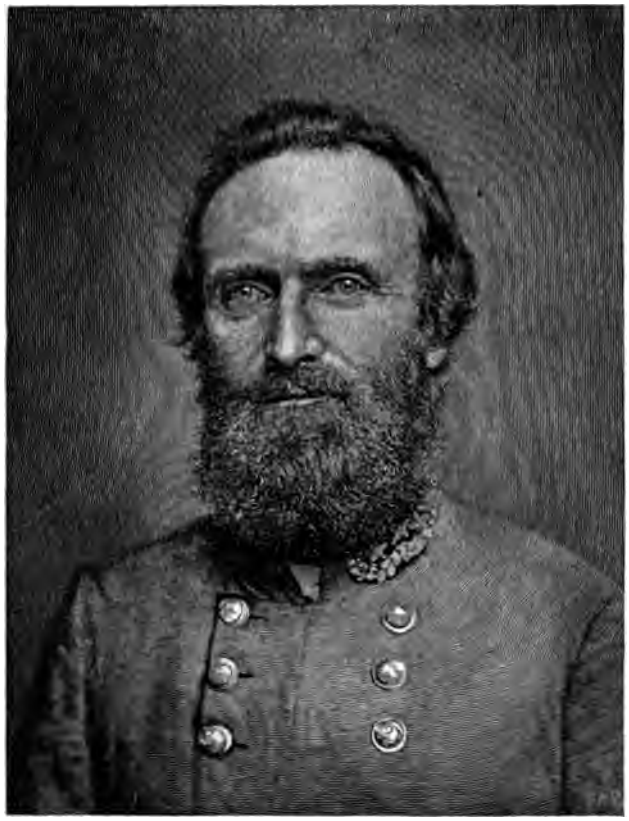

T. J. Jackson

MEMOIRS OF

STONEWALL JACKSON

BY HIS WIDOW

MARY ANNA JACKSON

WITH INTRODUCTIONS BY

LIEUT.-GEN. JOHN B. GORDON

AND REV. HENRY M. FIELD

AND SKETCHES BY

GENERALS FITZHUGH LEE, S. G. FRENCH, LAFAYETTE McLAWS, M. C. BUTLER, BRADLEY T. JOHNSON, JAMES H. LANE, WILLIAM B. TALIAFERRO, SAMUEL G. McGOWAN, HENRY HETH, BASIL W. DUKE, EX-GOV. F. W. M. HOLLIDAY, REVS. J. W. JONES AND J. R. GRAHAM, COL. AUGUSTUS C. HAMLIN, CAPT. JOSEPH S. MORRISON

AND

VISCOUNT (GENERAL) WOLSELEY, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES OF GREAT BRITAIN, AND COL. G. F. R. HENDERSON, PROFESSOR IN THE BRITISH STAFF COLLEGE, CAMBERLY, SURREY, ENGLAND.

ILLUSTRATED.

THE PRENTICE PRESS.
COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING COMPANY,
LOUISVILLE, KY.

LS 6280.10.16

COPYRIGHT, 1895,
BY
COURIER-JOURNAL JOB PRINTING CO.

REMINISCENCES

OF

GEN. T. J. ("STONEWALL") JACKSON.

By Rev. James R. Graham, D. D., of Winchester, Va.

. . . No man has lived in this generation, if in any that has preceded it, whose personality has awakened such profound and widespread interest, or into the minutest incidents of whose history such careful and persistent search has been made, as Stonewall Jackson. Without derogating in the least from what is due to the other great actors in the recent conflict between the States, it is but simple truth to say that, in some important aspects, he was, *facile princeps*, the most conspicuous figure it produced. No other man approached him in the enthusiasm which his career excited, or in the admiration which his achievements called forth. In our own country, South and North alike, and in all countries which the fame of the great struggle reached, *he* was the hero around whom the romance of the war principally gathered and in whom the interest of the great masses centred. Nor did that interest die with the ending of the struggle. Twenty years after his death, as I can testify from personal knowledge, both in Great Britain and on the continent, when our war was the subject of conversation with the people whom I met, *his* name

was the first to be spoken and *his* career the one with which they were the most familiar. The noble character, and splendid genius, and matchless generalship of his great commander, who surrendered at Appomattox, without the suspicion of a stain upon his escutcheon, were duly recognized and praised, but somehow the unique character and brilliant achievements of Jackson had taken the most prominent hold upon the imagination and the memory of perhaps all with whom I conversed . . . In speaking of him I must explain that I am distinctly limited to the presentation of such facts as transpired during the short and not very eventful period when the general, with his wife, was an inmate of my house in Winchester, and virtually a member of my family. . . . The fact is, I never knew there was such a man in existence till about the time hostilities commenced. One evening, late in April, I dropped into Mr. Logan's store and found him unusually excited, which he explained by saying that he had just had a call from Rev. Dr. George Junkin, late president of Washington College, Lexington, Va. The old doctor had been the able and distinguished president of that college for about a dozen years, and was the father of General Jackson's first wife. In the stormy discussion which preceded the war, he, with most of the prominent men of Lexington, including General Jackson himself, warmly espoused the cause of the Union; and when the rupture came, while almost, if not all, of the others cast in their fortunes with the Confederacy, he adhered to his position as a loyal citizen, resigned his presidency, and returned

to the North, driving down the Valley in his carriage. While resting his horses here he called on Mr. Logan, and in answer to inquiries as to *why* and *where* he was traveling, he said with characteristic vehemence, "I am escaping from a set of lunatics. Lexington is one vast mad-house. There is not a sane man there, nor woman either. They are bedlamites, every one. I am compelled to leave the best friends a man ever had. I leave most of my children, too, and my son-in-law, Major Jackson, who is the best and bravest man I ever knew, but he is as crazy as the rest. Yet if there is to be a war, as I fear, I tell you now, that Major Jackson, if his life be spared, will be among its most distinguished heroes." This prediction from one who knew him so well, yet differed from him so widely, made a deep impression upon me, though I had not heard even the major's name before.

We soon heard of *Colonel* Jackson at Harper's Ferry; and afterwards as a prominent officer under General Johnston with the troops near Winchester; and a little later at *Manassas* where the old historic First Brigade received its "baptism of fire," and its distinctive name—a name that will go down in history inseparably linked with that of its great commander, and will be honored wherever homage is paid to intrepid courage, or chivalrous devotion to duty is admired. Early in November he returned to Winchester as "General Commanding the Valley District."

The next Sabbath I saw him in company with his adjutant, Colonel J. T. L. Preston, at my church; and from that time, when near enough, he was a regular

attendant upon our services. I soon made his acquaintance, though my personal knowledge of him was slight till he came to live with us. This came about as follows: Mrs. Jackson joined him in Winchester just before Christmas, 1861, and apartments were provided for her at headquarters. On the morning of January 1st, 1862, after the troops had started on the Bath campaign, he came to our house and asked, as a great favor, to receive Mrs. Jackson and take care of her for a few days while he would be absent from town—urging the facts that she was a stranger here, the daughter of a minister, and the special kindness it would be to her and to him. A request placed on such grounds and urged so persuasively was not to be denied. Within an hour he had brought her to us, taken his leave, and with his staff was following his army to Bath. On his return from this memorable expedition he declared that it would be cruel to turn Mrs. Jackson out of her *home*, and if Mrs. Graham would allow her to remain *he* would stay and help to take care of her. And so he was installed as a member of our household. . . . It is an old proverb that "you must *live* with a man to know him thoroughly." I lived with him. For about two months he slept every night under my roof and sat every day at my table, and bowed with us every morning and evening at our family altar. He called my house his *home*. He was with us in all the unreserved intimacy which characterizes the family relation, and under circumstances which could not fail to bring into clear light his real character as a man and a Christian. And it is due to him to declare that in my intercourse with

him during all that period I can not recall a single act or word that I could have wished were different, or which the most censorious could construe to his disadvantage. His conversation and his bearing were invariably those of a dignified and refined gentleman, thoroughly familiar with all the requirements of social life; and, while carefully observing amenities and courtesies which true politeness exacts, he largely contributed, by his uniform cheerfulness and thoughtful consideration, to the comfort and happiness of all about him. During the time he was with us nothing occurred to disturb, but everything to increase, even to the last, his cordial relations with every member of the household—parents, children and servants.

While there was never anything of levity or frivolity in his spirit or demeanor, neither was there of moroseness or austerity. As might be expected of one who realized, as he did, the nature and magnitude of that struggle in which all his energies were embarked, his prevailing disposition was grave and serious. And sometimes, it is fair to say, the natural gravity of his temperament was tinged with something of that sternness of expression which deep convictions will always impart. And this sternness may sometimes have been mistaken, by those who knew him only in his official character, for severity of personal disposition. But in the domestic circle no such mistake could be made. Those nearest to him could not fail to see underneath his grave earnestness the brighter and more attractive elements of his nature, which even his habitual gravity could not always restrain from

breaking forth — sometimes, which the world would hardly suspect, in a keen sense of humor; but oftener in expressions of warm affection and a strong sensibility to the value of friendship and the charms of home.

As an inmate of our family no man could have been more considerate or more congenial. Always solicitous to avoid giving trouble, his constant aim was to accommodate himself, so far as official duties would allow, to existing domestic arrangements. It was not without some misgivings that we acceded to his proposal to come to us. Such reports were rife of his *peculiarities* as to make it a step of questionable expediency. After he had been with us a few days, and remembering these reports, I wondered that I had failed to observe anything peculiar, and I began to watch more closely for the oddities that were alleged to him. But, somehow, my powers of discernment were never sufficient to detect what was so patent to others. I never did discover the remarkable peculiarities of which so much has been said and written. The fact is, they did not exist to any observable extent. Whatever peculiarities he had were just those individual characteristics which we all in a greater or less degree possess. . . . He was just a simple gentleman, such as we meet in large numbers every day upon our streets, and whom we salute without once thinking whether there is anything peculiar about them or not.

I have seen him often in social gatherings, and always without any appearance of embarrassment beyond what any modest and unobtrusive man might sometimes exhibit in the company of those to

whom he was more or less a stranger. Instead of that reticence or bluntness with which he is charged, he had a pleasant word for every acquaintance, spoken in a tone of voice that was very gentle and with an expression of countenance peculiarly winning. He met at my table and fireside a great many people of different conditions and rank and of both sexes, and to all of them he was uniformly cordial, even exerting himself for their entertainment, if circumstances seemed to require it. Sometimes a young friend from the army, who had called and was detained for a meal, would be visibly abashed at the presence of his general, which the general was quick to perceive, and by a kind inquiry or pleasant word addressed to him would soon set the young man at his ease. He was invariably courteous and affable to all, and to ladies especially he was scrupulously polite.

Among the personal traits that distinguished the general, it will surprise no one to learn that he was *strictly methodical* in his manner of life, that he was regular in all his habits and punctual in all his engagements. When in my house, he invariably rose at a certain hour, which was an early one, and went at once to headquarters where he received his mail and issued the general orders for the day. A few minutes before eight o'clock he returned, and always escorted his wife to breakfast and indeed to every meal. She knew just when to expect him, for the clock was not more regular in its movements than he was, and she would wait in her room till he arrived. And in not a single instance, I believe, was the meal delayed so much as one minute by his

failure to appear on time—save in a few cases when he had given notice that he might be detained.

It was to me a fact of no little interest that apparently he brought with him to the table none of the cares or concerns of his office, and, so far as I ever knew, he brought none of them to the house. The conversation, which he often started but never absorbed, took a wide range and was habitually cheerful. When in the mood for it, he was a good talker, sensible and to the point. Generally he preferred to hear the opinions of others rather than to express his own. He was a good listener. It soon came to be understood, however, that the affairs of his army and indeed all military matters, so far at least as they pertained to the movements of his troops and the plans and progress of campaigns, were prohibited topics.

Facts accomplished and news of the enemy he would freely tell and discuss, but nothing that bore even remotely upon the condition and movements of his own or other Confederate troops ever passed his lips. At first this was not fully understood; and as he received his mail very early, and of course was in possession of the news when he appeared at breakfast, he was often greeted with the question, "Well, general, what news this morning?" Knowing that it was army news mainly that was desired, his answers would be evasive and unsatisfactory. One morning a lady, who was present, undertook to secure more direct and positive information, when turning to her with a quizzical look and a smile in which humor and seriousness were strangely blended, and in tones which precluded the possibility

His book case and books, his armchair, with his Mexican blanket over it and military sash as drapery.

Pieces of his furniture, his clock, Bible, hymn book, field glass, gold spurs, notebook, camp pillow, epaulets, gloves, cap, sword and pistols.

The scarfs were presented by Confederate ladies during the war, the one on the chair embroidered by a lady over seventy, and representing the products of the Confederacy.

SOME RELICS OF GENERAL JACKSON IN MRS. JACKSON'S HOME.

of offence being taken, he said: "Mrs. ———, I'll have to say to you as the school boys sometimes say, "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies." From that hour a thorough understanding was established as to what topics were to be avoided.

It was a fixed rule with him that no official business should, under any circumstances, be transacted at my house. If a courier came with a despatch or an orderly with a message, as was sometimes done, he was directed to go with it at once to headquarters, where he would receive it. If an officer or any one came on military business, though it might have been transacted in one minute at the door, he invariably, if urgency was pleaded, went with him to his office. When I remonstrated once against this as unnecessary and told him my study was at his service, he promptly answered: "No, sir, this is a private house, and my men must learn that no official intrusion can be allowed."

When he had leisure to do so, which was not often, he would remain a little while for an after-dinner talk. On such occasions his views of men and things were freely expressed, and many of them were both entertaining and striking. Of the Federal leaders, many of whom he knew personally, he had much to say, and what he said was, for the most part, conceived in a friendly spirit. He placed a high estimate upon the capacity of McClellan as an organizer and strategist, and once he said of him: "If he can handle his troops in the field with the same ability with which he organizes them in the camp, he will be simply invincible." Major Doubleday, "the hero of Fort Sumter," as he was

called, was with Jackson at West Point. He was pleased when he heard of his promotion as brigadier, and said: "Doubleday always was a good fellow, though among the cadets he went by the name of 'forty-eight hours.'"

His views of the true method of conducting the war were characteristic. "War," he said, "means fighting. The business of a soldier is to fight. Armies are not called to dig trenches, to throw up breastworks and lie in camps, but to find the enemy and strike him, to invade his country and do him all possible damage in the shortest possible time. But this would involve great destruction both of life and property. Yes, while it lasted; but such a war would of necessity be of brief continuance, and so would be an economy of life and property in the end. To move swiftly, strike vigorously and secure all the fruits of victory, was the secret of successful war."

I sometimes tried to sound him as to the conduct of affairs after the First Manassas. He never would utter an adverse criticism of any one of our generals. But notwithstanding my failure to draw from him an opinion in the case, the conviction which even that failure left upon me was that if Jackson had been in command there the Stonewall brigade would have bivouacked in the grounds of the capitol before many suns had risen.

His firmness of principle is well known, but only those nearest to him knew how closely his firmness was allied to tenderness. A stern sense of duty obliged him sometimes to do things that others considered harsh and even cruel, but there were few who knew what intense pain such duty cost him.

Another characteristic for which the general was eminently distinguished was his marvelous *self-control.* Whether this was natural to him or the result of careful discipline, does not matter. He possessed it in a degree I have never seen equaled in any other man. Almost every man who knew him at all can give some instance of his perfect mastery of himself under circumstances of greatest trial. Let me relate an instance that came largely under my own observation. The incident that gave occasion for it has passed into history and is known to all the world. I refer to the tender of his resignation because of officious interference with his work.

At the close of his Bath campaign, January, 1862, he left General Loring with his troops at Romney. With this arrangement Loring and many of his officers were greatly dissatisfied, and, obtaining furloughs, went to Richmond and besieged the Department of War with their complaints. Soon an order from that department came to recall General Loring. In issuing this order General Johnston, the commander-in-chief, was not consulted, and for its execution no discretion was allowed to Jackson. On the morning of the 31st, going early to his office as usual, he found this order, which he immediately obeyed, and instantly wrote his request to be ordered for duty to Lexington, and if that were not granted, then his resignation from the army be accepted. This done, he returned to my house perhaps an hour earlier than usual, but appeared at breakfast at the appointed time, with his accustomed serenity of manner. In a little while he informed us, in a perfectly calm tone, that he and Mrs. Jackson

expected soon to return to their home in Lexington. Almost immediately he mentioned, as an ordinary thing, the fact that Loring's command had been recalled and would soon be in Winchester.

To my hesitating inquiry if this was made necessary by the advance of a superior Federal force he replied, "Oh, no; there are no Federal troops in my district." I was puzzled. But soon the whole case was fully stated and freely discussed. And while my indignation fairly boiled when the true nature and effect of the affront to him were apprehended, his own spirit did not appear to be ruffled in the least. His tones were just as even, his words as calm, his language as free from asperity, and his whole manner as thoroughly composed as I had ever known them. While perfectly sensible of the unprofessional and unmilitary character of that order, and keenly alive to the outrage and insult implied in it to himself personally, he would allow no censure to be visited upon those who had issued the order. My own hasty and not very complimentary utterances he checked, saying: "The department has indeed made a serious mistake, but, no doubt, they made it through inadvertence and with the best intentions. They have to consider the interests of the whole Confederacy, and no man should be allowed to stand in the way of its safety. If they have not confidence in my ability to administer wisely the affairs of this district, it is their privilege and duty to try and repair the damage they believe I am doing." And this meek, unselfish spirit prevailed with him to the last.

There is no day in all my acquaintance with him

the incidents of which, in all their details, are so distinctly impressed upon my memory as that last day in January, 1862. He seemed to have unburdened himself of the cares of office, and spent nearly the whole day at my house, and no small part of it in my company. Laying aside his accustomed reticence, he spoke freely of almost everything connected with the war, the country and the church. Events of interest in his own life were related, and scenes he had witnessed and places he had visited during his tour in Europe were described. While the household was in sore distress, and the troops in a state of exasperation, and the whole town in a ferment, he was himself perfectly self-collected and serene. Not only did he seem to be the calmest man in town and the freest from excitement, but, so far as I knew, he was the *only* calm and unexcited man among us. There was no severity of temper, no acrimony of language, no suspicion of anger. The tender of his resignation was not made in the heat of passionate resentment to satisfy a personal pique for an affront received, but in the loftiest spirit of self-sacrifice and as his most emphatic protest against a system of interference with the responsibilities of commanders in the field. And as I recall, after a third of a century almost, the spirit and bearing of Jackson on that memorable day, I am more and more inclined to say that the real grandeur of the man never appeared to greater advantage than it did in that most trying ordeal.

Not at Manassas, where he and his brigade, standing like a *stone wall*, withstood the onset of the triumphant foe, and wrested victory from defeat;

not in the famous "Valley campaign," than which there was nothing more brilliant in the Italian campaigns of the first Napoleon; not in the seven days before Richmond; not at Cedar Mountain; not at the Second Manassas; not at Harper's Ferry, nor Sharpsburg, nor Fredericksburg; not even at Chancellorsville, where all his previous achievements were eclipsed by the brilliancy of his strategy and the force of his blow; not on any of those hard-fought fields, where he delivered battle like a thunderbolt, and achieved such splendid victories over his enemies, does he appear to me so truly great as in that quiet home, where, under provocations the most bitter, he maintained this wonderful mastery over himself, for "he that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city."

The general was not lacking in a *sense of humor*, as I have said, though with some this statement might excite surprise. His habitual gravity, it has been thought, excluded from his mental constitution everything like merriment. But the fact is, he enjoyed a jest as much as most of us, and would now and then indulge in one himself. I have seen him enter with surprising relish into the innocent pleasantries of the young.

It is a delicate theme even to touch, yet no account of the private life of this extraordinary man would be complete that did not at least hint that one of his most conspicuous traits *at home* was his fond and absorbing *devotion to his wife*. Those who knew him only as a soldier, and amid the stern realities of the camp and the march and the battle-field, will

hardly be prepared to believe that in the sacred precincts of home and in the privacy of domestic life this sturdy warrior and hard fighter exhibited all the softness and tenderness almost of a woman. His chivalrous deference to Mrs. Jackson, his unfailing gentleness towards her, his delicate attentions, in which there was nothing of connubial dotage, were something beautiful to see. It is true, she was a woman eminently worthy of all that wealth of affection which he lavished upon her—possessing all the qualities that could attract the love of this noble man and lead him to enshrine her in his heart of hearts.

Perhaps no man was ever fonder of the delights of home than he. When he resigned his commission, and while he was arranging to resume his tranquil life at Lexington, it was surprising to me, and yet beautiful to witness, the intense pleasure with which he anticipated his speedy return to his quiet home. . . .

On the day our troops evacuated Winchester, March 11th, '62, an incident occurred which deserves to be mentioned, as perhaps the only instance in which the general ever revealed to an outsider any of his military plans. The enemy, in overwhelming force, were approaching, and arrangements were evidently making for the falling back of our troops. The army stores were all removed, and the troops themselves were under arms on the Martinsburg Pike.

At dinner we thought it doubtful if we would see the general again; but he came to supper and, to our surprise, all aglow with pleasant excitement,

because of the splendid behavior of his troops and their eagerness to meet the enemy who had been seen, but, without offering battle, had gone into camp at the Washington Spring. Some ladies had come in and were in the depth of gloom, because, as they understood, the army was to leave us that night. To this view the general gave no assent, but, as if to dispel it, showed an unusual cheerfulness. After our evening worship, which he conducted in his usual impressive and delightful way, he still sat with us, manifesting no hurry to leave, and by the tone of his conversation trying to direct the minds of all from the gloom they were in. When he did go, in answer to some tears which he probably saw, he said to us, who thought we were bidding him "good-bye," "Oh, I'll see you again," and then, suddenly, as if not meaning to say so much, he added: "I don't expect to leave." Returning, however, within an hour, and finding us out, he despatched a servant after us with a message that he wanted to see me at once at his office. Hurrying there, I found him walking the floor under more excitement than I had ever seen him exhibit before. He had undergone in the brief space of time a surprising change. His countenance betrayed deep dejection, and his spirit was burdened with an inexpressible weight of sadness. At first he did not seem to know what to say, but collecting himself at length, he said he did not mean to deceive us by giving the impression that he would not abandon the town. He had intended to lead out his troops that night, and hurl them on the camp of the enemy, and drive such as were not captured and might

survive back across the Potomac. He had just laid this plan before his officers, who exhibited so much opposition to it, or at least so much reluctance to concur in it, as to forbid him to hope for its successful execution. Yet he was bitterly distressed and mortified at the necessity of leaving the people whom he loved so dearly. Again he paced the room for a minute or two, in painful indecision; then, suddenly, pausing before me, with his hand grasping the hilt of his sword, as if he would crush it, and his face fairly blazing with the fire that was burning in his soul, he said: "I may execute my purpose still; I have ordered my officers to return at half past nine." His appearance, as he stood there and uttered those words, I can never forget. I was completely awed before him. But the hopelessness of securing the concurrence of his officers again possessed him, and, with an air of grief, he proposed to return with me and take leave of my family. Before reaching my home he had recovered his composure, though not his cheerfulness; and expressing the hope that a good Providence would permit him soon to return and bring deliverance to the town, he bade us a touching farewell.

One other point remains to be noticed, and that is the strong *religious element* in Jackson's character. To the glory of a soldier, always invincible in battle, he added the higher moral glory of a servant of the Lord, who never swerved from the line of duty. While eminent for many things he was pre-eminent for his trust in God. It was no ordinary faith that produced such a man. It penetrated his entire being and had him in thorough possession. And

yet it is probable that in respect to nothing else has he been so utterly misunderstood and misrepresented. The impression given of him by many is that he was a religious fanatic. He has been likened to an "ancient crusader, who had an absolute assurance that he was simply an agent of Divine Will, commissioned to execute the divine decrees, and that a human being could no more stand in his way than in the path of one of his own cannon balls." Others have found in him a likeness to the fanatical enthusiasm of one of Cromwell's Roundheads, bursting out in a kind of holy frenzy, and exclaiming: "Oh, how good it is to pray and fight!" But the fact is that many of those who have written or spoken about this man not only have had scant opportunity to judge of his religious character, but were wholly incapable of judging it correctly, had their opportunities been ever so good. "The natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God, for they are foolishness to him; neither can he know them, for they are spiritually discerned." As well might a blind man presume to judge of colors, or a deaf man discourse of the harmony of sound, as for a mere worldly man to pronounce upon the things of God. Accordingly, many of the descriptions that are given of Jackson's religion are simply unconscious confessions on the part of the writers of their utter ignorance of that about which they presume to write. And I here solemnly protest that every attempt to associate fanaticism in any degree with the religious life of Stonewall Jackson is a foul caricature of that earnest, simple Scripture faith in God which dominated his whole

being and made him the great man he was. If I know anything at all, I know the character of Jackson's religion through and through, and I know it to have been free from any and every element that could have made it that offensive and absurd thing which some have represented it to be. He was simply an humble, earnest, devout, consecrated Christian man. Whatever was remarkable about his religion was due to its absolute possession of him—its thorough power over him. He was a man of God first, last and always. He feared God and tried to serve Him. He loved his Saviour and tried to glorify Him. He believed the Scriptures to be the Word of God, inspired, and therefore infallible. And yet, earnest Christian that he was, no man ever knew him to thrust his religion offensively upon another. He was incapable of doing it. Much as he desired the salvation of all men, he was never guilty of the folly of "giving that which is holy unto dogs," or of "casting his pearls before swine."

It is true that when the occasion required it the *soldier* was almost, if not altogether, as conspicuous in him as the *saint*. Indeed, there was a strange union in him of soldier and saint. It may have been meant for a *jest*, but it was no *slander*, when it was said of him, in the current language of the camp, that "he was always praying when he was not fighting." He was praying when he was fighting. Those who rode or walked beside him on the march have told me that they often saw his lips moving as if in silent prayer. Before he went into battle he might be found upon his knees, in an agony of supplication. And when the battle was

won, he always recognized it as not by his own skill or valor, but by the favor of that Almighty Ruler of whom he had asked the victory, and to whom he bowed again in humble thanksgiving for the victory that had been granted.

Of the character of his secret intercourse with God, of course, I know nothing; but whether at the family altar, or in the social or public assembly, no man ever evinced more of the *spirit* of prayer, and not many have had such *gifts* in prayer.

And here again I must protest against that misrepresentation of Jackson's praying which has gained currency, I apprehend, through that famous ballad, "Stonewall Jackson's Way," which claims to show how he acquired the power over his troops which made his little brigade greater and stronger than a host. It represents that on the march, perhaps, or at some unexpected moment, the order would suddenly ring out to the whole army:

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

Well, that *wasn't* "Stonewall Jackson's way" at all. There never was anything that savored in the slightest degree of irreverence, or flourish, or parade, or impropriety, in any act of devotion performed or ordered by him. On the contrary, there was always

a decent regard for the proprieties of worship and a solemnity in keeping with the veneration due to God.

Here is an incident that more correctly illustrates his "way." The 15th of November, 1861, was appointed as a day of fasting, humiliation and prayer throughout the Confederacy. Recognizing the eminent propriety of the appointment, I held service in my church. . . . During the singing of the first hymn I had observed an officer quietly enter and take a seat which a soldier gave him near the door. It was the general commanding this district. When the hymn following the first prayer was concluded, I rose and, with some misgivings as to its expediency, asked, "Will General Jackson lead us in prayer?" The request was an evident surprise both to him and to the congregation. But after a somewhat embarrassing pause of a moment or two he arose, and, with the manner of one who was on familiar ground and engaged in a familiar exercise, he led us at once into the presence of God and to the throne of grace. Beginning with words of adoring reverence, which immediately impressed and subdued every heart, he asked to be heard for the sake of our divine Redeemer; and then, as if pouring out his soul before God, in the most simple manner, yet with deep fervor, he made confession of our utter unworthiness as sinners and of our absolute dependence on divine mercy. In words borrowed from Scripture, and uttered in most earnest tones, he besought God to bless our afflicted country and give success to our arms. In the whole course of his prayer he did not forget for one

moment that he was one of a company of sinners deserving nothing of God, yet pleading with Him, for Christ's sake, to be merciful to us and bless us. Not a single word did he utter inconsistent with the command to love our enemies. Not once did he venture to tell God what He ought to do in that great crisis of our country. But while he did importunately ask that our arms might be crowned with victory and our country obtain its independence, he was careful to ask it in humble deference to divine wisdom, and only if it would be for God's glory and our good.

I have reason to remember that prayer. Not only was its impression left upon the remainder of the meeting—which from that time to its close was one of the most solemn and spiritual I ever attended—but its influence was marked in the community. It seemed to teach men how to pray in those troublous times. If General Jackson, who had "jeopardized his life in the high places of the field," and whose loyalty was beyond suspicion, could pray for the success of the army and the independence of the Confederacy, without airing his patriotism or abusing the foe, others might be calm in their utterances, too. Men learned that even in time of war it was not necessary to berate the enemy while pleading with God for his defeat. And it was this manner of praying, including, of course, all that was involved in it, that was the real secret of Jackson's greatness. His heroism and success were derived from God. The deepest conviction of his heart, as well as the invariable confession of his lips, was that he owed all that he had ever done or attained to God alone.

He was distinguished from other renowned warriors in many things, but most in this, that he attributed all the glory of his victories to the God of battles, who is also the God of grace. Unlike other great generals, who trusted in the strength of their sword and, in the pride of conscious genius, boasted that destiny was their own, he trusted in "the living God" alone. *He* "taught his hands to war and his fingers to fight." And this strong confidence was at last the secret of his extraordinary skill in counsel and his invincible powers in war.