LIFE OF THOMAS J. JACKSON

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STONEWALL JACKSON

LIFE OF

Thomas J. Jackson

BY

MARY L. WILLIAMSON

AUTHOR OF LIFE OF WASHINGTON, LIFE OF LEE, AND LIFE OF STUART.

B. F. JOHNSON PUBLISHING COMPANY

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PREFACE

In writing this book, the author has endeavored to portray the unchanging rectitude of Jackson's conduct, the stern will-power by which he conquered all difficulties, his firm belief in an overruling Providence, and his entire submission to the Divine Will, as well as to give a picture of his military genius. His greatness was reared upon the cornerstone of a strong and pure character, and the young people of our day cannot do better than to study the life of the hero and model themselves on it.

Teachers may use this book as a supplementary reader in the fourth grade, as care has been taken to introduce as few words as possible outside of the vocabulary of that grade.

In preparing the work, R. L. Dabney's *Life of Lieutenant-General Thomas J. Jackson* has been used to a large extent. Acknowledgment is also due Colonel James H. Morrison for valuable assistance; Mrs. Thomas J. Jackson, the widow of the general, and Mr. M. Miley, of Lexington, who furnished valuable illustrative matter. The author is also indebted to Messrs. Paxton and Henkel, the editors, respectively, of the *Rockbridge County News* and the *Shenandoah Valley*, for the use of the files of their valuable newspapers.

In making the revised edition, Lieutenant-Colonel G. F. R. Henderson's great work, *Stonewall Jackson*, has been consulted with benefit.

MARY LYNN WILLIAMSON.

New Market, Va.

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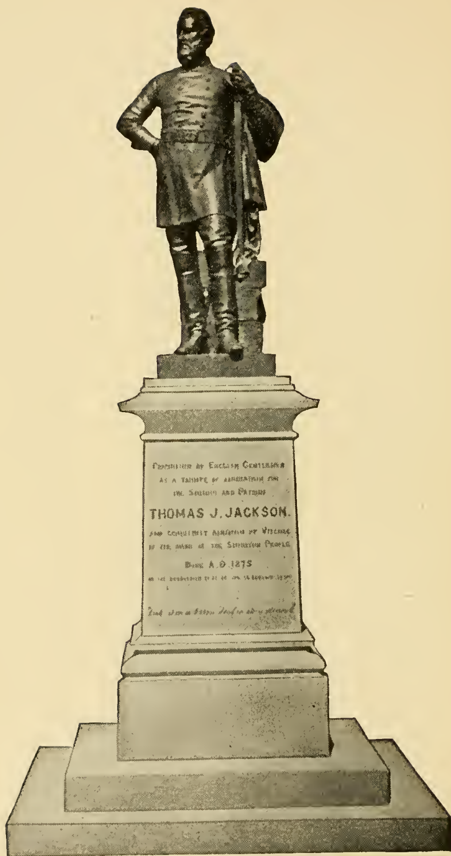


JACKSON MONUMENT, RICHMOND, VA,

Life of Jackson

CHAPTER I

Orphan Boy

THOMAS JONATHAN JACKSON was born on January 21, 1824, at Clarksburg, West Virginia, which State was then a part of old Virginia. He sprang from Scotch-Irish stock. His great-grandfather, John Jackson, was born in Ireland, but his parents moved to the city of London when John was only two years old. John Jackson grew up to be a trader. In 1748 he came to the New World to make his fortune, landing in Maryland. Not long after this he married Elizabeth Cummins, a young woman noted for good looks, great height, and strength of mind.

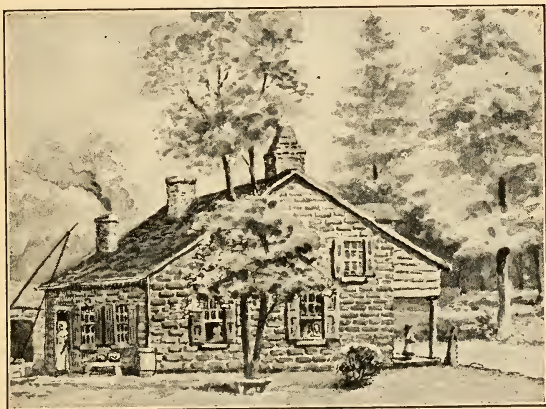
John Jackson at last settled in what is now Upshur county, West Virginia. As land was very cheap, he soon owned a large estate.

Aided by his sturdy wife, he prospered and became well-to-do. In those days the Indians still made war on the white people, who would flee for safety into the forts and blockhouses. It is said that in more than one Indian raid Elizabeth Jackson helped to drive off the savage foe.

When the great Revolutionary War began, John Jackson and several of his sons marched off to join the American army. At the close of the struggle they all came back, safe and sound, to their mountain home. In these fertile and lovely valleys, John Jackson and his wife passed long and active lives. The husband lived to be eighty-six years old, while Elizabeth Jackson reached the great age of one hundred and five years. Her strength of body and mind well fitted her to rear a race of mighty men.

Thomas Jonathan was the great-grandson of these worthy people. His father, Jonathan Jackson, was a lawyer. He is said to have been a man of good mind and kind heart. Thomas's

mother was Julia Neale, the daughter of a merchant in the village of Parkersburg on the Ohio river. She was a good and beautiful woman, loved by all who knew her. Thomas had one



BIRTHPLACE OF STONEWALL JACKSON

brother, Warren, and two sisters, Elizabeth and Laura. Not long after the birth of Laura, Elizabeth was taken ill with fever and died. The father, worn out with nursing, also took the fever; two weeks after the child's death he was laid in a grave by her side.

On settling Jonathan Jackson's affairs, it was found that he had left no property for his widow and babes. They would have been without a home but for the Masonic Order, which

JACKSON'S FATHER

gave the widow a one-room house. Here she sewed and taught school, caring as well as she could for her little fatherless children.

In the year 1830, Julia Jackson married a lawyer named Woodson, who was pleased with her youth and beauty. Her sons, Warren and

Thomas, were now claimed by their father's family, which did not like this second marriage; and as her husband was not a rich man, she was at last forced to give them up. Little Thomas, then only seven years old, was placed behind good old "Uncle Robinson," the last of his father's slaves, and sent away to his aunt, Mrs. Brake, who lived about four miles from Clarksburg.

A year later Thomas was sent for to see his dying mother. Death for her had no sting; and the son, many years afterwards, said that her last words and prayers had never left his memory. She was laid to rest near the famous Hawk's Nest on New river.

Thomas was a pretty child, with rosy cheeks, wavy brown hair, and deep blue eyes. He is said to have been a strangely quiet and manly boy; the sadness of his young life made him grave and thoughtful beyond his age.

When he was but eight years old, he went one day to the home of his father's cousin, Judge John G. Jackson, in Clarksburg. At

dinner Thomas quietly said to Mrs. Jackson, "Uncle and I don't agree. I have quit him and will not go back any more." His cousin tried to show him that he was at fault and that he should return to his Uncle Brake. The boy only shook his head and said more firmly than before, "No, Uncle and I don't agree. I have quit him and I am not going back." It seems that his uncle had tried to govern him by force rather than through his sense of right and wrong. So this strange child calmly made up his mind not to stay where there would be constant dispute.

From Judge Jackson's home, Thomas went that evening to the house of another cousin, who also tried to persuade him to return to his Uncle Brake. But the boy repeated his refusal. The next day he walked eighteen miles to the home of Cummins Jackson, his father's half-brother. Here Thomas found his brother Warren and soon felt at home with his uncle and aunts.

Cummins Jackson was a bachelor, the owner of a fine farm and one of the largest slave-

holders in Lewis county. This uncle grew to be quite fond of his little nephew, taking pains to teach him all the arts of country life. He treated Thomas more as an equal than as a child, for he saw that the boy had good sense and a sturdy nature. He sent Thomas and Warren to the nearest country school; but Warren, now a bold lad of fourteen years, did not like the restraint of school life. He persuaded Thomas to go with him to seek their fortune in the West.

After stopping for a while at the home of their uncle, Alfred Neale, on the Ohio river, the two boys went down the stream and were not heard from for some months. In the fall they returned to their friends, ragged and ill with chills and fever.

Their story was that they had made a raft and floated down to one of the lonely islands in the Mississippi river near the Kentucky shore, where they cut wood for steamboats. They spent the summer alone in the forest, with little food, surrounded by the turbid, rushing

waters of the great river. At last illness forced them to make their way homeward.

Thomas went back to his Uncle Cummins, whom he liked, but Warren stopped at the Brake home. He was never well again. Disease had laid such a hold on him that he died a few years later, aged about nineteen.

Thomas and Laura lived together for several months at Cummins Jackson's, a happy time for both of them. Across the brook from the house was a large grove of sugar-maples where the two children would go to play "making sugar." It was a pleasure for Thomas to build bridges on which his little sister crossed the brook; many were the hours they spent together in the cool and fragrant forest.

In a short time, however, Laura was sent to live with some of her mother's friends in Wood county, and Thomas was left alone. He was very fond of his sister, and the first money he earned was spent for a silk dress for her.

The lad was now sent to a school taught by Robert P. Ray. He showed no quickness at

WARREN AND THOMAS JACKSON ON THE OHIO RIVER

any study but arithmetic. When called on to say a lesson, he would often reply that he did not understand it and, therefore, was not ready; nor would he go on to the next lesson until he had learned the first thoroughly. Thus he was usually behind his class. Out of school hours he was a leader at play. When there were games of "bat and ball," or "prisoner's base," he was sure to be chosen the captain of a side, and that side generally won.

As long as he was treated fairly by his playmates, Thomas was gentle and yielding, but if he thought himself wronged he did not hesitate to fight. It is said that he would never admit he was beaten and was always ready to start fighting over again.

In the summer, Thomas worked on the farm and was of use to his uncle in many ways. One of his tasks was to haul logs of oak and pine from the forest to the sawmill. He thus became a famous driver of oxen and was known all through the countryside as a youth of great strength and courage.

In this way, between the school and the farm, his life passed from the age of nine to sixteen. In early boyhood, Thomas was low of stature, like his father, but he afterwards grew tall like the men of his mother's race.

While still a boy, Thomas Jackson was made constable of one half of Lewis county. It was a hard place to fill. He rode over the hills and mountains, with his bag of bills and account books, trying to collect debts.

Sometimes his duties as constable were difficult to carry out. A story is told which shows his nerve and skill in performing an unpleasant task. A man who owed a debt of ten dollars promised Thomas to pay it at a given time. When the day came, the debtor failed to keep his word. Young Jackson paid the amount from his own purse and then waited for the man. The very next morning he came riding up the street on a good horse. Jackson at once accused him of falsehood and tried to seize the horse for the debt. A fierce fight took place on the street, in the midst of which the debtor

mounted the horse and started to ride away. Jackson sprang forward and took hold of the bridle, but the rider refused to dismount. The boy constable then began to pull the horse to the low door of a nearby stable. The man cuffed him right and left, but Jackson dragged the horse into the stable. The rider was thus forced to slide down to keep from being knocked off, and Jackson had the horse.

Though this life in the open air was good for the boy's health, it was not so helpful to him in other ways He was kept much from home and was thrown with the worst class of people in the county. As his aunts were now all married, his Uncle Cummins kept "bachelor's hall." He had a stable full of race horses, and Thomas always rode for him when a race was expected to be close. It was said all through the county that a horse which had a chance to win would win with young Tom Jackson riding him.

It is sad to think of this young man thrown on the world, without mother, sister, or any

other influence to keep him in the right way. Yet in this rough, wild life it was always the desire of his heart to reach that position from which he had been thrust when left a poor orphan. And even then, the great God, who has said that he is a father to the fatherless, was opening for him the way to a noble career.

Constable (kun′ sta ble): an officer of the law.
In′ flu ence: an unseen power for good or evil.
Ca reer′: a course of life.
No′ ta ble: out of the ordinary, remarkable.

What was—

The name of Thomas Jackson's father?
The place of his birth?
The story told of him when a constable?
The wish of his heart in the midst of his rough, wild life?

At what age did he lose his father and mother?
What kind of life did he lead at his Uncle Cummins'?

CHAPTER II

Cadet

In 1842, the place of a cadet in the United States Military Academy at West Point became vacant. In this school the young men of the country are trained to become soldiers. Thomas Jackson, seeing his chance to rise in life, at once sought and obtained the place. Soon after he set out on horseback for Clarksburg, where he could take the stagecoach for Washington. He was clad in homespun clothes and his whole wardrobe was packed in a pair of saddlebags.

When Jackson reached Clarksburg, he found that the coach had gone by. He followed until he overtook it and rode in it the rest of the way to Washington city. Here he was met by his friend, Mr. Hays, the member of Congress from his district, who took him to see the Secretary of War. The latter was so much pleased with Jackson's manly bearing and frank speech

that he ordered that his entrance papers to West Point be made out at once.

Congressman Hays wished the lad to stay in Washington a few days to see the sights, but Jackson had no time to waste. He climbed to the top of the capitol, from which he could view the whole city at once, and was then ready to leave for West Point.

The thought of the entrance examination troubled him greatly, for he feared that he did not know enough to pass. But Mr. Hays wrote to his friends at the Academy, asking them to be easy with the mountain boy who wished to be a soldier, and it is said that they gave him no very hard questions. So Thomas presently found himself a cadet at West Point. He was eighteen years old, tall and strong, with a fresh, ruddy face.

The new, or fourth-class, men at this school are called "plebs" by their schoolmates, and in former days they received rather hard treatment. They were made to sweep and scrub the barracks, while the third-class men were in

the habit of playing all sorts of pranks on them, some of which were hard to bear. When the third-class men saw Jackson in his homespun clothes, they thought they would have rare sport with him; but such were his courage and good temper that they soon let him alone.

Jackson went to work in earnest. He was behind his class and had to study very hard to keep up. When a boy at school he would never pass over a lesson he did not understand; he insisted on learning each lesson as he went along. The same thing happened at West Point. Often, when called on to recite, he would answer that he was still studying his last lesson. This, of course, caused him to get low marks at first; but, little by little, he rose in his class standing until he came to have the name of a good student. His teachers judged his mind to be strong and sound but not quick. What he lacked in quickness, however, he made up in hard work and perseverance.

In his second year at West Point, Jackson grew, as it were, by a leap to the height of six

THE UNITED STATES MILITARY ACADEMY AT WEST POINT

feet; and in his cadet uniform he was very fine-looking. He was neat in his dress and kept his gun clean and bright.

In the same year an event occurred which showed Jackson's stern regard for truth, and his hatred of falseness in any shape. One day his bright musket was taken from the rack, and a foul and rusty one put in its place; Jackson told the captain of his loss and gave a mark by which the gun might be known. That evening it was found in the hands of a fellow cadet, who had taken it and then told a lie to shield himself from punishment.

Jackson was even more vexed over the falsehood than he had been at the loss of the musket. He asked that the cadet be sent away as unfit to be a student in the Academy and an officer in the army. The boy's friends at last persuaded Jackson to drop the charge, and the cadet was not dismissed. Soon after, however, he again broke the Academy rules and was sent away in disgrace.

While at West Point, Jackson wrote a num-

ber of rules for his own guidance. They touched on morals, manners, dress, the choice of friends, and the aims of life. One of them should be known to every boy. It reads, "You may be whatever you resolve to be."

We shall see that this was indeed the guiding star of Jackson's life. He did what he aimed to do by force of will, and by that will power he raised himself from a poor country boy to be one of the most famous men of his age.

At this time of his life, it is plain that it was Jackson's purpose to place his name high on the roll of earthly honor. Beneath his shy and modest manner, there burned within him the desire to be great. His life was not yet ruled by religion, but it showed many high and noble aims.

He was twenty-two years old when he left West Point, on June 30, 1846. He at once took the rank of second lieutenant of artillery in the United States service. The artillery is that branch of the army which fights with cannon, or big guns. At this time a war was being

waged between Mexico and the United States. General Winfield Scott was about to go to the seat of war as the commander-in-chief of the United States army. Jackson, the young lieutenant, was sent to join him in the south of Mexico.

Ca det′ (ka det′): a student in a military school.

Mor′ als: conduct.

Per se ver′ ance: the act of pursuing steadily any course or undertaking.

What was Jackson's life at West Point?

What incident there showed his hatred of falsehood?

What was Jackson's chief rule of life?

What were his age and rank when he left West Point?

Where did he go on leaving the Academy?

CHAPTER III

Major of Artillery

On March 9, 1847, thirteen thousand five hundred troops landed from the American fleet on the seashore near Vera Cruz (va′ rä kroos). This fine army, with its bright guns and waving flags, made a scene of splendor which Lieutenant Jackson never forgot.

General Scott's plan was to capture Vera Cruz by storm and then march over the lofty mountains and the deep valleys to the City of Mexico. This was a hard task and cost many lives, as you will soon learn.

Scott placed his troops around Vera Cruz and opened fire with his cannon. On March 29, after the city had been much injured by shells, it was given up to the Americans. This was the first time that Jackson was under fire, and he is said to have fought his cannon bravely.

From Vera Cruz, the army moved onward until it came to a high mountain, on the crest of which stood the strong fort of Cerro Gordo (ser′ro gor′do). A part of the force was led around the Mexican army by Captain Robert E. Lee. As the Americans were now both in front and rear of the Mexicans, the latter fled, leaving many men and guns on the field.

After the battle, Jackson was changed to the light artillery, which used small cannon and moved swiftly from place to place. This was just what the young officer wished, for though the light artillery service was more dangerous, it gave him a better chance to win the honor for which his soul thirsted.

Santa Anna, the Mexican general, held the steep mountain top of Churubusco (choo ru boos′ co) with a large army. Here a fierce struggle took place, in which the Mexicans were again driven back.

As a reward for his conduct in this battle, Jackson was given the rank of brevet captain

of artillery. He soon had another chance to show his skill and courage. The army crossed the mountains to the strong castle of Chapultepec (cha pool′ ta pek), which was built on a high hill overlooking the plain leading to the City of Mexico. The level fields at the foot of the mountain were covered with crops of grain and groves of trees. Here and there were deep ditches that the farmers had dug for drains. These ditches, which the artillery and horsemen could not cross, were so hidden by the growing crops and bushes that they could not be seen by the soldiers until the guns had reached them.

The castle of Chapultepec was held by large numbers of Mexican troops, while cannon were placed to sweep every road leading up to it. On September 13, the American troops made an assault on Chapultepec from three sides at once.

Jackson, with his guns, took part in the attack on the northwest side. Two regiments of footmen, or infantry, went with him. The light

artillery pressed forward, pouring shot and shell into the foe, until it came close to the Mexican guns. At this short range Jackson soon had many of his men and horses struck down by the storm of grape-shot.

General Worth, seeing that Jackson was hard pressed, sent him word to fall back. But the young officer replied that he would take the guns which were doing such deadly work if General Worth would only give him fifty more men. While he was waiting for this force, Jackson lifted a gun across a deep ditch with the help of one man and opened fire on the Mexicans. The other soldiers of his command were killed, wounded, or seeking shelter in the ditch.

Another cannon was moved across the ditch, and in a few minutes the Mexicans gave way before the fire of the two guns. By this time, the troops attacking the castle on the other sides had succeeded in fighting their way in, and the Mexicans began to fall back on the City of Mexico.

JACKSON AT CHAPULTEPEC

Orders had been given that when the enemy retreated, the artillery should move forward rapidly and keep firing on them. In an instant Jackson's guns were thundering after the Mexicans as they fled through the gates into the city. The next morning, September 14, the gates were forced and the American troops entered Mexico. For his bravery in the battle of Chapultepec, Jackson was raised to the rank of major.

Once, years later, when he was modestly telling of this battle, a young man cried out, "Major, why didn't you run when so many of your men had been killed?" Jackson replied with a quiet smile, "I was not ordered to run. Had I been so ordered, I would have run." When asked by a friend if he felt no fear as men fell all around him, he replied that his only thought was to do something which might win lasting fame for himself. At that time his mind was still bent on gaining earthly glory; he had not yet found his final aim in life.

The American army rested for some months

in the beautiful City of Mexico. As Jackson's duties were light, he took up the study of Spanish, which he soon spoke well. He enjoyed the fine climate of Mexico and admired the beauty and grace of the Mexican women.

On May 28, 1848, a treaty of peace was made between Mexico and the United States, and the American troops were ordered home. Jackson's command was sent to Fort Hamilton, about seven miles from New York city.

In Mexico, for the first time in his life, Jackson had thought deeply of religion and had begun to study the Bible in search of the truth. Later, at Fort Hamilton, he was baptized and became a member of the Episcopal Church.

After two years at Fort Hamilton, Jackson went to Fort Meade, on the west coast of Florida, near Tampa. While in service at that place, he was elected, on March 28, 1851, professor of natural philosophy and artillery tactics in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington.

Bre vet′: an honorary rank without increase of pay.

As sault′: an attack.

Cli′ mate: the usual weather in any place; the conditions of heat and cold.

What were General Scott's plans?

How was the castle of Chapultepec taken?

What did Jackson do at the taking of the castle?

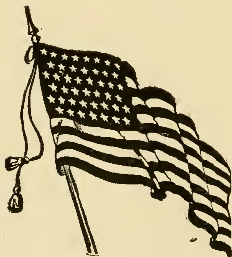
How was Mexico City captured?

What rank was Jackson given?

Tell about his life in Mexico.

What happened to him at Fort Hamilton?

What position did he accept in 1851?



CHAPTER IV

Professor

It will be interesting to you to know how it was that Jackson was elected a professor in a noted military school — the Virginia Military Institute.

Reared in poverty and kept in early youth from obtaining a good common-school education, he had, by his own efforts, fitted himself to enter the Military Academy at West Point. His first year's course might have discouraged him, had he not known that there was that within him which, if properly nurtured, would lead him to final success. The close of each session brought him nearer to the head of his class; during his four years of study, he stood successively fifty-one, thirty, twenty, and seventeen. His progress was so evident to all that one of his classmates said, "Had Jackson stayed at West Point on a course of four years' longer

study, he would have reached the head of his class."

Jackson's rise in the Mexican War from second lieutenant to major was in keeping with his progress at the Academy. His gallant and able service had been made known to the world

ENTRANCE TO VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE GROUNDS

through the reports of his superior officers.

General Francis H. Smith, long superintendent of the Virginia Military Institute, wrote thus of Jackson's election as professor:

"It is not surprising that when the Board of Visitors of the Institute were looking about for a suitable person to fill the chair of natural phil-

osophy and artillery tactics, the friends of the brave young major should have pointed him out as one worthy of the honor. Other names were laid before the Board of Visitors by the faculty of West Point, all of them of men noted for scholarship and gallant services in Mexico. McClellan, Reno, Rosecrans, afterwards generals in the Northern army, and G. W. Smith, who became a Confederate general. were thus named. But the fitness of young Jackson, the high testimonials to his character, and the fact that he was a native Virginian satisfied the Board that they might safely choose him for the chair without seeking candidates from other States. He was therefore elected on March 28, 1851, and took up his duties in September.

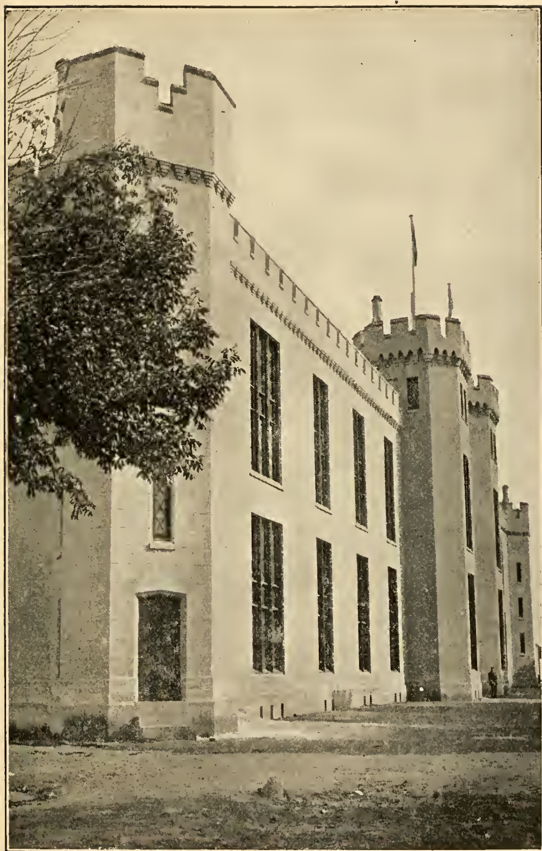
"Major Jackson's work was marked by great faithfulness and an earnest spirit. With high mental gifts, teaching was a new calling to him, and it demanded an amount of labor which, from the state of his health and especially the weakness of his eyes, he performed at great sacrifice.

"Strict, and at times stern, in his discipline, though polite and kind, he was not always popular; yet no professor ever held in a higher degree the confidence and respect of the cadets for honesty and fearless discharge of duty.

"Punctual to a minute, I have known him to walk in front of the superintendent's quarters in a hard rain, because the time had not yet quite come to present his weekly class reports.

"For ten years he kept up his unwearied labors as a professor, making such an impression on those who from time to time were under his command that, when the war broke out, it was the desire of all cadets and graduates to have him as their leader."

In 1861, when Virginia was on the point of invasion and officers were needed to take command at various points, the governor of Virginia wished to make Jackson a colonel of volunteers. His name was sent to the State convention at Richmond, which elected officers. Some one asked, "Who is this Thomas J. Jackson?" A member of the convention from



VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE BARRACKS

Rockbridge county, S. McDowell Moore, replied, "I can tell you who he is. If you put Jackson in command at Norfolk, he will never leave it alive, unless you order him to do so." Such was the impression the quiet professor had made on his neighbors and friends.

In becoming a professor, Jackson took another upward step. In active warfare an officer advances rapidly, but in times of peace he often rusts out at a military post. Ill health had much to do with Jackson's leaving the army, but in any case he would probably have sought other work. He felt that by close study he could reach a far higher stage of mental power, and the position of professor gave him a chance to do this, for he knew that the best way to learn is to teach.

The weakness of his eyes, which he could not use at night, forced Jackson to exert his will power to the utmost. In order to do his classes justice, each morning he would read over the lessons for the next day, and at night, after his simple supper, would quietly sit with his face

to the wall and go over them in his mind. In this way he strengthened his memory and trained himself for his later career as a general. His power of thought was such that he could plan his movements while riding at the head of his army with as much care and skill as if sitting quietly in his study at home.

The wish of the cadets to serve under him in war shows that they had a knowledge of his great worth before his deeds had made him famous. Jackson was generally liked by the students, and his nickname of "Old Jack," given him by them, was not used in derision. Pranks were played in his classroom, but more for the amusement of the cadets than for any other reason. They well knew the punishment waiting for them if caught, but they were willing to risk it for the sake of fun.

A cadet, Davidson Penn, once asked Jackson with a solemn face and apparently in earnest, "Major, can a cannon be made to shoot around a corner?" The major showed not the slightest sign of impatience or merriment, and,

after a moment of seemingly serious thought, answered, "Mr. Penn, I reckon hardly."

Cadet Thomas B. Amiss, who was afterwards a surgeon in one of Jackson's regiments, tried a prank for which he was punished severely. While the squad-marcher of his section was making his report to Jackson, Amiss noiselessly climbed to the top of a column which stood in the center of the room. After hearing the report, Jackson began to call the names of those he wished to recite at the board, including Amiss. Not hearing him respond, Jackson asked, "Mr. Amiss absent?"

"No, sir," the squad-marcher answered.

The major looked along the line of faces, seemed puzzled for a moment, and then cast his eyes upward. He gazed sternly at the clinging figure on the column and said, "You stay there." Amiss had to remain where he was until the class was over. He was given the largest possible number of demerits and many hours of extra guard duty, during the walking of which he had time to repent his folly.

When the class which graduated in 1860 began its recitations under Jackson, a sudden end was made to the playing of jokes in his room. A cadet came into class one day with a small music-box hidden under his coatee. During the recitation he touched a spring, filling the room with the sweet, muffled strains of music. Major Jackson did not hear, or at least did not take any notice of it. The cadet, finding his music not appreciated, began to bark in low tones like a puppy. As this effort met with the same fate as the music, he became bold enough to bark loudly. Jackson, without changing his face, turning his head, or raising his voice above an ordinary tone, said, "Mr. C., when you march the section in again, leave that puppy outside." The laugh was on the cadet, and the class was not again disturbed.

An incident of his life at Lexington shows how little Jackson regarded public opinion or personal feeling when in conflict with duty. A cadet, sent away from the Institute because of something that had happened in Jackson's

classroom, became so angry that he challenged the major to fight a duel. He sent word that if Jackson would not fight he would kill him on sight. Jackson refused to fight the duel; but he let the youth know, through his friends, that if he were attacked he would defend himself. The attack was not made, in spite of the fact that Jackson passed back and forth through the streets as usual.

The cadet who had challenged him was under Jackson's command in the War between the States, and rose to be the leader of the famous Stonewall Brigade. In later years when asked his opinion of the great general, he said that Jackson was the only man who had never been beaten.

It will be seen that Jackson's life at the Virginia Military Institute was a very busy one. Of all his duties, the one he enjoyed most was drilling the artillery battery. He had won fame as an artillery officer and he loved this branch of the service. Near the close of every session of the Institute, he was asked to drill

ARTILLERY DRILL AT VIRGINA MILITARY INSTITUTE

the battery before the Board of Visitors. In order to make this drill more interesting to the public, always present in large numbers, blank cartridges were fired, and there was the semblance of a battery in actual battle.

The drill held in 1860 was very impressive. It took place at 5 P. M. Jackson put the battery through its various movements and became more and more interested in the work as the time for the firing drew near. The professor of engineering at West Point, Dennis Mahan, and the commandant of cadets there, Colonel Hardee, were among the people present. Shortly after the opening of the drill, a dark cloud gathered and thunder began to rumble. The firing commenced and all was excitement. Closer and closer came the cloud, and the artillery of heaven seemed to reply to the discharges of the battery.

Jackson had been slowly retreating before an imaginary foe; half the battery was firing at a time. The cloud came nearer and nearer, unheeded by Jackson. Suddenly his voice rang

out clear and sharp, "Fire, advancing by half battery." New positions were taken and the firing was at its height. Then the storm broke in all its fury. Up to that moment the major had given no thought to anything but the drill. The bursting storm brought him to himself and he dismissed the cadets, who at once sought shelter.

Jackson remained where he was, folded his arms and stood like a statue in the driving storm. An umbrella was sent him from a house close by, with an invitation to come inside. But he declined and continued to stand there until the storm was over, careless of his own comfort.

Jackson's life at the Virginia Military Institute was marked by a deep and growing interest in religion. In November, 1851, he became a member of the Presbyterian church at Lexingington, of which Dr. W. S. White was pastor. He was soon made a deacon and given a class of young men in the Sunday school. Jackson also gathered the negro slaves of the town on every Sabbath evening for the purpose of

teaching them the Bible; there were between eighty and a hundred pupils and twelve teachers. He kept up this school from 1855 to 1861, when he left Lexington to enter the Southern army. Up to the day of his death it was a great pleasure to him to hear from his negro Sunday school.

As the years passed quietly at Lexington, duty more and more became the rule of his life —duty to God and to man. So great was his care to observe the Sabbath that he would not read a letter on Sunday or mail one which would be carried on that day. Once a friend who knew he had received a letter from his lady-love late Saturday night asked him if he had read it. Jackson replied that he had not.

"What obstinacy!" exclaimed the friend. "Don't you think that your desire to know the contents of the letter will take your mind from divine worship far more than if you had read it?"

"No," Jackson quietly said; "I will make the most faithful effort to control my thoughts;

and as I do this from a sense of duty, I expect the Divine blessing on it."

Jackson's social life was marked by courtesy and kindness. When a single man, he made it a rule to accept all invitations, if possible. He thought that if a friend took the trouble to invite him, it was his duty to accept. Major Gittings, a relative, says of him:

"Speaking from a social standpoint, no man ever had a more delicate regard for the feelings of others than he had. Nothing would embarrass him more than any occurrence which might cause pain or distress to others. Hence, he was truly a polite man; and while his manner was often reserved, and even awkward, yet he usually made a good impression through his desire to please."

When Jackson came to Lexington he was in ill health, and many seemingly odd things which he did were only a part of his medical treatment. He had been at a water-cure hospital in the North, where he was told to live on stale bread and buttermilk and wear a wet shirt

next to his body. He was also ordered to go to bed at nine o'clock; and if that hour found him at a party or lecture, or any other place, he would leave in obedience to his physician.

The nervous indigestion from which he suffered often made him drowsy, and he would sometimes go to sleep while talking to a friend or sitting in his pew at church. General Hill says, "I have seen his head bowed down to his very knees during a great part of the sermon. He always heard the pastor's text, and the first part of the sermon, but after that all was lost."

Later, Jackson seems to have gained control over his muscles, even while asleep, for no one in the last few years before his departure from Lexington ever saw "his head and knees in contact." He would go to sleep, however, while sitting bolt upright.

Before marriage, Jackson had his room in barracks but took his meals at a hotel in Lexington. It is said that his odd behavior here caused much talk—indeed that he was insulted by rude persons. These stories seem untrue.

If insults had been offered "Old Jack," the students would have learned of them and resented them, even if he had done nothing himself. People residing in Lexington when Jackson lived there never heard of these insults. Surely if they had been given, they would have been spoken of in a place where Jackson's name was on every tongue and the events of his life were a constant subject of talk.

Jackson's great will power, which had carried him through West Point, enabled him further to improve himself at Lexington. When he took up the study of Latin, a friend told him that one who had not studied that language in youth could not hope to learn it thoroughly in later years. Jackson replied, "If I attempt it, I shall become master of the language. I can do what I will to do."

He joined a literary club, called the Franklin Society, in order to learn to speak in public. He was always present at the meetings, and spoke in his turn, but at first his efforts were painful both to himself and his hearers. His

health was poor, his nerves were unstrung and sometimes he would become confused and break down in the midst of his speech. As often as this happened, he would quietly take his seat and wait until his turn in the debate came again, when he would rise and make another attempt. Thus, before the close of the debate, he would succeed in telling what was in his mind. By trying time after time, he ended in becoming a good speaker.

Soon after Jackson joined the Presbyterian church, Dr. White, the minister, called on him to pray in public. The major prayed in such a halting fashion that he was told he would not be again asked to perform so trying a task. Jackson replied that it was very hard for him to pray in public, but that he had made up his mind to do it and did not wish to be excused. He kept on trying until at last he became a leader in prayer.

General Hill, in speaking of this incident, says: "I think his conduct in this case was due to his determination to conquer every weak-

ness of his nature. He once told me that when he was a small boy, being sick, a mustard plaster was put on his chest and he was sent to a neighbor's to divert his mind from the plaster. He said the pain was so dreadful that he fainted. I asked him if he kept the plaster on in order to obey his guardian. He answered, 'No, it was owing to a feeling that I have had from childhood not to yield to trials and difficulties.' "

Hill also writes: "Dr. Dabney thinks that Jackson was timid and that nothing but his iron will made him brave. I think this is a mistake. The muscles of his face would twitch when a battle was about to open and his hand would tremble so that he could hardly write. His men, seeing the working of his muscles, would say, 'Old Jack is making faces at the Yankees.' But all this only showed weak nerves. I think he loved danger for its own sake."

Like St. Paul, Jackson "kept his body under." He did not use tobacco, alcohol or coffee, and he would go all winter in the Virginia

mountains without an overcoat, saying that he "did not wish to give way to cold."

It is told of him that once during the War between the States, when he had become greatly chilled and was too near the enemy's outposts to have a fire, his surgeon advised him to take a drink of brandy. Jackson at length agreed to take some. He made such a wry face in swallowing, however, that some one asked him if it choked him. "No," he replied, "I like it. That is the reason I never use it." Another time when he was asked to take a drink, he said, "No, I thank you; I am more afraid of it than of all the Federal bullets."

The immortal Jackson afraid of strong drink! What a lesson to people who think they need not fear it!

Jackson was married, on August 4, 1853, to Eleanor Junkin, the daughter of the president of Washington College at Lexington. This lovely woman lived only fourteen months after her marriage. Jackson's grief for her was so great as to alarm his friends. His health, never

good, suffered greatly, and his friends persuaded him in the summer of 1856 to take a trip to Europe. It was hoped that "the spell might be broken which bound him to sadness."

Jackson's European trip benefited him in health and spirits, and he was ready to take up his duties again with a new zeal. He started home in ample time to reach the Institute for its opening day, but storms delayed him and he was late. He had promised to be back by September 1; and one of his woman friends, knowing how careful he was to keep his word in all matters, asked him if the delay had not made him unhappy. The answer was in keeping with the man. He had done his part, he said, and the delay was due to Providence. Therefore he had not worried in the least. No one ever trusted God more completely than Jackson.

Dr. R. L. Dabney tells us that a friend one day said to Jackson that he was not able to understand how one could "pray without ceasing," as the Bible advises. Jackson replied

that for some time he had been in the habit of praying all through the day. "When we take our meals," he said, "there is grace, and when I take a drink of water, I always pause to lift up my heart to God in thanks for 'the water of life'; when I go to my classroom and await the coming of the cadets, that is my time to pray for them. And so with every other act of the day."

Jackson's pastor, Dr. White, said that he was the happiest man he had ever known. This happiness came from his perfect faith in the care of God. He rested in that faith and did not let himself be worried by the small troubles of life.

The most important event in the latter part of Jackson's life at Lexington was his second marriage, which took place on July 15, 1857. His wife was Mary Ann Morrison, the daughter of a Presbyterian minister of North Carolina. In later years Mrs. Jackson wrote a life of her husband, in which she gives glimpses of their home and quotes from his wartime letters.

Shortly after his marriage, Jackson bought a house and a few acres of land. Much of his spare time was spent in tilling his garden and

JACKSON'S HOME IN LEXINGTON

fields. The little farm of rocky hill-land was soon well fenced and cultivated. He used to say that the bread grown there by his own labor and that of his slaves tasted sweeter than bought bread.

Jackson also had business interests of some size, which brought him in a good income. It was a prosperous and happy life he lived in the last years at Lexington.

He was a home-loving, tender-hearted man, with a great love for children. Once a friend stayed at his house over night with a four-year-old daughter. At bedtime Mrs. Jackson offered to take the little girl with her, but the father said that the child would give less trouble if she slept with him. In the watches of the night he heard a soft step and felt a hand laid on the bed. It was Jackson, who feared that the child would toss off the covers and had come to make sure that all was well.

This good and peaceful life did not last much longer. The black cloud of war was hovering over the land and the storm soon burst in full fury, sweeping Jackson from his quiet duties and his home into the midst of strife and bloodshed. It was also to carry him to deeds which have made his fame world-wide and immortal.

Jackson's last service as an officer of the Vir-

ginia Military Institute was now at hand. He had been left in charge of the body of cadets when his superior officers were called to Richmond at the beginning of the War between the States. Early in the morning of April 21, 1861, a message was received from Governor Letcher ordering him to leave with his command for Richmond at 12:30 o'clock that day.

Jackson asked his pastor, Dr. White, to hold a farewell service at the Institute. It was held in front of the barracks. The cadets were drawn up in line of battle, with Jackson at the head and Dr. White in the middle. All listened reverently to the minister's prayer. The clock in the Institute tower struck the hour for departure, and, without a moment's hesitation, Jackson took up the line of march, leaving the minister still praying.

The keynote of his success in war was in prompt obedience to orders and in requiring the same obedience of others.

Fac′ ul ty: the body of teachers in a school or college.

Coat ee′: a short jacket worn by cadets or soldiers.

Tes′ ti mo′ ni al: witness, evidence.

Dis′ cip line: rule of conduct.

Im pres′ sion: effect on some one.

De ris′ ion: contempt.

Ap pre′ ci at ed: liked; enjoyed.

Chal′ lenged: dared to a trial or combat.

Im ag′ i na ry: not real.

In′ di ges′ tion: a disorder of the stomach.

Im mor′ tal: everlasting.

Ob′ sti na cy: stubbornness.

How did Major Jackson come to be a professor in the Virginia Military Institute?

What were his reasons for leaving the army?

What was his life at the Institute?

What was his method of preparing for his classes?

How did he observe the Sabbath?

What religious work did he do?

What was Jackson's last service as an officer of the Virginia Military Institute?

CHAPTER V

Colonel

Before going on with the story of Jackson's life, I will tell you, in a few plain words, the causes of the war which broke out in 1861 between the Northern and the Southern States.

After the Revolutionary War, the thirteen American States agreed to form a firmer union, and made a new body of laws called the Constitution of the United States. From the very first, however, the States did not agree. Laws which suited a part of them did not please the rest, and there was always some cause for quarreling.

The question of slavery gave the most trouble. You perhaps know that African slaves were first brought into Virginia in 1619 by the Dutch. They were found so useful that English and Northern traders soon began to bring in

more blacks, until finally all the colonies held slaves.

The cold climate of the North did not suit the negroes, who had been used to the hot sun of Africa. So by degrees the Northern people sold their slaves and did not buy more.

Many leaders, both in the North and South, wished to free the negroes. But as the number of blacks had greatly increased in the South, it was seen that their sudden freeing might be harmful to the country. They were not yet ready for freedom.

In the North, where slavery was fast dying out, the people failed to realize this. They did not have great numbers of negroes to deal with, and thought that it was very wrong to keep them in slavery. Besides, the North did not like the idea of having slaves in the South do the kind of work that was done by free white men elsewhere.

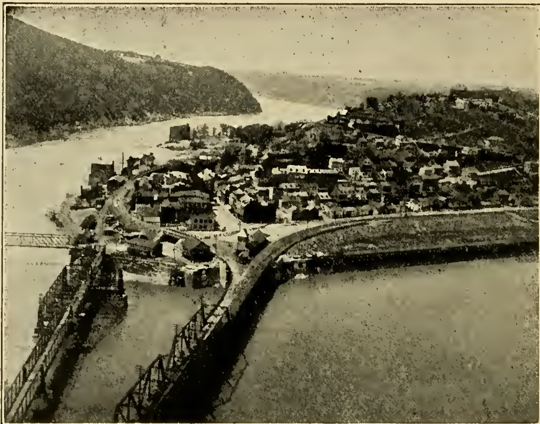
The Northern people, therefore, tried to keep slaves out of new States as these came into the Union, and also out of a large part of the terri-

tory belonging to the Union which had not yet been made into States. The South, on the other hand, claimed that slave-owners had a right to carry their slaves into all the territory of the Union. The Southern people also believed that the negroes were happy and well-cared for, and that the North, in attacking slavery, was trampling on Southern rights.

So the quarrel went on until October, 1859, when an event occurred in Virginia which greatly increased the angry feeling of both North and South. A man named John Brown, who had fought slavery in the West, formed a plot to free the negroes in Virginia and the whole South. For two years he sent men through the South with the purpose of stirring up the negroes secretly and of urging them to attack the whites. He bought long pikes for the slaves to use, as many of them knew nothing of firearms.

When at last Brown thought that all was ready, he entered Harper's Ferry by night with only eighteen followers and seized the United

States arsenal there. Sending out men into the country around to capture the large slave-holders, he called on the slaves to join him. The next morning every white man in the town who



HARPER'S FERRY

left his home was seized and shut up in an engine-house near the arsenal. Only a few negroes joined Brown and they were too scared to be of much aid.

As soon as the news of the raid spread over the country, armed men came into town from

all sides; before night Brown and his followers were penned in the engine-house. A little later a band of marines arrived from Washington under the command of Colonel Robert E. Lee.

When Brown refused to surrender, the soldiers stormed the engine-house. Ten of Brown's party were killed in the attack and all the rest wounded, including Brown. Six of the soldiers were killed and nine wounded. John Brown and seven of his followers were tried at Charlestown, Virginia, found guilty of treason and murder, and sentenced to death.

The cadets of the Virginia Military Institute were ordered to Charlestown to protect the officers of the law. Major Jackson commanded a section of light artillery which went along with the cadet battalion. He was present at Brown's hanging and afterwards gave an account of the scene.

John Brown's raid, as it was called, cast great gloom over the whole country. Many persons in the North thought that Brown died a martyr to the cause of freedom, while the

Southern people saw that they could no longer hope to enjoy in peace and safety the rights granted them by the Constitution of the United States.

Jackson was strongly Southern in feeling. He believed that the South should make a stand for her rights and resist all efforts to oppress her. He dreaded the idea of war, however, and declared that it was the duty of Christians throughout the land to pray for peace. A month before the secession of South Carolina, he said to his pastor, Dr. White:

"It is painful to see how carelessly they speak of war. If the government insists on the measures threatened, there must be war. They seem not to know what its horrors are. Let us have meetings and pray for peace."

Dr. White agreed to this request, and Jackson prayed that the land might be spared war.

After the election of Abraham Lincoln as President of the United States, in November, 1860, the Southern States saw no hope of getting their rights and decided to secede, or with-

draw, from the Union. South Carolina took the lead, seceding on December 20, 1860. She was quickly followed by Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, Louisiana, and Texas. On

JEFFERSON DAVIS

January 9, 1861, these States united to form a government at Montgomery, Alabama, which was called the "Confederate States of America." Jefferson Davis was made President.

Virginia was slow to withdraw from the

Union of States. However, when President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand soldiers to invade the Confederate States, she waited no longer. The Old Dominion seceded on April 17, 1861, and at once began to prepare for war. "In one week," says Dabney, "the whole State was changed into a camp." Soon Richmond was filled with companies of militia drilling and being trained to fight.

At daybreak on April 21, 1861, a message came, as we have seen, from Governor Letcher, ordering the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute to Richmond. Major Jackson, in command, made ready to lead the battalion. At eleven o'clock he went home to tell his wife good-by. In the quiet of their chamber, Jackson read the fifth chapter of Second Corinthians, which begins with these beautiful words. "For we know, if our earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." He then knelt and prayed for his household and for the country.

After a last farewell to his wife, he left his home, never again to enter it. A few days later Mrs. Jackson went to live with a friend, and the house was closed.

Jackson and the cadets marched to Staunton, whence they traveled by train to Richmond and went into camp at the Fair Grounds. From Richmond Jackson wrote his wife: "Colonel Lee, of the army, is here and has been made Major-General of the Virginia troops. I regard him a better officer than General Scott."

A few days later Jackson was appointed a colonel in the Virginia army and ordered to take command at Harper's Ferry, the town on the Potomac made famous by John Brown's raid. Here were an arsenal and a number of government workshops. This important place had already fallen into the hands of the Virginia troops, and it was necessary to hold it until the arms and machinery could be moved away.

It may be well to give a word-picture of Jackson as he appeared on the eve of a career

which was to fill the world with his fame. He was tall and erect, with large hands and feet. His brow was fair and broad; his eyes were blue—placid and clear when their owner was calm, but dark and flashing when he was aroused. The nose was Roman, the cheeks ruddy, the mouth firm, and the chin square and covered with a brown beard. Jackson's step was long and rapid, and if he was not a graceful rider he was a fearless one. In battle or as he rode along his columns, hat in hand, bowing right and left in response to the cheers of his soldiers, he made a noble figure. Few even of his close friends were aware of his military genius, so that he burst on the world as a meteor darts across the sky.

On his way to Harper's Ferry, he wrote thus to his wife:

"WINCHESTER, April 29, 1861.

"I expect to leave here about two P. M. to-day for Harper's Ferry. I am thankful to say that an ever-kind Providence, who causes 'all things to work together for good to them that love him,' has given me the post which I prefer above all others.

THE CONFEDERATE CAPITOL

. . . You must not expect to hear from me very often, as I shall have more work than I have ever had in the same time before, and don't be troubled about me, as an ever-kind Heavenly Father will give us all needful aid."

Jackson had been ordered by Major-General Lee to organize and drill the men who had gathered at Harper's Ferry and to hold the place as long as possible against the foe. He went to work with great zeal, arranging the men into companies and regiments. The name he had made for himself in the Mexican War led the soldiers to obey him readily, and he soon had a little army of forty-five hundred men.

The separate State army, however, was presently a thing of the past. Virginia joined the Southern Confederacy in May, 1861, and handed over the State forces to the Confederate government, which bound itself to pay her soldiers and defend her soil. General Joseph E. Johnston was sent to Harper's Ferry to take command and Colonel Jackson at once gave up his charge.

The Virginia regiments in the town—the Second, the Fourth, the Fifth, the Twenty-seventh, and the Thirty-third, with Pendleton's artillery—were formed into a brigade under Jackson. This was the command which afterwards became famous as the Stonewall Brigade, and which, as we shall see, did much hard service and fought many battles.

General Johnston found that he could not hold Harper's Ferry against the Federals, who were coming up under General Patterson. He therefore burned the great railroad bridge over the Potomac river at that place and moved away the guns and stores. On June 16, he withdrew his little army to Bunker Hill, a hamlet twelve miles north of Winchester. Here he offered battle to Patterson, but the Northern general refused to fight and retreated to the north bank of the Potomac.

On June 19, Jackson was ordered to march northward and watch the foe, who were again crossing to the Virginia side of the river. He was also ordered to destroy the engines and cars

of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad at Martinsburg. This he did, although it was an unpleasant duty.

Jackson remained near Martinsburg until July 2, having Colonel J. E. B. Stuart, with a body of cavalry, in his front to keep him informed of the enemy's movements. On that day Patterson advanced toward Jackson, who met him with only one regiment and a handful of cavalry. A sharp skirmish followed. As the Federals now began to come up in large numbers, Jackson fell back to his main body, having taken about fifty prisoners and killed and wounded a number of the enemy. His own loss was two men killed and ten wounded.

In this first fight, which is known as the battle of Falling Waters, Jackson showed such boldness and, at the same time, such care for his soldiers' lives, that he at once gained a hold on their esteem. They knew that they had a brave and able leader.

General Patterson now entered Martinsburg, where he remained some time. Johnston, hav-

ing come up with his army, offered battle day after day, but Patterson had other plans and soon moved away.

On the day after the fight at Falling Waters, Jackson received this note:

"RICHMOND, July 3rd, '61.

"MY DEAR GENERAL:

"I have the pleasure of sending you a commission of Brigadier-General in the Provisional Army, and to feel that you merit it. May your advancement increase your usefulness to the State.

"Very truly,

"R. E. LEE."

General Jackson, as we must now call him, was pleased at this reward. He wrote his wife: "Through the blessing of God, I have now all that I ought to wish in the line of promotion. May His blessing rest on you is my fervent prayer."

Ter′ ri to ry: a great tract of land.
Mar′ tyr: one who dies for a great cause.
Con′ sti tu′ tion: the chief law of a country.

Ar′ se nal: a storehouse for arms and military supplies.

Ma rines′: soldiers who serve on sea and land.

Vol un teer′: one who enters any service of his own free will.

Me′ te or: a fiery body falling from the sky.

What happened in October, 1859?

When did South Carolina secede? Virginia?

Tell about Jackson's departure with the cadets.

Where was Jackson first in command?

What was Jackson's first battle in 1861?

What promotion did Jackson receive in July, 1861?

CHAPTER VI

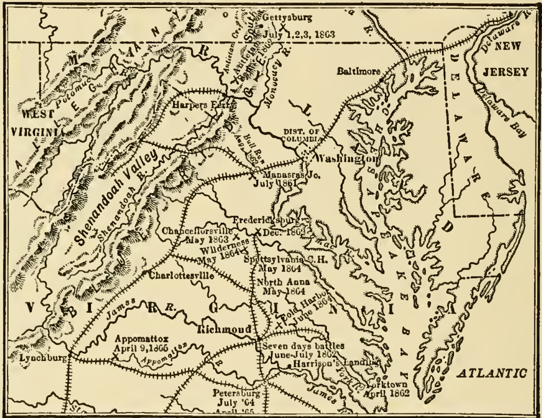
General

In the spring of 1861, the States of North Carolina, Tennessee, and Arkansas also joined the new Confederacy, the capital of which was Richmond, Virginia. The main object of the North was to capture this city. For the purpose four armies were raised. The first was to move up the James river; the second by way of Manassas; the third up the Shenandoah Valley, and the fourth across the mountains from the northwest.

Turn to the map of Virginia on the next page and find the places spoken of; then you will understand the plan at once.

The Confederate army was much smaller than the Federal, because the Southern States were more thinly settled than those in the North. Besides, the North drew men as well as supplies from the whole world. The North

was rich; the South was poor and lacked guns and everything else needed in waging war. The outside world was soon closed to her by the Federal navy, which guarded the seacoast



WAR MAP OF VIRGINIA

closely and kept ships from coming into the Southern harbors. With all these things against the South, her generals would have to show great skill in meeting large armies with fewer men.

You will remember that General Joseph E.

Johnston was at Winchester with a small force, watching General Patterson. Just across the Blue Ridge mountains at Manassas, sixty miles southeast of Winchester, Beauregard (bo′ re gard), another Southern general, was facing a Northern army under General McDowell. This army was thirty-five thousand strong, while Beauregard had only about twenty-eight thousand men.

McDowell's troops had the best of uniforms, artillery, and rifles—in fact, all that money could buy to aid them in doing good service in the field. On the other hand, the Confederates were poorly clad and were armed with old muskets and old cannon; many of them had but the shotguns they had used for hunting in their boyhood days.

The North fully believed that its fine army would crush the Confederates at one blow, and when McDowell was a little slow in giving battle, the cry was raised, "On to Richmond!" Crowds of reporters, members of Congress, government clerks, and even ladies, went from

Washington in the rear of the Federal army to witness the overthrow of the Confederates.

McDowell at last made ready to attack. When he did so, Beauregard asked Johnston to leave Patterson at Winchester and come across the mountains to his aid. Johnston at once sent Colonel J. E. B. Stuart with his cavalry to face Patterson and keep him from learning that the Confederates were slipping away from Winchester to join Beauregard. Stuart obeyed his orders so well that Johnston was at Manassas, sixty miles away, before Patterson learned that he had gone.

The little Southern army left Winchester in the morning of July 18. The first Virginia brigade, led by Jackson, headed the line of march. As the troops passed through the streets of Winchester, the people sadly asked whether they were going to leave the town to the enemy. The soldiers answered that they did not know why they were marching south.

About three miles from Winchester, Johnston ordered a halt and had an order read ex-

plaining that the army was on its way to help Beauregard, now on the eve of a battle with McDowell. The men rent the air with their shouts when they learned that they were not retreating, and marched on at a double-quick. They waded the Shenandoah river, which was waist deep, crossed the Blue Ridge mountains at Ashby's Gap and stopped for the night at the village of Paris on the eastern slope.

Dr. Dabney tells us that while the soldiers rested, Jackson himself kept watch, saying, "Let the poor fellows sleep; I will guard the camp myself." For two hours he walked up and down under the trees, or sat on a fence. At last, an hour before daybreak, he lay down on the grass in a fence corner and was soon fast asleep.

At peep of day the brigade was up and away. It made such good time that at dusk on July 19 the troops, hungry and footsore, marched into a field near Manassas, where they spent the next day in resting for the coming battle.

The Confederate line stretched for eight

miles along the southern bank of Bull Run, which could be forded at several places. Beauregard had placed strong forces at these fords to keep the enemy from crossing. Before Johnston's army had come up, McDowell had tried the fords but had been driven back.

Finding the fords too strongly held, he planned to send a part of his forces around the left wing of the Confederates to a stone bridge, by which it might cross the stream and get in the rear of the Southern army. The Confederates, thus caught between two fires, front and back, would be crushed.

McDowell started to carry out his plan in the morning of July 21, 1861. He sent forward a heavy force to take the stone bridge, which was guarded by Colonel Evans with only eleven hundred men. After Evans had fought desperately for several hours and just as he was on the point of being driven away, Generals Bee and Bartow came to his aid, and for a while turned the tide of battle. The Federals, however, crossed the stream and slowly pressed

JACKSON GUARDING THE CAMP

the Southerners back by weight of numbers. As the latter were retreating, Jackson reached the spot with his brigade, twenty-six hundred strong. He placed his men on the crest of a hill in the edge of a pine thicket.

Bee came up to Jackson, who was coolly engaged in making his preparations. "General," he said, "they are beating us back." Jackson replied firmly, "Then, sir, we will give them the bayonet." Bee, catching his spirit, galloped back to his troops, crying out, "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!" In this way the general gained the famous name, "Stonewall." The historian Draper says, "This name, received in a-baptism of fire, displaced that which he had received in a baptism of water." The retreating Confederates rallied.

From eleven in the morning until three in the afternoon the battle hung in doubt. The strong Federal artillery swept the Southern lines and the Federal infantry made charge after charge. All the while Jackson's men were

lying along the crest, waiting for the moment to advance. Shells burst among them, killing and wounding a number and trying the patience of the rest. Jackson in the meantime rode back

JACKSON AT MANASSAS

and forth behind his line, saying, "Steady, men! Steady! All's well!"

Finally the fire of the Northern cannon and the masses of Northern infantry began to tell. The commands on both sides of Jackson's brigade were once more falling back, and Jackson saw that the moment had come to attack.

He gave the signal to his men to rise, crying out to the Second Virginia Regiment, "Reserve your fire until they come within fifty yards. Then fire and give them the bayonet; and when you charge, yell like furies."

The men sprang to their feet, fired one deadly volley in the faces of the nearing foe and dashed down the hill upon them. The Federals, unable to stand the onset, turned and fled. A Confederate battery which had been captured was retaken and Jackson's men broke the center of the Northern line.

At this moment a fresh body of troops under General Kirby Smith reached the field. They bore down on the flank of the Federal army, while at the same time Beauregard ordered the whole Confederate line to advance.

The charge proved too much for the tired and broken Federals. They began to give way on every side, and presently the whole army fled from the field in utter rout. The men, casting away their guns, made for the nearest fords of Bull Run. The Confederate cavalry pur-

sued them, and Kemper's field artillery shelled them from every hill. The road to Washington soon became a struggling mass of men and horses, rushing pell-mell toward the north.

Jackson's troops took no part in the pursuit except to fire their cannon at the fleeing foe, most of whom did not stop their flight until they were safe in Washington.

Though the Confederates were the victors, they had lost many brave men. Generals Bee and Bartow were killed and Kirby Smith was badly wounded. Jackson himself was slightly wounded in the left hand early in the day, but he took no notice of the hurt. At the close of the battle he felt the pain keenly and went to his field hospital.

Dr. McGuire, the head surgeon, said, "General, are you much hurt?"

"No," Jackson replied. "I believe it is a trifle."

"How goes the day?" asked the doctor.

"Oh!" exclaimed Jackson; "we have beaten them; we have gained a glorious victory."

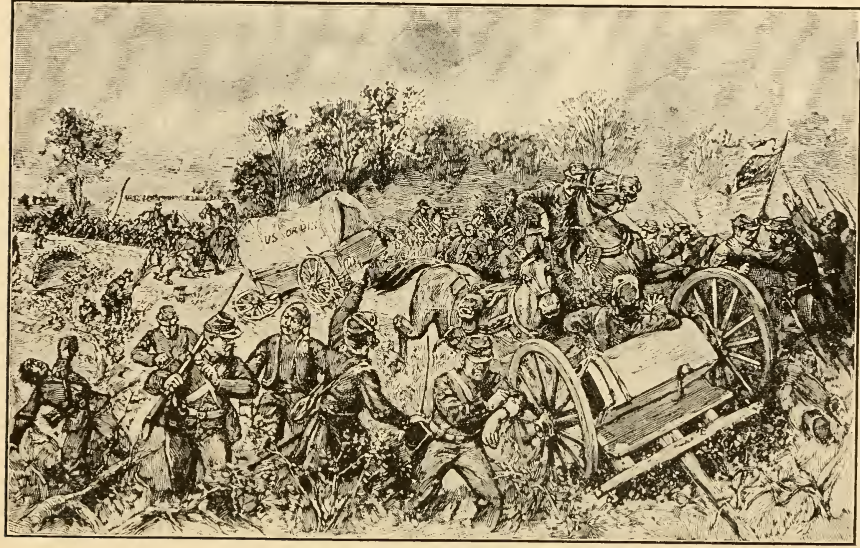
Dabney says that this was the only time that Jackson was ever heard to express joy at having won the day.

When the surgeon came to dress his hand, Jackson said, "No, I can wait. My wound is but a trifle; attend first to those poor fellows." He then sat down on the grass and waited until the injuries of the badly wounded had been bandaged. At first it was thought that his middle finger would have to be cut off, but Dr. McGuire saved it by skilful treatment.

While Jackson was having his hand dressed, he is said to have declared that with ten thousand fresh troops he would be in Washington city next day. As he was not in command of the army, however, there was nothing for him to do but to await orders.

On the day following the battle, Jackson wrote his wife:

"Yesterday we fought a great battle and gained a great victory, for which all the glory is due God alone. Though under fire for several hours, I received only one wound, the



ROUT OF FEDERALS AT MANASSAS

breaking of the longest finger of the left hand, but the doctor says it can be saved. My horse was wounded but not killed. My coat got an ugly wound near the hip. . . . Whilst great credit is due to other parts of our gallant army, God made my brigade more instrumental than any other in repulsing the main attack.

"This is for you alone. Say nothing about it. Let others speak praise, not myself."

But the praise of the Stonewall Brigade was not sung by Jackson alone. Both friend and foe unite in saying that if it had not held the hill which was the key to the position until help came, the battle of Manassas would have been a defeat for the South and not a victory. Jackson's keen eye saw the place in which to make a stand, and he held his ground for hours against all odds. At one time, when the men were lying on the ground with the shells bursting over them, some of the officers begged to be allowed to charge.

"No," said Jackson, "wait for the signal. This place must be held."

We do not seek to take glory from any of the gallant soldiers who fought in this battle. Some of them, as Bee and Bartow, gave up their lives, and others, as Kirby Smith, made forced marches to come up in time; but there can be little doubt that Jackson was the hero of the day.

The road to Washington was now open and the Confederates might have taken the city if they had pushed on without delay. But the commanding generals were afraid to risk the attempt with an army which had been drilled only a few weeks, and thus the golden opportunity was allowed to pass. In a few days the North had chosen a new commander, General George B. McClellan, who set to work to raise new forces to defend Washington.

The Southern lines were later pushed within sight of Washington, but no battle took place, as McClellan would not risk a fight so soon after the rout at Manassas. Jackson spent this time in drilling his troops and making them fit for harder battles in the future.

In October he was promoted to the rank of major-general and sent to the Shenandoah Valley to take command of the army which had been serving in West Virginia. The Stonewall Brigade was left behind with General Johnston. This parting was a great trial both to Jackson and the brigade.

When the time came for him to go, he ordered the Stonewall Brigade to march out under arms, and rode to the front with his staff. No cheer arose; every face was sad. After speaking a few words of praise and appreciation, Jackson threw his bridle reins aside and, stretching out his arms, said:

"In the Army of the Shenandoah, you were the first brigade. In the Army of the Potomac, you were the first brigade. You are the first brigade in the affections of your general; and I hope that 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!"

With a final wave of his hand, he left the

field amidst the cheers of his men. The separation, however, was but for a short time. In November following, the first Virginia brigade was ordered to join Jackson at Winchester and it remained with him until the fatal hour at Chancellorsville, when it lost him forever.

Des′ per ate ly: fiercely; with great determination.

Fu′ ries: fierce and terrible beings.

Pell-mell: in disorder.

In′ stru ment′ al: the means of doing something.

Op′ por tu′ ni ty: chance to do something.

Pos ter′ i ty: those who come after.

Sep′ a ra′ tion: parting.

Who commanded the Confederate army at Winchester? At Manassas?

Who commanded the Federal army at Manassas?

What did Beauregard ask Johnston to do?

How did Johnston succeed in carrying out the plan?

What was McDowell's plan?

What did Jackson do in the first battle of Manassas?

How did he get the name of Stonewall?

CHAPTER VII

The Valley Campaign

At the close of the year 1861, Jackson was at Winchester with about ten thousand men. Generals Loring and Henry Jackson had brought their troops from western Virginia to join him.

The commander of the cavalry was Lieutenant-Colonel Turner Ashby, a gallant, watchful, and able officer. At the sound of his well-known shout and the cry of "Ashby" from his men, the Federal horsemen would often turn and flee. Ever guarding the outposts of the army, he was Jackson's "eyes and ears."

At this time three armies threatened Jackson. He knew that they would crush him if he did not beat them singly before they could unite. His defeat would endanger the Southern cause; for his little army in the Shenandoah

Valley was the guard to Johnston's flank. That general with forty thousand men was still at Manassas, facing McClellan, who was at the head of a great host which he was fast drilling into a trained army. If Jackson were defeated in the Valley, Johnston would be forced to retreat, and perhaps the whole State would fall into the enemy's hands.

The main armies were in winterquarters, and there was not much danger of a move before spring. Jackson, therefore, made up his mind to attack a Federal force holding the towns of Bath and Romney in northwestern Virginia. It was the last of December before he could collect the supplies needed for the expedition.

On the first day of the year 1862, the little army of nine thousand men set out without knowing in the least where it was going; Jackson had kept his plans to himself. In spite of the winter season, the day was bright and the air warm. Indeed the weather was so mild that the soldiers left their overcoats and blankets to be brought in the wagons. That

afternoon, however, a biting wind began to blow, followed by rain and sleet.

The men marched all next day, and at night the wagons were still far behind. The troops rested without rations or blankets, having only campfires to keep them warm. On the third day they were so weakened by cold and hunger that it was difficult for them to go forward. Jackson, riding grimly along the road, found his old brigade standing still, and asked General Garnett the reason of the delay.

"I have halted," said Garnett, "to let the men cook rations."

"There is no time for it," Jackson curtly replied.

"But it is impossible for the men to go farther without them," said Garnett.

"I have never found anything impossible for this brigade," Jackson answered, riding on. He was restive and eager to press forward, as his plans to surprise the enemy called for swift movement.

Near the town of Bath the toiling column

was suddenly attacked by Federals from behind trees and fences; the latter were driven off with some loss. That night the Southern troops went into camp just outside the town in the midst of

ON THE ROAD TO ROMNEY

a raging snowstorm. They were without food and blankets, and the wonder is that they lived through the night.

But Jackson made no change in his plans, though there was great complaint among the men, a number of whom staggered back to

Winchester in a half-starved condition. The next morning the general was able to furnish his soldiers a good breakfast, after which the order was given to advance.

The Confederates charged the breastworks in front of Bath, and the Federals hastily fled to the Potomac river. On entering the town, the Southern soldiers found quantities of supplies, fine clothes, china, and even dinners, already cooked, waiting for the hungry victors.

Jackson next hurried to a place called Hancock, three miles distant and on the north bank of the Potomac. Placing his cannon on the southern bank, he opened fire on the town and called for its surrender. The enemy refused, and as fresh troops were coming to their aid, Jackson decided to pass on to Romney. General Loring burned the railroad bridge over the Cacapon river and cut the telegraph wires, so that the Federal commander at Romney could not send for help.

The weather had become terrible. Rain, snow, and sleet beat down on the men, who were

ill-clad and often without food, for it was impossible for the wagons to keep up. The mountain roads were covered with ice, on which both men and horses fell. Many soldiers were hurt, while wagon after wagon was overturned and left on the roadside.

Jackson was everywhere along the line, cheering the troops and even helping them in person. Once he came on a cannon which had stalled in the mud. A crowd of soldiers stood nearby, looking on without offering to lend a hand. Jackson got off his horse without a word to the idle soldiers and put his shoulder to the wheel. At this the men came forward, shamed, and the piece moved on.

After great hardships the little army finally reached Romney, on January 14, to find the Federals gone. They had fled, leaving military stores of great value, which fell into the hands of the Confederates. Even at this early time the name of Jackson was a terror, and the enemy, with a force larger than his, retreated before him.

In two weeks' time Jackson had driven the Federals from a large district, had made the Baltimore and Ohio railroad useless to them for a long distance, and had captured great stores of arms and supplies. This he had done with the loss of four men killed and twenty-eight wounded.

Leaving Loring at Romney with a portion of the army, Jackson hurried back to Winchester. From this place he could watch the movements of the Federal General Banks, who was near Harper's Ferry with a large force.

On reaching Winchester, he found the whole State in an uproar over the expedition to Romney through the sleet and snow. Many people declared that he was cruel and unfit to command an army. Some claimed that he was a madman; others that he was without common sense. Another charge brought against him was that of being partial to the Stonewall Brigade, which he had brought back to Winchester with him while leaving Loring's troops in the mountains. The soldiers of this brigade were

called "Jackson's Pet Lambs" and similar names.

The truth was that Loring's men were far more comfortable than the Stonewall Brigade; the former lived in huts and the latter in mere tents outside of Winchester.

A further complaint against Jackson was that he would tell his plans to no one. "It was his maxim," says Dabney, "that in war mystery is the key to success." He thought that any news given out might come to the knowledge of the enemy, and that it was the part of wisdom to conceal everything. This secrecy angered his officers, some of whom so far forgot themselves as to treat their general with disrespect.

Jackson took no notice of these charges. He was busily at work putting up a telegraph line between Romney and Winchester when, on January 31, 1862, he received this order from Richmond: "Order Loring back to Winchester at once."

The cause of this action on the part of the

government was a petition which some of the officers left at Romney had sent to Richmond. They asked to be ordered back to Winchester, as Romney was, in their opinion, entirely too open to attack.

Jackson recalled the troops from Romney but at once offered his resignation to the government. This caused great excitement in the State. The people were unwilling to give up an officer who had shown courage and skill, and he was begged to withdraw his resignation. He refused. He said that the government had shown, by its order, that it did not trust him, and that he could do nothing if he was meddled with. At last the government made a sort of apology, and Jackson took up his duties again.

Soon after Loring left Romney, the Federals entered the town. Thus all of Jackson's efforts and the sufferings of his soldiers came to naught. It was a great blow to Jackson, as Winchester was once more open to attack from the northwest.

The Federal plan of invasion in 1862 was

much the same as that of the previous year. Fremont was coming from the northwest; Banks, from Harper's Ferry; McDowell, from Fredericksburg; McClellan faced Johnston at Manassas; and another army had gathered at Fortress Monroe, ready to march up the James river to Richmond. The Northern host was much larger than in 1861, while the Southern army was smaller, as the time of service of many men had ended and others had gone home on leave of absence.

Several brigades were taken from Jackson to strengthen other points, and he was left with only five thousand men to guard the flank of Johnston's army and protect the Shenandoah Valley.

On February 26, General Banks, with thirty-five thousand men, and General Kelly, with eleven thousand, advanced against Jackson. The latter was still at Winchester, hoping to hold that place until help came from Johnston. But learning from Ashby that he was almost surrounded by the enemy, he fell back

slowly up the Valley turnpike to Mount Jackson, a village forty miles south of Winchester. Here he had sent his stores and sick soldiers some weeks before. When the Federals entered Winchester, they found not a prisoner or musket "to enrich their conquest."

It was a great trial to Jackson to give up Winchester to the enemy, but he promised his friends to come again. We shall see how well he kept his word.

On March 19, Johnston wrote to Jackson at Mount Jackson, asking him to move north and prevent Banks, if possible, from sending troops from his army across the mountains to McClellan. Word was brought at the same time that fifteen thousand men were leaving Banks's army to aid in turning Johnston's flank as he fell back from Manassas to lines nearer Richmond.

Jackson at once started down the Valley again with his little army, now numbering only twenty-seven hundred men. Ashby's cavalry attacked the Federal outposts at Winchester

and drove them in. Banks, thinking that Jackson would give no more trouble, had gone to Washington, leaving General Shields in command.

On the morning of March 23, 1862, Jackson pushed forward with his whole force toward the north. When about five miles from Winchester, at a hamlet called Kernstown, he found Ashby fighting furiously with the enemy's advance.

Jackson at once gave battle, though heavily outnumbered. The struggle went on from noon until night. Regiment after regiment of Federals was hurled against the thin gray ranks, which fought stubbornly. The Confederates would have won the day if the ammunition of the Stonewall Brigade had not given out. Hearing his fire die away for want of cartridges, General Garnett ordered a retreat.

Jackson was of a different mind. When he saw his old brigade give way, he galloped to the spot, and, telling Garnett to hold his ground, pushed forward to rally the men. He seized a

drummer boy by the arm, dragged him into full view of the soldiers and ordered him to beat a rally. The lad obeyed, and amidst a storm of balls the lines reformed.

It was too late. The enemy were now pressing forward in such numbers that nothing was left but to retreat. This the Confederates did in good order, and the Federals held the blood-stained battlefield.

In the battle of Kernstown, twenty-seven hundred Southern troops, with eleven cannon, attacked eleven thousand Federals and almost gained a victory. It is said that Shields had given the order to retreat when the Stonewall Brigade fell back.

The story is told that as Shields followed Jackson up the Valley, he stopped at a country house for the night. Jackson had also rested there on his retreat and the mistress of the house had learned the number of his men. Shields at breakfast on the morning after his arrival boasted, in a polite way, of his victory at Kernstown.

"BEAT THE RALLY"

"Ah! General," the lady replied, "we can afford defeats like that, where twenty-seven hundred men hold back eleven thousand for hours and then retreat at leisure. The general, surprised to learn the small size of Jackson's force, begged the lady to tell him her informant.

"Certainly," she said. "General Jackson's adjutant, Major Paxton. I also know that large reinforcements are on the way and that Jackson will soon be ready to meet you again."

"I have no doubt of that, my dear madam," Shields smilingly replied.

The night after Kernstown, Jackson's army rested at Newtown, while Ashby kept watch near the battlefield. "Jackson," says Cooke, "got an armful of corn for his horse; and, wrapping his blanket about him, lay down by a fire in a fence corner and went to sleep."

Though defeated for the first and only time in his life, Jackson had gained his object. The fifteen thousand men who had started across the mountains to McClellan were recalled to the Valley, and Johnston was able to move

safely behind the Rappahannock river, his new line of defense.

At four o'clock on the morning of March 24, Jackson began his retreat up the Valley. The enemy pursued for a time, but at length returned to Winchester. The Southern troops were far from being cast down by their defeat at Kernstown. They felt that they had made a good fight against four times their number. It began to dawn on them, too, that their leader was a great general; whenever Jackson passed along the columns, the men would cheer themselves hoarse.

Cooke tells us that one man was heard to ask as he marched along, "Why is Old Jack a better general than Moses?" "Don't know," was the reply. "Because it took Moses forty years to lead the Children of Israel through the Wilderness, and Old Jack would have double-quicked them through it in three days."

Another writer states that the men would laughingly declare that the only rest they had was when they were retreating before the

enemy. Jackson always led them by forced marches when going to attack, but never moved fast enough on a retreat to lose the chance of a fight.

The army finally reached its old camp at Mount Jackson, where Jackson gathered the wounded and sent them up the Valley. On April 1, he crossed the north fork of the Shenandoah and took position on Rude's Hill, five miles below New Market. Banks was pressing up the Valley behind him. Ashby burned the bridge over the Shenandoah near Mount Jackson after the Southern army had crossed. While Ashby was doing this work he fought a skirmish with the Federal cavalry, in which his beautiful snowwhite charger was killed.

Jackson remained at Rude's Hill until April 17. By this time the water had gone down so that the Federals could cross the river. Jackson then retreated through New Market to Harrisonburg, where he turned east. Passing the southern end of Massanutton mountain, he crossed the south branch of the Shenandoah

river and posted his troops in the gorge of the Blue Ridge called Swift Run Gap.

The way to Staunton was now open to Banks, if he had had the courage to go on. But

TURNER ASHBY
(From an old print.)

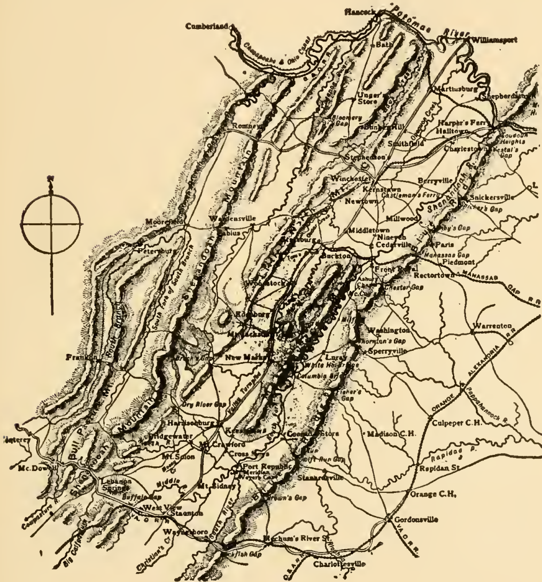
he held back, for Jackson in his rear was worse than Jackson in front. For two weeks the Confederates held the Gap, while Banks lingered at Harrisonburg, laying waste the country.

At this time Jackson had about eight thousand men and thirty cannon. His soldiers had returned from hospitals and leaves of absence, and a number of recruits had come in to swell his force. The general used the time of rest to drill his troops and mend his artillery. In the meantime he made bold plans, which he was soon able to carry out with the help of Robert E. Lee, now guiding the movements of the Confederate armies.

In order to understand the genius of our hero and the bravery and endurance of his men, you must study the map on the next page. You will see that the Shenandoah Valley is bounded on the east by the Blue Ridge mountains and on the west by the Alleghany. Winchester is in the northern end of the Valley and Staunton is about ninety miles to the south. A fine road, known as the Valley pike, runs between the two places.

Near the center of the Valley rises a lovely mountain which the Indians called Massanutton and which still retains that name. This

mountain begins near Strasburg and extends about fifty miles southward, ending not far



VALLEY OF VIRGINIA

from Harrisonburg. There is only one gap in the Massanutton and that is opposite the towns of New Market and Luray. The valley east of the Massanutton is called the Page Valley;

the entire valley, including the Page Valley, is the Valley of Virginia, or the Shenandoah Valley.

Though Jackson and his little army were safe for a time in Swift Run Gap near the village of Elkton, they could not remain there, as three armies were marching against them. Banks was only fifteen miles distant; Milroy was coming by way of Staunton from western Virginia, and Fremont from the northwest. There was great danger that Milroy would overcome General Edward Johnson, who was opposing him, take Staunton, and join Banks. The united armies would then crush Jackson.

The Confederate general made up his mind that he must prevent his foes from uniting. He also wished to keep Staunton out of their hands, as it was an important town on the railway which carried supplies from the fertile Valley to Richmond.

Moreover, it was necessary to strike a blow for the defense of Richmond. McClellan had drawn near the Southern capital with an army

of more than one hundred thousand men, while another army of forty thousand men under McDowell was at Fredericksburg, sixty miles north of Richmond. If McDowell joined McClellan, the fate of Richmond would be sealed. Something must be done to keep the two armies from coming together.

Robert E. Lee at Richmond told Jackson to follow his own plans and sent him General Ewell (u′ ell) with eight thousand men. Ewell's troops marched to Swift Run Gap from the east, taking the place of Jackson's own force, which was withdrawn.

Jackson had made up his mind to unite with Johnson and attack Milroy near Staunton. But it would not do for him to march straight down the Valley to Staunton, for then Banks would be sure to follow him. So Jackson planned to deceive the enemy. He marched southward along the Blue Ridge to another pass, called Brown's Gap. Here he turned east and hurried across the mountains to Mechum's River station on the railroad running east and

west. The troops were put on trains waiting for them and carried due west to Staunton, to the great joy of the people of that place, who thought that they had been deserted.

Jackson was now joined by the forces under Edward Johnson. On May 7, he moved toward General Milroy, who was posted on Shenandoah mountain twenty miles west of Staunton. As the Confederates drew near, the Federals fell back to the village of McDowell.

On May 8, the Southern soldiers climbed the sides of the mountain overlooking the little village. Jackson was about to attack the Federals, when Milroy's troops were seen advancing in line of battle from the cover of the woods. The long blue line came toiling up the slope of the mountain toward the Confederate position.

Jackson quickly made his preparations for battle. The heights held by the Confederates were of no great advantage to them, because the slopes were so steep that the men had to stand on the very crest to fire on the climbing

enemy. This made them good targets for the Northern soldiers below.

The Twelfth Georgia Regiment held the center of the line with great bravery. Though ordered to retire from the crest to escape the enemy's fire, the gallant men disobeyed and kept their position. The next day when one of the Georgians was asked why his regiment had not fallen back, he replied, "We didn't come all the way to Virginia to run from Yankees."

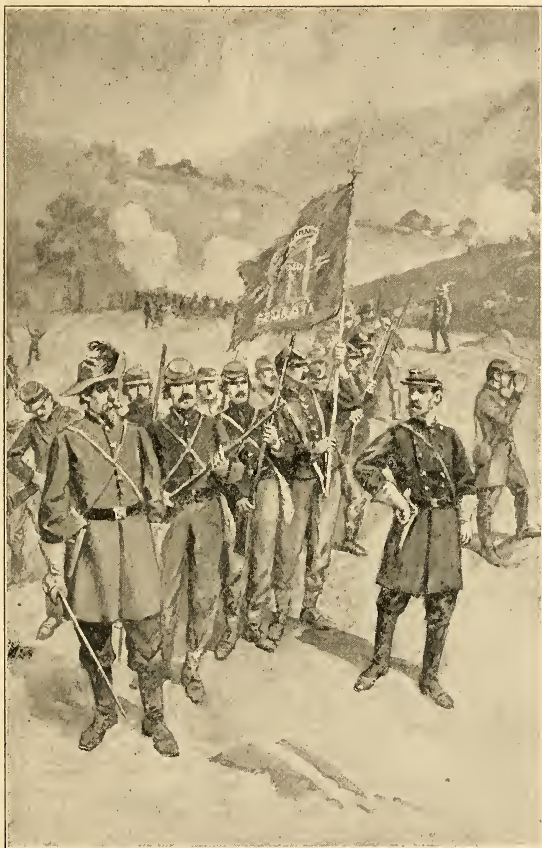
The battle of McDowell lasted from half-past four in the afternoon until eight o'clock, when the shades of night ended it. The Federals, repulsed in all their efforts to carry the ridge, retreated to the village.

It was one o'clock in the morning before Jackson reached his tent, having waited to see the last wounded man brought off the field and the last picket posted. He had eaten nothing for many hours; yet when his faithful servant Jim brought him food, he said, "I want none—nothing but sleep." And in a moment he was fast asleep.

He was in the saddle at peep of day, but on climbing the mountain, he saw that the enemy had left in the night. Jackson at once sent word to Richmond, "God blessed our arms with victory at McDowell yesterday." Then he set out in pursuit of the fleeing foe.

He followed them as far as Franklin in the heart of the mountains, where the Federals set fire to the woods in order to hide their movements and hold back the Southerners. The smoke hung like a pall over the mountain roads and the heat from the blazing forest on every side was terrible. Jackson pressed on until he was sure that the enemy had made their escape, when he decided to return to the Valley.

Banks, on hearing of Milroy's defeat, had fallen back from Harrisonburg to Strasburg. There was now no longer any danger that he would soon unite with Fremont, because the distance between the two armies had greatly increased. The Confederates, therefore, had a good opportunity to attack Banks before he could receive aid.



TWELFTH GEORGIA REGIMENT AT McDOWELL

On May 20, Jackson was again at New Market, where he was joined by Ewell from Swift Run Gap. Banks had thrown up strong earthworks at Strasburg in the belief that Jackson would attack him in front. But the Southern general planned to strike him from another direction.

As you remember, just east of New Market there is a pass or gap through the Massanutton mountain. Sending a small force of cavalry down the turnpike toward Strasburg, Jackson gave the impression that he was coming that way. Then he quickly led his army through the pass of the Massanutton into the Page Valley on the other side.

Hidden by the mountain, his troops marched unseen to the town of Front Royal, which lies at the northern end of the Massanutton. Banks had posted a force here to protect his flank. So silently and swiftly had Jackson's troops marched that they were nearly in sight of Front Royal before any one knew of their presence.

A mile from the town the Federal pickets

were fired on, and the Confederates rushed forward to the attack. The Federals, who thought that Jackson was a hundred miles away, were taken by surprise. After a brave but hopeless fight, they hurried across the Shenandoah river towards Strasburg.

The Southern cavalry followed fast, and, in a great charge near Cedarville, scattered the retreating troops to the winds. A great part of the Federal force was captured, as well as a quantity of stores at Front Royal.

Banks at Strasburg did not at once take alarm, because he thought that Jackson's attack was only a cavalry raid. When he learned, however, that Jackson in person was trying to reach the turnpike leading from Strasburg to Winchester and cut off his retreat, he awoke to his danger. He hurried his army northward toward Winchester.

The next morning, May 24, Jackson began to move at daybreak. Many things delayed his march. His troops had to pass through dense woods in order to get to the turnpike, and the

Northern cavalry stoutly opposed their advance. It thus happened that when Jackson at last reached the great highway, he saw only the lines of blue horsemen, in the rear of Banks's army, and the long wagon train. The Federal infantry and artillery had escaped to the north.

The Confederates rushed cannon into position as soon as they came to the turnpike and the infantry ran to the fences and poured a volley into the crowded road. The Federal column at once broke in wild flight, and soon the pike was a mass of struggling men and horses. The rear guard, some distance behind, fled back to Strasburg and escaped over the mountains to the Potomac.

On the turnpike, Ashby's cavalry pursued the flying foe, firing into them from every hill-top. Cooke thus describes the scene:

"Either a shell or a 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 remains of the first.

CAVALRY CHARGE AT CEDARVILLE

Others would tumble in so as to block up the road, and in the midst of it all, Ashby's troopers would swoop down, taking prisoners or cutting down such as resisted."

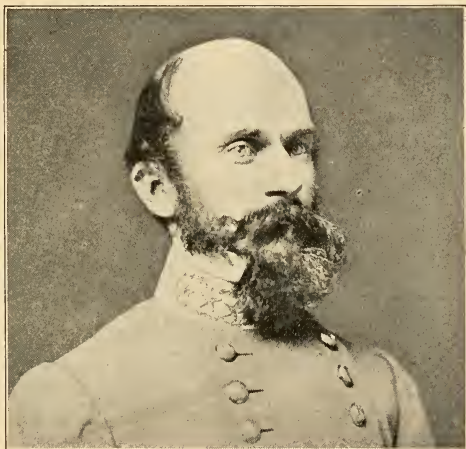
Ashby's men soon began to plunder the captured wagons, thus giving the enemy time to recover from the panic. Near Newtown the Federals turned and fired on their pursuers. A part of the cavalry and the wagon train made good their escape to Winchester, to which place the infantry had fled.

The main body of Jackson's army pressed onward without halting for food or rest. The "foot cavalry" of the Valley marched all night along the pike, which was lit up by "burning wagons, pontoon bridges, and stores." Every now and then they would come on men ambushed along the side of the road, when fierce fights would ensue.

At sunrise on May 25, Jackson's advance force climbed the steep hill southwest of Winchester. This height was held by the Federals, who gave way before the advancing Southern-

ers. With a shout the latter gained the crest of the hill and planted their cannon.

Though the Confederates had marched all night and had had no food, they at once began



RICHARD S. EWELL

the battle of Winchester. Ewell was on the right, Taylor on the left. "Jackson," says a writer, "had his war-look on, and rode about the field, regardless of shot and shell, seemingly as calm as if nothing were happening."

After a fierce fight the Federals retreated, and Jackson entered Winchester on the heels of the panic-stricken foe. The people of the town were beside themselves with delight at seeing their beloved general and his gray-jackets once more, and they crowded the streets to welcome the victors.

For the first time Jackson was excited. He waved his faded cap around his head and cheered with right good will. The troops hurried forward with Jackson leading them. When one of his officers said, "General, don't you think you are going into much danger?" his reply was, "Tell the troops to press right on to the Potomac." They kept up the pursuit until the enemy crossed the river with the loss of many prisoners and quantities of stores.

Jackson had done his work well. The Northern people were so alarmed for the safety of Washington that troops were called there for its defense. McDowell at Fredericksburg, instead of being allowed to join McClellan, was ordered to send half of his army to the Valley.

The Federal plan of attack on Richmond had been upset by Jackson's movements, and McClellan was left to fight his battles alone.

After a short rest at Winchester, Jackson advanced toward Harper's Ferry with the view of attacking the Federal troops there. He was halted by the news that two armies, one under General Shields coming from the east, and the other under General Fremont moving from the west, were headed for Strasburg; it was their purpose to cut Jackson off from Richmond and capture him.

Jackson at once hastened back to Winchester, where he gathered the supplies and stores taken from Banks. Sending these up the Valley, he followed rapidly with his whole army. It was a race between the Confederates and the two Federal columns as to which would reach Strasburg first. A part of the Southern army marched from the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry to Strasburg, nearly fifty miles, in little more than twenty-four hours. Well might they be called "foot cavalry."

When Jackson entered Strasburg, Fremont's advance was almost in sight. He sent Ewell to hold Fremont in check, for the Stonewall Brigade had not yet come up. There was a fierce fight, but Ewell succeeded in driving the enemy back. That evening the Stonewall Brigade arrived, and the whole army continued its retreat up the Valley.

Jackson had won the race and was safe for the present. He had passed between the two Federal columns moving on Strasburg without losing any of the stores captured at Winchester. His spoils were twenty-five hundred prisoners, a hundred cattle, two cannon, and many thousand pounds of provisions. All this had been gained with the loss of about four hundred men.

But Jackson was not yet out of danger. As he slowly fell back up the main Valley, Shields turned into the Page Valley with the intention of crossing the Massanutton mountain at New Market and attacking him in the rear just as he had attacked Banks. If Shields could not do this, he might seize the bridges over the Shenan-

doah and thus cut Jackson off from the Blue Ridge mountains and Richmond.

Fremont pressed up the Valley turnpike in Jackson's rear, while Shields was marching up the Page Valley. The Federal cavalry attacked on every opportunity, keeping Ashby busy to check them. On June 6, as he was leading a charge, he fell pierced to the heart by a bullet. His last words were, "Charge Virginians!" Ashby's loss was deeply felt by his commander, who owed much of his success to the cavalry chief.

Jackson now took his stand at Port Republic, a little town at the upper forks of the Shenandoah river. Fremont was at Harrisonburg, fifteen miles to the northwest and on the western side of the river; Shields was in the Page Valley on the eastern side of the Shenandoah. Jackson was between them. In his rear was Brown's Gap in the Blue Ridge, through which he could pass to join Lee at Richmond.

The Southern general had no idea of leaving the Valley without striking another blow. The

Shenandoah was very high, so that Shields and Fremont could not unite their forces. Jackson made up his mind to attack Shields first and then turn against Fremont. His army lay between the north and south branches of the Shenandoah, which flow together at Port Republic. There was a bridge at the town over the north branch, but the south branch, between Jackson and Shields, was crossed by a ford. The north bank was high, but the south side stretched away in low meadows to the Blue Ridge near by.

Leaving Ewell at Cross Keys to watch Fremont, now advancing from Harrisonburg, Jackson posted the rest of his army on the height overlooking the bridge at Port Republic. A small body of cavalry was sent across the south branch to find out Shields's position, while Jackson himself remained in the village. Early in the morning of June 8, the cavalry came galloping back with the news that the enemy was near at hand.

Jackson in Port Republic at once gave

orders for the batteries on the north side of the stream to open fire. Before the order could be carried out, a body of Federal cavalry dashed across the ford at the south branch into the town, followed by artillery. A gun was put into position at the southern end of the bridge.

Jackson was now cut off from his army, which was on the other side of the river. But his presence of mind did not desert him. Rising in his stirrups, he called sternly to the Federal officer in command of the cannon, "Who told you to put that gun there? Bring it over here." The officer, thinking that Jackson was a Federal general, "limbered up" the piece and made ready to move. In the meantime Jackson and his staff galloped across the bridge to safety.

No time was lost by the Confederates in attacking. The artillery opened fire on the Federal cavalry in the town and Jackson in person led the Thirty-seventh Virginia Regiment to the charge. The foe was driven from the bridge and the gun captured. Meanwhile Jack-

son's long wagon train, which carried his supplies and ammunition, had been bravely defended by a handful of pickets and wagon drivers. The fire of the Confederate artillery from the heights made it impossible for the Federals to hold the village. They hastily retreated across the south river the way they had come.

Hardly had the guns ceased at Port Republic before firing was heard in the direction of Cross Keys, five miles away, where Ewell was fighting Fremont. The latter had twenty thousand men against Ewell's six thousand. The Confederate force, however, was posted with great skill on a high ridge, which the enemy could not take. Ewell's men lay on their arms that night, ready to renew the struggle next morning.

Jackson had other plans. He had decided to strike Shields next. Leaving a guard to watch Fremont, he ordered Ewell to march to Port Republic. At midnight a foot-bridge was thrown over south river for the infantry to cross. This bridge was made by placing

JACKSON AT PORT REPUBLIC BRIDGE

wagons lengthwise across the swollen stream; the floor was formed of long boards laid from wagon to wagon. Over this rude, frail structure the infantry passed, though not so quickly as the general wished. About midway of the stream a wagon stood two feet higher than the next, and all the boards but one had pulled loose from the higher wagon. When the column began to move over, several men were thrown into the water by these loose planks. The others, refusing to trust any but the one firm plank, went over in single file. The crossing was very slow, and the army, instead of being in line to attack Shields at sunrise, was not entirely over until ten o'clock.

By this time, the Federals were ready for the attack. Thus a few loose boards forced the Confederates to fight a bloody battle, for the chance of a surprise had been lost by the delay. This incident shows us that every care should be taken in doing the simplest duty, because the outcome of great events often turns on small matters. It is said that Jackson hoped to rout

Shields and then return to attack Fremont. His plan was now upset.

The battle of Port Republic, June 9, 1862, was a hard-fought contest. The Federals held a strong position between the mountain and the river and had many cannon. At first they repulsed the Confederates, but General Dick Taylor, with his famous Louisiana brigade, turned their flank along the mountain side. They then broke and fled from the field. The victors followed them ten miles down the river and captured a number of cannon and other spoils.

As the Confederate soldiers passed the battlefield on their return from the pursuit, they saw the hills on the north side of the river crowded with Fremont's troops, which had arrived in time to witness the rout of Shields's army but could not cross to his aid. Fremont opened a cannonade on the surgeons on the south bank, who were caring for the wounded.

A few days later Fremont retreated down the Valley, followed by the Southern cavalry,

now under Colonel Munford, which entered Harrisonburg on June 12. The Federal armies had lost twenty-five hundred men at Cross Keys and Port Republic, besides cannon and stores; they were in no condition to do any service for some time.

Though Jackson's plan had not been entirely carried out, he had driven back two armies of forty thousand men which had threatened to combine and crush him. More than this, McClellan's plan for the capture of Richmond had been upset. The government at Washington gave no heed to his requests for further troops, but moved its armies from place to place in the effort to capture Jackson or guard the capital from his attacks.

On June 12, Jackson led his army to Mount Meridian near Port Republic. Here the wearied men had a brief rest while Colonel Munford guarded the turnpike below Harrisonburg. This is the dispatch Jackson sent to Richmond:

"NEAR PORT REPUBLIC, June 9, 1862.

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

"T. J. JACKSON,
"*Major-General, commanding.*"

The Saturday after the battle was set aside by Jackson as a day of thanksgiving and prayer, and the next day the Lord's Supper was celebrated by the Christian soldiers of the army. Jackson was present at this service and partook of the sacred feast in company with his men.

On June 16, he ordered Colonel Munford to press down the pike as far as New Market, in order to make the enemy believe that his whole army was advancing. This Munford did. The Federals, thinking that Jackson was again on the march, fell back to Strasburg and fortified it.

In the meantime, on June 17, Jackson had started on a march, but not toward Strasburg. The mighty army of McClellan had drawn so

near to Richmond that the light of its campfires could be seen in the city. General Lee had decided to attack it and asked Jackson to come to his aid.

Great care was taken to make the Federals believe that troops were being sent from Richmond to Jackson and that he was about to attack Fremont and Shields at Strasburg. A division was carried to Staunton and then hurried back to Richmond. Jackson himself was hastening with his army toward Richmond, where the next battle was to be fought.

Munford made a great show on the Valley turnpike by way of hiding Jackson's real movements. Everything was done to keep the march a secret. The men were told to answer, "I don't know" to all questions which might be asked them along the way. Cooke tells the following amusing story:

One of Hood's men had strayed from the ranks to a cherry-tree, when Jackson rode up and saw him. "Where are you going?" asked the general. "I don't know," replied the sol-

dier. "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?" Jackson demanded angrily. "Well," was the reply, "Old Stonewall and General Hood issued orders yesterday that we were not to know anything until after the next fight." Jackson laughed and rode on.

On June 25, the command reached Ashland, sixteen miles from Richmond. Jackson had gone on ahead to the headquarters of General Lee, where his part in the coming battle was pointed out to him.

Cam paign′: a connected series of military movements.

Flank: side of an army.

Re′ in force′ ments: fresh soldiers sent to an army.

Mys′ te ry: a great secret.

Pe ti′ tion (pe tish′ un): a request.

Gen′ ius (jen yus): wonderful skill.

Ad′ ju tant: a military officer helping a general.

Res′ ig na′ tion: the giving up of a place.

A pol′ o gy: making amends; begging pardon.

Am′ mu ni′ tion: powder and balls.

Re cruit′: a new soldier.

Pick′ et: a soldier on guard.

Pon toon′: a boat used in making a hasty bridge.

Why did Jackson fight the battle of Kernstown?

What was the result of the battle?

What was Jackson's object in attacking Milroy at McDowell?

Describe the battle of McDowell.

How did Jackson go about attacking Banks at Strasburg?

What two generals attempted to unite and crush Jackson?

What was Jackson's plan to defeat them?

Describe the battle of Port Republic.

Why did Jackson go to Richmond?

CHAPTER VIII

The Great Campaigns of 1862

General McClellan was on the banks of the Chickahominy river, at one point only six miles from Richmond. He had the largest and best-equipped army that had ever been seen on American soil.

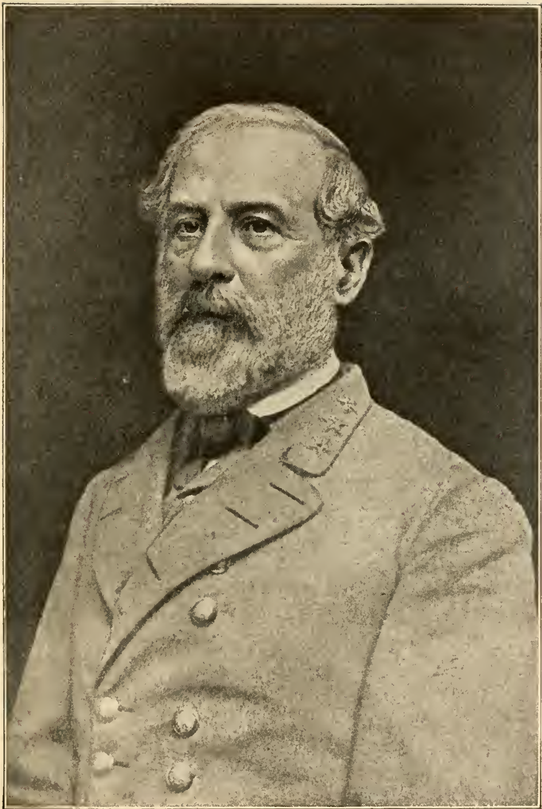
His position was a strong one. He had the Pamunkey river on one side and the James on the other, with the marshes of the Chickahominy in front as natural protections against the Confederates. Besides, he had thrown up earthworks all along his line, which swept in a curve from Meadow Bridge road on the right to the Williamsburg road on the left, a distance of fifteen miles.

There was one weak point, however, in McClellan's position; a part of his army was on the north side of the Chickahominy river, while

the rest was on the south side near Richmond. Lee decided to attack the Federal wing north of the Chickahominy; if he struck it a quick blow, he might be able to destroy it before help arrived from the other wing. The Southern commander planned to have Jackson come from Ashland and attack the Federal right wing from behind, while A. P. Hill and Longstreet assailed it in front. June 26 was the day agreed on for the attack.

In the afternoon of this day, Hill advanced on Mechanicsville without waiting for Jackson, who had not yet reached the field. The Federals fell back to their works on Beaver Dam creek. Hill's troops charged these earthworks again and again with the utmost bravery, but the terrible artillery fire drove them back with heavy loss.

That night the Federals, learning that Jackson was close at hand, retired behind Powhite creek, where they made ready for battle. The next morning, June 27, Hill again attacked but could not capture their position, fortified as



ROBERT E. LEE

it was with breastworks of trees and rows of cannon.

Lee waited anxiously for Jackson, who was to assail the extreme right of the Federal line. Longstreet's troops, which had been held back. were now sent against the Federal works at Gaines's Mill in order to save the day. Jackson's march had been greatly delayed by the Federal cavalry, but he at last reached Old Cold Harber and formed his line of battle.

The position Jackson's troops were called on to take was a very strong one. The Northern army held a high hill, at the bottom of which ran a sluggish stream bordered by marshes. Jackson's men advanced through the stream and swamp under a heavy fire and moved up the slope. They gained the crest, but here they were checked and driven back.

At this moment, however, the rear line came up, and the Southern infantry in every quarter of the battlefield swept forward from the woods. With the cry of "Stonewall Jackson," the Valley troops rushed again across the

swampy ravine and up the hillside. Hill and Longstreet advanced at the same time, and as the sun was setting, blood-red in the smoky air,

A. P. HILL

the Southern flags were planted on the enemy's breastworks.

The Federals soon gave way in disorder all along their line. The victory of Gaines's Mill, or Cold Harbor, had been won by the Confederates, and McClellan's right wing was crushed.

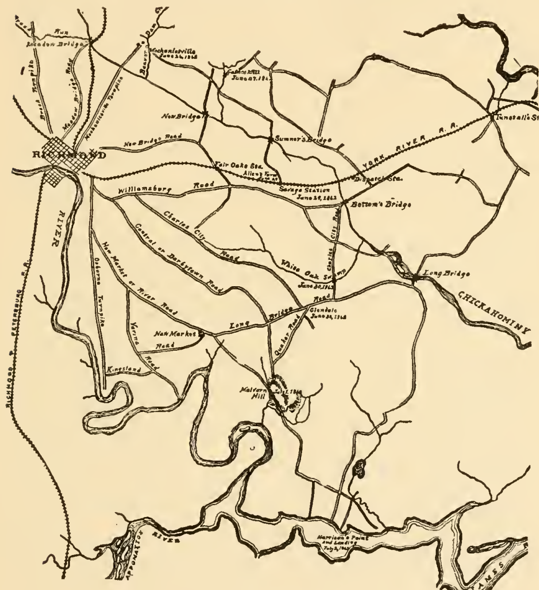
The Federal general withdrew what was left of it to the south side of the Chickahominy, and the next day, June 28, began his retreat to the James.

McClellan was now in great peril. If he could not reach the James river below the Confederate defenses, where his gunboats and supply ships could meet him, his army would fall a prey to the Confederates. It was Lee's aim, therefore, to cut off his force from the river and surround it. The two commanders were running a race, the result of which meant the safety or ruin of the Federal army.

The fleeing Federals had one difficult obstacle to cross on their way to the James, and that was the White Oak swamp. If the Southern army gained possession of the fords and bridges of the streams in this swamp, McClellan's men would be caught in the marshes and destroyed.

Lee bent all his efforts to this end. The portion of the Confederate army south of the Chickahominy, under General Magruder, was ordered to attack the retreating enemy and

delay him, until Hill, Longstreet, and Jackson could cross from the north bank of the Chickahominy and attack him in the flank.



MAP OF THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLE

In the afternoon of June 29, Magruder assaulted the Federal rear-guard at Savage's Station, but was repulsed. Jackson, who was to

have marched straight on Savage's Station, was delayed by having to build a bridge across the Chickahominy. The result of this fight was that McClellan's army safely crossed the dangerous White Oak swamp and continued its retreat.

There was still a chance, however, that Lee would cut off McClellan from the James. On the morning of June 30, Hill and Longstreet attacked the retreating Federals at Glendale, or Frayser's Farm. Here McClellan was able to hold his ground until nightfall. Then he escaped under cover of darkness, leaving many prisoners in the hands of the Confederates.

Glendale was the crisis of the Seven Days' Battle. Had McClellan suffered a decisive defeat here, his army must have been lost; as it was, he had saved it. Jackson did not reach the field of Glendale. When night closed the conflict, he was still north of White Oak swamp, which he had not been able to cross because of the burning of the bridges and the fire of the enemy's artillery.

In the night of June 30, the whole Federal army continued its retreat to Malvern Hill, a very strong position not far from the James. As this was Lee's last chance to strike McClellan before he reached the river, he decided to attack, in spite of the long lines of frowning guns on the steep hillsides. Jackson had finally crossed the White Oak swamp and the Southern army was united.

The assault was made the following day, July 1, 1862. Owing to the timber and marshes, the Confederates could make little use of their artillery, while the Federals had three hundred cannon in action. The Southern troops charged through the marshes and up the hill with a bravery never surpassed. Hundreds fell, dead or wounded; the Confederates were driven back.

Again and again they charged, but the Federal cannon, loaded with grape-shot, tore their lines to pieces. As darkness came on, they made a final effort to storm the crest, but this attack likewise failed. The firing ceased about

ten o'clock, when the weary troops lay down on the battlefield and fell asleep.

At the close of the battle, Jackson rode slowly to the rear, where his faithful servant Jim was waiting for him with food and a pallet placed on the ground. Jackson ate a few mouthfuls and then went to sleep. About one o'clock he was awakened by Generals Hill, Ewell, and Early, who came to tell him that their commands had been cut to pieces and that if McClellan attacked the next morning they would not be able to continue the fight.

Jackson listened in silence to their report, and said. "No, McClellan will clear out by morning." The generals thought him mad, but daybreak showed that he was right. Malvern Hill lay before them deserted. McClellan had retreated in the night to Harrison's Landing under the shelter of his gunboats.

Malvern Hill was a bloody battle for the Confederates; their losses were very heavy. Jackson alone lost more than two thousand men.

As soon as possible after the battle, the Southern generals, pressing on to the James, found McClellan strongly entrenched and the river full of gunboats. They then fell back toward Richmond without another battle. So ended McClellan's great plan to take Richmond. The Federal general had been fortunate to save his army from destruction.

The worn-out Southern soldiers enjoyed a well-earned rest. But Jackson knew that there could be no long rest. McClellan had been beaten, but the North was gathering new hosts, and these must be met. Lee, therefore, decided to send Jackson north to threaten Washington once more. This move might force the Federal government to recall McClellan from the James for the defense of its own capital.

The various Federal forces in northern and western Virginia had been gathered together under the command of General Pope. He was a boastful man who liked to tell of the great victories he was going to win. Pope was near Gordonsville, threatening the railroad which

brought supplies to Richmond from the Valley. Jackson moved northward against him.

On drawing near Gordonsville, Jackson found that his force was too small to fight Pope's army. Lee sent A. P. Hill to join him, with Stuart's cavalry.

About the last of July, Pope advanced southward. Jackson fell back before him, to draw him forward. When Pope's forces had become somewhat scattered, Jackson turned suddenly upon him. A battle was fought at Cedar Mountain, not far from Culpeper. Jackson attacked before all his troops had come up, and the Federals drove back some of his regiments. For a brief time it looked as if he were about to suffer defeat. The Stonewall Brigade came up at this moment, however, and steadied the Southern line. Jackson rode into the midst of his broken regiments, calling, "Rally, men, and follow me!"

The troops rallied and advanced again. The Federals, outflanked on both sides, were driven from the field as darkness began to fall. Jack-

son did not pursue the flying foe very far. Pope's main army was near and it was too large for him to attack. So he withdrew to Gordonsville, where he awaited Lee.

Just before the battle of Cedar Mountain, some officers asked Jim, General Jackson's servant, if there were any signs of a coming fight. "Yes, sir," replied the servant. "The general is a great man for praying, night and morning—all times. But when I see him get up in the middle of the night and pray, then I know that there is going to be something to pay. I go straight and pack his haversack, for he'll call for it in the morning."

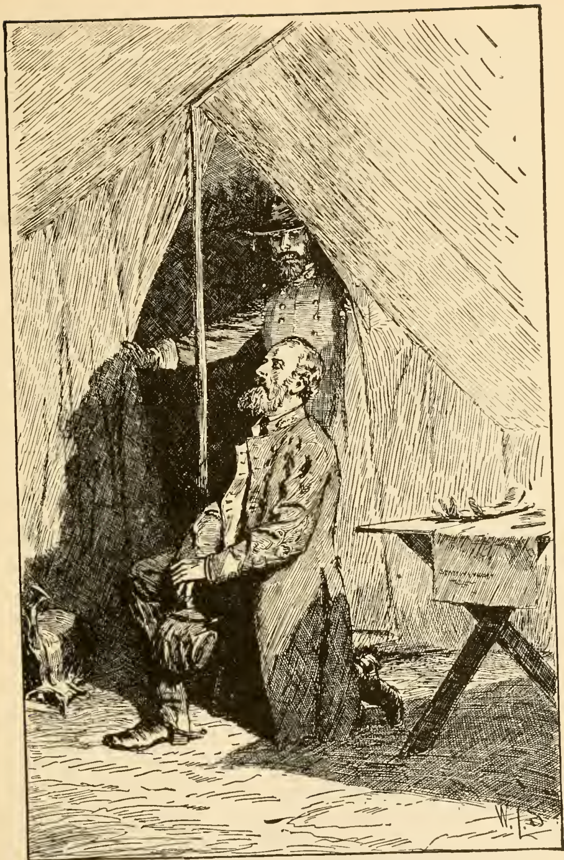
Lee now arrived at Gordonsville with the greater part of the army, leaving only a small body to watch McClellan. His plan was to defeat Pope and march north to Washington, thus forcing McClellan to leave his camp on the James river.

Pope suddenly learned that Lee had come up and lost no time in escaping behind the upper waters of the Rappahannock river. Lee moved

to the southern bank; the two armies watched each other across the stream. Pope's position was too strong to be attacked in front, so Lee decided to flank it. While the commander himself remained on the Rappahannock with Longstreet, he sent Jackson off to the northwest.

Marching rapidly behind the Bull Run mountains, which hid his movement from the enemy, Jackson passed through Thoroughfare Gap, and on the evening of August 26, 1862, stood between Pope and Washington city. He had circled the whole Federal army. His troops captured Manassas Junction, where immense stores had been piled up for the enemy's use. The half-starved Southern soldiers enjoyed a feast of every kind of food, and then what could not be eaten or carried away was burned.

As soon as Pope learned that Jackson was in his rear, he moved against him. But Jackson did not wait at Manassas Junction to be attacked. He fell back toward the west, where he would be nearer Lee and Longstreet, who



JACKSON PREPARING FOR BATTLE

were now coming by way of Thoroughfare Gap to join him.

Pope, not knowing Jackson's whereabouts, ordered his army to march on Centreville. As one of his divisions passed Jackson's position on the way to Centreville, on the evening of August 28, the Southern general attacked it. The brief but fierce and bloody battle of Groveton resulted in a Confederate victory.

All this time Pope had been groping in the dark. Now that he knew where to find Jackson, he turned to crush him before Lee could come to his aid. Jackson's force had moved to the old Manassas battlefield, where the embankment of an unfinished railroad gave some protection against artillery fire. The Confederates numbered twenty thousand men against the sixty thousand of Pope's army. Although heavily outnumbered, Jackson held his position against all of Pope's assaults on August 29, 1862. At one time when ammunition gave out, the Southern soldiers repulsed a charge with stones and bayonets.

SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS

In the afternoon of the same day, Lee and Longstreet reached the field with the rest of the Confederate army, though Pope did not know this. The next afternoon, August 30, 1862, the Federal general, massing his troops, made a last effort to crush Jackson. But his men reeled back from the Confederate fire, and before they could recover Lee ordered Longstreet to advance. At the same time, Jackson's troops charged from their blood-soaked position. The long line of gray infantry, with bayonets glittering and flags gleaming in the light of the setting sun, fell on Pope's surprised army.

The Federals, giving way on every side, left the field in the hands of the Confederates. As night came on, the whole Northern army fled toward Washington. Only the strong forts on the Potomac, behind which the beaten troops found shelter, saved Pope from ruin.

On the retreat from Manassas the Federal rear-guard fought a severe combat with the advancing Confederates. A heavy storm came

up while the fighting was going on. A. P. Hill sent an aid to Jackson to tell him that the ammunition was wet and to ask leave to retire.

"Give my compliments to General Hill," said Jackson, "and tell him that the Yankee ammunition is as wet as his—to stay where he is."

Jackson refused to let difficulties stop him in war, just as he had refused to let them check him in his earlier life.

General Lee now decided to cross the Potomac and threaten Washington. Jackson led the advance. He remained in Frederick, Maryland, for several days, resting his men. Lee, on reaching Frederick, at once sent him to capture Harper's Ferry, which was strongly held by Federal troops.

Jackson marched to Harper's Ferry, planted his cannon on the heights overlooking the little town and made ready to storm it with his infantry. The garrison of thirteen thousand men then surrendered. Vast quantities of arms and military stores were taken.

Shortly after the surrender, Jackson began his return march to join Lee. The Confederate commander had taken up a position at Sharpsburg near the northern bank of the Potomac river. With his forces divided, he was in great danger. McClellan, commanding the Northern army, had found a lost order of Lee's setting forth his line of march and thus knew the Confederate plans. He at once advanced against Lee.

Jackson reached Sharpsburg on September 16. Even with his troops in the battle line, the Southern army was less than half as large as McClellan's. Lee had decided, however, not to recross the river into Virginia without a fight.

Jackson held the left wing of the Southern line, reaching almost to the Potomac river. Early in the morning of September 17, 1862, the Federal columns advanced against him. They were driven back by his brave men. But new troops came up to help the Federals, and a fierce and bloody combat followed. So heavy was the fire that acres of corn were cut down

by bullets as cleanly as if reaped by scythes, and the dead lay in regular ranks along the Confederate front.

At length the Northern soldiers were driven back, only to return again in stronger force. They were repulsed once more, and Jackson's men advanced in turn. The terrible Federal artillery fire, however, soon drove the Southerners back to their old position.

McClellan then attacked Lee's right and center on Antietam (an te′ tam) creek, where another fierce struggle took place. Lee held his ground until night ended the battle.

The next morning Lee and Jackson wished to attack McClellan but found that his position was too strong. The day was spent by both armies in burying the dead and caring for the wounded. In the evening, Lee, learning that new troops were coming to McClellan's help, decided to recross the Potomac. The army passed over the river that night.

"For hours," says Dr. Dabney, "Jackson was seen seated on his horse, motionless as a

statue, watching the passage until the last man and the last carriage had touched the southern shore."

Sharpsburg, or Antietam, as it is often called, was one of the bloodiest battles of the war. Lee fought it with an army worn out by constant marching and weak from hunger. Nearly half his men had been left behind on the Virginia roads, unable to keep in the ranks. In spite of this, he had held his position at Sharpsburg against all attacks and had withdrawn into Virginia at his pleasure.

The Federals crossed the Potomac in the morning of September 19, but were met at Boteler's ford by A. P. Hill and repulsed with great loss. Hundreds were shot while they were trying to cross the river.

While the fighting was going on, an aid sent by Lee found Jackson calmly watching the combat. His only remark was, "With the blessing of Providence, they will soon be driven back." McClellan made no further effort to follow Lee.

For some weeks the Southern army rested in the lower Valley. Jackson busied himself in getting clothes and shoes for his men and in filling up the ranks, which had been sadly

JAMES A. LONGSTREET

thinned by the fighting and hard marching of the summer. The sick and foot-sore returned in large numbers, so that the regiments were once more full and ready for the battles that were soon to be fought.

By this time Jackson had become the idol of his men. Their pet name for him was "Old Jack," and whenever he rode by they would cheer themselves hoarse. This story is told by an eye-witness:

"When Jackson's men were on their famous march to Manassas, at the close of the first day they came upon Jackson, who had ridden forward and dismounted and was standing on a great stone by the roadside. His sun-burned cap was lifted from his brow and his blue eyes gleamed. The men burst forth into cheers, but he at once sent an officer to ask that there be no cheering, as it might betray their presence to the enemy. Instantly the shouting stopped, but as the men passed the general, their eyes told him what their lips could not utter—their love for him. Jackson turned to his staff, his face beaming with delight, and said, 'Who could not conquer with such men as these?'"

Well might he be proud of soldiers who had been marching and fighting for days, many of them without rations and forced to live on

green corn found on the wayside, and who were yet full of courage and devotion!

Swamp: soft, low ground.
Ob′ sta cle: something in the way.
Cris′ is: that on which some great event turns.
For′ tu nate: lucky.
Ral′ ly: to stop retreating.
Hav′ er sack: a satchel carried by soldiers.
Em bank′ ment: a raised bank.
De vo′ tion: love, affection.

How did Lee plan to attack McClellan?

What was Jackson's part in the battle of Gaines's Mill?

How did McClellan hope to escape?

Where did McClellan make a last stand on July 1, 1862?

What was the result of the Seven Days' Battle?

How did Jackson march around Pope?

Who came to Jackson's aid at the second battle of Manassas?

Describe Jackson's part in the battle of Sharpsburg?

What feeling did Jackson's men have for him?

CHAPTER IX

The Last Battles

While Jackson was in the lower Shenandoah Valley, the Confederate government, on October 11, 1862, gave him the rank of lieutenant-general, next to the highest in the service. Lee's army was divided into two corps, one of which was commanded by Jackson and the other by Longstreet. These generals have been called the "two hands" of Lee.

Jackson's modesty and simple kindness of heart were not lessened by his promotion and his growing fame. One morning, riding out with his staff near Front Royal, he was stopped by a country woman, who anxiously inquired for her son Johnnie, serving, as she said, "in Captain Jackson's company." The general kindly asked to what regiment her son belonged. The woman was astonished that "Captain Jackson" did not know her Johnnie

JACKSON, JOHNSTON, AND LEE

and repeated her questions, almost in tears. The young staff officers at length began to smile. Jackson, hearing a titter, turned on them, rebuked them for their want of manners, and sent them off in different directions to hunt for Johnnie. He did not rest until mother and son were brought together.

At the end of October, McClellan crossed the Potomac with an army of one hundred and forty thousand men. But he moved so slowly that President Lincoln lost patience with him and put General Burnside in his place. The latter general decided to try a new road to Richmond. He marched toward Fredericksburg on the Rappahannock river, with the view of crossing that stream and coming down on Richmond from the north.

Lee, seeing Burnside's plan, moved his own army to the Rappahannock. Jackson was called from the Valley, reaching Lee's camp on December 1. The Southern army numbered about sixty-five thousand men, of whom twenty-five thousand were in Jackson's corps.

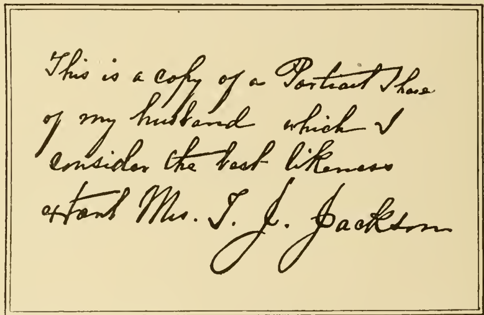
Lee held the hills south of Fredericksburg with his two corps, while Burnside was on Stafford Heights north of the river. The town of Fredericksburg lay between the two armies.

The troops on both sides suffered in the cold weather, especially the Confederates, who had no tents or overcoats and who were often without shoes and lived on scanty rations of fat meat and corn bread. These trials did not lessen their courage. They threw up breastworks and waited for the enemy.

Burnside had much trouble in crossing the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg. Southern sharpshooters in the town fired on the men building the pontoon bridges, making the work slow and dangerous. In order to drive out the sharpshooters, Burnside opened fire on the town with one hundred and fifty cannon. Many houses were set on fire by the shells, and the people were driven from their homes. At last the Federal columns crossed the bridges and entered Fredericksburg. By the morning of December 13, ninety thousand men were over

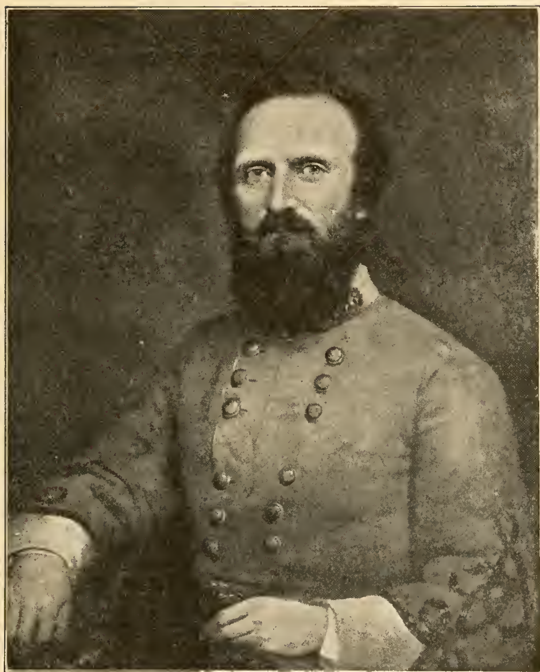
the river. The greater part were massed on the plain four miles south of Fredericksburg; the rest were in the town itself.

To meet the enemy, Lee had stretched out his line for five miles; Longstreet held the Con-


This is a copy of a Portrait I have of my husband which I consider the best likeness extant Mrs. T. J. Jackson

federate left behind Fredericksburg, Jackson the right wing four miles away.

The battle began by a fierce attack on Jackson's position. The Federals charged with great bravery, but were repulsed with heavy loss. The other wing of the Northern army attacked Marye's Heights near the town, held by Longstreet's men. The Southern infantry



MAJOR GENERAL T. J. JACKSON

stood behind a stone wall and fired with careful aim into the blue masses pushing toward them. In spite of their splendid courage, the Federals were driven back in defeat. When night came thirteen thousand of them lay dead or wounded on the frozen earth, while Lee had lost five thousand men.

Jackson wished to make a night attack on Burnside's beaten army, huddled in the town, but gave up the plan. Thus he lost the chance to win a decisive victory. Burnside did not attack again on the morning of December 14, and two nights later, in the midst of a storm of wind and rain, withdrew his forces to the northern side of the river.

Both armies now went into winterquarters. Jackson's corps built huts in the forest and made itself as comfortable as possible. The general lodged in a cottage at Moss Neck belonging to a Mr. Corbin. Here he set to work to write out his reports to the government of the battles he had fought. He did this with great clearness and regard for the truth.

What a wonderful record it was!

From the last days of March, his men had fought the battles of Kernstown, McDowell, Winchester, Cross Keys, Port Republic, Gaines's Mill, Malvern Hill, Cedar Mountain, Groveton, the second Manassas, Harper's Ferry, Sharpsburg, and Fredericksburg. Never had they failed in battle. When their ammunition had given out, they had fought with stones; and when there were no rations, they had lived on green corn and berries. So swiftly did they march from place to place that they were called the "foot cavalry," and the knowledge that Jackson was "lost" carried terror to the foe.

Jackson's fame was now world-wide. Not only his own people but strangers from Europe made visits to the camp to see the general.

In these months of rest, Jackson greatly enjoyed the visits of Stuart, the cavalry leader, who made the mess merry with his jokes and laughter. He was also very fond of little six-year-old Jane Corbin, who lived in a big house

near by. Every evening when the day's work was over, she would run in to see the general, and he always had some present for her. One evening, when he found nothing else to give her, he ripped off a band of gold lace from his new cap and put it on her brow. The lovely child lived only a few months longer. Early in the spring she was taken ill and died. Jackson mourned greatly for his little friend.

The general had never enjoyed a leave of absence since that day in 1861 when he marched away from Lexington. Now in April, 1863, his family came to see him in camp since he could not go to them. He found great pleasure in caring for his infant daughter Julia, whom he named after her mother.

This pleasant family life did not last long. The spring of 1863 was advancing and the Confederate army made ready for new battles. Jackson wished to attack the enemy, for he saw that the small Southern forces must strike quickly if they would save themselves from being overwhelmed by the Northern masses.

The Federals also prepared to attack. Burnside had been removed from command of the Northern army, which was now led by "Fighting Joe" Hooker, as he was called. His army numbered about one hundred and fifty thousand men and it still lay on the northern side of the Rappahannock river at Fredericksburg.

Lee at this time had only fifty thousand men. Longstreet's corps was away at Suffolk, a town near Norfolk. Thus the Southern commander had about one-third as many troops as the enemy.

Hooker divided his army. The smaller part was to cross the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg and hold Lee, while the main body was to cross the river far above the town and get between Lee and Richmond. The Southern army would then have to give battle away from its defenses and might be beaten. At the same time, Hooker sent his cavalry off on a great raid to destroy the railroads which brought food from Richmond to Lee's army.

The first part of the plan was carried out

with skill and success. The main Federal army crossed the Rappahannock without trouble and plunged into the great forest known as "The Wilderness." When Hooker reached Chancellorsville, where several roads met, he dug trenches and planted cannon. He then moved slowly eastward toward Fredericksburg.

The left wing of the Northern army, under General Sedgwick, crossed the river below Fredericksburg and was at once met by Jackson, who was ever watchful. Sedgwick did not intend to fight, however, but merely wished to delay Lee at Fredericksburg until Hooker could come up behind him.

Lee promptly guessed the plan. He ordered Jackson to leave a single division in front of Sedgwick and to go at once in search of Hooker. This order reached Jackson at eight o'clock in the evening of April 30, and by midnight his troops were on the march. Early the next morning they came up with General Anderson, who was holding the enemy back with a small force.

J. E. B. STUART

Jackson drew up his men in line of battle on a ridge about four miles east of Chancellorsville and awaited attack. But Hooker now changed his mind. Instead of driving Jackson back on Fredericksburg, he slowly retreated to his strong earthworks at Chancellorsville. In the meantime Lee had come up with the rest of the army, and the Southerners pressed westward after the retiring enemy.

When Lee and Jackson met that night they were joined by Stuart, who had studied the Federal position at Chancellorsville and found out its weak point. The Federals had built strong works on the east and south of Chancellorsville but not on the north and west. Jackson's quick mind at once planned to attack Hooker in the rear, just as Hooker had planned to attack Lee. If Jackson could come down on Hooker from the northwest, where there were no earthworks, he felt sure that he would win a victory. This was a difficult thing to do, however, for the Southern forces were east of the Federals and must pass across their whole front

LAST MEETING OF LEE AND JACKSON

in order to get to the other side where the attack was to be made.

Lee listened to the plan and finally gave consent for his great lieutenant to make the trial. Lee's own part in the battle was to engage Hooker's left wing, while Jackson was marching around to attack his right wing. Jackson's chaplain, Mr. Lacy, told him of a road that would lead across the front of the Federal army to its right flank; as this road passed through the Wilderness, the trees would hide the movement from the enemy.

At sunrise Jackson was in the saddle at the head of his column. After a last brief talk with Lee on the roadside, he plunged into the woods. Stuart's cavalry covered the line of march, and the infantry, knowing that they were making one of their famous flank movements, went ahead at a rapid pace.

Morning passed and the day wore on; Jackson was drawing near the right wing of the Federal army. General Fitz Lee came to tell him that he would show him the Northern host

from the top of a nearby hill. They rode up the hill together, and Jackson, through his glasses, carefully viewed the Federal position. Then he made his preparations for battle. At three P. M., after a march of fifteen miles, he was exactly on the opposite side of the enemy from General Lee.

Jackson now sent his last message to Lee: "The enemy has made a stand at Chancellorsville. I hope as soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success."

Leaving the Stonewall Brigade under General Paxton on the plank road, with orders to block the way to Germanna Ford, Jackson formed the rest of his men in three lines under cover of the woods. Rodes's division was in front, Colston's next, and A. P. Hill's in the rear. Between five and six o'clock the word was given and the bugles sounded the signal to advance. The gray line sprang forward as one man toward the enemy.

The thickets were so dense that many of the

soldiers had the clothes torn from their backs, but on they went, sometimes creeping along on all fours to get through the dense undergrowth. After an advance of two miles they came suddenly on the right wing of Hooker's army. The Federals were scattered about, cooking and eating their supper, never dreaming that the dreaded Jackson was at hand. With a wild yell, the Confederates dashed forward and drove the enemy pell-mell through the forest for three miles. Jackson's only order was, "Press forward," and onward hurried his brave men toward the Federal center.

At eight o'clock the Confederate advance was within a mile of Chancellorsville and still in the woods. Jackson ordered the fresh troops of A. P. Hill to relieve Rodes's men, who were worn out with marching and fighting. As he rode among the troops, Jackson kept saying, "Men, get into line! Get into line!" Turning to Colonel Cobb, he sent him to tell Rodes to charge a barricade a short distance in front. He then rode into the turnpike to reconnoitre.

Before the broken ranks of Rodes could gain the barricade, a fresh body of Federals came out from Chancellorsville, and the fight was renewed. It was ten o'clock and the moon sent her soft rays down into the heart of the Wilderness, usually so quiet but now awake to the sound of tramping feet, the rattle of musketry, and the cries of the wounded and dying. Through moonlight and shadow, with these sounds ringing in his ears, Jackson went forward to his death.

After riding up the turnpike a brief distance, he found that the enemy was advancing. He thereupon turned and came rapidly back toward his own troops. The Southern line of battle, lying in the thickets, thought that Jackson and his staff were Federal cavalry and opened a sudden fire on them. So deadly was the aim that nearly every horse in the party was struck. Two officers were killed, others hurt. Jackson himself was wounded three times; his left arm was broken just below the shoulder joint and also lower down; a third ball,

entering the palm of his right hand, shattered two bones.

His left arm, so cruelly hurt, dropped helplessly by his side, and the horse, no longer held by the reins, ran toward the enemy. As it gal-

WHERE JACKSON FELL

loped beneath a tree, a bough struck the rider in the face, tore off his cap, and threw him violently back in the saddle. He did not fall but grasped the reins with his bleeding right hand and managed to turn the horse back into the road. Here everything was in wild confusion. Horses mad with pain and fright were running

about, while the wounded and dying lay on every side.

Captain Wilbourne, one of Jackson's aids, seizing the bridle, stopped the horse. The general was lifted from the saddle almost fainting from loss of blood. He was placed on the side of the road while a messenger was sent to Dr. McGuire, the head surgeon. Presently General Hill came up. He took off Jackson's gauntlets and found that his left arm was broken.

A bandage was quickly put on, and Jackson made an effort to walk. But after a few steps he was placed in a litter, which had been brought for his use. The litter was hardly in motion before the enemy opened fire with their artillery along the road. Many men were struck down, among them General Hill and one of the litter-bearers. The officers carrying the litter were forced to place it on the ground and lie down beside it to escape the storm of grapeshot.

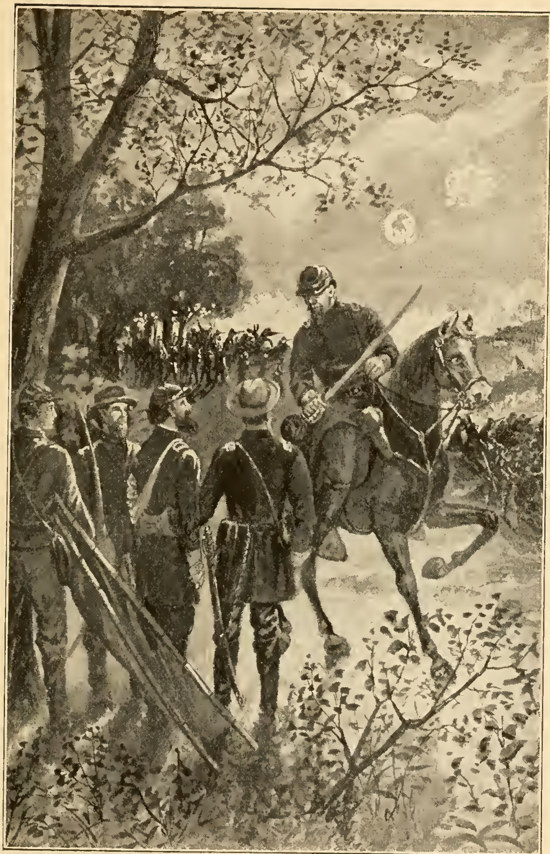
When the fire lessened, Jackson rose to his feet and slowly walked along, leaning on two

members of his staff. General Pender came up at this moment; he saw that Jackson was seriously hurt.

"General," he said, "I am sorry to see that you have been wounded. The lines here are so much broken that I fear we shall have to fall back."

Though nearly fainting, Jackson raised his right hand and said firmly, "You must hold your ground, General Pender! You must hold your ground!" This was his last order.

As he had become very faint by this time, he was again borne along on the litter toward the hospital at Wilderness Run. In going through the undergrowth, one of the bearers caught his foot and stumbled, letting the litter fall to the ground. Jackson's wounded shoulder was hurt and for the first time he groaned aloud. With great difficulty the bearers made their way to a place in the road where an ambulance was waiting. Jackson was placed in it and was soon met by Dr. McGuire, who found him almost pulseless.



"YOU MUST HOLD YOUR GROUND"

A draught of spirits revived him. Ere long he was laid in a camp bed at the hospital, where he fell into a deep sleep. About midnight he was awakened by Dr. McGuire and told that it was thought necessary to amputate his arm.

"Do what you think best, Doctor," was Jackson's calm reply.

The surgeon cut off the left arm and took the ball out of the right hand. Jackson again fell into a deep sleep, which lasted until nine o'clock Sunday morning.

General Stuart was now in command of Jackson's corps, for Hill was among the wounded. Not knowing Jackson's plans, Stuart decided to wait until morning before attacking the strong Federal works at Chancellorsville.

The next morning, May 3, 1863, he attacked on the west, while Lee advanced on the east and south. When the Stonewall Brigade went forward, the men raised the shout of "Remember Jackson!" "But even as they moved from their position," says Dabney, "their general,

Paxton, the friend and former adjutant of Jackson, was killed where he stood. His men rushed forward, and without any other leader than the *name* which formed their battle-cry swept everything before them." At ten o'clock in the morning, Chancellorsville was stormed and the Federals sought refuge behind new barricades nearer the river.

In the meantime, General Sedgwick attacked Early at Fredericksburg and captured his trenches. He next advanced west to the aid of Hooker. But Lee, having driven Hooker to the river, sent help to Early and later came himself to oppose Sedgwick. Sedgwick was beaten in a sharp fight at Salem Church, four miles from Fredericksburg. He at once fell back to the Rappahannock, which he was fortunate enough to cross. Then Lee turned once more to Hooker, but he, too, had retreated across the river. The battle of Chancellorsville ended in victory for Lee at every point.

When Jackson woke up on Sunday morning, May 3, he asked one of his aids to go to Rich-

mond for his wife, whom he had sent to that city when Hooker crossed the Rappahannock. His mind was clear and he stated that if he had had one more hour of daylight he would have cut off the enemy from the fords, so that they would have had to fight their way out or surrender.

It was thought best to remove the general to a quieter place, and on Monday he was borne to Guinea Station on the railroad, where every care was taken to make him comfortable. He showed great interest on hearing of the battle on May 3, and said of the Stonewall Brigade, "They are a noble body of men. The men who live through this war will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade.' "

Jackson then went on to state that the name Stonewall belonged to this command alone, which had earned it by steadfast conduct at the first Manassas. He spoke also of General Rodes, saying that his gallant conduct should be rewarded by the rank of major-general. Paxton's death gave him great distress, but he

grew calm again when told of the glorious deeds of his old brigade. He was much pleased at this noble letter from Lee:

"GENERAL:

"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.

"Most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE, *General.*"

On Wednesday, Jackson's wounds were doing so well that it was thought possible to remove him by railroad to Richmond. That night, however, when Dr. McGuire was absent, he was taken with a severe pain in his side, which was due to pneumonia setting in. From that time he grew steadily weaker, until at last it was seen that he could live but a brief while longer.

Mrs. Jackson arrived on Thursday, and to her the general said, "I know you would gladly

give your life for me, but I am perfectly resigned." When she told him, in tears, that death was near, he whispered, "Very good; it is all right." He then sent messages to many friends and asked to be buried in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia.

His little girl was now brought in to receive his farewell. He tried to caress her with his poor maimed hand—she smiling in her delight at seeing him again. The child remained by his side on the bed until it was evident that he was growing very weak.

His mind at last began to wander and he thought himself on the battlefield. "Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action," he said. "Pass the infantry to the front. Tell Major Hawks"—he paused and then said gently, "Let us cross over the river and rest in the shade of the trees."

From this time he continued to sink, and at fifteen minutes past three in the afternoon of Sunday, May 10, 1863, the spirit of the great captain passed away.

Bar′ ri cade: a hastily made defense of logs and earth.

Corps (cōre): the largest division of an army.

Sharp′ shoot ers: expert riflemen.

Bom bard′ ment: firing on a place with cannon.

De cis′ ive: final, complete.

Chap′ lain: a clergyman of the army or navy.

Gaunt′ let: a long glove.

Am′ bu lance: a wagon used for carrying the sick or wounded.

Re′ con noi′ tre: to scout; to go ahead to gain information,

What did Burnside attempt?

How did Lee check him?

Tell of the battle of Fredericksburg.

What was Hooker's plan?

What did Stuart find out about his position?

How did Lee and Jackson plan to defeat Hooker?

Describe Jackson's march through the woods.

Tell of Jackson's wounding.

Tell of the battle of Chancellorsville.

CHAPTER X

On the Roll of Fame

The news of Jackson's death was received with intense grief throughout the South. The Southern people knew that they had lost a great general, one that could not be replaced. The whole country sought to honor the dead hero. By order of President Davis, a special train brought his remains to Richmond. A beautiful new flag of the Confederacy, a gift of the country, was used as a winding sheet.

When the train reached Richmond, it was met by a vast throng of weeping people. On Wednesday, May 13, the coffin, preceded by troops, was borne through the main streets of the city. The hearse was drawn by four white horses and was followed by eight generals, who acted as pallbearers. Then came Jackson's horse, harnessed as for battle and led by his body-servant; after that came his staff, the

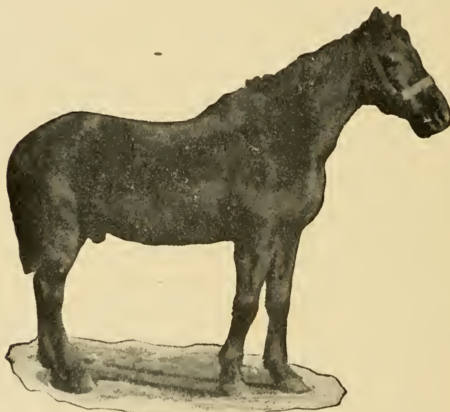
President, the Governor of Virginia, the heads of the city government, and a great number of people.

As the procession moved slowly along, cannon were fired and bells tolled. At last the capitol was reached and the body was taken into the building amidst the tears of the multitude. It lay in state all day, while thousands of people passed by it, anxious for a last glimpse of the famous soldier. President Davis stood for a long time, gazing at the quiet face, and then left the building in silence.

As the shades of evening fell and the hour came for closing the capitol, a one-armed soldier pressed through the crowd to see Jackson. The guards told him that he was too late, that the order had been given to clear the hall. He still struggled forward, refusing to take a denial, until the guards forced him back. Upon this the soldier lifted the stump of his arm, and, with tears running down his face, said, "By this arm, which I lost for my country, I demand the privilege of seeing my general once more." The

appeal was not to be resisted, and the soldier was allowed a last look at the face of his dead leader.

The next day the body was taken to Lexington, where it was received by General Smith,



LITTLE SORREL—JACKSON'S WAR HORSE, 30 YEARS OLD

the cadet corps, and many sorrowful citizens. It was placed in Jackson's old classroom. Every half hour the cadet battery pealed out a requiem to the great teacher of artillery tactics. Then the body was borne to the grave on a caisson of the cadet battery and laid to rest

beside his first wife in the beautiful Lexington cemetery.

Lee's "right hand" had been taken away in the hour of his greatest victory. There were other generals as brave and true as Jackson, but none that had the same power of discovering the movements of the enemy and the same

JULIA JACKSON AT THE AGE OF FOUR

ability to strike such hard and unexpected blows —those gifts which made him the idol of his soldiers and the terror of his foes.

The renown of Jackson is not confined to the limits of his own land. It has crossed the ocean, and the plans of his battles in the Valley

of Virginia, at the second Manassas, and at Chancellorsville are studied by military men in every country. Jackson is thought to be one of the greatest generals of all time.

A few years after the war, his admirers in England gave a bronze statue of the general to the State of Virginia. It was placed in the Capitol Square in Richmond near the statues of Washington and the other great Virginians of his time.

In the spring of 1891, a beautiful and imposing statue of the hero was erected in Lexington, Virginia, by his old soldiers and friends and admirers. On July 21 of that year, it was unveiled in the presence of a great crowd. The anniversary of the first battle of Manassas, when Jackson gained the name of Stonewall, was thought to be a fitting time for giving to the world this new memorial to the great military hero.

For days and nights the trains bore into the old town throngs of soldiers and other visitors from all parts of the country. Beautiful arches,

with mottoes, graced the buildings and highways and flags hung on every side.

MRS. JACKSON AND HER DAUGHTER JULIA

At noon on July 21, the great parade moved from the Virginia Military Institute. General James A. Walker, who had been commander of the Stonewall Brigade, was chief marshal of the day. Band after band of Confederate vete-

rans marched in the procession, some of them clad in their faded uniforms, followed by military companies from many cities, famous generals of the war, and a long line of carriages bearing the principal guests. Among these last were General Jubal A. Early, General Custis Lee, Mr. E. V. Valentine, the sculptor of the statue, Mrs. Jackson, and her son-in-law, Mr. Christian, with Jackson's two grandchildren.

The parade halted before a grandstand in the Washington and Lee University grounds. After prayer and the reading of Southern poems, General Early, clad in Confederate gray, gave a simple account of Jackson's life and battles. He was greeted with the cheers and the tears of the veterans as they once more marched and fought in memory with the immortal Stonewall.

At the close of the address, the procession proceeded to the cemetery, where stood the veiled monument. On the signal, Mrs. Jackson and her two grandchildren mounted the steps

JACKSON MEMORIAL HALL, VIRGINIA MILITARY INSTITUTE

of the platform. A gun sounded, and the children, with united hands, pulled the cord, letting the veil fall and revealing to the throng the face and form of Jackson. Amidst the thunder of the cheers, the Rockbridge artillery fired a salute from the guns they had used at the first battle of Manassas.

But not enough had been done to honor the hero. In 1896, a noble building, called the "Jackson Memorial Hall," was built at the Virginia Military Institute in his memory. In its halls the cadets will be trained for war for many years to come. How fit the place! Nearby rest Lee and Jackson, noble examples to every youth who wishes to fight successfully the good fight of life.

It was still felt, however, that a monument should be erected to Jackson which would represent the love and admiration of the whole South. Within the last few years a fund has been raised for an equestrian statue. It will be placed in Richmond and will be the most fitting memorial to the world-famous soldier.

Cais′ son: an ammunition wagon.

Tac′ tics: the art of handling troops in battle.

Req′ ui em: a hymn sung in honor of the dead.

Vet′ er an: one who has seen long service.

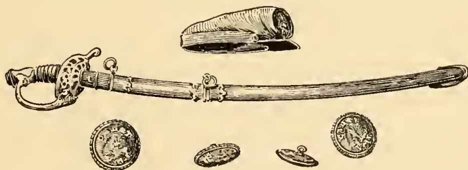
An′ ni ver′ sa ry: the day of the year on which some event has occurred.

E ques′ tri an: on horseback.

What was the feeling in the South at the death of Jackson?

How was Jackson honored?

Tell of his monument at Lexington.



WAR POEMS

THE LONE SENTRY

JAMES R. RANDALL

'Twas at the dying of the day,
  The darkness grew so still,
The drowsy pipe of evening birds
  Was hushed upon the hill.
Athwart the shadows of the vale
  Slumbered the men of might,
And one lone sentry paced his rounds
  To watch the camp that night.

A grave and solemn man was he,
  With deep and sombre brow;
The dreamful eyes seemed hoarding up
  Some unaccomplished vow.
The wistful glance peered o'er the plain
  Beneath the starry light;
And, with the murmured name of God,
  He watched the camp that night.

The future opened unto him
  Its grand and awful scroll;
Manassas and the Valley march
  Came heaving o'er his soul,
Richmond and Sharpsburg thundered by
  With that tremendous fight
Which gave him to the angel host
  Who watched the camp that night.

We mourn for him who died for us,
  With one resistless moan;
While up the Valley of the Lord
  He marches to the throne.
He kept the faith of men and saints
  Sublime and pure and bright;
He sleeps—and all is well with him
  Who watched the camp that night.

"THE BRIGADE MUST NOT KNOW, SIR"

"Who've ye got there?"—"Only a dying brother,
  Hurt in the front just now."
"Good boy! He'll do. Somebody tell his mother
  Where he was killed, and how."

"Whom have you there?"—"A crippled courier,
Major;
Shot by mistake, we hear.
He was with Stonewall."—"Cruel work they've
made here;
Quick with him to the rear!"

"Well, who comes next?"—"Doctor, speak low;
speak low, sir;
Don't let the men find out.
It's STONEWALL!" — "God!" — "The brigade
must not know, sir,
While there's a foe about."

Whom have we *here* — shrouded in martial
manner,
Crowned with a martyr's charm?
A grand, dead hero, in a living banner,
Born of his heart and arm:

The heart whereon his cause hung — see how
clingeth
That banner to his bier!
The arm wherewith his cause struck — hark!
how ringeth
His trumpet in their rear!

What have we left? His glorious inspiration,
His prayers in council met.
Living, he laid the first stones of a nation;
And dead, he builds it yet.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD

THEODORE O'HARA

The muffled drum's sad roll has beat
The soldier's last tattoo;
No more on life's parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame's eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance
Now sweeps upon the wind,
No troubled thought at midnight haunts
Of loved ones left behind;
No vision of the morrow's strife
The warrior's dream alarms;
Nor braying horn, nor screaming fife
At dawn shall call to arms.

Their shivered swords are red with rust,
Their plumed heads are bowed,
Their haughty banner, trailed in dust,
Is now their martial shroud,

And plenteous funeral-tears have washed
  The red stains from each brow;
And the proud forms, by battle gashed,
  Are freed from anguish now.

The neighing troop, the flashing blade,
  The bugle's stirring blast,
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,
  The din and shout are past.
Nor war's wild note, nor glory's peal,
  Shall thrill with fierce delight
Those breasts that never more may feel
  The rapture of the fight.

THE SUNNY SOUTH

FROM THE "LAND WE LOVE"

The Sunny South! the Sunny South!
  The land that gave us birth;
Where brightest hopes have cheered our youth—
  The land of generous worth.

The Sunny South, though cast in gloom,
  Still land of beauteous flowers,
Exhaling fragrance o'er our doom
  With sweet, refreshing powers.

The Sunny South! now almost mute,
Still land of precious store,
Where Nature yields her choicest fruit
With sweetness crimsoned o'er.

The Sunny South! awake! awake!
Rise, like your mountains, rise!
The birds sing sweetly for your sake,
Beneath bright, genial skies.

The Sunny South! be high your aim—
Adorn your golden prime;—
Unconquered minds you still can claim,
And make your lives sublime.

The Sunny South! heroic, grand!
Where high-souled men did dare
To bleed and die!—a noble band—
For home, and for the Fair.

The Sunny South! let virtues blend
In thee, all lands above:
When God propitious smiles will lend,
And bless the land we love.

—C. L. H.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY

DES RIVIERES

Come, stack arms, men! Pile on the rails;
  Stir up the camp-fire bright;
No matter if the canteen fails,
  We'll make a roaring night.
Here Shenandoah brawls along,
Here burly Blue Ridge echoes strong,
To swell the brigade's rousing song,
  Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
  Cocked o'er his eye askew—
The shrewd dry smile—the speech so pat,
  So calm, so blunt, so true.
The "Blue Light Elder" knows 'em well:
Says he, "That's Banks; he's fond of shell.
Lord save his soul! we'll give him—" well
  That's "Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! Ground arms! Kneel all! Caps off!
  Old "Blue Light's" going to pray.
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
  Attention! it's his way!
Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God,
"Lay bare thine arm! Stretch forth thy rod!
  Amen!" That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now: Fall in!
  Steady! The whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off; we'll win
  His way out, ball and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn?
Quick step! we're with him before dawn:
  That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances rout the mists
  Of morning—and, by George!
Here's Longstreet, struggling in the list,
  Hemmed in an ugly gorge.
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before:
"Bayonets and grape!" hear Stonewall roar;
"Charge, Stuart! Pay off Ashby's score,"
  In Stonewall Jackson's way!

Ah, maiden! wait, and watch, and yearn,
  For news of Stonewall's band!
Ah, widow! read—with eyes that burn,
  That ring upon thy hand!
Ah, wife! sew on, pray on, hope on:
Thy life shall not be all forlorn.
The foe had better ne'er been born,
  That gets in Stonewall's way.

THE PHANTOM HOST

ABRAM F. RYAN

My form was wrapped in the slumber
  Which steals from the heart its cares,
For my life was weary
  With its barren waste of years;
But my soul, with rapid pinions,
  Fled swift to the light which seems
From a phantom's sun and planets
  For the dreamer in his dreams.

I stood in a wondrous woodland,
  Where the sunlight nestled sweet
In the cups of snowy lilies
  Which grew about my feet;
And while the Gothic forest arches
  Stirred gently with the air,
The lilies underneath them
  Swung their censors pale in prayer.

I stood amazed and wondering,
  And a grand memoriam strain
Came sweeping through the forest,
  And died; then rose again.
It swelled in solemn measure,
  Till my soul, with comfort blessed,
Sank down among the lilies
  With folded wings to rest.

Then to that mystic music
  Through the forest's twilight aisle
Passed a host with muffled foot-steps,
  In marked rank and file;
And I knew those gray-clad figures,
  Thus slowly passing by,
Were the souls of Southern soldiers
  Who for freedom dared to die.

In front rode Sidney Johnston,
  With a brow no longer wrung
By the vile and senseless slanders
  Of a prurient rabble tongue;
And near him mighty Jackson,
  With a placid front, as one
Whose warfare was accomplished,
  Whose crown of glory won.

There Hill, too, pure and noble,
  Passed in that spirit train,
For he joined the martyred army
  From the South's last battle plain.
The next in order followed
  The warrior-priest, great Polk,
With joy to meet his Master
  For he had nobly borne the yoke.

There Stuart, the bold, the daring,
  With matchless Pelham rode;

With earnest, chastened faces,
  They were looking up to God.
And Jenkins, glorious Jenkins,
  With his patient, fearless eyes,
And the brave, devoted Garnett,
  Journeyed on to Paradise.

Before a shadowy squadron
  Rode Morgan, keen and strong,
And I knew by his tranquil forehead
  He'd forgotten every wrong.
There peerless Pegram marching
  With a dauntless martial tread,
And I breathed a sigh for the hero,
  The young, the early dead.

'Mid spectral black-horse troopers
  Passed Ashby's stalwart form,
With that proud, defiant bearing
  Which so spurned the battle storm;
But his glance was mild and tender,
  For in that phantom host
He dwelt with lingering fondness
  On the brother he had lost.

Then strode the brave Maloney,
  Kind, genial adjutant;

And next him walked the truthful,
  The lion-hearted Gantt.
There to that solemn music
  Passed a triad of the brave:
Lomax, Phelan, Alfred Pinckney—
  All had found a soldier's grave.

They were young and gentle spirits,
  But they quaffed the bitter cup,
For their country's flag was falling,
  And they fell to lift it up.
And then passed in countless thousands
  In that mighty phantom host
True hearts and noble patriots
  Whose names on earth are lost.

There "the missing" found their places—
  Those vanished from our gaze
Like brilliant, flashing meteors,
  And were lost in glory's blaze.
Yes, they passed, that noble army—
  They passed to meet their Lord;
And a voice within me whispered:
  "They but march to their reward."

STONEWALL JACKSON

H. L. FLASH

Not midst the lightning of the stormy fight,
Nor in the rush upon the Vandal foe,
Did kingly death, with his resistless might,
Lay the great leader low.

His warrior soul its earthly shackles broke
In the full sunshine of a peaceful town;
When all the storm was hushed, the trusty oak
That propped our cause went down.

He entered not the nation's promised land
At the red belching of the cannon's mouth
But broke the house of bondage with his hand—
The Moses of the South.

THE BAND IN THE PINES

JOHN ESTEN COOKE

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
Cease with your splendid call;
The living are brave and noble,
But the dead were bravest of all.

They throng to the martial summons,
To the loud, triumphant strain;
And the dear bright eyes of long-dead friends
Come to the heart again.

They come with the ringing bugle,
  And the deep drum's mellow roar,
Till the soul is faint with longing
  For the hands we clasp no more.

Oh, band in the pine-wood, cease!
  Or the heart will melt in tears
For the gallant eyes and the smiling lips
  And the voices of old years.

STONEWALL JACKSON'S GRAVE

MRS. M. J. PRESTON

A simple, sodded mound of earth,
  With not a line above it—
With only daily votive flowers
  To prove that any love it;
The token flag that, silently,
  Each breeze's visit numbers,
Alone keeps martial ward above
  The hero's dreamless slumbers.

A twelvemonth only since his sword
  Went flashing through the battle;
A twelvemonth only since his ear
  Heard war's last deadly rattle.

And yet have countless pilgrim feet
  The pilgrim's guerdon paid him;
And weeping women come to see
  The place where they have laid him.

They come to own his high emprise
  Who fled in frantic masses
Before the glittering bayonet
  That triumphed at Manassas;
He witnessed Kernstown's fearful odds
  As on their ranks he thundered,
Defiant as the storied Greek
  Amid his brave three hundred.

They will recall the tiger spring,
  The wise retreat, the rally;
The tireless march, the fierce pursuit
  Through many a mountain valley.
Cross Keys unlocks new paths to fame,
  And Port Republic's story
Wrests from his ever-vanquished foes
  Strange tributes to his glory!

Cold Harbor rises to their view,
  The Cedar gloom is o'er them,
Antietam's rough and ragged heights
  Stretch mockingly before them.

The lurid flame of Fredericksburg
  Right grimly they remember,
That lit the frozen night's retreat
  That wintry, wild December.

Rare fame! rare name! If chanted praise,
  With all the world to listen,
If pride that swells a nation's soul—
  If foeman's tears that glisten—
If pilgrim's shining love—if grief
  Which naught can soothe or sever;
If these can consecrate, this spot
  Is sacred ground forever.

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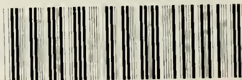
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