily to advance, bent on forcing Gen

eral Pope to fight before his reënforcements arrived, and, if possible, before his troops, scattered over a large extent of country, could be concentrated to resist the sharp iron wedge with which the Confederate commander was about to pierce his adversary's centre. On the next day—August the 9th—Jackson had reached a point about eight miles from Culpepper Court-House, and here he came upon the enemy.

The force in his front consisted, according to General Pope's official report, of Banks' and Sigel's corps, and a division from that of McDowell, amounting in all to 32,000 troops. Jackson had two divisions, and a portion of a third.

The enemy were posted in force—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—on a crest of hills near the Culpepper road, a short distance west and north of Slaughter's Mountain. In front, the country was open and undulating—a wheat-field and corn-field, in which the shocks were still standing in the August sunshine, extending between the opposing lines to the wooded crest, on which the Federal batteries were in position, ready to open when the Confederates advanced. A ridge on the right was occupied by a heavy body of Federal cavalry; and the engagement opened in this part of the field.

A battery, under Lieutenant Terry, was sent forward opposite the position of the Federal cavalry, and opened upon them with a vigor which soon drove them from the hill. As the cavalry retired, a Federal battery beyond the crest of the hill engaged Lieutenant Terry; and his fire having thus been diverted, the Federal cavalry returned, and again took position on the ridge.

Dispositions were now made to commence the action in earnest. Jackson's division had not yet reached the field, but Ewell was put in motion to secure a position which would enable the whole Confederate force to attack with advantage. The command of Ewell was divided. Early's brigade was ordered to advance along the Culpepper road, and General Ewell, with his two remaining brigades—Trimble's and Hays', Colonel Ferno commanding the latter—to diverge to the right, and passing

along the slope of Slaughter's Mountain, gain a position from which his artillery would command the ground occupied by the enemy.

These movements were made without delay. Early, formed in line of battle, moved into the open field, and pushing forward to the right of the road drove the Federal cavalry before him to the crest of a hill which overlooked the entire space in his front. As Early mounted this hill, the Federal batteries opened upon him furiously; heavy bodies of cavalry appeared in the wheat-field on his left; and so hot was the artillery fire that he withdrew his troops for protection under the crest of the eminence. His own artillery was now hurried forward and posted on his right, near a clump of cedar trees, and four pieces, under Captains Brown and Dement, opened a rapid fire upon the Federal batteries opposed to them.

At this moment Jackson's old division, commanded by Brigadier-General Charles Winder, arrived upon the field, and was disposed in order of battle. Campbell's brigade, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Garnett, was placed on the left, in a wood near the wheat-field; the batteries of Poague, Carpenter, and Caskie, under Major Andrews, took position parallel to the road, with Taliaferro's brigade as a support; and Winder's ("Stonewall") brigade, Colonel Ronald commanding, was held in reserve. At the moment when the troops moved to their positions one of the saddest events of the day took place. General Winder was proceeding to direct the fire of the batteries, with that skill and coolness which had attracted the attention of all in so many bloody encounters, when a shell exploded in front of him, and a fragment mortally wounded him.

"It is difficult," says Jackson, "in the proper reserve of an official report, to do justice to the merits of this accomplished officer. Urged by the Medical Director to take no part in the movements of the day, because of the then enfeebled state of his health, his ardent patriotism and military pride could bear no such restraint. Richly endowed with those qualities of mind and person which fit an officer for command, and which attract

the admiration and excite the enthusiasm of troops, he was rapidly rising to the front rank of his profession. His loss has been severely felt."

The command of Jackson's division now devolved on Brigadier-General W. B. Taliaferro, whose own brigade was commanded during the remainder of the action by Colonel A. G. Taliaferro.

Meanwhile, Ewell moving to the right, with his two brigades, had reached an elevated position on the northwestern shoulder of Slaughter's Mountain. Here, at a point about two hundred feet above the valley, he posted Latimer's battery, and opened a rapid and destructive fire upon the enemy. This was echoed by the guns of Andrews on the left; and for two hours an incessant cannonade was kept up between the opposing batteries. In this artillery engagement the enemy were seriously damaged; but the Confederate loss was also considerable. Major Andrews, among others, was severely wounded and borne from the field.

Jackson had not attempted an advance upon the Federal lines. He was waiting for General A. P. Hill, who had not yet come up. Encouraged by this apparent timidity and disinclination to attack, the Federal commander, about five o'clock in the afternoon, threw forward a dense line of skirmishers in the corn-field which has been mentioned, and these were followed by an advance of his infantry, up to this moment concealed in the woods behind his batteries. As this heavy column advanced on the left, another body debouched into view from a small valley hidden by an undulation of the ground on Early's right. This latter force charged straight upon Early's batteries, and he was at once engaged in a hot encounter, which gradually extended from his right to his left. At this period of the action Hill's division reached the field, and Jackson sent forward Thomas' brigade to Early's support, which arrived in time to strengthen his small line, and render most valuable assistance.

The attack on his right, however, did not deceive Jackson. The main body of the enemy was still massed in front of his

centre and left, and the anticipated attempt to turn that flank was speedily made. Under cover of the attack upon Early, a strong column moved at a double-quick from the wood, through the corn and wheat-field, swept forward over every obstacle, and turning the Confederate left flank, poured a hot and deadly fire into Jackson's rear. So sudden and determined was this assault, that the troops were almost surrounded before they knew it; and nothing remained for them but to fall back to a new position. The enemy gave them no time to reflect. They rushed forward with deafening yells, pouring a terrific fire into the wavering lines, and the day seemed lost. In vain did the Confederate officers attempt to hold the men steady. Captain B. W. Leigh, commanding the 1st Virginia battalion, took the colors of his battalion and rode in front, directly down the road, exposed to a concentrated fire; and his brother officers exposed themselves with equal gallantry. But these efforts were useless. The left of Taliaferro's brigade was turned, and fell back; this exposed Early, and his left also retired in confusion, though the remainder of his line maintained its ground.

The fate of the day, in that portion of the field at least, seemed now decided. The infantry had been flanked and driven back; the artillery, finding itself in imminent danger of capture, was rushed from the position which it had occupied, toward the rear, and as it disappeared the enemy redoubled their volleys, pressing the retreating Confederates with all the vigor of anticipated triumph.

At this moment of disaster and impending ruin Jackson appeared, amid the clouds of smoke, and his voice was heard rising above the uproar and the thunder of the guns. The man, ordinarily so cool, silent, and deliberate, was now mastered by the genius of battle. In feature, voice, and bearing, burned the *gaudium certaminis*—the resolve to conquer or die. Galloping to the front, amid the heavy fire directed upon his disordered lines, now rapidly giving way—with his eyes flashing, his face flushed, his voice rising and ringing like a clarion on every ear, he rallied the confused troops and brought them into line. At

the same moment the old Stonewall Brigade and Branch's brigade advanced at a double-quick, and shouting, "Stonewall Jackson! Stonewall Jackson!" the men poured a galling fire into the Federal lines. The presence of Jackson, leading them in person, seemed to produce an indescribable influence on the troops, and as he rode to and fro, amid the smoke, encouraging the men, they greeted him with resounding cheers. This was one of the few occasions when he is reported to have been mastered by excitement. He had forgotten apparently that he commanded the whole field, and imagined himself a simple colonel leading his regiment. Everywhere, in the thickest of the fire, his form was seen and his voice heard, and his exertions to rally the men were crowned with success. The Federal advance was checked, the repulsed troops re-formed, and led once more into action, and with Jackson in front the troops swept forward and re-established their lines upon the ground from which they had been driven.

Those who saw Jackson when he thus galloped to the front, and thus rallied his men in the very jaws of destruction, declare that he resembled the genius of battle incarnate.

The advance of the Federal forces was thus checked. They were forced to retire still more rapidly, and the Stonewall Brigade closed in on their right, and drove them back with terrible slaughter through the woods.* This brigade and that of Branch maintained their position in spite of vigorous attempts on the part of the enemy to dislodge them, and were at length reënforced by the brigades of Archer and Pender. These were hurried forward to the threatened point, the lines were re-formed, and a general charge was made all along the Confederate front. This charge swept every thing before it. The enemy were driven across the field, into the opposite woods.

To retrieve this disaster they had recourse to their cavalry. As Jackson's lines swept forward, the men heard the tramp of horsemen, and all at once a column of Federal cavalry made an

* Jackson's report.

impetuous charge. At the next moment it retired in disorder before the determined volleys poured into it. Taliaferro had met it in front and Branch assailed it in flank. From this combined attack it recoiled and hastily retreated from the field.

On the right Ewell had been forced to remain inactive. The incessant fire of the Confederate batteries in the valley, sweeping the only approaches to the Federal left, had prevented him from advancing. This difficulty now no longer existed, and he promptly threw forward his column. His front was covered by skirmishers from the 15th Alabama, which had performed a similar duty with so much gallantry at Cross Keys, and the brigades advanced in *échelon* of regiments, Trimble in advance, under a furious fire of artillery, with which the Federal guns endeavored to check their progress. As Ewell advanced against the Federal left, the confusion into which their right had been thrown by the obstinate and determined attack of Jackson in person, was communicated to their entire line. They wavered; and thus repulsed from the Confederate left and centre, and now pressed steadily by the right centre and left, they fell back at every point, broke in confusion, and leaving their dead and wounded on the field, retreated to the shelter of the woods, into which they were pursued.

The bloody contest had thus terminated in the complete repulse of the Federal forces. Jackson had captured 400 prisoners, among them a brigadier-general, 5,302 small-arms, one Napoleon gun and caisson, with two other caissons and a limber, and three stands of colors. His loss was 223 killed, and 1,060 wounded. The Federal loss was not known. Among the Confederate officers who fell, the fate of none excited more sympathy than that of General Charles Winder and Colonel Richard H. Cunningham. They were both in feeble health, and had been strenuously advised by their physicians not to take part in the action, but the sound of the guns was irresistible. They took command of their men, and fell in the action.

Such was the battle of Cedar Run. It completely checked General Pope's advance, and will take its place among Jack-

son's most important successes. The Federal force opposed to him was undoubtedly much larger than his own, and we have seen that at one period of the battle the Confederate line was in imminent danger of a complete repulse. That repulse, however, had been prevented by the timely arrival of Jackson, who, by a reckless exposure of his person, rallied the troops, and led them again in the charge which drove back the enemy.

As night descended upon the battle-field, a full moon rose, pouring upon the scene of carnage its melancholy radiance. The pallid beams fell on the upturned faces of the dead, the forms of the wounded, and upon countenances distorted in the last agony. Jackson had added another to the roll of his victories, and the weary troops who had won the day with so much difficulty lay down to sleep, the red battle-flags fluttering above them in the dim moonlight.

CHAPTER X.

JACKSON PURSUES.

THUS commenced that important movement of the Confederate forces northward, which drove the enemy from Virginia, and obliged him, finally, to concentrate his entire available strength in Maryland, for the defence of his own soil.

General Pope had commenced his campaign with an apparent conviction that nothing could resist his triumphal progress, but his imposing advance had been entirely checked, and he was now rapidly retreating to that "rear," where, to use his own words, "lurked disaster and shame." The hand which had thus heavily struck him was that of the ubiquitous leader of the Valley. Two months before, Jackson had defeated Generals Shields and Fremont, at Port Republic; within three weeks thereafter, his troops had suddenly appeared near Richmond, and throwing themselves upon General McClellan had decided the

fortunes of the day at Cold Harbor. Now the same men under their active and indefatigable commander had emerged from the woods of Culpepper, in front of General Pope, and checked his advance. The presence of Jackson at this point had greatly astonished the Federal forces. But a short time before the battle, he was supposed to be rapidly advancing down the Valley upon Winchester. The Federal camps there had been thrown into a tumult by this intelligence, the drums beat to arms, and the Federal soldiers, we are informed by one of their own writers, reminded each other of the blunt words of Jackson, when he had been compelled to retire from the town in May, that he would "return again shortly, and as certainly as now." When the troops there were thus beating the long roll in expectation of his coming, he was near Gordonsville; and before their apprehensions had subsided, he had crossed the Rapidan, and driven back General Pope. There was some ground for the statement, that the enemy began to experience toward Jackson the sentiment of the Scottish mothers of the middle ages, when they quieted their crying children with the threat, "Hush! or the Black Douglas will get you!"

General Pope evidently anticipated a different result from the engagement at Cedar Run. When the firing commenced he was in rear of Culpepper Court House, and he announced the fact to his Government by telegraph, adding: "I go to the front to see." He is said, however, not to have reached the scene of action, or taken any part in the engagement.

The battle of Cedar Run was disputed obstinately, and continued until night. The Confederate troops were much exhausted by their march, and the hard fighting combined, and the hours of darkness were not propitious for an advance; but Jackson was so anxious to follow up his success and reach the Federal stronghold at Culpepper Court-House before morning, that he determined to pursue without delay. An advance was accordingly ordered, with Hill's division in front, and after proceeding cautiously for a mile and a half the troops came upon the Federal forces. Jackson sent forward Pegram's battery,

supported by Field's brigade, with directions to feel the Federal position with artillery ; and the battery suddenly opened, throwing the Federal forces into great confusion. They rapidly ran three or four batteries into position, and replied with a heavy fire. A cannonade then commenced, and continued for some time, when the Federal fire having become very severe, Pegram was ordered to withdraw his guns. Colonel Jones, of the cavalry, having made a reconnoissance in front and toward the right of the Confederate lines, and ascertained that Federal reënforcements had arrived, Jackson considered it imprudent to continue the forward movement in the darkness, and ordered a halt for the night. This terminated the fighting for that day.

A gentleman serving on Jackson's staff at this time gives the following glimpse of him after the action. It may interest those readers who are fond of personal and familiar details. On the night of the battle, Jackson was excessively fatigued and terribly hungry. His headquarter wagons rarely kept up, and to find them was always a sore labor with him. It frequently happened, indeed, that from simple want of food he would stop at some camp-fire, share the rations of the men, and after a familiar talk, go on his way. On this night he sought in vain for his wagons, and rode about from camp to camp until he was wearied out. Passing near the bivouac of the Stonewall Brigade, they recognized his figure by the moonlight ; and starting to their feet, the men greeted him with enthusiastic cheers. From this he soon escaped, and returning to the subject of rations, declared that if he only had some milk, of which he was very fond, he would be happy. None could be procured, the wagons were not found, and worn out with fatigue, the General wrapped himself in his old cloak, stretched himself flat on his breast under a tree, and instantly fell asleep.

On the following morning it began to rain, and suspecting that the enemy had been heavily reënforced during the night Jackson determined not to undertake a further advance. He accordingly gave directions for his wounded to be sent to the rear, the dead to be buried, and the arms abandoned by the

enemy in their flight to be collected from the battle-field. In the course of the morning General J. E. B. Stuart arrived, and, at Jackson's request, took command of the cavalry, and made a reconnoissance. The result of this, and information from other sources, convinced Jackson that the enemy had been strongly reënforced. He therefore determined not to hazard another battle in his weakened condition, and after remaining long enough to make all his preparations, retire. The Federal commander seemed in no haste to renew the conflict; and on the 11th—nearly two days after the battle—sent a flag of truce, requesting permission until two o'clock to bury such of his dead as the Confederates had not interred. This was granted, and the time afterwards extended, at General Pope's request, to five P. M.

The Confederate forces remained in position ready to repulse any attack until night, when Jackson fell back toward the Rapidan. He recrossed that river, and on the 14th of August—"to render thanks to God for the victory at Cedar Run, and other past victories, and to implore His continual favor in the future—Divine service was held in the army." On the plains of Orange, as amid the blue ranges of the mountains after McDowell, the men bent their bronzed faces in prayer to the Giver of Victory.

On the 11th of August, while in front of the enemy, some one said: "General, you have sent no despatch announcing your victory."

Jackson at once took a pencil, and wrote on his knee some lines which he handed to the speaker, with the question:

"How will that do?"

"Well, General," was the reply, "it is pretty much a repetition of your other despatches; but this battle is a repetition of the others too, and I suppose it will do."

The despatch was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DISTRICT, *August 11th—6:15 A. M.*

COLONEL: On the evening of the 9th instant God blessed our arms with another victory. The battle was near Cedar Run, about six miles from Culpeper Court-House. The enemy, according to statements of prisoners, con-

sisted of Banks', McDowell's, and Sigel's commands. We have over four hundred prisoners, including Brigadier-General Prince. Whilst our list of killed is less than that of the enemy, yet we have to mourn the loss of some of our best officers and men. Brigadier-General Charles S. Winder was mortally wounded whilst ably discharging his duty at the head of his command, which was the advance of the left wing of the army. We have collected about 1,500 small-arms and other ordnance stores.

I am, Colonel; your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON, Maj.-Gen. Commanding.

Colonel R. H. CHILTON, A. A. G.

General Pope's was in these words :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF VIRGINIA,
CEDAR MOUNTAIN, *August 12th—7:30 A. M.* }

To Major-General HALLECK :

The enemy has retreated under cover of the night.

His rear is now crossing the Rapidan toward Orange Court-House.

Our cavalry and artillery are in pursuit.

JOHN POPE, Major-General, &c.

CHAPTER XI.

LEE ADVANCES FROM THE RAPIDAN.

JACKSON thus retired before the enemy toward Orange Court-House, and the Federal cavalry contented themselves with hovering on his rear and observing his march. The significance of his retrograde movement was doubtless well understood, and was justly regarded as the drawing back of the arm about to strike a heavier blow.

The result of the battle of Cedar Run seems to have convinced the Federal authorities that to make any headway in the new field of operations on the Rappahannock, it would be necessary to concentrate in that region all the troops operating in Virginia. A brief period only had therefore elapsed before a fleet of transports appeared in James River, proceeded to Harrison's Landing, and took on board the entire remnant of General

McClellan's army, which had remained there under protection of the gunboats since the defeat on the Chickahominy. The plan of the Federal authorities was to unite General McClellan's forces with those of General Pope; to hurry forward from Fredericksburg the troops under General Burnside, and, forming one great army of these three distinct bodies, concentrate them between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, with a view to penetrate the heart of Virginia, cut the communications of the Confederate capital, and either drive the Government from the State, or reduce it to submission.

This design was energetically undertaken, and the Confederates were promptly called on to decide whether they would stand on the defensive, for the protection of Richmond against this new attack, or advance upon the enemy, and "carry the war into Africa."

The latter determination was speedily arrived at; offensive operations were decided upon; and no sooner had General Lee satisfied himself that General McClellan was evacuating his position on James River, than he hastened to put his troops in motion to attack General Pope before the expected reënforcements reached him.

The Confederate forces were accordingly concentrated in the neighborhood of Gordonsville; and on the 15th of August Jackson advanced, passed Orange Court-House, and camped on the same evening near Mount Pisgah Church. The force under his command at this time consisted of

Ewell's Division—embracing the brigades of Lawton, Early, Trimble, and Hays (Colonel Ferno commanding the latter); with the batteries of Brown, Dement, Latimer, Balthus, and D'Aquin.

A. P. Hill's Division—embracing the brigades of Branch, Gregg, Field, Pender, Archer, and Thomas; with the batteries of Braxton, Latham, Crenshaw, McIntosh, Davidson, and Pegram.

Jackson's (old) Division, Brigadier-General W. B. Taliaferro commanding—embracing the brigades of Winder (Colonel Baylor), Campbell (Major Seddon), Taliaferro (Colonel A. G.

Taliaferro), and Starke; with the batteries of Brockenbrough, Wooding, Poague, Carpenter, Caskie, and Raines.

The Old Division was thus commanded by a brigadier-general, and its brigades by colonels and majors—a significant commentary upon the gallantry of its officers, who had been terribly thinned out in the fierce encounters through which it had passed.

“Major-General Stuart,” says Jackson, “with his cavalry coöperated during the expedition, and I shall more than once have to acknowledge my obligations for the valuable and efficient aid which he rendered.”

Jackson remained at Mount Pisgah until the 20th, General Longstreet not having completed his preparations to advance; but all being at last ready, the army moved across the Rapidan on that day, and the campaign began. General Lee appears to have designed an attack on General Pope’s left flank and rear, with a view to cut off his retreat to the Rappahannock by the line of the railroad, when the whole Federal army would either be forced to fight at a disadvantage, or surrender themselves prisoners of war. With this end in view, Longstreet moved by way of Raccoon ford, and Jackson by way of Somerville ford, on the Rapidan. Once beyond the river, Jackson pushed on without delay, and on the same night reached Stevensburg, a little village on the main road from Culpepper Court-House to Fredericksburg, and almost opposite the left flank of the enemy.

It may interest some of our readers to have a glimpse of the Southern troops upon the march. History deals in generalities; but the actual picture, however homely, is more interesting, if not as valuable, as the “official statement.” From the journal of an eye-witness we extract the following paragraphs relating to the movements of the troops:

“August 20.—Army crossed the Rapidan, the water thigh-deep. Scene exciting and amusing. * * * *

“August 21.—The enemy in close proximity, and we have to move cautiously. * * * From a hill on the other side of the Rapidan we have a magnificent view for miles. Three col-

umns—long black winding lines of men, their muskets gleaming in the sunshine like silver spears—are in sight, moving in the direction of Fredericksburg or down the opposite bank of the river. Those skirmishing in front. Good many stragglers by the wayside, but they are generally broken-down soldiers, and trudge slowly along in the tracks of their comrades. An attractive part of the procession is the baggage trains, wending their way in the rear of the army. Thousands of wagons are in sight, and between the stalling of trains, the shouting of drivers, and the chaotic confusion which emanates from the motley mass, no man can complain of the *ennui* of the march.

“Nothing can be more picturesquely beautiful than the bivouac at night. Thousands of troops line the woods on both sides of the road for miles. Camp-fires are glimmering in the trees, muskets are stacked along the edge of the forest, and the men are disposed in every conceivable manner. Some are rolled up in their blankets and already dreaming away the fatigues of the day; some are sitting around the camp-fires, watching the roasting ears, and discussing the ‘coming events which cast their shadows before,’ and some are among the trees, moving to and fro in the gray film of smoke that has arisen from the myriad fires and rests upon the earth. We live on what we can get—now and then an ear of corn, fried green apples, or a bit of ham broiled on a stick, but quite as frequently do without either from morning until night. We sleep on the ground without any other covering than a blanket, and consider ourselves fortunate if we are not frozen stiff before morning. The nights are both damp and cold.”

A portion of this extract paints with great accuracy the commissariat of the Southern army. “A bit of ham broiled on a stick” was a luxury with the men, and the time was soon to come when it would be wholly unattainable; when the entire force would be called on to subsist upon green corn roasted on the embers—sole bill of fare of the tired and hungry soldier.

General Lee had thus massed his army between the Rappahannock and the Rapidan, directly on the enemy’s flank; but in

his expectation of a decisive battle there, he soon found himself disappointed. General Pope had no intention of renewing a trial of strength with the Confederates after his experience at Cedar Run; and with a prudence which ill assorted with his publicly expressed determination to take no step toward that "rear" where "lurked disaster and shame," he no sooner suspected the intended attack than he fell back promptly to the north bank of the Rappahannock, and, crowning every hill with his batteries, prepared to dispute the passage of the river.

Jackson lost no time in following up this retreat of the enemy, and on the 21st moved with Taliaferro's brigade in front to Beverly's ford, the main crossing of the Rappahannock, just above the point where the railroad intersects it. The enemy were seen in force on the opposite bank, and Jackson promptly ordered forward the batteries of his division under Major Shumaker, which opened fire and succeeded in silencing the Federal artillery, and dispersing their infantry supports. This repulse, however, was only temporary. General Stuart, who had made a reconnoissance beyond the Rappahannock with his cavalry and horse artillery, reported an advance in force, and heavy columns soon appeared on the opposite bank. Their batteries were placed in position, and a rapid and determined artillery duel ensued between the Federal batteries and those of Taliaferro. This lasted all day, and when the shades of night descended the landscape was still lit up by bursting shell and the lurid glare of the cannon.

On the morning of the 22d Jackson withdrew from the enemy's front at Beverly's ford, and advancing up the bank of the river with Ewell in front, crossed Hazel River, a tributary of the Rappahannock, at Welford's ford. Here Trimble's brigade was left to protect the flank of the wagon train from attack, and the necessity of this precaution was soon rendered apparent. About noon a small party of the enemy made a dash at the train and captured a portion of it. They were attacked, however, in turn, the wagons recaptured, and the whole party made prisoners. About four o'clock a more determined effort was

made to delay Jackson's march, and cut off his trains. A considerable Federal force crossed the river below, and attacked the wagons, but this met with no better success. Trimble, supported by Hood (commanding General Lougstreet's advance), met this party, and after a sharp engagement routed and drove them beyond the river again, a considerable portion of their force having been taken prisoners.

Jackson continued to advance, paying little attention to these assaults on his rear, and reached a point opposite Freeman's ford, the next ford above the mouth of Hazel River. This he found guarded by a strong force, and he marched on to Warrenton Springs, on the old stage road from Warrenton to Culpepper Court-House. Here he found the bridge over the river destroyed, but the point slightly guarded, and no time was lost in endeavoring to secure a position of so much importance. The 13th Georgia, Colonel Douglas, with the eight guns of Brown and Dement, and afterwards Early's brigade, were ordered to cross, and the Springs were soon in his possession, with a number of prisoners.

This movement had no sooner been effected than it commenced raining, and Early's position became one of very great peril. The Federal forces were rapidly approaching to attack him; the river began to rise, and he was completely cut off from the main body on the southern bank. Urgent messages were despatched by General Early describing his situation, and stating that a reconnoissance in person had discovered the enemy in his front and on both flanks. To this Jackson responded briefly :

“Tell General Early to hold his position.”

The 23d passed, and the enemy were nearly in collision with Early. But Jackson had not been idle. Details of men had been constructing all day a temporary bridge over the swollen river, and by dawn on the 24th the infantry and artillery were all safely over on the southern bank again. Early had scarcely crossed when the enemy pressed forward, and a fierce cannonade commenced between their batteries and those of Hill.

At the very moment when Jackson was thus feeling the en-

emy on the Rappahannock, General Stuart, at the head of his cavalry, had by one of those bold dashes which characterized him, penetrated to their rear, and, in the midst of night and storm, struck them at Catlet's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, where General Pope then was in person. The men on this occasion behaved with much gallantry, charging at a gallop through the midnight darkness, deepened by a heavy thunder-storm, over rough and unknown ground, upon the camps of the enemy. The attack threw every thing into confusion, and the Federal officers fled from their tents into the darkness, almost without firing a shot; but a heavy volley from their men, behind the railroad, was poured into the faces of the southern horsemen. General Pope escaped, leaving his coat and hat behind, but several of his officers were captured. The most valuable part of the captured property was a box of official papers, which are said to have clearly exhibited the strength of his army; his anxious desire for reënforcements; his expectation that they would soon arrive; and the slender hopes which he indulged of holding his ground, if the Confederate commander attacked him in force. General Stuart hastened to lay these valuable documents before General Lee, and the revelations which they afforded of the enemy's numbers and designs, probably led to the decisive movement which speedily followed the raid.

General Lee determined to send a column against the enemy's rear, to get between him and Washington, cut his communications, and in conjunction with the rest of the army, which would follow, engage his whole force, and capture or destroy it before it could retreat to the Potomac. This movement would necessarily be attended with great peril, as the force thus detached would be entirely separated from the main body under Lee; would move straight to a position directly in the path of the retreating enemy, and might be called upon to sustain the assault of his entire column before succor could reach it. To effect the object of the commander-in-chief, the utmost energy, judgment, and decision were necessary in the officer who under-

took the expedition, and a man must be selected who had capacity to operate alone, and whose movements would be rapid and decisive. The officer selected to conduct this flank movement was Jackson.



CHAPTER XII.

THE MARCH TO MANASSAS.

JACKSON lost no time. On Monday, the 25th of August, he retired from the position opposite Warrenton Springs, and ascending the banks of the Rappahannock, passed through the little village of Amissville, and crossed the river at Hinson's ford, dragging his artillery with difficulty up the narrow and rock-ribbed road beyond. From this moment rapidity of movement was essential to success. The presence of Jackson in that region could not long be concealed, and it was vitally important that the Confederate forces should push on and pass through Thoroughfare Gap—their proposed line of advance—before the enemy could occupy that strong fortress and bar their passage.

The famous "Foot Cavalry" were now called upon to put forth their utmost strength. A long and exhausting march was before them; every moment was precious; Thoroughfare Gap must be reached before the enemy arrived, and the ordinary rules of marching must be changed. As though recognizing the truth of the maxim that wherever two men can place their feet an army can move, Jackson pushed on beneath the shadow of the Blue Ridge, "across open fields," declares one of his men, "by strange country roads and comfortable homesteads, by a little town in Fauquier, called Orleans, on and on, as if he would never cease." When the Confederate forces advanced by the same route in June, 1863, a soldier asked an old negro whither the road which they were then travelling led.

"All right, master," replied the old man, with an astute

smile, "you are going the same road Mass Jackson took last year, only he took the *nigh cuts*!"

By these "nigh cuts," through fields and farm gates, often through gaps hastily opened in the fences, Jackson continued to advance. The troops were not permitted to pause for an instant; weary, footsore, almost without food, they were still marched steadily forward, and at night, worn out but gay, hungry but full of enthusiasm, they bivouacked near the town of Salem, on the Manassas Gap Railroad.

An officer of Jackson's staff presents a sketch of the leader and his men at this moment, which is interesting.

"When his corps reached Salem," says this MS., "General Jackson rode up to the officer commanding the front brigade, and complimented him upon the good condition of his men, and the fine march made that day. They had then travelled more than twenty miles, and were still moving on briskly, and without stragglers. General Jackson stood on the side of the road, and looked with evident pleasure on the full and well-closed ranks; and when they commenced their usual cheering, he raised his hand to stop them, and all along the lines went the words, 'Don't shout, boys, the Yankees will hear us!' The regiments passed by without music or noise, not even a loud-spoken word could be heard, nothing but the steady tramp of the men. As they passed, they raised their caps, and waved them around their heads, and the enthusiastic love which beamed on every countenance, showed how hard it was to suppress the usual greeting. Those who saw General Jackson that evening as he sat on his horse, cap in hand, with the westering sun shining full on his firm kind face, could not say that he was without *pride*. He was full of it—his face all aglow with it; but it was for his men, not one iota for himself. When they had all passed, he turned and said: 'Who could fail to win victory with those men!'"

In other portions of the line the men could not restrain their enthusiasm at sight of the dingy uniform, the old yellow cap, and the firm face beneath. In spite of every caution, and the

orders of the General in person, they whirled their caps around their heads, and cheered him tumultuously. To this the soldier-heart of Jackson succumbed, the disobedience of orders was forgotten, and turning to a person near him, with a proud smile which he could not suppress, he said: "You see I can't stop them!"

Reaching Salem at midnight, the troops were again in motion at daylight; and passing "crowds, all welcoming, cheering, staring with blank amazement" at the sight of Confederate troops in that region, pressed on through the plains to Thoroughfare Gap. The mountain-gorge was undefended, the enemy had been "headed off;" and passing rapidly between the frowning ramparts with their belts of dusky pines, Jackson with his army, hungry and exhausted, but as resolute as ever, descended like a hawk upon Manassas.

General Pope in his official report declares that he knew of Jackson's movement. If he estimated its importance correctly, his failure to oppose it is not flattering to his skill as a commander. It is probable, however, that he regarded it as a movement chiefly if not entirely of cavalry, a mere raid against his depot at Manassas. It is improbable that the amount of force under Jackson was discovered. General Stuart was on the right flank of the Confederate column with a cordon of pickets, and a network of scouting parties, scouring the whole region, and to penetrate Stuart's chain of videttes, in any important movement, was next to impossible. Had General Pope felt convinced that the force advancing to assail his rear was not a body of cavalry only, but an army corps under a commander so active and dangerous as Jackson, his operations on the Rappahannock would doubtless have terminated two days sooner. Thoroughfare Gap would have been defended; and the conditions under which the great battles at Manassas were fought would have been changed.

General Stuart had pushed in advance with his cavalry, ascended the Bull Run Mountain by a winding and rocky road, to the right of the gap, and descending the eastern acclivity

taken his post again in front and on the flanks of the army, which, on the afternoon of Tuesday, the 26th, reached the neighborhood of Manassas.

This march will always remain famous in history. It was the achievement of a leader fertile in resource, close in his calculation of time and material, and unerring in decision and execution. Jackson had either outgeneralled or surprised the commander of the Federal forces, and General Pope, who up to that time had persistently kept his eyes upon the Confederate column in his front upon the Rappahannock, now found himself cut off from Washington by a column in his rear, and forced to retreat or fight upon terms dictated by his adversary.

Jackson had thus accomplished with entire success one part of his programme, and the execution of the movement was worthy of his reputation as a soldier. But in contemplating the success of the leader, we ought not to lose sight of the credit which belongs to the troops. They had on this, as on many other occasions, displayed a soldiership, endurance, and cheerfulness under privation and hardship which would do honor to the best fighting races of history. In two days they had marched about fifty miles to make an attack, which is very different from a retreat. This rapid advance was made to gain a position in which they expected to be immediately assailed by the large force under General Pope, certain to be united against Jackson as soon as it could be brought up. Many of the men were barefooted, and limped along "weary unto death." They were faint from want of food and broken down by absence of rest, but, as we have seen, moved on "briskly, and without stragglers." Only those who saw the Confederate troops at this time, before and after the second battle of Manassas, can realize their cheerful and soldierly bearing under privations which were calculated to break down their strength and quench all their ardor. The phenomenon was here presented of an army living for many days upon green corn and unripe apples only—and during this time making exhausting marches, engaging in incessant combats, and repulsing every assault. The troops which presented this

worthy and honorable spectacle were for the most part composed of young men who had never known what it was to want even the delicacies of life. The flower of the Southern youth, raised in affluence and luxury, were toiling on over the dusty highways, or lying exhausted by the roadside, or fighting when so feeble that they could scarcely handle their muskets; but a something stern and resolute in the blood of these boys seemed to bear them up, keep them to their work, and make them laugh even in the midst of their sufferings. The writer of this page saw the men of the South at this great crisis, and his pulse still throbs as he recalls the noble spectacle which they presented.

Thoroughfare Gap was passed, the open country lay before Jackson, and at Gainesville General Stuart came up with his cavalry, and took position on the right flank. It was important to strike the Federal communications immediately and attack Manassas if possible before General Pope received intelligence of the advance upon his rear; and with this end in view, Jackson hurried forward to Bristoe, a station on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, four miles from Manassas, which was reached and a small guard captured after sunset. As Stuart approached this place the sound of cars was heard from the direction of Warrenton, and a train was soon seen approaching rapidly. Colonel Munford, of the 2d Virginia cavalry, fired into it as it passed at full speed, but did not succeed in stopping it. It continued its way and reached Manassas in safety. Other trains were heard coming from the same direction, however, and, dividing his force, General Ewell took possession of two points on the railroad, which was obstructed by logs upon the track. The trains came on without suspicion, and the result in this case was more satisfactory. Two were captured, one having been thrown off the track—and others still were heard coming.

But by this time the firing seems to have been heard, and to have excited suspicion. The trains in the direction of Warrenton uttered shrill screams which experts declared to signify, "Is all right?" One of these railroad experts, named Foreman, jumped on the prostrate engine, turned a portion of the ma-

chinery, and signalled back: "All right—come on"—General Fitz Lee drawing up his cavalry to fire upon them as they drew near. But the alarm had been given; the trains would not run the perilous gauntlet; and the troops must turn their attention elsewhere.

Jackson was thus completely in the enemy's rear; held possession of the railroad which supplied their army; and the first act of the great drama had been played. When the curtain descended, this was the position of affairs: Lee was on General Pope's flank; Jackson in his rear; the Federal reënforcements from Washington and Fredericksburg had not arrived; General Pope must fight on ground and conditions selected by his enemy. A cool and determined spirit would not, however, have regarded the situation as desperate. Lee, with his main body, was still a long way off; Burnside was approaching from below; reënforcements were being hurried forward from Alexandria; and Jackson was playing a game which might with good hopes of success be retorted against himself. Proceeding upon this view of the subject, General Pope put his columns in motion and advanced to protect his communications, and attack Jackson before he could be reënforced by Lee.

Our narrative deals with the movements of the personage thus threatened. The first thing necessary was to gain possession of Manassas. Night had now descended, and the men were exhausted by the heavy marching of the last two days; but the situation was critical; the destruction of the stores at Manassas essential to Jackson's designs—and he determined to make the attack without delay. General Trimble volunteered to undertake it, and accordingly advanced with the 21st North Carolina and the 21st Georgia—in all about five hundred men. In order to insure the success of the assault, General Stuart was subsequently directed to move with a portion of his cavalry to cooperate with Trimble, and "as the ranking officer, to take command of the expedition." The Federal force at Manassas made but slight resistance. General Stuart advanced ahead of the infantry with his cavalry, until challenged by the enemy's inte-

rior sentinels, and fired on with canister ; and finding the ground impracticable for cavalry at night, sent for the infantry. When it arrived, he directed General Trimble to rest his centre on the railroad and advance, which was immediately done, and after a brief contest the place was captured, Colonel Wickham, with a portion of the cavalry, cutting off the enemy's retreat.

The amount of arms and stores captured at Manassas was very large. Eight pieces of artillery ; seventy-two horses and equipments ; three hundred prisoners ; two hundred negroes ; two hundred new tents ; one hundred and seventy-five additional horses, exclusive of artillery horses ; ten locomotives ; two railroad trains of enormous size, loaded with many millions' worth of stores ; fifty thousand pounds of bacon ; one thousand barrels of beef ; twenty thousand barrels of pork ; several thousand barrels of flour, and a large quantity of forage, fell into Jackson's hands. In addition to these public stores, were the contents of the sutlers' shops, containing, says an eye-witness, " an amount and variety of property such as I had never conceived of." The same writer says : " 'Twas a curious sight to see our ragged and famished men helping themselves to every imaginable article of luxury or necessity, whether of clothing, food, or what not. For my part I got a tooth-brush, a box of candles, a quantity of lobster salad, a barrel of coffee, and other things which I forget. The scene utterly beggared description. Our men had been living on roasted corn since crossing the Rappahannock, and we had brought no wagons, so we could carry little away of the riches before us. But the men could eat one meal at least. So they were marched up, and as much of every thing eatable served out as they could carry. To see a starving man eating lobster salad and drinking Rhine wine, barefooted and in tatters, was curious ; the whole thing was indescribable."

This vast mass of public and private stores, with the exception of what the men consumed or carried away with them, a bakery, furnishing daily fifteen thousand loaves of bread, and all the public buildings of the place, were consigned to the flames

and utterly destroyed. Jackson was not to hold the place without a further struggle, however, on the part of the enemy.

Intelligence of the danger to which this great magazine of stores was exposed having reached Washington, a brigade of New Jersey troops, under General Taylor, was promptly ordered forward by railroad to defend it. The train reached the bridge over Bull Run about seven in the morning of the 27th; the troops were disembarked, and the entire command hurried forward as rapidly as possible toward Manassas. The Confederate skirmishers, who had been posted along the crest of hills overlooking Bull Run, fell back before the enemy, and they were thus drawn on toward the fortifications, where the infantry and dismounted cavalry awaited them in silence. They had advanced in line of battle within close and deadly range, when suddenly the artillery in the breastworks opened, and a storm of shot and shell greeted them. They fell back behind a sheltering crest, and were at once attacked by the Confederate infantry, who drove them through Blackburn's ford, to the opposite side of Bull Run. Here they were fired into by the Stuart Horse Artillery, under Major Pelham. General Taylor was killed; his son, nephew, and at least one-half of his officers wounded, and the enemy fell back in full retreat.

Hill's and Jackson's divisions were now in the neighborhood of Manassas, and had driven off some of the Federal cavalry and artillery which still hovered near in the direction of the old battle-field. Ewell's division had remained at Bristoe. This was to receive the first attack of Pope's column, pressing forward to guard his rear. The advance force of General Pope was led by General Hooker, an officer of energy and ability, and it soon became apparent that the whole of General Pope's army had fallen back from the Rappahannock, and was about to throw itself upon the comparatively small force opposed to it.

The enemy appeared in Ewell's front in the afternoon, and their forces were visible as far as the eye could see. The Confederate commander saw that he was largely outnumbered, and could effect nothing against this great force, but he nevertheless

advanced to the attack, determined to hold them in check until Jackson had accomplished his work at Manassas. The 6th and 8th Louisiana regiments and the 60th Georgia were promptly thrown forward to engage two Federal brigades which were now within close range; and Ewell opened with a rapid fire of artillery, which drove the Federal advance force back in confusion. Their places were, however, taken by fresh columns of Federal troops, and heavy reënforcements were rapidly moved to the front, General Pope evidently desiring to bring on a general engagement immediately. Ewell, however, declined the proffered battle, and, drawing up Early's brigade to protect his rear, fell back in the direction of Manassas. Two regiments of cavalry, under Munford and Rosser, covered Early's rear; Captain Boswell, of the engineers, destroyed the bridge, and the column fell back unpursued.

This affair was claimed by the Federal commander as an important success, his impression being, apparently, that he had thus repulsed, without difficulty, Jackson's entire force. The intelligence was telegraphed to Washington, where it was printed; and this was the origin of the opinion held throughout the North, for the moment, that Jackson was "cut off," and would inevitably be captured.

The Confederate cavalry had meanwhile exerted all their activity. During the entire day they were engaged in observing the enemy, reporting his movements, and capturing detached parties in all directions. General Fitz Lee was sent on an expedition toward Fairfax Court-House, to still further damage the Federal communications, and, if possible, cut off the retreat of Taylor's brigade; and the entire region was scoured by efficient officers of cavalry, who notified General Jackson of every movement.

At nightfall Manassas was evacuated; and when the enemy took possession on the following morning, Stuart's few remaining cavalry falling back before them, they found only smoking ruins, and the burnt and blackened remains of their great masses of stores.

The destruction of these stores was of vital importance to General Jackson. It doubtless seemed hard to his hungry soldiers, that after a march of fifty miles, almost without food, they should be called upon to destroy the tempting commissary stores, and innumerable luxuries of the sutlers' shops, almost before they had satisfied the cravings of nature. But the personal comfort of the army was at that moment a very small item in the account. The destruction of these stores was one of the greatest objects of the expedition; General Pope depended upon them for the subsistence of his army; and the success or failure of the grand operations about to commence was largely involved in depriving the enemy of their benefit.

General Pope's official report shows how thoroughly he was crippled by the capture of Manassas. He rests his apology for the defeat which followed upon the want of rations for his men and forage for his horses. Describing his starving condition, and inveighing against General McClellan for refusing to despatch trains of supplies without an escort of cavalry, he attributes all to the destruction at Manassas. There were some grounds for his statement. Even if General Fitz Lee's cavalry had permitted a convoy to pass, it could not have arrived in time; and General Pope declares in his report, that whether defeating Jackson, or defeated by him, it was a simple question of time whether he should fall back behind Bull Run, toward his supplies, or "starve." He adds that the battle of Saturday was fought because he had no option in the matter, and could not delay an engagement. "Starvation" for men and horses stared him in the face, and drove him to renew the action.

Such were the excellent results immediately achieved by Jackson in the capture of the enemy's magazines at Manassas. That historic place had thus been twice destroyed by the Confederate commanders—first by Johnston, and then by Jackson.

It had twice been occupied by the enemy, on the next day, but under different circumstances. The troops which took possession when Johnston evacuated and destroyed it in March, were the advance guard of an army thoroughly provisioned and

in high spirits. Those who entered it on the 28th of August were hungry, and with spirits already darkened by the shadow of Jackson.

CHAPTER XIII.

JACKSON AT BAY.

JACKSON turned his back on the burning houses of Manassas at nightfall.

His position was now perilous in the extreme. The main body of Lee's army was in motion, and marching by the same route which he had followed, to his assistance; but General Pope was moving to attack him, and the head of the Federal column had already come in collision with General Ewell. Lee had the arc of the circle to follow, while his adversary moved over the chord; and all now depended upon the former's celerity, and Jackson's strategy in meanwhile keeping the enemy at bay. If General Pope could once come up with and strike Jackson before Lee and Longstreet arrived, the contest would be desperate, as the Confederates would be greatly outnumbered; and to ward off the threatened blow until the main body came to his succor, was now the aim of General Jackson.

The movement brought into play all his resources of energy, nerve, prudence, and generalship. He might have retired without difficulty before the enemy, in the direction of Aldie, and turning the Bull Run Mountain at its northern extremity, formed a junction with Longstreet, and defied the foe; but this withdrawal of the advance force was no part of the plan of General Lee. The design of that commander was to engage the enemy with his whole force in the neighborhood of Manassas, while they were laboring under the embarrassments occasioned by the destruction of their stores and communications—while the men and horses were hungry and exhausted—and before supplies could reach them from Alexandria. The retreat toward Aldie,

on Jackson's part, would have lost to him half the fruits of the great movement—thwarted General Lee's plans—and reversed the whole programme of operations. He accordingly banished all thought of such a retrograde movement, and with that stubborn nerve which characterized him, determined to fall back slowly to a position within supporting distance of Longstreet, contest every inch of the ground, and only retire when the existence of his army made it necessary.

Accordingly, just after sunset, he put his troops in motion, and began the movement which was to effect his object. His corps was divided, and took different routes. Hill's division, with a detachment of cavalry, set out on the road to Centreville, crossing at Blackburn's ford, and thus drawing the attention of the enemy in a false direction. Hill did not proceed beyond Centreville, however. Having reached that point he faced to the left, took the Warrenton road, and returned, recrossing Bull Run at Stone bridge, hotly pursued by General Pope, who had gone after him to Centreville "with Heintzelman and Reno as a body-guard," says General Fitz John Porter, "not knowing at the time where was the enemy." Near this point he rejoined Jackson, who had fallen back, with Ewell's division, his own and the rest of the cavalry, and taken up a position on the battlefield of Manassas; his left resting near Sudley ford; his right at a point a little above the small village of Groveton.* The crest which he occupied was partly protected in front by a railroad

* The consequences of Jackson's movement against the Federal rear are vividly depicted in the despatches of their generals. On the 28th General Porter telegraphed to General Burnside: "All that talk about bagging Jackson was bosh. That enormous gap Manassas was left open, and the enemy jumped through." On the 29th the same general telegraphed: "It would seem from proper (?) statements of the enemy that he was wandering around loose; but I expect they know what they are doing, which is more than any one here, or anywhere, knows." When a large amount of ammunition was sent from Washington, he telegraphed in regard to it that it "was on the road to Alexandria, where we are all going."

On the 1st of September General McClellan wrote: "This week is the crisis of our fate."

cut—that of a projected road branching from the main Manassas Railroad near Gainesville, and running toward Alexandria. Here he was in a position to repulse the enemy unless they advanced in overpowering force; to form a junction with Longstreet as soon as he arrived, and, if hard pressed, retire up the right bank of Bull Run toward Aldie.

Deceived by the movements of A. P. Hill toward Centreville, a force of the enemy had followed him in that direction, and pursued hotly until his rear guard passed Stone bridge. This was in the afternoon. But meanwhile the cavalry force of the two armies had come into collision. General Stuart disposed his cavalry so as to cover Jackson's front in the direction of Warrenton and Manassas; and having intercepted a despatch from the enemy, directing cavalry to report to General Bayard at Haymarket, near Thoroughfare, Stuart proceeded in that direction, with his two fragments of brigades, to attack it, and establish communication with Longstreet, whose arrival was looked for with intense anxiety. On the way, Stuart captured a party of the enemy, and, having sent his despatch through by a trusty messenger, engaged the enemy's cavalry, while Longstreet was fighting at Thoroughfare Gap. The skirmish was still going on when the sound of artillery from Stone bridge indicated a battle there, and, quietly withdrawing from the action, General Stuart hastened to place his command upon Jackson's right flank.

As the cavalry approached, the dust which they raised induced the apprehension on General Stuart's part that his command, coming as it did from the direction of the enemy, would be taken for a part of the Federal force. A staff officer was accordingly despatched with the intelligence of his approach, and Jackson promptly informed that the supposed enemies were friends. He was reconnoitring at the moment with General Ewell and others in front of his troops, drawn up in line of battle, and no sooner knew that his flank was not threatened than, pointing to the enemy in his front, he said, briefly: "Ewell, advance!"

Ewell immediately threw forward his own and Jackson's

divisions, and attacked the enemy, who were seen advancing parallel with the Warrenton turnpike, inclining somewhat in the direction of Manassas. It was now nearly sunset, and Jackson's men were almost worn down by their heavy marches; but the enemy had exposed his flank, and the temptation to assail it was irresistible. Starke's brigade was deployed in front, as skirmishers, and the batteries of Wooding, Poague, and Carpenter opened on the enemy over the heads of the skirmishers. The Federal batteries promptly replied, and so tremendous a fire was concentrated upon the Confederate artillery that it was forced to change its position. The more decisive "small-arms," however, were now about to commence their work in earnest. Jackson's old division, with the brigades of Lawton and Trimble on the left, rushed forward to an orchard on the right, where they made an impetuous charge upon a heavy force of the enemy less than a hundred yards beyond the orchard. A fierce and sanguinary conflict ensued, the enemy being constantly reënforced by fresh troops; but in spite of this they did not advance. They continued, however, to receive Jackson's attack with the greatest obstinacy, and sustained both the fire of musketry and that of the Stuart Horse Artillery, under Major John Pelham, without flinching. Their intention, as afterwards appeared, was to protect the flank of their column until it passed Jackson's position, and the troops to whom this duty was assigned performed it well. They stood the fire of musketry and artillery until nine o'clock at night, when the whole Federal force fell back.

Jackson's loss in this engagement was heavy, both in numbers and the personal worth of those killed and wounded. General Ewell had been badly wounded in the knee, which caused the loss of his leg; and General Taliaferro, commanding Jackson's division, was also severely wounded. The enemy had, however, suffered heavily, and had yielded the field, and the troops prepared for the more decisive conflict which the coming day would bring.

The mild hours of the August evening which witnessed this contest on the historic plains of Manassas, were marked also by

a sharp engagement between Longstreet and the enemy in the gorge of Thoroughfare Gap. This wild and romantic pass in the mountains, with its frowning, fire-clad battlements on either side—its narrow and winding road, and its rugged walls rising rock above rock to the summit, right and left—was defended by a considerable force, with powerful batteries judiciously posted to take the eastern debouchment with shell and canister. General Lee, who had pressed forward over the same road, followed by Jackson, and reached the lofty hill upon the western opening of the pass late in the afternoon, determined not to delay the attack. A brigade was accordingly sent forward, and rushed into the gap in face of a hot fire of musketry and storm of shell from the enemy's artillery beyond. The conflict was kept up with great spirit for some time; but Lee having sent a force by Hopewell Gap, a little north of Thoroughfare, to take the enemy in flank and rear, they hastily withdrew their batteries and left the way open to Longstreet, who passed through about nine o'clock at night.

When a courier brought to Jackson the intelligence that Longstreet had passed Thoroughfare, and was rapidly pressing forward to join him, he drew a long breath and uttered a sigh of relief. The long agony was over—the great movement was so far a complete success. Longstreet—nay, Lee himself—was near, and all was well.



CHAPTER XIV.

MANASSAS: AUGUST 29, 1862.

ON the morning of Friday, August 29th, Jackson's corps was drawn up to receive the anticipated assault of the enemy, posted directly in his front. His own division was on the right, General Starke commanding; Ewell's, under General Lawton, in the centre; and Hill's upon the left. The position was a strong one. His left rested near Sudley ford, and his right a

little above the small village of Groveton, on the Warrenton turnpike, a portion of the line being protected by the deep cut for the projected railroad already mentioned. Thus posted, General Jackson was in a condition to repel any assault, unless it was made in overpowering force; and confident of his ability to hold his ground until reënforcements arrived, he presented a dauntless front, ready to accept battle at any moment.

The fatal error of General Pope was his delay in making this attack. Confusion seems to have reigned in the Federal counsels, and the plainest dictates of military science were disregarded. It was known that Lee was advancing with Longstreet's corps — that great reserve whose blows were so heavy, and told for so much in every contest. The route of this corps was also well known; there could be no doubt that they would advance through Thoroughfare Gap; and yet Thoroughfare Gap, the key of the whole position, the Thermopylæ which ten men could have held against a thousand, was inadequately guarded, and suffered to be cleared. The veriest tyro in arms would have understood that all depended upon hurling the entire Federal column upon Jackson before Longstreet arrived; but General Pope either did not see the importance of doing so, or was unable to accomplish it. In his defence, he presents an array of charges against General Porter and other officers, for delay, inefficiency, and even disloyalty; but the rejoinders of these officers are fatal in the extreme to General Pope's character for generalship, and the fact remains clearly proved that he was out-generalled, as he was out-fought, by General Jackson.

The hour for the execution of the movement referred to above had now passed. The golden moment upon which the hinges of destiny turn had slipped away. That most terrible of phrases, "too late," applied in all its force to the movements of the Federal army.

A cloud of dust from the direction of Thoroughfare Gap, on that eventful morning, told the tale of despair to General Pope, of succor and good hope to Jackson. The great corps which had turned the tide of victory upon so many hard-fought fields

was steadily pressing onward, and the advance was now on the Warrenton turnpike, beyond Gainesville, not far from Jackson's right.

All the morning General Longstreet was coming into position. The far-seeing eyes of the great soldier who commanded the Southern army had embraced at a glance the whole situation of things, and his plans were formed. The design was to envelop the enemy; as it were, and occupy a position from which he could be struck in front, flank, and rear at the same moment, if he made a single error; and this design dictated an order of battle not dissimilar from that which was crowned with such success on the banks of the Chickahominy.

Jackson fronted, as we have said, obliquely to the Warrenton road, his right resting near Groveton. When Longstreet arrived, his troops were steadily advanced in a line crossing the Warrenton road, his left resting upon a range not far from Jackson's right—the two lines forming an obtuse angle,* and resembling somewhat an open V. The village of Groveton was in the angle thus formed, about a mile distant; and the fields in its vicinity were completely commanded by heavy batteries. These were placed upon a ridge at the angle mentioned, where Longstreet's left and Jackson's right approached each other, and were commanded by that accomplished soldier Colonel Stephen D. Lee, of South Carolina.

The advantage of this order of battle is apparent at a glance. If the enemy advanced, as it was probable they would do, upon Jackson, to crush him before Longstreet was ready to assist him, they would expose their left flank to the latter, and be placed in a most perilous position. If they succeeded in driving General Jackson back, and followed up their success by a general advance all along the line, that success would only expose them still more to the heavy arm of Longstreet ready to fall upon their unprotected flank. Their very victory would be the signal of their ruin. Triumph would insure destruction. The

* General Longstreet's expression to the writer.

rapidly-closing sides of the great V would strike them in flank and rear, huddle them together, and end by crushing them with its inexorable vice-like pressure.

Their only hope, in advancing upon Jackson, was to penetrate between him and Longstreet, thereby dividing the line of battle. But Colonel Lee was there, with his batteries crowning the crest, and the design was hopeless.

Such was General Lee's order of battle. The enemy seemed as yet unaware of it. They adhered to their design of overwhelming Jackson before succor reached him; and during the whole forenoon were moving their troops to the left, and massing them in his front. Skirmishing and cannonading, rather desultory in their character, and not important, went on during this movement of the enemy; but it was not until after two that the battle commenced in earnest.

About that time the enemy advanced a heavy column, consisting in part, it is said, of Banks', Sigel's, and Pope's divisions; and, supported by a heavy fire of artillery, threw themselves with great fury upon Jackson's left, consisting of the division of A. P. Hill. Their evident design was to turn his flank; and in spite of the destructive volleys poured into their faces, they pressed on, crossed the cut in the railroad extending along Hill's front, and, penetrating an interval of about one hundred and seventy-five yards, separated the right of Gregg's from the left of Thomas' brigades. This success proved almost fatal at the moment to General Gregg. He was entirely isolated, and but for the stubborn stand made by the 14th South Carolina and 49th Georgia, on Thomas' left, would have been cut off and destroyed. These regiments attacked the enemy with vigor; their triumphant advance was checked at the instant when they were carrying all before them; and the Federal column was forced to retreat beyond the cut again, with heavy loss. In this sanguinary conflict the men fought almost breast to breast; and General McGowan reported that "the opposing forces at one time delivered their volleys into each other at the distance of ten paces."

But the attempt to force back Jackson's left was not abandoned. The first assault was succeeded by another and another, ever increasing in fury, and participated in by the best troops of the Federal army. Time had, however, been given to remedy the fatal defect in the line of battle; no opening was now presented to the enemy; and, wherever the attack was made, they found their assault promptly met. General Hill reported "six separate and distinct assaults" which his division, reënforced by Hays' brigade, met and repulsed. His loss was heavy. Gregg's brigade had all of its field officers but two either killed or wounded; but Early's brigade, with the 8th Louisiana, came to its assistance, and the battle raged more furiously than before.

Early found that the enemy had obtained possession of the railroad cut immediately in his front, from which they were pouring a galling fire. He lost no time in attacking, and they were driven from the cut, thence into the woods, and pursued two hundred yards. As they fell back before the Confederate infantry, they were subjected to a heavy fire from the artillery posted on the high ground in rear; and so destructive was this combination of cannon and small-arms, that one of the Federal regiments is said to have carried back but three men.

A pause in the action was soon succeeded by another assault, this time very generally directed all along the line. The best Federal troops took part in this charge, which was made with a vigor indicating the importance attached to it. They evidently spared no exertions. The Federal batteries opened a furious fire, and, under cover of it, their infantry advanced at a double-quick, plainly resolved to break through the line of Confederate bayonets, or leave their dead bodies on the field. The conflict which followed was exceedingly obstinate. It continued for several hours, and Jackson greatly exposed himself in encouraging the men and holding his lines firm.

They retained their position thus, without wavering; but the strength of the Southern troops, so sorely tried in the heavy marching, began to flag. Other causes conspired to render assistance necessary. Heavy reënforcements were being rapidly

pushed forward by the enemy, and Jackson's troops had shot away all their cartridges. "We got out of ammunition," writes a young soldier of A. P. Hill's division to his mother; "we collected more from cartridge-boxes of fallen friend and foe. That gave out, and we charged with never-failing yell and steel. All day long they threw their masses on us; all day they fell back shattered and shrieking. When the sun went down, their dead were heaped in front of that incomplete railway, and we sighed with relief, for Longstreet could be seen coming into position on our right. The crisis was over; Longstreet never failed yet; but the sun went down so slowly!" Without ammunition, the men of Jackson seized whatever they could lay their hands on to use against the enemy. The piles of stones in the vicinity of the railroad cut were used—and it is well established that many of the enemy were killed by having their skulls broken with fragments of rock.

The conflict went on in this way all the afternoon, and was obstinate and determined. The enemy had not succeeded in driving Jackson from his position; but his men were beginning to grow weary in the unequal struggle with an enemy who threw against them incessantly heavy reënforcements of fresh troops, arriving from the rear and hurried to the front, to take the place of those who had been repulsed.

General Lee saw that the moment had arrived for a demonstration on the enemy's left, and this was made about nightfall. Hood's division was ordered forward, and now threw itself with ardor into the contest. Up to that moment the conflict had been obstinate, but the firing upon both sides had perceptibly decreased in intensity—the Federal troops, like their opponents, appearing fatigued by the persistent conflict. It was at this moment that Hood's division advanced; and the quick tongues of flame leaped from the muzzles of his muskets, lighting up the gathering gloom with their crimson flashes. These "fires of death" were followed by the sharp crack of the guns, from end to end of the great field between the opposing lines—and then dusky figures were seen advancing rapidly toward the Federal

line. The next jets of flame spurted into the darkness were near the edge of the wood where the enemy were drawn up ; then, with one long roar of musketry, and a maze of quick flashes everywhere, Hood's men rushed forward with wild cheers, driving the enemy before them into the depths of the forest. When the deep darkness of night, lit up now only by a few flashes of artillery, put an end to the conflict, the Federal lines had been driven more than half a mile from the position which they had held before Hood charged.

By order of General Lee the troops, however, fell back to their former strong position, for the real struggle on the next day, and bivouacked for the night—a circumstance which probably induced General Pope to telegraph that, although he had sustained a loss of 8,000 men, he had driven back the entire Southern army.

Jackson had thus successfully maintained his ground against the heavy pressure of the enemy's columns, and night and Longstreet had come.

His movement had succeeded, and he had stood at bay after securing all its advantages, with that stubborn and determined front which defies all attempts to break through it. Now the dangerous moment had passed. Longstreet was there upon his right, with his strong and veteran corps ; and Lee was by his side to take from his shoulders the heavy load of anxiety which he had borne unaided.

The stern soul of Jackson the soldier must have rejoiced within him when night came and all was well ; but the heart of the Christian was doubtless heavy, here as elsewhere, for the blood about to flow.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

SATURDAY, the 30th of August—the great day which was to terminate the long conflict—dawned clear and beautiful.

With the first dawn the Confederate troops were under arms, and prepared for the great contest. All of General Lee's forces had arrived, with the exception of Anderson's division, which was only a few miles from the field, and line of battle was immediately formed.

The order of battle remained unchanged. Jackson still occupied his former position, with his left near Sudley, his right above Groveton; and Longstreet's line, as before, stretched away obliquely, the interval between the two being protected by the eight batteries of Colonel Lee. General Stuart's cavalry was posted on the right and left wings, and batteries were so disposed as to serve as supports to the advancing columns, or repulse the onset of the enemy.

The Federal army adapted its line, in some measure, to that of General Lee. It curved backward from its centre, following the conformation of Lee's two wings, and is said to have embraced General Heintzelman on the right, General McDowell on the left, and Porter, Sigel, and Reno in the centre. Their batteries were disposed in a manner similar to General Lee's, and their cavalry held well in hand to take an active part in the battle.

It was in this attitude that the two armies remained in face of each other for many hours—neither advancing to the attack. General Lee's policy was plainly to await the assault in his strong position behind the railroad, and on the high ground of the Groveton heights—thus forcing the enemy either to attack him, or retire across Bull Run, for supplies, pursued by the Southern troops. General Lee could hold his position indefi-

nately, having uninterrupted communication with his rear; but the Federal general was forced to fight or retreat—and the obvious policy was to await his advance.

The strength of the position was evidently appreciated, and persistent attempts were made to draw the Southern troops from it. About one o'clock a feint was made upon the Confederate right, and a brisk encounter took place between the advance forces; but the enemy were speedily driven back with artillery, and the Confederates retained their position. Heavy masses then moved in the direction of Lee's left, and General Jackson prepared for an instant renewal of the fierce conflict of the preceding day. Several demonstrations were made, but the failure here was as marked as it had been on the right; and the Federal forces withdrew, apparently designing to fall back in the direction of Manassas.

These movements, during the whole forenoon, and up to four in the evening, were vigilantly watched by Lee. Though outwardly calm, the latent fire of his eye showed that the design of the enemy was fully understood, and that every thing was ready for the earnest work which must speedily succeed all this manœuvring, these elaborate ruses and feints. The enemy had failed in achieving their object—to deceive the wary eyes of Lee, Jackson, and Longstreet—and they now prepared to abandon their useless movements, and trust the event of the day to superior numbers and stubborn fighting.

The Southern troops had witnessed the complicated evolutions of the enemy across the wide fields and through the forest, with little anxiety. The conflict of the preceding day had given them confidence, and the men lay down in line of battle, laughing and jesting. Virginians, Georgians, Alabamians, Mississippians, 'Texans, Floridians, Carolinians—all awaited the development of the enemy's designs with entire calmness, and a species of indifference which was very striking. They were in this careless mood—some talking, others jesting, others again sleeping beneath the warm August sky—when suddenly the roar of thirty pieces of artillery shook the ground, and filled the air

with their tremendous reverberations. Every man started to his feet—and the cause of the heavy cannonade was plain.

The enemy, entirely foiled in their attempt to draw Lee from the heights, had suddenly advanced at a double-quick, as before, against his centre, where Jackson's right and Longstreet's left came together. The attack was made upon Jackson's line first, by a dense column of infantry, which had been massed in a strip of woods, in close vicinity to Groveton. Three heavy lines had been formed for the charge, and as the first of these lines emerged at a double-quick from the woods, they were greeted with the murderous fire above described. The fire was directed with astonishing accuracy, and the brigades which led the charge were almost annihilated by the shot and shell which burst before, behind, above, to the right, to the left—raking and tearing them to pieces. They were swept away before this horrible fire like leaves in the wind, and disappeared, broken and flying in the woods—to be immediately succeeded, however, by other brigades charging as before. Again the iron storm crashed through the ranks; and again they broke and retired. A third force, heavier than before now advanced with mad impetuosity, and, in the midst of the rapid fire of Lee's batteries, threw themselves upon Jackson, and engaged him with desperation. •

The battle was now joined in earnest, and Jackson bore the brunt of the attack. The force in front of him is said to have embraced, among others, the divisions of Sykes and Morrell, both enjoying a high reputation for discipline, gallantry, and efficiency. The onset of these veterans was sustained by Jackson, and in some portions of the field entirely repulsed. Colonel Lee had meanwhile opened a rapid fire of artillery from the hills above. Moving his batteries more to the left, he reached a position not more than four hundred yards from the Federal line, and poured a destructive fire over the heads of the Confederates. "As shell after shell," says an eye-witness, "burst in the wavering ranks, and round shot ploughed broad gaps among them, you could distinctly see, through the rifts of smoke, the Federal soldiers falling and flying on every side. With the dispersion

of the enemy's reserve," says the same writer, "the whole mass broke and ran like a flock of wild sheep. Jackson's men, yelling like devils, now charged upon the scattered crowd, but you could notice that they themselves had severely suffered, and were but a handful compared with the overwhelming forces of the enemy. The flags of two or three regiments did not appear to be more than fifty yards apart. A golden opportunity was now at hand for Longstreet to attack the exposed left flank of the enemy in front of him, and he accordingly ordered the advance of Hood's division, which moved obliquely to the right and forward of the position it had occupied. Kemper next followed, with the brigade of General Jenkins on the right of that of Pickett, and Jones' division completed our line of battle. The brigade of Evans acted as a support to Hood.

"Not many minutes elapsed after the order to attack before the volleys of platoons, and finally the rolling reports of long lines of musketry, indicated that the battle was in full progress. The whole army was now in motion. The woods were full of troops, and the order for the supports to forward at a quick step was received with enthusiastic cheers by the elated men. The din was almost deafening. The heavy notes of the artillery at first deliberate, but gradually increasing in rapidity, mingled with the sharp treble of the small-arms, gave one an idea of some diabolical concert in which all the furies of hell were at work. Through the woods, over gently-rolling hills, now and then through an open field, we travel toward the front. From an elevation we obtain a view of a considerable portion of the field. Hood and Kemper are now hard at it, and as they press forward, never yielding an inch, sometimes at a double-quick, you hear these unmistakable yells which tell of a Southern charge or a Southern success.

"The troops they encounter are the best disciplined in the Federal army, and for a little while most obstinately do they contest every inch of ground over which we advance. Nothing, however, can withstand the impetuosity of our boys. Every line of the enemy has been broken and dispersed, but rallies

again upon some other positions behind. Hood has already advanced his division nearly half a mile at a double-quick—the Texans, Georgians, and Hampton Legion loading and firing as they run, yelling all the while like madmen. They have captured one or two batteries and various stands of colors, and are still pushing the enemy before them. Evans, at the head of his brigade, is following on the right, as their support, and pouring in his effective volleys. Jenkins has come in on the right of the Chinn House, and, like an avalanche, sweeps down upon the legions before him with resistless force. Still further to the right is Longstreet's old brigade, composed of Virginians, veterans of every battle-field, all of whom are fighting like furies. The 1st Virginia, which opened the ball at Bull Run on the 17th of July, 1861, with over six hundred men, now reduced to less than eighty members, is winning new laurels; but out of the little handful more than a third have already bit the dust. Toombs and Anderson, with the Georgians, together with Kemper and Jenkins, are swooping around on the right, flanking the Federals, and driving them toward their centre and rear. Eschelman, with his company of the Washington artillery, Major Garnett, with his battalion of Virginia batteries, and others of our big guns, are likewise working around upon the enemy's left, and pouring an enflading fire into both their infantry and artillery.

“We do nothing but charge! charge!! charge!!! If the enemy make a bold effort to retrieve the fortunes of the day (and they made many), and we are repulsed, it is but for the moment, and the regiments rallying upon their supports plunge back again into the tempest of fire that before swept them down.

“Some of the positions of the enemy were strong as Nature could make them, and were charged five or six times, but each time our soldiers were turned back by sheer physical inability to surmount the obstacles before them. It was then grand to witness the moral heroism with which, though their comrades went down like swaths of grass under the mower's scythe, other men continued to step into the path of death with cheerful alac-

urity, and still to fall with the battle-shout upon their lips, and the proud smile of conscious valor on their faces."

Gradually as the fierce struggle progressed, the sides of the open V, which Lee's order of battle resembled, closed upon the flanks of the enemy. Colonel Lee's artillery still continued to play with destructive effect upon their front, and the batteries were regularly advanced from position to position, raking the lines of the enemy from every hillock.

The battle had now become terrific. The ruses and manœuvres of the morning had long yielded to desperate, stubborn fighting, and the day depended not so much upon any military skill of the generals as upon the character of the troops engaged. The Federal troops fought hard, but that "heart of hope" which adds so much to the efficiency of the soldier had deserted them, and they contended doggedly, but without the dash and fervor which compel victory. Gradually the Southern lines closed in upon them. Longstreet's right pressed down upon their left, and Jackson's column swung round steady, heavy, resistless, upon their right, huddling the disordered regiments and brigades upon their centre.

This was the situation of affairs as the sun sank slowly toward the west, and the Confederate leaders now concentrated all their forces for a last charge, which should carry every thing before it. The batteries redoubled their exertions, the air was hot and sulphurous with exploding missiles, whole ranks went down before the whirlwind of iron, and the continuous streaming roar of musketry was frightful in its intensity. The enemy continued to give ground; the Confederate reserves were hurried forward to the front, and just as the sun sank a general charge was made all along the lines. From the dust and smoke of battle there appeared all at once before the eyes of the disheartened Federal troops a rapidly-advancing line with gleaming bayonets, and this line swept forward at a run. "They came on," says the correspondent of a Northern journal, "like demons emerging from the earth." There was no pause or hesitation. The Federal volleys tore through the line, but could not check it. The

men pressed on with deafening cheers over the dead and dying—the ranks closing up where gaps were made; and before this charge the last remnant of hope deserted the Federal troops. They no longer came up to the struggle. Soon they broke and disappeared in the rapidly gathering darkness. The long contest was ended; victory assured. The Federal army now thought of nothing but its safety behind the sheltering heights of Centreville.

Jackson's veterans had taken their full part in this hard combat, and, sweeping down upon the wavering lines, had led the charge which put the enemy to final rout. The fighting of the corps had been excellent. They had sustained every assault with great firmness; repulsed every attempt to force them from their ground; and then advancing in their turn, had pushed the enemy from position after position, and swept onward to victory.

“It was a task of almost superhuman labor,” says the correspondent from whom we have already quoted, “to drive the enemy from those strong points, defended, as they were, by the best artillery and infantry in the Federal army; but in less than four hours from the commencement of the battle our indomitable energy had accomplished every thing. Our generals—Lee, Longstreet, Jackson, Hood, Kemper, Evans, Jones, Jenkins, and others—all shared the dangers to which they exposed their men. How well their colonels and subordinate officers performed their duty is best testified by the list of killed and wounded.

“The battle raged in the manner described until after dark, and when it was impossible to use fire-arms, the heavens were lit up by the still continued flashes of the artillery, and the meteor flight of shells scattering their iron spray. By this time the enemy had been forced across Bull Run, and their dead covered every acre from the starting point of the fight to the Stone bridge. Had we been favored with another hour of daylight, their rout would have been as great as that which followed the original battle of Manassas. As it was, they retreated in haste and disorder to the heights of Centreville.”

The part taken by the cavalry in this celebrated battle has

not been noticed. General Stuart was indefatigable in his exertions to guard the Confederate flanks and procure the earliest information. He commanded the division of infantry which about nightfall made the vigorous and successful attack upon the Federal left; and his cavalry was engaged on the flanks of the army throughout the day. As the enemy were giving way on the left an impetuous charge was made by a body of cavalry under Colonel Munford, of the 2d Virginia, which terminated, after a close hand-to-hand conflict, in the complete rout of the largely superior force brought against him. This ended the conflict in that part of the field, and the enemy broke and retired, pursued by the Confederate artillery and cavalry to the banks of Bull Run, over which their confused column hastened on its way to Centreville.

Thus terminated the bitter contest upon the weird plains, already so deeply crimsoned with Southern blood. Strange Providence which rolled the tide of battle there again!—which made the huge wave break in foam again upon the melancholy fields around Stone bridge! It was a veritable repetition of the fierce drama of July, 1861. “Batteries were planted and captured yesterday,” says a writer, “where they were planted and captured last year. The pine thicket, where the 4th Alabama and 8th Georgia suffered so terribly in the first battle, is now strewn with the slain of the invader. We charged through the same woods yesterday, though from a different point, where Kirby Smith, the Blucher of the day, entered the fight before.”

Such was this battle—a hot conflict and a complete success.

CHAPTER XVI.

OXHILL, OR GERMANTOWN.

THE bloody and memorable conflict of "the Second Manassas" was the splendid termination of a series of manœuvres which will always rank among the most famous of history.

If there were any persons who still muttered "luck, mere good fortune," in relation to Jackson's successes, they were now forced to concede that his triumphs were the result of mathematical calculation—of nerve, and a fertility of resources which compelled the very genius of necessity with her iron wedge to yield to him.

What he had accomplished was this: He had, by a swift and silent march, reached Thoroughfare before the enemy suspected his advance; passed through the narrow gorge without resistance; repulsed the advances of General Pope at Bristoe Station; captured and destroyed the large stores at Manassas; cut to pieces the force sent to relieve the garrison; retired with deliberation to the old battle-field of Manassas; repulsed the attack of the Federal army; held his position until Longstreet arrived; and then falling upon the troops which were almost starving in consequence of his destruction of their stores, had borne the brunt of the encounter during a battle of incredible fury; helped to rout them in the final and decisive charge, and was now again on their track as they fell back toward the defences of Centreville.

Eighteen pieces of artillery, with their caissons and equipments, 6,420 small-arms, and countless prisoners were the substantial results reaped by the corps of Jackson.

But the struggle had not terminated. The Federal forces were still at Centreville, and on Sunday, the 31st of August, Jackson's corps was again in motion. Ordered by General Lee to turn Centreville, and cut off the retreat of the Federal forces,

he crossed Bull Run at Sudley ford, struck into the Little River turnpike, and marching down that road, bivouacked on the same evening not far from Chantilly. Here he was joined on Monday morning, September 1st, by General Stuart, who had pursued the enemy toward Centreville with his cavalry; fought their rear guard at Bull Run bridge, which they destroyed behind them; and moved thence to the Little River turnpike, where, not far from Germantown, he took position with his artillery and opened fire upon their trains, then rapidly retreating from Centreville. Forming a junction with Jackson, General Stuart disposed his cavalry in front and on the right flank of the infantry, and the whole moved forward in the direction of Oxhill—a point on the turnpike about three or four miles above Fairfax Court-House.

The scene at this moment was interesting. The men of the Stonewall Brigade and their comrades were lying on the side of the road, hungry and exhausted. They had not seen their wagons since they left the Rappahannock, and the rations secured at Manassas were long since exhausted. Green corn and unripe apples had for several days been their sustenance, and now they were in a country which did not afford even these. The hungry men saw on every side bleak fields and forests, with scarce a roof visible in the entire landscape; and thus famished and worn out, they were lying down awaiting the order to advance and attack. There was no ill-humor visible; on the contrary, jests and laughter greeted the least object calculated to excite them. And when the leader who had nearly marched and fought them to death rode by, they saluted him with tumultuous cheers.

A step beyond his men was Jackson. The Federal forces were then in motion from Centreville, and the skirmishers on the right were already engaged. The rifles were cracking and the balls beginning to fly, but Jackson, like many of his men, was asleep. Seated at the foot of a tree, with his chin upon his breast, his cap drawn over his eyes, and his hands crossed on his breast, as though he had fallen asleep while praying, he slept as peacefully as a child. It was impossible not to be struck with the attitude of the weary soldier. It was simple and unassum-

ing, and so sweet a calm was diffused over the features that the sleeper seemed to be dreaming of home. He was soon aroused; duty called him, and mounting his horse, he took the head of his column, and advanced to deliver battle on another field.

The enemy were awaiting him on the range of hills between the Warrenton and Little River turnpikes, with their right near Germantown, their left beyond Mellen's house—their object being to cover their retreat from Centreville. Jackson determined to attack without delay, and posting his artillery on an eminence to the left of the turnpike, drew up his command in the woods on the right—his own division on the left of his line, Ewell's in the centre, and Hill's on the right.

Oxhill is a ridge which extends obliquely across the turnpike, here heavily wooded on each side, a mile or so above Germantown. Along this ridge runs a road from Frying Pan past Mellen's house, to the Warrenton road, between Centreville and Fairfax Court-House. On the crest of the hill, in the turnpike, two pieces of artillery were stationed, and on the western slope, in the woods skirting the right of the turnpike, the Confederate infantry were drawn up in line of battle. The engagement opened with an attack made by General Stuart, in front on the turnpike, with a Blakely gun, supported by Colonel Wickham's 4th Virginia cavalry. Major John Pelham—called by Jackson, in his report of the second Manassas, "the vigilant Pelham," and who was afterwards to receive from General Lee the supreme name of "the gallant"—commanded this gun in person, and General Stuart superintended the firing. It was run forward under the crest of a little hill, but had no sooner opened on some cavalry in front than a swarm of sharpshooters rose from the woods to the right and rained a storm of musket balls upon the cannoneers. The enemy's lines were about one hundred yards distant, and as the gun was without canister, it was, after a few shots, withdrawn. The position of the Federal forces was thus discovered, and the attack speedily commenced.

The brigades of Branch and Fields—Colonel Brockenbrough commanding the latter—were thrown forward to feel the Federal

position, and as they advanced into action a violent storm roared down, and lashed the woods with a fury which drowned the noise of the guns. Torrents of rain beat upon the troops, rendering it almost impossible to keep their powder dry; and the forest, now shadowy with the approach of night, was lit up by lightning flashes of dazzling brilliance, succeeded by deafening claps of thunder. Amid this war of the elements, the two brigades advanced upon the enemy, and engaged him in a close and determined struggle. The Federal troops here posted to repulse an assault appear to have been reënforcements which had not arrived in time for the battle of the 30th of August, and they were thus perfectly fresh, while the Confederates were greatly exhausted. They were led by General Kearney, General Stevens, and other officers of experience and ability, and pressed the two advance brigades of Jackson in such numbers, both in front and flank, that Branch began to exhibit signs of disorder. Jackson now threw forward the brigades of Gregg, Pender, and Thomas, to which was added a portion of Ewell's division; and "the conflict raged with great fury, the enemy obstinately and desperately contesting the ground." * All their efforts, however, were in vain, and so heavy were their losses that they began to waver. The loss of field and general officers on the part of the enemy was remarkable, and probably disheartened the troops, already dispirited by the violence of the attack. General Kearney, mistaking a Confederate soldier in the half darkness for one of his own men, inquired the position of a Federal regiment, but, discovering his mistake, suddenly turned to gallop off. As he did so, the soldier levelled his musket, fired, and Kearney fell from his saddle, mortally wounded. † General Stevens was also killed in the engagement; and about dark, the Federal forces retired from the field, which remained in possession of Jackson. ‡

* Jackson's report.

† His dead body was brought off and sent under a flag of truce next day to the enemy.

‡ In this action, when Jackson received a message from one of his Generals that he would have to fall back as the men could not get their guns

On the next morning it was discovered that the enemy had withdrawn from Jackson's front, and General Stuart, pushing forward to Fairfax Court-House about noon, reported that they were in full retreat toward Alexandria. The inhabitants of Fairfax welcomed the Confederates with great joy, and the cavalry and Stuart horse artillery continued to follow up the Federal retreat for many miles.

Such had been the unfortunate termination of General Pope's campaign, entered upon with such high hopes.* He had professed to have seen hitherto only "the backs of his enemies," but at Cedar Run and Manassas saw them "face to face." The result had been disastrous defeat; and from that time forth the Federal authorities entrusted this officer with no important command. He was another added to the Generals whom Jackson had met and defeated.

CHAPTER XVII.

GENERAL LEE ENTERS MARYLAND.

THUS ended the great summer campaign by which the Federal authorities hoped to break down the military power of the South before the forest leaves were touched by the finger of autumn. The red battle-flag of the Confederates floated where the Federal standard had been so lately seen, and new fields were opened to the Southern army. Maryland was now undefended;

to go off on account of the rain, Jackson is said to have sent back the reply that the officer must hold his ground: "If *his* guns would not go off, neither would the enemy's!" This might form a supplement to Shakespeare's list of retorts, and be styled the "retort military."

* "Sept. 3.—General Pope asked to be relieved of his command, and was transferred to the Department of the Northwest. He drew up the report of his campaign in Virginia, and sent it to headquarters without waiting for the reports of his subordinate Generals. In this document he blames several of the officers for causing his defeat."—*National Almanac*, 1863.

and the smoke of battle had scarcely lifted from the plains of Manassas, when the victorious columns of Lee were in motion toward the upper Potomac.

Long before, Jackson had written to a friend, "I am cordially with you in favor of carrying the war north of the Potomac," and we have seen that to cross into the enemy's country—to advance upon the North—was his never-ceasing desire.

The signal of the long-wished-for advance now came. "On to Maryland!" was the watchword, and the veterans of Jackson moved forward at the signal, joyous, elated, confident of victory, and burning with ardor at the thought that the fair fields of Virginia, the homes of their loved ones, would be relieved of the horrors of war. No time was lost by General Lee in commencing his movement. It was necessary to gain a foothold in Maryland before the disorganized forces of the Federal Government were again put in fighting condition, and the campaign began with energy and rapidity.

Jackson having, after his custom, inquired with great interest what roads led to the Potomac, in the direction of Arlington Heights, and ordered maps to be prepared of the region for his use, put his troops in motion toward Leesburg. Marching from Oxhill, on Sept. 3d, by way of Dranesville, he bivouacked on the 4th at Big Spring, beyond Leesburg, and on the 5th the passage of the Potomac was effected without resistance. The scene is said to have been inspiring.

"When our army reached the middle of the river, which they were wading," says an army correspondent, "General Jackson pulled off his hat, and the splendid band of music struck up the inspiring air of 'Maryland, my Maryland,' which was responded to and sung 'with the spirit and with the understanding' by all who could sing; and the name of all who could then and there sing, was legion."

This scene took place at White's ford, not far from Leesburg, and on the night of the 5th Jackson's command bivouacked near the Three Springs, in Maryland. Captain Randolph, of the Black Horse, a company of cavalry attached to the corps head

quarters, scouted through the country on the right to give notice of any movement of the enemy in that direction ; and the weary soldiers slept in peace.

Jackson had thus obtained an undisturbed foothold upon the soil of Maryland, and his troops indulged in rosy dreams of the exciting scenes and novel triumphs of a march through the rich and unexplored territory of that enemy who had so long laid waste the fields of Virginia. "Pennsylvania! Pennsylvania!" was the watchword throughout the camps ; but even the novel and attractive scenes before them had not been sufficient to enable a large portion of the troops to overcome the exhaustion of the immense march from the Rappahannock, together with the want of rest and food. A large portion of the command of Jackson, and every other general, had broken down in the rapid advance ; all along the road from Manassas to Leesburg thousands of stragglers, with weary frames and bleeding feet, were toiling slowly on in the wake of the army, and the southern bank of the Potomac swarmed with thousands of men who had sunk down to obtain that rest which nature demanded, and without which they could advance no further.

Before this great force could rejoin the different corps, General Lee resumed his march ; the enemy pressed forward on his rear, the way was barred, and the Army of Northern Virginia continued its march, and fought its enemies with less than two-thirds of its numbers.

On the 6th of September Jackson reached the vicinity of Frederick City, and his old division encamped in the suburbs, with the exception of Jones' brigade, commanded by Colonel Bradley T. Johnson, which was posted in the place as a provost guard, with orders to protect all property, and promptly to suppress any attempt to harass the inhabitants. Ewell's and Hill's divisions occupied positions near the railroad bridge over the Monocacy, to repulse any advance of the enemy from the direction of Washington.

The reception of the Confederate forces in Maryland was not encouraging. That ancient commonwealth, illustrated by so

many great names, and strongly Southern throughout the larger portion of its territory in the habits, opinions, and character of its population, was now called upon to decide, by its acts, whether the Southern proclivities claimed for it were only theoretical, or such as to spur its people on to overt acts against the Federal Government. The response seemed to indicate an almost complete indifference, if not open hostility to the Confederate cause; and instead of being received with smiles, the troops were looked upon with ill-concealed dislike. It was not until afterwards that the Confederates came to understand this singular reception. They had entered a portion of the State entirely dissimilar to the lower counties, where the Southern sentiment was powerful. Here the Union feeling was in the ascendant, as in Western Virginia, and little encouragement met the Southern arms. What would have been the result of an advance into the lower counties, where the planters were like those of Eastern Virginia, nearly unanimous in favor of the South, we can only conjecture; but in Frederick City and above that point General Lee was met with little enthusiasm, and received almost no recruits.

There were, however, many exceptions to this want of cordiality in the demeanor of the people. One Marylander fed in a single day six hundred Southern soldiers; officers and men were urged to stop and use the houses and all they contained; many ladies sewed day and night on garments for the ragged troops; and from the houses of a few daring gentlemen waved white handkerchiefs and the Confederate flag. An incident of the time was the presentation of a magnificent riding horse to General Jackson as soon as he crossed the river, which, however, came very near resulting in his death. Frightened by the martial sounds around him, the animal reared violently, and nothing but Jackson's firm seat in the saddle—for with all his want of grace, he was an excellent rider—saved him from a heavy fall.

The following passages from the letter of an army correspondent, written on the 8th of September, presents a picture of Frederick City at the time, and, with some allowance for the

obvious desire of the writer to persuade himself that the reception of the Southern troops was enthusiastic, may be taken as a truthful statement of the condition of things at the moment :

“ Frederick to-day presents a busy scene, more like that of a Fourth of July festival than a gathering of armed invaders. A majority of the stores are closed to general admission, because of the crowds eager to press and buy, but a little diplomacy secures an entrance at the back door, or past the sentinel wisely stationed to protect the proprietor from the rush of anxious customers. Prices are going up rapidly. Every thing is so cheap, that our men frequently lay down a five dollar bill to pay for a three dollar article, and rush out without waiting for the change. The good people here don't understand it. Bitter complaints are uttered against those who refuse Confederate money, and it is understood that the authorities will insist upon its general circulation.

“ The people are beginning to recover from their surprise at our sudden appearance, and to realize the magnitude of our preparations to advance through and relieve Maryland from her thralldom. Some are still moody, and evidently hate us heartily, but we are more than compensated by the warm welcome of others, who now begin to greet us from every quarter. Only a few moments ago I met a lady who confessed that although she had Confederate flags ready to expose in her windows as we passed, she was afraid to wave them, lest being discovered by her Union neighbors, she should be reported to the Federals in case of our retreat, and be thereby subjected to insult if not imprisonment at their hands. To assure me how true were her sentiments, she introduced me to a large room in her house, where there were fourteen ladies, young and old, busy as bees, making shirts, drawers, and other clothing for the soldiers.

“ She was also distributing money and tobacco to the soldiers. Judging probably from my rags that I too was in a destitute condition, she benevolently desired to take me in hand and replenish my entity throughout ; but of course I declined, and though I could not help smiling at the ingenuous oddity of the

proposition, a tear at the same time stole down my cheek at the thought of the sufferings which these noble-hearted ladies must have endured to prompt the unselfish generosity by which they endeavored to express their delight in our presence."

General Lee had given the strictest orders in relation to depredations by the troops; and the same writer adds, "though thousands of soldiers are now roaming through the town, there has not been a solitary instance of misdemeanor." A Marylander, Colonel Johnson, commanded the strong provost guard; no Union man was molested; "pay as you go," was the policy of the Southern leaders; and all kinds of property used by the troops, even the fence rails which they burned, were carefully paid for. Never before had the world beheld the spectacle of a hostile army, in an enemy's territory, conducting itself with such perfect regard for the rights of property and the feelings of the inhabitants. The result was soon evident. "Prices are going up rapidly," says the newspaper correspondent already quoted. Two days after the arrival of the "Rebels," they were found not to be such terrible monsters after all; and goods which at first were sold at "greenback" prices, were now held at many hundreds per cent. higher. Recruits did not appear.

Meanwhile General Lee had prepared his address to the people of Maryland; and if any doubt remained of the policy which would be pursued by the Confederate commander, this authoritative statement of his views and intentions set that doubt at rest. The army and the people of the State awaited the document with intense interest; and when it was published, on the 8th of September, at Frederick City, it was seized upon and read with avidity, and had soon been disseminated and read throughout the entire North. The address was in these words:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
Near FREDERICK TOWN, Sept. 8th, 1862. }

To the People of Maryland:

It is right that you should know the purpose that has brought the army under my command within the limits of your State, so far as that purpose concerns yourselves.

The people of the Confederate States have long watched, with the deepest

sympathy, the wrongs and outrages that have been inflicted upon the citizens of a commonwealth allied to the States of the South by the strongest social, political, and commercial ties.

They have seen, with profound indignation, their sister State deprived of every right, and reduced to the condition of a conquered province.

Under the pretence of supporting the Constitution, but in violation of its most valuable provisions, your citizens have been arrested and imprisoned upon no charge, and contrary to all forms of law. The faithful and manly protest against this outrage, made by the venerable and illustrious Marylanders, to whom, in better days, no citizen appealed for right in vain, was treated with scorn and contempt. The government of your chief city has been usurped by armed strangers; your Legislature has been dissolved by the unlawful arrest of its members; freedom of the press and of speech have been suppressed; words have been declared offences by an arbitrary decree of the Federal Executive, and citizens ordered to be tried by a military commission for what they may dare to speak.

Believing that the people of Maryland possessed a spirit too lofty to submit to such a Government, the people of the South have long wished to aid you in throwing off this foreign yoke, to enable you again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore independence and sovereignty to your State.

In obedience to this wish our army has come among you, and is prepared to assist you with the power of its arms in regaining the rights of which you have been despoiled. This, citizens of Maryland, is our mission, so far as you are concerned. No constraint upon your free will is intended—no intimidation will be allowed. Within the limits of this army at least, Marylanders shall once more enjoy their ancient freedom of thought and speech. We know no enemies among you, and will protect all, of every opinion. It is for you to decide your destiny, freely and without constraint. This army will respect your choice, whatever it may be; and while the Southern people will rejoice to welcome you to your natural position among them, they will only welcome you when you come of your own free will.

R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

The campaign in Maryland was thus undertaken to aid the people of that State in “throwing off the foreign yoke” which had so long weighed down their necks; in “regaining the rights of which they had been despoiled;” “to enable them again to enjoy the inalienable rights of freemen, and restore independence and sovereignty to the State.”

No citizen would be coerced; no man's property taken from

him; if he joined the Southern army he would be welcome, but if he remained at home he would not be molested. To each and all was accorded the right to "decide his destiny, freely and without restraint."

Certain persons have put themselves to the trouble of attempting to discover a profound *ruse* in this address. Such a construction of the grave and statesmanlike paper is simply absurd. The advance into Maryland was made for the purpose stated by General Lee, and circumstances wholly beyond his control—against the force of which he could not contend—dictated his subsequent operations. What these circumstances were, will be stated in the ensuing pages of this work.

General Lee had thus advanced without resistance into the enemy's country, and his eagles already began to open their broad wings for flight toward the rich fields of Pennsylvania. But one serious cause of delay existed, which changed the whole face of affairs. This was the fortress, as it may appropriately be called, of Harper's Ferry. At Harper's Ferry a force of 11,000 of the enemy, with seventy-three pieces of artillery, remained, directly in his rear; and it was necessary before proceeding to enter on greater movements to gain possession of this strong point which they still held.

On his trial, General McClellan, in reply to the question, "Will you give a statement of the principal events connected with the Maryland campaign?" said:

"When at Frederick we found the original order issued to General D. H. Hill by direction of General Lee, which gave the orders of march for their whole army, and developed their intentions. The substance of the order was, that Jackson was to move from Frederick by the main Hagerstown road, and leaving it at some point near Middletown to cross the Potomac near Sharpsburg, and endeavor to capture the garrison of Martinsburg, and cut off the retreat of the garrison of Harper's Ferry in that direction. General McLaws was ordered, with his own command and the division of General Anderson, to move out by the same Hagerstown road and gain possession of the Maryland

Heights, opposite Harper's Ferry. General Walker, who was then apparently somewhere near the mouth of the Monocacy, was to move through Lovettsville and gain possession of Loudoun Heights, thus completing the investment of Harper's Ferry. General Longstreet was ordered to move to Hagerstown, with Hill to serve as a rear guard. * * * * It was directed in the same order that after Jackson, Walker, McLaws, etc., had taken Harper's Ferry, they were to rejoin the main army at Hagerstown or Boonsboro'. That order is important in another sense. It shows very plainly that the object of the enemy was to go to Pennsylvania, or at least to remain in Maryland."

The discovery of this order was most unfortunate for the success of the campaign. Prompt steps were taken by the enemy to check the advance of General Lee, relieve Harper's Ferry, and defeat the projected invasion of Pennsylvania.

After the battle of Manassas great confusion is said to have reigned in the Federal councils at Washington; and the anticipated attack of the Southern army upon the capital was regarded with terror. General Pope was cast aside, and the distinguished officer who had fallen under the displeasure of the Federal Executive, and been deprived of the command of the army, was appealed to in this critical emergency. General McClellan rose to the command of the entire forces in and around Washington without an effort on his part; and he acted without consultation with any one, and under no orders but "Save the Capital." The genius of this skilful soldier was equal to the occasion. Troops were hurried forward from various parts of the North; the remnants of the army defeated at Manassas were collected and reorganized; Burnside's column was brought up; all the reserves which had not arrived in time to participate in these great contests were put in requisition, and another army, numbering about 100,000 men, was at once ready to take the field. Never had the great resources in men and material of the Federal Government been more strikingly displayed; and the Southern troops were now called upon to meet a fresh army. With this great mass of old soldiers and new, veterans and conscripts, General Mc

Clellan took position in front of Washington ; when, finding that General Lee no longer threatened that city, and had moved toward Pennsylvania, the Federal commander hurried forward in the direction of Frederick City.

General McClellan was still completely ignorant of Lee's designs, and it was necessary for him to move with caution so as cover the capital. President Lincoln was evidently uneasy, from the apprehension that Lee's advance into Maryland was only a feint, with a small force to draw the Federal forces northward, when the main column would, by a rapid flank movement, reach and assault Washington. Hampered by continual orders from the War Office, and unable to penetrate the designs of Lee, General McClellan was compelled to advance, with his left resting on the Potomac, in order to defeat any flank attack upon Washington, and to proceed with a caution which was indispensable in dealing with so wary and dangerous an adversary.

Great must have been the joy of General McClellan, therefore, at finding, upon a table in Frederick City, the copy of Lee's order of march left there by General D. H. Hill. It would be difficult to over-estimate the disastrous effect which this carelessness on the part of some one had upon General Lee's campaign. General McClellan now no longer advanced cautiously, and with an eye to the safety of the capital. He knew all General Lee's designs, and hastened, without the loss of a moment, to counteract them.

If that order had not been found at Frederick City, the result of the Maryland campaign would, in all probability, have been wholly different.

CHAPTER XVIII.

BOONSBORO' AND CRAMPTON'S GAP.

GENERAL LEE had, meanwhile, commenced his operations, looking to the reduction of Harper's Ferry.

General Walker was directed to recross the Potomac and move up with his brigade to Loudoun Heights, east of Harper's Ferry; General McLaws was sent to occupy Maryland Heights opposite the town, on the northern bank of the Potomac, to cut off the enemy's retreat if they attempted to fall back toward Frederick City; while General Jackson was directed to march straight across the country to Williamsport, take possession of Martinsburg, and intercept their retreat if they moved up the river, or demand the instant surrender of Harper's Ferry and its garrison. Jackson could take care of himself; but General McLaws was liable to be assailed in his rear, driven from Maryland Heights, and the garrison thus relieved. A strong force was accordingly posted at South Mountain, on the main road from Frederick City to Boonsboro', under command of General D. H. Hill, to receive the attack of General McClellan, then known to be advancing; troops were also posted at Crampton's Gap and other openings in the mountain lower down; and General Longstreet's corps was held in reserve, to move in any direction which the emergencies of the occasion demanded. The cavalry under General Stuart was ordered to bring up and protect the rear.

Before following Jackson in his swift advance to the execution of his portion of the programme, let us relate the events which occurred simultaneously upon the soil of Maryland. We shall thus be enabled to present an uninterrupted narrative of the operations of Jackson.

General McClellan's advancing army first came in collision with General Stuart's cavalry near Frederick City on the 11th

of September. General Stuart's front extended from New Market, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to Poolesville—Fitz Lee being on the left, Hampton in the centre, and Colonel Munford, commanding Robertson's brigade, on the right.

On the 12th the whole line speedily became engaged, and opposed the advance of the enemy with obstinate valor. The Federal advance force was repulsed on repeated charges; and it was not until the corps of the army had moved to their assigned positions, that Stuart slowly retired, striking the advancing enemy at every step with his rear guard. General Hampton, bringing up the rear on the road from Frederick City to Middletown, was hotly assailed by a heavy force which had rushed into Frederick; and, annoyed by the galling fire of the Federal artillery, supported by a strong column of infantry, he charged them with characteristic gallantry, drove back their infantry with great loss, and captured their artillery, though, the horses having been shot, he could not bring it off. The cavalry then slowly retired toward the gaps in the mountain, and on the next morning, September 13th, Hampton, who had occupied the gap in the Catoctin Mountain near Middletown, was vigorously assailed by overpowering columns. The gap was obstinately held by his dismounted men and artillery until late in the day, when further check of the enemy becoming unnecessary, he was ordered to withdraw.*

On the 14th the enemy appeared in front of the various gaps in the South Mountain, bent on breaking through and hastening to the relief of the garrison at Harper's Ferry, now imminently threatened by Jackson. At Crampton's Gap an obstinate stand was made by a small force of dismounted cavalry and infantry under Colonel Thomas T. Munford, of the 2d Virginia cavalry, with a few hundred men, and the battery of Captain Chew, which had

* On approaching Crampton's Gap, General Hampton's column was mistaken by Colonel Munford for a force of Federal cavalry, and he ordered the artillery to open upon it. The guns were loaded, sighted straight at Hampton, and were about to be discharged, when a white flag appeared at the head of the column, and this serious accident was averted.

done excellent service in the campaign of the Virginia Valley. Colonel Munford opposed the advance of Slocum's division of the Federal army, and for many hours prevented them from passing the mountain. It was only when his ammunition was completely exhausted, and the enemy were flanking him on both sides, that he retired through the gap, mounted his men, and moved down the mountain. General Stuart having appeared upon the field, drew up the cavalry, checked the retreat of the infantry of General Cobb's command, and at night the small Confederate force still opposed the advance of the enemy.

Meanwhile a still heavier engagement had taken place at Boonsboro' Gap, above. The pass at Boonsboro' is a defile, through which runs the main turnpike from Federal City to Hagerstown. The road is winding, narrow, and rugged—the steep mountain on one side, on the other a deep ravine. Near the top are two or three houses, but few other objects break the monotony of the landscape. The enemy appeared in front of the position occupied by General D. H. Hill, and immediately assailed him. A severe conflict ensued, the enemy's numbers enabling him to gain possession of the commanding ground on Hill's left, and by overlapping both wings to press him back. Couriers were immediately sent to General Lee announcing the condition of affairs, and Longstreet was hurried forward from Hagerstown to Hill's assistance. The appearance of his corps, with Evans on the left, Drayton on the right, and Hood's Texans in the centre, at once changed the aspect of the field; the Federal force who were pressing heavily upon Hill and driving him back, were repulsed and held in check, and the ground maintained against the most determined efforts of the enemy to force a passage. In this action General Reno, of the U. S. Army, was killed.

Receiving information that Harper's Ferry would certainly fall on the next morning, General Lee now determined to withdraw the commands of Longstreet and Hill, and retire toward Sharpsburg, where his communications would be uninterrupted, and his army could be concentrated. The trains were accordingly sent to that point, and the army slowly retired. The dif-

ficult and dangerous task of bringing up the rear was entrusted to General Fitz Lee, who performed this important duty, as afterwards at Sharpsburg, with a courage and ability which excited the admiration of the whole army. This accomplished officer had distinguished himself by skill and daring upon many fields ; but it was left for him, and his associate commanders of the cavalry arm, to show the infantry on this occasion that the saddle of a cavalryman is not a bed of roses, and that "dead bodies with spurs on them" *could* be discovered, and discovered in considerable numbers.

The last to leave the field, General Stuart with his cavalry, everywhere met and repulsed the enemy's advance, the Confederate forces slowly retired, and at daylight on Monday morning the army reached Sharpsburg.

General McClellan hastened to pass through the mountains, soon after dawn on the 15th, and push forward to the relief of Harper's Ferry. But he was too late. The golden moment had passed away, the strong arm of Jackson had struck.



CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTURE OF HARPER'S FERRY.

JACKSON had performed the work assigned to him with rapidity, accuracy, and success.

Leaving Frederick City on the 10th, as General McClellan was pressing forward, he moved with great rapidity through Middletown, Boonsboro', and Williamsport, recrossed the Potomac into Virginia, at Light's ford, and pressed forward to his task. A. P. Hill was sent on the main road to Martinsburg, Ewell's and Jackson's old division moved to the North Mountain depot on the railroad about seven miles northwest of Martinsburg, and Major Myers commanding the cavalry was despatched as far south as the Berkeley and Hampshire turn-

pike. The object of these precautions was to prevent the escape westward of General White, commanding the Federal force at Martinsburg, and they fully attained their object. On the night of the 11th General White evacuated the town, and fell back to the trap set for him at Harper's Ferry.

On the 12th Jackson entered the town, capturing large quantities of Federal stores. On the morning of the 13th, at about 11 o'clock, the head of his column came in view of the enemy drawn upon Bolivar Heights.

We have already presented a brief topographical sketch of Harper's Ferry. It is a small village nestling beneath an almost perpendicular hill, in the angle formed by the junction of the Potomac and the Shenandoah. Bolivar Heights is in rear of the town, Maryland Heights is opposite, on the northern bank, and Loudoun Heights is that portion of the Blue Ridge across the Shenandoah and east of the place. General Johnston had retired from this position because it was exposed to an enfilade and reverse fire from the heights above mentioned. The Confederate forces now occupied these commanding positions—it was the enemy who were cooped up in Harper's Ferry—and Jackson prepared to try upon General Miles, commanding the enemy's force, the strategy which General Patterson no doubt intended to direct against Johnston.

Jackson immediately had recourse to signals—of which he always made great use—to ascertain if General McLaws and Walker were in position. Neither height responded to his flags; and a courier was sent to each of the generals for information. Jackson would unquestionably have stormed the place that day, the 13th, and have been with his entire command at Crampton and Boonsboro' Gaps in time to take part in the battles at those two points on the 14th; but to attack while the enemy had their way of escape open, would not only have failed to obtain the main object of the expedition, but more than 10,000 fresh troops would have been thrown against the weak Confederate lines at the lower gap of South Mountain. It was not until late in the night that the courier from Loudoun Heights brought

word that General Walker was in position. General McLaws was also, at this hour, in his allotted place, having attacked and driven off the Federal force on Maryland Heights.

The character of the ground—mountain and river—rendering communication by courier exceedingly difficult and tedious, resort was again had to signals; but even with this assistance Jackson could not, in spite of his utmost exertions, convey to Walker and McLaws his orders for the attack until late in the day. Time was infinitely precious now, for the distant thunder of artillery from South Mountain indicated the engagements there, and nothing had been done at Harper's Ferry. Walker and McLaws signalled that Bolivar Heights, where the enemy were still posted, was out of range of their artillery; and Jackson saw the necessity of forcing the Federal line back under the guns of his coadjutors.

The order of battle by which Jackson surrounded the enemy, and reached a position for storming the place in the morning, was as follows:

General Hill was directed to move on the right along the bank of the Shenandoah, around the base of the hill, and turning the enemy's left, enter the town in their rear. In this movement Ewell's division under General Lawton was to coöperate.

One brigade of Jackson's old division, and a battery, under General Jones, was to make a demonstration against the enemy's right, while the remainder of the division as a reserve moved along the turnpike in front.

Major Massie, commanding the cavalry, was directed to draw up his command on the left of the line, to prevent the enemy from escaping toward Martinsburg.

General Walker was on Loudoun Heights to prevent their escape over the mountain.

General McLaws was on Maryland Heights to cut them off from the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

The Federal commander was thus as completely environed with watchful and dangerous foes, as a wild animal driven into his hole by a party of hunters, with all the avenues barred

against his exit. Like a wolf in some cavern of the mountains, he was about to be smoked out, and forced either to surrender or die defending himself.

The movement commenced on the left, late in the afternoon, the Stonewall Brigade, under Colonel Grigsby, advancing to secure an elevated position on the enemy's right. The Federal cavalry here stationed was promptly dispersed, and the eminence seized upon. General Hill was equally successful on the right, next to the Shenandoah. Moving obliquely until he struck the river, he observed in front of him a commanding position occupied by Federal infantry, but no artillery—the approaches having been obstructed by an abatis of felled trees. The brigades of Pender, Archer, and Brockenbrough were directed to storm the position, and rushing forward, Pender in advance, they attained the crest of the hill, the enemy retreating almost without resistance.

In the centre the line was also pushed forward with energy. Ewell's division, under Lawton, moved along the turnpike and the fields which skirted it, in three columns, until it reached Halltown, when line of battle was formed, and Lawton advanced to School House Hill; his own brigade and Trimble's being on the right of the road, and Hay's and Early's on the left.

Such was the position of the Confederate lines when night descended. But the hours of darkness were not suffered to pass unimproved. The brigades of Branch and Gregg, with Thomas' as a reserve, moved along the Shenandoah, and taking advantage of the ravines of the precipitous banks of the river, established themselves on the plain to the left and rear of the enemy's works; and all night the Confederate artillery was moving into position. Jackson had a passion for artillery, as we have already stated, and on this occasion he seems to have posted his batteries with a care which left nothing to be desired. Colonel Lindsey Walker had put in position on the crest gained by Pender, on the enemy's left, the batteries of Pegram, McIntosh, Davidson, Braxton, and Crenshaw; and during the night Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery, crossed ten

guns of Ewell's division over the Shenandoah and established them on the right bank, on the acclivity of the mountain, so as to enfilade the Federal position on Bolivar Heights, and take his nearest and most formidable fortifications in reverse. The other batteries of Ewell's division were placed upon School House Hill; Poague and Carpenter were posted on the left, opposite the Federal right, and Walker and McLaws were directed to cooperate in the assault from the heights on the east and the north—Jackson signalling to them: "I have occupied and now hold the enemy's first line of intrenchments, and, with the blessing of God, will capture the whole force early in the morning."

At dawn on the 15th of September, at the moment when General McClellan began to move from Boonsboro' upon the retiring forces of General Lee, Jackson opened his artillery upon Harper's Ferry. Colonel Walker, Hill's chief of artillery, commenced a rapid enfilade fire from all his batteries at about one thousand yards, and their thunders were echoed by the guns on School House Hill in front. Soon the batteries of Brown, Garber, Latimer, and Dement across the Shenandoah opened on the Federal rear; and Poague and Carpenter answered from the left, pouring a hot and heavy fire upon the enemy's right. Above the heads of the cannoneers raced the shot and shell of Walker and McLaws from the Loudoun and Maryland Heights—rendering the scene one of great magnificence. The Federal batteries replied, and for an hour kept up a resolute fire. At the end of that time their fire slackened, and then seemed to be silenced.

All at once the batteries of Colonel Walker ceased their fire, and the infantry prepared to storm their works, for this was the signal agreed upon. Pender had commenced his advance against their left, when the enemy made a last effort, and again opened. The batteries of Pegram and Crenshaw replied with a rapid and destructive fire, and the infantry was about to rush forward and storm the positions of the enemy, when a white flag fluttered from the Federal works, and in the midst of cheers which rolled aloft and were reëchoed from the wooded mountain, it was announced that the Federal commander had surrendered.

The scenes which ensued were singular, and those who were present will long remember them. Jackson had been up for the greater part of the night, and for many preceding nights had scarcely slept an hour, although he required more rest than any general in the army. He was now exhausted, and had no sooner satisfied himself that the place had fallen than he sat down on the ground, leaned his elbow on a log, and was asleep in a moment. Meanwhile General Hill had communicated with the Federal General White, who had succeeded to the command in consequence of a mortal wound received by Colonel Miles, and now came, in company with that officer, to arrange with Jackson the terms of surrender. The contrast between General White's neat uniform and Jackson's dingy coat is represented as having been very striking; and the Confederate commander wore an old hat, less imposing even than his yellow cap, of which some lady in Martinsburg had robbed him. General White probably regarded with some curiosity this singular specimen of a Southern general, and allowed Hill to open the interview. The latter said to Jackson:

“General, this is General White, of the United States Army.”

Jackson made a courteous movement, but seemed ready to fall asleep again, when Hill added:

“He has come to arrange the terms of surrender.”

Jackson made no reply, and, looking under his slouch hat, Hill found that he was asleep. He was again roused, and at last raising his head with difficulty, said to the Federal commander:

“The surrender must be unconditional, General. Every indulgence can be granted afterwards.”

As he finished speaking Jackson's head fell, and unable to contend against his drowsiness he again fell asleep, and the interview terminated. The terms of the surrender were liberal. The officers and men were paroled, with liberty to retain all their personal effects, and the former their side-arms; and transportation was furnished them for their property. Upon these terms 11,000 troops were surrendered.

An amusing incident of the time is thus related by an officer

of the Federal army, who met Jackson in the streets of Harper's Ferry.

"While we were in conversation," said this officer, "an orderly rode rapidly across the bridge, and said to General Jackson :

"I am ordered by General McLaws to report to you that General McClellan is within six miles with an immense army !"

"Jackson took no notice of the orderly, apparently, and continued his conversation ; but when the orderly had turned away Jackson called after him with the question :

"Has General McClellan any baggage train or drove of cattle ?"

"The reply was that he had. Jackson remarked that 'he could whip any army that was followed by a flock of cattle'—alluding to the hungry condition of his men."

It is a well-known fact that the Federal troops, instead of regarding their conqueror with a sentiment of hatred, exhibited the liveliest admiration for him and curiosity to see him. Many desired to shake hands with him, and did so. This feeling of the Northern troops was displayed upon many occasions. A gentleman of Culpepper was offered by a Federal soldier \$500 in "greenbacks" for Jackson's autograph, but refused it ; and a Federal officer said to a member of General Longstreet's staff, whilst a prisoner in Washington :

"I believe if we were to capture Stonewall Jackson, our troops would cheer him as he passed along."

Jackson captured at Harper's Ferry 11,000 prisoners, including a brigadier-general ; 13,000 small-arms ; 73 pieces of artillery ; about 200 wagons, and a large amount of camp and garrison equipage. His loss was small.

The following was his despatch announcing the surrender ?

HEADQUARTERS VALLEY DISTRICT, *September 16, 1862.*

COLONEL : Yesterday God crowned our arms with another brilliant success on the surrender, at Harper's Ferry, of Brigadier-General White and 11,000 troops, an equal number of small-arms, 73 pieces of artillery, and about 200 wagons.

In addition to other stores, there is a large amount of camp and garrison

equipage. Our loss was very small. The meritorious conduct of officers and men will be mentioned in a more extended report.

I am, Colonel, your obedient servant,

T. J. JACKSON, Major-General.

Colonel R. H. CHILTON, A. A. General.

It has been truthfully declared that the capture of Harper's Ferry was worth the entire campaign in Maryland; and the results achieved induced the belief, above alluded to, that General Lee had no other end in view when he advanced into that country. Such a supposition is exceedingly absurd; but the capture of 11,000 prisoners, 73 pieces of artillery, 13,000 stand of arms, and 200 wagons, is an amount of damage which few victories inflict upon an enemy.

No good fortune, however, is entirely without alloy; and the movement against Harper's Ferry had withdrawn from General Lee a force at that moment infinitely precious. With Jackson, McLaws, and Walker detached from the main body, he had been compelled to arrest his advance into Pennsylvania, and fall back to Sharpsburg to unite his army; and thus, instead of occupying the aggressive attitude of an invader, to stand on the defensive.

Jackson was now ordered to rejoin General Lee without delay, and leaving General A. P. Hill at Harper's Ferry—to which Walker and McLaws had crossed—he took his two remaining divisions, and by a severe night march reached Sharpsburg on the morning of the 16th September.

CHAPTER XX.

SHARPSBURG, OR ANTIETAM.

THE battles of Boonsboro' and Crampton's Gap took place on Sunday, September 14th; Harper's Ferry surrendered on the morning of the 15th; Tuesday, the 16th, was spent by both combatants in concentrating their forces for the great conflict which was to ensue.

The battle of Sharpsburg was fought east and north of the town of that name, in the valley immediately west of South Mountain.

This valley is undulating and broken into innumerable eminences of every size, from diminutive knolls to steep and lofty hills. Many of the depressions between these hills are dry, affording good cover for infantry, while others are traversed by Antietam Creek, a deep, narrow, and crooked water-course, which twists about like a serpent, and has to be "crossed every ten minutes." Sharpsburg is situated on the western side of the valley, and on the eastern side, near the foot of South Mountain, are the little villages of Peterstown and Keedysville. Numerous farm-houses dot the valley in every direction, some standing out plainly on the hill tops, others half hidden on the slopes, with their ample barns and orchards. Fields of clover and ripe corn stretched on every hand, and to the northward a dense belt of woods shut in the prospect. In this amphitheatre, with the hills rising in terraces around it, the two great adversaries, Lee and McClellan, were now to close in one of those desperate struggles, which will throw a glare so lurid on the annals of this period.

An army correspondent writes: "Jackson and Lawton (commanding Ewell's division), always in time, had come forward rapidly during the night, and were in position on our extreme left. What a strange strength and confidence we all felt in the presence of that man 'Stonewall' Jackson"!

General Lee's line of battle was in front of Sharpsburg, with Longstreet on the right, D. H. Hill in the centre, and Jackson on the left—the cavalry under Stuart being posted on the extreme left of the line. The divisions of McLaws, Anderson, and A. P. Hill, and Walker's brigade had not arrived on the night of the 16th, and Jackson had under him only Ewell's and his own division.

The Federal line was several miles in length, and their forces embraced the corps of Burnside, Mansfield, Hooker, Sumner, Franklin, Williams (formerly that of Banks, Jackson's old ad-

versary), and Sykes' division of Fitz John Porter's corps. General Hooker held the right of their line, one of his divisions being commanded by General Meade, and Burnside the left.

On the evening of the 16th the opposing lines had already come into collision, General McClellan having thrown Hooker across the Antietam on his right for the assault next morning. Jackson's division and General Hood, holding the left of D. H. Hill, were attacked, but the enemy's batteries were soon silenced, and, resting on their arms in close proximity to the Federal lines, the Southern troops snatched a brief sleep before the arduous struggle of the coming day.

At dawn skirmishing commenced between the advanced lines of Jackson and Hooker, now reënfined by the corps of Mansfield, and in a short time the Federal batteries, so posted on the opposite sides of the Antietam as to enfilade the Confederate line, opened a heavy and destructive fire. Jackson's batteries under Poague, Carpenter, Brockenbrough, Raine, Caskie, and Wooding returned it hotly, and about sunrise the Federal infantry advanced in heavy force to the edge of the wood, on the eastern edge of the turnpike, driving in Jackson's skirmishers, and opening upon his lines a determined fire of shell and canister from their batteries at close range. This was kept up for some time, when General Hooker suddenly advanced his line and threw his entire column against Jackson. The firing which succeeded was heavy and incessant. The best troops of the Federal army had been concentrated in this portion of the field to turn the Confederate left, and the attempt was made with desperation. For more than two hours the lines of Jackson sustained this almost overwhelming assault without giving back, and the great mortality which resulted was sufficient evidence of the desperate character of the struggle. General Starke, commanding Jackson's division, and Colonel Douglas, commanding Lawton's brigade, were killed; Generals Jones, Lawton, and Walker were wounded and disabled; more than half of the brigades of Lawton and Hays were either killed or wounded; more than a third of Trimble's, and all the regimental com-

manders in these brigades except two¹ were either killed or wounded. Meanwhile column after column of fresh troops were thrown into action on the Federal side, as their ranks were swept back by the galling fire, and thus for hour after hour, now giving back, now advancing, the Southern lines held their original ground. The batteries of General Stuart, commanded by Major Pelham, his chief of artillery, under his direction, took a leading part in this hot struggle; and so judiciously had these guns been posted, as General Jackson's report will show, that they had a most important bearing on the fortunes of the day.

Jackson's line, a very thin one, owing to the absence of so large a portion of his command, sustained the heavy Federal fire with great gallantry, but their ammunition became completely exhausted at last; and Jackson himself gave the order for his line to retire slowly.* This movement was not the result of panic or confusion. A writer in the New York "Herald" said, "The rebel forces fell back slowly, and in very fair order, disputing every foot that they gave up with the greatest obstinacy."

This retrograde inspired the enemy with new ardor. Their right wing now rapidly advanced, and soon threatened to envelop the Confederate left. It was almost at right angles with the Federal centre, and General Hooker continued to extend his right still further to outflank his adversary. Prompt steps were necessary to counteract this dangerous manœuvre, and Jackson quickly moved his line to the left and rear, facing obliquely to the left to meet this new assault. Into the gap thus made upon his right the two small brigades of Texans under Hood threw themselves with conspicuous gallantry.

Seeing Hood in their path, the enemy paused, and a Northern correspondent writes: "While our advance rather faltered, the

* "Want of ammunition" has so often been the excuse for bad fighting and fair defeat, that the present writer dislikes even the phrase. But the deficient transportation of General Lee's army, and the absence of railroad connection with his depots at Richmond, were very severely felt both at Sharpsburg and Gettysburg. The Federal army was much more fortunate in these particulars.

rebels, greatly reënforced, made a sudden and inpetuous onset and drove our gallant fellows back over a portion of the hard-won field. What we had won, however, was not relinquished without a desperate struggle, and here up the hills and down, through the woods and the standing corn, over the ploughed land and the clover, the line of fire swept to and fro as one side or the other gained a temporary advantage."

Hood was now fighting with his right toward the main line of the enemy, for General Hooker had swept round so far that, as we have said, his line was almost at right angles with its original position. Hood threw himself into the action with great gallantry, and says, in his report: "Here I witnessed the most terrible clash of arms by far that has occurred during the war. The two little giant brigades of my command wrestled with the mighty force, and, although they lost hundreds of their officers and men, they drove them from their position and forced them to abandon their guns on our left." One of these brigades numbered only 854 men.

Jackson had meanwhile moved Ewell's division toward the Dunkard Church, and rapidly formed a new line with a portion of his own division on his right to oppose the further advance of the enemy, who had rushed forward and planted a battery on the turnpike near the edge of the woods.

Every thing now depended upon the arrival of the forces under General McLaws. That officer advanced so slowly that all the fruits of the terrible struggle of Jackson and Hood were lost.

Before General McLaws had reached the field, General Hooker made another and more determined attempt to turn the Confederate left. The brunt of the battle was evidently here, and a most persistent effort was made to break through Jackson's line, or flank and drive it back in confusion on the centre. The hottest portion of this assault was borne on the extreme left by the Stonewall Brigade, which received the enemy with a determined fire, and momentarily checked them—and on the right, Ewell had succeeded in holding his ground. At this crisis a

heavy Federal column, supposed to be General Sumner's corps, appeared upon the left, and Jackson would have been forced in a short time to retire, when his own reënforcements reached the field. Semmes' and Anderson's brigades, with a portion of the divisions of Barksdale and McLaws, formed line of battle as soon as they reached the ground; and soon the whole line, including the Stonewall Brigade, swept forward in a determined charge. This charge drove the enemy back, compelled them to surrender all the ground they had gained, and pressing on, the Confederate troops forced them from and beyond the woods for more than a mile.

Jackson had thus entirely defeated the persistent attempt to turn his left, and General McClellan's report shows that the result of the Federal attack in this part of the field was regarded by him as decisive of the battle. Such was undoubtedly the fact; and the repulse of the Federal lines was so complete that Jackson speedily assumed the offensive, and in his turn advanced to turn the Federal right. General Stuart, with his cavalry, led the advance in this movement, but from the nature of the ground, Jackson states, the design was soon abandoned. The Potomac here makes a remarkable bend, and the narrow ground between the river and the enemy's right was so completely commanded by their artillery, that Jackson finally determined that the movement was too hazardous to be attempted.

Of the fighting of the troops under Jackson and Hood on this occasion, a Northern writer says:

“It is beyond all wonder how men such as the rebel troops are can fight as they do. That those ragged and filthy wretches, sick, hungry, and in all ways miserable, should prove such heroes in fight, is past explanation. Men never fought better. There was one regiment that stood up before the fire of two or three of our long range batteries and of two regiments of infantry, and though the air around them was vocal with the whistle of bullets and the scream of shells, there they stood and delivered their fire in perfect order.”

Of this great action in other portions of the field we present

the following animated description from a Southern journal, which, if not entirely accurate, will at least convey to the reader something of the emotions of an eye-witness :

“THE FIGHT UPON THE CENTRE.—Soon after the cessation of the fight on the left, the enemy made a strong demonstration upon our centre, in front of the division of General D. H. Hill. Here, for awhile, the contest was carried on mainly by artillery, with which both the enemy and ourselves were abundantly supplied. The only difference between the two, if any at all, was in the superiority of their metal and positions, and on our part the lack of sufficient ammunition. Battery after battery was sent to the rear exhausted, and our ordnance wagons, until late in the day, were on the opposite side of the Potomac, blocked by the long commissary trains which had been ordered forward from Martinsburg and Shepherdstown to relieve the necessities of the army.

“As indicated in the former part of this letter, our artillery was posted on the summits of the line of hills which ran from right to left in front of the town. That of the enemy, with one exception, was on the rising ground at the base of the Blue Ridge, and upon the various eminences this side. A single Federal battery was boldly thrown over the Stone bridge, on the turnpike, nine hundred or a thousand yards in our front, and held its position until disabled, with a hardihood worthy of a better cause. I cannot now name all the positions of the different batteries—only those which I saw. Altogether, we may have had playing at this time one hundred guns. The enemy having at least an equal number, you may imagine what a horrid concert filled the air, and how unremitting was the hail of heavy balls and shells, now tearing their way through the trees, now bursting and throwing their murderous fragments on every side, and again burying themselves amid a cloud of dust in the earth, always where they were least expected.

“This exchange of iron compliments had been kept up from early morning, but at eleven o'clock the fire began to concentrate and increase in severity. Columns of the enemy could be dis-

tinctly seen across the Antietam on the open ground beyond, moving as if in preparation to advance. Others were so far in the distance that you could recognize them as troops only by the sunlight that gleamed upon their arms, while considerable numbers were within cannon shot, defiantly flaunting their flags in our faces. At twelve o'clock the scene from the apex of the turnpike was truly magnificent, and the eye embraced a picture such as falls to the lot of few men to look upon in this age.

“ From twenty different stand-points great volumes of smoke were every instant leaping from the muzzles of angry guns. The air was filled with the white fantastic shapes that floated away from bursted shells. Men were leaping to and fro, loading, firing, and handling the artillery, and now and then a hearty yell would reach the ear amid the tumult, that spoke of death or disaster from some well-aimed ball. Before us were the enemy. A regiment or two had crossed the river, and, running in squads from the woods along its banks, were trying to form a line. Suddenly a shell falls among them, and another and another, until the thousands scatter like a swarm of flies, and disappear in the woods. A second time the effort is made, and there is a second failure. Then there is a diversion. The batteries of the Federals open afresh ; their infantry try another point, and finally they succeed in effecting a lodgment on this side. Our troops, under D. H. Hill, meet them, and a fierce battle ensues in the centre. Backward, forward, surging and swaying like a ship in a storm, the various columns are seen in motion. It is a hot place for us, but is hotter still for the enemy. They are directly under our guns, and we mow them down like grass. The raw levies, sustained by the veterans behind, come up to the work well, and fight for a short time with an excitement incident to their novel experiences of a battle ; but soon a portion of their line gives way in confusion. Their reserves come up, and endeavor to retrieve the fortunes of the day. Our centre, however, stands firm as adamant, and they fall back. Pursuit on our part is useless, for if we drove the enemy at all on the other side of the river, it would be against the sides of the mountain,

where one man, fighting for his life and liberty, disciplined or undisciplined, would be equal to a dozen.

“ Meanwhile, deadly work has been going on among our artillery. Whatever they may have made others suffer, nearly all the companies have suffered severely themselves. The great balls and shells of the enemy have been thrown with wonderful accuracy, and dead and wounded men, horses, and disabled caissons are visible in every battery. The instructions from General Lee are that there shall be no more artillery duels. Instead, therefore, of endeavoring to silence the enemy’s guns, Colonel Walton directs his artillery to receive the fire of their antagonists quietly, and deliver their own against the Federal infantry. The wisdom of the order is apparent at every shot, for with the overwhelming numbers of the enemy, they might have defeated us at the outset but for the powerful and well-directed adjuncts we possessed in our heavy guns.

“ Time and again did the Federals perseveringly press close up to our ranks, so near indeed that their supporting batteries were obliged to cease firing lest they should kill their own men ; but just as often were they driven back by the combined elements of destruction which we brought to bear upon them. It was an hour when every man was wanted. The sharpshooters of the enemy were picking off our principal officers continually, and especially those who made themselves conspicuous in the batteries. In this manner the company of Captain Miller, of the Washington Artillery, was nearly disabled, only two out of his four guns being fully manned. As it occupied a position directly under the eye of General Longstreet, and he saw the valuable part it was performing in defending the centre, that officer dismounted himself from his horse, and assisted by his Adjutant-General, Major Sorrel, Major Fairfax, and General Drayton, worked one of the guns until the crisis was passed. To see a general officer wielding the destinies of a great fight, with its care and responsibilities upon his shoulders, performing the duty of a common soldier, in the thickest of the conflict, is a picture worthy of the pencil of an artist.

“The result of this battle, though at one time doubtful, was finally decisive. The enemy were driven across the river with a slaughter that was terrible.

“There now ensued a silence of two hours, broken only by the occasional discharges of artillery. It was a sort of breathing time, when the panting combatants, exhausted by the battle, stood silently eying each other, and making ready—the one to strike, and the other to ward off another staggering blow.

“THE FIGHT ON THE RIGHT.—It was now about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, but notwithstanding the strange lull in the storm, no one believed it would not be renewed before night. Intelligence had come from the rear that General A. P. Hill was advancing from Harper's Ferry with the force which Jackson had left behind, and every eye was turned anxiously in that direction. In a little while we saw some of his troops moving cautiously under cover of the woods and hills to the front, and in an hour more he was in a position on the right. Here about four o'clock the enemy had made another bold demonstration. Fifteen thousand of their troops, in one mass, had charged our lines, and after vainly resisting them, we were slowly giving back before superior numbers.

“Our total force here was less than six thousand men; and had it not been for the admirably planted artillery, under command of Major Garnett, nothing until the arrival of reinforcements could have prevented an irretrievable defeat. The 2d and 20th Georgia have been especial subjects of comment, because of the splendid manner in which they successively met and defeated seven regiments of the enemy, who advanced across a bridge, and were endeavoring to secure a position on this side of the river. They fought until they were nearly cut to pieces, and then retreated only because they had fired their last round. It was at this juncture that the immense Federal force crossed the river, and made the dash against our line which well-nigh proved a success. The timely arrival of General A. P. Hill, however, with fresh troops, entirely changed the fortunes of the day, and after an obstinate contest, which lasted from five o'clock

until dark, the enemy were driven into and across the river with great loss. During this fight the Federals had succeeded in flanking and capturing a battery, belonging, as I learn, to the brigade of General Toombs. Instantly dismounting from his horse, and placing himself at the head of his command, the General, in his effective way, briefly told them that the battery must be retaken if it cost the life of every man in his brigade, and then ordered them to follow him. Follow him they did into what seemed the very jaws of destruction; and after a short but fierce struggle, they had the satisfaction of capturing the prize, and restoring it to the original possessors."

The battle of Sharpsburg was perhaps as obstinately disputed as any during the entire war. The statements about to be laid before the reader will show that General McClellan's force was nearly three times greater than General Lee's, and there is no good reason to doubt that if the troops left on the Virginia side of the Potomac had been present opposite the bridge on the Antietam, and General McLaws had arrived in time upon the left, General McClellan would have been so much crippled as to have been forced to retreat upon Washington with the force which he had. Jackson drove General Hooker a mile after all the troops which General McClellan could spare were placed at Hooker's command on the right. With reënforcements it is probable that Jackson would have routed his adversary.

As the day wore on it is said that General Burnside sent message after message for reënforcements. These could not be sent him; and as the sun was sinking General McClellan is said to have despatched orders to General Burnside to hold his position, calling after the courier:

"Tell him if he cannot hold his ground—then the bridge!—to the last man!—always the bridge! If the bridge is lost, all is lost!"

The main body of General McClellan was thrown, as we have said, against the Confederate left, where Jackson was stationed, the design of the Federal commander being to force General Lee back upon the river, and cut him to pieces before he

could cross. His views are briefly expressed in the following statement which he made upon his trial :

“ On the morning of the 16th a close examination of the ground was made, and preparations made for the attack. The plan decided upon was to attack their left. The corps of General Hooker was thrown across the Antietam early in the forenoon of that day (the 16th), gained possession of the opposite ridge without serious resistance, and then turned to its left, moving along the crest of the ridge, advancing steadily until dark, having encountered very sharp resistance during the latter part of its march. And during the evening the corps of Mansfield was thrown over to support Hooker. Early on the morning of the 17th the corps of General Sumner was also pushed over the Antietam, to support the troops already engaged. Franklin's corps arrived on the ground from Rohrer'sville in the course of the forenoon. The result of the day's fighting on our right was that we gained a considerable portion of ground held by the enemy the night before, after a very stubborn resistance on his part—the fortunes of the day varying several times, but finally resulting in our favor. It became necessary to throw Franklin's corps across the Antietam to support our right soon after it reached the field of battle. In the centre the effort was confined mainly to artillery practice. On the left Burnside crossed the river somewhere about noon, and, after severe fighting, gained possession of the height which was the object of his attack, but was finally obliged to yield it to the attack of a superior force, still holding a position on the further bank of the stream.”

In his report of the battle, General McClellan repeats his statement that his main assault was against the Confederate left, and his failure there decided all. The action is generally spoken of at the North as a complete Federal victory ; but this does not appear from General McClellan's statements on his trial, or from the established facts. “ The next morning,” said General McClellan, “ I found that our loss had been so great, and there was so much disorganization in some of the commands, that I did not consider it proper to renew the attack that day.”

This was on the 18th, and during the whole of that day General Lee remained, drawn up in line of battle, to resume the conflict if the enemy advanced. His army had suffered serious loss, however, especially in valuable officers; reënforcements were constantly reaching the Federal commander; and General Lee's communications with the southern bank of the Potomac were by a single road so narrow and rugged that it was almost impossible to supply the army with the commissary and ordnance stores necessary to a further occupation of the ground on the northern bank. General Lee accordingly determined to recross the Potomac, to await at his leisure the additions to his force which were expected, and to subsist and ammunition his forces.

This movement was accomplished on the night of the 18th without molestation, all the trains, artillery, and stores of every description having been sent on before.

General Stuart brought up the rear with his cavalry; the last pickets were withdrawn, and by the morning of the 19th General Lee had taken up a strong position on the southern bank of the Potomac, ready to meet the Federal forces if they attempted to cross.

The conditions under which General Lee fought the battle of Sharpsburg were peculiar, and the disproportion of force great. An accurate statement of facts in reference to these points is necessary to a right understanding of the affair. It is easy to write a partisan pamphlet and label it "history"—to represent the defeated forces as "overwhelmed by numbers," and the enemy's loss "much larger," "very nearly double," or "frightful," without investigating the facts. Such a narrative may flatter partisan feelings, but it is not history. The proceeding in question appears puerile to the present writer, who here as elsewhere has made an honest effort to arrive at the truth of history.

It is not difficult to establish the statement, that at Sharpsburg General Lee fought a force about three times greater than

his own. When General McClellan was before the Committee of Investigation, to examine into the circumstances attending this action, he was asked, "What was your force at Antietam?" to which he replied, "I think that before these two divisions I alluded to came up, our force was about 90,000 men—not far from that; it may have been 93,000 or 94,000." When asked, "At what number did you estimate the force of the enemy?" his reply was, "I think our estimate at the time, and which was pretty well borne out by what occurred, was, that we fought pretty close upon 100,000 men."

In his "Report of the Operations of the Army of the Potomac," General McClellan is more explicit, and says: "Our forces at the battle of Antietam were as follows:

	Number of Men.
First Corps,	14,856
Second Corps,	18,813
Fifth Corps (one division not arrived),	12,930
Sixth Corps,	12,300
Ninth Corps,	13,819
Twelfth Corps,	10,126
Cavalry Division,	4,320
	<hr/>
Total in action,	87,164

General Lee's force he then estimated, from the reports of "prisoners, deserters, spies, etc.," at 97,445 men; and this he declares "gives the actual number of men present and fit for duty" in General Lee's army.

It will no doubt surprise General McClellan when he ascertains the fact that General Lee had at Sharpsburg, all told, only 33,000 troops, and that the brunt of the fight was sustained by about 25,000, the others not having then come up. This fact was long ago known to the present writer, from General Lee's statement to General Stuart, that his force at Sharpsburg "did not exceed in all 35,000;" but General Lee's official report has since been published, and the exact numbers are given—33,000. The explanation of this paucity of numbers will be found in the

bad equipment of the Southern forces, the very defective commissariat, and the exhausting character of the movements which preceded the battle. In about three weeks the Southern army had marched from the Rapidan *via* Manassas and Frederick City to Sharpsburg. During this time they were almost wholly without rations, and so badly clad that they excited the pity and astonishment even of their enemies, who spoke of them as "ragged, hungry, and in all ways miserable." They had fought almost daily battles, and lost heavily; thousands had lagged behind from pure inability to proceed; and this was the explanation of General Lee's small number. Between the Rapidan and the Potomac it has been estimated that more than 20,000 gave out on the march, or were killed or disabled in battle. All the roads of Northern Virginia were lined with soldiers comprehensively denominated "stragglers;" but the great majority of these men had fallen out of the advancing column from physical inability to keep up with it. Only a small portion, we believe, were "skulkers," for the troops were greatly elated at the idea of transferring hostilities to Pennsylvania; thousands were not with General Lee because they had no shoes, and their bleeding feet would carry them no further; or the heavy march without rations had broken them down. This great crowd toiled on painfully in the wake of the army, dragging themselves five or six miles a day; and when they came to the Potomac, near Leesburg, it was only to find that General Lee had swept on, that General McClellan's column was between them and him, and that they could not rejoin their commands. The citizens of that whole region, who fed these unfortunate persons, will bear testimony that numbers sufficient to constitute an army in themselves, passed the Blue Ridge to rendezvous, by General Lee's orders, at Winchester. These 20,000 or 30,000 men were not in the battle. Longstreet's corps of 26,000 men had dwindled to 13,000, just one-half. Jackson's was not quite so bad, but was greatly reduced. Nor was the bulk of the latter corps present until after four P. M., toward the end of the action. General Lee fought until late in the day, with Longstreet, D. H. Hill,

Ewell, and two other divisions, a force of about 25,000 men. The reinforcements from McLaws, Anderson, and Hill increased this number to 33,000, with which force General Lee met the 87,164 men reported by General McClellan as "in action" on the Federal side. Sharpsburg may fairly be called a drawn battle, and this result was highly honorable to the Southern arms.

In the movements which preceded the battle, General McClellan had again exhibited that skill and soldiership which saved the Federal army on the Chickahominy. He had promptly organized, from the remnants of General Pope's defeated battalions, and the new levies hurried forward, an army ready to take the field; and nothing but his great personal popularity and the confidence reposed in his military judgment by the troops, could have achieved a result so important. With this force he had advanced from Washington, and throughout the march his movements had been bold and judicious. His objects were to relieve Harper's Ferry and arrest Lee's advance. With these ends in view he pushed Franklin's corps toward Crampton's Gap, on the straight road to Harper's Ferry, and moved with his main body toward Hagerstown, which the head of Lee's column had reached.

But for the rapidity of Jackson's march, and the energy of his attack upon General Miles, McClellan would have succeeded in his attempt to save the garrison. On the night of the 14th he had concentrated at South Mountain an overwhelming force, and on the 15th would have swooped down on Harper's Ferry. But on that fatal 15th the place surrendered, and so much of the Federal general's programme was defeated. The other half, however, was successful. Lee's further advance was checked; his forces were moved back and concentrated at Sharpsburg; and as the sun went down on the evening of the 16th of September, his great army confronted Lee on the eastern bank of the Antietam. What followed is known.

CHAPTER XXI.

SHEPHERDSTOWN.

THE roll of great events was now exhausted, but another bloody encounter was to take place near the spot where Ashby had long before drawn rein, and sat on his white horse unmoved amid the Federal bullets.

General McClellan had no sooner received intelligence of the retreat of his adversary, than he pushed a strong column toward the Potomac in pursuit of him. Heavy batteries were promptly disposed along the high ground on the north bank of the river opposite Shepherdstown, and a determined fire was opened on the Confederate troops drawn up upon the southern shore. To this fire, General Pendleton, chief of artillery of the army, replied with vigor, and the Stuart Horse Artillery, under Major John Pelham, was especially active in engaging the enemy's batteries.

In the evening the fire of the Federal artillery was redoubled, and under the protection of the guns, General McClellan commenced crossing a column, driving off General Pendleton and Lawton's brigades, which acted as a support to the guns. By the morning of the 20th a considerable body had crossed to the southern bank, and Generals A. P. Hill and Early, who had moved with the rest of Jackson's corps toward Martinsburg, were directed to return and drive the enemy back.

These orders were promptly obeyed, and the troops were soon at the point of danger. General Hill, who commanded, drew up his force in two lines—the first composed of Pender's, Gregg's, and Thomas' brigades, under command of General Gregg; the second, of Lane's, Archer's, and Brockenbrough's brigades, under General Archer. General Early, with his own brigade and those of Trimble and Hays, took position in the woods on the right and left of the road leading to the ford.

The Federal infantry was drawn up on the high banks of the southern shore, and every point upon the Maryland side of the river was crowned with their batteries, ready to open upon the Confederate line as soon as it advanced. As General Hill moved forward to the attack, the Federal artillery commenced a rapid fire of shot and shell upon his advancing column, but no notice of this was taken by the troops. They pressed forward, and Pender found himself in front of the main Federal force which was massed to attack him. As he charged, they poured a volley into his line, and then rapidly extended with the view of turning his left. Archer promptly threw his brigade in that direction, and formed on Pender's left, when, advancing his whole line, Hill made an impetuous charge, and drove the Federal line before him, from the hill, down the bank, and into the river, where many were drowned in attempting to cross.

“With no stop or hesitation,” says an eye-witness, “using no artillery, sending his men in steadily, General A. P. Hill drove the enemy into and across the river, taking 300 prisoners, and making the river blue with the dead.”

Two hundred prisoners were taken in this affair, which seems to have discouraged the Federal commander from any further attempts to cross the river. The position on the bank was held by Hill throughout the day until relieved by Fitz Lee's cavalry, General Stuart having gone with the rest of his command to make an important demonstration above, in the vicinity of Williamsport, where he met and repulsed the enemy in a brief but spirited engagement.

On the same evening Jackson moved from Shepherdstown, and encamped on the Opequon, from which point, on the 27th, he moved back to Bunker's Hill, on the Martinsburg and Winchester turnpike, where, in July, 1861, he had in the same manner awaited the approach of General Patterson.

At Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and Shepherdstown, he had lost 38 officers killed and 171 wounded, 313 non-commissioned officers and privates killed, 1,859 wounded, and 57 missing; making a total loss of 2,438 killed, wounded, and missing.

“For these great and signal victories,” he says in terminating his report, “our sincere and humble thanks are due unto Almighty God. Upon all appropriate occasions we should acknowledge the hand of Him who reigns in Heaven, and rules among the powers of the earth. In view of the arduous labors, and great privations which the troops were called on to endure and the isolated and perilous position which the command occupied while engaged with the greatly superior force of the enemy, we feel the encouraging consolation that God was with us and gave to us the victory, and unto His holy name be all gratitude and praise.”

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAMPAIGN.

THE campaign of 1862 had virtually ended, and General Lee's army was again upon the soil of Virginia.

From James River to the Potomac, the path of the Southerners had been strewn all over with battles. Defeating the Federal forces in the bloody conflicts of the Chickahominy, they had achieved an important success over the army of General Pope at Cedar Run; and then advancing without pause, had driven that commander from Culpepper, flanked him beyond the Rappahannock, and after destroying his enormous depot of stores, engaged him on the old battle field of Manassas, and in an obstinate and bloody battle completely defeated him. At Oxhill, the rout of the Federal forces on the soil of Virginia became final, and the army had pushed on without resting, and invaded Maryland. Here it had been engaged in bloody encounters at Boonsboro' and Crampton's Gap; had captured Harper's Ferry, with 11,000 prisoners and 73 pieces of artillery, and had sustained at Sharpsburg the assault of 87,000 troops under a commander of acknowledged ability, offering him battle

on the succeeding day, and only crossing back into Virginia for want of food and ammunition. When the enemy pursued, they had been completely defeated in a brief but bloody engagement, and, drawn up on the southern bank of the Potomac, the army still bade defiance to its adversaries.

Of the men who performed these arduous labors, and were successful upon so many fields against odds so great, it has been truthfully said that "one-fifth of them were barefooted, one-half of them in rags, and the whole of them half famished." We have seen that even their adversaries regarded them with mingled admiration and pity, characterizing them as "those ragged wretches, sick, hungry, and in all way miserable," and wondering how they could "prove such heroes." From Federal sources came the acknowledgment that "men never fought better," and it was evidently a subject of great astonishment with the enemy how troops so badly clothed and fed, with such gaunt frames and bleeding feet, could have the heart to contend against superior numbers, thoroughly equipped, with a courage so unflinching and admirable.

A Southern writer, once an humble unit of this historic army, may be pardoned this reference to its superb efficiency and those laurels which "time cannot wither." It did not win those laurels without sweating blood in the effort, nor triumph over "slaves and cowards." The Northern troops fought at the second Manassas, and at Sharpsburg, with a gallantry which extorted the admiration of their adversaries, and they were led by generals of the coolest courage and the highest ability. They were not a foe to be despised, nor did either side despise the other in that hard struggle. When General Lee surrendered, it was the preachers and other non-combatants, not the northern troops, who wanted every Southern soldier hanged or shot for treason.

The toils, hardships, and glories of the army of Northern Virginia must be left to the historian of the future. But there is a tribunal which is almost as impartial as the aftertime. It has been said with truth that the voice of the stranger is like

that of posterity, and a paragraph upon this army is here inserted from the leading journal of England.

“The people of the Confederate States,” says the “London Times,” “have made themselves famous. If the renown of brilliant courage, stern devotion to a cause, and military achievements almost without a parallel, can compensate men for the toil and privations of the hour, then the countrymen of Lee and Jackson may be consoled amid their sufferings. From all parts of Europe, from their enemies as well as their friends, from those who condemn their acts as well as those who sympathize with them, comes the tribute of admiration. When the history of this war is written, the admiration will doubtless become deeper and stronger, for the veil which has covered the South will be drawn away and disclose a picture of patriotism, of unanimous self-sacrifice, of wise and firm administration, which we can now only see indistinctly. The details of extraordinary national effort which has led to the repulse and almost to the destruction of an invading force of more than half a million of men, will then become known to the world; and, whatever may be the fate of the new nationality, or its subsequent claims to the respect of mankind, it will assuredly begin its career with a reputation for genius and valor which the most famous nations may envy.”



CHAPTER XXIII.

GENERAL LEE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

THE Maryland campaign had ended in one of those retreats which ruin an opponent. General Lee had entered the Federal territory, and at one blow captured 11,000 prisoners, 13,000 small-arms, and 73 pieces of artillery; had repulsed a force about three times greater than his own, under the ablest of their Generals, in a pitched battle of incredible fury; and then, determining of his own motion to retire, had done so, after offering

them battle for twenty-four hours—leaving nothing in their hands, and driving them with heavy loss across the Potomac again when they attempted to harass his rear.

Such a retreat, after such successes, was a victory ; and there were many persons at the North even candid enough to concede the fact. “ He leaves us,” growled the New York “ Tribune,” “ the *débris* of his late camps, two disabled pieces of artillery, a few hundred of his stragglers, perhaps two thousand of his wounded, and as many more of his unburied dead. Not a sound field-piece, caisson, ambulance, or wagon ; not a tent, box of stores, or a pound of ammunition. He takes with him the supplies gathered in Maryland, and the rich spoils of Harper’s Ferry.”

General Lee’s address to his army upon their return to Virginia will appropriately conclude our account of the great campaign to which he refers :

General Orders No. 116.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY NORTHERN VIRGINIA, *October 2d, 1862.*

In reviewing the achievements of the army during the present campaign, the Commanding General cannot withhold the expression of his admiration of the indomitable courage it has displayed in battle, and its cheerful endurance of privation and hardship on the march.

Since your great victories around Richmond you have defeated the enemy at Cedar Mountain, expelled him from the Rappahannock, and, after a conflict of three days, utterly repulsed him on the plains of Manassas, and forced him to take shelter within the fortifications around his capital.

Without halting for repose you crossed the Potomac, stormed the heights of Harper’s Ferry, made prisoners of more than 11,000 men, and captured upwards of seventy pieces of artillery, all their small-arms, and other munitions of war.

While one corps of the army was thus engaged, the other insured its success by arresting at Boonsboro’ the combined armies of the enemy, advancing under their favorite General to the relief of their beleaguered comrades.

On the field of Sharpsburg, with less than one-third his numbers, you resisted, from daylight until dark, the whole army of the enemy, and repulsed every attack along his entire front, of more than four miles in extent.

The whole of the following day you stood prepared to resume the conflict on the same ground, and retired next morning, without molestation, across the Potomac.

Two attempts, subsequently made by the enemy, to follow you across the river, have resulted in his complete discomfiture, and being driven back with loss.

Achievements such as these demanded much valor and patriotism. History records few examples of greater fortitude and endurance than this army has exhibited; and I am commissioned by the President to thank you in the name of the Confederate States for the undying fame you have won for their arms.

Much as you have done, much more remains to be accomplished. The enemy again threatens us with invasion, and to your tried valor and patriotism the country looks with confidence for deliverance and safety. Your past exploits give assurance that this confidence is not misplaced.

R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

CHAPTER XXIV.

JACKSON AND HIS VETERANS RESTING.

JACKSON'S corps passed the beautiful month of October in the picturesque Valley of the Shenandoah—that region which their leader had already made so famous.

There, in the bright October days, the army rested and recovered its strength and spirits. The bracing mountain breeze, the beautiful skies, the liberty to engage in every species of fun and frolic, within the limits of military discipline, seemed to pour new life-blood into the frames of the men, exhausted and worn down by the immense marches which they had made from Cedar Run to Sharpsburg, and the toils, privations, hardships, and excitements which they had undergone.

That region must have aroused many memories in the hearts of Jackson's men—especially in the members of the "Old Stonewall Brigade," which had fought the enemy all along from Falling Waters to the sources of the Shenandoah. They had encountered General Patterson in one of the earliest engagements of the war near Martinsburg, but a few miles distant; on the road by the side of which they were now encamped, they had retreated

before the columns of the same General; and along that road they had pressed after General Banks when, routed at Winchester, he had hastened to recross the Potomac. Since those old days they had fought at Cross Keys, Port Republic, Cold Harbor, Malvern Hill, Cedar Run, Bristoe, Manassas, Oxhill, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, Shepherdstown, and Kearneysville. Comrade after comrade had lain down to die upon those bloody fields—face after face had “gone into the darkness,” amid the war-smoke hovering above the swamps of the lowland, the pines of Manassas, the Valley of the Antietam. They were still alive, and after all their wanderings had returned to the land where they first learned the art of war under their now illustrious chief—returned to it, too, at a season when the face of Nature is glorious with that beauty which seems to reach perfection just when it is passing—when the fields and forest, with their tints of gold, and red, and yellow, are more lovely than the dreams of poets. Here, in the fine and beautiful Valley of the Shenandoah, on the banks of the Opequon, which murmurs under its tall trees, as it lapses gently toward the Potomac, the weary soldiers of the Stonewall Corps found rest and refreshment; and the bracing air, as we have said, made them boys again, filling every pulse with health and joy. The jest, the practical joke, the ready laugh passed round; and for a time the whole army of Northern Virginia was in extravagant spirits, cheering upon the least provocation like a party of boys, and permitting no occasion for indulging in laughter to escape them. We have a letter written by one of the corps about this time, which conveys a very accurate idea of the manner in which Jackson's men amused themselves; and its careless style and homely details may serve to interest the stay-at-home reader who is not familiar with the “goings on” of an army. Here it is:

“‘Cock-a-doodle-doo-oo!’ sounded the ‘shrill clarion’ of a neighboring henroost *before* day this morning; a wakeful soldier caught up the strain, and he and a hundred others forthwith repeated bogus cock-a-doodle-does, until they had effectually ‘murdered sleep’ throughout the entire regiment. To pass the time

until breakfast (!)—*i. e.*, till some ‘solid-shot biscuit’ and leather steaks of lean kine be cooked—I will ‘retaliate’ on you and your readers.

“The campaign having apparently ended, there are no ‘moving accidents by flood or field’ of interest, and therefore nothing left to record but the routine of daily camp life; this shall be true to history, however, to let the old folks at home know how we live ‘sure enough’ while here. At this particular season, though, it is particularly dull—

‘No mail, no post,
No news from any foreign coast;
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,
No comfortable feel in any member,
No shade, no sunshine, no butterflies, no bees,
November!’

“Our camps not being regulated by military rule, for want of material in tents, etc., are left to illustrate the variegated, architectural, and domestic tastes of the thousand different individuals concerned. Hence, although a wall tent or Sibley graces an occasional locality, the most of the men ensconce themselves in bush-built shelters of various shapes, in fence-corners, under gum-blankets, eked out by cedar boughs, or burrow semi-subterranously like Esquimaux. If, as is said, the several styles of architecture took their origin from natural circumstances and climate, etc., as the curving Oriental roofs from the long reeds originally in use—the slanting Egyptians from the necessity of baking their unburnt bricks in the hot sun—the Corinthian from its own flowery clime, etc., etc.—an architectural genius might find enough original designs in this camp to supply a century to come.

“The only ‘useful occupation’ of this brigade for some time past has been to destroy all the railroads in reach; apparently, too, for no better reason than the fellow had for killing the splendid anaconda in the museum, because it was his ‘rule to kill snakes wherever found.’ A soldier just said, ‘Old Jack intends us to tear up all the railroads in the State, and with no

tools but our pocket-knives.' They have so far destroyed the Baltimore and Ohio, from Hedgesville to near Harper's Ferry, the Winchester and Potomac almost entirely, and now the Manassas Gap from Piedmont to Strasburg.

"It is when idle in camp that the soldier is a great institution, yet one that must be seen to be appreciated. Pen cannot fully paint the air of cheerful content, care-hilarity, irresponsible loungings, and practical spirit of jesting that 'obtains' ready to seize on any odd circumstance in its licensed levity. A 'cavalryman' comes rejoicing in immense top-boots, for which in fond pride he had invested full forty dollars of pay; at once the cry from a hundred voices follows him along the line: 'Come up out o' them boots!—come out!—too soon to go into winter quarters! I know you're in thar!—see your arms stickin' out!' A bumpkin rides by in an uncommonly big hat, and is frightened at the shout: 'Come down out o' that hat! Come down! 'Taint no use to say you ain't up there; I see your legs hanging out!' A fancy staff officer was horrified at the irreverent reception of his nicely-twisted mustache, as he heard from behind innumerable trees: 'Take them mice out o' your mouth!—take 'em out!—no use to say they ain't thar; see their tails hanging out!' Another, sporting immense whiskers, was urged to 'come out of that bunch of har! I know you're in thar; I see your ears a working!' Sometimes a rousing cheer is heard in the distance—it is explained: 'Boys, look out!—here comes "Old Stonewall" or an old hare, one or t'other'—they being about the only individuals who invariably bring down the house.

"But the whole day of camp life is not yet described; the night remains, and latterly it is no unusual scene, as the gloaming gathers, to see a group quietly collect beneath the dusky shadows of the forest trees—'God's first temples'—whence soon arise the notes of some familiar hymn, awaking memories of childhood and of home. The youthful chaplain in earnest tones tells his holy mission; another hymn is heard, and by the waning light of the pine torches the weird-like figures of the grouped soldiers are seen reverently moving to the night's repose. The

deep bass drum beats taps—the sounds die out in all the camps, save at times the sweet strains from the band of the 5th Stonewall regiment in a neighboring grove, till they too fade away into the stilly night, and soon—

——— ‘The soldiers lie peacefully dreaming,
 Their tents in the rays of the clear autumn moon,
 Or the light of the watch-fires are gleaming ;
 A tremulous sigh as the gentle night wind
 Through the forest leaves slowly is creeping,
 While the stars up above with their glittering eyes
 Keep guard, for the army is sleeping.’ ”

During these days Jackson had his headquarters near Bunker's Hill, and was often seen moving to and fro among his troops on his old sorrel horse, with the old uniform. He was always greeted with cheers by his men, and the phrase, “ Jackson or a rabbit,” became universal in alluding to these gay sounds heard in the distance. A hundred anecdotes were told, a hundred witticisms attributed to him.

In Martinsburg, where the ladies crowded around him, he said : “ Ladies, this is the first time I was ever surrounded ;” in spite of which, says a letter-writer, “ they cut every button off his coat, commenced on his pants, and at one time threatened to leave him in the uniform of a Georgia colonel—shirt-collar and spurs.”

After Sharpsburg, an old and hardened offender in D. H. Hill's division was brought before that commander for burning fence-rails ; and despairing of producing any reform in him, General Hill sent him to Jackson, who asked him why he persisted in burning rails.

“ Well, General,” returned the reprobate, “ you see I've been enlisted eight months now in General Hill's division, and in all that time I never could get a good look at *you*, so I thought I would steal some fence-rails ; I knew they would take me up and then send me to you, so I would see you.”

A grim smile greeted this impudent excuse, and reading his man at a glance, Jackson turned to an orderly and said :

“Take this man and buck him, and set him on the top of that empty barrel in front of my tent. The front is open, and he can look at me as much as he likes.”

The order was obeyed to the letter, and for several hours, while Jackson was engaged upon his official correspondence, the rail-destroyer had an excellent opportunity of gratifying his curiosity.

This and the incident related by Colonel Ford at Harper's Ferry, with a hundred other anecdotes, true or imaginary, were repeated by the men, and “Old Jack,” a name by which the General had become universally known among his troops, became immensely popular. We have already set forth the more solid grounds of popularity with the best men of his command, but these anecdotes made him a prime favorite with the mass of the troops. Certain it is that Jackson was never more popular than after the Maryland campaign; and this doubtless arose, in very great measure, from the huge satisfaction which his corps experienced in having secured the really solid results of the movement, in the capture of Harper's Ferry, with the great number of prisoners, small-arms, and pieces of artillery.

The writer of these pages scanned curiously in those days the appearance of the soldier, with whose praises the whole land was ringing. He wore his dingy old uniform, and cavalry boots, but the ladies of Martinsburg had robbed him not only of his buttons but his old cap. The individual in the tall black hat, with the brim turned down, quaker-wise all round, scarcely seemed to be the veritable Stonewall Jackson. But greater changes still were to ensue in his personal appearance. Prompted by admiration, regard, or the desire to clothe in more imposing garb the simple soldier, a distinguished officer, long united to him by the ties of affection and the recollection of many arduous toils in common, gave him a new coat, whose wreath and staff buttons appear in the engraving in front of this volume. It was suggested by one to whom the question was propounded whether Jackson would relish this present, that the soldier would undoubtedly appreciate such an evidence of regard,

accept the coat and put it away carefully in his trunk, not daring to wear it for fear of the indignation of his old brigade and their comrades. But this prediction was falsified; Jackson was highly pleased with his coat, and he wore it on the hot day of Fredericksburg.

He was an object at this time of great curiosity in the region; and was warmly greeted by those who had known Colonel Jackson of the days of Falling Waters, and regarded him as a son of the Valley. The ladies were far more enthusiastic about him than about the youngest and handsomest generals of the army; and at the announcement that "General Jackson was coming," they would put on their finest silks, and pay as much attention to their toilets as if he had been the most imposing and gallant of Lovelaces, instead of a modest gentleman who preferred old ladies in black silk; never knew what anybody wore, and blushed at the wishes expressed by young ladies to kiss him.

Upon one occasion when Generals Lee, Jackson, Stuart, and Longstreet dined at a hospitable house on the Opequon, not far from Leetown, the lady of the mansion declared that it was like the famous breakfast at the Castle of Tillietudlem, and that General Lee's chair should be marked and remembered; but it was said that General Jackson had been regaled with the choicest portions of the banquet, and that for him she arrayed herself in her best silk and assumed her most winning smiles.

It was at this period that Jackson displayed a trait of character for which few gave him credit. When General Stuart made his raid into Maryland and Pennsylvania in October, Jackson expressed the liveliest regret that he had not been able to accompany him, as a private and amateur cavalryman of the expedition. He betrayed on this occasion a longing for excitement and action which seemed foreign to the character of the pious and collected soldier; but nothing is more certain than that this love of active movement, danger, and adventure, was a prominent trait in his organization.

But the days were hurrying on. General McClellan still threatened Lee's front, and as the month of October glided

away, carrying off the gorgeous trappings of the forest, and the brilliant sunshine of the autumn days, the Federal authorities were evidently preparing for another advance into Virginia.

Jackson remained in the vicinity of Bunker Hill, ready to strike their advancing column if they attempted to move upon Winchester; and he and his veteran corps still rested, before entering upon other bloody scenes of conflict.



CHAPTER XXV.

GENERAL McCLELLAN ADVANCES.

THE aim of this volume is to present an outline of the events of Jackson's life; and the narrative is thus confined to the field of operations in Virginia. The crowding incidents of the war in other portions of the country are no part of our subject; and in like manner all discussions of political occurrences may with propriety be omitted. The historian of the future will sum up and make his comments on the whole struggle; our part is to follow the steps of Jackson.

We thus pass over the campaigns of the West, and those political movements, at both capitals, which marked the autumn of 1862. Our attention will continue to be directed to the movements of the two great adversaries who confronted each other on the banks of the Potomac.

Both armies were resting after the exhausting campaign terminating on the field of Sharpsburg. But the bright days of October were not suffered to glide away without attempts on the part of each commander to beat up the quarters of his opponent. This policy was inaugurated by Major-General J. E. B. Stuart, in one of those raids which had so greatly annoyed the enemy on the Chickahominy, at Catlett's, and elsewhere. At daylight on the morning of the 10th of October, General Stuart, with 1,800 men and four pieces of horse artillery, crossed

the Potomac between Williamsport and Hancock ; proceeded by a rapid march to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, which he reached at dark on the same day ; captured the place ; destroyed the machine shops and railroad buildings, containing large numbers of arms and other public stores ; and on the next morning marched toward Frederick City. The character of the country above made it dangerous to attempt the recrossing of the Potomac in that direction, and Stuart had taken the bold resolution of passing entirely around the Federal army, and cutting his way through to and across the ford near Leesburg. This design was executed with great skill and nerve. Moving with the utmost rapidity, he reached Hyattstown below Frederick at daylight on the morning of the 12th, and pushing on toward Poolesville, found that the road in that direction was barred by General Stoneman with about 5,000 troops, and that railroad trains were standing ready, with steam up, and loaded with infantry, to move instantly to the point where he attempted to cross. These formidable preparations, however, failed in their object. Turning short to the right, and thus leaving Poolesville to his left, Stuart continued to advance with rapidity toward the Potomac, and reaching a point opposite White's ford, opened on the enemy's infantry with his artillery, advanced his dismounted sharpshooters, and charging their cavalry, cut his way through and crossed the river, greeting their reserves as they rushed forward to harass his rear, with a discharge from the guns of Pelham from the southern bank.

This dangerous expedition had thus been successfully accomplished. General McClellan had made elaborate dispositions to intercept Stuart on his return, and says in his report : " After the orders were given for covering all the fords upon the river, I did not think it possible for Stuart to recross, and I believed that the destruction or capture of his entire force was perfectly certain ; but owing to the fact that my orders were not in all cases carried out as I expected, he effected his escape into Virginia without much loss." Stuart did not lose a man.

Such was the excellent good fortune of the expedition, which

in many ways was important. Several hundred horses were brought safely out, and large amounts of stores destroyed, but these were the least important results of the expedition. The Federal cavalry was for the time completely broken down; large bodies of troops were detached from the Federal army to guard the various fords on the Potomac, and General McClellan's advance was long delayed by the necessity of leaving behind him a strong force to repel such raids in future. When he finally moved, a very considerable number of troops remained on the upper Potomac, to guard against another movement of the Confederate cavalry into Pennsylvania.

It was not long before the Federal forces in their turn made a reconnoissance. A strong column of infantry and artillery was pushed from Shepherdstown toward Leetown; but upon reaching the edge of the woods in that vicinity they halted, and on the same evening retreated rapidly, pursued by Stuart with cavalry and artillery to the Potomac. Still another attempt was made to reconnoitre General Lee's position—this time with cavalry. A large force crossed at Shepherdstown, and making a vigorous attack upon a small body of cavalry there, compelled it to return toward Martinsburg. Here General Stuart took command in person; and though the horses were nearly exhausted and the men dispirited by the events of the morning, his attack upon the Federal cavalry was so vigorous that they were driven back over the road by which they had advanced, and at nightfall had been forced to recross the Potomac.*

* The following is General Lee's report of this incident:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, }
Camp on Washington's Run, Oct. 2, 1862. }

Gen. S. COOPER, Adjt. and Inspector General C. S. A., Richmond, Va.

GENERAL: The enemy's cavalry, under General Pleasanton, with six pieces of artillery, drove back our pickets yesterday, in front of Shepherdstown. The 9th Virginia cavalry, which was on picket, repulsed the enemy several times, by vigorous charges, disputing the ground step by step, back to the main body. By the time his artillery reached him, Colonel W. H. F. Lee, who was in command of the brigade, was obliged to place it on the west bank of the Opequon, on the flank of the enemy as he approached Martinsburg.

No further advance of the Federal forces took place until toward the end of the month. General McClellan then crossed a considerable force both at Shepherdstown and Harper's Ferry; and driving in General Lee's advance force of cavalry, pushed his column to Kearneysville. Here he was met by Stuart with cavalry, artillery, and the Stonewall Brigade; but the force of the enemy proving too great, the troops were, after an obstinate encounter, withdrawn toward the main body. On the next day General McClellan pushed on to Charlestown, where his headquarters were established for a few hours. He then returned to Harper's Ferry.

All seemed ready now for the Federal advance, but General McClellan appears to have regarded the equipment of his forces as too incomplete to justify a forward movement. An elaborate correspondence took place upon this subject between himself and General Halleck, the Federal General-in-Chief at Washington, and the controversy finally assumed a tone of anger and bitterness. General McClellan was greatly censured for not having cut General Lee to pieces on the day after the battle of Sharpsburg, before he could recross the Potomac; and the Federal commander's delay in advancing now, was the subject of un concealed displeasure on the part of General Halleck and the authorities at Washington.

This now took a definite official form. On the 6th of Octo-

General Hampton's brigade had retired through Martinsburg, on the Tuscarora road, when General Stuart arrived and made dispositions to attack. Lee's brigade was advanced immediately, and Hampton's ordered forward. The enemy retired at the approach of Lee along the Shepherdstown road, and was driven across the Potomac by the cavalry, with a severe loss, and darkness alone prevented it from being a signal victory. His rear was overtaken and put to flight, our cavalry charging in gallant style under a severe fire of artillery, routing squadron after squadron, killing a number, wounding more, and capturing several. He was driven through Shepherdstown, and crossed the river after dark, in no case standing a hand to hand conflict, but relying upon his artillery and carbines at long range for protection.

I regret to add that we lost one lieutenant and several privates.

I am, most respectfully, your obedient servant,

R. E. LEE, General Commanding.

ber General Halleck sent General McClellan the following order :

“I am instructed to telegraph you as follows: The President directs that you cross the Potomac, and give battle to the enemy or drive him South. Your army must move now, while the roads are good. If you cross the river between the enemy and Washington, and cover the latter by your operation, you can be reënforced with 30,000 men. If you move up the Valley of the Shenandoah, not more than 12,000 or 15,000 can be sent you. The President advises the interior line between Washington and the enemy, but does not order it. * * *”

To this peremptory order General McClellan replied by new complaints of deficient quartermaster stores—shoes, blankets, horses, etc. Without a thorough reëquipment of the army, and thousands of fresh horses for the cavalry, it was physically impossible for him, he declared, to make a forward movement.

It is probable that General McClellan was also actuated by an intelligent acquaintance with the character and resources of his adversary. He had been unable to gain a decisive success over General Lee at Sharpsburg, where about half the Confederate army, exhausted by long marches, had confronted him; and it was scarcely probable, he must have felt, that his success would now be more encouraging, when General Lee had filled up his ranks, and rested, provisioned, and ammunitioned his forces for another struggle. No one, perhaps, of all the Federal generals, estimated the military strength of the Southern army so justly as this officer; and his desire, at this time, seems to have been, to delay his advance into Virginia until he found himself in command of a force so considerable and so thoroughly equipped as to render success certain.

We have referred to the reconnoissances in force made to Charlestown, and toward Bunker Hill. It is probable that General McClellan had not then determined by which of the two routes he would advance. He states in his Report that he preferred the route east of the Blue Ridge; but feared that as soon as he crossed into Virginia, Lee would recross into Maryland.

and again advance toward Pennsylvania. "I have since," he says, "been confirmed in the belief, that if I had crossed the Potomac below Harper's Ferry in the early part of October, General Lee would have recrossed into Maryland."

The month of November, however, was now rapidly approaching, with its heavy rains and inclement days, and the Federal commander was convinced that General Lee would not undertake again to pass the Potomac, and leave a swollen river in his rear. He therefore returned to his original plan—which was also President Lincoln's—and prepared to move by the Piedmont route toward the Rappahannock.

"The plan of campaign I adopted during this advance," he says, "was to move the army, well in hand, parallel to the Blue Ridge, taking Warrenton as the point of direction for the main army; seizing each pass on the Blue Ridge, by detachments, as we approached it, and guarding them after we had passed, as long as they would enable the enemy to trouble our communications with the Potomac. * * * We depended upon Harper's Ferry and Berlin for supplies, until the Manassas Gap Railway was reached; when that occurred, the passes in our rear were to be abandoned, and the army massed, ready for action or movement in any direction. It was my intention, if upon reaching Ashby's, or any other pass, the enemy were in force between it and the Potomac, in the Valley of the Shenandoah, to move into the Valley and endeavor to gain their rear."

Such was the plan which the Federal commander proceeded to carry into execution, in the last week of October, when his army crossed the Potomac into Virginia.

CHAPTER XXVI.

JACKSON HALTS.

THE Federal army began to cross the Potomac at Berlin on the 26th of October, and General Lee promptly broke up his camp in front of Winchester, and moved toward the lowland.

Jackson brought up the rear, moving from his position on the Martinburg and Winchester turnpike near Bunker Hill, by Smithfield, Summit Point, and Berryville, to the vicinity of the little village of Millwood, opposite Ashby's Gap, where he halted and established his headquarters. This movement on the part of Jackson puzzled and somewhat delayed the enemy, through fear of an attack upon their flank. The remainder of the army meanwhile crossed into Culpepper.

General Stuart had promptly put his cavalry in motion, and leaving a portion to report to General Jackson, crossed the Blue Ridge at Snicker's Gap, on the last day of October. From a spur of the mountain the wagon trains of the advancing enemy could be seen, stretching away for miles, and moving from the Potomac toward Middleburg. For several days General Stuart remained in front of the gaps of the Blue Ridge, protecting the flank of the army from that assault which we have seen was the design of General McClellan; and the small force under the Confederate leader's command repeatedly met and defeated or held in check the Federal Cavalry—at Mountsville, Aldie, Union, and elsewhere. Finding that the Federal column was steadily moving toward the Rappahannock, General Stuart notified General Jackson of his intention to move from in front of Ashby's Gap, and proceeded by way of Barbee's Cross Roads—where a portion of his command was hotly engaged with the Federal cavalry—to the lines on the Rappahannock, in front of General Lee.

Jackson remained in the Valley; and again the men of Longstreet declared, with great enjoyment of their joke, that the ec-

centric commander of the 2d corps was "lost." Jackson had been "lost" after this fashion, however, before the battles of the Chickahominy, Cedar Run, the advance to Warrenton Springs, and the second Manassas. The army were well satisfied to have him thus disappear—confident that he would manage to make his way back to them, and "turn up" if any hard fighting was to be done. For the rest, it was not probable that an enemy could surprise him in that valley region, every foot of which had been fought over by his men.

Jackson was fully aware of the movements of the enemy, and no doubt divined General McClellan's intention to gain by a rapid march the banks of the Rappahannock before General Lee could confront him, seize the gaps in the Blue Ridge, and, by thus holding all the great avenues of exit from the Valley, divide the Confederate army, attack it in detail, and defeat it. The danger to which the Confederate commander was exposed was great; but he seems to have felt entirely assured of his ability either to defeat or elude the enemy.

General Stuart, who visited him at this time, near Millwood, to notify him of the intended withdrawal of the cavalry, found him reading his Bible in his tent, an occupation which he discontinued to describe his intended movements to foil General McClellan. The design of the Federal commander was evidently well understood by him, and he stated to General Stuart that he intended to remain near Millwood for some time—convinced that the presence of his corps at that point would puzzle General McClellan and delay his advance, from apprehensions of a movement against the Federal rear. If General McClellan attacked him with equal or not greatly disproportioned forces, he would fight. If, however, the entire Federal army assailed him, he would fall back toward Strasburg, march around the Massinutton Mountain, and crossing at New Market and Luray, rejoin General Lee. General Stuart described Jackson's demeanor on this occasion as exceedingly sweet and kindly; but the two commanders were great friends, and the visit doubtless pleased Jackson.

An incident exhibiting Jackson's kindness of heart belongs to this period, and is here related in the words of the officer who communicates it :

"In November, 1862, while passing through Middletown, Va., General Jackson, with his staff—riding some two or three miles in front of his army, then on the march for Fredericksburg—met a very old woman looking for her grandson who was somewhere in the army. As we passed she hailed the General, saying :

" 'Are you Mr. Jackson?'

" He told her he was, and asked what she wanted.

" 'I want to see my grandson, George Martin—he belongs to your company. I've brought him these clothes and victuals.'

"The General asked her what regiment her grandson was in, but she could not tell. She did not know what company he was in—the name of his captain—even whether he was a private or an officer. All she could tell was, that 'he was in Mr. Jackson's company.'

"In her disappointment she cried :

" 'Why, Mr. Jackson, don't you know little George Martin?—George Augustus Martin? He's been with you in all your battles ; and they say,' she added, with tears streaming down her furrowed cheeks, 'that he fit as hard as the best of them.'

"At this point some of the younger members of the staff laughed. The General turned around quickly with his brow contracted, his lips compressed, and his eyes flashing with anger. He looked as if he was trying to find the guilty one. Dismounting from his horse, and approaching the old woman, he, in the kindest manner and simplest words, explained why he did not know her grandson ; but gave her such simple and repeated directions as would enable her to find him."

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHANGE OF COMMANDERS.

GENERAL McCLELLAN, meanwhile, advanced toward the Rappahannock, and his various columns were concentrating at Warrenton, when, on the 7th of November, he was, without previous notice, relieved of his command. Such was the sudden termination of the active career of an officer who had proved himself the most formidable adversary of the South.

The plans of General McClellan, when he was invested with the command of all the Federal armies, were comprehensive, and struck, to use his own phrase, "at the heart of the rebellion." He was not long continued, however, in the supreme command, and was sent with the Army of the Potomac to the Peninsula, where he was defeated, but by his excellent generalship saved his army from surrender or destruction. Thence he was ordered to Washington, and his abilities seem to have been recognized, since, after the defeat of General Pope, he rose again, as by right, to the command of all the forces, and with no orders except "protect the capital" commenced offensive operations against General Lee. The result was the battle of Sharpsburg, by which the advance of the Confederate commander upon Pennsylvania was checked, and his campaign defeated. To disappoint the plans of a soldier so eminent as General Lee is no small proof of ability in the commander who succeeds in so doing; and the movements of General McClellan subsequent to the battle of Sharpsburg appear to have been able and judicious. He moved as soon as he could into Virginia, and his plans seemed excellently devised, when he was suddenly decapitated.

The explanation of this sudden withdrawal of confidence on the part of the Federal authorities must be sought for in the political histories of this period—it forms no part of our own subject

General McClellan was succeeded by General Ambrose E. Burnside, a commander of some reputation but moderate abilities, who is reported to have protested against his appointment to so great a command on the score of his inability to administer it. President Lincoln, however, insisted, and General Burnside assumed the direction of the army in its further operations. The result of affairs at Fredericksburg subsequently occasioned an official investigation; and from General Burnside's testimony before the committee, we are informed of his designs upon assuming command of the Federal army. Finding that General Lee confronted him in the upper Rappahannock, and that the way was barred in that direction, General Burnside conceived the project of making a demonstration in front of Lee to engage his attention, and, whilst his adversary was thus amused, of moving his main body rapidly down to Fredericksburg, where he would cross and turn his adversary's flank. Lee would thus be forced to fall back for the protection of Richmond, and the Federal army would move rapidly in the same direction in pursuit.

This plan of operations at once commenced by a feint on the upper Rappahannock, but it did not deceive the Confederate commander. No sooner had General Burnside put his main column in motion toward Fredericksburg, than General Lee, who had remained in the vicinity of Culpepper Court-House watching his opponent, made a corresponding movement across the Rapidan. General McClellan had moved rapidly southward only to find the army which he had left at Winchester facing him in front of Culpepper. General Burnside now no sooner appeared upon the hills of Stafford near Fredericksburg, than he discovered on the high ground opposite the gray lines of his adversary.

The intended surprise had turned out a failure; and from the latter part of November when these movements took place, to the middle of December, the two armies remained in sight of each other, divided only by the Rappahannock.

The large Federal camps were established in rear of the hills

opposite Fredericksburg, and their earthworks on this commanding position were soon mounted with heavy artillery intended to cover the crossing of their army. From "Chatham" and other residences overlooking the town, General Burnside and his officers constantly reconnoitred the Confederate position—the pickets dotting the banks of the river below, from above Falmouth to Deep Run. The river was thus guarded from United States ford, near the confluence of the Rappahannock and Rapidan, to Port Royal, twenty-two miles below the place.

The ground around Fredericksburg, on the southern side of the river, was well adapted to the repulse of an attacking force. From a point just above the town and immediately upon the stream, commences a range of hills which, diverging from the river, sweep around to Hamilton's crossing on the Richmond and Fredericksburg Railroad about four miles below, and a mile or more from the river. The ground thus enclosed is an extensive plain, through which, and parallel to the stream, runs the "River Road," a broad highway skirted with cedars, growing out of embankments, serving the purpose of fences. The ditches formed by throwing up these embankments furnished an impromptu species of intrenchment which shielded the Federal troops in no small degree from the Southern fire. Through the plain described wanders a small stream known as Deep Run, with precipitate banks, completely sheltering troops, as the stream approaches the river.

On the crest of hills here mentioned—extending from near Falmouth to the crossing, and thickly covered throughout nearly their whole extent by oaks, edged by pine thickets—the Confederate commander had formed his line of battle. Longstreet's corps held the left, extending from the river to a point about midway the length of the range, and just beyond Deep Run. Jackson, who had remained in the Valley until about the 1st of December, when he rejoined General Lee, held the right of the line, occupying the ground from Longstreet's right to Hamilton's crossing, where the range of hills descends into the plain. On the extreme right, in the extensive plain intersected by the "River

Road" and the "Old Richmond Road," running from the crossing to the former, General Stuart was posted with his cavalry and horse artillery to protect Jackson's flank, which it was probable the enemy would attempt to turn. The Massaponnax, a small stream with precipitate banks, formed the southern and eastern boundary of this plain, rendering any movement of the Federal forces beyond General Stuart's right impracticable.

Such was the disposition of General Lee's forces to repulse the intended advance of the enemy.



CHAPTER XXVIII.

FREDERICKSBURG.

GENERAL BURNSIDE had thus completely failed in his design of stealing a march upon his opponent, and it is on record that he was greatly opposed to attempting the passage of the river in the face of Lee. The Federal authorities, however, had set their hearts upon striking a heavy blow before the spring, and General Burnside reluctantly acquiesced in a project which did not receive the approval of his military judgment.

Up to the 11th of December, no movement of any importance had taken place, though the enemy had made numerous attempts to produce the impression that they intended to cross below or above, not at Fredericksburg. Their troops were seen moving to and fro on the Stafford hills opposite, and the river bank was heavily picketed along the entire front.

The Confederate Generals awaited the threatened movement with confidence, and a well-grounded belief that in spite of the numbers of the Federal army, and the presence of such able soldiers as Sumner, Franklin, Hooker, and others in command of grand divisions, they would be able to repulse any attack.

It would seem that the enemy were, on their side, equally confident. The dismissal of General McClellan had been very

distasteful to the troops, but they were thoroughly disciplined, and ready to fight under any one; and the Northern journals, extensively circulated among their camps, had sedulously instilled the conviction that the "On to Richmond" movement was now certain of success.

The Confederate commander finally received reliable intelligence that the enemy had finished their preparations for crossing, and were putting their troops in motion.

Before daylight on the morning of Thursday, December 11th, they commenced throwing two pontoons across at Fredericksburg, one above, the other below the destroyed railroad bridge. While engaged in this attempt, and swarming upon the boats, a destructive fire was opened upon them from the southern bank of the river, where Brigadier-General Barksdale was posted with his Mississippians, and this fire was so hot, that it at first drove the enemy back. They quickly renewed the attempt, however, and pushed on the work, in spite of the hail-storm of bullets from Barksdale, whose troops fought with desperation. The heavy fog slowly lifted from the scene, and then commenced, and was kept up all day, one of the most determined bombardments known in history. The enemy had planted more than a hundred pieces of artillery on the hills to the northern and eastern side of the town, and from an early hour in the forenoon, swept the streets with round shot, shell, and case shot—firing frequently a hundred guns a minute. The quick puffs of smoke, touched in the centre with tongues of flame, ran incessantly along the lines of their batteries on the slopes, and as the smoke slowly drifted away, the bellowing roar came up in one continuous roll. The town was soon fired, and a dense cloud of smoke enveloped its roofs and steeples. The white church spires still rose serenely aloft, defying shot or shell, though a portion of one of them was torn off. The smoke was succeeded by lurid flame, and the crimson mass brought to mind the pictures of Moscow burning.

This incessant fire of heavy artillery on the town was kept up from daylight until dark. Barksdale's troops continued to

hold the place in spite of the terrible enfilading fire sweeping the streets with round shot, grape, and shell, so as to command every foot of ground in the town. Amid houses torn to pieces, and burning, crashing chimneys, and falling walls which buried men beneath them, the Mississippians maintained their position. When night descended, the flames of burning houses still lit up the landscape, and though the continuous roar of the batteries was hushed, a sullen gun at intervals resembled the hoarse growl of a wild animal who retires with reluctance from his prey.

The result of this bombardment was cruel, and the scenes which followed it sufficient to excite the sensibilities of the most hard-hearted. Men, women, and children had been driven from the town; and hundreds of ladies and children were seen wandering homeless and without shelter over the frozen highway, with bare feet and thin clothing, knowing not where to find a place of refuge. Delicately nurtured girls, upon whose frail forms no rain had ever beat, and whom no wind had visited too roughly, walked hurriedly, with unsteady feet, over the various roads, seeking some friendly roof to cover them. Whole families sought sheds by the wayside, or made temporary shelters of fence-rails and straw, knowing not whither to fly. Such were the cruel results of the cannonade. Night had settled down; the shattered houses were visible only when the flames of the burning buildings soared up suddenly as they caught some new object; and the enemy held the place. Barksdale had fallen back, fighting from street to street until he reached the suburbs, where, posting his troops behind a stone wall, he held his ground, and no further attack was made on him.

When the morning of Friday the 12th dawned, the enemy had thrown across additional pontoons, and their army was nearly over. As yet they had not been saluted by a single shot from the Confederate artillery; and they no doubt felicitated themselves, in a very high degree, upon this circumstance. Thus Friday ended—the night passed—the great day arrived.

General Lee had disposed his forces in the manner already indicated. Longstreet's corps was posted on the left, with strong

batteries along the hills by Marye's house. Jackson held the right, with General A. P. Hill in front and near Hamilton's crossing; General Taliaferro, commanding Jackson's old division, in his rear; and General D. H. Hill, behind the crest of hills, in reserve. On the slope of the hill, just where it descends toward the crossing, Colonel Lindsay Walker was posted, with Pegram's, McIntosh's, and sections of Crenshaw's, Latham's, and Johnson's batteries—14 guns. On the left of the line, near the Bernard cabins, Captain Davidson was stationed, with Rains', Caskie's, Braxton's, and Davidson's batteries—21 guns. To the right, and two hundred yards in advance of these, Captain Brockenbrough commanded Carpenter's, Wooding's, and Braxton's batteries—12 guns. On Jackson's left was the right of General Longstreet, under Hood; and this was just at the centre of the whole line. On the extreme right, as we have said, beyond Hamilton's crossing, in the extensive plain, diversified by woods, General Stuart had drawn up his cavalry and horse artillery, ready to assist in repulsing the attack upon what was felt to be the weakest portion of the line.

Soon after daybreak on the 13th the troops were all in position, and General Lee rode along the lines, accompanied by General Jackson, to inspect in person the disposition of the forces. On the old "Richmond road," leading from the crossing to the Bowling Green or river road, General Stuart joined them, and they proceeded to the outer picket lines, close on the enemy. The movement had already begun, and the Federal forces were seen advancing across the bottom directly upon General Jackson's position. By direction of General Stuart, Major John Pelham, of the Stuart Horse Artillery, immediately brought up a Napoleon gun, and opened on their left flank; three batteries replied, and for many hours this one gun fought them all with unyielding firmness. Major Pelham and Captain Henry, who both superintended the working of the piece, were publicly complimented, and their obstinate stand, in an important position, unquestionably had a most valuable part in demoralizing the Federal forces.

Soon after daylight the enemy began to feel General Lee's position from left to right with infantry and artillery. The Federal commander seemed to be undecided in his plans, and exhibited no powers of combination or manœuvring. The lines were pushed forward, then drawn back, and the only Federal arm that seemed efficiently handled was the artillery. This was fought with great skill and effect during the entire battle, and inflicted severe loss upon the Confederates. The accuracy of their fire was remarkable. The writer of this, who was present on the right, recalls an instance. A Blakely gun opened fire upon the Federal batteries, when one of their guns replied like an echo; a round shot crashed among the canóneers, and a boy exclaimed to General Stuart who was sitting upon his horse near by, "General, their very first shot has killed two men!"

About ten o'clock the fog lifted, and the enemy were seen approaching in heavy force, about 55,000 troops having been concentrated against the Confederate right. They were commanded by Generals Franklin and Hooker, whose orders were to gain possession of the old "Richmond road," turn the crest of hills at Hamilton's crossing, and assail the Confederate right flank. Encouraged by the silence of the Confederate batteries, the enemy pushed forward directly upon Walker's position, and were suffered to come within eight hundred yards before a gun was fired. When they had reached that point, however, fourteen guns opened suddenly, and completely broke and repulsed them. No troops could stand before the iron storm tearing through their ranks, and General Franklin could not immediately re-form his men and bring them again to the assault.

About one o'clock, however, another attempt was made to carry the position—this time preceded by a heavy fire of artillery directed against Colonel Walker and General A. P. Hill. Walker opened all his batteries in response, and was assisted by Pelham on the right. The Federal forces, consisting of Franklin's and Hooker's grand divisions, were evidently staggered by the terrible fire; but re-forming, pressed on and closed in upon A. P. Hill in a fierce and bloody struggle. An interval had

been left between Archer's and Lane's brigades, and of this the enemy took instant advantage. Pressing forward, Hill's line was penetrated; Lane's right and Archer's left turned; and they were forced to fall back. Gaining thus a position in rear of that occupied by Lane and Archer, the enemy attacked Gregg's brigade; and in this contest General Gregg, while attempting to rally Orr's Rifles, which had given way, fell mortally wounded.

Seeing that his first line was rapidly being forced back by the overwhelming numbers brought against it, General Jackson now ordered up his second line, consisting of the commands of Lawton, Early, Trimble, and Taliaferro. Their appearance upon the scene changed every thing. In a brief but decisive combat they repulsed the enemy, and, following up their advantage, drove him with great slaughter to the railroad in front of the first position, taking a number of prisoners. So far was the pursuit carried, that Jackson's forces came within close range of the Federal artillery, and full upon their strong reserves of infantry. The ground was not yielded, however, on that account; and finding that the enemy did not advance, General Jackson determined to do so himself. Their artillery was so posted as to render the movement an extremely hazardous one, but the stake was great, and Jackson determined to take the risks, and if possible put the force of the enemy directly opposed to him to complete rout. Those who saw him at that hour, will never forget the expression of intense but suppressed excitement which his face displayed. The genius of battle seemed to have gained possession of the great leader, ordinarily so calm; and his countenance glowed as from the glare of a great conflagration. His design was to place his artillery in front, draw up the infantry in rear of it, and make the movement just as night descended, so that if necessary he might fall back under the cover of darkness. This design was destined, however, not to be carried into execution. Delay occurred in making the necessary preparations, and when, finally, the first guns moved forward, the enemy, evidently fearing such a movement, opened a

terrific fire of artillery, which caused the abandonment of the project.

We have neglected to speak of the events which occurred on General Jackson's right. The batteries there were a part of his command, though directed by General Stuart, and throughout the day fought with unyielding obstinacy. The enemy handled their guns with skill and nerve; and their immense reserves were brought up and put into action—but they were encountered and silenced. The duel between the opposing batteries during the latter part of the day was superb. Colonel Walker was exposed, from the position of his guns, to a destructive fire from the Federal batteries, and the Confederate artillery in the fields beyond Hamilton's crossing was the target for their heaviest guns, both on the south and north side of the river.

Toward evening the battle in this part of the field became desperate. The enemy fought their artillery admirably, and never was their enormous strength in that arm more thoroughly displayed. Every species of projectile known to modern warfare was rained upon the fields, from guns of every calibre and description, and in this cannonade the heavy siege pieces on the heights beyond the river bore an important part. The attempt of General Franklin to turn the Confederate right was supported in the most effective manner by his artillery, and the fire became appalling. It was delivered parallel to the railroad, and the Federal sharpshooters from the ditches poured a galling fire into the Confederate cannoneers. The batteries which opposed the Federal guns were those of Pegram, Latham, Crenshaw, Johnson, McIntosh, Braxton, Letcher, and others. To these were subsequently added the 2d and 3d companies of Richmond howitzers, the first company being engaged on the left—the Staunton Artillery, Lieutenant Garber, a section of Poague's battery, Lieutenant Graham, Caskie's, Hardaway's, Louisiana Guard Artillery, Captain D'Aquin, and others—all under the command of Major Pelham, who fought them with soldierly skill and coolness. The whole of the artillery on the right, including Captain Henry's Horse Artillery, of Major Pelham's battalion,

was under the immediate direction of General Stuart, who was everywhere in the thickest of the fight—the target of artillery and sharpshooters alike. The latter had posted themselves two or three hundred yards off, behind a hedge, and no doubt attracted by the plume and uniform of a general officer, directed their fire upon him, striking him twice, but not doing him injury. Meanwhile, the batteries never for an instant relaxed in their fire. All through the afternoon they continued the fight, those which were disabled or out of ammunition retiring, to be replaced by others.

Just at sunset Stuart ordered all his batteries to advance. This was done in consequence of a message from Jackson that “he was going to advance and attack the enemy precisely at sunset, and General Stuart was desired to advance his artillery and fire as rapidly as possible, taking care not to injure the troops as they attacked.” This order was promptly obeyed. Stuart took up a position so much in advance as to be almost on the flank of the Federal line, not five hundred yards distant, and opened a more rapid and determined fire than before. When General W. H. F. Lee, one of his cavalry officers, sent to ascertain how matters were going on, Stuart replied, “Tell General Lee that all is right. Jackson has not advanced, but I have; and I am going to crowd them with artillery.” This was boldly and effectually done, and the result was apparent. The Federal fire slackened, then ceased; and when General Stuart’s voice, in the darkness, ordered a new advance toward the Bowling Green road, no response could be elicited from their guns, and the Confederates remained masters of the field.*

* The force which operated against the Confederate right in this action, is stated to have been, as we have said, on Federal authority, 55,000 men. This is not improbable, as the bulk of the United States forces was used in this important assault. The army consisted of the 1st, 2d, 3d, 5th, 6th, 9th, and 11th Corps; and if these were recruited to the full number they possessed by General McClellan’s statement, at Sharpsburg, it would bring the Federal force, exclusive of the 3d, 11th, and one division of the 5th Corps, to 72,718 men. As the 11th was a corps of reserve, the Federal force was probably

On the left a similar result followed the assault upon Marye's Hill. In this fierce and determined attack, which was made by Meagher's brigade, composed chiefly of Irish, the Federal loss was frightful. The troops were compelled to cross the open ground between the suburbs of the town and the base of the hill, and while doing so were subjected to a close and deadly fire from Cobb's and Cooke's brigades, posted behind the stone wall at the foot of the heights, and from Colonel Walton's artillery in the earthworks above. This combined fire of bullets and canister drove them back, but they again charged. The result was the same—they were again repulsed with heavy loss, and were forced to fall back, with shattered ranks, to the protection of the houses. In this struggle General Cobb was killed and General Cooke severely wounded, nearly at the same moment.

Such was the battle of Fredericksburg. It is remarkable for the small proportion of Confederate troops engaged, and for the bad fighting of the Federal forces. The explanation of the latter fact must be left to conjecture, but with the exception of Meagher's brigade, no portion of the Federal infantry seems to have acted with their customary efficiency. The charge upon Jackson seemed hot and determined, but in spite of the heavy force engaged in it—55,000 men, by General Burnside's statement—it was repulsed without difficulty by Jackson's first and second lines, certainly falling short of 15,000 troops. The Federal forces seemed to fight without enthusiasm or confidence in their leaders. They had lost *morale* from some reason; and so easily was their advance repulsed, that General Lee regarded the affair as nothing more than a heavy demonstration to feel his position, not a definite trial of strength with the whole Federal army. From the hill above Hamilton's crossing, in company with Jackson, General Lee witnessed, on the next (Sunday) morning, the imposing spectacle of the Federal army drawn up in battle array, with banners flying, as though about to advance to the assault; but that assault was not to take place.

not far short of 100,000 troops. General Lee's numbers are not known to the present writer.

The explanation of the fact will be found in an extract from General Burnside's testimony before the subsequent Committee of Investigation, in which he states both his plan of attack and the considerations which induced him to abandon all further designs of carrying the heights occupied by the Confederates.

"The enemy," said General Burnside, "had cut a road along the rear of the line of heights, where we made our attack, by means of which they connected the two wings of their army, and avoided a long *détour* round through a bad country.

"I obtained from a colored man from the other side of the town, information in regard to this new road, which proved to be correct. I wanted to obtain possession of that new road, and that was my reason for making an attack on the extreme left. I did not intend to make the attack on the right until that position had been taken, which I supposed would stagger the enemy by cutting their line in two, and then I proposed to make a direct attack on their front and drive them out of the works.

"I succeeded in building six bridges, and in taking the whole army across. The two attacks were made, and we were repulsed—still holding a portion of the ground we had fought upon, but not our extreme advance. That night I went all over the field on our right. In fact, I was with the officers and men until daylight. I found the feeling to be rather against an attack the next morning. In fact, it was decidedly against it.

"I returned to my headquarters, and after a conversation with General Sumner, told him that I wanted him to order the 9th Army Corps, which was the corps I originally commanded, to form the next morning a column of attack by regiments. It consisted of some eighteen old regiments and some new ones, and desired the column to make a direct attack upon the enemy's works. I thought that these regiments, by driving quickly up after each other, would be able to carry the stone wall and the batteries in front, forcing the enemy into their next line, and by joining in with them they would not be able to fire upon us to any great extent. I left General Sumner with that understanding, and directed him to give the order

“The order was given, and the order of attack was formed. On the next morning, just before the column was to have started, General Sumner came up to me and said: ‘General, I hope you will desist from this attack. I do not know of any general officer who approves of it, and I think it will prove disastrous to the army.’ Advice of that kind from General Sumner, who has always been in favor of our advancing whenever it was possible, caused me to hesitate. I kept the column of attack formed, and sent over for the division and corps commanders and consulted with them. They unanimously voted against the attack. I then went over to see the officers of the command on the other side, and found that the same opinion prevailed among them.

“I then sent for General Franklin, who was on the left, and he was of exactly the same opinion. This caused me to decide that I ought not to make the attack I had contemplated; and besides, inasmuch as the President of the United States had told me not to be in haste in making this attack—that he would give me all the support he could, but he did not want the Army of the Potomac destroyed—I felt that I could not take the responsibility of ordering the attack, notwithstanding my own belief at the time that the works of the enemy could be carried.

“In the afternoon of that day I again saw the officers, and told them that I had decided to withdraw to this side of the river all our forces, except enough to hold the town and the bridge heads, but should keep the bridges there for future operations in case we wanted to cross again.”

It was determined, however, by the advice of General Hooker, not to attempt to hold the town even, and on Monday night the Federal army commenced recrossing the river. By Tuesday morning the forces had disappeared from the south bank of the Rappahannock, and General Burnside’s was another name added to the list of Federal generals who had suffered defeat at the hands of Lee and Jackson.

CHAPTER XXIX.

GENERAL BURNSIDE ATTEMPTS A LAST ADVANCE.

WE have not described the excesses which the Federal officers permitted the troops to commit in Fredericksburg—the burning of houses, the rifling of wardrobes, and the general spoliation of private property. These scenes, of the tragic and grotesque mingled—for men were found dead after Meagher's charge, with women's shawls and bonnets on—would take up too much space, and excite only disgust. They will doubtless be recorded by local historians in the future, and will remain a dark portion of the great picture of the recent struggle.

We pass to General Burnside's final effort to gain a foothold south of the Rappahannock. In the latter part of January, the Federal commander massed his army opposite Banks' ford, several miles above Fredericksburg, and the troops were already in motion to attempt the crossing of the river, when the weather suddenly changed, and torrents of rain descended upon the army.

The fate of any movement at this most unpropitious of seasons, was soon shown. General Burnside was literally stuck in the mud, and could not carry out his projected advance. The movement is described so vividly in army letters written to Northern journals at the period, that we shall make one or two extracts, and then dismiss the subject. One correspondent writes :

“Within a space of two miles the scene of confusion was greatest. In a deep gully, and on a hill-side, where the road ascended, where stuck fast more than a dozen guns, caissons, brigade wagons, and great headquarter wagons. The guns and pontoons were three days in reaching the ford, and had to be dragged by united labor of men and horses, when it was discovered that approaches to the river were impracticable. The mud in the freshly-cut roads was too deep. The men got in sight, they said, of rebel camp-fires.

“At every turn or rise on the road a wagon or caisson could be seen sticking fast in the mud; horses and mules were down in the mire, unable to rise. In every gully batteries, caissons, supply-wagons, ambulances, and pontoons were mired; horses and mules up to their bellies in mud; soldiers on the march sinking to their knees at almost every step. It was impossible to draw an empty wagon through the dreadful mud. The whole army was stuck fast.”

Another correspondent gives a minute picture of the attempted advance, and of the feeling of the troops. He says:

“The march of the army to this place has been gloomy enough. The severest storm of the season has continued since early Tuesday evening until to-day. This afternoon there are signs of sunshine again. Of course the inclement weather rendered army operations upon any very extensive scale wholly impracticable. The execution of the orders for an advance would have been poorly enough in the finest weather, for, as I told you before, the army has lost its prestige; the soldier no longer thinks it an honor to belong to the Army of the Potomac. As an illustration of the feeling prevalent among the officers, I will say that when General Burnside’s order, which you have no doubt already published, was read, the inquiry was made by an officer, ‘What do you think of it?’

“‘General, it don’t seem to have the *ring*,’ was the response.

“‘No, sir, *the bell is broken*,’ said the General.

“Not that he meant any want of confidence in General Burnside; but the bell of the Army of the Potomac is sadly fractured, and its tones have no longer the clear, inspiring ring of victory. But I do not need to refer to the condition of the army at greater length. Every phase you can get will reveal the same truth, which is well understood here and at Washington.

“All day on Wednesday the men dragged their feet from one mud footstep to fathom another still more uncertain, and picked their way along the skirts of woods and fields and the edge of the road to keep as sound footing as possible. The cold rain poured in torrents.

“The mules and horses, already worn to hide and bone with cold and starvation, floundered and trembled in the uncertain ruts and deceptive mud pools. Teamsters and riders cursed and lashed their beasts, but to no avail. At two o'clock pontoons and guns and caissons, ammunition wagons and ambulances were promiscuously mixed and interspersed in one long line, where the mire was momentarily growing deeper and the darkness of night approaching. Each general and commanding officer whose business it was, were exerting themselves to their utmost to get the teams along. Some generals covered with mire personally directed the drivers and the squads of men who manned long drag-ropes and assisted the horses in moving the heavy loads.

“At the front the same state of affairs was observed. If the pontoons had been up on Tuesday; yes, *if the army had moved when the order was first given, when the roads were dry and hard*, instead of waiting a week, until the enemy had learned of the move and of its destination, and the utmost reasonable expectations of continued fair weather had passed, the march would have been fine and the crossing would have been easy. The place selected had all the advantages that could be asked, and to the rebels disadvantages which would have given us easy success. I forbear giving you the particulars of the location and preparations for crossing, as well as the strength of the army, guns, and such arrangements, as they may be secrets which would give the enemy an advantage should General Burnside return to the attack at this point when the roads are dry and troops rested.

“It had been contemplated to cross at several points, but the difficulty of moving pontoon trains and guns compelled the abandonment of all but one place, and the concentration of men and trains at that on Wednesday night. In fact, I suspect the purpose of crossing had been abandoned by General Burnside at that time, and the troops and munitions were concentrated for safety and convenience. The troops encamped in the splendid growths of oaks, and the number of axes plying, and general hum of life and activity, impressed one with the idea of stepping

into an immense ship-yard under full blast. The great blazing log fires soon warmed the wet garments, and the men slept soundly.

“On Thursday the order was circulated to stop the further advance of troops and wagons and batteries not yet up. The cavalry in part returned to their old camps. Light artillery was also sent back, and order sent to General Sumner’s grand division, which had not yet moved, postponing indefinitely the orders to be ready.”

“The bell is broken”—such was the figure employed to describe the depressed condition of the Federal troops at this time. At the risk of wearying the reader we shall add another paragraph upon the same subject, which finishes the picture. It is taken from the New York “Times,” and the article from which it is extracted is said to have greatly enraged General Halleck at the time when it was published :

“Sad, sad it is to look at this superb Army of the Potomac, the match of which no conqueror ever led—this incomparable army, fit to perform the mission the country has imposed upon it—paralyzed, petrified, put under a blight and spell ; and on the other hand the noble nation bleeding to death and pouring out the rich wine of its life in vain.

“But the root of the matter is a distrust of the general conduct and ordering of things. They feel that things are at loose ends—in fact they know it, for our army is one that reads and thinks. This spirit of discontent is augmented by many causes of a special nature. For example : 1. They have not for many months been paid. Shameful and inexcusable in the Government. 2. The stagnation, *ennui*, disgust, suffering, sickness, and discontent of camp life in winter (without winter quarters), amid Virginia mud, cold, and rain. No small hardships, I can assure you ; and it is doubtful if any European army ever had to submit to equally great ones. 3. General feeling of despondency resulting from mismanagement and our want of military success. Soldiers are severe critics and are not to be bamboozled. You may marshal your array of victories in glittering editorials—

they smile sarcastically at them. You see men who tell you that they have been in a dozen battles, and were 'licked and chased every time—they would like to chase once to see how it 'feels.' This begins to tell painfully on them. Their splendid qualities—their patience, faith, hope, courage, are gradually oozing out. Certainly never were a graver, gloomier, more sober, sombre, serious, and unmusical body of men than the Army of the Potomac at the present time. It is a saddening contrast with a year ago."

The condition of affairs in the Southern army was strongly in contrast with this; and perhaps the Confederate authorities never had at their disposal a more effective force. The ranks had filled up since the Maryland campaign; the men were well rationed and tolerably clothed, and the result of the battle of Fredericksburg, in which about 25,000 troops (if so many) had repulsed about 75,000, had greatly elated them. The present writer never remembers seeing the army in gayer spirits, and the correspondent of the London "Times," who saw them in the winter of 1862, speaks of the "wonderful spirits of the tattered demoralized regiments of the South." The same writer adds:

"It is a strange thing to look at these men, so ragged, slovenly, sleeveless, without a superfluous ounce of flesh upon their bones, with wild matted hair, in mendicants' rags, and to think when the battle-flag goes to the front how they can and do fight. 'There is only one attitude in which I never should be ashamed of your seeing my men, and that is when they are fighting.' These were General Lee's words to me the first time I ever saw him; they have been confirmed by every other distinguished officer in the Confederacy."

The Southern troops found at this time a still greater admirer in the editor of the Washington "Republican," a journal of strong Northern sentiment; and especial commendation was bestowed upon the Virginians:

"If there has been any decadence of the manly virtues in the Old Dominion," said this writer, "it is not because the present generation has proved itself either weak or cowardly or unequal

to the greatest emergencies. No people, with so few numbers, ever put into the field and kept there so long, troops more numerous, brave, or more efficient, or produced Generals of more merit, in all the kinds and grades of military talent. It is not a worn-out, effete race which has produced Lee, Johnston, Jackson, Ashby, and Stuart. It is not a worn-out and effete race which, for two years, has defended its capital against the approach of an enemy close upon their borders, and outnumbering them thirty to one. It is not a worn-out and effete race which has preserved substantial popular unity under all the straits and pressure and sacrifices of this unprecedented war. 'Let history,' as was said of another race, 'which records their unhappy fate as a people, do justice to their rude virtues as men.' They are fighting madly in a bad cause, but they are fighting bravely. They have few cowards and no traitors. The hardships of war are endured without a murmur by all classes, and the dangers of war without flinching, by the newest conscripts; while their gentry, the offshoot of their popular social system, have thrown themselves into the camp and field with all the dash and high-spirit of the European *noblesse* of the middle ages, risking, without apparent concern, upon a desperate adventure, all that men value; and after a generation of peace and repose and security, which had not emasculated them, presenting to their enemies a trained and intrepid front, as of men born and bred to war."

CHAPTER XXX.

JACKSON AT FREDERICKSBURG.

WE pass now from the narrative of great public events to a few personal details of Jackson at the period of the battle of Fredericksburg.

Those who served in the Army of Northern Virginia at the time in question will not soon forget the effect produced upon the

troops by the intelligence that Jackson had arrived with his invincible corps, and was ready to take part in any movement which occurred. The presence of the great soldier seemed to infuse new strength and confidence into every heart; and wherever he passed the woods reëchoed with cheers in his honor. He was then ascending to the summit of his fame, and the hearts of the men went forth to greet him with an affection and admiration amounting to enthusiasm.

On the evening of his arrival he had thrown himself upon the ground, under a tree, and was warming himself by the camp-fire, when an excellent lady, living near at hand, sent him an invitation to come and sup with the family. His presence had been discovered from a soldier, who asked permission to draw water from the well "for General Jackson"—to which the good lady responded: "Tell General Jackson that every thing in this house belongs to him."

The General speedily appeared in response to the invitation, and evidently enjoyed his conversation with the lady of the mansion with the keenest relish. The only significant circumstance connected with the incident was the character of this lady. She was not young, brilliant, and amusing, but very old, gray-haired, and known throughout the whole region for her unassuming goodness and devoted piety. In her society, Jackson seemed to experience an inexpressible charm—to rest his brain and his heart, as with his sweet and modest smile he sat and listened to the simple friendly accents. His countenance was full of quiet pleasure as he talked with the aged lady, and in spite of his long day's march he nearly lost sight of his supper in continuing the conversation.

Both are now dead; but they must have met again beyond the stars.

When the enemy's intended advance was ascertained, Jackson's forces moved silently to their position, and the men began to look out for their favorite, in order to cheer him as he rode along the line. Strange to say, no sound was heard in any direction, and one of the men said:

“ Why don't old Jack come along, I wonder? ”

“ Why, he passed by a quarter of an hour ago, ” was the reply of a brother soldier.

“ Old Jack ! ” exclaimed the first, “ *he pass by !* ”

“ Yes, didn't you see him with his staff ? ”

“ What ! ” ejaculated the soldier with an accent demanding at least three exclamation points, “ that finely-dressed fellow that went by here, *Old Jack ! No, sir ! You can't fool me in that way !* ”

But Jackson had really passed, and the troops had not recognized him, from a very simple circumstance. He had doffed his old coat soiled with dirt and scorched by the sun, to appear in a new uniform—for him of the most gorgeous description. It consisted of the new coat presented to him by General Stuart in the Valley ; a superb new overcoat of dark-blue cloth, with an ample cavalry cape ; and a new cap, in the shape of his old cadet cap worn in so many battles, but, unlike the former, shining with gold braid which was resplendent in contrast with the dark cloth. It was no wonder that the troops did not recognize him in this unwonted finery. The old uniform had seemed to them to be a part of him, and the new was by no means to their liking.

Jackson's position during the battle was for the greater portion of the time near or in front of Colonel Walker's artillery on the hill above Hamilton's crossing, where his right was posted. Here the fire of the enemy's guns was exceedingly hot, and Jackson, like the rest, dismounted and lay down to protect himself from the storm of shell which swept the crest. He was soon on horseback again, however, and moving to every portion of the field. It was in the latter part of the day that, while hurrying to another part of the line, he directed an officer to order his artillery on the hill, then swept by projectiles, to move forward, and added coolly :

“ Captain, if you and your horse come out alive, tell General Stuart that I am going to advance my whole line at sunset. ”

At this period of the action, Jackson exhibited unwonted excitement. Despite his collected bearing, it was evident from his

rapid movements from point to point, and a flush in his cheeks, that his whole soul was aroused, and his brain on fire with the thought that he would be able to drive the enemy with the bayonet beyond the river. Even, however, at this moment, when his resolution was taken, and his nature stirred to its depths, his soldierly courtesy did not desert him. To the salutes which he received, he responded as carefully, with the finger to the cap, as if he had been on parade.

An affecting incident is related by a friend * who shared his bed on the night of the battle; and it is here given as we received it from him. About midnight, Jackson's tent-mate, who had not yet fallen asleep, saw the soldier rise, dress, and go to his desk. He lit his candle, and, placing some books on end, so as to conceal the light from the supposed sleeper's eyes, began to work. From work he passed to reflection, and his friend said, suddenly:

"What are you thinking of, General?"

"Oh! are you awake?" was his reply; "I was thinking of the battle to-morrow, and that the balls will be hotter on the hill by the crossing than to-day."

As they were conversing, the sound of horse's hoofs was heard approaching; the noise ceased, and an orderly came into the tent.

"Who is that?" asked Jackson.

"Somebody from General Gregg, sir."

"Tell him to come in."

An officer appeared at the opening, and, saluting Jackson, said:

"General Gregg is dying, General, and sent me to say to you that he wrote you a letter recently in which he used expressions he is now sorry for. He says that he meant no disrespect by that letter, and was only doing what he considered to be his duty. He hopes you will forgive him."

Jackson listened to these words in silence, but it was evident

* Colonel A. R. Boteler—our authority for this incident.

that he was greatly moved. When the officer had ceased speaking, he said, earnestly :

“Tell General Gregg I will be with him directly.”

Then calling to his body-servant, he directed him to saddle his “old sorrel.”

To this, however, the considerate Jim objected, and commenced an elaborate account of what the old sorrel had passed through on that day. Jackson checked him impatiently, and directed him to obey without further words.

“Say to the General,” he added, turning to the officer, “that I will be with him immediately.”

And he was soon in the saddle, riding through the chill December night, upon his mission.

We know not what passed that night between the brother soldiers—what words were exchanged, what pardon granted ere it was asked—or what solemn farewell’s took place between the man about to die and him who watched beside him. There are many dramas in war—the curtain never rises upon some of the most affecting.



CHAPTER XXXI.

WINTER QUARTERS AT MOSS NECK.

AFTER the battle of Fredericksburg, Jackson established his headquarters at “Moss Neck,” the estate of the Corbins, about ten miles below the town, and here he remained during the winter.

Upon the crest of the long range of hills which here runs along the right bank of the Rappahannock, dominating the wide low grounds, and affording admirable positions for artillery, if the enemy advanced, he remained for months, watching the uplands on the opposite side of the river, and ready at any moment to oppose, with his veterans of the old corps, the advancing Fed-

erals. From an eminence near headquarters the view was very attractive. To the right and left the wooded range extended toward Fredericksburg on the one hand, and Port Royal on the other; in front, the far-stretching low grounds gave full sweep to the eye; and at the foot of its forest-clad bluffs, or by the margin of undulating fields, the Rappahannock calmly flowed toward the sea. Old mansions dotted this beautiful land—for beautiful it was in spite of the chill influences of winter, with its fertile meadows, its picturesque woodlands, and its old roads skirted by long rows of shadowy cedars, planted with the regularity of ornamental shrubbery in a gentleman's garden.

Headquarters were near the "Corbin House;" in front was "Hayfield," the residence of that Taylor family illustrated in old days by "Colonel John Taylor, of Caroline;" near at hand were the hospitable residences of the Baylors, Bernards, and others; and in the distance, toward Fredericksburg, was "St. Julian," the ancient homestead of the Brooke family, which Washington, Randolph, and the great statesmen of the past always paused at on their journeys, to give the news and discuss the men and things of the past century.

Another age had come now, and the smiling fields were disfigured by the footprints of war. The meadows were crossed and recrossed by roads which had cut up the soil into ruts and miry holes. The steep banks—as the enemy have had an opportunity of seeing—were fashioned into earthworks for sharpshooters; the beautiful cedars were felled to supply firewood for the troops; and every thing betrayed the presence of the huge, dark, bloody, dirty, brutal genius of battle.

Jackson employed himself during the winter months in preparing the official reports of his battles. The embodiment of the facts, as given in the reports of officers engaged, was entrusted to Lieutenant-Colonel Faulkner, A. A. G., but Jackson carefully revised and corrected the statements before his official signature was appended. He was exceedingly careful not to have any thing placed thus upon formal record which was not established by irrefutable proof. *Truth* was, with him, the jewel beyond all

price ; and nothing discomposed him more than the bare suspicion that accuracy was sacrificed to effect. Another marked trait in him was his rooted objection to present in his reports the motives of his action, and explain the objects of his various movements. It is said that Colonel Faulkner remonstrated with him upon this point, and declared that the men who came after him would be greatly embarrassed by the absence of these explanations ; above all, that his fame would suffer on the pages of the historian. To this Jackson replied in nearly the following words :

“The men who come after me must act for themselves ; and as to the historians who speak of the movements of my command, I do not concern myself greatly as to what they may say.”

He disliked adjectives in the narratives of his battles ; and this severe simplicity renders his reports occasionally cold and dry to the reader—that of the battle of Kernstown, for example. But it is impossible to withhold our respect from the motives which prompted this brevity of statement. Jackson had indeed an unconquerable aversion for “making the most” of any event in which he was concerned. His native modesty revolted from every species of ostentation ; and boasting or self-laudation were with him simply impossible. His modesty was displayed in many ways. He always shrunk from those favorable comparisons of himself with his brother soldiers which indiscreet newspaper writers indulged in, and regarded them with obvious pain and repugnance. It is not so certain that he did not enjoy “skilled commendation” of his actions, and even the praises of the journals. He loved human sympathy and the admiration of his fellowmen ; and the expression of these feelings greatly pleased him, for he was conscious of having labored hard to deserve them. To the form, however, which this public sentiment occasionally assumed, he was not a little opposed. He would never have his likeness taken. That which was fortunately secured in the spring of 1863, and appears in front of this volume, was the result of an urgent request from one to whom he could refuse nothing. When the publishers of an illustrated

periodical wrote to him, asking for his daguerreotype and some notes of his battles as the basis of a sketch, he wrote in reply, that he had no likeness of himself, and had done nothing worthy of mention.

In the preparation of his official reports, and the routine of labor incident to his command, passed the winter days of 1862-'63. Those who visited Moss Neck during these days, give a humorous description of the surroundings of the famous General Stonewall. Before his tent was pitched, he established his headquarters in a small out-building of the Corbin House; and all who came to transact business with Lieutenant-General Jackson, were struck by a series of headquarter ornaments of the most unique and surprising description. On the walls of the apartment were pictures of race horses, well known and dear in former days to the planters of the neighboring region. Then there was a portrait of some celebrated game cock, ready trimmed and gaffed for conflict to the death. A companion piece to these was the picture of a terrier engaged in furious onslaught upon an army of rats, which he was seizing, tearing, and shaking to death as fast they came. These decorations of headquarters excited the merriment of the General's associates; and General Stuart suggested to him that a drawing of the apartment should be made, with the race horses, game cocks, and terrier in bold relief, the picture to be labelled: "View of the winter-quarters of General Stonewall Jackson, affording an insight into the tastes and character of the individual." The impression which he produced upon his visitors, at the time in question, is exhibited by the following passage from a letter of the Rev. Dr. Hoge, who went to call upon him. Dr. Hoge writes:

"I have just returned from a visit to General Jackson's headquarters, at Moss Neck, the grand mansion of Mr. —, some ten miles from Fredericksburg. The General modestly occupies the lower room of one of the offices in the yard. As soon as I arrived General Jackson claimed me as his guest, and I gladly spent what time I could with him. I found Mr. —

regularly enseoined in his office, as a sort of chaplain general, not officially, of course, but virtually. His work is partly to increase the number of chaplains, placing them where most needed, and partly to preach himself wherever there is need of it in the corps. His position is very important, and his residence with General Jackson not only furthers his influence, but is personally profitable to him. Indeed, it seems hardly possible to be long in the society of that noble and honored General, that simple-hearted, straightforward, laborious, devoted man of God, without catching something of his spirit—the spirit of toil, of patience, of modesty, of careful conscientiousness, of child-like dependence on God, of fervent believing prayer. While I was in camp I preached five times in the Stonewall Brigade. How the men crowded into their log church, how they listened, how they seemed to hang upon the word, you, of all men, need least to be told, for you have seen so much of them from the beginning of the war. On Sunday night, after preaching, the General, Mr. —, and myself, had a long talk, as we sat drying our boots in front of the open fire. When it was nearly eleven o'clock the General asked me to conduct worship; and afterwards, before retiring, he set us the example of kneeling again for secret prayer. He then shared his bed upon the floor with me, and we talked till long after midnight. Though usually taciturn, he led the conversation. How anxious he was for his army! how anxious for himself! How manifest it was that he is a man whose great desire is to be right in all things, and especially to be right before God! In our whole intercourse I could not detect the slightest trace of self-importance, ostentation, or seeking after vainglory. To glorify God possessed all his thoughts. 'I have been thinking a great deal about our chief end lately,' said he, 'and I think the first answer in our catechism tells it all; man's chief end is to glorify God and to enjoy Him forever; and I think,' he added, 'we need not trouble ourselves much about the second part, if we only attend well to the first. I find my life in camp a very happy one when I am enabled to keep this aim steadily before me—to live for the glory of God.'

Those who saw him during this period, will recall many other charming reminiscences of him. He was very fond of children, and those of the neighborhood will long remember the kind voice and smile of the soldier—his caresses and affectionate ways. We have alluded to the new cap, which the General wore at the battle of Fredericksburg, resplendent with gold braid and all manner of decorations. He did not admire this fine substitute for that old, sun-scorched cap, which had so long served him; and when, one day, a little girl was standing at his knee, looking up from her clustering curls at the kindly General, whose hand was caressing her hair, he called for a pair of scissors, ripped off the rich gold band, and joining the ends, placed it like a coronet upon her head, with smiles and evident admiration of the pretty picture thus presented.*

Another little girl, in one of the hospitable houses of that region, told the present writer that when she expressed to a gentleman her wish to kiss General Jackson, and the gentleman repeated her words, the General blushed very much, and turned away with a slight laugh, as if he was confused.

These are trifles, but it is surely a pleasant spectacle to see the great soldier amid these kindly, simple scenes; to watch the leader, whose soul has never shrunk in the hour of peril, passing happy moments in the society of laughing children.

The days passed thus quietly at Moss Neck, the enemy making numerous demonstrations, but never crossing. January, February, the greater part of March went by, and Jackson still remained upon his crest of hills above the meadows of the Rapahannock. But late in March he moved his headquarters to a point near Hamilton's crossing, just in rear of the battle field of Fredericksburg, on the southern side of the Massaponnax, and not far from General Lee.

He had some time before been made Lieutenant-General, but this promotion could add nothing to the stature of a man whose military renown was so firmly established.

* The late Colonel A. S. Pendleton, Jackson's A. A. G., is our authority for this incident.

Jackson looked forward to the coming campaign with the deepest interest. He was one day conversing with a member of his staff, and having stated the grounds upon which he believed a great battle would soon take place, he remained silent for some moments, and then added humbly and reverently :

“ My trust is in God.”

A brief silence again followed these words ; but suddenly the face of the soldier flushed with martial enthusiasm, and rising to his feet, with flashing eyes and compressed lips, he exclaimed :

“ I wish they would come ! ”

The spring was now beginning to advance, and the season for hostilities had returned. Jackson hastened the preparation of his reports, and had the satisfaction of knowing that at last they were nearly complete.

It was whilst he was engaged in his revision of the report of the operations of his corps in the Maryland campaign, that the note of battle was again sounded ; and from memories of past events and the battles already fought, he was recalled to the present and to the still more desperate conflict about to take place—to the last, and what was to prove not the least splendid of his achievements.



CHAPTER XXXII.

FEDERAL PREPARATIONS FOR THE CAMPAIGN OF 1863.

It is impossible in a work like the present to present that comprehensive view of operations in every quarter of the field, which is necessary to an intelligent understanding of the late revolution. The crowding incidents of the struggle must be sought elsewhere. Scarce an allusion can be made to them here.

The aspect of affairs at the opening of the year 1863 was

far more encouraging to the South than in the spring of 1862. Then a heavy cloud seemed to have settled upon the Southern horizon, and ruin stared the Confederates in the face. Donaldson and Roanoke Island had been captured; the Confederates had been defeated at Elkhorn, Kernstown, and Newbern, which latter loss exposed all Eastern North Carolina. In April Fort Macon surrendered, and on the 1st of May New Orleans fell. Such had been the aspect of affairs in May, 1862.

As May, 1863, approached, the prospects of the South looked far more favorable, and the victories of Cold Harbor, Cedar Run, the second Manassas, and Fredericksburg had inspired the troops with enthusiasm. In Virginia two years of arduous struggle had not enabled the Federal authorities to penetrate beyond the Rappahannock; and on the southern banks of that river, in the opening of the spring of 1863, the long lines of Confederate pickets warned the enemy that any attempt to cross would be resisted by the army which had repulsed them in December at Fredericksburg.

We are compelled, in like manner, to pass over the political events of the period, including the Emancipation Proclamation of President Lincoln, by which he declared the slaves free on and after January 1, 1863, and announced that the Federal Government would "do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom." The general survey, military and political, must be looked for elsewhere.

What had, however, a direct bearing upon the Virginia campaign, and the subject of this book, was the evident impression among many of the most prominent politicians at the North, that unless the approaching campaign was successful, the Federal Government must make peace upon the basis of separation and Southern independence. The New York "Tribune" announced the programme of operations which the times demanded, and gave its views as follows: "Having massed our forces and filled our depots and caissons, charge upon the rebels in every quarter—assailing their ports with iron-clads, their ar-

mies with stronger armies, fighting resolutely but warily with intent to capture their strongholds and exhaust their resources—while expeditions of light-armed black Unionists, carrying only arms and ammunition, traverse those portions of Rebeldom most exposed and thickly peopled with slaves, carrying liberty to all who wish it, and arms wherewith to defend it; moving rapidly and evading all fortified points and overpowering forces, while breaking up railroads and telegraph lines, and making trouble generally.” If this “making trouble generally” by *black Unionists* and others did not attain its object, then the war must be given up by the North. “If three months more of earnest fighting,” said the “Tribune,” “shall not serve to make a serious impression on the rebels—if the end of that term shall find us no further advanced than its beginning—if some malignant fate has decreed that the blood and treasure of the nation shall ever be squandered in fruitless efforts—*let us bow to our destiny, and make the best attainable peace.*”

The Federal authorities seemed so far to concur in these views, as to determine upon a more resolute prosecution of hostilities than before. Every means was again used to gather recruits, and by the spring the authorities had upon the shores of the Rappahannock, a force which Major-General Peck, of the United States Army, stated, in the New York “Herald” to have numbered 159,300 men.

This large army was not to be commanded by General Burnside. The battle of Fredericksburg seems to have occasioned his disgrace with the military authorities, and he was to be succeeded by General Joseph Hooker, called, for his nerve and obstinacy upon the field, “Fighting Joe Hooker.” This officer was a soldier of ability as division or corps commander, but does not seem to have possessed the faculties necessary in the head of an army. He had become embroiled both with General McClellan and General Burnside, whose operations he greatly censured before the Committees of Investigation; and the Federal authorities now seemed to have so far coincided in his views as to have decided that he should have an opportunity to

display his own abilities unhampered by any immediate superior. He was placed in command of the celebrated Army of the Potomac; all the resources of the Government were put at his orders; and in April he had ready for the field an army which he himself described as "the finest on this planet."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CAMPAIGN OPENS.

At the end of April the two armies confronted each other on the banks of the Rappahannock, from a point above its confluence with the Rapidan, as far down as Port Royal. The bulk of the Confederate forces remained, however, near Fredericksburg. The various fords in the county of Culpepper were guarded by General Stuart with his cavalry.

The first note of the coming conflict was sounded on the 17th of March from the upper Rappahannock. On that day General Averill with about three thousand cavalry crossed the river at Kelly's ford, with the obvious purpose of cutting General Lee's communications in the direction of Gordonsville, and ascertaining his strength and position.

Bad fortune, however, attended the expedition. The Federal general was met near Kelly's ford, by General Fitz Lee, with about eight hundred cavalry, and his advance so obstinately opposed, that, after a day of stubborn and bloody conflict, he was forced to fall back, with heavy loss, and recross the river. General Lee's loss was considerable; and among the officers killed was Major John Pelham—the "gallant Pelham" of General Lee's report at Fredericksburg—who was present with General Stuart during the battle. The fall of this great artilleryman was an irreparable calamity, but the enemy were checked; and the Southern troops had the prestige of victory in the first action of the spring campaign.

After the battle of Kellysville, which for hard and obstinate fighting has scarcely been excelled, the Federal forces remained quiet until April. Toward the middle of that month every thing indicated an early advance. It was known that General Hooker had been making extraordinary exertions to increase the strength of his army, and to place every department of the command upon a thorough "war footing." These labors were said to have secured the desired result; and, in the month of April, the Northern journals repeatedly and confidently asserted General Hooker's ability to overwhelm General Lee whenever he advanced.

This confidence seems to have been shared by General Hooker and the majority of his officers. Whether deceived by spies, who communicated false intelligence, or misled by his own anticipations, which made "the wish the father to the thought," the Federal commander exhibited, in many ways, a perfect confidence in his ability to defeat Lee, and looked forward to the battle about to take place as destined to terminate the war.

The advance of the Federal forces was preceded as usual by movements of cavalry. The enemy had largely increased their force in this branch, and paid great attention to its armament and equipment. The North had been ransacked for horses; the best patterns of carbines and pistols were furnished in profusion; and great attention was given to the organization of the force, the character of its officers, and its efficiency in every particular. The commanders were given to understand that much was expected of them; and General Pleasanton, to whose command the whole was entrusted, seemed anxious to recover the laurels which Averill had lost in his encounter with Fitz Lee.

During the month of April, persistent attempts were made by Pleasanton to penetrate into the county of Culpepper, and beat up General Stuart's quarters there; his expectation being to gain information, and unmask General Lee's position.

These attempts, however, were unsuccessful. The Confederate cavalry under Stuart confronted the enemy at every point,

from United States ford below the confluence of the rivers to the upper waters; whenever the Federal cavalry crossed they were forced to retire with loss, and up to the moment when General Hooker's army was put in motion, the enemy's great cavalry force had been useless in gaining for the commanding general information of General Lee's position, movements, or designs.

We have spoken of Lee's position in general terms. The main body confronted the enemy's camps near Fredericksburg, and occupied the woods in rear of the old battle field. A force was posted opposite Ely's and United States fords higher up the river, and the various fords from United States to Hinson's, far up the Rappahannock, continued to be picketed by Stuart's cavalry, which, under the supervision of that energetic commander, left no avenue of advance unguarded. The exposed left flank was rightly regarded as the direction from which the Federal forces would attack, with the view of turning General Lee's position and forcing him to fall back. Extreme vigilance was accordingly enjoined upon the cavalry pickets; and no sooner had the Federal column put itself in motion on the upper waters than General Stuart telegraphed the fact to General Lee.

It would seem that General Hooker decided to advance upon receiving information that the "only army to oppose him was one of 40,000 under Jackson, Lee being sick and his army scattered." The presence of General Longstreet, with the greater part of his corps in front of Suffolk, south of James River, was well known to the Federal commander; and he rightly decided that if it was possible for him at all to defeat Lee's army, it was possible now.

General Hooker's plan is said to have been as follows:

A force of about 20,000 men was to cross the Rappahannock near the old battle field of Fredericksburg, and thus produce upon the Confederate commander the impression that General Hooker was about to renew the attempt in which General Burnside had failed. Whilst General Lee's attention was engaged by the demonstration at this point, the main body of the Federal army was to cross the Rappahannock by the upper fords,

and sweeping down with rapidity upon General Lee's left flank, take a strong position not far from Fredericksburg. The column which had crossed below was then to recross the river, move rapidly up the northern bank to the fords which the movement of the main body would have uncovered; and, a second time crossing to the southern bank, unite with the other. Thus the whole force of General Hooker would be concentrated on the south side of the Rappahannock, and General Lee would be compelled to leave his strong position on the Massaponnax hills and fight upon ground chosen by his adversary, or fall back rapidly to prevent that adversary from attaining his rear and destroying him.

In order to insure the event of the conflict which it was anticipated General Lee would determine upon before falling back, measures were taken to interrupt his communications so as to cut off his supplies and prevent General Longstreet from coming to his assistance. An extensive cavalry raid against the Central Railroad was accordingly made a part of the programme; and this, it was expected, would render General Lee's defeat perfectly certain.

Such was the apparently skilful but really bungling strategy by which General Hooker attempted to outgeneral his able adversary. Formidable as his scheme appeared, it yet had a fatal flaw. The Federal commander was dividing his forces in presence of an opponent with whose ability he was thoroughly acquainted; and was exposing himself to the sudden and fatal blow which was so soon to fall. The movement of his cavalry, from which he expected so much, was the most fatal error of all. By thus detaching nearly his whole mounted force from the main army, General Hooker exposed himself to the great flank attack from Jackson—which the presence of his cavalry would have unmasked—and insured the defeat of his army.

The Federal commander seems scarcely to have doubted, however, his ability to defeat General Lee, and appears to have cherished the conviction that if he could once mass his forces on the southern bank of the Rappahannock, the event was certain.

When this object was afterwards attained, General Hooker issued an order of congratulation to his troops, in which he declared that he occupied a position so strong that "the enemy must either ingloriously fly or come out from behind his defences, and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction waits him."

CHAPTER XXXIV.

GENERAL HOOKER ADVANCES.

GENERAL HOOKER'S preparations were at last complete, and on Monday, the 27th day of April, the troops were put in motion.

The 5th, 11th, and 12th Corps of the Federal army, under General Slocum, moved with eight days' rations toward Kelly's ford, near the point where the Orange and Alexandria Railroad crosses the Rappahannock, and by Tuesday night were in position and ready to cross on the ensuing day. On Tuesday night also, the 1st, 3d, and 6th Corps were opposite Franklin's crossing, three miles below Fredericksburg, ready to cross on pontoons simultaneously with the force above.

Both columns were on Wednesday, April 29th, thrown across the Rappahannock at the points mentioned, and established themselves, without resistance, upon the southern bank of the river. At the same time the great cavalry expedition under General Stoneman began also to move, its route being through the county of Culpepper, in the direction of Gordonsville.

General Hooker was in personal command of the main body, which crossed at Kelly's ford, and now steadily moved toward the Rapidan.

As soon as the designs of the enemy were developed in the directions of Kelly's ford, General Stuart concentrated his cavalry in front of that point, and observed their further movements,

communicating full information of their force and the direction of their march to General Lee. As the Federal column advanced, he hung upon its front and flank, and by a successful attack at Madden's, below Brandy, threw the enemy into disorder, and ascertained from prisoners captured that the column consisted of the corps of Howard, Slocum, and Meade. The men had eight days' rations in their haversacks, and supply trains moved with the force, from which it was apparent that General Hooker designed a real advance to offer battle to the Southern army.

Every exertion was now made by Stuart to harass them and impede their progress. Discovering speedily that they were moving toward Ely's and Germanna fords on the Rapidan, he hastened with General Fitz Lee's brigade around by Raccoon ford above, to gain the front of their column, and interpose himself between them and Fredericksburg. General W. H. F. Lee's brigade, which constituted the rest of the command, was detached to guard the upper fords of the Rapidan, and oppose Stoneman's heavy column of cavalry, which was then advancing in the direction of Gordonsville.

The great events occurring in another portion of the field will prevent us from returning to the subject of this extensive raid. We shall, therefore, speak briefly of it here. The Federal cavalry rapidly advanced and attacked General W. H. F. Lee upon the Rapidan, but were delayed there for a considerable time by that able commander. When he fell back in accordance with orders from General R. E. Lee, General Stoneman hastened across, penetrated the country to the Central Railroad, which he tore up for a short distance near Trevillian's; passed on to James River, ravaging the country and carrying off horses; attempted to destroy the Columbia aqueduct, but failed; returned; retreated, destroying the bridges on the South Anna behind him; and hurried back across the Rapidan. During all this time the horsemen of Lee had harassed him at every step; cut off detached portions of his command; captured many officers and men; and greatly demoralized his men. With an adequate

force, instead of a few hundred men upon jaded horses, General W. H. F. Lee would have cut off General Stoneman's retreat and compelled his surrender.

The Federal columns under General Hooker had meanwhile pressed on to Germanna and Ely's fords, where they succeeded in crossing in spite of resistance from Captain Collins, of the 15th Virginia cavalry. At the same time Couch's 2d Corps prepared to cross at United States ford below.

In front of Banks' and Ely's fords General Lee had two brigades of Anderson's division, Posey's and Mahone's, and one battery—in all about 8,000 men. Upon the approach of the enemy this force was withdrawn and concentrated at Chancellorsville, where it was joined upon the morning of the 30th by Wright's brigade, which had been sent up to reënforce it. The enemy still pressing on, reënforced now by Couch's Corps from United States ford—making four army corps, under the immediate command of General Hooker—General Anderson fell back from Chancellorsville to Tabernacle Church, on the plank road five miles below, where he could be reënforced by the old Mine road, running thence to General Lee's position near Fredericksburg.

Such were the relative positions of the adversaries on the night of Thursday, the 30th of April. General Hooker had entirely succeeded thus far in his plans; his main body was over, Sedgwick's column was recrossing the river to march up and reunite with him, and Stoneman was streaming like a meteor toward the Central Railroad. Around Chancellorsville, the Federal forces were rapidly throwing up strong intrenchments, and two-thirds of the difficulties and dangers of the whole campaign seemed over.

They had just commenced.

CHAPTER XXXV.

IN THE WILDERNESS.

THE battle of Chancellorsville was a strange conflict, and it took place in a singular country. Let us attempt to sketch the features of the landscape, and define some of the localities of the great drama.

Journeying westward from Fredericksburg over a broad and excellent road, which in former days was the great highway between the lower Rappahannock and the mountains, the traveller is called upon to decide, some five miles from the town, whether he will continue in the road which he is pursuing—the “old turnpike”—or follow one which diverges to the left, and is known as the “Orange plank road.” Both lead to Chancellorsville, five or six miles distant—the “old turnpike” conducting him straight over hill and through dale to the point in question; the “plank road” winding around so as to pass over a more level country. Taking the latter, the traveller passes the ruins of “Tabernacle Church,” five miles from Chancellorsville; then “Aldrich’s house,” two miles distant; and reaches the locality of the great struggle.

Chancellorsville was (for it is now destroyed) a large brick mansion, with ample wings, and was formerly used as a tavern for the entertainment of travellers journeying to and fro from Fredericksburg to the mountains. Standing in front of the Chancellorsville house and looking southward the traveller had before him extensive fields bounded by forests; behind him a belt of woods, through which approached the main road from Ely’s and United States fords, a few miles distant. By this road the Federal forces reached Chancellorsville. Two or three miles in front, but concealed from view by the thick growth of stunted oaks and pines, was “the Furnace,” an assemblage of buildings for smelting iron ore. By this locality, Jackson moved from a

point between the "Tabernacle Church" and Chancellorsville, to gain the right flank of the enemy. A mile or two distant on the right was a plain wooden dwelling house, on the left side of the main road, known as "Melzi Chancellor's." Between this house and Chancellorsville, Jackson fell. A few hundred yards from it, in the edge of the woods on the right of the road, was a small white building, known as "Wilderness Church." Just beyond this point the old turnpike, which had been swallowed up at Chancellorsville by the plank road, again left it—the plank diverging to the left, the turnpike running straight on. Two or three miles beyond Chancellorsville the plank road was joined by a branch, the Germanna ford plank road coming from the northwest and crossing the old turnpike at "Wilderness Run," five miles from Chancellorsville, where stood and still stands a tall wooden building, called the "Wilderness Tavern." Here Jackson was taken when he was wounded. Last of all, about half a mile from the angle formed by the junction of the Orange and Germanna plank roads, an eccentric independent highway known as the "Brock Road," and running from Spottsylvania Court-House to Ely's ford, crossed the Orange road and the old turnpike, keeping on its course without respect to either. By the "Brock road" Jackson attained the old turnpike, and made his attack upon the enemy's right and rear.

The country around Chancellorsville was known as "The Wilderness," and the bare fields, alternating with dense and impassable thickets, communicated to the region an appearance inexpressively drear and melancholy. The houses were few and lost in the interminable pines—often no indications of human habitation were seen for many miles; and the only sign of life which greeted the lonely traveller as he pursued his dreary journey in the evening over the interminable plank road, winding on through the thick wood, was the mournful cry of the whippoorwill—that sound which was the last to greet the ears of so many dying soldiers on the night of the great battle about to make this sombre region more gloomy and depressing than before.

In this country of unending thickets and narrow and winding

avenues, General Hooker had established himself, carefully adding to the natural strength of the position. His troops were massed around Chancellorsville, and the approaches to the central point were obstructed in every direction by felled trees, earthworks for infantry, and redoubts for artillery. From Melzi Chancellor's on the right, around toward the Furnace to the southward, and across the plank road and the old turnpike below, these defences extended in an unbroken line, or rather lines—for he had constructed additional works behind the first line, upon which to fall back if hard pressed. The approach to these defences was over narrow roads, completely commanded by hundreds of pieces of artillery, or through thickets where the growth was so dense as in many localities to prevent the passage of a human body between the trunks of the trees or the matted boughs. In front of all bristled an elaborate abatis of felled trees, which it seemed impossible for troops to charge across without being annihilated. Yet those obstacles were surmounted; that bristling abatis passed, and the Federal works carried at the point of the bayonet.

General Hooker had thus guarded elaborately against that attack which, in spite of his order to his troops, he probably expected. Federal writers assert that Chancellorsville was selected as enabling General Hooker to there intercept the army of General Lee on its "line of retreat toward Gordonsville;" but there is reason to believe that the Federal commander there halted to avail himself of the character of the ground to repel an attack, and from the very reasonable apprehension that if he advanced further he would expose his own "line of retreat" in case of disaster, back to the Rappahannock.

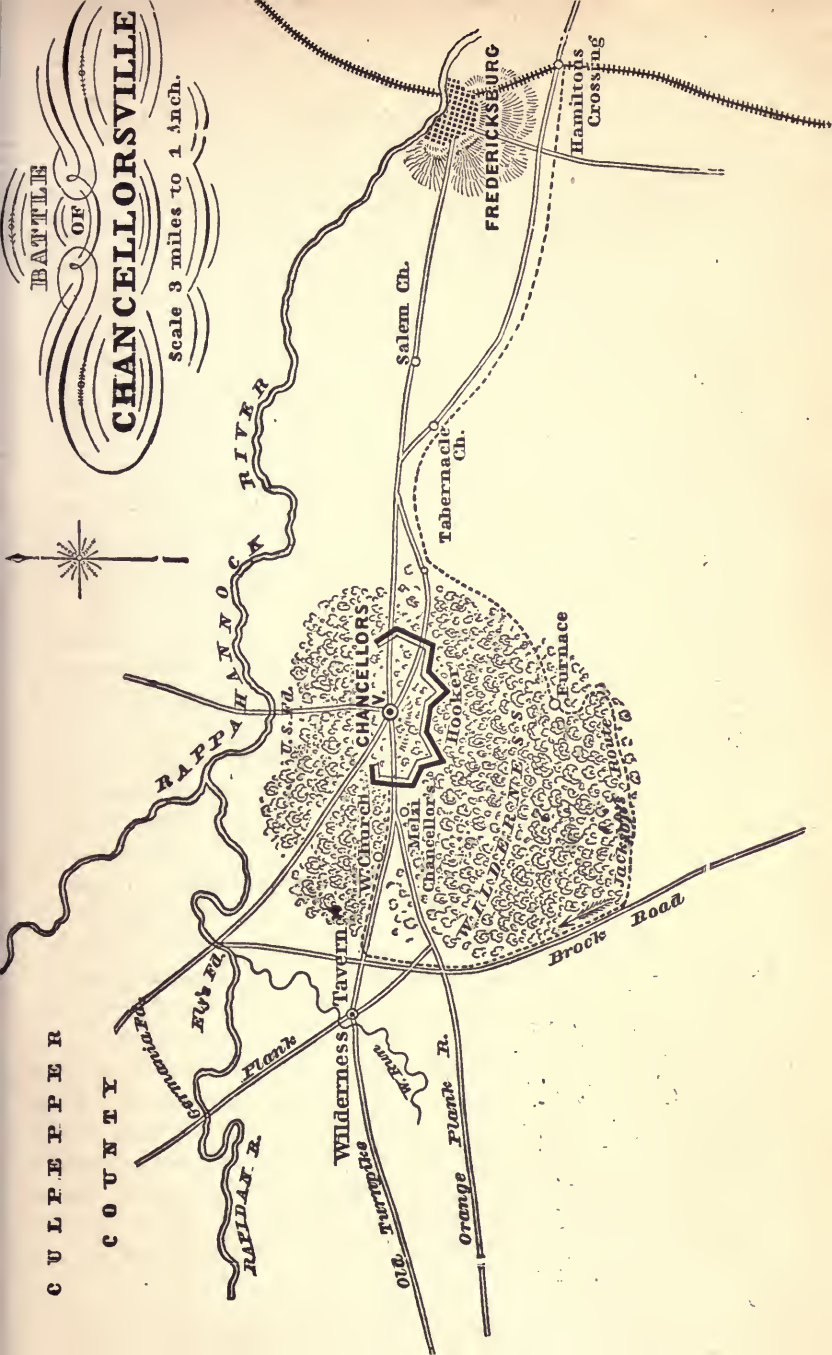
The left wing of the Federal army, composed of three army corps under General Sedgwick, and numbering about 20,000 men, crossed, as we have seen, three miles below Fredericksburg, on Wednesday, April 29th, and General Jackson, whose command was opposite that point, promptly drew up his corps in line of battle to repel the anticipated attack. D. H. Hill's division, commanded by General Rodes, was formed on the right of and

CULPEPPER
COUNTY

CHANCELLORSVILLE

Scale 3 miles to 1 inch.

BATTLE
OF



perpendicular to the railroad, near Hamilton's crossing, his right extending to Massaponax Creek; and this line was strongly and rapidly fortified by the troops under fire from the Federal artillery on the northern bank of the river.

As the enemy did not advance, however, either on that day or the next, it became apparent that General Sedgwick's movement was merely a feint intended to occupy the attention of the Confederate commander, while the main body of the Federal army crossed at some other point.

This view of the enemy's designs was soon confirmed by intelligence from General Stuart that General Hooker had crossed the Rappahannock at Kelly's ford, on the same day, and was then moving steadily toward the Rapidan. It was obvious that General Sedgwick's part of the programme was to retain General Lee at Fredericksburg, not to make an attack; and that General Hooker designed to reach Chancellorsville, or some other point on General Lee's flank, from which he would be able to take his position near Fredericksburg in flank and reverse.

The resolution of General Lee was promptly taken. Jackson was ordered to leave one division of his corps in front of General Sedgwick near Hamilton's crossing, and proceed with the three others by the military road to Tabernacle Church, five miles from Chancellorsville; and taking command of Anderson's force at that point, "attack and repulse the enemy."

This order reached Jackson about 8 o'clock in the evening, and at midnight the three divisions were on the march to Tabernacle Church. They were A. P. Hill's division, D. H. Hill's, commanded by General Rodes, and Trimble's, commanded by General Colston.

The command reached Tabernacle Church on Friday, May 1st, and continued to advance up the plank road toward Alrich's, when heavy firing from the old turnpike on the right indicated that Anderson, who had been ordered to move up by that road, had met the enemy. The force with which he came in contact proved to be Sykes' division of regulars, and an obstinate resistance was offered to his further advance. The firing becoming

very close and heavy, Jackson halted his column, and detached the brigades of Ramseur, McGowan, Heth, and Lane, which were sent forward to support General Anderson. The remainder of the corps was then drawn up in line of battle on the ridge in rear, and directed to wait for further orders.

Jackson continued to press the enemy back toward Chancellorsville, in spite of stubborn resistance, until he found himself in front of their first line of intrenchments, and was subjected to the fire of the artillery in their earthworks, which the dense woods had up to that moment masked from view. The heavy abatis in front of these defences rendered the result of an attack very doubtful; and finding the day far spent, Jackson determined to defer further operations until the next morning. The enemy had now retired from his front, and that night the command bivouacked near Alrich's house, about two miles from Chancellorsville.

While these events were occurring in front of the enemy's line of works stretching north and south across the plank road and old turnpike, a hot artillery duel took place near the "Furnace," a point, as we have said, about two miles south of Chancellorsville, directly in front of the Federal right wing. General Wright had been sent with his brigade to this point to feel the enemy, and here he was joined by General Stuart, who had contrived to harass General Hooker's column and impede his advance by charges of cavalry, and the fire of his batteries of horse artillery, all along the road from Germanna ford. The Federal infantry occupied a commanding position about 1,200 yards in front, and, with the design of driving them from this ground, which General Wright wished to secure, General Stuart directed Major Beckham, his chief of artillery, to open upon the enemy with four pieces of his horse artillery. This was done, and the Federal infantry were driven from the crest; but the fire of Stuart's pieces drew upon them the concentrated fire of several batteries which were masked behind the woods, and now suddenly opened all their thunders at the same moment. Further to the left, from a position on Talley's farm, Captain Breathed, of the horse

artillery, also opened on the Federal infantry with a section of rifle pieces; but in the conflict at the "Furnace" the Confederates sustained considerable loss. General Stuart here lost his efficient Adjutant-General Major R. Channing Price, a young officer of great courage and capacity. All who knew him loved him, and his death was a loss to the service.

Night put an end to the contest in this portion of the field, and both armies prepared for the arduous struggle which was to take place on the ensuing day.

Meanwhile General Lee had arrived with the remainder of Anderson's and McLaws' division. And a consultation was held to determine upon the further plan of action. The position of the Federal forces was peculiar. We have described it in general terms on a preceding page, but note here some additional particulars relating to it, which will convey a better idea of the difficulties with which the Confederate commander was called upon to contend. General Hooker had expected an attack either from the direction of Fredericksburg on the line of the old turnpike, or from the direction of Spottsylvania Court-House, by way of the "Furnace." Against an assault from these two quarters he had guarded himself by a double line of battle somewhat resembling two sides of a square, his right ranging along the plank road in front of Chancellorsville nearly east and west, his left extending toward the river nearly north and south, the angle where the two lines joined each other being below and not far from the Chancellorsville house. The abatis in front of the works was, as we have said, almost impassable, the dense thickets presented a barrier which no courage could overcome; and behind the lines, as upon his flanks, the Federal commander had posted his numerous artillery ready to sweep the roads as the Southerners advanced.

Humanly speaking, General Hooker's position was impregnable against an attack in front, except with a loss of life in storming it frightful to contemplate; and the design of assailing him from the east or the south was speedily abandoned.

An attack upon one of his flanks promised better results; and

Jackson's suggestion that he should move well to the left and make a sudden attack upon the enemy's right and rear above Chancellorsville, while another assault was made in front, was speedily assented to by General Lee. By this movement, the elaborate series of defences thrown up by the enemy would be rendered useless, their plan of battle reversed; and they would be compelled to face to the rear and fight, if they fought at all, at a disadvantage.

Those who are familiar with the bent of Jackson's genius will easily comprehend the alacrity with which he proceeded to carry out General Lee's orders. These sudden and mortal blows struck at an enemy rejoicing in the strength of his defences, and prepared to hurl destruction on the assailant while he himself is protected, always possessed an inexpressible charm for the great leader who had delivered so many such; and Jackson now saw the field open for a supreme exhibition of military genius, and a decisive victory.

He knew the importance of celerity and secrecy of movement, and every preparation was made for the march at an early hour on the succeeding morning. No precautions were omitted calculated to mask the movement from the enemy. Experienced guides were promptly secured, and General Stuart was ready with his cavalry to coöperate in the enterprise by guarding the front and flanks of the column, driving off scouting parties, and communicating prompt intelligence of the enemy's position or movements. By the assistance of this experienced commander of cavalry, and through the employment of due precaution, Jackson did not doubt his ability to reach the point where he intended to attack, without being discovered, and to strike a blow which would decide the fate of the enemy.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

ON the morning of the 2d of May Jackson was early in the saddle, and pushed forward his preparations with vigor, in spite of a distressing cold which he had caught by sleeping without sufficient covering to protect him from the humid airs of the chill spring night.

This cold had resulted from his kindly solicitude for the comfort of another. In the hasty march he seems to have left behind him his blankets, and one of his aides threw over him a heavy cape, as some addition to his scant covering. During the night Jackson bethought him that the young man might be suffering from cold in consequence of this generosity, and, rising quietly, he spread the cape over the youthful sleeper, and again lay down without it. The consequence was a severe cold; and this cold terminated in that attack of pneumonia which, occurring at a time when he was enfeebled by his wound, resulted in his death. If he had not thrown that cape over his sleeping aide, it is probable that he would have survived his wounds.

In spite, however, of this severe indisposition, Jackson had never exhibited more ardor and energy than when undertaking this great movement. Its splendid details and triumphant result were no doubt mapped out in his brain, and an unwonted excitement mastered him. The enterprise was one which demanded the highest traits of military genius. He had undertaken to move, without being discovered, along the entire front of the enemy, and in close proximity to their lines; to make his way by unfrequented roads and through dense thickets to their flank and rear, and to attack the large force of General Hooker in his intrenchments above Chancellorsville, and put every thing upon the issue of the struggle. If one step went wrong in the programme, his purpose would be defeated; if he was repulsed in

the assault, there was no possibility of receiving assistance from General Lee; upon his skill and soldiership depended not only the success of the movement which he was about to make, but the very existence of the great army corps which he commanded.

The column commenced its march at daybreak. Leaving the plank road about a mile and a half from Chancellorsville, and occupying the attention of the Federal forces by the fire of a battery under Major Pegram, Jackson pressed on steadily by the Old Mine road in the direction of the Furnace; the cavalry under General Stuart moving in front and on the flanks of the column, to mask the troops from the enemy. At the Furnace the 23d Georgia, Colonel Best, was left to guard the road leading from that point toward Chancellorsville, in order to protect the column against an attack on its flank in passing, and Jackson continued to advance. As the rear of the column reached the Furnace, the anticipated attack took place; the enemy suddenly advancing and assailing the 23d Georgia so unexpectedly that the whole regiment, with the exception of Colonel Best and a few men, was surrounded and captured. The trains of the corps were also attacked by the Federal forces, but Colonel J. Thompson Brown promptly placed his artillery in position, and, after a brief but hot engagement, the enemy were repulsed and compelled to retreat toward Chancellorsville.

The design of the Confederate commander seemed thus to have been unmasked; but such was not the fact. The enemy still had no suspicion of his real intentions, and the direction in which his column now moved no doubt explains this circumstance. The road which Jackson followed, bends southward at the Furnace for a short distance, returning, as it were, toward the point from which it came; and the enemy's writers assert that they supposed the Southern troops to be in full retreat toward Spottsylvania Court-House. Such was the fatal misconception of General Hooker—affording one more proof of the soundness of Napoleon's maxim, that the first necessity of a general is to study the character of his opponent. General Hooker ought to have been sufficiently

acquainted with the character of Jackson to understand that to retreat without a battle was no part of the military philosophy of the man of Kernstown; and that the soldier who had flanked General McClellan and gotten in rear of General Pope, would probably try the same strategy against General Hooker.

The column continued its rapid march—its movement completely masked by the cavalry which attacked and drove off the reconnoitring parties of the enemy—its destination undreamed of by the Federal army, now engrossed by Lee's attack in front. Hour after hour the march continued without cessation; the troops penetrating with difficulty the wild country through which they moved; the artillery slowly toiling on through the narrow roads over which the heavy engines of war had never before moved. Jackson rode at the head of his column, and General Stuart with his cavalry continued to protect the front and flank from observation. Reaching the Brock road, running, as we have said, from Spottsylvania Court-House to Ely's ford, and crossing the right flank of the enemy, Jackson continued to follow it until he attained the point where it intersects the Orange plank road, not far from the plank road to Germanna ford, and about three miles from Chancellorsville.

At this point General Fitz Lee, commanding the cavalry under General Stuart, informed Jackson that, by ascending an elevation near at hand, he could obtain a good view of the positions of the enemy, who, taking him for a simple cavalry vidette, would pay no attention to him. He accordingly proceeded to the point indicated, and from which the Federal cavalry had been driven. A single glance showed him the position of the Federal line of battle. He was not yet sufficiently on the enemy's flank, and, turning to one of his aides, he said, briefly, "Tell my column to cross that road." He referred to the Orange plank road, and, hastening back, placed himself again at the head of the troops, who continued to move by the Brock road, and advanced without delay to the old turnpike.*

* General Fitz Lee gives us this incident.

The movement had thus far been a complete success. Jackson had reached without discovery a position where he could attack the enemy in flank and reverse, and orders were instantly issued to prepare the troops for action. Those who saw him at this moment declare that he had never exhibited greater animation and ardor. The troops moved rapidly to their positions, and line of battle was promptly formed; Rodes' division in front, on the left of the turnpike; A. P. Hill's two hundred yards in rear of the first line; and Colston's at the same distance in rear of the second. This disposition of the forces was subsequently modified, however, in consequence of the dense undergrowth, which rendered it almost impossible for the troops to move forward in extended line of battle, and Rodes only advanced in line, the two other divisions, with the artillery, moving in column along the road. The only artillery which was in front and ready for action at the opening of the engagement, was a section of the Stuart Horse Artillery, under Captain Breathed; and these pieces moved in front of Rodes, having been ordered by General Stuart to keep a few yards in rear of the skirmishers, which were thrown forward about four hundred yards in advance.

If the reader has understood our verbal chart of the country, he will perceive that the enemy was now taken at a fatal disadvantage. The old turnpike ran straight into the flank and rear of the Federal right wing, and Jackson's design was to advance rapidly on the line of this road, extend his line of battle well to the left, and, swinging round with his left, cut off the enemy's retreat to the fords of the Rappahannock, and capture them. This strange wilderness of impenetrable thickets and narrow roads presented almost insuperable obstacles to the success of such an undertaking; but such was the confidence of the Confederate commander in his veteran corps, trained to overcome all difficulties upon many battle fields, that he looked forward to victory as within his grasp.

The Federal lines extended across the old turnpike, close now to his front; behind these, below Melzi Chancellor's, they

occupied strong earthworks, protecting the flank of their right wing; and on the ridge at Chancellorsville, their *épaulements* were mounted with rifled artillery, ready to sweep the approaches from every quarter. General Hooker had been joined at this time by the 1st and 3d Corps of General Sedgwick's column, and had six army corps at Chancellorsville. The force of General Lee, in the absence of Longstreet, was about 35,000 men in all—and of these Jackson had taken 22,000 to make his attack upon the Federal right.*

Jackson had moved so skilfully and silently that up to the moment of attack the enemy did not so much as suspect his presence. Immediately in front of him was Sigel's 11th Corps, commanded on this day by General Howard; and Fate decreed that this force should receive the last charge of Jackson.

That charge was sudden, unlooked for, decisive. At fifteen minutes past five in the evening Jackson gave the order for his lines to advance and charge the enemy's works; and at the word the men rushed forward with tumultuous cheers, bearing straight down on the flank of the Federal right wing. The two guns of Breathed opened a rapid fire in front of the line—limbering up and advancing at a gallop to secure new positions as the infantry rushed on—and Rodes burst like a thunderbolt upon the unsuspecting troops of Howard, who ran from their suppers, which they were cooking, to seize their arms and endeavor to defend themselves. Rodes' men débouched at a double-quick from the woods, uttering loud cheers, and, attacking the enemy in front and flank, pressed on to their intrenchments and stormed them, capturing several hundred prisoners and five pieces of artillery. So sudden was this attack that scarcely any organized resistance was offered to the assault—the Federal forces flying in the wildest confusion, leaving the field strewed with their guns and knapsacks.

In this attack the men of Colston's division bore a prominent

* General Lee's numbers are not understated here; and the force under Jackson is exactly stated, on the authority of Colonel A. S. Pendleton, his assistant adjutant-general, an officer of very high character and intelligence.

part. They advanced with great enthusiasm; soon caught up with General Rodes' line; and, mingling with it in inextricable confusion, went over the enemy's works, and aided in completing the rout of the Federal forces.

Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery, now hurried forward his batteries, and opened a heavy fire upon the enemy's *épaulements* near Chancellorsville, which drew from their artillery a furious response. This fire was directed down the road, however, and inflicted small loss upon the Confederate infantry. They were advancing to the right and left of the road, led by Jackson in person, and those who saw him at this moment declare that he seemed completely carried away by the excitement of the moment. He leaned forward on his horse, extending his arm far in front, as though he wished to "push the men forward," and his voice was heard exclaiming, "Press forward! press forward!" every few minutes during the entire attack. When not thus mastered by the ardor of battle, his right hand was raised aloft with that gesture now familiar to his men, as though he were praying to the God of battles for victory.*

The charge of the Confederates had resulted in the complete rout of the right wing of the Federal army. Jackson had burst upon them from the woods so suddenly that they could not or did not make the least resistance. Whole regiments ran without firing a shot. Batteries went off at a gallop, ran into trees and fences, and were captured and turned upon them. At a single

* "Frequently, during the fiercest of the conflict, he would stop, raise his hand, and turn his eyes toward heaven, as if praying for a blessing on our arms. The frequency with which this was done that evening attracted the attention of all with him. Our troops made repeated charges, driving the enemy before them every time, which caused loud and long-continued cheering along our entire line, which was ever the signal for victory—and General Jackson would invariably raise his hand and give thanks to Him who gave the victory. I have never seen him seem so well pleased with the progress and results of a fight as on that occasion. On several occasions during this fight, as he passed the dead bodies of some of our veterans, he halted, raised his hand as if to ask a blessing upon them, and to pray God to save their souls."—*MS. of Captain Wilbourn, of Jackson's staff.*

blow Jackson had paralyzed the right wing of the Federal army, and they were rushing in complete disorder upon the reserves. A writer in a Northern journal thus describes the scene :

“The flying Germans came dashing over the field in crowds, stampeding and running as only men do run when convinced that sure destruction is awaiting them. I must confess that I have no ability to do justice to the scenes that followed. It was my lot to be in the centre of that field when the panic burst upon us. May I never be a witness to another such scene ! On one hand was a solid column of infantry retreating at double-quick ; on the other was a dense mass of beings who were flying as fast as their legs could carry them, followed up by the rebels pouring their murderous volleys in upon us, yelling and hooting, to increase the confusion ; hundreds of cavalry horses, left riderless at the first discharge from the rebels, dashing frantically about in all directions ; scores of batteries flying from the field ; battery wagons, ambulances, horses, men, cannon, caissons, all jumbled and tumbled together in one inextricable mass—and the murderous fire of the rebels still pouring in upon them ! To add to the terror of the occasion there was but one means of escape from the field, and that through a little narrow neck or ravine washed out by Scott’s Creek. Toward this the confused mass plunged headlong. For a moment it seemed as if no power could avert the frightful calamity that threatened the entire army. On came the panic-stricken crowd, terrified artillery riders spurring and lashing their horses to their utmost ; ambulances upsetting and being dashed to pieces against trees and stumps ; horses dashing over the field ; men flying and crying with alarm—a perfect torrent of passion, apparently uncontrollable. The men ran in all directions. They all seemed possessed with an instinctive idea of the shortest and most direct line from the point whence they started to the United States Mine ford, and the majority of them did not stop until they had reached the ford. Many of them on reaching the river dashed in and swam to the north side, and are supposed to be running yet. The stampede was universal ; the disgrace general.”

The attack thus briefly described lasted for two or three hours. The first charge took place at half-past five or six in the afternoon, and the Confederate troops continued to follow the enemy until after eight at night. The tangled undergrowth of the region rendered successful pursuit almost impossible; but through this obstinate barrier the troops rushed on, driving the enemy before them until they took refuge in the strong works around Chancellorsville. The Southern lines continued to press forward until they reached the ridge overlooking that upon which Chancellorsville is situated, about half a mile distant, when, in the darkness, the right of the Confederate line became entangled in a heavy abatis of felled trees, and the troops were compelled to halt.

They were now in very great confusion—the divisions of Rodes and Colston having been mingled almost inextricably—and it was necessary to desist from the attack in order to re-form the commands. This was rendered still more necessary by a sudden fire from the Federal batteries in front, scarcely half a mile distant, which swept the road and woods with shot and shell, still further adding to the confusion resulting from the charge. Rodes' division was accordingly ordered to fall back, and, directing General A. P. Hill to move with his division to the front, Jackson rode forward to reconnoitre the enemy's position.

It was now nearly ten o'clock at night. The Wilderness slept in the tranquil light of the moon, and from the dark thickets came the continuous and melancholy cry of the whip-poorwill, sounding strangely amid that scene upon which so many human beings had just met in close and deadly encounter. The silence was unbroken, except by these plaintive cries of the bird of night, mingled with the tramp and hum of men, as they moved to their allotted positions for the new struggle which, in spite of the darkness, Jackson had determined upon; and from the dark lines of the enemy near Chancellorsville, directly in front, came only a confused and hollow murmur—sole evidence of the fact that their army was on the *qui vive*, and their gunners standing with lighted port-fires beside the pieces, ready to sweep

the approaches to the position which they occupied, if the rustle of a leaf or the fall of a twig announced a new advance of the Southerners.

Jackson's design had been only half achieved. He had driven the enemy from their first line of intrenchments, and doubled up their right wing on their centre. But this only showed the possibility of a more decisive success. Jackson saw at a glance the immense results to be achieved by vigorously following up the blow which he had already struck, and his design now was to swing round with his left, interpose his corps between the Federal army and United States ford, and capture or destroy them, or be himself destroyed.

He wanted but "one more hour of daylight" he afterwards said, to effect this great movement, and cut the enemy off from the Rappahannock; but within the hour he was himself to fall, struck down by one of those incomprehensible decrees of Providence which men see but cannot understand. We approach with pain the details of this event, which filled the whole South with grief.

Jackson had ridden forward, as we have said, to reconnoitre, accompanied only by Captain R. E. Wilbourn of his staff, and Captain William Randolph, with about half a dozen couriers, and two men of the signal corps. The enemy were less than two hundred yards in front of his lines, and no pickets had been established. Thus Jackson soon found himself considerably in advance of the troops, with nothing between him and the enemy. Who was to blame for this neglect we have no means of ascertaining, but it resulted in the death of Jackson.

Such was his ardor at this critical moment, and so great his anxiety to penetrate the movements of the enemy, doubly screened as they were by the dense forest and the shadows of night, that he continued his way without thought of the great danger to which he was exposing himself. So real was this peril that one of his staff officers said to him: "General, don't you think this is the wrong place for you?" To which he replied quickly, "The danger is all over—the enemy is routed!—go

back and tell A. P. Hill to press right on!" No one presumed to offer further remonstrance, and Jackson continued to advance down the road toward Chancellorsville, listening for every sound, and endeavoring to peer through the half darkness.

He had advanced in this manner more than a hundred yards beyond his lines, and had reached a point on the road opposite an unfinished weather-board house on the right, whose shell-torn roof may still be seen, when suddenly, without any conceivable cause, a heavy volley was fired by the Confederate infantry in his rear and on the right of the road, apparently directed at him and his escort. Several of the party fell from their horses; and Jackson turned to the left and galloped off in the opposite direction. He had not gone twenty steps into the woods when a Confederate brigade, which was there drawn up within twenty yards of him, delivered a volley in their turn, kneeling on the right knee, as the flash of the guns showed, as though preparing to guard against cavalry. By this fire Jackson was wounded in three places. He received one ball in his left arm, two inches below the shoulder joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery; a second passed through the same arm, between the elbow and wrist, making its exit through the palm of the hand; and a third ball entered the palm of his right hand, about the middle, and passing through, broke two of the bones.

At the moment when he was struck he was holding his bridle in his left hand, and his right was raised, either in the gesture habitual with him, or to defend his face from the boughs of the trees. His left hand immediately dropped by his side, and his horse, thus no longer controlled by the rein, wheeled suddenly and ran off with him from the firing, in the direction of the enemy. His helpless condition exposed him immediately to a distressing accident. His horse ran violently between two pine trees, from one of which a low bough extended, about the height of his head, to the other; and as he passed between the trees this bough struck him in the face, tore off his cap, and threw him so violently back that his shoulders came in contact with his horse. He did not fall, however, and soon rose erect again,

seizing the bridle with the bleeding fingers of his right hand, and turning the horse into the road again. Here Captain Wilbourn succeeded in catching the reins and checking the animal, who was almost frantic from terror, at the moment when, from loss of blood and exhaustion, Jackson was about to fall from the saddle.

The scene which the road presented at this moment was gloomy and exciting. Horses mad with fright were seen running in every direction, in the greatest confusion—some of them riderless, others defying the control of their riders—and in the road lay the wounded and dying, making the night more tragic with their groans. The whole escort of Jackson, except Captain Wilbourn and Mr. Wynn, of the signal corps, were killed, wounded, or dismounted. One of the signal corps, who was riding just behind Jackson, had his horse killed, and himself fell mortally wounded. A courier was wounded, and his horse ran with him into the enemy's lines, which were not more than one hundred yards distant; and Lieutenant Morrison, aide-de-camp and brother-in-law of Jackson, threw himself from his horse as he ran off toward the enemy's lines—the animal falling dead a moment afterwards. Captain Boswell, chief engineer, who had been sent to General Hill, near by, was killed, and his horse ran with him into the enemy's lines before he fell; Captain Forbes, aide-de-camp to General Hill, was killed; Captain Howard, of the staff, was wounded, and his horse bore him off into the Federal camp; Captain Leigh, aide-de-camp, had his horse shot under him; and two or three of General Hill's couriers were killed. Near the spot where Jackson was wounded, were counted the dead bodies of fourteen horses.

Such had been the lamentable result of this causeless fire—officers and men killed, others wounded, others borne off into the enemy's lines; Captain Boswell, of Jackson's staff, dragged a corpse toward Chancellorsville, and Jackson himself wounded unto death.

We proceed to relate the remaining particulars of the tragedy. The firing had ceased as suddenly as it began, and Jackson was

back in the road near the spot where he had received the first volley. No one but Captains Wilbourn and Wynn, of the signal corps, were present now. The rest were dead or scattered. But some one was seen sitting on his horse by the side of the road, and looking on, motionless and silent. This unknown individual was clad in a dark dress, which strongly resembled the Federal uniform; but he was directed to "ride up there, and see what troops those were"—the men who had fired the volleys. The stranger slowly rode in the direction pointed out, but never returned. Who this silent personage was, is left to conjecture.

Captain Wilbourn, who was standing by Jackson, now said, "They certainly must be our troops"—to which the General assented with a nod of the head, but said nothing. He was looking up the road toward his lines "with apparent astonishment," and continued to look in that direction as if unable to realize that he could have been fired upon and wounded by his own men. His wound was bleeding profusely, the blood streaming down so as to fill his gauntlets, and it was necessary to act promptly. Captain Wilbourn asked him if he was much injured, and urged him to make an effort to move his fingers, as the ability to do this would show that his arm was not broken. He endeavored to do so, looking down at his hand during the attempt, but speedily gave up the effort, announcing that the arm was broken. An attempt made by his companion to straighten it caused him great anguish, and murmuring, "You had better take me down," he leaned forward and fell into Captain Wilbourn's arms. He was so much exhausted by loss of blood, that he was unable to take his feet out of the stirrups, and this was done by Mr. Wynn. He was then carried by the two men to the side of the road, where, in case the enemy advanced, he would not be discovered, and his fall could not come to the knowledge of his own troops. Here he was laid under a small tree, Captain Wilbourn holding his head upon his breast, and Wynn was sent back to summon Dr. McGuire, his chief surgeon, and hasten up the first ambulance which could be found. The messenger was also cautioned not to mention his wound to any

one but the surgeon, in order that the troops, soon to renew the attack, might not be discouraged. Captain Wilbourn then made an examination of his injuries; first removing the General's field glasses and haversack—which latter contained some paper, envelopes, and two religious tracts—and putting them on his own person for safety, he proceeded, with a small penknife, to cut away the sleeves of the India rubber overall, dress coat, and two shirts from the bleeding arm.

While engaged in this painful duty he heard the sound of horses' hoofs approaching, and General Hill, who had succeeded in checking the fire of the troops, to which he had also been exposed, rode up. Captain Wilbourn called to him, and he approached—dismounting immediately, with Captain B. W. Leigh, serving that day on his staff. The rest of the staff and escort were halted, and remained in the saddle a few paces from the spot. Jackson had just murmured, "Captain, I wish you would get me a skilful surgeon," when General Hill came to his side, and expressed his regret at the occurrence, asking if the wound was painful. Jackson replied, "Very painful," and added that his "arm was broken." General Hill pulled off his gauntlets, which were full of blood, and Lieutenant Smith, his aide-de-camp, who had just arrived, removed his sabre and belt. The arm, now much swollen, was tied up with a handkerchief; and as it had ceased bleeding, and Jackson did not complain, or exhibit any marks of suffering, those around him indulged the hope that the artery was not cut. He was painfully weak, however, and it was necessary that some stimulant should be administered. A flask, containing a small quantity of whiskey or brandy, was furnished by one of the party, and this was held to his lips. He swallowed the spirits with manifest repugnance, and then called for water, which was handed him in a canteen, and of which he drank freely. This seemed to give him strength, but his condition was still critical, and it seemed impossible to move him without making his wound bleed afresh.

To remove him from that spot was, however, absolutely necessary. The enemy were not more than a hundred yards distant;

the battle might recommence at any moment ; and the situation of the wounded leader, thus exposed to both the Federal fire and that of his own men, and in danger of being trampled upon by the charging battalions, was critical in the extreme. Either death or capture imminently threatened him ; and it was not long before a new act in the tragic drama commenced.

Suddenly the voice of Captain Adams, of General Hill's staff, was heard from the road, about ten or fifteen yards in front of the group, calling out : "Halt ! surrender—fire on them if they don't surrender !"

General Hill immediately drew his pistol, and mounting his horse, moved back to take command of his line, first assuring Jackson that he would keep his accident, as far as possible, from the knowledge of the troops—for which the General thanked him. The persons halted proved to be two Federal skirmishers who at once surrendered, with an air of considerable astonishment, declaring that they were not aware they were in the Confederate lines. This incident will show how near the enemy were at the moment ; and a few minutes afterwards Lieutenant Morrison, who had now come up, reported that the Federal lines were advancing rapidly, and were at that moment within less than a hundred yards of the spot. He exclaimed, "Let us take the General up in our arms, and carry him off !" but Jackson, now very faint and pale, replied, "No ; if you can help me up, I can walk."

He was accordingly lifted and placed upon his feet, when the enemy's batteries in front opened with great violence, and Captain Leigh, who had just arrived with a litter, had his horse killed under him by a shell. He leaped to the ground, near Jackson, and the latter leaning his right arm upon this officer's shoulder, slowly dragged himself along toward the Confederate lines, the blood from his wounded arm flowing profusely over Captain Leigh's uniform. The Southern troops were now in motion to repulse the advance of the enemy, and as they passed the wounded general, whose escort of officers indicated his rank, they asked : "Who is that ? who have you there ?"

To this the reply was, "Oh, it is only a friend of ours who is wounded."

These inquiries became at last so frequent as the column continued to pass, that Jackson said: "When asked, just say it is a Confederate officer."

The curiosity of the troops, however, was evaded with the utmost difficulty, and the men would go around the horses which were led along on each side of the General, to conceal him, to see if they could recognize him. Something in the atmosphere seemed to inform the veterans of the old corps that their great commander was no longer in the saddle to lead them to victory; and every circumstance appeared to furnish ground for their gloomy suspicions. At last the unfortunate discovery was made. One of the men caught a glimpse of the General, walking bare-headed in the moonlight, and suddenly exclaimed, "in the most pitiful tone," says an eye-witness: "Great God! that is General Jackson!"

An evasive reply was made to these words, indicating that the man was mistaken; and he gazed at the officer with a look of blank astonishment and doubt, but passed on without further words.

All this occurred before Jackson had been able to drag himself more than twenty steps. At the point, however, which the party had now reached, they found the litter hurried forward by Captain Leigh; and as the General's strength was completely exhausted, he was placed upon it, and borne off by Captain Leigh, Lieutenant Smith, and two men of the ambulance corps. The rest of the party walked on each side, leading the horses.

The litter had scarcely begun to move, when the fire of the enemy's artillery became frightful. The ridge in front of Chancellorsville resembled the crater of a volcano vomiting forth fire and iron. A hurricane of shell and canister swept the road as with the besom of destruction; and the broken ranks, riderless horses, and wild confusion made up a scene of tumult which was enough to try the stoutest nerves. The enemy had probably understood that some cause of confusion had arisen in the Con-

federate ranks, or suspected that another attack was about to commence, and they directed upon the road over which the Southern forces were compelled to advance, the concentrated fire of their heaviest artillery. A storm of grape tore through the trees and along the road, mowing down the boughs, and striking fire from the stones of the turnpike; and for a moment the Southern line was checked and thrown into the utmost disorder. By this fire General Hill, General Pender, Colonel Crutchfield, Jackson's chief of artillery, and Major Rogers, of artillery, also of Jackson's staff, were wounded, and one of the men of the ambulance corps carrying the litter of the wounded General, was shot through both arms, and dropped his burden. His companion did likewise, hastily flying from the dangerous locality, and but for Captain Leigh, who caught the handle of the litter, it would have fallen to the ground. Lieutenant Smith had been leading his own and the General's horse, but the animals now broke away from him, in uncontrollable terror, and the tremendous fire scattered the rest of the party in every direction for shelter.

Under these circumstances the litter was lowered into the road, and the officers lay down by it to protect themselves in some degree from the merciless hurricane of grape and canister which whistled through the air, and "struck myriads of sparks from the flinty stone of the roadside." Jackson raised himself upon his elbow and attempted to get up, but Lieutenant Smith threw his arm across the General's breast and compelled him to desist. They lay in this manner for some minutes without moving, and in the midst of the most terrific confusion. "So far as I could see into our lines," says one of the party, "men and horses were struggling with a most terrible death." A few minutes before, the road had been crowded, declares another, and now no man or beast was visible except those writhing in the agonies of death. The wounded soldier and his companions were the sole living human beings upon the gloomy scene.

In a little while the fire of canister veered around to the opposite side; and although the enemy continued to direct a hot

fire of shell down the road, Jackson rose to his feet, leaning upon Lieutenants Smith and Morrison, the latter having rejoined the party, and followed by Captain Leigh bearing the litter which he probably foresaw would soon again be needed, the General turned aside from the road which was again filling with infantry and artillery, and struck into the woods. Here he dragged himself along with painful difficulty, passing lines of infantry lying upon their faces. He was moving slowly through the tangled undergrowth by the roadside, when General Pender, who had been only slightly wounded, recognized Lieutenant Smith, and asked "who it was that was wounded." Lieutenant Smith replied evasively, "A Confederate officer," but as they came nearer in the moonlight, General Pender recognized his commander.

"Ah! General," he said, "I am sorry to see you have been wounded. The lines here are so much broken that I fear we will have to fall back."

Although greatly exhausted and almost fainting from his wound, Jackson exhibited at this moment the old martial fire of which nothing could deprive him. He raised his drooping head, and with a flash of the eye exclaimed:

"You must hold your ground, General Pender! You must hold your ground, sir!"

This was the last order given by Jackson on the field. His strength was now completely exhausted, and he asked to be permitted to lie down upon the ground. But to this his escort would not consent. The fire of the enemy's artillery was still exceedingly hot, and as an advance of their infantry was momentarily expected, it was necessary to move on. The litter brought on by Captain Leigh was now again put in requisition; the fainting General was laid upon it; and some men having been procured to carry the litter, the whole party continued to move through the tangled wood in the direction of Melzi Chancellor's. So dense was the undergrowth, and the ground so difficult, that their progress was slow and painful. An accident which happened to one of the litter-bearers, was the occasion of

more pain to the wounded man than the injuries which he had received from the bullets. One of the men caught his foot in a grapevine, stumbled, and let go the handle of the litter, which descended heavily to the ground. Jackson fell upon his left shoulder, where the bone had been shattered, and his agony must have been extreme. "For the first time," says one of the party, "he groaned, and most piteously."

He was raised from the ground, and a beam of moonlight passing through the dense foliage overhead, revealed the countenance of the soldier, pale, exhausted, with closed eyes—his breast covered with blood, and rising and falling with his painful breathing. Those around him now feared that the great loss of blood had deprived him of his small remaining strength, and that his life was slowly ebbing away. What a death to die! All around him was the dense and tangled wood, only half illuminated by the struggling moonbeams—above him burst the shell of the enemy, exploding, says an officer, "like showers of falling stars;" and when the firing lulled for a moment, they heard the melancholy cry of the whippoorwill, lost in the thicket. In this strange wilderness the man of Port Republic and Manassas, who had led so many desperate charges, seemed about to close his eyes and die in the night, far from home and kindred, and watched over by a few friends only whom Providence had sent to his assistance.

But such was not to be the termination of his career. When asked by one of the party whether he was much hurt, he opened his eyes, and said quietly, without further exhibition of pain:

"No, my friend, don't trouble yourself about me."

The litter was then again raised upon the shoulders of the men, and the party continued their way. The ground now became still more difficult, and finding further progress through the wood utterly impracticable, they turned to the left, reached the road, and pressing into service new reliefs of bearers, made their way to a point on the road where a solitary ambulance was standing. In this ambulance Colonel Crutchfield and Major Rogers had been placed when wounded. Although badly

hurt, the latter insisted upon being taken out, to make room for the General, and Jackson was laid in his place.

The General repeatedly asked for some spirits during his progress to the rear, and this was now obtained. It sensibly relieved him, and, reaching Melzi Chancellor's, he found Dr. McGuire, his chief surgeon.

From Melzi Chancellor's he was taken to the hospital at Wilderness Run, at the intersection of the old turnpike and Germanna plank road, five miles west of Chancellorsville.*



CHAPTER XXXVII.

THE RESULT OF JACKSON'S MOVEMENT.

THE decisive engagement which we have attempted to describe should properly be called the battle of the Wilderness, to distinguish it from the battle of Chancellorsville, which occurred on the next day. We have, nevertheless, acquiesced in the popular decision, which has given the latter name to the battles both of Saturday and Sunday; and now proceed briefly to sum up the exciting incidents which terminated the great struggle, before returning to the proper theme of these pages.

When Jackson and Hill were both wounded and forced to retire from the field, a member of General Hill's staff was despatched to summon General Stuart, who had gone with his cavalry to hold the road to Ely's ford. As soon as he arrived, the command of the corps, which had temporarily devolved upon General Rodes, was formally turned over to him by General Hill, who was still upon the field, and he proceeded to make

* The foregoing narrative is based upon minute and most interesting MS. statements from Captain R. E. Wilbourn and Lieutenant J. P. Smith, of the General's staff, and a letter of Captain B. W. Leigh, serving on General Hill's staff, which will be found in the Appendix to this volume. These details are now for the first time published.

instant preparations for a renewal of the attack. Ignorant in a great measure of the enemy's position, and summoned thus to take command in the darkness, General Stuart requested Major Pendleton to go to General Jackson and ask what his dispositions and plans were, as he "knew that what General Jackson had designed was the very best that could be done." When this message was delivered to the wounded soldier at Wilderness Run, he replied: "Go back to General Stuart and tell him to act upon his own judgment, and do what he thinks best; I have implicit confidence in him." *

In consequence of the recent attack upon the Confederate right, and the confusion of the troops which had fired into each other several times, mistaking each other for the enemy, General Stuart decided not to hazard a night attack, and addressed himself energetically to the task of preparing for an assault upon the Federal position at dawn next day. Riding rapidly along the lines, he placed each in position, enjoined silence, and made every disposition for a move at daylight. A writer in one of the journals describes the picturesque appearance of the General as he thus moved rapidly to and fro, his drawn sabre gleaming in the moonlight, his words of good cheer inspiring the men of Jackson with new ardor for the obstinate struggle which was still before them.

The corps was drawn up in three lines—Hill's division constituting the first, Colston's the second, and Rodes' the third. At dawn every preparation was made; the troops were eager for the encounter; and as the sun rose splendidly, driving away the mists which enveloped the wild landscape, General Stuart ordered his three lines to advance upon the enemy. The men bore steadily down upon the Federal position, which was not half a mile in front, and soon the forest echoed with the crash of musketry and artillery. With a quick eye General Stuart had seen that the ridge upon the right of his line was an admi-

* This statement is made upon the authority of Colonel A. S. Pendleton, Jackson's adjutant-general, who recalled the exact words used by General Jackson.

rable position for artillery, and, massing rapidly upon this eminence thirty pieces, he opened a heavy enfilading fire upon the Federal batteries. The effect was important, the fire sweeping every thing before it, and driving the enemy still further from the plank road beyond Chancellorsville toward the river.

Met thus by this heavy and damaging fire from the Confederate right, the Federal lines swung round and made a vigorous assault upon their left. To repulse this attack, Colston's division, which had been ordered to the right, was rapidly moved to the left, and the three lines became merged into one line of battle, which was soon engaged in a bloody contest with the heavy columns of the enemy, fighting now with the energy of despair. General Hooker had contracted his lines, massed his forces for a last struggle; and at this critical moment the ammunition of a considerable portion of the Southern troops, in consequence of the hot action on the night before, was exhausted.

Every available regiment was immediately sent to the point; the troops were ordered to hold the ground at all hazards, if necessary with the bayonet, and the enemy were held in check. The right of the line had now swung round, and about eight o'clock the works of the enemy were stormed by the combined forces of the Confederates, Stuart's right having connected with Anderson's left, where General Lee commanded in person. Three times they were won and lost, amid a deafening roar of artillery and musketry. Nothing, however, availed to check the Southern troops. The artillery was advanced; the infantry made their way over every obstacle, and at ten o'clock Chancellorsville was in General Lee's possession.

The scene presented at this moment was one of overpowering horror and magnificence. In their fiery path the shells had set the woods on fire, and the forest was roaring and crackling above the countless wounded, buried in their depths, and thus exposed to the most agonizing of all deaths. Over the bleeding bodies soared the inexorable flames; and in many instances the fallen, half torn to pieces by shell, or pierced with balls, found their expiring moments hastened by the cruel tongues of fire.

An inexpressible horror enveloped the scene, and in front of all rose the Chancellorsville house, riddled with cannon shot, and presenting one huge mass of flame. It had been set on fire by shell, and now resembled the crater of a volcano, from which rose jets of flame and lurid smoke, mingling with the rest, and overshadowing the whole landscape with its gloomy mantle.

Such is a brief outline of this sanguinary conflict. The Confederate troops never fought with more resolution, and although they were gallantly met they carried the day. A Northern writer describing the Southern troops says :

“ From the large brick house, which gives the name to this vicinity, the enemy could be seen sweeping slowly, but confidently, determinedly, and surely, through the clearings which extended in front. Nothing could excite more admiration for the best qualities of the veteran soldier than the manner in which the enemy swept out, as they moved steadily onward, the forces which were opposed to them. We say it reluctantly, and for the first time, that the enemy have shown the finest qualities, and we acknowledge, on this occasion, their superiority in the open field to our own men.

“ They delivered their fire with precision, and were apparently inflexible and immovable under the storm of bullets and shell which they were constantly receiving. Coming to a piece of timber, which was occupied by a division of our own men, half the number were detailed to clear the woods. It seemed certain that here they would be repulsed, but they marched right through the wood, driving our own soldiers out, who delivered their fire and fell back, halted again, fired and fell back as before, seeming to concede to the enemy, as a matter of course, the superiority which they evidently felt themselves. Our own men fought well. There was no lack of courage, but an evident feeling, apparently the result of having been so often whipped, or of having witnessed the rout on the night previous, that they were destined to be beaten, and the only thing for them to do was to fire and retreat. The enemy felt confident that they were to be victorious, and our men had, from

some occasion, imbibed the same impression. Our men showed lack of earnestness and enthusiasm, but no want of courage. All that they needed was the inspiration of a series of victories to look back upon, and an earnestness and confidence in the success of the cause for which they were fighting. Thus ended the Sabbath and another chapter in the series of our disasters."

On the afternoon of Sunday, May 3d, General Lee was in line of battle along the plank road with his centre at Chancellorsville. A final advance was just on the point of being made when intelligence arrived that General Sedgwick had recrossed into Fredericksburg, stormed Marye's hill, captured a portion of the Confederate force there, and was now advancing up the main road to form a junction with General Hooker at Chancellorsville. This movement of so heavy a force against his flank made it necessary for General Lee to delay his advance upon General Hooker; and the divisions of Anderson and McLaws were sent to meet Sedgwick. At Salem Church, about five miles from Fredericksburg, they encountered Barksdale and Wilcox falling back before the enemy, who pressed them hotly; and the reënforcements just came in time. General Sedgwick was held in check until night; and on the next morning General Lee, who had arrived during the night, vigorously attacked him and drove him back in confusion on Banks' ford. He was pursued to that point, and barely had time to cross on his pontoons when the Confederate artillery opened upon him.

On Tuesday, the 5th, McLaws' division was sent toward United States ford, and General Lee returned with Anderson to Chancellorsville to attack General Hooker. "By this time," says a Northern writer, "the aspect of affairs had become exceedingly dark." The prospect was indeed gloomy. General Hooker had been defeated in every struggle since his appearance on the southern shores of the Rappahannock; had been driven from Chancellorsville, forced back upon the river—and on Tuesday afternoon it commenced raining.

When General Lee advanced on Wednesday morning his ad-

versary had disappeared. He had commenced the movement as far back as Sunday night; on Monday night all his trains and baggage were across, and on Tuesday night the infantry and artillery were moved to the Northern bank, heavy layers of pine boughs having been laid upon the pontoons to deaden the sound of the wheels.

To all who witnessed these events, the movement of General Hooker meant enforced *retreat*. He styled it "withdrawing," and issued a "congratulatory order" to his troops, which is here recorded.

General Order No. 49.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, *May 6, 1863.*

The Major-General commanding tenders to this army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources.

In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries, the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself and its fidelity to the principles it represents.

By fighting at a disadvantage we would have been recreant to our trust, to ourselves, to our cause, and to our country. Profoundly loyal, and conscious of its strength, the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interests or honor may command it.

By the celerity and secrecy of our movements, our advance and passage of the river were undisputed, and, on our withdrawal, not a rebel dared to follow us. The events of the last week may well cause the heart of every officer and soldier of the army to swell with pride.

We have added new laurels to our former renown. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his intrenchments; and whenever we have fought, we have inflicted heavier blows than those we have received.

We have taken from the enemy 5,000 prisoners and 15 colors, captured 7 pieces of artillery, and placed *hors du combat* 18,000 of our foe's chosen troops.

We have destroyed his depots filled with vast amounts of stores, damaged his communications, captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation.

We have no other regret than that caused by the loss of our brave com

panions; and in this we are consoled by the conviction that they have fallen in the holiest cause ever submitted to the arbitration of battle.

By command of Major-General HOOKER,
S. WILLIAMS, Assistant Adjutant-General.

General Lee's order was as follows :

General Order No. 5

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF NORTHERN VIRGINIA, *May 7, 1863.*

With heartfelt gratification the General commanding expresses to the army his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men during the arduous operations in which they have just been engaged.

Under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm you attacked the enemy, strongly intrenched in the depths of a tangled wilderness, and again on the hills of Fredericksburg, fifteen miles distant, and by the valor that has triumphed on so many fields, forced him once more to seek safety beyond the Rappahannock. While this glorious victory entitles you to the praise and gratitude of the nation, we are especially called upon to return our grateful thanks to the only Giver of victory, for the signal deliverance He has wrought.

It is therefore earnestly recommended that the troops unite on Sunday next, in ascribing unto the Lord of Hosts the glory due unto His name.

Let us not forget in our rejoicing the brave soldiers who have fallen in defence of their country; and, while we mourn their loss, let us resolve to emulate their noble example.

The army and the country alike lament the absence for a time of one to whose bravery, energy, and skill they are so much indebted for success.

The following letter from the President of the Confederate States is communicated to the army as an expression of his appreciation of their success :

"I have received your despatch, and reverently unite with you in giving praise to God for the success with which he has crowned our arms. In the name of the people, I offer my cordial thanks to yourself and the troops under your command, for this addition to the unprecedented series of great victories which our army has achieved. The universal rejoicing produced by this happy result will be mingled with a general regret for the good and the brave who are numbered among the killed and the wounded."

R. E. LEE, General.

The trenchant criticism of a Northern journal upon General Hooker's whole campaign will appropriately conclude our brief outline. This, it must be remembered, is a Federal *critique*,

not Confederate; and if somewhat bitter, will not be found unfair.

“In view,” says this writer, “of the pleasing delusions which the Administration is now endeavoring to propagate, it would be well, perhaps, to outline some of the leading facts in this short campaign, from which the reader can draw his own moral:

“1. It is not true that General Lee was surprised or deceived by General Hooker’s movement across the Rappahannock. From the Richmond papers of last Saturday it is clear that the Confederate military leaders understood it perfectly, and deliberately allowed our army to cross, confident of their ability to defeat, if not destroy it. Forney, in the Philadelphia ‘Press,’ states that General Hooker was induced to cross by the assurances of his spies and scouts that the only army to oppose him was one of 40,000 under General Jackson, General Lee being sick and his army scattered. The Baltimore secessionists had the same report, and believed it. General Hooker, therefore, at the very start, was the deceived party, and walked straight into the trap prepared for him.

“2. The great cavalry raid, which was an entire success, did General Hooker no good, because it did not precede, instead of accompanying his movements. General Lee’s reënforcements had all arrived before the destruction of the railroads and bridges. To him this is now only a temporary inconvenience. Had General Hooker retained his cavalry with his army, it would have been far better for him. He could have captured several thousand more prisoners when Fredericksburg was taken, and, more than all, could have prevented General Jackson’s surprise of his flank and rear. They might have changed the complexion of the fight.

“3. General Hooker’s division of his army was as disastrous in this instance as have been all such in former military history. It is known that General Halleck utterly disapproved of this dispersion of the Union forces, and the result proved that in this case, at least, he was right. If General Lee had furnished General Hooker with a plan, it could not have been more

to his liking. He first hurled all his forces upon General Hooker and beat him; this was on Saturday and Sunday, and then on Monday he repossessed the heights of Fredericksburg, and drove General Sedgwick across the river, with the loss of one-third of his force. Thus General Lee, with one great army, beat two smaller armies in detail.

“ 4. The battles of Saturday and Sunday were indisputable rebel victories, as the enemy's attack upon General Sedgwick on Monday proved. The latter was defeated almost before General Hooker's eyes, and the latter could not even make a diversion to save him. Generals Lee and Jackson drove our army steadily from point to point until it was crowded back upon the south bank of the river. Our artillery, which, according to the rebel accounts, was splendidly served, no doubt saved what remained of the army.

“ 5. The retreat across the river, according to General Lee's despatch to Jeff. Davis, commenced on Sunday night, and was in consequence of his signal victory. The Administration's statement is that it was commenced on Tuesday night, simply as a matter of precaution on account of the storm and the rising stream. General Lee's account has all the known facts and the probabilities on its side. The Union correspondents all agree that the stores and baggage were moved to the north bank on Monday, leaving nothing but the artillery and infantry to cross on Tuesday. The fierce storm of that day probably saved the bulk of our army, which was passed over at night.

“ 6. General Hooker's statement of his losses reads as if it was made by General Wadsworth. He says his total loss in killed, wounded, and missing will not be more than 10,000 men. If this be true, there are several circumstances that need explaining badly. General Sedgwick alone, all the accounts agree, lost one-third his force, or about 6,000 men; but call it 5,000. The capture of Fredericksburg, and the storming of the heights in its rear on Sunday, lost us 800 men in killed and wounded. This would leave but little over 4,000 to have been killed, wounded, and captured in the tremendous battles of Sat-

urday and Sunday, when, at the very least, 150,000 men met in deadly conflict. If General Hooker and General Lee commanded Chinese armies, this might have been possible; but as they were Americans on both sides, it is simply incredible. The rout of the 11th Corps, and the driving back of our whole lines for two days in succession, must have cost us—we will not say how many men, but certainly more than 4,000. Judged by the other battles of the war, this fight ought to have put 25,000 men *hors du combat*. General Hooker may be right in his estimate, but if he is, the fighting on both sides was disgraceful.

“But the theme is too painful to dwell upon. The whole management of the campaign shows a painful lack both of capacity and true courage, of mental force and a high sense of honor. Our rulers are alike incapable and untruthful.”

Such was the epitaph of General Hooker!



CHAPTER XXXVIII.

“IT IS ALL RIGHT.”

ALL day long on Sunday, while the great conflict was roaring around Chancellorsville, Jackson lay at Wilderness Run, faint, motionless, but thrilling at this sound so long familiar to his ears.

Never before had the illustrious soldier been compelled to retire from the field—for, at Manassas, though wounded, he still retained command of his brigade; and it must have stirred his soul to its depths to find himself thus powerless as an infant while the great battle, big with weal or woe for his country, was raging furiously a few miles distant from the couch on which he lay.

But there was no choice left him. The fatal balls had torn through flesh and muscle, through bone and artery. His life was ebbing slowly; and he could only submit his spirit humbly

to the decree of that God who had never deserted him, and to whose mysterious will he bowed with simple, childlike resignation.

He had been carried, as we have said, to the field hospital at Wilderness Run, about five miles west of the battle-field; and here he was placed in a tent in rear of the tavern at that point, under a stunted tree, which is still exhibited to the visitor. He had lost so much blood in that painful progress from the front, borne on a litter every moment jolting and aggravating thus the extent of his injuries, that upon arriving at Wilderness Run he was almost pulseless. The face from which his men had so often gathered the inspiration of victory, was calm and pale; the arm which had risen reverently aloft in so many scenes of blood and death was paralyzed, and lay as helpless as an infant's by his side; the great form which had towered in the front of battle was stretched, drained of strength and motion, on the bed of a hospital.

A thorough examination was speedily made of the soldier's wounds. They were found to be very serious; and the result of a consultation between Drs. McGuire, Black, Coleman, and Walls, was that amputation of the arm should be immediately resorted to.

This decision of the surgeons was guardedly communicated to him. He was asked: “If we find amputation necessary, shall it be done at once?” He replied with alacrity and that disregard of pain which was a part of his manly spirit:

“Yes, certainly! Dr. McGuire, do for me whatever you think right.”

Preparations were accordingly made for performing the operation, and the patient having been put under the influence of chloroform, his arm was taken off without subjecting him, apparently, to very great pain. He slept well after the operation, and when he awoke asked for Mrs. Jackson, and requested that she might be sent for.

His thoughts then turned to the battle which was at the time in progress, and he seemed to have no doubt that it would result

in victory for the Confederates. He spoke of the attack which he had made on the preceding evening, and said with a glow of martial ardor and a proud smile: "If I had not been wounded, or had had one hour more of daylight, I would have cut off the enemy from the road to United States ford; we would have had them entirely surrounded, and they would have been obliged to surrender or cut their way out—they had no other alternative. My troops may sometimes fail in driving an enemy from a position; but the enemy always fails to drive my men from a position."

He did not complain of his wounds, and never referred to them unless a direct question was addressed to him on the subject by some one. He spoke, however, of the fall from the litter as he was being borne from the field; and, although no contusion or abrasion was perceptible from this accident, declared that it had done him serious injury.

About this time he had the satisfaction of receiving from the commander whom he loved and admired so warmly, this touching evidence of his sympathy:

"I have just received your note, informing me that you were wounded. I cannot express my regret at the occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you on the victory which is due to your skill and energy."

This recognition from his commanding general of the loss which the cause had sustained when he was wounded, proved grateful to his feelings; but upon reading it he reverently said: "General Lee should give the glory to God."

The regret of General Lee at this deplorable event was indeed poignant. The soul of the great commander was moved to its depths; and he who had so long learned to conceal emotion, could not control his anguish. "Jackson will not—he *cannot* die!" General Lee exclaimed, in a broken voice, and waving every one from him with his hand—"he *cannot* die!"

But the hours were hastening on—Sunday passed; the

wounded man sleeping well in the afternoon—and Monday came. His physicians now deemed it advisable to remove him to some point where he could be more quiet; and, accordingly, he was carried to Mr. Chandler's, near Guinea's Depot, on the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac Railroad, about eight miles from Hamilton's crossing, where every arrangement was made to ensure his comfort and careful treatment. During the ride from the Wilderness to Guinea's he complained greatly of the heat of the day, and, in addition to the wet applications applied to his wound, begged that a wet cloth might be laid upon his stomach. He declared that this gave him great relief.

During the ride to Guinea's he had maintained his serene and cheerful bearing, and talked much in reference to the battle of Saturday. He spoke of the gallant bearing of General Rodes, and said that his commission as major-general ought to date from that day. In this the wishes of the dying soldier were complied with.

He seemed also very anxious to hear all the particulars of the battle of Sunday. When told of the charge of his old Stonewall Brigade, and how, led by Stuart in person, and shouting, “Charge! and remember Jackson!” they pressed on over every obstacle, his breast heaved, the old martial light came to his face, and with deep emotion he exclaimed:

“It was just like them! it was just like them! They are a noble body of men!”

He was very much affected at the intelligence of General Paxton's death, but seemed to derive a sorrowful satisfaction from the glories which his old command had won. He asked after every one whom he knew, and said:

“The men who live through this war will be proud to say ‘I was one of the Stonewall Brigade’ to their children.”

With that modesty, however, which never left him, he hastened to guard this declaration from the appearance of egotism, and added that the name of “Stonewall” did not belong to him, but to his brigade.

His mind continued to dwell continually upon religious sub-

jects, and his views of Providential interposition were constantly present with him. Looking at his mutilated arm, he said :

“ Many people would regard this as a great misfortune. I regard it as one of the great blessings of my life.”

An officer long associated with him said :

“ ‘ All things work together for good to those that love God.’ ”

“ Yes, yes ! ” was the earnest reply, “ that’s it ! ”

Speculating with this officer upon the question whether those miraculously cured of the palsy by our Saviour ever had a return of the disease, he said with great feeling :

“ I do not think it could have returned, for the power was too great. The poor paralytic could never again shake with the palsy. Oh, for infinite power ! ”

On Monday night he slept well, and seemed to have recovered in a great measure from the nervous shock which he had received from his injuries. His spirits rose, and on Tuesday morning he ate with relish, and seemed to look forward to his recovery as speedy and certain. He was still somewhat annoyed by the cold which he had caught on the night of the 1st of May, by returning the cape spread over him by the young member of his staff ; but to this he attached no importance.

He said to his physician : “ Can you tell me, from the appearance of my wounds, how long I will be kept from the field ? ” and when told that they were doing remarkably well, he exhibited very great satisfaction. He had no pain in the side, and thought himself well enough to see and converse with his staff ; but he was advised against this by his attendants, and did not persist.

On Wednesday, his wounds continued to look remarkably well, and he was now regarded as so far out of danger, that preparations were made to carry him by railroad to Richmond. A rain, however, which had set in, prevented this design, and he was not removed. On this night, while Dr. McGuire, who had not closed his eyes for three nights, was snatching a little rest, the General complained of nausea, and ordered his body servant,

Jim, to place a wet towel on his stomach. This was done, but with bad results. The surgeon was waked by Jim at daylight, and informed that his master was suffering very much. The pain was in the right side, and was due partly to the heavy fall from the litter while being borne from the battle-field, and partly to incipient pneumonia, which now began to develop itself.

This was on the morning of Thursday, and later in the day Mrs. Jackson arrived. The presence of his wife seemed to afford the General great joy, and thenceforth she nursed him to the moment of his death.

The remainder of the sorrowful record will not fill much space, or occupy the attention of the reader many moments. The Supreme Ruler of the destinies of humanity had decreed that this pure and majestic spirit should pass from earth to a happier and more peaceful realm. The hours of the great soldier were numbered; he had fought his last battle, finished his work, and now was about to receive that crown laid up for those who believe in Him who governs all things.

On Thursday evening all pain had ceased, but a mortal prostration came on, from which he never recovered. He still conversed feebly, and again said:

"I consider these wounds a blessing; they were given me for some good and wise purpose, and I would not part with them if I could."

From this time he continued to sink, and on Sunday morning it was obvious that he could only live a few hours longer. His mind was still clear, however, and he asked Major Pendleton, his Adjutant-General, "who was preaching at headquarters on that day?" Mrs. Jackson was with him during his last moments, and conversed with him fully and freely.

"I know you would gladly give your life for me," he said, "but I am perfectly resigned. Do not be sad, I hope I shall recover. Pray for me, but always remember in your prayers to use the petition, '*Thy* will be done.'"

In the event of his death, he advised her to return to her father's home, and said:

“ You have a kind, good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father.”

His manner to every one had become full of gentleness and tenderness. The great spirit was fading slowly from the world, like a sun unobscured by clouds or vapors. The prospect of death produced no change in him.

“ It will be infinite gain,” he said, “ to be translated to heaven, and be with Jesus.”

When his wife announced to him finally with tears that his last moments were approaching, he murmured calmly :

“ Very good, very good ; it is all right.”

Apprised thus that his final moment was approaching, he sent kind messages to all his friends, the Generals and others ; taking thus his leave of earth, and sending his august farewells to those with whom he had fought upon so many bloody battle-fields.

He expressed a wish that he might be buried in “ Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia ”—and then his mind began to wander. That delirium which seizes upon the most powerful organizations, the most vigorous brains, at the mysterious moment when the last sands are falling from the hour-glass, began to affect him.

His thoughts reverted to the battle-field of Saturday, and he exclaimed at intervals :

“ Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action.”

“ Pass the infantry to the front !”

“ Tell Major Hawks to send forward provisions to the men !”

He evidently believed himself once more amid the forests of the Wilderness, and about to advance with his great corps upon the enemy.

This martial agitation soon, however, passed away. His excitement disappeared, his features again became serene, and he murmured with a smile :

“ Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees !”

The moment had indeed arrived when the illustrious leader was about to pass the dark river which separates two worlds.

and rest under the shade of the Tree of Life. From this time he continued gradually to sink, and at fifteen minutes past three in the afternoon, on Sunday, the 10th of May, he peacefully expired.

Such was the death of Jackson. He who had passed through a thousand scenes of carnage, expired upon his bed, surrounded by weeping friends, who were taught by that august spectacle how a Christian soldier can die.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

JACKSON'S REMAINS TAKEN TO LEXINGTON.

THE incidents which accompanied the reception of the illustrious soldier's body in Richmond and Lexington will terminate our narrative.

Honors were offered to him in all parts of the country, and the reader will peruse with interest these two which we have selected from the number. General Lee wrote :

“With deep grief the Commanding General announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General Jackson, who expired on the 9th, at 3.15 P. M. The daring, skill, and energy of this great and good soldier, by a decree of an all-wise Providence, are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength.

“Let his name be a watchword for his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let officers and soldiers imitate his invincible determination to do every thing in the defence of our beloved country.”

General Beauregard, commanding at Charleston, and long the warm friend of the Virginian, wrote :

“The illustrious soldier, Lieutenant-General Thomas J.

Jackson, is dead. The memory of his high worth, conspicuous virtues, and momentous services will be treasured in the heart, and excite the pride of his country to all time. His renown is already identified with our revolution; and even our enemy admits his unselfish devotion to our cause, and admires his eminent qualities.

“The Commanding Generals of the First Military District and of the District of Georgia, on the day following the receipt of this order, will cause a gun to be fired every half hour, beginning at sunrise and ending at sunset; and the flags of every post in the department will be hoisted at half-mast in token of this national bereavement.”

The intelligence reached Richmond on the evening of the 10th, and created profound depression among all classes of citizens. On the morning of the 11th it was announced that the remains of the soldier would reach Richmond that afternoon in a special train sent by the Governor of Virginia, and the Mayor of the city requested all persons to suspend business after ten o'clock in token of respect for the dead. All stores, workshops, the departments of Government, and all places in which labor was performed were closed. Flags were suspended at half-mast, a deep silence reigned in the streets, and in spite of the intense heat large crowds remained for hours at the Fredericksburg depot, waiting for the arrival of the train.

About four in the evening, amid a painful silence, only broken by the tolling of the bells, the train reached Richmond with its burden. The coffin was placed in a hearse, behind which was stationed the General's staff, and preceded by General Elzey and his staff, the State Guard of Virginia, and two regiments of infantry, moved through crowds of citizens to the Governor's house.

The body was laid in the reception-room of the mansion, the coffin-lid having been raised so as to show the person of the dead; a wreath of laurel was laid upon the breast, and around the coffin was wrapped the snow-white banner of the Confederate States.

That banner had been just adopted, and had never yet been raised. It was thus first used to wrap the dead body of the man who had fought so well for the land over which it was to float.

“The face of the dead,” says a writer in one of the journals. “displayed the same indomitable lines of firmness, with the long, slightly aquiline nose, and high forehead, of marble whiteness; but the cheeks presented a deep pallor. The eyelids were firmly closed, the mouth natural, and the whole contour of the face composed, the full beard and mustache remaining. The body was dressed in a full citizen’s suit, it being the object of his friends, and we doubt not the nation’s wish, to preserve the uniform in which he fought and fell.”

During the evening a few friends and the officers of government were admitted, also some members of Jackson’s old brigade. It is said that President Davis stood long by the body, gazed at the pallid face with deep emotion, and then turned away and left the house in silence. A more affecting incident was the appearance of an old soldier of the Stonewall Brigade. The veteran stood for some moments looking at the pale face of his General with tears in his eyes, then bending down pressed a kiss upon the lips, and slowly retired.

During the night the body was embalmed, a plaster cast of the features taken, and the corpse was placed in a metallic coffin. On the next day a great and solemn pageant marked the universal sense of loss.

A great procession was formed, and at the hour appointed the coffin was borne to the hearse; a signal gun was fired from the equestrian statue of Washington on the square; and to the solemn strains of the “Dead March in Saul,” the procession began to move. The hearse was drawn by four white horses, and preceded by two regiments of Pickett’s division and the State Guard of Virginia, with arms reversed, General Pickett and his staff, the Fayette artillery, and a squadron of cavalry. Behind came Generals Ewell, Winder, Churchill, Corse, Steuart, Kemper, Garnett, and Admiral Forrest—pall-bearers. These

were followed by the horse of the dead soldier caparisoned for battle, and led by his body-servant; his staff; members of the Old Stonewall Brigade with sorrowful and downcast looks; General Elzey and his staff; and then a vast array of government officials, the President, members of the Cabinet, the Governor of Virginia, the city authorities, with the judges, citizens, and good people generally—a silent and sorrowful multitude.

The procession moved down Governor's Street and up to the head of Main Street, whence it returned to the western gate of the Capitol Square, where a great concourse had assembled to see it enter. Sobs had accompanied it upon its way, the tears not only of women but of bearded men; such public grief had not been displayed since the death of Washington.

Thus amid tolling bells, the discharge of artillery at intervals, and the mournful strains of martial music, the long procession reached the Capitol Square. Here it halted, and the hearse moved to the western entrance of the capitol, accompanied only by the pall-bearers, general officers, and the public guard. In the midst of a great crowd of weeping women and children, with the thunder of artillery, and the mournful music of the bands filling the air, the coffin was then lifted from the hearse and borne into the capitol. The Hall of the House of Representatives had been draped in mourning, Confederate standards folded along the face of the galleries, and here in front of the speaker's chair, on a species of altar covered with white linen looped up with crape, the coffin was deposited.

The face and bust were then uncovered, and the crowd was admitted to gaze upon the features. Throughout the afternoon multitudes continued to come and go, old men and youths, women and children—all taking a sorrowful look at the placid features of the illustrious dead. When night came, 20,000 persons had thus passed in front of the body.

From the capitol the remains of Jackson were borne, under military escort, to Lexington, where they were received by General Smith, the corps of cadets, the professors, and a large

body of citizens. They were escorted in solemn procession to the barracks of the Institute, and deposited in the old lecture-room of the deceased. The room was just as he had left it two years before, as no one had occupied it during his absence; but it had been draped in mourning. The coffin was placed in front of the dead man's favorite chair, and amid the roar of the old cadet battery, heard at intervals of half an hour throughout the day, the body of the soldier lay in state in the familiar hall.

It was thus that he had returned to the beloved spot where he had passed so many happy hours in other years, and to which his thoughts went back in those last moments when he murmured:

“Bury me in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia!”

“Lexington!” That town had witnessed the peaceful labors of the professor; the calm researches of the quiet student; the serene enjoyments of the good husband and friend. Thence he had departed to enter upon the career which was to make his name renowned forever in the annals of a tragic epoch—to crown him with glory and honor as the right arm and chief hope of a great people. He murmured “Lexington! Lexington!” as the German exile murmurs “the Rhine! the Rhine!”

“The Valley of Virginia!” Those words too had, doubtless, a magical influence upon the stern soul of the celebrated leader. They conjured up visions of his chief glories won upon that old familiar, long loved soil. They meant Kernstown! McDowell! Winchester! Cross Keys! Port Republic! There was scarce a foot of the great highways of that region but had been trodden by him and his soldiers; scarce a mile over which he had not fought. There his steps had been clogged with battles, and almost every encounter was a victory. For that sacred earth he had fought so long and persistently; thence he had so frequently driven the invaders; every foot was dear to him from the mouth of the beautiful Shenandoah to its source; and for its freedom he had cheerfully risked all that man possesses. He had delivered that lovely land from all its foes;

and, lying powerless there near Fredericksburg, his heart turned fondly to the scene of his happiness and his fame. In that earth which he had redeemed—the soil of the Valley of Virginia—he desired his ashes to repose.

There they were accordingly deposited. Escorted by infantry, cavalry, and artillery, and borne to the grave upon a caisson of the old cadet battery, as became the great artillerist, they were consigned to the beloved earth where reposed the bodies of his first wife and child.

It is said that some loving hand planted on his grave a piece of laurel brought from the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena—thus connecting, as it were, by an invisible link, the man of Austerlitz with the victor of Port Republic and Chancellorsville.

Both returned in the moments of delirium to the battle-field; but whilst Napoleon died with that fierce cry, “*Tête d’Armée!*” upon his lips, Jackson fell asleep in a childlike dream of rivers and green trees. Napoleon trusted in his “*Star*”—Jackson in God. The former was a simple fatalist; the motto of the Virginian was, “*Do your duty and trust to Providence.*”

“*It is all right,*” was the other motto of Jackson—and he clung to it even in death. Let us, too, trust that all is well, and look beyond the storm with serene trust in Him who rules the destinies of men and nations.



CHAPTER XL.

JACKSON THE SOLDIER AND THE MAN.

WE have presented in the foregoing pages as truthful a record of the events of Jackson's career, as the material at our command permitted. It is impossible that the main occurrences have not been understood, or that the reader has not formed a tolerably clear idea of the military and personal traits of the in-

dividual. From the narrative, better than from any comment, those characteristics will be deduced; but a rapid summary of Jackson's traits as a soldier and a man may interest some readers, and to this we now proceed. Eulogy is easy in presence of this great career; but let us dismiss all such unprofitable work, and rationally inquire what endowments went to accomplish the successes of the soldier.

Jackson was a born leader, and had, underlying all, that supreme spirit of combativeness which is the foundation of military success. It is a fancy that he did not love fighting. War was horrible in his eyes, it is true, from the enormous public and private misery which it occasioned; but he none the less loved the conflict of opposing forces. In battle, under his calm exterior, he had the *gaudium certaminis*. You could see that he was a fighting animal, from his ponderous jaw. We say "animal," because, at such moments, Jackson the compassionate Christian, became Jackson the veritable bull-dog. His combativeness, when thus aroused, was obstinate, enormous. To fight to the death was his unflinching resolve, and his own invincible resolution was infused into his troops; they became inspired by his ardor, and were more than a match for two or three times their number fighting without this stimulus. With Jackson leading them in person, on fire with the heat of battle, the Stonewall Brigade and other troops which had served under him long, felt themselves able to achieve impossibilities. But combativeness and military ardor do not make a great commander; without them no officer can accomplish much, but more is needed to achieve the glories of arms. Enterprise is necessary; and this word, for want of a better, must express a quality of Jackson's mind which more than all else gave him his astonishing success. His rule was, never to allow an enemy to rest; to attack wherever it was possible, and to press on until all opposition was broken down and the day gained. The remarkable activity shown in his campaigns is an evidence that he possessed this trait as a General in a more eminent degree, perhaps, than any of his contemporaries. A sluggish or unwary adversary was doomed

already. When he least expected it, Jackson was before him, attacking with all the advantages of a surprise. It was said that he marched his men nearly to death, and it was true. But these excessive drains upon their physical strength were compensated by victories, by spoils, and by an immense accession to the moral strength of his command. Nor did he fail to preserve, thus, thousands of lives, which would have been lost by more deliberate and conventional warfare. He always preferred to arrive, by forced marches, in face of an unprepared enemy, and drive them before him, with comparatively small loss, to a more leisurely advance which would find them ready to meet him. He aimed to succeed rather by sweat than blood. His famous flank movements proved a terrible tax on the strength of his troops; but after their exhausting marches, the men finished the work without bloodshed, almost, and soon forgot their weariness in the sweet sleep which follows toil and victory. Aggressive warfare was the fundamental principle of his military system. He preserved the unvarying conviction, throughout his whole career, that the true policy of the South was one of invasion. So far did he carry this, that after Port Republic, as we have seen, he was passionately bent on advancing into Pennsylvania, though General McClellan was knocking at the doors of Richmond with an army of 150,000 men. After the battles of the Chickahominy, he rose from his camp-couch one night, where he was lying, talking with a friend, and violently striking the pillow with his clenched hand, exclaimed: "Why don't we go to Pennsylvania now? The Scipio Africanus policy is the best!" To march, to manœuvre, to flank, to strike—to advance, retreat, keep his enemy in constant fear—such was his system. He never rested, and took no account of hours or seasons. He seems to have considered all weather good to fight in, and to have discarded the general conviction of military men that night attacks are hazardous. The Bath expedition was undertaken in the dead of winter; and at Fredericksburg he projected and attempted to execute that final assault upon the Federal army which was to begin "precisely at sunset." At Chancellorsville,

at nine o'clock at night, when he fell, he was preparing for that movement of his left wing which was to envelope General Hooker and decide the fate of the Federal army. No other general living would have ventured upon so dangerous an undertaking; but Jackson had decided upon it without hesitation.

It is not to be wondered at that unwary or indolent opponents became the victims of a strategy so bold and aggressive. General Banks is an example. A more unfortunate appointment could not have been made by the Federal Government. General Banks seems to have been without enterprise, and greatly wanting in that watchful care which his position, in front of so dangerous a foe, required. Jackson surprised him at Strasburg, and drove him from the Valley, almost without resistance. The manœuvring around Port Republic was another example of his superiority to General Fremont, whose plan of advancing with one column upon Jackson's rear, while another was sent to intercept him, was turned against him, and became the occasion of his ruin. The rapidity of Jackson's marches in the Valley campaign and the expedition to the rear of General Pope, was marvellous; but there was something still more striking in the enterprise which suggested these movements. To a soldier so fertile in resources, so rapid, daring, and unhesitating, victory was almost a foregone conclusion.

The difference between enterprise and foolhardiness is that between calculation and chance. Jackson's military movements were always based upon close calculation, and he was certainly not wanting in foresight and caution. He seems to have known perfectly well what it was in his power to achieve, and as thoroughly what was beyond his strength. He risked much, on many occasions, but appears to have been justified in his calculations of the ultimate result. It will be objected to him by military men, that he hazarded too much at times, and was only extricated by good fortune. There appears to be some justice in this; but the resources of his genius were enormous, and doubled his numbers. Some of his ideas seem absurd when coolly looked at. We have seen that when he was asked what

he would have done if, after the battle of Winchester, the converging columns of the enemy had cut him off at Strasburg, he replied, "I would have fallen back upon Maryland for reënforcements." Such a movement must, it would appear, have terminated in his destruction ; but it would be difficult to find a man of his old command who would have doubted his ultimate triumph even then.

His genius was for great movements and decisive blows ; and thus his services became more and more valuable as his rank increased. He was better as brigadier than as colonel ; better still as major-general ; and as lieutenant-general was best of all. It is useless to ask what he would have been as commander-in-chief, without a superior at Richmond. But the brain which conceived and executed the campaign of the Valley, must have been equal to any position.

Jackson's other merits as a General were great. He was a bad organizer and disciplinarian, but admirable in his selection of men for important command. He conducted his campaigns upon the soundest rules of military science ; and where he diverged from the beaten track of precedent, did so from considerations connected with the nature of the country in which he operated, the peculiarities of his adversary, or the character of the troops upon which he depended.

He kept open generally his line of retreat, and provided for disaster—though it was hard to realize that failure ever entered into his calculations. He had the soldier's eye for position, and chose his ground both for infantry and artillery with the exactness of genius ; but if all his arrangements were made, and his plans required battle, would fight on any ground. He depended most upon his infantry, but loved artillery from his early association with that branch of the service, never appearing so well pleased as when directing in person the fire of his cannon, amid a shower of shot and shell. When once engaged, he seemed to discard all idea of defeat, and to regard the issue as assured. And what was more important, his men seemed to share his conviction. Even at Kernstown he believed the Fed-

eral forces would have retired in ten minutes if one of his own brigades had not been ordered to fall back. A man less open to the conviction that he was whipped, could not be imagined. His indomitable combativeness, it might have been said, made him set his teeth against Fate, and endeavor to place his heel upon Destiny itself.

It may be said of him with truth, that he deserved victory. No man was more careful in the use of every precaution to ensure success. The idea that he blundered on without prudence or system, and achieved his successes only by some mysterious good fortune, is a mere fancy. No soldier was ever less indebted to "luck;" no one ever proceeded in military matters upon profounder logic. He knew his strength and his weakness, but the difference between him and others was, that he made his estimates more correctly. He did not look to numbers only, but to morale, the situation, and the spirits of his troops. With the three hundred of Leonidas, he would have attempted great things; with the fifty thousand survivors of Napoleon's *Grand Armée*, crushed in morale by Waterloo, he would have attempted nothing. If his men were on fire with ardor, and the enemy, though treble their number, were disorganized by surprise, or for other reasons, he would advance to the assault without fear of defeat.

No General ever made a greater use of mystery. He saw from the first that he commanded men of education, thought, speculation—the most inquisitive of private soldiers. Without due precaution taken, they were certain to know what it was inexpedient for the private soldier to know; his designs would be penetrated, and be noised abroad. Hence his inscrutable mystery. He would not permit his men to inquire the names of the towns through which they passed; and on the march against General McClellan at Richmond, issued that order directing the troops to reply, "I don't know," to every question. He said that if his coat knew what he designed, he would take it off and burn it. He would encamp for the night at cross roads, and the quidnuncs were in despair at their inability to determine toward

what point of the compass he would march on the morrow. About to abandon the Valley, he publicly directed careful maps to be made of the region, as though intending a campaign therein. When one of his staff engaged dinner a few miles ahead of his advancing column, he admonished him of his error. How did he know that the column would pass that point?

He had the faculty of waiting for his adversary. No man was ever more determined not to be forced to fight before he was ready. His retreats appeared panic-stricken, but were in reality the deliberate movements of a master of the art of war. He was never more dangerous than when flying. From dreams of success, and visions of complete victory, his opponent was apt to be rudely awakened. We have seen that, in May, 1862, General Banks, then at Harrisonburg, telegraphed that the rebel Jackson had been driven from the Valley, and was in rapid retreat on Richmond. The commentary was Jackson's swift and unexpected march upon Milroy at McDowell; his complete defeat of that officer, and his equally rapid advance upon General Banks at Harrisonburg, before which the Federal commander was forced in turn to retreat in confusion.

Until all his arrangements were made, no adversary could draw him into action. When the moment came, he saved the officer opposed to him all trouble on that score. He initiated the matter by attacking with all his strength. If one assault failed, he made a second. If his first line gave way he brought up his second. If the second had bad fortune, his reserve was led into action; and if these did not at once retrieve the fortunes of the day, he placed himself in front of them and led them in person, fully determined to conquer or die.

There were few who failed him at such moments. The sight of Jackson upon these occasions, seemed to turn the heads of the troops. They forgot all else, and grew reckless; and when men become reckless, they go far. Cedar Run, as the reader may remember, furnished an instance of this. The left wing, formed of Jackson's veterans, was broken, and in ten minutes the battle would have been lost. There were no reserves to put in, and

Jackson rallied the troops in person. A single shout of "Stonewall Jackson! Stonewall Jackson!" ran along the line, and it was re-formed in a moment. In front of them they saw a sword shining through the smoke of action, and recognized the old faded cap and piercing eyes of their chief. The result was a new assault, and one of the most important of Jackson's victories.

His tenacity and strength of will seemed to have no limit. Nothing appeared to affect that supreme resolution. Such a man is the master of fate, and with his iron hand directs events. Napoleon trusted to his star, and Jackson, it was said, believed in "his destiny"—a word which he construed, apparently, to mean success against his enemies, wherever he encountered them. There seems to be good ground for the belief that he regarded himself as a passive instrument in the hands of Providence to accomplish great events, and had satisfied himself that the Lord of Hosts would uphold him. This conviction, supported by abilities of the first order, made him almost irresistible.

His intellect, in all military matters, was remarkably clear, vigorous, and practical. There are some nimble and apprehensive spirits whose natures appear too sharp and delicate for everyday work. To cut down a tree men do not use a razor, but an axe. Jackson's military judgment was a ponderous weapon, and struck straight at the obstacle. He was opposed to half-way measures, and in favor of decisive blows. Subtlety and dialectical hair-splitting found little favor with him. He knew what he wanted, and had a perfectly clear idea of the means by which he could secure his object. Refinements of strategy occupied little of his attention. He was for results, and saw how to attain them. Alone of all the Southern generals he was in favor of attacking the Federal army on the evening of the battle of Fredericksburg; and at the council of war, held on that occasion, is said to have started from a doze, when called upon for his opinion, exclaiming, only half awake, "Drive 'em into the river." All his views were aggressive, and looked to attack, not defence. After Port Republic he said, "If the President

will give me 60,000 men, I will be in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, in two weeks. I will undertake it with 40,000." After Cold Harbor, as we have seen, he again wished to advance, exclaiming, "The Scipio Africanus policy is the best." On the evening of the first battle of Manassas, his clear military intellect, unclouded by subtleties, hesitations, or those *pros* and *cons* which paralyze action, saw the whole field before him; and he said, in his curt voice: "Give me 10,000 men, and I will be in Washington to-night."

He was an intense and concentrative thinker. His piercing eyes saw far and deep. Without the power to utter, write, or perform any notable thing in the ordinary commerce of human affairs, he brought to the great game of war immense powers of analysis and combination. Success was an equation which he worked out with mathematical precision. When an event took place like the gap left in his line at the second battle of Manassas, and Fredericksburg, or the falling back of the Stonewall Brigade at Kernstown, his whole plans miscarried. It was the error in the calculation which vitiated the result. Such were the faculties which seem to the present writer to have characterized Jackson, and produced his extraordinary successes. But it is difficult to discard the idea, after a full consideration of his career, that he was guided in his arduous campaigns by something resembling a species of intuition. Many of his followers openly stated their belief that he was "inspired," and the military critic will find, after all, in his career a certain intuition of genius which cannot be classified or described. He seemed to possess the faculty of seeing what was the right thing to do at the right time; not to come to his conclusion by any train of logic, but at a bound. Others exhibited supreme *talent*, trained to the highest perfection; but Jackson's military movements everywhere betrayed that subtle thing called *genius*. His glance was like the lightning which reveals the entire landscape before the benighted traveller and shows him the road.

Passing from the characteristics of Jackson the soldier we may find some points of interest in the personal traits of Jackson

the man. It is interesting to know how such men look and speak ; how they carry themselves under good or bad fortune ; in what manner they "live and move and have their being." Jackson's demeanor upon the field was quite absorbed, and at times absent-minded, as though he were engaged in some profound calculation, or following some subtle train of thought. When spoken to at such moments, his head turned quickly, his eye glittered, and he listened with attention, replying in the fewest words possible. His tone was curt but not discourteous. His bearing, his smile, and the ready hand to his cap, on the contrary, were markedly courteous, nor has the present writer ever known him, under the most exciting circumstances, to lose this simple and modest air of kindly good breeding. He was the most approachable of corps commanders, and any private soldier might be sure of a friendly reply to any question which he asked. There was no air of authority, official stiffness, hauteur, assumption, or coldness in his demeanor. He "looked like work," was unmoved by vanity, regarded his troops as his children ; and when he fell, it was not the heart of wife and friend alone that felt the blow, but thousands who no longer felt the old enthusiasm preludeing victory.

His air at Lexington had been that of a recluse. In the army he became somewhat more sociable, but was never easy and unembarrassed. His voice was low and distinct, without much compass, but clear in enunciation, with all its curtness, and conveying the impression of great earnestness in the speaker. All the staff officers of the army liked him. In listening to a communication he bent over, paid close attention, and from time to time nodded his head and smiled, as though pleased with the accuracy of the statement. His orders were brief, clear, and if necessary were repeated. This was done quietly, and without fret or impatience. "He was the politest man I ever saw," said an officer long near his person, "and I believe he considered it a part of his military duty." This may be true, but it was not the source of his courtesy. He was by nature kindly, and on many occasions displayed an exquisite sense of true cour-

tesy, and spoke very nobly. Just before Chancellorsville, while riding with General Lee, he met Colonel Wickham, of the cavalry, who received some instructions from General Lee as to the disposition of his force. When General Lee had finished, Jackson said: "Colonel, there is a gap in the line yonder; General Wright is too much to the left. Tell him to close up with your cavalry." Colonel Wickham looked at the speaker, whose dress exhibited no evidences of his rank, and said, "From whom shall I say the order comes, sir?" "Why, Colonel," said General Lee, "don't you know General Jackson?" Colonel Wickham bowed and replied, "I did not, General. I keep with my command, and never before had the pleasure to meet or know you, General Jackson." "But I knew *you*, Colonel," replied Jackson, with the bow of a nobleman and his most winning smile. This smile was very sweet. A lady described it as "angelic." It was certainly the most friendly imaginable, and charmed all who conversed with him. It was impossible not to see that he was a man of great kindness, of an extraordinary sweetness of temper, tender-hearted, easily moved to pity and all pure emotions. He was very simple and unostentatious in his manners and habits; used neither tea, coffee, nor tobacco, and never touched spirit except as a medicine. When he was sick one day, Dr. McGuire, his surgeon, gave him some whiskey, and he made a wry face in swallowing it. Dr. McGuire asked him if it was not good, when he replied: "Oh yes, very good. I like liquor, both the taste and the effect, *and that is the reason I don't drink it!*" He cared not what he ate, and would sleep in a fence corner with perfect content. There never was a greater sleeper. His physical constitution seemed to require it, and he would drop asleep under a tree, in his chair, or in the saddle on a march. "If his rest was broken for one night," says Dr. McGuire, "he was almost sure to go to sleep upon his horse if riding next day." On one of these occasions when he was swaying unsteadily with the movements of his horse, a soldier who did not recognize him called out and asked facetiously "where he got his liquor!" The noise woke the General, and

he laughed heartily. His propensity for lying on the ground had much to do with the dingy appearance of his uniform. His old coat was covered with dust collected from the battle-fields of many regions, as he slept upon the earth, in rude bivouac, after the hard-fought day. All this endeared him to his soldiers, at whose camp-fires he would stop to talk in the friendly fashion of the officers of Napoleon, and whose rations he would frequently share. The sight of his faded coat and cadet cap was the sign to cheer, and "Old Jack" was personally adored, as in his military capacity he was regarded by his men as the greatest of leaders. Even his peculiarities became sources of popularity, and endeared him to his troops. It was said of Suwarrow that his men mimicked him, gave him nicknames, and adored him. It was the same with Jackson. His troops laughed at his dingy old uniform, his cap, tilting forward on his nose, his awkward strides, his abstracted air, and christening him "Old Jack," made him their first and greatest of favorites. There was one peculiarity of the individual, however, which they regarded with something like superstition. We refer to the singular fashion he had of raising his hand aloft, and then suddenly letting the arm fall at his side. On many occasions he made this strange gesture as his veterans moved slowly before him, advancing to the charge. At such moments his face would be raised to heaven, his eyes closed, and his lips would move evidently in prayer. The same gesture was observed in him, as we have seen, at Chancellorsville, while gazing at the body of one of his old command. He was plainly praying, with his hand uplifted, for the welfare of the dead man's soul.

We have given an outline of Jackson's chief traits as a soldier. Intellectually, he does not appear to have been conspicuously endowed beyond the sphere of his profession. His mind was sound and just, but not brilliant or original. He was a good mathematician, a patient thinker, and displayed a native good sense in his views and opinions, but, except in military affairs, he exhibited no traces of genius. He was a clear and intelligent but not a powerful or original writer. Such of his let-

ters as we have seen do not differ in a noticeable degree from those of mediocre men. He seemed to possess little imagination or poetry. His genius was practical, and dealt with the phenomena of nature, the principles of science and philosophy, and the realities of the world around him. It will remain an interesting problem whether he would have distinguished himself in the conduct of civil affairs. It is certain that he would have been a dominant man, and as President would have administered the Government in accordance with his views of right, without regard to persons. Whether he would have proved himself as great in the cabinet or the chair of the Executive as in the field, is doubtful.

An officer long intimately associated with him gives an excellent summary of his character.

“Apparently dull in some directions,” says this gentleman, “he was in others an original and patient thinker. As a military genius no other remains like him. Judging with quick and seldom erring sagacity, he was as prompt, energetic, and successful in action. Humble before his Maker, gentle in daily life, with an amiable sweetness to chosen friends, and a sincere politeness toward every human being, he was habitually brief and decided in expression, steadfast in purpose, and when fully aroused, as in the crisis of battle, sublime in the fire of his spirit. A man of prayer, faith, simplicity, purity, and power.”

There is little doubt that the views of the present generation, including the writer of these pages, concerning Jackson the soldier, are more or less mingled with undue admiration. His faults are not seen; his merits may be exaggerated. But as a man, his virtues were recognized even by his opponents. The trait of character which conciliated most the regard and respect of his enemies, was the profound sincerity and earnestness of his nature. There was no doubt about Jackson's utter truth and honesty. Life with him was a serious affair, and he seemed to have no time for enjoyment even. At West Point he studied conscientiously, avoiding all lighter occupations; in Mexico he betook himself to hard fighting; and at Lexington his whole





soul became absorbed in the performance of his humdrum duties, and the earnest endeavor to discover the will of his Maker, and conform to that will in all things.

The students laughed at the silent and awkward professor, who found enjoyment apparently in nothing but religious exercises and hard work; but they could not understand the "great thoughts" and certain joys which the taciturn soldier derived from his religion.

We cannot here define the exact religious views of this eminent man. He has been called a fatalist, from his ultra indifference to danger; but fatalism, proper, is an absurdity. That he held the Presbyterian view of predestination is certain; but to discover and perform the will of God, without regard to that or any other dogma, was his "meat and drink." With him, his religion was his life. It was the broad foundation of all his thoughts and words and deeds. He seemed to live, consciously, under the eye of God, and to shape all his actions with reference to the divine approval. He had no time to think whether this or that in his character, his actions, or his utterances, was "conventional" or not—pleased or displeased his fellow-man. Am I conforming my life to the will of God? was always and under all circumstances his only question.

From this profound and controlling piety sprung his virtues, his peculiarities, and his true greatness. Contemplating the profound significance of his position as an immortal soul, tarrying for a season only upon earth, and destined by its conduct here to shape for all eternity its own weal or woe, all other things became poor and inconsiderable in his eyes; what men thought of him, how he appeared in society, what dress he wore, what food he eat, what worldly enjoyments he neglected, or what worldly honors he missed or secured. Something of the old spirit of the Man of Tarsus was in the heart of Jackson, who had his meditations and his work, and could afford to neglect the purple and the feasting, and endure all things for the faith that was in him.

Jackson died before he reached the age of forty, and had but

two years of life for the display of his great faculties. But this period was long enough. In that contracted space of time he accomplished results which will render his name and fame immortal. Few human beings ever equalled him in the great art of making war—fewer still in purity of heart and life. It was a nature almost altogether lovely which lay under that faded uniform of the great soldier. No stain of insincerity, or meanness, or vain-gloriousness marred a character which combined the loftiest virtues of the gentleman, the soldier, and the Christian.

He sleeps now, cold to praise or blame; but a poor writer, proud to have touched his hand and followed him, offers this page to his illustrious memory.

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