

80
2

US 6280.B.2

85

98-9

105

HARVARD
COLLEGE
LIBRARY



FROM THE
Subscription Fund
BEGUN IN 1858

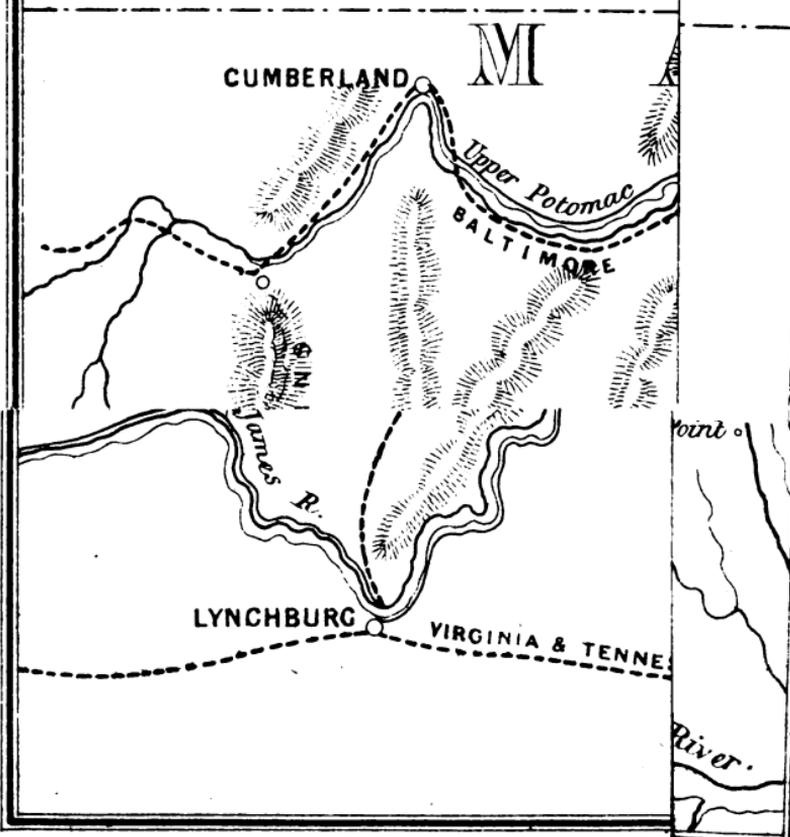
“STONEWALL” JACKSON,

LATE

GENERAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

Map
OF A PART OF
CENTRAL VIRGINIA
AND THE
SHENANDOAH

illustrating the Campaign
of
GENL STONEWALL JACKSON



“STONEWALL” JACKSON,

LATE

GENERAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

AND AN

OUTLINE OF HIS VIRGINIAN CAMPAIGNS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF “LIFE IN THE SOUTH.”

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1863.

WS 6280.8.2



Subscription fund

31-25
20

TO
SIR HENRY DE HOGHTON, BART.
OF
HOGHTON TOWER, CO. LANCASTER.

WHO AMONGST MANY,
HAS GENEROUSLY TESTIFIED HIS APPRECIATION
OF THE RARE QUALITIES OF

THE HERO

WHO IS FAINTLY PORTRAYED IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES;

AND

WHOSE PATIENT INVESTIGATION OF THE MERITS,
AND COURAGEOUS AVOWAL OF THE NATIONAL CLAIMS
OF A PEOPLE,

STRIVING, AMID UNEXAMPLED OBSTACLES,
TO ACHIEVE A MERITORIOUS INDEPENDENCE,

THIS

UNPRETENDING LITTLE VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY

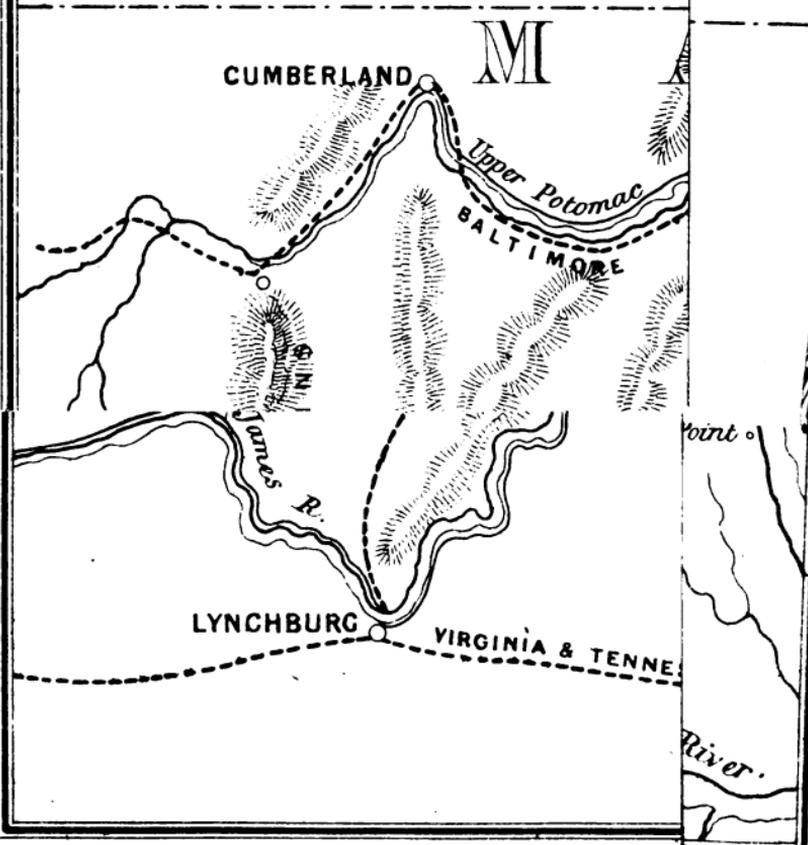
THE AUTHORESS.

Aug. 31, 1863.

INTRODUCTION.

THE Christian Hero, Jackson, has been the subject of such frequent notices in our journals, that the British public have already become tolerably acquainted with the leading outlines of his character, as an officer in the Confederate States Army. The writer will, therefore, endeavour to comprise within the limits of the present sketch, only such a recapitulation as will present a complete, and sufficiently comprehensive, view to the *unpolitical* reader, without entering into the technicalities of the battle-field.

Map
 OF A PART OF
CENTRAL VIRGINIA
 AND THE
SHENANDOAH
 illustrating the Campaigns
 of
GENL STONEWALL JACKSON



rribur

ANNA RAILR.

point o

Brooks, Lith.

0
.
"STONEWALL" JACKSON,

LATE

GENERAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

AND AN

OUTLINE OF HIS VIRGINIAN CAMPAIGNS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN THE SOUTH."

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1863.

MS 6280.8.2



Subscription fund

31-25
50

TO
SIR HENRY DE HOGHTON, BART.

OF
HOGHTON TOWER, CO. LANCASTER.

WHO AMONGST MANY,
HAS GENEROUSLY TESTIFIED HIS APPRECIATION
OF THE RARE QUALITIES OF

THE HERO

WHO IS FAINTLY PORTRAYED IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES ;

AND

WHOSE PATIENT INVESTIGATION OF THE MERITS,
AND COURAGEOUS AVOWAL OF THE NATIONAL CLAIMS
OF A PEOPLE,

STRIVING, AMID UNEXAMPLED OBSTACLES,
TO ACHIEVE A MERITORIOUS INDEPENDENCE,

THIS

UNPRETENDING LITTLE VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY

THE AUTHORESS.

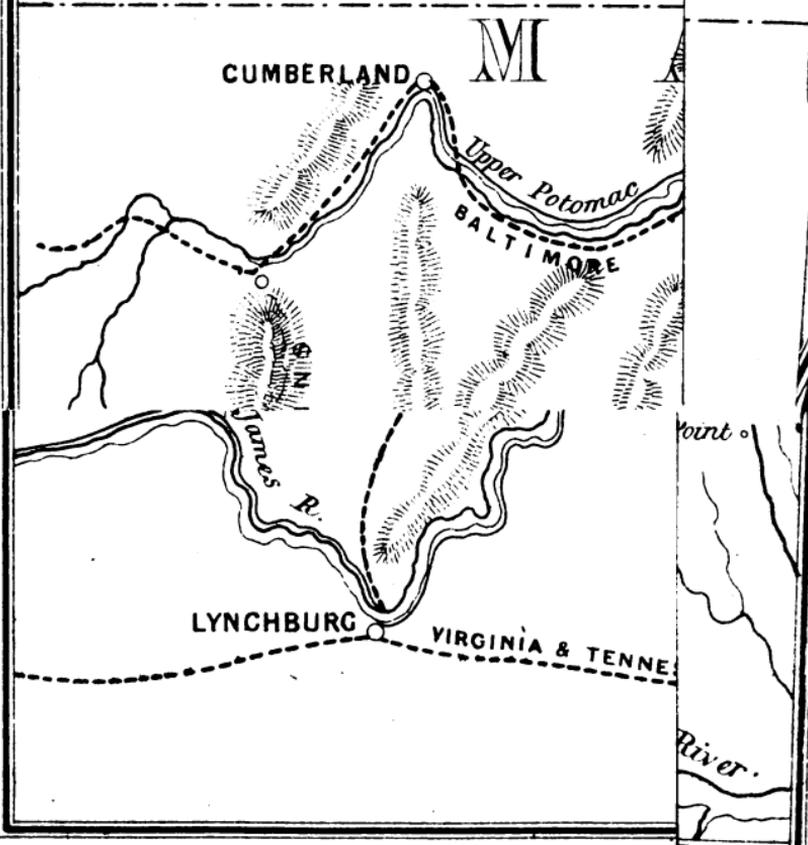
Aug. 31, 1863.

INTRODUCTION.



THE Christian Hero, Jackson, has been the subject of such frequent notices in our journals, that the British public have already become tolerably acquainted with the leading outlines of his character, as an officer in the Confederate States Army. The writer will, therefore, endeavour to comprise within the limits of the present sketch, only such a recapitulation as will present a complete, and sufficiently comprehensive, view to the *unpolitical* reader, without entering into the technicalities of the battle-field.

Map
 OF A PART OF
CENTRAL VIRGINIA
 AND THE
SHENANDOAH
 illustrating the Campaigns
 of
GENL STONEWALL JACKSON



rrisbur

anna railr

Point o

River

Brooks, Lith.

“STONEWALL” JACKSON,

LATE

GENERAL OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES ARMY.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH,

AND AN

OUTLINE OF HIS VIRGINIAN CAMPAIGNS.

BY

THE AUTHOR OF “LIFE IN THE SOUTH.”

LONDON:

CHAPMAN AND HALL, 193, PICCADILLY.

1863.

MS 6280.7.2



Subscription fund

31-25
20

TO
SIR HENRY DE HOUGHTON, BART.

OF
HOUGHTON TOWER, CO. LANCASTER.

WHO AMONGST MANY,
HAS GENEROUSLY TESTIFIED HIS APPRECIATION
OF THE RARE QUALITIES OF

THE HERO

WHO IS FAINTLY PORTRAYED IN THE FOLLOWING PAGES;

AND

WHOSE PATIENT INVESTIGATION OF THE MERITS,
AND COURAGEOUS AVOWAL OF THE NATIONAL CLAIMS
OF A PEOPLE,

STRIVING, AMID UNEXAMPLED OBSTACLES,
TO ACHIEVE A MERITORIOUS INDEPENDENCE,

THIS

UNPRETENDING LITTLE VOLUME IS, BY PERMISSION,
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED, BY

THE AUTHORESS.

Aug. 31, 1863.

INTRODUCTION.



THE Christian Hero, Jackson, has been the subject of such frequent notices in our journals, that the British public have already become tolerably acquainted with the leading outlines of his character, as an officer in the Confederate States Army. The writer will, therefore, endeavour to comprise within the limits of the present sketch, only such a recapitulation as will present a complete, and sufficiently comprehensive, view to the *unpolitical* reader, without entering into the technicalities of the battle-field.

Those circumstances which caused the author to be a resident of Va., during the greater portion of the time in which the following events took place, enabled her to watch the incidents as they were brought home by the actors of the drama ; incidents of the wars, and of their effect upon society, especially as regards the blockade ; which latter circumstance gives a colouring to this great and terrible civil war, that tinges every event of the social life of the Southerner. This feature in the soldier's trials all can comprehend—in this, all will sympathise.

The author now ventures to arrange in the form of a narrative, as much as is within the province of a woman to describe, without wishing to intrude beyond that limit. Such facts as have been collected, and are here introduced, together with dates and topography, will at the present time be found useful, until a more efficient pen shall

do justice to one of the noblest characters in history.

Good and brave though he was, General Jackson did not stand alone in his shining qualities as a Confederate soldier. "Much as we lament him," writes an admiring friend, and genuine Southerner, "we have others left." Those of our own countrymen who are writing from the Confederate States, bear frequent witness of this, and tell us how the affection and confidence that culminated upon the head of "Stonewall" Jackson, instead of being dispersed at his death, have descended to General Lee, of whom Jackson himself spoke thus: "There is one General whom I would willingly follow blindfold, and whose most dubious strategy I would execute without question or hesitation; and that is, General Robert E. Lee."

Therefore, a summary of Jackson's cam-

paigns may be recorded as a type of the self-denying, heroic endurances, and the upright character of the majority of those officers of the Southern army, who are still leading their men to the cherished goal of independence.

August, 1863.

A TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTIONS IN WHICH GENERAL JACKSON WAS ENGAGED.

1861.

Date.	Against.
July 2.—Falling Waters.....	Gen. Patterson.
„ 21.—Manassas.....	Gen. McDowell.
Oct. 16.—Skirmish at Bolivar.	
Dec. 17.—Raid to destroy Dam No. 5, C. O.* Canal.	

1862.

Jan. 1, 2.—Raid to Bath and Hancock, to de- stroy Dam No. 6. Occupation of Romney.	
March 23.—Kernstown.....	Gen. Kelly.
May 8.—McDowells, near Monterey.....	Gen. Shields.
„ 23.—Front Royal.....	Col. Kenly.
„ 24.—Strasburg.....	Gen. Banks.
„ 25.—Winchester.....	„
June 1.—Front Royal, or Middleton.....	Gen. Shields.
„ 8.—Cross Keys.....	Gen. Fremont.
„ 9.—Lewiston, near Port Republic.....	Gen. Shields.
„ 26.—Mechanicsville, or Meadow Bridge	Gen. McClellan.
„ 27.—Coal Harbour, or Gaines Mill.....	„
„ 29.—White Oak Swamp.....	„
„ 30.—Ibid.....	„
July 1.—Malvern Hill.....	„
Aug. 9.—Cedar, or South Mountain.....	Gen. Pope.
„ 30.—Bull Run.....	„

* Chesapeake and Ohio.

b

Richmond. {

A TABLE OF THE PRINCIPAL ACTIONS—*continued.*

1862.

Date.	Against.
Sept. 14.—Harper's Ferry.....	Gen. Kelly.
„ 15.—Ibid.....	„
„ 16.—Antietam.....	Gen. McClellan.
„ 20.—Sheppardstown.....	„
Dec. 13.—Fredericksburg.....	Gen. Burnside.

1863.

Chancellorsville.	{	April 30.—Rapidan.....	Gen. Hooker.
		May 1.—Ibid.....	„
		„ 2.—Chancellorsville.....	„

CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.

	PAGE
EARLY LIFE—YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS—THE JOURNEY— WEST-POINT EDUCATION COMPLETED	1

CHAPTER II.

MEXICAN CAMPAIGN—LIFE AT LEXINGTON—TRIP TO EU- ROPE—ALLEGIANCE TO NATIVE STATE	10
---	----

CHAPTER III.

TOPOGRAPHY OF THE VALLEY—THE BORDERS—OFFICIAL REPORT OF GENERAL JOHNSTON—OPENING OF THE CAM- PAIGN	18
--	----

CHAPTER IV.

THE ASHBYS—GENERAL PATTERSON'S DEFEAT—THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS—CONFIDENCE IN JACKSON— ARMIES OF WESTERN VA.	27
---	----

CHAPTER V.

	PAGE
EVENTS OF THE AUTUMN—THE WEATHER—SUSPECTED TREASON—DEVASTATION—WINCHESTER EVACUATED— THE BATTLE OF KERSTOWN	36

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALLEY — HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES — CONFEDERATE REVERSES—BATTLE OF MCDOWELLS—OFFICIAL REPORT—CONGRATULATIONS	46
--	----

CHAPTER VII.

THE RESULT—BOOTY—THE WOMEN OF WINCHESTER— COMMENTS ON THE HERO—OFFICIAL REPORTS—CALL FOR RECRUITS—ALARMS AND “SENSATIONS.”	56
--	----

CHAPTER VIII.

VIGOROUS MEASURES—AND THE RESULTS—“MORE GLO- RIOUS NEWS”—AND THE PARTICULARS—PORT REPUBLIC — A SOLDIER’S LETTER — CHARGING A BATTERY — A TROPHY—THE RETREAT	68
--	----

CHAPTER IX.

A RUSE—ANECDOTES—PRIDE IN THE HERO—AFFECTION OF HIS MEN—DEATH OF GENERAL ASHBY—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—AND CHARACTER	85
---	----

CHAPTER X.

RUMOURED RESIGNATION — WHAT NEXT ? — THE SEVEN DAYS’ BATTLES—THE WELCOME PRESENCE—THE HERO’S CHARGER—DEAD OR ALIVE ?—THE LOST HARVEST	98
---	----

CHAPTER XI.

	PAGE
GENERAL POPE—AND HIS POLICY—DEPREDACTIONS IN THE VALLEY—RETRALIATION—GENERAL STUART'S RAID—SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS	110

CHAPTER XII.

COLLAPSES — INVASION OF MARYLAND — ENCOUNTER AT SHEPPARDSTOWN	121
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN — FREDERICKSBURG—RELIGION AMONG THE OFFICERS—" FIGHTING PARSONS"—APPALING SCENES—JACKSON'S VIEWS OF THE SABBATH—HIS INFLUENCE—HIS MISSIONARY SPIRIT	127
---	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

IMPEDIMENTS—CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK—UNEQUAL WARFARE	142
---	-----

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT FOR RICHMOND—CHANCELLORSVILLE —A FATAL MISTAKE—THE PROSTRATE HERO—AMPUTATION NECESSARY—MUTUAL APPRECIATION—GENERAL LEE'S ADDRESS	146
--	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

SAD SCENES — ON THE BATTLE-FIELD — THE DOUBTFUL TITLE—COLD-WATER BANDAGES—THE CASE BECOMES HOPELESS—PUBLIC LAMENTATIONS	158
---	-----

CONCLUSION.

	PAGE
A PUBLIC FUNERAL—THE PAGEANT—A PARALLEL—CHARACTERISTICS—HIS EXAMPLE—CONCLUSION . . .	169

“STONEWALL” JACKSON.

CHAPTER I.

EARLY LIFE—YOUTHFUL ASPIRATIONS—THE JOURNEY—WEST
POINT—EDUCATION COMPLETED.

THOMAS JEFFERSON JACKSON was born at Clarksburg, Harrison County, in Western Va., in the year 1824. He was descended on both sides from English ancestry, and from his parents inherited an aristocratic feeling, and a reverence for antiquities, that is a frequent characteristic of the Old Va. families.

In his own case worldly endowments could not keep pace with clannish prejudices, for his father was in straitened circumstances, and himself, the eldest of some half-dozen children, enjoyed only very limited opportunities in the way of early education. Living in one of the remote and least

populous districts of Va., between the mountains and the Ohio river, his social advantages were also few ; and his "schooling" was probably confined to such rudiments as could be acquired in a village school, or at best in some little shanty in a wood, where, according to the Southern custom, a certain number of children, within a circuit of several miles, would assemble to reap the temporary advantages of a "teacher" engaged by the parents for a given time. The intellectual attainments of Jackson's relatives were, however, superior to those of their neighbours.

Few of the farmers of Western Va. are large slaveholders, and still fewer are very thoroughly educated. They, for the most part, lead a primitive agricultural life, and farm their own lands ; and young Jackson, it is said, accomplished an occasional share of field labour, in common with the few negroes owned by his relatives.

His parents died while he was yet a boy, and Jackson's home was chiefly with a maternal uncle. A stability of character must have been early conspicuous in him, for he held an office, as a county constable, at the age of sixteen.

When Jackson was in his nineteenth year, the member of Congress for that section of Va. had a presentation to the military academy at West Point, in the State of New York, which was offered to, but declined, by a boy in the neighbourhood. Jackson was seized with an eager desire to avail himself of such an unusual advantage, for he had imbibed a great ambition to become a soldier. In vain his uncle attempted to dissuade him; in vain did his friends point out the deficiencies of his own education, and the obstacle his age presented, he being nearly three years beyond that usual on admission. Nothing daunted, though fully alive to these drawbacks, the youth resolved to go, and set to work to prepare himself for the ordeal.

One day, in a pelting rain, he burst into the office of a friend—an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Hayes, the member of Congress who could procure him the cadetship. The rain was streaming from his clothes, and he was in the highest state of excitement. His friend, starting and wondering at his unexpected appearance, inquired what had brought him hither in such a storm. Young Jackson blurted out his errand. He wanted

a letter of introduction to Mr. Hayes at Washington—he was going to set off for that place immediately—being desirous to obtain the cadetship, and fearing his opportunity would be lost. His friend regarded the scheme as an utter absurdity, said that Jackson could never stand the preliminary examination, and many other discouraging things. Jackson was hopeful and importunate, and finally obtained the letter.

That very evening he borrowed a horse to ride to Clarksburg, where the stage, probably a weekly one, was about to start on its eastern journey. He mounted the steed; a negro boy, who was to ride back and return it safely to the owner, being perched behind him.

Thus and then did the youthful aspirant take leave of his native county.

Heavy rains had been falling for weeks, as rains can fall only in Western Va., and the roads were in such a state as they can be nowhere else. Not much business was transacted in those parts; not many people travelled in those days, and in such weather. An hour before or after time was of no great moment, and the postmaster, with prudent foresight, had despatched his mail-bags and

the great unwieldy stage that conveyed them over those toilsome roads, a full hour before the usual time. No inducement could tempt young Jackson to break his promise, and the negro boy was duly sent back with the borrowed horse; nor was he himself to be easily turned from his purpose: so, in the midst of such rain and such mud, he set off, on foot, in pursuit of the stage. Four miles an hour is tolerable travelling at the best of times in those mountain districts; but this was a toilsome march on a dark stormy night, and thirteen weary miles were traversed before the youth overtook the stage. I am not accurately informed how far this said stage was bound towards Richmond or Washington, either city being near upon two hundred miles from his home, and several days' journey over the mountains. Probably he indulged in this mode of travelling only as far as Romney, or at most to Winchester, or to Staunton, in the Valley. It would appear that his first introductions were to be obtained at the State capital, Richmond, for we hear of his being there; but one thing is certain—that he carried his scanty wardrobe in hand, and made the greater part of his long

journey on foot; for we are assured that on his arrival at Washington, he presented his letter "all muddy as he was" to Mr. Hayes, who received him kindly, and, in his turn, presented him to the Secretary of War, who rewarded his praiseworthy ambition and perseverance by granting the much-coveted presentation.

Therefore, on arriving at the great metropolis of the United States, and on entering the Military Academy, a new sphere of existence—an entire new world of fashion and bewilderment to our young backwoodsman—we may picture him to ourselves somewhat in the position of a boy, removed from a secluded farm-house in Dorsetshire to a farm at Sandhurst.

Perhaps this great transition from his country home, in the wilds of Va., to the fast and dashing life of the young cadets, tended in no slight degree to stamp the character and peculiarities of the future hero. We find him, in age three years in advance of his classmates, but in every other respect far behind them. A shy and bashful youth, he takes his place among them, just old enough to feel his own deficiencies, and to appreciate his present opportunities

—to draw comparisons between his wealthy compeers, exulting in their modern luxuries, and the abstemious habits of his own paternal homestead—possessed of a simple-minded diffidence withal, which well might cause him to shrink within himself from these showy companions, who would be ever ready to make a butt of the *hobbydehoy* in his uncouth garb of homespun cloth, who had traversed on foot so many hundred miles of his long and economical journey. Still he was a republican by birth, and that is saying much. He had been reared with the republican feeling of individual rights and freedom of opinion; he had already occupied a responsible position in his native county; and he was also old enough to *claim* those equal rights, as a son of the sovereign people.

In the four years of his West Point discipline, we find him a plodding, persevering student, systematically mastering the task of yesterday before he undertakes that of to-day; and slowly, but surely, working his way by hard application to a respectable, if not a leading, position amongst his fellow-students. The present Federal generals, McClellan, Seymour, Grant, Stoneman,

Burnside, Foster, and some others, were among his classmates; and a number now in the Confederate army, who, in this savage warfare, are leading their ranks, in defence of home and children, against their former friends and companions.

We may presume that our rustic student was not devoid of a certain ambition to shine in the lighter accomplishments of his comrades; one of whom so charmed him with his performances on the flute, that Jackson devoted many leisure minutes, for six whole months, in practising a few bars of a popular melody, which, at the end of that period were abandoned, together with his futile attempts to become a musician.

When, at the expiration of the four years, Jackson graduated, he was No. 17 in a class of about sixty students. Probably at the outset every boy surpassed him, but he had now only sixteen who outstripped him, and a joke prevailed among his comrades, that had he ten years to study instead of four, he would have become the head of the whole class. His sterling character had gained him the esteem of his masters, his unpretending merit and steady perseverance had won the admiration of his comrades. In spite of his

ungainly appearance, his unpolished manners, and his "slow" capacities, he overcame all prejudice, and quickly secured the affection and respect of his contemporaries. General McClellan has been lately heard to express no less admiration at the truthfulness and sincerity of Jackson's character, than astonishment at his unanticipated distinction and valour.

The perseverance he displayed in his studies, stimulated by success, grew in time into the determined, indomitable courage, that was conspicuous throughout his subsequent career. It was a perseverance that might have grown into stubbornness, had it not been combined with benevolence and other Christian graces that won the respect of his very enemies.

CHAPTER II.

MEXICAN CAMPAIGN—LIFE AT LEXINGTON—TRIP TO EUROPE—
ALLEGIANCE TO NATIVE STATE.

IN 1846, Jackson received his appointment as second lieutenant, and was ordered off to the Rio Grande, to fight in the Mexican wars under General Taylor. He afterwards fought under General Scott, being gradually promoted to a brevet major in 1852. We hear of his distinguishing himself more or less in the battles of Vera Cruz, Buena Vista, Contreras, Cherubusco, Cerro Gordo, and Chapultepec.* Contemporary with Jackson, and holding various ranks in the Mexican wars, were the present Confederate generals, Jefferson Davis (President), Robert E. Lee, Sterling Price, Joseph E. Johnston, Braxton Bragg, E. Kirby Smith, James Longstreet, J. H. Winder, Gideon Pillow, J. B.

* These places may not be chronologically enumerated.

Magruder, J. W. Mackall, and A. P. Hill. Also of the present Federal generals, were McClellan, Halleck, Grant, Burnside, Buell, French, Doubleday, McDowell, Seymour, and Joseph Hooker.

Lieutenant Thomas J. Jackson, was connected with Magruder's battery, and highly distinguished himself in many daring charges.

At the siege of Chepultepec, Major Selden, who was the first to storm the walls, fell back wounded into the arms of a young lieutenant, who handed him down, and then planted his own foot upon the ramparts. That foot was Jackson's, and once planted could not be moved.

At the same battle, when the infantry were ordered to charge, and showed a disinclination to advance, he took the lead, exclaiming, "Follow me, my men, fear nothing!" and he rushed forward to the charge. The same cry, "Follow me!" but to more resolute soldiery, has crowned his subsequent engagements with success.

On another occasion, when attached to Pillow's division of Magruder's battery, he was ordered by the former to withdraw his company, which occupied a very exposed

position. Jackson gave no heed to this over-cautious general's command. On the contrary, he *advanced* his position one hundred yards and maintained it, doing great execution. And these three incidents may be taken as symbols of three prominent traits of Jackson's character — firmness, courage, and self-reliance.

His health became much impaired during the Mexican wars, and, therefore, on an invitation from his native State to accept the appointment of Professor of Chemistry and Natural Science, at the Military College of Lexington, he resigned his commission, and returned home in 1852.

Soon after settling in this new sphere of life, he married the daughter of the Rev. George Junkin, a Presbyterian minister, and, in accordance with the rites of his Church, made a public "profession" of religion, was appointed an "elder," and maintained a consistent Christian course to the end of his days. His minister, the Rev. Dr. White of Lexington, found in him a zealous and efficient help in all the offices of the Church and parish. He was a regular teacher in the Sabbath school, where, in the American States, the youth of all classes of society are

in the habit of assembling for religious instruction; indeed, these opportunities are embraced even more by the children of the wealthy than of the poor. Wherever Christian aid and counsel were required, wherever the sick and sorrowing claimed sympathy, or religious instruction was necessary, "Professor" (now) Jackson was at hand. Among the negroes, seldom was such a patient, zealous friend to be found as "Mass' Thomas." Every Sabbath he assembled the little darkies to hear and learn the word of God. Nor was his anxiety for their welfare confined to his own household, for wherever his influence could be exerted for the spiritual and moral progress of the negro, his voice was heard.

Combining in so remarkable a degree the dauntless bravery of the soldier with a humble Christian life, we find him, at Lexington, noted for his "quiet manners and politeness," but not conspicuous for brilliant social qualities, or a prepossessing address and appearance.

Nor was he extremely popular among his pupils. Unostentatious in dress, silent and thoughtful, temperate in his habits, and stern in the performance of his duties—perhaps not altogether winning to the class of fiery

Southern youths over whom he held dominion.

On one occasion he expelled a student from the College for misdemeanors, and the lad resolved to be revenged upon the Professor, who had thus publicly disgraced him. He lay in wait near the path by which he knew Jackson would return to his own home after the duties of the day, provided with pistols, with intent to take the life of the unyielding Professor. The latter was apprised of his danger by a friend, who met him walking quietly towards the place where the reckless youth lay concealed, and entreated him to retrace his steps. Without being aware that the boy was within hearing, he exclaimed aloud, "Let him shoot me if he will!" and proceeded along the path. But the youth was abashed, and slunk away, and the Professor's life was saved.

On the death of his first wife he visited Europe, and here his high appreciation of the sublime and beautiful found ample scope; and, as a friend has stated, "he seemed never weary of dwelling on the magnificence" of our lofty cathedrals, and other public buildings, which must have

impressed him as a wonderful contrast to the modest little wooden churches and Court-house of his native mountains. During his European trip, he displayed the same steady system of laboriously "doing London," and seeing sights, that he had practised in conquering his West Point studies. "Sixteen hours a day," wrote the same informant; one who enjoyed the opportunities of frequent interviews and social converse, during a visit to the Confederate States.

Jackson did not remain many years a widower, but married, for his second wife, the daughter of the Rev. George Morrison, of Charlotte, in North Carolina. Another daughter of this gentleman was married to the Confederate General, D. H. Hill, who had, for several years, resided at Charlotte; therefore the two chieftains were nearly related by marriage.

After nearly ten years of domestic life, the safety of his country again summoned him to the field. It will be remembered that the western part of Va. was less unanimous in the cause of secession than the eastern counties, or "Old Dominion;" and it is possible that Jackson was partially

imbued with the prejudices of his native section (now under a pseudo-"governorship"), and of his own immediate relatives. His first wife's father, Dr. Junkin, was a Northern man; his own sister is said to be a strong Unionist. We are not led to suppose that Jackson ever took an active part in politics. The war found him engrossed by his Professorship; when called upon to act, a strong allegiance to his State was his predominant feeling, and, no doubt, he prayed earnestly, as was his wont, for a "right judgment" in this momentous crisis. He was a soldier by education, profession, and taste, and held himself in readiness while the secession of Va. was in agitation. "When the State draws her sword, I draw mine." Once decided, he was steadfast in the duty he assigned himself. The great war of independence became a conviction, himself became deeply impressed with the righteousness of the cause, he fought with a oneness of purpose—an elevated morality.

Governor Letcher, of Va., whose home was at Lexington, commissioned "Major" Jackson to be colonel of a volunteer regiment in the provisional army, which he

1000
VA
11/13/10

drilled, until he was attached to the command of General Joseph E. Johnston, in the Confederate army, to commence his short, but brilliant, military career at the foot of the Valley of Va., that he has rendered both sacred and historical.

CHAPTER III.

TOPOGRAPHY OF THE VALLEY—THE BORDERS—OFFICIAL REPORT
OF GENERAL JOHNSTON—OPENING OF THE CAMPAIGN.

IN order to comprehend and appreciate the campaigns of this eminent soldier, it will be necessary to refer to the map of the United States, and especially that of Va. Those who possess the patience to do this will find it comparatively easy to follow the movements, not only of General Jackson, but those more recent, in the invasion of the North by General Lee.

It will be seen that the Potomac forms the boundary between Maryland and Va. That part above Washington, called the Upper Potomac, flows through a broken and mountainous country, and its navigation is impeded by numerous falls and rapids; therefore the enormous traffic of

the West is conveyed to the United States capital and the eastern coast, by the two great arteries, namely, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal; the latter running side by side with the Potomac, about two hundred miles—from Cumberland to Washington—out of the entire length of the river, five hundred and fifty miles.

At Harper's Ferry, on the same line of river and railroad, the Shenandoah, after flowing along the feet of the Blue Ridge Mountains one hundred miles northwards down the Valley of Va., joins the Potomac. The junction and force of these mighty rivers have, according to geologists, rent the mountain asunder to find a vent, producing thereby some of the most beautiful scenery in the world.

The "Valley of Va." is, at the lower part, sometimes called the Valley of the Shenandoah; thus, that portion of the Confederate army under General Johnston at that point, was known as "the Army of the Shenandoah." The "ancient" town of Winchester lies in this valley, at the termination of a branch of railroad, thirty miles south-west of Harper's Ferry. It is the

largest "city" in Va. west of the Blue Ridge, excepting the remote, but busy, town of Wheeling, in that extreme northern point of the State along the Ohio River.

Though the population of Winchester was under eight thousand, it was an important outlet of trade, carried there by all the roads converging from the Valley and Western Va. At the commencement of the war a railroad was hastily completed from Winchester to Strasburg, eighteen miles farther up the Valley, and the termination of the Manassas Gap Railroad, about ninety miles from Washington, and one hundred and fifty north-west of Richmond.

Although only the two great mountain chains, the Alleghanies and the Blue Ridge, are rendered very distinct upon our English maps, the reader will observe that the whole intermediate country is exceedingly hilly; incurring the great disadvantage of most primitive roads, which we might consider, in many parts, entirely impassable; and thickly intersected with rivers and mountain torrents, which are fordable only in certain places and during fair weather. The vast importance of commanding lines of railroad in such a country, will be immediately per-

ceived; and to acquire and retain possession of these, and to repel the advance of the Union army in the Valley, were in a great measure the achievements of the vigilant Jackson, but under immense disadvantages.

It will be evident that the border of a so-called insurrectionary State, Va., commanding many miles of two important lines of traffic, namely, the B. O. R. R.,* and the Chesapeake Canal—which, in point of fact, are also boundaries of another disaffected, if not positively “rebellious” State, Maryland, very narrow just there—would require the utmost vigilance on both sides. The Unionists are watching each opening to invade Va., the Secessionists are frustrating their attempts. In the meantime the many thousand sympathisers in Maryland and the North, are zealously seeking every shadow of an opportunity to communicate with their friends and relatives in the South, and to smuggle goods, provisions, ammunition, letters and news across the borders.

This was the condition of things when Colonel Jackson joined the army, in May, 1861, and nothing can better describe the

* Baltimore and Ohio Railroad.

earlier campaigns of the war in Northern Va., than a few extracts from General J. E. Johnston's official report of the battle of Manassas; to which the events at Harper's Ferry were preliminary; because his movements at Harper's Ferry were in concert with those of General Beauregard, the two armies commanding about a hundred miles of the Upper Potomac. General Johnston's account will also explain the wisdom of evacuating Harper's Ferry so soon after its capture, a step, which created much consternation and dissatisfaction in the unmilitary public mind at the time. His very limited resources will also be more fully comprehended.

It will be remembered that General Beauregard was, at the same time, collecting an army to frustrate the invasion of Va. on the north-eastern borders, by those lines of railway diverging into the State westwards from Alexandria (the Va. outlet from Washington), and that two-thirds of the whole boundaries of Va. were simultaneously threatened by various forces of the Union army, which were to effect a grand conjunction *somewhere*, for that "on to Richmond," not as yet fully accomplished.

“ I assumed my command at Harper’s Ferry on the 23rd May,” writes General Johnston.* “ The force at that point then consisted of nine regiments and two battalions of infantry, four companies of artillery with sixteen pieces, without caissons, harness or horses, and about three hundred cavalry. They were of course undisciplined ; several regiments were without accoutrements, and with an entirely inadequate supply of ammunition. I lost no time in making a complete reconnoissance of the place and its environs, the results confirmed my preconceived ideas. The position is untenable by any force not strong enough to take the field against an invading army, and *to hold both sides of the Potomac*. . . . The Potomac can be easily crossed at many points above and below.” He goes on to say that as General Patterson was expected to approach by the great route from Pennsylvania, across Maryland into the Valley of Va., and McClellan’s forces were westward of Winchester, Harper’s Ferry was *out of position to defend the Valley*, and prevent a

* Recent authors have differed materially in their estimate of General Johnston’s forces. His own official report is, of course, to be depended upon as the correct statement.

junction of General McClellan's and Patterson's forces. "These views were submitted to the military authorities, but the occupation of the place was by them deemed indispensable. . . . The practicable roads from the west and north-west, as well as from Manassas, meet the route from Pennsylvania and Maryland at Winchester. That point was, therefore, in my opinion, our best position. The distinguished commander of the army of the Potomac (Beauregard) was convinced, like myself, of our dependence upon each other, and promised to co-operate with me in case of need. . . . I was employed until the 13th June, in continuing what had been begun by my predecessor, Colonel Jackson—the organisation, instruction and equipment of troops, and providing means of transportation, and artillery horses. The river was observed from the Point of Rocks," where the railroad curves round the South Mountains* into Maryland, "to the western part of the county of Berkley—the

* This short chain, in reality a Northern continuation of the Blue Ridge, severed by the river, probably derived its name from being a detached link, south of the very mountainous States of Pennsylvania, and New York. There is another "South Mountain" in Central Va.

most distant portions by the indefatigable Stuart, with his cavalry. General Patterson's troops were within a few hours of Williamsport,"—a small town on the Potomac, above Harper's Ferry, and about thirty miles north of Winchester,—“with a force reported, by well-informed persons, to be eighteen thousand men. On the morning of the 13th June, information was received from Winchester,* that Romney”—a small town forty miles westward—“was occupied by two thousand Federal troops who had crossed at Cumberland, supposed to be the vanguard of McClellan's army.” The object of the Unionists seemed to be to attack the army at Harper's Ferry in the rear, which General Johnston defeated, by sending Colonel (then) A. P. Hill, with a Tennessee regiment from Winchester towards Romney, “to check the advance of the enemy.” During that day and the next, the heavy baggage and remaining public property were sent to Winchester, and the railroad bridges across the rivers were destroyed (that over the Potomac—a covered wooden one built at

* The informant, a gentleman of high standing in Va., is now in England.

an expense of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was eight hundred feet in length); the contents of the arsenal, rolling stock, and other moveable valuables were also carried to Winchester, where, on the 15th June, General Johnston took a fresh position. A portion of his army was sent on the 16th to prevent the first advance of Patterson, who "recrossed the river precipitately." On the evacuation of Harper's Ferry, and the occupation of Winchester, McClellan moved away south-westward; and Colonel Hill was recalled from Romney, leaving that region of country to be defended by a company of cavalry; Colonel Jackson and his brigade meanwhile watching the movements of Patterson.

CHAPTER IV.

THE ASHBYS—GENERAL PATTERSON'S DEFEAT—THE BATTLE
OF MANASSAS—CONFIDENCE IN JACKSON—ARMIES OF
WESTERN VA.

DURING the protection of Romney several severe skirmishes occurred, in one of which Captain Richard Ashby was killed. He, and his brother, Captain Turner Ashby, belonged to the "Black Horse Cavalry" of Fauquier county, and distinguished themselves for their daring and skill, in the earlier part of the war, as much as Colonel Stuart has since done. The surviving brother was afterwards connected with Jackson's brigade. One short year from his brother's death, which he had sworn to avenge by the lives of "one hundred Yankees," Colonel Turner Ashby fell a victim in another daring feat; but not until he had made "Ashby's Cavalry" a household word in deeds of bravery.

"On the 2nd of July," continues the report, "General Patterson again crossed the Potomac. Colonel Jackson, pursuant to instructions, fell back before him. In retiring, he gave him a severe lesson in the affair of Falling Waters." (On the Potomac about five miles below Williamsport.)

It was on this occasion that Jackson seems to have first won the confidence of his commander, who thus writes of him : * "With a battalion of the Fifth Va. Regiment, and Pendleton's battery of field artillery, he engaged the enemy's advance. Skilfully taking a position where the smallness of his force was concealed, he engaged them for a considerable time, inflicted a heavy loss, and retired when about to be outflanked, losing scarcely a man, but bringing off forty-five prisoners. Upon this intelligence, the army strengthened by the arrival of Bee, &c., was ordered forward to support Jackson ;" but Patterson did not resume the attack, and after waiting for him four days they returned again to Winchester, leaving Colonel Stuart, as usual, near the enemy. General Patterson entrenched himself at Martinsburg, a place easily defended, being like an old

* Extract from General Johnston's report.

Dutch town, composed of "solid masonry," between Winchester and Williamsport, and made reconnoissances from there on the 16th and 17th of July. "This created the impression that he intended to hold us in check, at Bunker's Hill, while General Beauregard should be attacked at Manassas by General Scott. About one o'clock on the morning of July 18th, I received from the Government a telegraphic despatch to inform me that the Northern army was advancing upon Manassas directing me, if practicable, to go to General Beauregard's assistance. . . . I at once determined to march to join General Beauregard. The best service which the army of the Shenandoah could render, was to prevent the defeat of that of the Potomac. To be able to do this, it was necessary, in the first instance, to defeat General Patterson, or to elude him. The latter course, as being the most speedy and certain, was adopted. Our sick, nearly seventeen hundred in number, were provided for in Winchester. For the defence of that place, the militia of Generals Carson and Meem seemed ample; for I thought it certain that General Patterson would follow my movement as

soon as he discovered it. Evading it by the disposition of the advance guard under Colonel Stuart, the army moved through Ashby's Gap to a station of the Manassas Gap Railroad. Hence the infantry were to be transported by railroad, while the cavalry and artillery were ordered to continue their march. I reached Manassas about noon on the 20th, preceded by Jackson's Brigade and the 7th and 8th Georgia regiments."

It is not necessary here to enter into the details of the battle of Manassas, further than to explain that General Beauregard's army was disposed in some seven or eight brigades along the line of the "Run," or river, to guard the various fords by which the Union troops were crossing, and that, so far from breastworks, "masked batteries," or entrenchments of any kind, the Confederate troops were scattered over many miles of ground, wherever, in fact, the approach of the Federal army could be defeated.

The object of this sketch being to recount the engagements of General Jackson, a few more extracts from General Johnston's report will serve to describe the prominent positions he held in the celebrated battle of

the 21st July, and where his *soubriquet* "Stonewall" was acquired.

It would appear that he received his appointment of General immediately before the action, or probably on the field on his arrival; that his promotion was not generally known at the time, is evident, from the fact that many who wrote of his exploits on that day spoke of him as "Colonel" and "General" respectively.

General Jackson's first position on the field of Manassas was several miles below the brunt of the battle, at one of the fords where the previous feint of crossing had been made; and it was towards the middle of the day that he arrived where* "the joint force, little exceeding five regiments, with six field pieces, held the ground against about fifteen thousand U. S. troops for an hour, until, finding themselves outflanked by the continually arriving troops of the enemy, they fell back to General Bee's first position, upon the line of which, Jackson, just arriving, formed his brigade. . . . The long contest against fivefold odds and heavy losses, especially of field-officers, had

* Official Report of General Johnston.

greatly discouraged the troops. . . . Our presence with them under fire, and some example, had the happiest effect on their spirit. Order was soon restored, and the battle was re-established, to which the firmness of Jackson's Brigade greatly contributed. . . . The aspect of affairs was critical, but I had full confidence in the skill and indomitable courage of General Beauregard, the high soldierly qualities of Generals Bee, Jackson, and Evans, and the devoted patriotism of their troops. . . . Many of the broken troops, fragments of companies, and individual stragglers"—who went off to fire on their own account—"were reformed and brought into action. . . . Our victory was as complete as one gained by infantry and artillery can be. An adequate force of cavalry would have made it decisive. It is due, under Almighty God, to the skill and resolution of General Beauregard, the admirable conduct of Generals Bee, E. Kirby Smith and Jackson, &c. &c. . . . especially when it is remembered that little more than six thousand men of the army of the Shenandoah, with sixteen guns; and less than two thousand of that of the Potomac, with six guns, for

full five hours successfully resisted thirty-five thousand U. S. troops, with a powerful artillery, and a superior force of regular cavalry."* General Jackson, though painfully wounded in the left hand early in the day, remained on the field until the close of the action, refusing to stop, even to bind up his hand and staunch the blood. In General Beauregard's official report, the same positions of General Jackson are mentioned. "Imboden, leaving a disabled piece, retired until he met Jackson" when the latter "moved forward his brigade, and judiciously took a position below the brim of the plateau near the Henry House." Again, "Jackson's Brigade, springing forward, seized them, but with severe loss. . . . Jackson's Brigade pierced the enemy's centre with the determination of veterans, and the spirit of men who fight for a sacred cause." In the reports of both Generals, Jackson is otherwise frequently mentioned, and always as "opportunely" or "discreetly" making some

* It was in this part of the action that General Bee encouraged his men by saying that Jackson's stood like a stone wall, and when the latter made that memorable reply, "No, sir! we'll give them the bayonet," on General Bee's expressing a fear that they were being driven back.

advance. General Beauregard sums up his report by saying, "The conduct of General Jackson also requires mention, as eminently that of an able, fearless soldier, and sagacious commander; one fit to lead his efficient brigade. His prompt, timely arrival before the plateau of the Henry House, and his judicious disposition of his troops, contributed much to the success of the day. Although painfully wounded in the hand, he remained on the field to the end of the battle, rendering invaluable assistance."

The foregoing quotations are not intended to do more than show the high estimation in which General Jackson was held by Beauregard and Johnston; and that success followed his movements to an extent that he aided materially in turning the fortunes of the day.

After the battle of Manassas, General Jackson was entrusted with the care of the Valley, where, owing to the dismissal of General Patterson, no important movements occurred, but he continued to hold the enemy in check from the north and the west.

At that time Generals Lee, Wise, and Floyd were engaged in Western Va., where

armies, under the Federal Generals Rosencrantz, Cox, and Kelley, were advancing from the north-west, and the Ohio River, by way of the Kanawha Valley.* The army of the Potomac, under Beauregard and Johnston, remained near Centreville and Manassas.

* General H. R. Jackson, who was fighting in Western Va. under General Lee, has been, by some authors, confounded with Stonewall Jackson. At the same time Governor Claiborn F. Jackson of Missouri had taken to the field under the title of General; there were also two Colonel Jacksons.

CHAPTER V.

EVENTS OF THE AUTUMN—THE WEATHER—SUSPECTED TREASON
—DEVASTATIONS—WINCHESTER EVACUATED—THE BATTLE
OF KERNSTOWN.

GENERAL JACKSON'S head-quarters continued, during the autumn, to be Winchester; whence repeated skirmishing-parties, in which Colonel Ashby established a reputation for great skill and daring, ventured as far as the Potomac, and succeeded, on several occasions, in destroying dams, bridges, and portions of the B. O. Railroad.

That autumn was an exceedingly rainy season. Among those mountains, where fires are occasionally welcome to the Southerner, even in the height of summer, there were not two consecutive days of fine weather.

The majority of the soldiers had only recently enlisted. This was their first cam-

paign—many of them had left their homes for the first time in their lives, and were now exposed to the inclemencies of the weather, with a lack of all the ordinary comforts that are considered indispensable to the soldier, and with increasing difficulties in procuring even clothing and the common necessaries of life: had their supplies been ever so abundant, they were a long distance from them. It was a severe trial both to the fortitude and the constitution of the men to undergo. They encountered difficult marches in the midst of violent storms for many weeks; and the little armies of Western Va., as also that of the Shenandoah Valley, were greatly reduced by sickness and deaths.

Notwithstanding these drawbacks, we find several important skirmishes recorded during the month of October, in which Colonel Ashby and his cavalry were, as usual, foremost. Near Harper's Ferry, on the 16th, he "routed" one thousand Federals, with two hundred and fifty volunteers and three hundred raw Va. militia, killing between fifty and sixty and taking twelve prisoners.

At this time General Lee had moved

southward to effect a junction with Wise in the Kanawha Valley; and the Federal Brigadier, General Kelly, was between them and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, west of Romney. General Jackson was therefore compelled to concentrate his scanty forces, and evacuate Romney, which was on the 27th occupied by Kelly's troops.

The most remarkable of Jackson's campaigns being in the spring of 1862, and the present sketch not admitting of more than a cursory view within its limits, only a slight chronological list of his intermediate achievements, and their effects upon the people shall be here recorded.

In the middle of December, "Jackson's brigade," which had already rendered itself a terror to the enemy, was reported to be close to Williamsport, where Patterson had crossed in June, and near which, on the Maryland side, a strong Union army was now collected, under General Banks.

Jackson succeeded in destroying "Dam No. 5," thus again cutting off canal communication for a time between Washington and the West. The importance of this deed was seen by the excitement it caused in the Federal army at that point, which was

promptly reinforced in anticipation of an invasion into Maryland. Jackson was not, however, strong enough to do more than harass the enemy.

At the same time some ten or twelve "Yankee prisoners," captured by a detachment of Ashby's command, arrived in Richmond. The comment which accompanied this and other similar announcements tells, in the few words, "*the arms taken with them were of the best description,*" how welcome a cause of congratulation was every such trifling addition to the accoutrements of the blockaded Southern soldiery. It was said, at this time, that many important movements of General Jackson's were frustrated by spies and traitors in "high places" at Richmond.

Early in January his forces feigned a march from Winchester to Romney, and then made a diversion northwards, to surprise the Union army at Bath or Berkley, near Hancock, a town on the extreme northern point of Va., where the State bulges into Maryland. So far from being a "surprise," he was quite anticipated by the enemy, who retreated in good time across the Potomac. Writings were found in their

forsaken camp, detailing all these projected plans, which, it was said, could have been divulged only by some one in the confidence of the War Department. In spite of which, together with the drawbacks of winter, we find that the main object of his expedition was accomplished, namely, the Unionists were frightened back, with a loss of stores and several pieces of artillery, and another dam was destroyed, another portion of the B. O. R. Road; and, in an incredibly short space of time, and with terribly insufficient means of transportation, he is again on his way back to Romney, which is once more evacuated by the Federals, whom Jackson pursued, even penetrating the mountain regions to New Creek, twenty-three miles westward, where he again touched the B. O. R. R.; thus placing himself in the rear of the Union army in Western Va., materially harassing the enemy along their chief line of travel, and, as was his wont, appearing suddenly where least expected (that is, when he kept his own counsels).

But the sufferings of his troops during that perilous winter campaign were frightful. "At one time they were compelled to struggle

in forced marches through blinding snow and sleet, and to bivouac at night in the forests, without tent or camp equipage. Many were frozen on the march, and died from exposure and exhaustion."* Yet the spirit of the two peoples is shown by thousands of incidents. In a Northern official report an officer states: "A captured rebel lieutenant was shot in the leg, but made fight with his sword when our men went to pick him up. *A bayonet prick soon quieted him!*" On their retreat from Romney, "many farm-houses along the road were burnt;" and on another occasion we read, "The enemy burnt the mill and several dwelling-houses, including Colonel Blue's, with his extensive barns and stables, and destroyed *all his personal property and live stock.* The Federal villains shot a humble old shoemaker in his own house, *and then burnt the dwelling over his body!*"

It is now the dead of winter, those terrible marches have fearfully thinned Jackson's ranks, and he calls for reinforcements again and again; but in vain. Vast Federal armies are penetrating the more Southern States, while the cooler season and the full

* *Richmond Examiner.*

rivers afford them their opportunities. The sea-coasts of the two Carolinas, of Georgia, Alabama, and Louisiana are attacked simultaneously. The Mississippi and its tributaries are full of Federal vessels of war; the "grand army of the Potomac" is again preparing for operations under General McClellan; the "coil of the anaconda" is to be tightened; and the much-tried people are sorely harassed on all sides.

Spring approaches, and in the Valley of the Shenandoah the little band of General Jackson sullenly and doggedly retires before the converging columns of the foe. But their advance is contested by the indomitable Ashby, mile by mile. On the 24th February the Confederate forces withdrew from Harper's Ferry; on the 28th from Charlestown, both places being promptly occupied by the enemy. Martinsburg is left to them on the 4th March, Bunker's Hill on the 5th. By the 11th General McClellan has matured his vast plans for the capture of Manassas, but the Confederate army there has suddenly vanished, and southward with it moves the Jackson Brigade. Winchester, Warrenton, Leesburg, and all Northern Va. is left to the mercies of a pitiless foe! By the middle of March Jack-

son has retired up the Valley as far as Harrisonburg.

Many and loud were the lamentations throughout Va. when Winchester was evacuated. It was a hard trial to the inhabitants to lose the protection of the Confederate army, when dire necessity compelled their retreat to the fastnesses of the Upper Valley. The women in particular expressed much bitterness at the forlorn prospect in view.

Jackson would never encourage the feeling of sectional hate that the Southerners manifested towards their enemies, and, in taking leave of his fair friends of Winchester, he exhorted them "not to forget themselves." There was one high-spirited daughter of Va. who could not control her indignation at being thus left to the mercies of those "hateful Yankees." "My child," said the General to her, "you and I have no right to our hates. Personal rancour is the lowest expression of patriotism, and a sin besides. We must trust ourselves to the hands of God." Not only Winchester but Strasburg is now occupied by Federal forces.

Another Union army is west of the mountains, sending skirmishers and marauding parties through the Gaps into the Upper

Valley. The railroads on the east are in possession of the Federalists; there is imminent danger of a conjunction between Banks and McClellan's army; and the little brigade, reduced by hardships, scantily fed, poorly provided, but vigilant, steadfast, and devoted to their leader, are in utmost danger on all sides. The manœuvring of the actors in this tragic drama now becomes of the most exciting character. The Federal General Shields ventures cautiously out of Winchester, just after he has established himself there. He is driven back by Ashby's gallant Black-Horse Cavalry, who are ever on the alert. They are at once the vanguard and rear-guard—they are everywhere. Then the Federal General Banks moves cautiously out of Strasburg, and is pursued by Jackson. On the 22nd of March, the latter marches his men from Harrisonburg northwards once more, forty-five miles in a day and a half—and they have marched incessantly for two weeks previously — they have already obtained the name of “*foot cavalry*,” so rapid are their movements. Fatigued, worn out, they attack the enemy before them. A little band of two thousand seven hundred Vir-

ginians attack twelve thousand Union troops. The men who had, the previous June, held Patterson's army at bay, and won themselves a name on the field of Manassas, now gathered fresh laurels at the little village of Kernstown, a few miles south of Winchester, on that eventful Sunday, 23rd of March.

The next morning they again fall back to Strasburg, Colonel Ashby covering the retreat. The difficulties of that retreat were enormous, for the bridge at Cedar Creek had been destroyed, and the baggage train must be moved three miles across a dangerous ford, and in the very sight of the enemy; who, for some strange cause, did not attack them. Already they were looking upon Jackson's little army with fear and trembling. In five distinct charges he had headed his men. The affection and admiration of the country began to centre around "Old Stonewall," as of yore to the venerated Andrew Jackson.

At the engagement on the 23rd March, General Shields, of the Union army, received an injury in his arm, which necessitated amputation. The wound was said by some to have been from the bursting of a shell, others affirmed it to have been from a shot from Colonel Ashby.

CHAPTER VI.

THE VALLEY—HISTORICAL REMINISCENCES—CONFEDERATE REVERSES—BATTLE OF MCDOWELLS—OFFICIAL REPORT—CONGRATULATIONS.

THE Valley of Va. is dear to the people, not only in its associations, but it is exceedingly valuable in its products. It is more than a mere narrow strip of land between the mountains, for it contains seventeen counties from the Va. and Tennessee line of railway to the Potomac. It is indeed a richly fertile tract, abundantly watered by rivers, and producing annually upwards of three million bushels of wheat, four million and a half of "corn" (maize), many other crops, large quantities of fodder, and much live stock. The value of its possession, and of its continued cultivation for the support of the army, was inestimable.

Besides which it has abundant mineral wealth and great natural beauty.

As has been already stated, Winchester, near the mouth of the Valley, was full of treasured reminiscences. There was erected the first episcopal church west of the mountains. This was the head quarters of General Washington. There is the old crumbling fort of Loudon, built by him, when he was a lieutenant in the old revolutionary army. There lie the remains of Lord Fairfax, once owner of nearly half of Va. Also of Morgan, "the Ney of the first Revolution." And there also were the home and property of the Honourable J. M. Mason, their respected senator, and Commissioner to England. Winchester was called "the old heart of the border, which felt every blow, and poured out her blood freely in behalf of her frontier."

Lexington, the seat of the military college, the late home of Jackson, is in the Valley; and also many other colleges, and seminaries of high repute; and the mountain summits are dotted with summer resorts, magnificent but fairy-like hotels and villas at the fashionable "springs," whose sites of beauty and healthfulness have been annual centres of

attraction to the fair daughters of the South.

But we must return to the warrior and his little band, who are so daringly guarding this cherished region, and whose hearts are throbbing with alternate pain or pleasure, as they drive their merciless foe from their beloved haunts, or else, in their weakness, are compelled to leave them to their ravages.

Jackson's retreats were said to be peculiar to himself. They were "his particular way of fighting," and all with a *purpose*. They seemed rather to be a species of decoy-trap, which drew on the enemy, only to achieve a more thorough victory over him.

General Banks had possession of the valley for two months, but his intentions were not accomplished. His programme had been to advance as far as the central railroad, and cut off communication between Richmond and Tennessee. Then he would proceed to destroy the canal running parallel with the James River through the heart of the State. The army of Western Va. under Milroy effected a junction with Banks through one of the "gaps" of the Alleghanies on the 8th April, at a place

called McDowells; while the Federal General McDowell's corps, at Fredericksburg, was ready on the east.

Under such disadvantages, nothing short of annihilation seemed to threaten the enfeebled brigade.

In the mean time, the saddest reverses that the Confederates had yet known were engrossing all the energies of the Government. In spite of the meritorious exertions of the Southern people, the blockade began to tell severely, when summing up the requirements of an army fitted to cope with that of the opponent: in Kentucky, Tennessee, Mississippi, and along the whole eastern coast, disasters for a time crowded one upon the other. Soldiers were wanted everywhere; and to hold the Valley with his meagre, worn-out forces would have seemed a hopeless effort to any other man than "Stonewall" Jackson. He summons the militia of the surrounding counties to his aid, and in repeated skirmishes, molests, and obstructs the advance of General Banks. He trains his men to habits of temperance and self-denial by his own example, endears himself to them by his ready sympathies and purity of motives, and accomplishes,

by extraordinary activity and strategy, what would seem impossible with so small an army.

Towards the end of April, he made a feint to leave the Valley by way of a gap in the mountains near Stannardsville, which led General Banks to believe that he had fled to join the Confederate forces at Gordonsville, for the protection of Richmond. Yet not quite certain that his progress might not be followed up by Jackson in his rear, Banks still waited for Generals Milroy and Schenck to arrive from the West, and assist him in the capture of Staunton. His caution was, however, outwitted by the far-sighted Jackson, who would not yield this important position without a death-struggle. The latter made a rapid détour early in May, recrossed the Valley, and suddenly surprised Milroy on the mountains, at McDowells, between Staunton and Monterrey. It appears that a small force under General Johnson,* had come from Gordonsville to assist Jackson in this im-

* This was General Edward Johnson, of Chesterfield, co. Va., not related to General Joseph E. Johnston. General Albert Sydney Johnston, distinguished during the first year of the war, had died from his wounds at the battle of Shiloh.

portant movement, when they seemed determined to summon every effort to clear the Valley of the Union troops. The official despatch, in a few concise words, describes the short but sharp engagement. "After four hours of hard fighting we completely routed the enemy, and drove him from all points." General Johnson narrowly escaped being captured by mere accident, and was wounded in the ankle. The spoil was extremely valuable; and, naturally enough, was vastly appreciated by the half-starved, half-clothed men, whose country was so dear to them, that even endurances of the severest form were tolerated, almost welcomed, by their patriotic natures. Much telegraphic wire, implements, tents, baggage, and the usual Yankee luxuries fell into their hands. Ovens had been built in the Federal camps, and the best modern cooking-stoves were fuming and smoking with the plentiful viands that fell to the lot of the fortunate "rebels," to hold a feast in honour of their luck.

When the enemy retreated on this occasion, May 8th, they pressed all the horses along their route to carry off their baggage. But the country people turned out to block-

ade the roads, and to impede their flight in every way. Even the women aided in cutting down trees, and placing obstructions. The consequence was that not only many additional prisoners were captured, but the roads were strewn with disabled waggons, abandoned artillery, and clothing.

As a characteristic of the remarkable General ("Stonewall") who achieved this rapid success, it may be stated that he afterwards assembled his men, and, in an address of encouragement and thanks for their endurance and soldierly conduct, appointed a day of prayer and thanksgiving for their victory. It was of course readily responded to, for Jackson held the entire affections of his army. And there, amidst the wild grandeur of the mountain scenery, clothed in its fresh green garment of spring, while the cannon of the enemy was heard around them, the little worshipping army followed their chief in prayer, acknowledging the supremacy of Him who controls the destinies of men.

The prayer over, the march is resumed. While Banks is congratulating himself that the dreaded Jackson is still hemmed up in the Valley behind him, he suddenly appears

in his front, near another gap* in the Blue Ridge. Far away from his recent successes, he has whirled round and across, and at Front Royal achieves another complete victory. And the victories increase in magnitude as he pours forward his determined soldiers.

The Valley is cleared of the Union army, and the marvellous brigade are once more established in their beloved Winchester.

The following is General Jackson's short and graphic official report, which sums up the battles of May, 1862 :

“ Winchester, May 26. :

GENERAL S. COOPER, ADJUTANT-GENERAL
C. S. A. :

“ SIR,—During the last three days God has blessed our arms with brilliant success.

“ On Friday, the Federals at Front Royal were routed, and one section of artillery, in addition to many prisoners, captured.

“ On Saturday, Banks's main column,

* The importance of these “ gaps ” can scarcely be credited. They are, in fact, the only passes in that rugged, difficult country, covered with forest, among the stems of which spring up a thickly-wooded undergrowth, so tangled and crowded as to present an almost solid mass of vegetation.

whilst retreating from Strasburg to Winchester, was pierced, the rear part retreating towards Strasburg.

"On Sunday, the other part was routed at this place.

"At last accounts, Brig.-General Stuart was pursuing the enemy's cavalry and artillery, and capturing fugitives.

"A large amount of medical, ordnance and other stores has fallen into our hands.

(Signed)

"T. J. JACKSON,

"Major-General Commanding."

The following telegram from Winchester, addressed to Governor Letcher, describes the results :

"Winchester, May 26, 1862.

"Banks's army has been completely routed. He is still flying in utter consternation. The stampede is worse than at Bull Run. Cannon, stores, and provisions are still being captured by our army."

And also this, from Staunton :

"Richmond, May 28.

"Banks has fled with his army in broken

squads across the Potomac. We have captured innumerable stores at Martinsburg.

“The Baltimore and Ohio Railroad is effectually broken up.”

There was always a quiet congratulatory tone in the public announcements of these successes, equally characteristic of the people and times: “The result thus far of this brilliant achievement of Jackson has been the utter annihilation of an army of twelve thousand or fifteen thousand men, the capture of an amount of provisions, ordnance stores, small arms, horses, waggons and camp equipage, almost incredible; and last, though not least, the possession of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, the main artery which connects the Yankee capital with the West. Truly may Jackson say in his despatches, that ‘God has blessed our arms with brilliant success.’ ”

CHAPTER VII.

THE RESULT—BOOTY—THE WOMEN OF WINCHESTER—COMMENTS ON THE HERO—OFFICIAL REPORTS—CALL FOR RECRUITS—ALARMS AND "SENSATIONS."

To have their beloved "Valley" freed from the invader was a source of immense congratulation to the Confederates, particularly to the Virginians. Freed—but not for long! However, so buoyant were the hopes and spirits of the people, that rejoicings were exchanged from every lip and pen; and, for a time, "the danger of Richmond" gave place to Jackson's achievements. In twenty-two days he had marched nearly two hundred and fifty miles, fought four battles, engaged in many skirmishes, taken three thousand prisoners, destroyed much property in the way of roads and bridges, gained valuable spoil, and "chased Banks out of the Valley," with a loss of but little above

a hundred of his own men, in killed and wounded.]

In ordinary battles, the capture of artillery, with perhaps the addition of "munition and baggage" is all that is chronicled in public documents; but in these American slaughters, the blockaded people found public and private reasons abundant for recounting their many acquisitions. A physician writing to his friends, said: "Our medical stores, taken at Winchester, are upwards of one hundred thousand dollars worth." Another gentleman enumerates the number of waggons captured, amounting to nearly one hundred, and commending the celerity with which they, and their valuable contents were being transported to the security of the Upper Valley; adding, that as he was riding he met the train, extending "some ten miles along the road;" a fact which, however, speaks in stronger terms for the badness of those same roads, than for the accumulation of spoil.

The physician congratulates himself upon his temporary means of cure; and the officer dwells on his military experiences. In writing to another officer the latter says: "There never was a more successful, a

more decided, and overwhelming victory. When our guns opened on the enemy at Front Royal, they had no idea *who was hammering at them*, thinking that Jackson was a hundred miles away. So completely surprised and panic-stricken were they, by the suddenness of the attack, that they surrendered to us by hundreds, without an effort to defend or destroy all the quantities of stores that fell into our hands. Banks was at Strasburg, with the main body of his army; where, alarmed at our guns, they abandoned their works and fell towards Winchester. But Old Stonewall was upon them, and their retreat became a rout." Then follows a description of that rout. How the batteries would "open" upon a waggon in front of a train, "knocking it over;" and how, before those in the rear could stop their headway, they would come thundering down upon the ruins of the first waggon, while other teams behind would be tumbling in upon them, so as to block up the road completely. And how Ashby's cavalry charged upon those in advance, and, separating himself, "*alone* would charge five hundred, dashing through their line, firing revolvers right and left." Then what

consternation and bewilderment such a daring presence would produce among them, and at the charge, how the Federal cavalry "tumbled off their horses, and rolled over, shouting and scrambling pell-mell in their alarm." This letter was concluded with a list of prisoners, some three thousand, and an enumeration of other seizures—namely, four thousand stand of arms, a full supply of sabres "for Ashby's cavalry," and hundreds of horses and mules, besides the waggons.

Next we have a letter from a soldier to his mother: "The glorious women of Winchester turned out to give relief to our wounded and exhausted soldiers, and so regardless were they of danger, that they were not deterred from their pious duty by the shot and shell which fell around them. In the streets, our men had to advance a guard to clear the women out of the way, for our platoons to deliver their fire. The Yankee 'notion' venders have left all their merchandise behind them, and our boys have been able to supply themselves liberally with india-rubber blankets, shoes, nice felt hats, two hundred cheeses, ninety thousand pounds of bacon, one hundred and ninety head of Ohio cattle, with saddles

and sundries too numerous to mention. You may be sure we are having a fine time of it here." This filial letter also includes the above list of waggons, arms, and "about four hundred *revolving carbines*—six shooters."

Another speaks of the fortunate repairs of the railroads, which the Federals, with their usual industry and energy, had completed, and a quantity of fine heavy iron, which fell into the hands of the Confederate army.

From this time General Jackson became the hero, not only in the mouths of the people, but by the voice of the press. Every one had something to relate of "Old Stonewall," as he was called, in terms of endearment: despite which familiarity, many were yet in ignorance of the source of the appellation. One lady addressed a letter to him as "Major-General Stone, W. Jackson;" others associated the name with the stone walls of Winchester, from behind which he was said to have fought.

Eulogies to Jackson began then to be sounded far and wide, and the training of his men was held up for general example. It was said: "General Jackson's head-

quarters are often under a tree, and his couch is a fence corner; his equipage is little more than a fryingpan and a blanket. He sees personally to the execution of his own orders. The effect of this industry is evident in the efficiency of his men. The activity of a perpetual 'forward' seems to pervade his army; they never get out of ammunition—they never lose baggage or stores; whether drawn from the government, or captured from the enemy, no matter, they are always ready to move at the right time." So strict was their discipline, that, after occupying Winchester on Sunday, May 25th, and resting one day before pushing on to Bolivar Heights, above Harper's Ferry, to complete the victory by "*shelling the last of the Yankees out of the Valley,*" his troops passed through their native counties without either asking or receiving the privilege of halting to shake hands with their dear ones at home, though most of them had been absent above a year from their first enlistment.

At that time the Richmond papers, that had shown most eagerness for the "aggressive action" of the Government, filled their columns with anecdotes of "Stonewall" Jack-

son; and the *Whig* became extremely facetious in satirising what it chose to term the "slow movements of the Government." There was a long advertisement from a supposed superintendent of a lunatic asylum, offering a liberal reward for the capture of "one calling himself Thomas J. Jackson, who was attempting to make his way to Washington; the entire efforts of the United States, and Confederate authorities having failed to arrest him," and that if he were not "stopped without delay, he would succeed in establishing the independence of the Southern Confederacy; as he had evidently taken it into his head that war meant fighting."

It was about this time that the hero himself became somewhat irascible, and sent the following terse telegram to the War Department at Richmond: "Send me more men, and fewer questions."

Let us now see how his many successes were received by the Northerners; which we—being neither military strategists, nor politicians—can estimate tolerably well by published letters and documents of their own. First, we read a proclamation of the Governor of Pennsylvania, A. G. Curtin, wherein he

orders that "Shenandoah Valley, Va., 24th May, 1862, be inscribed on the flag" of a certain regiment, "for their steadiness and gallant conduct in the severe conflict sustained during the masterly retreat of Major-General Banks, from Staunton, Va., to Williamsport, Maryland;" which certainly confirms the fact of Jackson's "shelling the last of the Yankees out of the Valley," sad and unceremonious though that act might seem! Next we read the official report of the said General Banks himself, dated Williamsport, Maryland, 26th May, 1862, who has "the honour to announce the safe arrival of his command at that place, last evening at ten o'clock, with comparatively little loss." Indeed, "much less than might have been anticipated, considering the great disparity of force and the matured plans of the enemy." The reader will naturally consider this "great disparity" to be on the part of the Southerners, who, as is well known, have a fighting population of less than one-third that of their adversaries; but, strange to relate, although, according to all the Federal generals, "their loss greatly exceeded ours," in spite of having only one-third of their number to begin with, we invariably

find that "they far outnumbered us" in every action!

In his official report, General Banks went on to state that "there was a succession of well-contested engagements at Strasburg, Middleton, Newton, one other point between, and at Winchester;" from which we may clearly depict to ourselves that "chase" and that "rout," described in the soldier's letters above quoted. Next, "the substantial preservation of the entire supply is a source of congratulation." Out of five hundred waggons, less than one-fourth were sacrificed.

While the Federal General spoke of this loss as a mere trifle, the booty, to the Confederates, had been their chief source of congratulation. To the North, with its energy and resources a hundred or so of waggons, and their well-packed contents, would not perhaps seem a very great loss; though the same amount *acquired*, would, and did, prove a source of heartfelt congratulation to the blockaded "rebels."

The following letter from the U. S. Secretary of War, E. M. Stanton, to the Governor of Massachusetts, discloses the fact that the "masterly retreat" of General Banks was

not achieved without arousing some little consternation to the Federal authorities :

“ The Secretary of War desires to know how soon you can raise and organise three or four more infantry regiments, and have them ready to be forwarded here to be armed and equipped. Please to answer immediately, and state the number you can raise.

“ L. THOMAS, Adjutant-General.”

The Governor's reply also affords us some insight into the feelings of those “loyal Unionists” whose patriotism was so highly extolled :

“ A call so sudden and unexpected finds me without material for an intelligent reply. Our young men are all preoccupied with other views. Still, &c. . . . The arms and equipments would need to be furnished here. Our people have never marched without them. They go into camp while forming into regiments, and are drilled, &c. . . . To attempt the other course would dampen enthusiasm, and make men feel that they were not soldiers, but a mob.”

What a contrast was this “sentiment” to that of the eager rebels, who, on the first appearance of an “invader,” and with no other invitation to arms than his presence, seized upon every gun and warlike instrument that was suspended against the walls

of their country homes, and rushed to be organised into regiments.

The Governor of Massachusetts, in obedience to the Government, nevertheless issued an exciting call, commencing :

"Men of Massachusetts! the wily and hazardous horde of traitors to the people, &c. . . . They have attacked and routed Major-General Banks, and are advancing on Harper's Ferry, and are marching on Washington. The President calls on Massachusetts to rise once more for its rescue and defence. The whole active militia will be summoned by a general order," &c. &c.

The Governor availed himself of this opportunity to recommend negroes as "good fighting materiel."

"Knives and pikes are all I have, at present, to offer you," said the Governor of Georgia, in a recent address, to the "old men, and young men" of his State, when urging upon them to hasten to the borders and prepare to defend their homes from the threatened raid of cruelty and destruction. Nor will his call be in vain.

But to return to General Jackson's great victories. That they did create alarm was evident in the "disaster" being compared

to that resulting from the intelligence of the "onslaught of the Merrimac upon our wooden war-ships;" and in the fact of the celebrated New York Seventh Regiment being once more called out, as well as the whole State militia. The loss of the Valley, which had been supposed to be subjugated for the space of a hundred miles southward from the Potomac, caused many loud protestations and regrets.

CHAPTER VIII.

VIGOROUS MEASURES—AND THE RESULTS—"MORE GLORIOUS NEWS"—AND THE PARTICULARS—PORT REPUBLIC—A SOLDIER'S LETTER—CHARGING A BATTERY—A TROPHY—THE RETREAT.

It appeared that a part of General Banks's force had been removed to support McDowell, near Fredericksburg, and that the sagacity of "Stonewall" had led him, with the fortunately prompt assistance of Generals Ewell and Johnson,* to follow up his advantages in the rapid succession of victories above enumerated.

With unusual promptness on the part of the Federal War Department, their mistake was remedied. Jackson, perhaps in the hope of really crossing the Potomac, did not again destroy the bridges; so that the immediate re-crossing of the Union army in strong force was not impeded. General

* Probably the General E. Johnson, before alluded to, as General Joseph E. Johnston had assumed the command of the armies around Richmond.

Sigel reinforced General Banks at Harper's Ferry, and General Dix crossed in the face of Jackson. During the three days that the latter had remained on Bolivar Heights—from Wednesday to Saturday—the other Federal generals, who had flown right and left on his advance, had also been reinforced; and, by a conjunction of manœuvres, now seemed bent on enclosing Jackson in a way that rendered the escape of his army little short of a miracle. The only marvel is that such a combination of generals did not really accomplish the feat; for each and every one of the following is mentioned in the Northern accounts, with about an equal number of colonels, viz. Dix, Fremont, Shields, "Leroy" (probably Milroy), Geary, McDowell, Schenck, Bayard's (cavalry brigade), and Stahl's, Buel's, and Schermer's batteries.

At no period since the existence of the New Confederacy had the excitement of war attained the height of the present moment.

The extraordinary energy and exertions of the Federal Government during the previous winter, had enabled them to bring their vast resources to bear upon all the

borders of the Southern States at once. From the ocean to the Mississippi, and from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico, every vulnerable point was assailed; public attention was so divided and distracted by current events, that, magnificent as they now appear in history, tidings of the achievements of General Jackson in the Valley, came rolling along on that stormy sea of strife, only like a huge wave, which, in its turn, attracted the wondering gaze for a moment, until it was quickly replaced and obliterated by another.

No one who has not been present under similar circumstances, can imagine the thirst for information that raged under the fever of apprehension. The populace was in perpetual motion. Men and women were alike affected. Mothers, wives, and sisters hurried their friends every hour to the bulletin boards and to the telegraph-office, which latter place was crowded by the eager concourse throughout the daytime always, far into the night frequently, in anxious inquiries after fresh particulars. Thus passed the first week of June.

The events of the Valley took their turn with those of other localities. On the 9th

of June, “MORE GLORIOUS NEWS FROM STONEWALL JACKSON,” was announced; with divers and perplexing accounts of the “entire rout” of several or all of the numerous generals before mentioned. Out of which fragmentary information, only one thing was rightly comprehended, a “GLOBIOUS VICTORY,” until the characteristic telegram from the hero himself arrived, namely: :

“Richmond, June 10, 1862.

“TO ADJUTANT-GENERAL COOPER, C.S.A.

“Dated Port Republic, June 9, *via* Staunton, June 10.

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

(Signed) “T. J. JACKSON.”

“Port Republic! Staunton?” exclaimed the wondering crowd. “Why, we thought Jackson was at Winchester; a week ago he was crossing the Potomac, and now he is a hundred miles up the Valley again!” It was true. “There was something in the brilliancy of his exploits which dazzled the imagination,” and that wonderful retreat, so rapid, so unexpected, terminating as it did in the entire rout of a powerful army, has placed him among “the small family

of inspired conquerors," known in the pages of Old World history.

Public interest and sympathy went hand in hand where each one claimed kindred with the army. During the ensuing week many were the letters received, and read aloud, from the Valley. Many were also published, and numerous were the details that came pouring in.

The following simple and authentic descriptions, dated from the first retreat of General Banks across the Potomac, will, with the aid of the map, enable the reader to realise entirely one week's marching and fighting of the Stonewall warriors.

"When the authorities at Washington recovered from their panic, they were overwhelmed with shame and confusion, and immediately set to work to avenge the wound that had been inflicted on their national honour. It was ascertained that Jackson had but a small force—that he was encumbered with immense trains and vast numbers of prisoners—and that he would have to march one hundred and twenty miles before he could reach a point of safety. The whole Northern press teemed with threats and promises of the speedy

annihilation of Jackson and his daring followers. Three armies—one from the North, under Dix; one from the West, under Fremont and Milroy; and one from the East, under Shields—were immediately set in motion to intercept him, and it was even said, by some of the Northern journals, that Jackson had fallen into the trap that had been set for him.

“The reader will observe the position of the parties. Jackson’s forces were scattered from the Potomac to Winchester; Dix came by railway from Baltimore; Fremont was west of the North Mountain* at Franklin, in Pendleton (county); and Shields was east of the Blue Ridge, near Warrenton. The plan was for Fremont and Shields to push forward and unite their forces at Strasburg, and cut off Jackson’s retreat up the Valley, while Dix would press him in the rear. The eagle eye of Jackson saw the danger at a glance. By a forced march of over one hundred miles in three days, he won the race for Strasburg; but, so close was the struggle, that as he passed the proposed point of union, his rear-guard was com-

* A detached chain of the Blue Ridge, south of Hancock and the Potomac.

pelled to fight the advanced columns of the enemy.

"Then commenced another retreat and running fight up the Valley, but on the part of Jackson now, who contested the advance of the enemy so as to secure his trains and prisoners. When he had accomplished this object, learning that the enemy had divided his overwhelming force into two columns, one of which, under Shields, was advancing east of the Shenandoah river, and the other, under Fremont, up the main Valley turnpike, with a view to unite in the upper part of the Valley, Jackson again turned off at Harrisonburg (having previously caused Ashby to burn the bridge over the Shenandoah, near Swift Run Gap), and went to Port Republic, a small village, situated at the point where the North and South rivers come together and form the Shenandoah. There was a bridge over the North River at Port Republic, which was the only means of crossing the stream, swollen by recent rains. Jackson occupied the ground near both ends of the bridge, and thus had it in his power to select which column he would fight, as the two were separated by an impassable river.

“On Sunday, he determined to attack Fremont first, and, accordingly, leaving a sufficient force to guard the bridge, he marched about five miles to Cross Keys, to meet him, and after a terrible conflict of many hours, he succeeded in repulsing him with great loss. Jackson then returned to the bridge, and after passing over it to the Port Republic side, burnt it, so as to prevent Fremont, in case he should be reinforced and rally, from coming to the rescue of Shields. The result vindicated his sagacity; for Fremont, on Monday, was reinforced, and did rally, and advanced with an overwhelming force to renew the conflict with Jackson. But, when he reached the bank of the river, he found that Jackson had passed over and destroyed the bridge, and that an impassable stream was between them. Fremont was thus compelled to be an unwilling witness of the conflict between Jackson and Shields; for, as soon as the bridge had been effectually destroyed, and his rear thus secured, Jackson advanced upon Shields, who was encamped at Lewiston, the estate of General Samuel H. Lewis, about two miles north of Port Republic. Shields was aware of his approach, and made every preparation to receive him.

"The attack was made about sunrise on Monday, the 9th of June, and lasted until between ten or eleven o'clock, when the forces of Shields broke and fled in utter confusion and dismay. The rout was complete. The slaughter was great, and the pursuit continued until a late hour of the day. About one thousand prisoners were taken, and six pieces of artillery. The whole road was strewed with knapsacks, arms, blankets, &c. Those who witnessed it think that the rout was as complete as that inflicted on Banks. The loss of the enemy in the two battles of Cross Keys and Lewiston, in killed, wounded, and missing, is estimated at near six thousand, while ours does not exceed six hundred. It seems almost incredible, but it is, nevertheless, true.

"These two battles are among the most brilliant—if not the most brilliant—of the war. They are the crowning glory of Jackson and his gallant associates. No! I recal that. Not the *crowning* glory, for I believe still brighter wreaths are destined to encircle their brows, if this unhallowed war should continue.

"Thus it will be seen that Jackson and

his army, in one month, have routed Milroy, annihilated Banks, discomfited Fremont, and overthrown Shields! Was there ever such a series of victories won by an inferior force by dauntless courage and consummate generalship?

“With a handful of citizen soldiers, but partially drilled and poorly armed and equipped, he has, in little more than sixty days, marched over five hundred miles, fought about twelve battles—five of which were pitched battles—defeated four generals, routed four armies, captured millions of dollars' worth of stores, &c., and killed, wounded, and secured as prisoners almost as many of the enemy as he had soldiers under his command! These are startling assertions, but they are literally true!”

The following exceedingly interesting letter from an officer to a friend describes the battle of Port Republic:

“This battle was fought in Rockingham county, near the village of Port Republic, situated just below the junction of the two streams which make the Shenandoah River. On the day before, our forces, about ten thousand, led by General Jackson, had engaged the enemy at Dunker's Church,

under Fremont, numbering some thirty thousand, and routed them, with great loss in killed and wounded, and a large number of prisoners. On Monday morning, about sunrise, our forces crossed the bridge at the junction of the two streams to attack the enemy, numbering about twelve thousand, under General Shields. The river here makes a bend or crescent form, circling round a tract of low grounds, on which there was a heavy crop of wheat. Nearly opposite the bridge and on the other side of this field, the enemy was drawn up in line of battle, and in their front, on a small hill, at the foot of Cole Mountain, commanding the whole position, was the celebrated Clark Battery (consisting of eight splendid guns, two parrot, two mountain howitzers, and four rifle pieces), manned by the artillery corps, under command of — Clark. From this battery was belched forth one incessant storm of grape, canister and shell, literally covering the Valley, so that the work of attack on our part seemed almost hopeless.

“ Jackson, Ewell and Taylor were all there, and their forces eager for the encounter. But it seemed rash and even desperate to

attempt it. General Jackson looked for a while thoughtfully on the scene, and then turning to Taylor, inquired 'Can you take that battery?—it must be taken or the day will be lost.' Taylor replied, 'We can,' and pointing his sword to the battery, called out to his men, 'Louisianians, can you take that battery?' With one universal shout that made the mountains to echo, they declared they could; whereupon, he gave the order in that sonorous voice, 'Forward, charge the battery and take it.' Onward dashed the Louisiana Brigade, composed of the Sixth, Seventh, Eighth, and Ninth Louisiana regiments, and the Tiger Battalion, assisted by one Virginia regiment, across the low grounds right after the battery. From its mouth now with renewed violence, poured streams of shell and shot, mowing down our men like grass. The earth seemed covered with the dead and wounded.

"The gallant Colonel Henry Hays, commanding the Ninth Louisiana Regiment, was badly wounded. His Lieutenant-Colonel, De Choine, was shot through the lungs, and after again and again endeavouring to hold his place on the field, was borne off almost insensible. This regiment, one of whose

companies was led by Captain D. A. Wilson, of our town, carried into the fight but three hundred and eight effective men, the rest being sick, or detailed on other service, of whom one hundred and fifty-eight were killed or wounded. Onward they rushed, sustained by the Sixth, Eighth, Ninth, the Tigers under Bob Wheat, and the Virginia regiment, all doing their duty like heroes. They dare the battery. Volumes on volumes of shot continue to salute their advance—but they do advance. They strike their bayonets and sabres into the artillerists as they serve the guns, they kill the horses, they seize the guns, they take the battery, and the victory is accomplished! Proud day and proud honour this for those who did this gallant deed! Jackson, Ewell, and Taylor were present cheering on the fight. Every officer, every man, did his duty; the enemy flying in dismay, having no time to spike their guns, which our men seize and direct the fire against themselves. This was one of the most glorious battles of this war, but one of the bloodiest.

“We lost in killed and wounded between five and seven hundred men. The enemy’s loss, besides their guns, stores, and prisoners,

must have been three or four times that number.

“When the bloody scene was over, a moment was spent in thankfulness to God, and another in silent rejoicing at the result. General Jackson now publicly thanked Taylor and the Louisiana Brigade for the day’s work. ‘Take that battery,’ said Jackson to Taylor, ‘and keep it, for your men have won it—carry it to your native State when you return, call it the Louisiana Battery, and let it be kept as a memento of this day.’

“Gracefully acknowledging the compliment, General Taylor took six of the guns (two could not be carried), and placing them under the care of Captain Thomas M. Bowyer, of Liberty, who had nobly participated in the fight, they were forthwith sent to Mecham’s Depôt, in the county of Albemarle, where, under that officer, they are now being fitted for service on our side.”

One other letter, from an officer to his wife, displays the unbounded confidence and devotion the soldiers entertained towards their leader:

“Camp on Brown’s Gap, June 10.

“This has been a week of exhaustion and

G

toil to us: not a moment to write. We have had, indeed, little time even to eat or sleep. When I staggered out of my saddle last night, I had been in it for thirty-six hours, including the whole of the night previous. I slept not a wink, except while coming to camp, and then I dozed a little on my horse. I only dismounted twice, for hasty refreshment, during the period stated.

"Yesterday we had a terrific battle with one column of the enemy, utterly routing him, capturing five hundred prisoners, seven pieces of artillery, four of them splendid brass rifled pieces, and a considerable number of small arms. Day before yesterday, we had fought and whipped a larger body of them on the other side of the river. I did not participate in the battle of yesterday, a part of my brigade having been left behind with Trimble's Brigade to hold in check the enemy there, while the rest of the army attacked those on this side. Later in the day we were ordered to cross over at Port Republic, burn the bridge and participate in the battle. When we reached the battle-field the enemy had fled. The loss on our side in these two battles, and in the daily and almost hourly skirmishes of

the last week, has been very great—that of the enemy still more.

“ Jackson’s retreat, now safely accomplished, has been *even more brilliant* than was his advance; and will be so recorded by historians. His army of —— when he went down the Valley, is now reduced by privations, exhausting marches, and the losses in battle, to probably ——. With his army thus crippled, and encumbered with the spoils of the enemy in vast quantities, with a waggon-train probably seven or eight miles long, and with several thousand prisoners, he has retreated before an enemy numbering twenty to forty thousand, advancing upon him by different roads and under the lead of five or six generals of distinction. They threatened, at every road leading into the Valley, to get around him, and sometimes came near doing so, but General Jackson baffled them at every point. Always calm and cool himself, he kept them in perpetual excitement. He would dash like a lion first at one and then at another, always making them feel his fangs in a vital place, till their very caution defeated their object.

“ Yesterday the enemy (and our own

G 2

army agreed with them) thought they had entrapped us. We were in a narrow valley, at one end, the enemy as strong as we, and at the other, doubly as strong, with only a river between us and them. Jackson whipped the smaller column and carried off the prisoners, &c., in the very presence of the others while they were trying to cross the river. To do so, he passed to this point through a trail in the mountain, the mouth of which cannot be noticed from the main road, or at least it would never be suspected to be passable for an army, the existence of which neither the enemy nor our army had any suspicion. Until we entered this road I thought we were gone, for, beyond the enemy we whipped, there was another overwhelming force, and the road in the direction of Port Republic was entirely commanded by the other large force, whom we could see crowning the heights, and no doubt gnashing their teeth at our escape."

CHAPTER IX.

▲ BUSE—ANECDOTES—PRIDE IN THE HERO—AFFECTION OF HIS MEN—DEATH OF GENERAL ASHBY—SKETCH OF HIS LIFE—AND CHARACTER.

INCIDENTS of the Valley again became the constant theme. To recount them all is impossible. Perhaps one of each kind, given in the words of the narrators, may not prove tedious.

The first relates to the coolness of Jackson. "In one of his late flights, 'Old Stonewall' got into a tight place. He found himself surrounded, with only one way of escape, which was over a bridge raked by a battery of the Federals. The old hero saw, in a moment, his strait. With his cape over his uniform, he rode up to the battery and said, 'Boys, you have this battery in the wrong place; move it to that eminence,' pointing to a hill a

short distance up. 'Limber up and be in a hurry.' The order was obeyed, and, as the artillery was taking the new position, '*Stonewall*' rode safely across the bridge."*

Next we heard of the manner in which a "contraband" had treated a "Yankee."

"A negro entered the quartermaster's office in Staunton, tipped his wool, and said:

" 'Mar's 'Arman—here a prisoner.'

" 'Where did you get him?'

" 'Massa sent him and tole me to see him shot up safe, and de key turned on him.'

" 'Well, Sambo—as you have brought him safely so far—take him over to the gaol and see him locked up.'

" 'Thank'e Massa—come along, Yankee;'

* Another version of the story is this:

"Jackson, finding that this gun commanded the bridge which it was necessary for him to pass, for once in his life played the Yankee, and riding briskly forward, stood erect in his stirrups, exclaiming, 'Bring that gun over here,' designating the place. The ruse succeeded. The Yankee captain limbered up and commenced moving his piece, when Old Stonewall, putting spurs to his horse, dashed across the bridge. The Yankee discovered the ruse, and let fly with his gun, but it was too late. It was not in the book of fate that the glorious chieftain should fall in that way. The Federal soldier in charge of the gun was a Captain Robinson, who, on relating the incident, exclaimed, 'I might have known that I could not hit him.'"

and he proudly marched off his prisoner to the gaol."

"What army do you belong to, Pat?" inquired a gentleman of a son of Erin.

"Faith, thin," replied Pat, "it's meself that's a part of the ould *Stonewall*, and be jabbers! ivery man in that same is a *brick*, shure."

The opinion of a native Virginian: On the retreat of Banks, one of the *Stonewall* Brigade, who was in the van, wearied with tramping over the bad roads, said to a comrade,

"I'm tired of pulling my legs out of the mud; I wish all the Yankees were at the bottom of the sea."

"No, no," said his friend; "if that were the case, 'Old *Stonewall*' would be within stone's throw, and the first brigade would be in the lead."

Captain Cooper Nisbet, whose company of the Twenty-first Georgia Regiment had been with *Stonewall* Jackson in his battles, thus wrote to a friend:

"Marching, fighting, and skirmishing, have been our daily business since the middle of May. Without tents, and often with short

rations, we cheerfully move wherever our glorious leader orders. General Jackson, like old Frederick the Great, fights to win, and will win or die. At the same time, he is very considerate of the lives and comfort of his men. He shares our fate, and never says, 'Go in, boys, and fight;' but 'Come, boys, let us whip the Yankees.' And when he says the word, we are ready, for we all feel that what he does is right. His men all love the old Gamecock of the Valley, and if the humblest soldier gives him a salutation, his hat is lifted in return. Now that he has whipped out Banks, Shields, and Fremont, he will soon be in Maryland, and thundering at the gates of Washington city, if our authorities will only send him men."

All this time, while Jackson had been occupying the Upper Valley, he had persisted in declining the hospitalities pressed upon him by the inhabitants. What he called upon his men to endure, he cheerfully endured himself, encouraging them by an example more eloquent than words. Once only he was induced to make a transient visit to a very old acquaintance, who, on the plea of long-standing friendship, endeavoured to elicit the confidence of the General, and,

urging as an excuse the safety of his family and property, sought to discover the future movements of the army. But not even long-tried friendship could tempt Jackson to divulge his plans.

Self-abnegation was carried so far, that he had declared he would not visit his own home until peace should be proclaimed, unless the war itself should carry him there.

And the public congratulated itself in the Revolution having at last found a great Captain — Stonewall Jackson: who within a month had "*demolished*" four armies, and fought eight battles of greater or less magnitude. One who had struck the enemy right and left with stunning and bewildering rapidity, and while throwing all his plans into confusion, had steadily pushed his own, with the coolness of an undisputed master of the field.

We must pardon the boast which declared he had "made his men feel that they were soldiers, and shown to the world that they were *invincible soldiers*." That his little army was the "pride of the South and the terror of the North." That "every man of that band of heroes felt proud to have it known that he was one of Stonewall Jackson's soldiers."

Perhaps it is but reasonable to copy one or two little extracts from the Northern opinions of the same dates :

" Banks has been repulsed, McDowell has been baffled, Fremont, coming in by the wrong road, has failed to catch the retreating Jackson, who knew the right one, and all these outside operations, instead of assisting, have embarrassed the movements of McClellan ; for, while diverting us with their dashing depredations in the Valley of the Shenandoah, the rebels have been concentrating their strength in front of Richmond."

" New York, May 26, 1862.*

" A curious incident occurred at the telegraph-office here last Sunday, which serves to illustrate the shock which Banks's retreat gave to every one, as well as the heavy losses entailed by it upon many worthy private individuals.

" Early on Sunday morning a Northern man of business appeared at the office here, and presented a message for Winchester. ' Call Winchester,' said the clerk to the operator. Winchester was called but made no reply. The man at the counter grew anxious. ' Call Harper's Ferry,' said the clerk. Harper's Ferry replied : ' Winchester does not reply, and for a very good reason—it is in the hands of the rebels!' This was repeated by the clerk. The gentleman at the counter raised his arms over his head as if in great distress, exclaiming : ' I am a ruined man. I have just taken ten thousand dollars' worth of goods to Winchester, and

* We were not often so fortunate as to obtain New York papers until they were a week or two old.

it is all the property I had in the world.' This was the first intimation the public had of the rout or retreat at Winchester. It was known that Banks had retreated from Strasburg, but it was supposed that it was simply a prudential movement, and that he could easily hold Winchester."

Jackson's presence in the camp always elicited the liveliest enthusiasm among his men. Nothing delighted them so much as to be distinguished by his notice.

"I say," cried one of the "boys" to his comrade, "I've seen the General this morning."

"Well, what of that? So did I, when he rode out from head-quarters."

"Ah! but he spoke to *me*—stopped and talked to me as he passed our camp."

"Oh yes! you think you'll get me to believe that mighty quick."

"I'll swear he did; stopped and had quite a talk with me."

"Now, then, what did the General have to say to *you*, I'd like to know?" said the half-doubtful and half-jealous comrade.

"Why, he asked me what I was doing in that orchard over yonder."

"A-ha! now you're caught; and what did Old Stonewall say, then?"

"Said he expected his men to have re-

spect to their neighbour's property, and told me to march right out."

The reserved and uncommunicative habits of Jackson were not at first very popular among his officers, and some disaffection was known to prevail in consequence. Discipline had been carried so far, that a prominent officer is said to have been put under arrest on one occasion, and to have had his sword taken from him, because he had permitted his men to halt for refreshment, when Jackson had ordered them on a march; which indignity could not for a long time be forgiven. His own example overcame this evil; if he called on his men for self-denial, he was the first to practise it. If he was taciturn regarding his plans, he was ready in sympathy, prompt in execution, and his success soon won for him unlimited confidence. It was said that the activity of his army ensured less sickness among his men than in any other army of the South. "Wrapped in his blanket, he throws himself down on the leaves to catch a few minutes' repose. He cares nothing for good quarters and dainty fare, and if hungry, will stop and ask permission to share the homely meal his men are cook-

ing, and he is as calm in the midst of a hurricane of bullets, as when in the pew of his church at Lexington. On one occasion, in the midst of an engagement, while writing an order, a shell struck and shattered the tree beneath which he sat, without arresting the movement of his pencil, or seeming to attract his attention."

The history of the battles of the Valley, in the spring of 1862, will not be complete without recording two more circumstances connected with them—namely, the death of Turner Ashby, recently promoted to the rank of General; and the capture by him in his last skirmish of an English Baronet, Sir Percy Wyndham, a colonel in the Union army.

As a prominent officer in the "Stonewall Brigade," a few lines may be devoted to his career:

"Turner Ashby belonged to Fauquier county, where his family was influential, if not wealthy. In Washington, Baltimore, and Richmond, the Ashbys were well known among people of superior social position, and were everywhere esteemed for their intelligence, courage, and honour. But the refinement, which seems to have been a

characteristic of the name, must have met with an exception in the 'Black-Horse' Colonel, who is always described as brusque, stern, soldier-like.

"General Ashby was one of the remarkable men of this Revolution. His exploits of daring and bravery in the Valley are almost typical with those of Marion and Morgan, of the Revolution of 1776. At the commencement of the war he became the leader of a small band of cavalry, composed mostly of the residents of the counties invaded and ravaged—men who were driven from their estates. They equipped themselves with the best horses and private arms, and swore to stand with, and by, each other until the foe should be driven from their soil. 'Ashby's Cavalry' became a household word in Yankee mouths. Was a picket guard captured or a dash made into their camp, it was 'Ashby.'"

The following description is from a Northern pen :

"During the John Brown affair, Ashby scouted the Shenandoah country for negro conspiracies, and effectually checked the spirit of servile uprising. He was one of the first to enlist in the Rebellion, and waited in Richmond, with a proffer of his

services, till the ordinance of Secession was passed. That same day, he hurried to Harper's Ferry, by way of Washington and the 'Relay House,' and, followed by several Virginians, was the first mounted Rebel to rush into that storied little town. It is believed that the movement against Harper's Ferry was proposed and organised at Richmond by him.

"Turner Ashby was a *gentle* man—so quiet, taciturn, and reticent, as to be thought morose by those who did not know him well. If a Rebel can be pious, he was so. I have heard from two intelligent residents of Harper's Ferry, that he especially abominated profanity, and, when in that place last Fall he was excited for a moment into *damning* something, he openly expressed his regret and mortification.

"It is certain that he was not ambitious of military honours, for he was twice offered the shoulder straps of a brigadier-general, but declined, on the ground that he had no special military fitness, save for the command of cavalry, composed of men whom he knew, and in a region with which he was familiar. When, finally, he did accept the brigadier's commission, it was for expediency, and in compliance with urgent appeals.

"His younger brother 'Dick,' a captain in his own corps, was peculiarly endeared to him by his fine horsemanship, and his personal intrepidity. Dick Ashby was killed in a desperate affair with Wallace's Indian Zouaves, near Patterson's Creek, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. After his horse was killed and he was shot, he refused quarter, and kicked at our men as he lay on the ground. It is said by all who knew him, that Turner Ashby has been a silent, but a savage man ever since.

"He was about thirty-seven years old, of medium height, weighing perhaps a hundred and fifty pounds,

of very dark complexion, with deeply-set black eyes, surmounted by shaggy eyebrows, and with a most imposing beard and moustache, covering half his face, and falling half way down his breast.

"He was devoted to General Jackson, and frequently declared that he should be proud to follow him in any character, and for any duty. As for his personal courage, it is enough to say that the very morning General Banks entered Winchester, Ashby went to his head-quarters disguised as a market-man, and in reply to questions from staff officers, described his Rebel self.

"The day before the battle of Winchester, he rode through the streets of that town, with one of his captains, in Union uniform."

"One regret mingles with our rejoicings," said the eulogium that followed the public announcement of his death.

"Among the many brave who live not to partake of our triumph, the heart of the army instinctively turns to one who but a few days ago yielded up his life for his country, in the arms of victory. No more generous chivalric spirit ever adorned any cause—no more precious blood was ever shed in the holy cause of liberty, than Turner Ashby's. The memory of his deeds will long remain fresh in the minds of his countrymen, and future generations will continue to do honour to the memory of the hero and patriot."

His reckless daring caused his death.

Both he and Jackson were said to be fatalists; and the assertion seems more credible with regard to the former than the latter. Jackson's idea was founded on a religious principle, a firm faith and reliance in the perfection of the Almighty ordinances; while Ashby's displayed itself in an utter disregard of self-preservation—an almost presumption—he having escaped some extraordinary dangers.

CHAPTER X.

RUMOURED RESIGNATION—WHAT NEXT?—THE SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES—THE WELCOME PRESENCE—THE HERO'S CHARGER—DEAD OR ALIVE?—THE LOST HARVEST.

It was confidently and currently reported, about that time, that Jackson had tendered his resignation to the Confederate Government. His self-sustaining character—his continued successes—his earnest desire to carry out his own deeply-laid schemes of conquest might, perhaps, have rendered him excusably impatient at tedious and inefficient assistance from the War Department. His self-sacrificing devotion to the cause, none can doubt; but whatever motive might have prompted his resignation, it was not accepted. Nor was he slow to make use of the advantage he had thus acquired.

“Send me ten thousand men, and ask no questions,” was the telegram from Jackson that set “all the world—the Confederate world—wondering.” Nothing short of an invasion of Maryland was anticipated. While his movements were a secret even to the South, the Union troops were compelled to remain in the Valley on the watch; and employ their time in the useful work of repairing roads, and renewing the bridges that Jackson had destroyed to keep Shields and Fremont apart.

For two weeks the public are on the *qui vive* to hear some fresh exploit of Jackson. He is now Major-General. We left him in the Upper Valley. The Federal generals do not pursue him. It is known that reinforcements have been sent to him. That can be no secret when several thousand men take leave of their comrades, because they are “ordered off to the Valley.” We expect to hear of them soon from the banks of the Susquehanna, but suddenly they are at Gordonsville, at Louisa Court-house, at Hanover Court-house, and within twenty miles of Richmond. The “Old Stonewall” protection is for a time removed from the

devoted Valley, now left to a few regiments only; for the Federal generals have not yet recovered from the blow administered at Fort Republic—moreover, they are too much in dread of the ubiquitous “Stonewall” to venture farther quite directly.

The reader is again referred to the map of Va., because a knowledge of the localities will render this sudden appearance on a new field of action quite intelligible, without venturing on any military, or *un-military* technicalities to explain it.

It was in June, 1862. The “Grand Army of the Potomac,” under General McClellan, had advanced from the Peninsular, and was encompassing Richmond, on three sides—north, east, and south; so closely, that the beleaguered city was in an almost state of siege. Every article of consumption, at that time, could be brought by the western outlets only, and the demands for the Confederate army of protection were so immense, that to keep it from starving, required the utmost care of the commissariat. It will be remembered that General Joseph E. Johnston had been severely wounded in the battle of Seven Pines, or Chickahominy

and General Lee was now Commander-in-Chief at Richmond.

The daring and celebrated "raid," or rather reconnoissance, of General Stuart, all round the flank, or, as we unmilitary people should call it, the back of the Federal army, bore no inconsiderable feature in the great and terrible game about to be played. Much valuable information was thereby conveyed to the Commander-in-Chief, and also to the "Old Stonewall," who, with all his reinforcements, suddenly appeared in the rear of the "right wing," or the more northerly portion, of McClellan's army. At the same time General Lee attacked the enemy in front: and thus began the seven days' battles before Richmond, from Thursday the 26th of June to the 2nd of July—those seven days of fearful slaughter—which resulted in the final rout, or "*strategic retreat*," of General McClellan to the James River.

It is said that General Jackson was engaged in all the principal battles around Richmond during that awful week. He has been particularly mentioned at Mechanicsville on the 26th of June, Coal Har-

bour the 27th, White Oak Swamp the 29th, Malvern Hill the 1st of July. Nothing can afford a stronger proof of the unanimity of his army than that his unexpected departure from the Valley, his long march, and the daring conception of placing himself in the rear of so powerful an enemy, were accomplished in such perfect secrecy, that both friend and foe were equally astonished on discovering his whereabouts.

It would appear that Major-General Jackson had arrived at the head-quarters of General Lee in time to be present at a grand council of war, at which the Commander-in-Chief assigned each officer his duty, and where Jackson is described, by an eye-witness, to have stood "twitching the hilt of his sword in a nervous manner, as if the room were too small to contain him." Most writers agree in attributing chiefly to him the important successes of those seven days of carnage. The movements requiring the greatest skill were assigned to him; also the "flankings," the coverings of retreat, and positions demanding the utmost vigilance; which proved the entire confidence that was reposed in his sagacity. The lines

of General McClellan extended between twenty and thirty miles, from the James River to the north of Richmond, and they were, to use the words of an officer on the field of action, "completely doubled back," until day by day the whole of that stupendous force was driven to the protection of their gun-boats, and the siege of Richmond was raised.

Two little extracts from Southern descriptions will, among scores of others, show with what joy and confidence the presence of "Jackson" was hailed upon the battle-field:

"And when the enemy had fairly succeeded in almost flanking us on the left, great commotion is heard in the woods!—volleys upon volleys resound in rapid succession, which are recognised and cheered by our men. 'It is Jackson!' they shout, 'on their right and rear! Yes, two or three brigades of Jackson's army have flanked the enemy, and are getting in the rear!'"

"After the fight had been prolonged for several hours, without result, General Whiting's division of Jackson's *corps d'armée* advanced to the assault, and, after a despe-

rate charge, succeeded in dislodging the Yankees."

This redoubtable chieftain was no less a subject of interest to his enemies than to his friends. In every Federal account is apparent the intense anxiety his presence and movements created. During the battles a Federal captain, who had been taken prisoner, was reclining under a tree, when General Lee and staff rode by. The captain, struck with the dignified and soldierly appearance of the General, languidly inquired who he was, and expressed unfeigned admiration at his fine figure on horseback. Soon after General Jackson rode by, and the weary prisoner again proffered his inquiries. "That's glorious Old Stonewall!" exclaimed the guard, cheering lustily as his eye followed the hero. Up sprang the recumbent prisoner, and, gazing curiously until the General was out of sight, lay down again, with an expression of disappointment, muttering, "Well, he ain't much for looks anyhow!"

The awkward figure of Jackson upon horseback has been the subject of frequent merriment. He usually rode in a loose, sham-

bling attitude, and was very indifferent about his dress and appearance. On one occasion he approached a squad of soldiers at dusk, his horse floundering along through the mire, and himself reeling in the saddle, like a drunken man; so that one of the soldiers, not recognising him, shouted, as he passed, "I say, old fellow, you look as if you knew where to help yourself to liquor; I wish you would hand me some." Judge of the man's embarrassment, when his comrades hastily silenced him by the information that the awkward cavalier was no other than their idolised hero, Stonewall Jackson.

On first joining the army of the Shenandoah, the horse General Jackson rode was said to be very characteristic of himself, "a plain beast that went straight ahead and minded its own business," an excellent quadruped, that was shot under him; after which an elegant mare was presented to the General. This was a high-strung, visionary animal, who cut capers, and threw her rider; and was soon discarded for a third, a more controllable creature.* But the Ge-

* Since the death of General Jackson this horse has been presented to the relatives of Mrs. Jackson.

neral never ceased to regret the loss of his first steed.

That he was not at all times indifferent to personal appearance we gather from one correspondent, who was "agreeably surprised" to behold him "sweeping along one day on a large, handsome bay horse, showily attired in full general's uniform, with a jaunty cap upon his head, and a full black beard; presenting altogether quite a dazzling sight to *us*, accustomed to our usually slovenly head-quarters."

No sooner had the clamour of cannon subsided from before Richmond, than the horrible nightmare of "an invasion of Maryland" again disturbed the peace of the authorities at Washington. We need only refer to the accounts of their own people to discover the continual alarm that presented itself to their minds. First, however, the one dreaded chieftain of all, "Stonewall," was reported to be dead. This originated, probably, in the death of a Colonel Jackson, who was killed in the Richmond battles. "Dead or alive?" asked the *New York Times*, of July the 10th, and thus went on to speculate upon the facts:

“The weight of evidence now seems to be that the rebel Jackson was *not* killed during the late engagements on the Peninsula. The news came to us from so many sources that it seemed indisputable. . . . There is little doubt that he is still alive, . . . he is reported to have been, within the past week, at various localities in Virginia.”

The next day gave rise to fresh speculations :

“As to Stonewall Jackson, we have conflicting reports—one, that he is engaged in harvesting the great wheat crop in the Valley of Virginia, and the other that he is still near Richmond. There is yet another, that he is marching on Harper’s Ferry. The probability is that a portion of his army have turned their swords into reaping hooks in the Valley, while he himself is in the ‘tented field’ on the banks of the James River.”

Reassured on this head, there is speedily another cause for alarm in the report that Winchester was again threatened ; that Jackson, with half of the army he had taken to Richmond, was advancing down the Valley ; that the secessionists “wore joyful faces *as if* they had been assured of good news ;” and in consequence, the telegraph office was removed from Winchester to the vicinity of the Federal fortifications.

Meanwhile the Upper Valley was once more enjoying the calm of relief from the presence of soldiers. One friend, writing to another from there, said "God be thanked that we are rid of them! it matters but little to us what has driven them away. Our people are so heartily sick and tired of seeing the thieving Yankees, that it will hardly be safe for vendors of 'wooden nutmegs' to come this way for the next fifty years: we celebrated Fremont's departure from Harrisonburg by a general illumination."

Only a part of the cherished Valley had similar cause for rejoicing, as tidings from the lower counties painfully verified. As a sad proof of the havoc of war, an extract from another letter may be quoted:

"In the Lower Valley the wheat crop is the most luxuriant for many years, but a small portion only will be saved in consequence of the scarcity of labour. In many instances the ladies have gone into the harvest-field themselves to secure as much of the crop as possible."

At the same time we learned that the crops in Frederick, Clarke, and Jefferson counties, were unusually good, but owing

to the scarcity of labour, only a portion of the wheat harvest would be gathered. Many of the farmers were saving what they could, but others were permitting the wheat to stand in the fields, without the entrance of a scythe.

CHAPTER XI.

GENERAL POPE—AND HIS POLICY—DEPREDACTIONS IN THE VALLEY—RETAIATION—GENERAL STUART'S RAID—SECOND BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

TOWARDS the middle of July, the forces of Generals Fremont, Banks, and McDowell were united under General Pope, who had been appointed to the command of the Potomac and Piedmont regions, extending from the Alleghanies on the west, to Aquia Creek on the east. Let us see how he exerted his sway, and the policy he used towards the devoted inhabitants of the Valley, to win back their affections to the Union. The campaigns of Jackson are so entirely identified with that part of Va. that another little digression may be pardoned.

The Richmond papers headed the Proclamation as an

“AUTHORISED ROBBERY OF THE PEOPLE—TYRANNICAL AND VILLANOUS EDICTS OF A YANKEE LAND PIRATE.

“Major-General Pope, commanding the ‘Army of Virginia,’ has recently issued the following orders :

“Head-quarters, Army of Virginia,
Washington, July 18, 1862.

“ (*General Orders, No. 5.*)

“Hereafter, as far as practicable, the troops of this command will subsist upon the country in which their operations are carried on. In all cases supplies for this purpose will be taken by the officers to whose department they properly belong, under the orders of the commanding officer of the troops for whose use they are intended. Vouchers will be given to the owners, stating on their face that they will be payable at the conclusion of the war, upon sufficient testimony being furnished that such owners have been loyal citizens of the United States since the date of the vouchers.

“Whenever it is known that supplies can be furnished in any district of the country where the troops are to operate, the use of trains for carrying subsistence will be dispensed with as far as possible.

“By command of Major-General Pope.

“GEORGE D. RUGGLES,

“Colonel A. A. G. and Chief of Staff.”

“Head-quarters, Army of Virginia,
Washington July 18, 1862.

“ (*General Orders, No. 7.*)

“The people of the Valley of the Shenandoah and

throughout the region of operations of this army, living along the lines of railroad and telegraph, and along the routs (*sic*) of travel in rear of the United States forces, are notified that they will be held responsible for any injury done to the track, line, or road, or for any attacks upon trains or straggling soldiers by bands of guerillas in their neighbourhood. . . . Safety of life and property of all persons living in the rear of our advancing armies depends upon the maintenance of peace and quiet among themselves, and upon the unmolested movements through their midst of all pertaining to the military service. They are to understand distinctly that this security of travel is their only warrant of personal safety.

"It is therefore ordered that whenever a railroad, waggon road, or telegraph, is injured by parties of guerillas, the citizens living within five miles shall be turned out in mass to repair the damage, and shall, besides, pay to the United States in money or in property, to be levied by military force, the full amount of the pay and subsistence of the whole force necessary to coerce the performance of the work during the time occupied in completing it.

"By command of Major-General Pope.

(Signed)

"GEORGE D. RUGGLES."

The above document contained a great deal more; all tending to imprint upon the minds of the native-born citizens of the sovereign State of Va., "The Old Dominion," "The mother of Heroes," "The mother of Presidents," &c., that they were to aid and abet the safe transportation of the army

they abhorred; and yield passively to whatever indignities and impositions that "*army of protection*" (?) might please to exact, without any attempt to defend themselves, except by flight; and on pain of forfeiting all their worldly possessions should they oppose the said order.

A gentleman who made his escape from Winchester to Richmond, at the time of Pope's tyrannical rule, brought the following information:

"Since their return to Winchester, after the retreat of Banks, the Yankees have been decidedly cautious in their movements, and manifest the greatest uneasiness in all their actions. They seem to dread the approach of Jackson and his forces, and are at all times prepared for flight. The appointment of Pope had failed to lull their apprehensions."

We were informed that since the re-occupation of the town by the Federals, after their expulsion by General Jackson, they had destroyed several buildings by fire, principally warehouses in the neighbourhood of the depôt, where they previously had stores deposited. One of these

was the large storehouse of Baker and Brother, which, with all their stock, was consumed. The newspaper office at Charlestown, and several other buildings, belonging to Secessionists, had been burnt down.

Since the war commenced, the energies of both sections—the confidence of the South—the excitement and passion of the North, had never attained so great a height as during the months of July and August, after the defeat of McClellan's army. It may scarcely be out of place to remind the reader, that, at that time, President Lincoln called for three hundred thousand more troops for a "vigorous prosecution of the war;" and that drafting had commenced with enormous bribes. But in spite of munificent bounties, the conscription was being strongly opposed, as well as pushed.

Amongst the inflammatory speeches at public meetings, such sentences as the following, from men of "standing" in the Federal Congress, are a painful indication of perverted passions towards the "friend and brother" of the previous months: "Destroy the inhabitants! Gentlemen, I say it is time to proclaim to every Winchester in the so-called Southern Confederacy that there

shall not be left one article above ground in such a town that we can consume. (Tremendous cheering.) Our policy should be this: every piece of property that belongs to a rebel, take it; take it if it will do a Union man good, and if it will not do him any good, burn it. (Loud cheers).”*

It was to such sentiments as these, added to the atrocities of Pope’s army, that may be attributed the commencement of those retaliatory measures, that the Confederate government has been compelled to adopt in self-defence, as a means to keep the barbarities of the Federal soldiers in check.

* Subsequent events have shown, too surely, how bitterly these threats have been put into execution. Among other old family mansions that have been wantonly, revengefully destroyed, that of the Hon. J. M. Mason is literally swept away. Trees cut down, shrubberies rooted up, not a vestige of “home” remaining. “Only a hole in the ground, was all the trace I saw,” are the tidings of a refugee. Nor is this all. A member of the Federal Cabinet, a former friend, whose eloquence on the subject of emancipation and Christian liberties has been loud and frequent, lately visited Winchester in company with a Unionist General; and on surveying the spot where many hospitalities had been dispensed, sarcastically remarked, “Humph! I should have expected my friend Mason would have kept his place in a little better order than this.” Which heartless wit was repeated as commendable loyalty and a “capital joke.”

A friend, escaping from Fredericksburg on the 25th July, brought word, that "General Pope had issued an order establishing his head-quarters at Fredericksburg, and requiring every citizen to take the oath of allegiance to the United States Government *or leave the town*. The oath was to be administered that day. All refusing to take it must leave instantly, and not return under pain of death. Thus were families driven from their homes to beggary!

During July and early in August nothing beyond skirmishes in the Valley and near the Rapidan occurred. Generals Jackson and Ewell had re-organised their armies, and, at Gordonsville, were operating against the forces of Pope, on the Upper Rappahannock. General McClellan was retreating from the James River, and landing his troops at Aquia Creek, where, taking up a new position near Fredericksburg, a fresh plan, in conjunction with Pope, was being laid. This was to attack Richmond simultaneously "on all sides." Several other Federal Generals in North Carolina were to advance from Norfolk, and a few more by way of the West. However,

General Pope received the first check to his ambitious designs at Cedar Mountain,* on the 9th of August, when an almost miraculous rising of the Rapidan prevented his following up the "retreat" of Jackson.

On the contrary, he prudently resolved to retire a little nearer to General McClellan, and established himself at the beautiful, but unhappy, little town of Warrenton, whither he is soon followed up on the abatement of the troublesome Rapidan.

The gallant Ashby had fallen. But another dashing cavalier becomes the dreaded knight-errant in the service of General Jackson. Another daring "raid," or, more properly, reconnoissance, again, by General Stuart, paves the way to the second battle of Manassas. General Pope loses his baggage. Even the toilet appendages, lavender-water and all, are carried off by the inconsiderate Stuart. Sadder still: his despatches, and also many highly-valued treasures and

* There is a small stream called Cedar Creek, and a hill, called South Mountain, near Mitchell's Station, between Gordonsville and Culpepper, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. It was near this place that the battle, called Cedar Mountain, was fought.

"much spoil," become the property of the daring rebels.

A succession of minor battles culminate in another horrible slaughter at Bull Run, on the 30th of August, attended with all its former terrors, scampering, and confusion.

General Jackson's wonderful celerity of movement enabled him again to accomplish the feat of getting to the enemy's rear, and to disperse the army of Pope before the grand conjunction with McClellan could be completed. By forced marches northward from Mitchell's Station, keeping far away to the west of Pope's army, he advanced through Thoroughfare Gap, in what are called the Bull Run Mountains, a small chain running in a northerly direction from Warrenton to the Potomac, opposite the Point of Rocks. This was considered one of the greatest achievements of the war. No army less devoted than his to their leader could be induced to encounter what his men have done in this great war of independence.

General Lee's report of this second battle of Bull Run, and President Davis's address on the occasion, will complete the end of the second Virginian campaign.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

GENERAL LEE'S LETTER, AND THE PRESIDENT'S
MESSAGE.

“Head-quarters of the Army,
Grovetown, August 30, 10 P.M.

“The army achieved to-day, on the plains of Manassas, a signal victory over the combined forces of Generals McClellan and Pope. On the 28th and 29th each wing, under Longstreet and Jackson, repulsed, with vigour, attacks made on them separately. We mourn the loss of our gallant dead in every conflict, yet our gratitude to Almighty God, for His mercies, rises higher each day. To Him, and to the valour of our troops, a nation's gratitude is due.

(Signed) “ROBT. E. LEE.

“To President Davis.”

MESSAGE OF PRESIDENT DAVIS.

“I have the gratification of presenting to Congress two despatches of General Lee, commanding the army of Northern Virginia, communicating the result of operations north of the Rappahannock line. From these despatches it will be seen that God has again extended his shield over our

patriotic army, and has blessed the cause of the Confederacy with a signal victory on the fields already made memorable by the gallant achievements of our troops. Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon the skill and daring of the Commanding General who conceived, or the valour and hardihood of the troops who executed, this brilliant movement, whose results we now communicate. Our tired and worn troops advanced to meet another invading army, reinforced, not only by the defeated forces of McClellan, but by the fresh troops of Burnside and Hunter. After forced marches, with inadequate transportation, and across streams swollen to unusual heights, by repeated combats they turned the position of the enemy, and, forming a junction of their columns in the face of greatly superior forces, they fought the decisive battle of the 30th, the crowning triumph of their toil and valour.

“JEFFERSON DAVIS.”

CHAPTER XII.

COLLAPSES—INVASION OF MARYLAND—ENCOUNTER AT SHEP-
PARDSTOWN.

GENERAL POPE having been as unsuccessful as his predecessors in finding the road to Richmond, is relieved of his command, and appointed to fresh duties in the far-away North-West, where the wild Indians may prove more suited to his savage kind of warfare. McClellan retires to the safety of Washington. Northern Va. is nearly cleared of the Union army, and so is the Valley, where General Jackson once more resumes his command.

We must now hasten on to recount the three last battles in which General Jackson was engaged, each one in its turn, proclaimed to be "the most important, and the most sanguinary yet fought;" which, after

making all due allowance for American figure of speech, causes us to tremble with horror in anticipation of what may next be reported.

No further obstacle was in the way of the Confederate advance into Maryland. It was reported that this State was panting to take her position among her sister States of the South; and the people had for a long time been clamouring for an offensive, instead of a defensive warfare.

But President Davis had kept to his first principles, those which were at the time so extolled both at home and abroad, namely: “This is a defensive warfare—forced upon us.” Dire necessity now changes its character. Medicines, food, clothing, provender, and stores of many kinds, fall terribly short, and must be obtained at a venture, even a sacrifice.

We have seen that one of the oldest and ablest of the Confederate Generals, Joseph E. Johnston, pronounced Harper’s Ferry to be “*untenable*,” *unless held on both sides of the river*, and it is now so held by the Federals.

The “Maryland Heights” on the north bank are an offshoot of the Blue Ridge, which, after being severed by the two

rivers, as described by Jefferson, stretches away northwards across Maryland, and into Pennsylvania, under the name of South Mountains, before mentioned. Between these and an offshoot of one of the Alleghany ridges to the west, lies what is called the Cumberland Valley,* down which flow many rivers, the ANTIETAM being one of the least of them. This valley corresponds with that of the Shenandoah on the southern side of the Potomac, and, like it, is a highly diversified and fertile region, rich with mineral and agricultural wealth, which is conveyed away by the Chesapeake and Ohio Canal, and the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad at its base. Williamsport, Hagerstown, Sharpsburg, and Boonsborough in Maryland, lie in this valley; and also Gettysburg, Greencastle, Chambersburg, Shippensburg, and Centreville, &c. in Pennsylvania.

While a strong Federal force retains possession of Harper's Ferry, the key to the two valleys, not much can be accomplished in Maryland, and it is reserved to "Stonewall" Jackson to "get in the rear" again, and from the Mary-

* As this valley has been twice the chosen route of an invader, and a seat of war, it is worth while to observe the character of the country.

land Heights on the north, and the Bolivar and Loudon Heights on the east, where General Lee has had batteries secretly placed, to force the Federals to capitulate. We have followed Jackson from the very first commencement of hostilities, and not until now, and by him, has this important feat been accomplished.

In the mean while, General Lee is giving battle to McClellan, who, with Generals Burnside, Hooker, Reno, Franklin, and others, have hastened westward to engage in that great contest for Maryland, which took place in September, 1862. A whole week of fighting ensued. While Jackson was investing Harper's Ferry on the 14th, a battle raged at Hagerstown. Then General Lee retreated to Sharpsburg, and kept the Federal army at bay across the Antietam, until Jackson could join him. The latter, after capturing Harper's Ferry on the 15th, marched all night, and with his jaded and worn-out troops, arrived in time to turn the tide of battle; and if not now entirely victorious, it was he who aided materially in saving the Southern army from utter annihilation, so great were the forces brought against them.

The Confederates were not strong enough to maintain their ground; Maryland was not yet ready to assist them; therefore the result of that first invasion can only be substantially summed up in an acquisition of valuable spoil, ammunition, and many thousand prisoners.

In retiring, another terrible encounter took place at Sheppardstown, whither the Federals had pursued a portion of the Southern army. For many hours it was confined to artillery, across the Potomac. Then, the Confederates withdrew, by Jackson's order, to encourage the enemy to cross. Several brigades of McClellan's army being thus ensnared, were attacked and pursued to the river, where a repetition of the Leesburg scene occurred, and the waters were tinged for miles with the blood of the slain!

At this state of affairs the author left Virginia, and she is therefore compelled to wind up this Memoir by means of such information as has been obtained through the public press of England, together with those few particulars she may be able to recal, in order to complete the sketch, imperfect though it must remain.

After the battle of Antietam, before the

retreat into Va., Jackson, fully aware of the vast importance of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, as a means of reinforcing the enemy, set to work with his seven thousand men, almost within hearing of the guns of McClellan with his hundred thousand men, to destroy about thirty miles of this great thoroughfare westward of Harper's Ferry. The General doffed his coat and laboured harder than any of them. The rails were torn up and bent round trees, the ties were burned to ashes, and the road so entirely effaced, that not a vestige remained. Jackson then walked over the whole thirty miles, to see that the work was effectual. And all this while the grand army of the Potomac was within twenty miles of him, with their engineering General wholly unconscious of the mischief that was brewing.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE WINTER CAMPAIGN—FREDERICKSBURG—RELIGION AMONG THE OFFICERS—"FIGHTING PARSONS"—APPALLING SCENES—JACKSON'S VIEWS OF THE SABBATH—HIS INFLUENCE—HIS MISSIONARY SPIRIT.

FREDERICKSBURG, December 13, 1862.—That terrible finale of a year of battles—that most horrible of all the twelve months' carnages!

To keep on the look-out and entrench themselves, had been the principal work of the last three months on the part of the Confederates. To prepare for another grand "On to Richmond!" under General Burnside, that of the Federals.

The topography of this part of Va. is now well known: no further description is necessary than to remind the reader that Fredericksburg, on the Rappahannock River, is in the direct line of route from Washington and Richmond, sixty miles due north of the latter, and seventy south of the former;

and that it is a few miles west of Aquia Creek, near the Potomac, where the journey northwards was continued by boat. It was a flourishing town ("city") of five or six thousand inhabitants before the war; what it is now, humanity shudders to reflect upon.

A few extracts from the abler pens of those who witnessed the heart-rending scenes of that battle-ground, will enable us to realise at least the domestic part of the tragedy. Concerning Stonewall Jackson, it is sufficient to remind the reader that he was there; and that, as in his former engagements, "victory perched upon his banner." Concerning the effects of the war upon the public, which the author promised more particularly to describe, let us refer to the accounts of the feeling and accomplished correspondent of one of our leading journals:*

"It was not until many of the buildings in Fredericksburg had been battered down along the river bank, and until a hailstorm of shot and shell from the Federal guns on the heights, and of musket-balls from the Yankee sharpshooters along the banks, had riddled every plank and brick in the town, that the Federals succeeded, about five

* Honourable F. Lawley to the *Times*.

o'clock in the afternoon of Thursday, in throwing their pontoons across the river."

When the sun set upon this frightful scene—when the town had been "riddled from cellar to garret—battered down in some places—burnt in others," the first day's slaughter was ended, and the night was spent by the Federals in crossing large bodies of troops upon those same pontoons to be fresh victims of to-morrow's carnage.

The same informant tells us that "there is no recorded battle in history (not including sieges), in which anything like so many pieces of artillery took part," and that "language is inadequate to describe the thunder of so vast a number of cannon, or the deadly pelting hail of such an aggregate of projectiles."

This eloquent writer also assures us that "never were General Jackson's spirits more ecstatic than during the fight of Saturday," and that while Generals Lee and Longstreet were holding a conference upon the brow of a hill, looking down upon the dense columns of the enemy, Jackson joined them, when Longstreet exclaimed to him: "Are you not scared (*sic*) by that file of Yankees

you have before you down there?" to which General Jackson replied, "Wait till they come a little nearer, and they shall either scare me or I'll scare them."

It seems difficult to reconcile, what appears like the bloodthirsty spirit of a savage, with the gentle character and religious devotion of a man like Jackson. Many incidents, of the following description, from intimate acquaintances, nevertheless leave no room to doubt the conscientious principle which guided all his actions :

"In the midst of the terrible cannonade at the battle of Fredericksburg, when I counted the number of shot and shell, during fifteen minutes, that fell within a hundred yards of the position that he and I occupied, and estimated them at five hundred *during the action*, he was seen calmly sitting on his horse, with his hand raised, as if in prayer."

Without detracting one shade from the shining virtues of Jackson, it is but fair to state that his "piety" was not so distinguishing a feature in him (*i. e.* among the Confederate officers) as we, in England, at first sight suppose. Regarding General Ashby, whose religious sentiments were sub-

jects of frequent comments, his enemy admitted, "if a Rebel *can* be pious, he certainly is." General Lee also is well known to be an earnest, zealous Christian, a member of the Episcopal Church, who inculcates in his followers every high moral principle.

Generals D. H. Hill, Major Pendleton, and others, personally known to the author, are conspicuous for their humble Christian deportment, and consistent character. In fact, much as we have been led into premature judgment of the Southern character, as a resident, I have been struck with the simple, unostentatious religion prevailing in the South. The country people assemble in their little sylvan temples, barn-like though they may be, and exchange nods and smiles over the seats during the hour of assembling the widely scattered congregation: they wind up their worship with friendly greetings, and patriarchal invitations to those hospitable roofs at most convenient distances: they would, perhaps, horrify the gloomy fanatic who sees nought but solemn sadness in religion—but they are nevertheless a religious people, on the whole.

Let us digress a little further, in order

to analyse the character of this "Cromwell of the Cavaliers," this "Havelock of the South;" though, after all, religion in those British heroes was more *conspicuous* in them, than was Jackson's among his fellow officers. In America, religion, like all other "professions" and principles, shares the democratic privilege of *choice*. The absence of an established church renders this a matter of course—if a citizen chooses a religion at all. He who does so is more "respectable;" but he who does not, is by no means contemptible (this latter clause referring more particularly to Northern society). In the South, on the contrary, the majority are responsible for the influence they wield over an inferior race, and they are quite alive to the importance of their own example. Still I have known many prominent citizens both North and South, many officers both civil and military, to lead the services, and offer prayers in their respective congregations, according to the usages of their particular sect.

In the published account of the battle of Manassas, we are informed that "General Beauregard's men would have been permitted to rest from the duties of the camp,

had he not discovered the unholy designs of the enemy for an attack upon a Christian people on the Lord's Holy Sabbath-day ; which prevented the services that had been appointed in every camp.”

The fact of many ministers of the gospel taking an active part in this fraternal strife, is proof enough that they are animated by a conviction of the righteousness of their cause. “ Are you ready, boys ?” asked General Pendleton, one of the “ fighting parsons” of Va. “ Yes,” was the reply. Looking up with clasped hands, the General fervently exclaimed : “ The Lord have mercy upon their souls ! FIRE !” And scores were sent into eternity by that one word !

But to return to the horrors of Fredericksburg, and picture to ourselves the terrible realities of war, and the anguish of the thousands rendered homeless, childless, or fatherless, by the battle, at which so many prayers were mingled with curses. Quoting again from the same graphic pen,* we read : “ Whole blocks of buildings have been given to the flames. Hardly a house or shed but was converted into an hospital ; the churches

* Honourable F. Lawley, special correspondent of the *Times*.

and municipal buildings were crowded to bursting with dying and mangled men. Shutters and boards were laid down in gardens and yards, and upon them layer after layer of wounded men was stretched. Upon the night of the 13th the whole town was one continuous lazar-house; a few days later, when it was occupied by none except the dead, it became a continuous charnel-house. Death, nothing but death, everywhere; great masses of bodies tossed out of the churches as the sufferers expired; layers of corpses stretched in the balconies of houses as though taking a *siesta*. In one yard a surgeon's block for operating was still standing, and, more appalling to look at even than the bodies of the dead, piles of arms and legs, amputated as soon as their owners had been carried off the field, were heaped in a corner. There were said to be houses literally crammed with the dead; but into them, horrified and aghast at what I saw, I could not look."

Let us linger for a moment on the sequences: "There is hardly a house through which at least one round-shot has not bored its way, and many are riddled through and through. The Baptist church is rent by a

dozen great holes, the Episcopalian church has escaped with one. Scarcely a spot can be found on the face of the houses, which look towards the river, which is not pock-marked by bullets. In every attitude of death, lying so close to each other that you might step from body to body, lay acres of the Federal dead! It seemed that most of the faces which lay nearest to Colonel Walton's artillery were of the well-known Milesian type. In one small garden, not more than half an acre in size, there were counted one hundred and fifty-one corpses."

In another spot, "Horses by dozens were strewn along the hill-side; and occasionally a dead cow or a dead hog lay close to the silent and too often fearfully torn and mutilated human bodies which everywhere met the view. Such a sight has rarely been seen by man. It is doubtful whether any living pen could do justice to its horrors."

And now for the character of the despoilers: "Everywhere the houses have been plundered from cellar to garret; smaller articles of furniture carried off, larger ones wantonly smashed. Not a drawer or chest but was forced open and ransacked. The

streets were sprinkled with the remains of costly furniture dragged out of the houses in the direction of the pontoons stretched across the river. Many of the inhabitants clung to the town, and sheltered themselves during the shelling in cellars and basements."

After a scene of devastation, massacre, and misery, which all the civilised world hoped in vain would bring the war to a close, we turn to contemplate the principle which actuated the hero of the Memoir, at once a preacher in the camp, a general in the field: "No pressure of military duties caused him to neglect the necessary offices of religion. Prayer was mingled with all his plans and acts. A distinguished officer, who ascribes his own religious impressions to his association with General Jackson, told me* that on one occasion he went with a comrade to the General's tent to consult him about the plan of a battle, soon to be fought. After some interchange of views, the officer said, 'General, what is your decision?' 'Call to-morrow morning,' was the reply, 'and I will inform you.' On leaving the tent, his

* Reverend Dr. Hoge, of Richmond, Va., a personal friend of Jackson's.

comrade said to the officer, 'Do you know why the General said he would give his decision to-morrow?' 'No; I suppose he wants to think it over,' was the answer. 'Not exactly that,' rejoined the other, 'he wants to pray it over.' In about half an hour the officer had occasion to return to the tent on some other errand, and on thoughtlessly entering, without being announced, was struck with awe at seeing the General on his knees engaged in prayer."

"This was the man," continues the narrator, who "knew how to stand up like a stone wall against the enemies of his country, bowing humbly before his God, begging his guidance and powerful aid."

The following letter was written by General Jackson three days before the battle of Fredericksburg, and is quoted as corroborative of the previous assertions:

TO COLONEL A. R. BOTELEK, MEMBER OF THE
CONFEDERATE CONGRESS.

. . . . "I have read with great interest the report of the Congressional Committee, recommending the repeal of the law requiring the mails to be carried on the Sabbath, and hope you will feel it a duty, as well as a pleasure, to urge its repeal. I do

not see how a nation that thus arrays itself, by such a law, against God's Holy Day, can expect to escape His wrath. The punishment of national sins must be confined to this world, as there is no nationality beyond the grave. For fifteen years I have refused to mail letters on Sunday, or take them out of the office on that day, except since I came into the field. And so far from having to regret my course, it has been a source of true enjoyment. I have never sustained loss in observing what God enjoins, and I am well satisfied that the law should be repealed at the earliest practicable moment. My rule is to let the Sabbath mail remain unopened until Monday, unless it contains a despatch, but despatches are generally sent by couriers, or telegraph, or some other special method. I do not recollect a single instance of any pressing despatch having reached me since the commencement of the war through the mail. . . .

"If you desire the repeal of the law, I trust you will bring all your influence to bear upon its accomplishment. Now is the time, it appears to me, to effect so desirable an object. I understand that not only our President, but also most of our colonels, and

a majority of our congressmen are professing Christians. God has greatly blessed us, and I trust that He will make us 'that people whose God is the Lord.' Let us look to God for an illustration in our history, that 'Righteousness exalteth a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people.'

"Very truly, your friend,

"T. J. JACKSON."

An extract from another private letter has been permitted to be published. It is addressed to an intimate friend of the late General Jackson, the Rev. Moses Hoge, D.D., pastor of one of the principal churches in Richmond, by his brother:

"I have just returned from a visit to General Jackson's head-quarters, at Moss Neck, the grand mansion of Mr. —, some ten miles from Fredericksburg. The General modestly occupies the lower room of one of the offices in the yard. As soon as I arrived, General Jackson claimed me as his guest, and I gladly spent what time I could with him. I found Mr. — regularly ensconced in his office, as a sort of chaplain-general, not officially, of course, but virtually. His work is partly to increase the number of chaplains, placing them where most needed, and partly to preach himself wherever there is need of it in the corps. His position is very important, and his residence with General Jackson not only furthers his influence, but is personally profitable to him. Indeed, it seems hardly possible to be long in the society of that noble and honoured

General, that simple-hearted, straightforward, laborious man of God, without catching something of his spirit—the spirit of toil, of patience, of modesty, of careful conscientiousness, of child-like dependence on God, of fervent, believing prayer. While in camp I preached five times in the Stonewall Brigade. How the men crowded into their log church, how they listened, how they seemed to hang upon the word, you, of all men, need least to be told, for you have seen so much of them from the beginning of the war. On Sunday night, after preaching, the General, Mr. —, and myself had a long talk, as we sat drying our boots in front of the open fire. When it was near eleven o'clock, the General asked me to conduct worship; and afterwards, before retiring, he set us the example of kneeling again for secret prayer. He then shared his bed upon the floor with me, and we talked till long after midnight. Though usually taciturn, he led the conversation. How anxious he was for his army! how anxious for himself! How manifest it was that he is a man whose great desire is to be right in all things, and especially to be right before God! In our whole intercourse I could not detect the slightest trace of self-importance, ostentation, or seeking after vainglory. To glorify God possessed all his thoughts. 'I have been thinking a great deal about our chief end lately,' said he, 'and I believe the first answer in our catechism tells us it is to glorify God, and to enjoy him for ever; and I think,' he added, 'we need not trouble ourselves much about the second part, if we only attend well to the first. I find my life in camp a very happy one when I am enabled to keep this aim steadily before me—to live for the glory of God.' I found him very earnest also in his views as to our duties to the negroes. He used to teach a Sunday-school for coloured children in Lexington, and all the pressure of his great duties and

cares does not divert his thoughts from the spiritual interests of our servants." *

His missionary spirit has been often mentioned by his personal friends. In writing of him, Dr. Hoge assures us that

"In every possible way he laboured to elevate the moral and spiritual character of the soldiers. He gave to chaplains, to colporteurs, and to the clergymen who occasionally visited his camp, all the encouragement and co-operation in his power. When the Holy Sacrament was administered, he assisted in the distribution of the elements. And when revivals of religion occurred among the troops under his command, he rejoiced with a joy which even victory did not inspire. In the last conversation I ever had with him, he said he intended to make every effort to increase the number and efficiency of chaplains in the army."

"When he suddenly came in view of a body of troops, and the men began to cheer, as they always did when they caught sight of him, he would spur his horse into a rapid gallop, as if anxious to escape the clamorous homage so joyously accorded to him."

The same friend confirms the anecdote of his faithful negro servant, who always knew when a battle was going to take place: "'Cause massa pray right smart" (a great deal) "all de night, den I packs de baggage, cos I know he goes on annuver expedishum, an I'se berry sure der'll be de *debble to pay.*"

* The negroes.

CHAPTER XIV.

IMPEDIMENTS—CROSSING THE RAPPAHANNOCK—UNEQUAL
WARFARE.

AFTER the “Fredericksburg slaughter,” by which name that battle will be known in history, stagnation for a time ensued. In the first place “the roads were impracticable,” and so the reader will judge if he will refer to a sketch in the *Illustrated London News* of February 28, 1863, and read a few lines which accompanied it, describing the crossing of Rappahannock River. It is only such descriptions as these that can enable the reader to comprehend in any degree the enormous difficulties of moving an army through such a country and during such seasons :

“The utmost effort was put forth to get pontoons enough into position to construct

a bridge or two. Double and triple teams of horses and mules were harnessed to each pontoon-boat. It was in vain. Long, powerful ropes were then attached to the teams, and one hundred and fifty men were put to the task on each boat. The effort was but little more successful. They would flounder through the mire for a few feet—the gang of Lilliputians with their huge-ribbed Gulliver—and then give up breathless. Night arrived, and the pontoons could not be got up. An indescribable chaos of pontoons, waggons, and artillery encumbered the road down to the river—supply-waggons upset by the roadside—artillery ‘stalled’ in the mud—ammunition-trains mired by the way. Horses and mules dropped down dead, exhausted with the effort to move their loads through the hideous medium. A hundred and fifty dead animals, many of them buried in the liquid muck, were counted in the course of a morning’s ride.”

Then there was a new Federal General to appoint, for the unfortunate generals, dismissed after every vain attempt to discover the road to Richmond, were invariably compelled to bear the blame of not accomplishing impossibilities. There were also fresh

funds to raise before another attack could be attempted, fresh courage, and fresh ambition, and passions to excite in the cooling ardour of the Northern populace: dainty dishes to nourish morbid sympathies had to be concocted; and, above all, a new army had to be "organised." But the "bad roads" were the nominal impediment; practical too, in a measure, though one that existed equally on both sides, to prevent "an advance."

Therefore several months—about four—passed away, and nothing more was accomplished than for each army to maintain its ground.

Excepting the bordering counties, the Valley remained tolerably secure, "bad roads" again being its chief protection. The border counties are too grievously devastated to be of much value to either party. The pretty little aristocratic towns of Winchester, Warrenton and Leesburg are alternately in the hands of friends and foes. So are the greater parts of Caroline, Spottsylvania, and the neighbouring counties. Therefore, to concentrate as much as possible, to harvest the resources, to make the most of the reduced means of transportation, even to the

dispensing of branch lines in order to use the rolling stock, become essential acts of prudence to the blockaded people. Alas! that a Christian country, boasting "the most munificent and the most beneficent government in the world," should glory in its cruelties, its slow extermination of another Christian people, whom it seeks to destroy by despoliation, by barbarities incredible, by mere "force of numbers," and superior facilities.

Such is the civil war of America!

CHAPTER XV.

ANOTHER ATTEMPT FOR RICHMOND — CHANCELLORSVILLE — A
 FATAL MISTAKE — THE PROSTRATE HERO — AMPUTATION NE-
 CESSARY — MUTUAL APPRECIATION — GENERAL LEE'S AD-
 DRESS.

THE advance of spring at last dries up those impassable roads. The Northern armies are once more organised, the Southern troops are ready in battle array on the south side of the Rappahannock.

On the 28th of April General Hooker sends across about twenty thousand men below Fredericksburg, near Port Royal, a little town on the river, where General Jackson was said to be on the watch. The next day, the main body of the Federal army, about one hundred and twenty thousand men, cross at various fords above Fredericksburg, extending some forty or more miles along the river. The passage of the Rappahannock River of such a large force,

almost in the face of the enemy, was accomplished with a skill and celerity that, in spite of his subsequent defeat, was esteemed a great military achievement in General Hooker.

The plan of the first battle of Manassas is to be carried out on a large scale. The first crossing is a mere feint, and the "grand army" itself is far to the left. But the Southern generals are sagacious and experienced, and in a moment comprehend and anticipate the plan.

The details of the battles of Chancellorsville are fresh in the minds of those who read them, and it only remains to the narrator of this slight sketch to refer to the part General Jackson took in this, his last engagement. The correspondent before quoted affirms that, in a conversation with General Lee, the latter said of Jackson: "Such an executive officer the sun never shone upon. I had but to show him my design, and I knew that if it could be done, it would be done. Straight as the needle to the pole, he advanced to execute my purpose." To him, therefore, was entrusted an operation, requiring all his combined qualities of celerity, sagacity, and bravery—no less than

another flank movement. Many miles across the country must first be traversed, but by this time it has been said of him, "No sooner is he heard of at one place, than he suddenly appears at another." His motto is "Now," his precept "Promptness." He fulfils his mission, and once again, after three previous days of fighting, for the last time he gets to "the rear," where he so astonishes and terrifies that rear of Hooker's army, that it is entirely powerless in his hands. Our informant, who was present, and upon whom up to this date we chiefly depend for information, describes his route, thus condensed :

With the first dawn of day, May 2nd, he plunged with his three divisions into the country road to the "Furnace," where he ascended a hill, and was heavily, though harmlessly, shelled by the enemy from an adjoining hill, while he made his observations and held his position to protect his passing artillery. General Lee, as he did at Sharpsburg, waited for the co-operation of Jackson. Towards evening, the boom of artillery was heard in the distance, and General Lee, in front, passed word along the lines, "Jackson is at work, press them

heavily." In the same hour the unconscious Federal General commanding that fated rear, is exclaiming to his men, "Jackson and his rebels don't dare to face us to-night. Prepare your suppers, boys, and enjoy yourselves." But before that supper could be eaten, the poor "unwashed, unkempt, and starving ragamuffins of the South had burst on them from the west, and scattered them like chaff before the blast." Coffee, too hot to drink, awaited the hungry "rebels," who, let us hope, were thoroughly refreshed by the meal awaiting them.

Now we come to the sad tragedy that terminates an already tragic history. It was dusk, and the battle was for a while suspended. General Jackson, according to his habit of judging for himself, rode forward in front of a line of skirmishers, and advanced quite near to those of the enemy, accompanied by his staff. He found himself in dangerous proximity, and turned to ride back. He had given orders to his own men to fire at any one who might approach them. Prompt to obey, and with a skill, in this case painful to be commemorated, a remnant of a South Carolina regiment fired at the approaching cavalcade. On hearing the words "Cavalry

advancing! CHARGE!" from their own men, some of Jackson's staff officers dashed forward into the ranks, and escaped unhurt, others were wounded, and Jackson was struck by three bullets. "One bullet struck his left arm four inches below the shoulder, shattering the bone down to the elbow; an intensely painful wound;" and by the men who would "willingly have died for him!" He was falling from his horse when caught by Captain Wormley, to whom he said, "These wounds are all by my own men." One of the party immediately galloped off to seek General A. P. Hill and impart to him the sorrowful intelligence. The latter, putting spurs to his horse, was promptly on the spot, where, throwing himself from his saddle, he began, choked with emotion, to cut the sleeve of Jackson's coat; when, suddenly, four of the Federal videttes appeared on horseback, and were fired on by the staff officers who were gathered around the prostrate hero. The Federal skirmishers had already heard the firing, and were hastening to the spot. Judge of the feelings which must have rent the hearts of the little party, who were hurriedly placing their beloved leader upon

a litter to convey him to a place of security. They are but a handful of men. An unknown force is approaching them, firing as they advance. One litter-bearer is already shot down, and the wounded hero falls from the shoulders of his bearers to the ground! Already he is suffering great agony; a severe contusion and an injury in his side increase it tenfold. Jarred and helpless there he lay, with just sufficient consciousness to hear the clattering hoofs of the approaching enemy, and to know that he may be trampled to death in the darkness. "General Hill, and all the officers and couriers of both staffs, had no alternative but to turn and ride for their lives, leaving Jackson where he lay. Right over the ground where was stretched the wounded lion, the Federals advanced. Within their grasp lay the mightiest prize in the Confederate commonwealth, but it was not destined that Stonewall Jackson should be struck by a Federal bullet, or yield himself prisoner to a Federal soldier."*

A terrible confusion ensued. The news of Jackson's wound was flying through the ranks, and, with the fall of their leader, the

* *Times* correspondent, from the battle-field.

men were awe-struck, bewildered, disorganised. As they gathered into squads, hurried pell-mell to sift the conflicting rumours, or search for their "Old Stonewall," the Federals gained courage, and for many minutes Jackson lay alone in the darkness, on a road over which were galloping both friend and foe. "Two more bullets from his own men struck him as he lay there, one passing through the wrist of his shattered arm, the other entering the palm of his right hand, and coming out through the back." The wonder is he did not die on the spot. Several other officers were killed or wounded in the skirmish that ensued, and General Hill was wounded in the leg; but not until he had thrown forward a body of his own men, and driven the Federals from the field.

General Jackson was then rescued from his perilous condition, placed in an ambulance and carried to a place of safety, almost dead from exhaustion; but yet alive to the affections of his men, and, with much effort, he entreated they might not be told of his wounds.

It was considered expedient to amputate the left arm, which was done under the influence of chloroform. Among other cruel-

ties of the blockade, the terrible deficiencies of surgical implements and means of cure, are facts to which the writer can bear most painful testimony. Thousands of limbs have been thus sacrificed, which skill and ample means could have saved; and who knows but Jackson's shared the fate of others! That he was for some hours in danger of bleeding to death we are assured, but the following day, after a refreshing sleep, he partially revived, and seemed to be progressing favourably. He even attempted to converse, and evinced his usual anxiety about the battle.

Every word, as yet recorded, during the last week of his life, shall be here inscribed, as full of interest, but, after all, much must remain unwritten. "If I had not been wounded, or had had another hour of daylight, nothing could have saved Hooker's army. They would have been obliged to surrender, or cut their way out. They had no other alternative."

At another time he said, "My troops may *sometimes* fail in driving the enemy from a position, but the enemy *always* fail to drive my men from a position."

It is just possible that a lingering smart,

from an old sense of injustice, dictated these somewhat exultant remarks, which will claim due allowance, when we remember that Jackson's conduct had, at first, been the subject of frequent comments and censure. It has already been mentioned that his officers were, at one time, little inclined to submit passively to that apparent want of confidence in them, implied by a taciturnity which had not, as yet, stood for the brooding over future victories. Nor had the press been backward in discovering certain eccentricities, through which he was held up to ridicule, before the public had learned rightly to estimate his character. Jackson was ever willing to "wait the verdict of time—the great vindicator"—and now that he has gone, those same flippant pens are foremost in tracing his virtues; and his officers know full well that he led them to certain victory..

The letters addressed to him by the Commander-in-Chief, and the official despatches of the battle, belong especially to this little history.

General Lee, on learning the sad news, wrote :

"I cannot express my regret at the occurrence.

If I could have directed events, I should have chosen, for the good of the country, to have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory, which is due to your skill and energy."

There is much in General Lee that must command the respect of every one, and would naturally inspire admiration in a man of Jackson's temperament. The deep affection that existed between these two, whose social positions might be said to have been widely separated, is only another proof of the great unity of purpose existing in the minds of all the Southern leaders.

Jackson's reply, on reading the above note, was, "The loss of ten such men as I am, would not be equal to that of one Lee."

General Lee's official despatch to President Davis, was as follows :

"Milford, May 3.

"Yesterday, General Jackson penetrated to the rear of the enemy, and drove him from all his positions from the Wilderness, to within one mile of Chancellorsville.

"He was engaged at the same time in front by two of Longstreet's divisions.

"Many prisoners were taken, and the enemy's loss in killed and wounded is large.

"This morning the battle was renewed.

"He was dislodged from all his positions around

Chancellorsville, and driven back towards the Rappahannock, over which he is now retreating.

"We have again to thank Almighty God for a great victory.

"I regret to say that General Paxton was killed; General Jackson severely, and Generals Heth and A. P. Hill slightly wounded.

"R. E. LEE, General Commanding."

"GENERAL LEE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY.

"Head-quarters, Army, Northern Virginia,
May 7, 1863.

(*General Orders, No. 59.*)

"With heartfelt gratification the General commanding expresses to the army his sense of the heroic conduct displayed by officers and men during the arduous operations in which they have just been engaged.

"Under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm you attacked the enemy, strongly entrenched in the depths of a tangled wilderness, and again on the hill of Fredericksburg, fifteen miles distant; and by the valour that has triumphed on so many fields, forced him once more to seek flight beyond the Rappahannock. While this glorious victory entitles you to the praise and gratitude of the nation, we are especially called upon to return our grateful thanks to the only Giver of victory for the signal deliverance He has wrought. It is, therefore, earnestly recommended that the troops unite on Sunday next in ascribing to the Lord of hosts the glory due to His name. Let us not forget in our rejoicing the brave soldiers who have fallen in defence of their country; and while we mourn their loss, let us resolve to emulate their noble example.

“The army and the country alike lament the absence for a time of one to whose bravery, energy, and skill they are so much indebted for success.”

“The following letter from the President of the Confederate States is communicated to the army as an expression of his appreciation of its success :

“I have received your despatch, and reverently unite with you in giving praise to God for the success with which He has crowned our arms.

“In the name of the people I offer my cordial thanks to yourself and the troops under your command for this addition to the unprecedented series of great victories which your army has achieved. The universal rejoicing produced by this happy result will be mingled with a general regret for the good and the brave who are numbered among the killed and wounded.’

“R. E. LEE, General.”

CHAPTER XVI.

SAD SCENES—ON THE BATTLE-FIELD—THE DOUBTFUL TITLE—
COLD-WATER BANDAGES—THE CASE BECOMES HOPELESS—
PUBLIC LAMENTATIONS.

LET us glance, in imagination, at those “trying vicissitudes,” to which General Lee alludes in the above address. No apology is here offered for repeated topography, without which the undreamed-of hardships of those battle-fields can never be realised. The pen of an Englishman runs thus: “The Confederates, sometimes creeping on their knees and hands, sometimes pushing with their backs through the matted thickets, sometimes leaping over the forest flames that burned the dead and dying around them to charcoal, pressed closer and closer upon the enemy at all points.”

The same, an eye-witness, thus describes another scene: “In every variety of attitude of death—torn, rent, and shivered into

scarcely distinguishable relics of humanity—lay what so lately had breathed and moved. Still more terrible, and strangely appalling, was the road from Chancellorsville towards Orange Court House, along which, and on either side of which, Jackson had descended to the harvest of death. Tumbrils overturned, caissons exploded, horses dead and dying, sometimes with broken legs, sometimes with ghastly wounds; human bodies in every guise of suffering and tortured death; riven trees, and, most fearful of all, a crackling fire, running swiftly through the grass and brushwood of black-jack oak, and suggesting dreadful thoughts of wounded and helpless men perishing by the most agonising death known to humanity, froze the blood with horror, as the spectator, in agony, turned his eyes to heaven, to gain a moment's relief from the unutterable and woful anguish of earth." And this was a part of the "tangled wilderness" over which Jackson's troops travelled fifteen miles to that now fatal "rear."

In justice it must be stated, that the fire was wholly accidental; and also that of a hospital, in the little hamlet of Chancellorsville, which, "containing Federal wounded,

was unfortunately set on fire by shell from either side, and, in the heat of this deadly strife, allowed to burn with its hecatomb of dead and dying."

From the moment when he became wounded, to the hour in which he resigned himself to his Creator, and exclaimed, "These wounds are right," and, next to Him, into the hands of his medical advisers, "Do for me what you think is best," we learn that the thoughts of General Jackson were engrossed alternately by religion and patriotism. In that calm Sabbath morning, where, in Va., the loveliest season of all the year combined with the luxuriant bursting forth of nature, would most tend to lend a tranquillising influence on man, the contending armies were arraying themselves for renewed conflicts. In hot haste, and with passions furiously excited, as in the breast of savages, they gather fresh courage for a final struggle. He who so lately led them on to victory, is lying prostrate within hearing of the deadly storm of musketry. Can we wonder that, in a momentary lull of pain, his thoughts should travel quicker than those flying balls, and with them alight upon the battle-ground

and that even his wounds should occupy his mind only to inquire "How long would they keep him from the field?"

On Monday a removal to more refreshing quarters, and the tidings of fresh victories, combined, no doubt, to produce the favourable symptoms that were then reported, with the exception of some discomfort he suffered from the heat of the weather. He was able to converse, and again express the gratification he felt at having been a humble instrument in the hands of the Almighty in accomplishing something for his country. "Men who live through this war will be proud to say, 'I was one of the Stonewall Brigade, to their children.' He insisted that the term Stonewall belonged to them, and not to him."

It does not, even yet, seem to be satisfactorily decided whether the name of "Stonewall"* was lent to the leader by the brigade, or acquired by the soldiers from their leader. It has lately been mooted that the brigade, composed chiefly of natives of the Shenandoah Valley, where abundance of

* There is a village called Stonewall at the junction of a creek, bearing the same name, with the James River, a few miles below Lynchburg, in Va. It has mills known as the Stonewall Mills.

rocks have brought stone walls into general use, was, from the commencement of the war, called among themselves the Stonewall Brigade, and that Jackson's death-bed declaration, that the name of Stonewall should belong to the men, referred to this fact.

By Wednesday it was proposed to convey him to Richmond; for that poor ransacked farm-house, near Guiney's Station, is too far removed from necessary comforts. That whole county is now a scene of desolation. Only a little ticket-office, and a "store" where the mail-bags from the neighbouring plantations were wont to be received and sent off twice a week, can supply the necessities of thousands of wounded soldiers; and, though we are told a Committee of Good Samaritans, from Richmond, had hastened with supplies of food and medicines, their efforts were "like a drop in the ocean, for the impossibility of conveying ambulances over the tangled, difficult, intricate country, rendered it necessary for *all the wounded who were able to walk*" to drag themselves from twelve to twenty-five miles from the battle-fields, to seek a shelter and relief!

But to return to General Jackson. For the first night in three, his medical atten-

dant, seeing him "progressing favourably," falls into a slumber; and the invalid, who has already been represented as being perhaps a shade too self-reliant, but at all times ready to sacrifice himself to others, will not arouse the weary doctor when an acute pain attacks him; but, as has been his habit, proceeds to apply his own remedy, and orders his faithful negro servant, Jim, to apply wet cloths upon his side. The remedy of towels dipped in iced-water, and applied to the vital parts of a body in which very little vitality yet lingered, it is not the author's business to discuss. She can only affirm that never did any mania prevail like that for "cold-water bandages" in the American States. Whether a sore-throat, a head-ache, or a toe-ache be produced by heat or cold, by inflammation or by chill; whether for cut, bruise, or carbuncle, a cold-water bandage is dangled before your eyes; and a cold-water bandage has proved the death of many a passive patient who has been enwrapped in its ungenial folds. In Jackson's case we have the testimony of an intelligent Englishman, that, at two o'clock in the morning, symptoms of pneumonia set in. One doctor thought the acute

pain was caused by "neuralgia," another by "pneumonia," a third by "nervousness!" God knows what the remedies would have been, had a plenty been at hand. However, some leeches are forthcoming, and the cupping instrument is not yet quite worn out, and in the divided opinions of his "acute pains," and their causes, more of the remaining life-blood is drained from the languid body. His frame is not in a condition to bear it; he sinks from that hour. "Since war first desolated the earth, no General, ancient or modern, has been exposed to" (or rather has willingly endured) "such hardships, privations, and destitution from food and exposure by night and by day. Positively sublime," was his example.

He had sent for his wife—probably several days ago; but she has many weary miles to traverse, and the trains are all occupied in conveying supplies and reinforcements forwards, and the wounded backwards; and it is Thursday before she arrives—she, "from whom he had for two years almost entirely torn himself away, to render service to his country." He has become a parent, and the little daughter, born to him in such troublous times, is

almost a stranger. He has scarcely seen enough of his own little six-months-old infant to recognise its delicate features, smiling in unconscious innocence of grief.

Ponder a moment on the meeting of these. In spite of the "joy and satisfaction" felt at her presence, he is greatly enfeebled—prostrated. The pain has ceased, and he sinks into a calm, impassive state. The battle of life is drawing to a close—the battle of his country is left in the hands of Him who had enabled him to declare "these wounds are a blessing, given me for some wise purpose."

On the following Sunday, one week from the amputation of his arm, he was found to be rapidly sinking, and to his wife devolved the heart-rending duty of imparting to him his danger. "Very good, very good—all is for the best," he murmured. "I would not part from these wounds if I could."

During that last day of lingering vitality he became frequently delirious, when "his mind reverted to the battle-field," and messages were sent to his officers, as if he thought the battle were still raging. During the intervals of reason he evinced much anxiety in the future of his army, expressed

a wish to be buried at Lexington, and that General Ewell, an officer in whom he placed the highest confidence, should succeed him. The spiritual welfare of his men was still uppermost in his mind, and he anxiously inquired of his faithful friend, Major Pendleton,* "Who is preaching at head-quarters to-day?" Then he selected a text for his chaplain, Romans viii. 28, "We know that all things work together for good, to them that love God." A text which exemplified his own religious belief—his true Christian faith.

The ignorant have called Jackson a "fatalist;" the Christian will know how to modify that expression into an accordance with the above text, and the feeling which, on a presentiment of approaching dissolution, prompted him to exclaim, "If I live it will be for the best, if I die it will be for the best; God knows, and directs all things always for the best."

Sunday, the 10th of May, 1863, 3.15 P.M.

* Probably the Major Pendleton, of Georgia, to whom the authoress is indebted for much kindness and valuable assistance during a long and anxious journey through the Southern States. A truly Christian character, who would well appreciate the friendship of a leader like Jackson.

The Christian warrior has ceased to breathe. "One of the purest, most guileless, and unselfish spirits ever lent to earth has been taken to his rest."

The public testimonials to his character find a worthy place in these pages.

FROM THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF.

"With deep grief the Commanding General announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General Jackson, who expired on the 9th, at 3.15 P.M. The daring skill and energy of this great and good soldier, by a decree of an all-wise Providence, are now lost to us. But while we mourn his death we feel that his spirit lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength.

"Let his name be a watchword for his corps, who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let officers and soldiers imitate his invincible determination to do everything in the defence of our beloved country.

(Signed) "R. E. LEE."

"Richmond, May 10.

"The victory on the Rappahannock has cost the Confederacy dearly in the death of General Jackson. He breathed his last yesterday, and has brought, by his death, mourning to every household from the Potomac to the Gulf of Mexico.

"We could better spare a brigade or a division."

"Richmond, May 12.

"The past fortnight has been crowded with stirring and important events. The hour of trial has come to us again, and the great heart of the Confederacy within that time has throbbed with almost every emotion save that of fear. At this moment the gloom of an immense sorrow overshadows the land. Jackson is dead!"*

The enemy from beyond the Rappahannock "heard dirges being played by the military band in Fredericksburg all the afternoon;" but to their credit, be it spoken, they announced the fact with gravity, unmixed with those "exultations" which the *Richmond Examiner* thought the "base foe" would manifest.

* From the public journals.

CONCLUSION.

A PUBLIC FUNERAL—THE PAGEANT—A PARALLEL—CHARACTERISTICS—HIS EXAMPLE—CONCLUSION.

ON Tuesday the 12th, the remains of the lamented General were conveyed to Richmond. At Ashland, lately an attractive resort, now the unsightly ruins of a village, where still lingered a few heroic women to minister to the sick and wounded, they weaved wreaths of "laurel,"* and placed them on the bier.

Arrived at Richmond, the body was conveyed under military escort to the Governor's residence near the Capitol. "Since the death of Washington, no event has so deeply affected the mind of the Virginians."

* The Kalmia, which, at this season, flowers in wonderful luxuriance, together with other magnificent evergreens, with which the woods abound.

President Davis announced the melancholy tidings at a special meeting, and referred to the invaluable services the departed hero had rendered to the Confederacy; public arrangements were then made to bestow a fitting funeral upon their second "Jackson."* The journals stated that "never was Richmond rendered more memorable than on this occasion, when every branch of the Confederate and State Governments, with an army of bronzed and hardy heroes, and the whole city pouring forth its living tribute, aged and young of both sexes, joined in the pageant and gave it all the imposing grandeur which sympathy, sorrow, love, and admiration united, could bestow."

"On either side, and in the rear, an immense throng of ladies and gentlemen, children, servants, and soldiers mingled, ready to move along with the procession. The banners were draped with crape, and the swords of the military officials were draped

* It is a singular coincidence that the two names of Jefferson and Jackson should again become historical in this second American Revolution. General Andrew Jackson, distinguished during the first rebellion, was re-elected President of the United States; as also was the celebrated Thomas Jefferson, who drew up the Declaration of Independence in 1776. All natives of Virginia.

at the hilt. The artillery bore the sad insignia; the arms of the infantry were reversed; the drums were muffled, and at the given hour a gun stationed beneath the monument boomed forth the signal for motion."

"As the pageant moved along, from many windows floated flags draped in mourning. The flags upon the public buildings remained as on Monday, at half-mast. The scene on Main-street was beyond adequate description, so impressive, so beautiful, so full of stirring associations, blending with the martial dirges of the bands; the gleam of musket, rifle, and sabre drawn, the sheen of black cannon, thousands of throbbing hearts, and the soul of sorrow that mantled over all."

It was an imposing spectacle in an imposing spot. The Capitol at Richmond stands high and solitary in the centre of the park, a sloping and thickly planted piece of land. The "Avenue" on which the procession was formed, extends in a broad level along the summit, and in the centre stands that magnificent work of art, the Washington monument. But the "Avenue," long and broad though it be, will not suffice for that crowd of civil and military mourners.

The handsome iron gates are thrown wide open, and away, far along Grace-street,* stretches the eager throng.

Then the coffin was conveyed to the Hall of the Representatives in the Capitol, where it lay in state, draped with the new flag of the Confederacy.†

"All the poor honours that Virginia—sorely troubled and pressed hard—could afford her most glorious and beloved son, having been offered to his mortal part in this capital, the funeral *cortége* of the famous Jackson left it yesterday morning, on the long road to 'Lexington in the Valley of Virginia.' "‡

Not much is required to sum up the character of General Jackson. As a soldier he has been compared to Hannibal and Cæsar of old, to Cromwell and Havelock of England, and to Sterling Price of Missouri, his fellow soldier.

Some slight parallel may be drawn be-

* A wide and handsome thoroughfare in a line with the Avenue, adorned on one corner by St. Paul's Church, otherwise occupied by the private residences of some of the wealthiest citizens, which stand detached in luxuriant gardens.

† This flag was afterwards presented to Mrs. Jackson by President Davis, to be preserved by her as a memorial of the eventful era in which husband shone and fell.

‡ *Richmond Examiner.*

tween him and Cromwell, inasmuch as they were both about the same age when they entered public schools and the life of a metropolis, each one learning the world in his own way. Each one spent about ten years subsequently in the retirement of domestic life; after which each one entered, heart and soul, into a great war of independence, and distinguished himself by a "high order of military talents," in which celerity was a characteristic common to both. Each one mingled prayers with the roar of the cannon, and was conscientiously a disciple of war.

But the parallel cannot be extended. Jackson fought among the descendants of the Cavaliers, whose proud traditions he nourished, and he fought against the descendants of those very Puritans, who pretend to hold up Cromwell as their model Republican. Yet it was Jackson, in fact, who combined the religion of the Puritan and the character of the Roundhead with the dignity of the Cavalier. His religion was not carried to fanaticism, and he was of a gentler temperament than Cromwell, scarcely attaining the rank of *genius*, if we except an extraordinary perception — intuition of localities, which led him, "straight

President Davis announced the melancholy tidings at a special meeting, and referred to the invaluable services the departed hero had rendered to the Confederacy; public arrangements were then made to bestow a fitting funeral upon their second "Jackson."* The journals stated that "never was Richmond rendered more memorable than on this occasion, when every branch of the Confederate and State Governments, with an army of bronzed and hardy heroes, and the whole city pouring forth its living tribute, aged and young of both sexes, joined in the pageant and gave it all the imposing grandeur which sympathy, sorrow, love, and admiration united, could bestow."

"On either side, and in the rear, an immense throng of ladies and gentlemen, children, servants, and soldiers mingled, ready to move along with the procession. The banners were draped with crape, and the swords of the military officials were draped

* It is a singular coincidence that the two names of Jefferson and Jackson should again become historical in this second American Revolution. General Andrew Jackson, distinguished during the first rebellion, was re-elected President of the United States; as also was the celebrated Thomas Jefferson, who drew up the Declaration of Independence in 1776. All natives of Virginia.

at the hilt. The artillery bore the sad insignia; the arms of the infantry were reversed; the drums were muffled, and at the given hour a gun stationed beneath the monument boomed forth the signal for motion."

"As the pageant moved along, from many windows floated flags draped in mourning. The flags upon the public buildings remained as on Monday, at half-mast. The scene on Main-street was beyond adequate description, so impressive, so beautiful, so full of stirring associations, blending with the martial dirges of the bands; the gleam of musket, rifle, and sabre drawn, the sheen of black cannon, thousands of throbbing hearts, and the soul of sorrow that mantled over all."

It was an imposing spectacle in an imposing spot. The Capitol at Richmond stands high and solitary in the centre of the park, a sloping and thickly planted piece of land. The "Avenue" on which the procession was formed, extends in a broad level along the summit, and in the centre stands that magnificent work of art, the Washington monument. But the "Avenue," long and broad though it be, will not suffice for that crowd of civil and military mourners.

as a needle to the pole," to the point he wished to reach; and this power, in the difficult country he fought over, amounted almost to inspiration.

While future history will rank Jackson among other Southern heroes of the civil war, Cromwell will always stand alone. The glory of Jackson will, however, be undisputed by the nation for whom he fought, and to whom he will ever be unexceptionably dear. He was one of the first noble Americans of the Cromwell type whom history has ranked among them; and it is only a few of the remorseless abolitionists who have refused to do him homage as a fellow-countryman. The majority of his enemies have united in extolling his memory and lamenting his death, in spite of having envied their "rebel" adversaries the dreaded "Stonewall" as a general. They pride themselves that he was a fellow-citizen of the republic, an AMERICAN, independent of Northern or Southern birth.

Speaking of Jackson as "the great controlling mind," the "sledge-hammer of the war," a Federal officer declared, "Every time we have been beaten it has been his doing, and that of no one else. The first

time I saw his face, my heart sank within me." "His moral brain is grand," said another. "He appears to act under a solemn sense of obligation to his Maker, who, he believed, had appointed him his work."

So far from being an "acute political speculator," it has been universally affirmed that "no man was ever more devoid of personal ambition," and that "whether he desired it or not, he could not have escaped being Governor of Virginia, and also, in the opinion of competent judges, sooner or later President of the Southern Confederacy. But not for one moment did he question or murmur when struck down at the zenith of his fame."*

His wish to be buried in the quiet Valley, amid the scenes of his domestic life and recent battles, instead of aside the ashes of Monroe and Jefferson, where his remains would assuredly have been deposited, savours rather more of humility than of ambition.

Jackson's native shyness clung to him through life. Public demonstrations in the form of cheers were exceedingly embarrassing to him. It is said that, after the two days bombardment of Harper's Ferry, when at last

* *Times* correspondent.

the garrison capitulated, the Federal soldiers, in due appreciation of the gallantry of their captors, surrendered with hearty cheers ; and that Jackson was so confused and astonished at the unexpected compliment, that wholly incapable of making an appropriate "speech," he could think of no other acknowledgment than to order *double rations* to his prisoners.

In person, his appearance was as distinct in the social circle and on the battle-field as was his character. We can scarcely reconcile the two.

In height, about six feet; in figure, somewhat angular and muscular, with a sinewy frame, "made all over of pin-wire;" eyes grey, brow high and broad, nose slightly aquiline, lips thin, chin prominent, "set on a well-curved jaw," skull well balanced, and complexion pale and clear, are general descriptions.

The soldier "Stonewall," with his calm, cold, piercing eyes, closely compressed lips, and stern expression, unmindful of dress and appearance, was seen settling his chin in his stock, and with his cap-front almost resting on his nose swinging by, skilfully guiding his horse at a pace with which it was difficult to keep up.

The Christian friend and citizen, with his clear, bright, truthful eyes, his pleasant smile, his kind and genial expression, approached you courteously but with diffidence, ready to do the most trifling acts of kindness, yet content to remain in the background while he listened to your discourse.

The Englishman, so lately his guest at the camp, stood marvelling at the warrior, who, with the solicitude of a sister, relieved him of his wet garments and dried them at the fire; and the Yankee correspondent who, a prisoner, wrote word that "being with 'Stonewall' Jackson, he had no reason to regret his capture," alike bear testimony to the harmony of mind, the "symmetrical development," which has so rarely been exhibited in men of his profession.

We conclude by quoting once more the opinion of a fellow-countryman: "If the South had done nothing more in this revolution than to give the world such a character as Jackson, she would need no further vindication in her noble struggle for independence."

May that character be permitted to shed its softening influences upon those whose prejudices have not quite obscured the ad-

miration of their gaze. Then might we hope to see the terrors of this savage war relax. The stern necessity of the battle-field will be ameliorated by the Christian General; the desolate home of the widow and orphan will be left unmolested by the soldier who acknowledges the "God of the fatherless and the widow."

The chosen spot of the hero's grave has, as yet, been untrodden by his country's foe. May the sacred soil remain unstained by the blood of Americans; may the bitter *war of extermination* not penetrate to this remote valley. There will the widow of the Christian warrior lead her child's first footsteps to its father's tomb, there will the infant tongue first learn to pronounce its father's name. There, amidst the beauteous wild flowers, which no foe can ever root out, will the lasting monument of Stonewall Jackson's deeds be recounted to the dawning intelligence of the little one, who will know her father by them alone.

THE END.

C. WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE, STRAND.

8

9



3 2044 024 505 943

This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly

WIDENER
APR 10 1997
MAY 09 1991
CANCELLED
BOOK DUE

~~DUE DEC 16 1931~~

~~DUE DEC 16 47~~

~~NOV 19 1932~~

BR

~~DUE DEC 20 40~~

WIDENER

MAY 21 22 1994

BOOK DUE

~~DUE MAR -6 42~~

~~SEP 18 42~~

~~DUE JUN 7 43~~

WIDENER

MAY JUN 8 - 7 1995

CANCELLED
BOOK DUE

~~DUE JAN 4 44~~

~~DUE JAN 31 44~~

