

STONEWALL JACKSON.¹

A lecture delivered in Baltimore in November, 1872, by Rev. Dr.

R. L. Dabney.

(Anything from the able pen of Dr. Dabney concerning Stonewall Jackson would be read with interest. His position as Chief of Staff, his intimate personal relations with the great chieftain, and his study of his character and his campaigns when acting as his chosen biographer, peculiarly fit Dr. Dabney to tell the story of Jackson's life, or to delineate his character. We are confident, therefore, that our readers will thank us for giving them the following paper, even though there may be dissent from some of the views presented. We print it just as it was originally delivered, only regretting that we are compelled by the press upon our pages to divide it into two parts.)

I am expected to speak to-night of Stonewall Jackson. The subject sounds remote, antiquated, in these last days. How seldom does that name, once on every tongue, mix itself now-a-days, with the current speech of men? Is it not already a fossil name, almost? I must ask you, in order to inspect it again, to lift off sundry superincumbent *strata* of your recent living memories and interests, to dig down to it. Great is the contrast wrought by the nine calendar years which have intervened since the glory of conquering Jackson, and the sequel "Jackson is dead," were blown by fame's trumpet from Chancellorsville over all lands, and thrilled the *præcordia* in every Southern bosom. Then, the benumbing shock which the words struck into our hearts, taught us how great and heroic this man had made himself, how essential to our cause, how foremost in all our hopes. And when his great Superior said (with a magnanimity which matches Jackson's heroism), "Tell him he has lost his left arm; but I have lost my right arm"; all men felt, "Yea! Lee has lost his right arm; the cause has lost its right

arm." And the thickening disasters which that loss soon entailed, taught them, educated them, for a time, to appreciate Jackson's as the transcendent fame of all our war. It sounded in every true heart; it echoed in us from the thunder of the final downfall. But now, who recalls it to his speech?

Why this? Was that fame an empty *simulacrum* worthy only to be a nine-days' wonder, or was his devotion a blunder? Or are our people changed, so as to be no longer able to appreciate that devotion? We hope not, for it were a sad thing for them, betokening moral death, decay and putrescence, that they should become incapable of a heart-homage to this name. We hope not.

But it is already antiquated; for the world moves fast in these times. Many things have happened in these times, to stir, to fatigue, to wring our hearts; great wrongs to be endured passively until endurance obtused the sensibility, multiplied tragical wails of friends sinking in the abyss of poverty and obscure despair; a social revolution; a veritable *cataclysmus*, which has swept away our old, fair, happy world, with its pleasant homes fragrant with ancestral virtues and graces, and has left us a new world, as yet chiefly a world of quicksand and slime; with no olive tree, alas, as yet growing. Yes; we have lived long in these nine evil years; to us they are a century of experiences. We are *old*, very old, superannuated perhaps, those of us who remember Jackson, and the days when he fought for freedom. Will you not then bear with our garrulity a little, should we even babble of our hero? For it is a pleasant thing to recall those old days of wearing the grey, with a Jackson to lead us to assured victory, when we were *men* as yet; with rights and freedom of our own, slipping then indeed from our too inept hands, yet enough our own still to fight for; when we had hope, and endeavor and high emprise, inspired by our leader's example; and hardship and danger *for the cause*, endured cheerily, as a sport; when we had a country, loved all the more proudly that she was insulted and bleeding. The memory of those days is bright; but it is attended by a contrast most black and grim. Over against that splendid past, there glooms the shadow of the Mammon-Molock, named by mockery, "reconstruction," with its most noisome scalawag odor, reeking of the pit. The joy of this reminiscence must be

then a mixed joy, and the duty assigned me, while sacred and not unpleasing—never shall it be unpleasing to us to celebrate the fame of Jackson; for *him* the shadow touches not—yet a duty difficult and sad.

I remember well, that naught except a circumstance is deemed by you to have endowed this hand with any fitness to refresh the characters of that fame; the circumstance of a brief association with his person during the most glorious part of his career. You would fain hear from me what manner of man he appeared to one who was next to him, the ordinary mouth-piece of his will, the sharer of his bivouac and his morsel, who got the nearest glimpses through the portals of that reserve, which no man might enter, who watched closely, and he may even venture to affirm, intelligently, the outworkings of the secret power within. This so reasonable desire of yours I propose to satisfy, not by presuming to name and catalogue his attributes, analytically, by my judgment, or conceit, as may be—for this would be to regard you as pupils, rather than patrons—nor yet, by studying the cumulation of superlative, laudatory epithets,—for this would imply that I deemed you not only pupils, but gullible—but by painting before you some select, significant action of Jackson's own, wherein you may judge for yourselves as freely as other spectators, what manner of man this was. And I exhort you to expect in this description no grace, save the homely one of *clear truth*: homely it may be and most ungarnished, yet truly what my eyes saw and my ears heard. For is not this the quality most worthy of him who would portray *Jackson*? And should the narrative have, with its other unskillfulness, that of a certain *egotism*, I pray you bear in mind, that the necessity of this emerges in a manner from my task. For what is my qualification therefor? save that it was my *fortune*, along *with* many worthier men in the ranks *to behold* (not my *merit to do*) some of these wonders whereof you would fain hear; and when you ask for the testimony of the eye-witness, the humble Ego must needs speak in the egotistical first person.

And first, that I should ever have been invited to be next his person at all, was characteristic of Jackson. He, who was an *alumnus* of the military academy at West Point, and nothing but a professional military man all his life, was least bound

in professional trammels. This trait he signified, in part, by his selection of successive chiefs for his staff, none of whom had even snuffed the classical air of West Point or Lexington, my intended predecessor and actual successor (J. A. Armstrong and C. J. Faulkner), and the next successor (A. S. Pendleton), but chiefly by the selection of me, a man of peace, and soldier of the Prince of Peace, innocent, even in youth, of any tincture of military knowledge. Herein was indeed a strange thing; that I, the parson, tied to him by no blood tie, or interest, and by acquaintanceship only slightest and most transient; that I, at home nursing myself into partial convalescence from tedious fever, contracted in the performance of my spiritual functions among the soldiers of the previous campaign; that I, conscious only of unfitness, in body and mind, for any direct help to the cause, save a most sore apprehension of its need of all righteous help, and true love to it; that such an one as I should, in the spring of 1862, be invited by him to that post. Verily, had not all known "this is a man that doth not jest," it should have seemed to me a jest. But the wisest men, speaking most in God's fear, replied to me: "See that thou be not rash to shut this door, if it be that God hath opened unto thee." And *I feared to shut ti*, until he, by whom the call was uttered, should know how unfit I was to enter in. Further than this, in very truth, my mind went not.

But if you would hear on what wise Jackson was wont to speak, these are the *ipsissima verba*:

"Near Mt. Jackson, April 8th, 1862.

"*My Dear Doctor*:

"The extra session of our Legislature will prevent Mr. Jas. D. Armstrong, of the Virginia Senate, from joining me as my A. A. General. If the position would be acceptable to you, please take the accompanying recommendation to Richmond, get the appointment, and join me at once, provided you can make your arrangements to remain with me during the remainder of the war. Your rank will be that of Major. Your duties will require early rising and industry. Please let me hear from you at once.

"Very truly your friend,

"T. J. JACKSON."

Now, is not the fashion of these words a very revelation to him who will consider of the fashion of the man? He has time to tell that which is essential, but no word more. He makes it known, that his war *means work*, and is no diletantism, or amateur soldiering. Nor is it the warfare of gallant barbarians, wherein much castramental laziness or even license can redeem itself by some burst of daring and animal phrensy; but "early rising and industry." "Now, wilt thou, or wilt thou not?" And, if yes, then let thy act follow thy assent without dallying. But yet, only on one condition must the "yes" be said to such as him, to remain unchanged "during the remainder of the war." He who would aspire to work and fight as Jackson's next assistant, must be one who would not look back after he had put his hand to the plough; but one, who like his master, came to stay with his work until it was ended, except, perchance, God should first end him.

Thus then went I, to show Jackson why I might not enter into this door of service, and yet seem no recreant (in staying out) to my country's needs. I found him at a place, gateway of the mountains that befriended him, named of the vicinage Conrad's Store; the Shenandoah flood before him, and beyond, multitudinous enemies thronging—held at bay, checkmated, gnashing vainly upon him; while he, in the midst of din and marching battalions, going to the watch-post, and splashing squadrons, splashing through mire most villainous, and of snow-wracks and sleet of the ungenial spring,—of "winter lingering in the lap of spring,"—stood calm, patient, modest, yet serious, as though abashed at the meanest man's reverence for him; but at sternest peril unabashed. After most thoughtful, yea, feminine care of food and fire for me, he took me apart saying, "I am glad that you have come." But I told him that I was come, I feared, uselessly, only to reveal my unfitness, and retire; already half-broken by camp-disease, and enervated by student's toil. "But Providence," replied he, "will preserve your health, if he designs to use you." I was unused to arms, and ignorant of all military art. "You can learn," said he. "When would you have me assume my office?" "Rest to-day, and study the 'Articles of War,' and begin to-morrow." "But I have neither outfit, nor arms, nor horse, for immediate service." "My quartermaster shall lend them, until you procure your own." "But

I have a graver disqualification, which candor requires me to disclose to you, first of mortals; I am not sanguine of success; our leaders and legislators do not seem to me to comprehend the crisis, nor our people to respond to it; and, in truth, the impulse which I feel to fly out of my sacred calling, to my country's succor, is chiefly the conviction that her need is so desperate. The effect on me is the reverse of that which the old saw ascribes to the rats when they believe the ship is sinking." "But," saith he, laughing; "If the rats will only run this way, the ship will not sink." Thus was I overruled.

You will remember that theory of his character, which most men were pleased to adopt, when he was first entrusted with command: "This man," said they, "is true, and brave, and religious; but narrow and mechanical. He is the man to lead a fighting battalion, under the direction of a head that can think; but strategy, prudence, science, are not in him. His very reserve and reluctance to confer result from his own consciousness, that he has no faculty of speech nor power of thought, to debate with other men." Had I been capable of so misjudging his silence and modesty, as to adopt this theory, his career must ere this have blown it all into thin air; the first Manassas and Kernstown, and the retreat before Banks had already done *that*, for all save fools. All who served under him had already learned that there was in him abundant thought and counsel, deep and sagacious. He asked questions of all; sought counsel of none; "gave no account to any man of his matters." Once only, did council of war ever sit for him, to help him to "make up his mind." And it was then, by their inferior sagacity, made up so little to his liking, that he asked such aid no more. Power of speech there was in him also, as I witnessed; such truly eloquent speech, as uttered quickly the very heart of his thought, and could fire the heart of the listener. But he deemed that the controversy he waged was no longer parliamentary; that the only logic seemly for us at that stage, was the *ultima ratio Regum*. To such respondent as the times then appointed unto him, the cannon peal, and the charging yell of the "men in grey," were the reply, which to him seemed eloquent: all else was emptier than silence.

But instead of leading you to a brief review of his whole career, which would perforce be trite, because hurried, I would

describe to you some one of the exploits of his genius, which best illustrates it. One of these I suppose to be Port Republic. Let me, then, present it to you.

To comprehend the battles of Port Republic, you must recall the events which ushered them in; the defeat of Milroy at McDowell in the early May of 1862, that of Banks at Winchester; the concentration of Generals Fremont and Shields towards Strasbourg to entrap Jackson at that place; his narrow escape, and retreat up the great Valley to Harrisonburg. He brought with him, perhaps, a force of twelve thousand men, footsore from forced marches, and decimated by their own victories. No more succors could come to Jackson from the east; the coil of the snake around Lee and the Capital was becoming too close for him to assist others; and all that the government expected of Jackson was, to retreat indefinitely, fortunate if he could at once escape complete destruction, and detain the pursuers from a concentration against Richmond. Such was the outlook of affairs upon the 8th of June. On the 11th of June, both the pursuers were in full retreat, broken and shattered, fleeing to shelter themselves near the banks of the Potomac, while Jackson was standing intact, his hands full of trophies, and ready to turn to the help of Lee in his distant death-grapple with Mr. Clellan. Such was the achievement. Let us see how his genius wrought it out.

The skill of the strategist is in availing himself of the natural features of the country, which may be helpful to him. In this case these features were mainly the Blue Ridge mountains, dividing the great Valley from Piedmont, Virginia; the Shenandoah river, a noble stream at all times, and then everywhere unfordable because of its swollen state; and the Great Valley Turnpike, a paved road extending parallel to the mountain and river, from the Potomac to Staunton. From a point east of Strasburg to another point east of Harrisonburg extends the Masanuttin mountain, a ridge of fifty miles length, parallel to the Blue Ridge, and dividing the Great Valley into two valleys. Down the eastern of these, usually called the Page-county valley, the main river passes, down the other passes the great road. Up this road, west of the Masanuttin mountain was Jackson now retreating, in his deliberate, stubborn fashion, while Fremont's 18,000 pursued him. Up another road parallel, but

on the eastern side both of that mountain and of the main river, marched Shields, with his 8,000 picked troops. Neither had any pontoon train, for Banks had burned his in his impotent flight in May. Why did not Shields, upon coming over from the Piedmont to Front Royal, for the purpose of intercepting Jackson in the lower valley, at once cross the Shenandoah and place himself in effectual concert with his partner, Fremont? He had possession of a bridge at Front Royal. They were endeavoring to practice a little lesson in the art of war, which they fancied they had learned from the great teacher, Jackson, which they desired to improve, because it was learned, as they sorely felt, at the cost of grievous stripes, and indignities worse than those of the dunce-block. But their teacher would show them again, that they were not yet instructed enough to descend from that "bad eminence." Let me explain this first lesson.

The Blue-Ridge, parallel to the great Valley road, is penetrated only at certain "gaps," by roads practicable for armies. On the east of it lay the teeming Piedmont land, untouched by ravage as yet, and looking towards the capital and the main army of the Confederacy. This mountain, if Jackson chose to resort to it, was both his fastness and his "base of operations"; for the openings of its gaps offered him natural strongholds, unassailable by an enemy, with free communication at his rear for drawing supplies or for retreating. When Banks first pursued him up the Valley, he had turned aside at Harrisonburg to the eastward, and seated himself behind the river at Conrad's-Store in the mouth of Swift Run Gap. And then Banks began to get his first glimpse of his lesson in strategy. He found that his coveted way (up the great Valley road) *was now parallel to his enemy's base.* Even into his brain did the inconvenience of such line of advance now insinuate itself, and he paused at Harrisonburg. Paused awkwardly, with the road open to his coveted prize, Staunton, the strategic key of the commonwealth, with not a man in gray there to affright his doughty pickets: the quarry trembling for the expected swoop of the vulture. Forward, General Banks. *Carpe diem;* the road is open! But Banks would not forward—could not! There was a poised eagle upon the vulture's flank, with talons and beak ready to tear out the vitals beneath his left wing. Shall Banks face to the left and drag the eagle from his aerie,

and then advance? Let him try that. Then, there is the water-flood in front to be crossed, only by one long, narrow bridge, which would be manifestly a bridge of Lodi, but not with obtuse, kraut-consuming Austrians behind it. And there is the mountain, opening its dread jaws, right and left, to devour the assailant. No, Banks cannot even *try* that! What then shall he try? Alas, poor man, he knows not what; he must consider, sitting meanwhile upon that most pleasant village of Harrisonburg, amidst its green meadows. Is not the village now his veritable dunce-stool for the time, where he shall sit, reluctant, uneasy, "swelling and snubbing," until it appear whether he can learn his horn-book or not? And it was while he was there sitting, the horn-book not mastered, that Jackson like the tornado, made his first astounding gyration, his first thunder-clap at McDowell, away on the western mountain, his second echoing to it from Front Royal on the far east, his crowning, rending crash at Winchester. And Masters Banks and Shields find themselves with incomprehensible smoke and dust, clean outside the school-room, yea, the play-ground, they scarcely know how (they "stood not on the order of their going"), with eyes very widely glaring, yet with but little light of speculation in them.

This was lesson number first. And now say my masters to each other, "This lesson which cost us so dear, learned by buffetings so rude, yea, even kicks, with the bitter chorus of inextinguishable laughter of rivals, shall we not profit by it? Shall we not use it in our turn? Yea, we will not be always dunces: we will let people see that we can say, at least, that lesson again. The lion will retreat surlily, after he brake the toils at Strasburg, up the great Valley road, growling defiance, huge ribs of the prey between his jaws. Fremont shall closely pursue his rear with 18,000, and Shields shall advance abreast, between him and the mountain, with 8,000, to nead him off from his rock-fastness. We shall circumvent him in the open field; we shall confound him on the right hand and the left; the one shall amuse him in front, when he stands at bay, and the other shall smite him by guile under the ribs; and we shall take his spoils." And, therefore, it was that Shields crossed not the river below, at Strasburg, but remained apart from his mate.

They forgot that it is the prerogative of genius, to have no

need to repeat itself; its resources are ever new; it can invent, can *create* upon occasion. It is dull dunce-hood, which only knows how to repeat the lesson that has been well beaten into it. The Southern Lion, then, marches surlily up the great Valley, turning at bay here and there, when the whelps dog his heels too insolently, with a glare and a growl instructive to them to observe a wholesome interval; while Ashby, ubiquitous, peers everywhere over the Masanuttin, upon the advance of Shields—burns bridge after bridge, Mount Jackson bridge, White House bridge, Columbia bridge, entailing continued insolation upon him. The mighty hunt reaches Harrisonburg. Will it turn again eastward to the mountain? Shields shall see, he reaches Conrad's store. There is the old lair, the munition of rocks, but no Jackson seeking to crouch in it; only the bridge leading to it (and which alone could lead him out of it), just in flames. Evidently Jackson will teach some other lesson this time, and Shields and Fremont must learn it, at what cost they may. He will turn eastward again, and resort to the river and the mountains, whose floods and forests he will make fight for him, even as "the stars in their courses fought against Sisera," but under conditions wholly novel.

Now that you may comprehend Jackson, I must endeavor to make you *see* this region of Port Republic, as nearly as may be. Behold then the side road from Harrisonburg to that village, passing over sundry miles of those high hills, common to calcareous regions, (lofty as the highest viewed from the northernmost end of your Druid Hill Park), mostly parallel to each other, and at right angles to the road, clad also frequently with woodlands upon their summits, the vales between filled with farms. Close at the foot of the last of these ridges flows the shining river, here running almost due east, as does the great mountain parallel to it, three miles away. Look thitherward, and between you and that green rampart you see, first the water, then smooth meadows far below you, spreading wider to the left, away to Lewiston, until their breadth expands almost to a mile; while underneath you stretches the long bridge, and nestles the white village amidst the level fields. Beyond, the forest begins, thick, tangled and bosky, pierced by more narrow, serpentine, but easy roadways, than your eye would suspect, and spreads away, rising into hills as it recedes towards the true

mountain foot. Just below the village comes a sparkling tributary, South river, deemed scarcely worthy of a bridge, and mingles its waters at the angle of the little green with its elder sister; while the one broad thoroughfare leads up the village and away to the southwest to Staunton; and the other, fording the lesser stream to the left, plunges into the forest to seek Brown's Gap. Look now, far away to the east, where river and mountain begin to lose themselves in the summer haze. You perceive that the tangled wilderness, after embaying one more modest farm below Lewiston, closes in upon the bank of the stream, ending for many miles, champaign and tillage, and allowing but one narrow highway to Conrad's Store, fifteen miles away. Such is your landscape from your elevated outlook northwest of the river; and this is the chess-board upon which the master hand is to move knights and castles, not his own merely, but also his adversary's.

Saturday, the 7th of June, Jackson led all his troops to those high hills northwest of the river, posting half of them three miles back, under Ewell, to confront Fremont, and the remainder upon the heights overlooking Port-Republic, while he himself crossed the bridge and lodged in that village. That evening Fremont sat down before Ewell, and Shields, perceiving that he must seek Jackson still farther, pushed his army up the narrow forest road from Conrad's Store, and showed its head at Lewiston. Thus, Jackson's army and Fremont's were upon the one side of the river, Shield's and the village upon the other. To cross it there remained now but the one passage, which lay under the muzzles of Jackson's cannon, for all the bridges above and below had been burned.

Fremont and Shields would now, therefore, apply the old strategy, which red tape once deemed appropriate for the superior numbers. They would *surround* Jackson on sundry sides, with divided forces, from different directions, and thus crush him. The lessons of the old Napoleon had not been enough to teach them; this new Virginian Napoleon will, perhaps, illuminate their obtuseness, but with light too sulphurous for their delectation. This old plan, attempted against a wakeful and rapid adversary, capable of striking successive blows, only invites him "to divide and conquer." This Jackson will now teach them in his own time, and it shall be lesson number second.

They shall never strike together; nay, Shields shall never strike at all, but be stricken; thus hath the master of the game already decided.

Shall Jackson, then, hold Shields at arms' length, and strike the larger prey, Fremont, first? This the impassable river and the dominant position of his artillery overlooking the bridge, enabled him to do. He might have driven back Shields's co-operative advance in the meadows beneath, by a storm of shells, while he assailed his partner three miles away; and Shields might have beguiled the day, by looking helplessly over at the smoke surging up over the tree-tops, and listening to the thunder of the battle rolling back to Harrisonburg with Fremont's defeat; or, by reckoning when his own time would come, if that better pleased him. Shall Jackson, then, strike Fremont first? "Yes," said Ewell: "Strike the larger game first." But Jackson said, "No. The risk is less to deal first with the weaker. In a battle with Shields, should disaster perchance befall us, we shall be near our trains, and our way of retreat; and true courage, however much prudent audacity it may venture, never boasts itself invulnerable. But if an inauspicious attack were made on Fremont, the defeated Confederates would have behind them a deep river, to be crossed only by one narrow bridge, and a line of retreat threatened by Shields's unbroken force. Again, Shields defeated, had but one difficult and narrow line of retreat, between the flood and the mountain, and might be probably destroyed. Fremont, if defeated, had an open country and many roads by which to retire; and could not be far pursued, with Shields's force still unbroken threatening our rear." Thus argued Jackson, but only to himself, then; he was wont to give no account of his measures to others.

Shall Jackson, then, prepare to deal with his weaker adversary, by withdrawing all his arms to the Southern side, burning the bridge behind him, and thus leaving Fremont an idle spectator of Shields's overthrow? Again, No; and for two reasons: First, this would permit Fremont to crown all those dominating heights on the north side, with his artillery, so that Shields, though still separated from *his* friends by the water, might enjoy the effectual shelter of their guns. And second, supposing Shields dealt with satisfactorily, then it might be

desired to pay the same polite attentions to Fremont; and Jackson meant not to deprive himself too soon of the means of access to him. Shields, then, shall be first attended to, on the south side; but yet the bridge not destroyed, nor the heights beyond surrendered.

Paper No. 2.

(Conclusion.)

This plan, then, is clear even to the civic apprehension, as offering fewest risks and largest promise—in a word, the perfection of sagacity; and with so many men in gray as might match two-fold numbers of enemies (odds rather favorable, if not light and trivial, compared with the customary), it seems to promise safely. Perhaps some may even say that these reasonings *are* clear and just, even too much so to imply peculiar genius in Jackson. Remember, friend, Columbus and his egg. Jackson's *performance* hath illustrated this problem for you, made it all plain, which to him was all novel, urgent, and to have its right solution by him alone invented, then and there, under pressure of dire responsibility and penalty of portentous ruin and manifold destruction. These, friend, thou wouldst not have found propitious or helpful for clear meditation and judgment the night of that 7th of June. Believe me, the problem did not *then* seem easy, or even soluble to us, as men whispered by the watch-fires, with bated breath: "Jackson is surrounded." Our eyes, then beclouded with apprehension, confused, saw no light; but he, clear-eyed and serene, with genius braced by his steadfast heart and devout faith, saw all possibilities, and whence deliverance might dawn out of seeming darkness. And these two chiefest traits of greatness I recognized in Jackson through these transactions: First, that urgent and critical peril did not agitate nor confuse his reason, nor make him hang vacillating, uneasy and impotent to decide between the alternatives, but only nerved and steadied his faculties; that he ever thought best where other men could least think. Second, that he knew how to distinguish the decisive points from the unessential, and, grasping those with iron strength, to form from them an inflexible conclusion.

Events, then, had showed Jackson these things by the close of Saturday, June the 7th. Why did he delay to strike this time, so unlike his wont? The 8th was "the Sabbath of the Lord," which he would fain honor always, if the wicked would let him. *Not by him* should the sanctity and repose of that bright, calm Sabbath be broken. When I went to him early, saying, "I suppose, General, divine service is out of the question to-day?" his reply was, "Oh, by no means; I hope you will preach in the Stonewall Brigade, and I shall attend myself—that is, if we are not disturbed by the enemy." Thus I retired, to doff the gray for the time and don the parson's black. But those enemies cherished no such reverence. As at the first Manassas, and so many other pitched battles, they selected the holy day for an unholy deed. They supposed that the toils were closed again around the prey, and were eager to win the spoils before they escaped them. Shields, then, moves first to strike Jackson's rear, a detachment of cavalry, with two cannon in front, who sweep away the pickets with a sudden rush, dash pell-mell across the lesser river, into the street, almost as soon as the fugitives who would tell their coming. Then is there at headquarters mad haste, Jackson leaping into the saddle and galloping (the pass even now scarcely open) for the bridge and his army; Staff following as they may; one and another too late (as Colonel Crutchfield, our Chief of Artillery), and captured in mid street; a few yet, more too late, and wholly unable to follow; I, of course, again doffing the black to don the gray, among these last. Right briskly did those invaders (bold, quick men, for Yankees), occupy the village, plant cannon at each end of it, spy out Jackson's trains, and begin to reach forth the hand to grasp them, while we, cut off and almost powerless, make such resistance as we may. Haste thee, Master Shields. "What thou doest do quickly!" for NEMESIS is coming, and thy time is short—too short, alas! for Shields, for mortal man; for lo! yonder, *one* hath clattered through the bridge, and bounding up the heights where the forces lay, pressed his steed with burning spurs, his visage all aglow and blue eye blazing, and shouts: "Beat the Long Roll!" Drums roll with palpitating throb; men spring to the ranks, cannoneers harness; and ere Shields can brush away the flimsy obstacles between him and the trains, already Jackson comes streaming back with Poague's battery and

Fulkerson's tall riflemen—streaming down the hill, a flashing torrent. There is one crash of thunder, one ringing volley, one wild yell; the bayonets gleam through the shadowy cavern of the bridge, and the thing is done. Hostile cannon lie disabled, horses weltering around them in blood; intruders flee pell-mell, splashing through the stream, whither they came; while Jackson stands alone, over on the green hillside, still, calm, and reverent, his hand lifted in prayer and thanksgiving that the village is won again. But it is only for a moment, for he knows what more remains to be done. He remounts the heights, and there, sure enough, is Shields's army advancing up the meadows from Lewiston, ranks dressed, banners flying, in all the bravery of their pomp. Jackson utters a few quiet words, and Poague's guns, reinforced by others, remove to the next hill, depress their grim muzzles, and rain down an iron storm across the river, which lashes Shields back to his covert.

Jackson trusted Providence, and here Providence took care of him in a most timely way. Our Colonel Crutchfield, detained amidst his captors in the village street, shall tell how the intervention looked from his point of view. The cavalry Colonel commanding Shields's advance had only just disarmed him, when a Yankee vidette, who had ventured a little up the Staunton Road, came hurrying back, his eyes glaring with elation, and exclaimed: "Colonel Carrell! you have as good as got Jackson's trains; they are right above here, in sight; I have seen thousands of the white wagon-covers shining! You have nothing to do but ride forward and take them!" "Yes!" avouched Crutchfield's despairing thought, "he has them! There are no train-guards, and those white sheets, as I wofully know, are the covers of my ordnance-train, containing all the artillery ammunition and most of the other for the whole army. Colonel Carrell may not remain here permanently, but nothing can prevent his riding thither and doing irreparable mischief before Jackson's return."

Such was also the Yankee's thought, for he immediately ordered a strong squadron of his cavalry to go up and capture those trains. So the horsemen formed in column and advanced up the street, leaving Colonel Crutchfield in silent despair. But near the head of that street they were met by a discharge of canister at close quarters. The balls came ricocheting down the

road amidst the horses' legs, and back came the column in head long flight, with a tempest of dust. Said Crutchfield's thoughts to him: "Did those cannons drop from the skies? Did the angels fire them? I thought I was artillery-chief to that army, and had posted all the guns, and I thought I knew that there was no artillery there." But none the less did the mysterious guns hold their post, despite the cannonading of the Yankee battery accompanying their advance; and whenever the attacking column of cavalry was advanced, lash it back to the side-alleys with canister-shot until Jackson re-occupied the village.

The explanation was that there was a new battery, that of Captain Carrington, of Albemarle, just arrived, which Colonel Crutchfield had found so partially equipped and so absolutely unskilled, that he had relegated it with the baggage, and thus had actually discounted it in his mind as anything more than baggage. Two guns of this battery had been brought forward, with fragments of the fleeing Confederate pickets for supports, and with that audacity which, as Jackson taught, was on some occasions the most timely discretion, had made its little fight and saved the trains.

But now the cannonade answers back from Cross-Keys, where Fremont crowds upon Ewell, endeavoring to keep his part of the *rendezvous*. How the fight raged there through the day, while Jackson vibrated thither and back, watchful of all points, I need not detain you to relate; for your history-books may tell you all this, as also how Ewell hurled back his adversary, and held his own stoutly at all points. One little thing I may relate, not flattering to myself, which may be to you a revelation of Jackson's mind, (and may also be taken as an example of the scant encouragement which suggestions from subordinates usually met). As he sat upon his horse, scanning the region whither Shields had retired, I moved to his side and asked: "There is, then, a general action at Cross-Keys?" The answer was an affirmative nod. "Then General Shields will not be blind to the importance of his co-operating in it; he will surely attack you again to-day?" Hereupon he turned upon me, as though vexed with my obtuseness, with brows knit, and waving his clenched fist towards the commanding positions of the artillery near him, said: "No, sir; he *cannot* do it, sir. I should tear him to pieces!" And Shields did not do it, because he could not!

The two Yankee Generals have now had their forwardness a little rebuked; are taught to keep their places quietly until they are wanted. The Sabbath-eve has descended as calmly as though no blood or crime had polluted it, and Jackson has rested until the mid-night hour ushers in the working day with a waning moon. He then addresses himself to *his* work and takes the aggressive. The trains are sent over to Ewell to carry rations to his hungry men and to replenish the guns with their horrid food; a foot bridge is prepared for the infantry over South river, by which they may be passed towards Lewiston. Ewell is directed to creep away at daybreak, from Fremont's front, leaving only a skirmish line to amuse him, and to concentrate against Shields. Colonel Patton, one of the two commanders who are to lead this line, is sent for to receive his personal instructions from Jackson. "I found him," says Colonel Patton, "in the small hours of the night, erect, and elate with animation and pleasure. He began by saying: 'I am going to fight. Yes, we shall engage Shields this morning at sunrise. Now, I wish you to throw out all your men before Fremont as skirmishers, and to make a great show, so as to cause the enemy to think the whole army are behind you. Hold your position as well as you can; then fall back when obliged; take a new position; hold it in the same way, and I will be back to join you in the morning.'" Colonel Patton reminded him that his brigade was small, and that the country between Cross-Keys and the Shenandoah afforded few natural advantages for protecting such manoeuvres. He therefore desired to know for how long a time he would be expected to hold Fremont in check. He replied: "By the blessing of Providence, I hope to be *back by ten o'clock.*"

Here then we have the disclosure of his *real plan* to which he makes no reference in his own official report. He proposed to finish with Shields, peradventure to *finish Shields*, by ten o'clock. Five hours should be enough to settle *his* account, and he would then go straight back to see after Fremont. By ten o'clock of the same day he would meet his retreating skirmish line north of the river, arrest the retrograde movement and be ready, if Fremont had stomach for it, to fight a second pitched battle with his army, more than double the one vanquished in the morning. As to the measure of Shield's disaster, it was to

be complete; dispersion and capture of his whole force, with all his *material*. As Napoleon curtly said at the battle of *Rivoli*, concerning the Austrian division detached around the mountain to beset his rear: "*Ils sont a nous;*" so it seems had Jackson decreed of Shields's men: "They belong to us." This the whole disposition of his battle clearly discloses. I have described to you the position which Shields had assumed at Lewiston, with his line stretching from the forest to the river. Behind him were a few more smooth and open fields; and then the wilderness closed in to the river, tangled and trackless, overlooking the position of the Federal line in height, and allowing but one narrow track to the rear. It was a true funnel—almost a *cul de sac*. These then, were Jackson's dispositions. General Richard Taylor, with his Louisiana brigade, accompanied by a battery of artillery, was to plunge into the woods by those tortuous tracks which I have mentioned, to creep through the labyrinths, avoiding all disturbance of the enemy, until he had passed clear beyond his left, was to enfilade his short and crowded line, was to find position for his battery on some commanding hillock at the edge of the copsewood, and was to control the narrow road which offered the only line of retreat. The Stonewall brigade was to amuse the enemy meantime, in front, until these fatal adjustments were made, when the main weight of the army should crowd upon them, and they should be driven back upon the impassible river, hemmed in from their retreat, cannonaded from superior positions, ground, in short, between the upper and nether millstones, dissipated and captured. This was the morning's meal with which Jackson would break his fast. Then, for his afternoon work, he designed to re-occupy his formidable position in front of Fremont upon the north of the river, and either fight and win another battle the same day, or postpone the *coup de grace* to his second adversary until the next morning, as circumstances might dictate.

Such was the splendid audacity of Jackson's real design. Only a part of it was accomplished; you may infer that only a part of it was feasible, and that the design was too audacious to be all realized. I do not think so; only two trivial circumstances prevented the actual realization of the whole. When the main weight of the Confederate army was thrown against Shields he *was* crushed (though not captured) in the space of

two hours. Again, Fremont had been, on the previous day, so roughly handled by Ewell, with six thousand men, that he did not venture even to feel the Confederate position, guarded really only by a skirmish line, until ten o'clock the next day, and such was his own apprehension of his weakness, that as soon as he learned Shields's disaster definitely, he retreated with haste, even though there was now no bridge by which Jackson might reach him. Why then a performance so short of the magnificent conception? The answer was in two little circumstances. The guide who *thought* he knew the paths by which to lead General Taylor to the enemy's rear (a professional officer of the engineers) did not know; he became confused in the labyrinth; he led out the head of the column unexpectedly in front of instead of beyond their left, and General Taylor concluded he had no choice but to hold his ground and precipitate the attack. That was blunder first; a little one seemingly, but pregnant with disappointment. And here let me remark upon a mischievous specimen of red-tapeism, which I saw often practiced to our detriment, even sometimes by Jackson, who was least bound by professional trammels. It was the employing of engineer officers, with their pocket compasses and pretty, red and blue crayon, hypothetical maps, as country guides; instead of the men of the vicinage with local knowledge. Far better would it have been for Jackson had he now inquired among Ashby's troopers for the boy who had hunted foxes and rabbits through the coppices around Lewiston. Him should he have set to guide Taylor's brigade to the enemy's rear, with a Captain's commission before him if he guided it to victory, and a pistol's muzzle behind his left ear in case he played false.

The other blunder was, in appearance, even more trivial: The footbridge, constructed by moonlight, and designed to pass four men abreast, proved at one point so unsteady that only a single plank of it could be safely used. Thus, what was designed to be a massive column was reduced from that point onward to a straggling "Indian file." Instead of passing over the infantry in the early morning, we were still urging them forward when the appointed ten o'clock had come and gone, and the first attack on Shields, made with forces wholly inadequate, had met with a bloody repulse. Jackson, burning with eagerness, had flown to the front as soon as the Stone-

wall brigade was passed over, leaving to me a strict injunction to remain at the bridge and expedite the crossing of the other troops. First the returning trains, mingled in almost inextricable confusion with the marching column, was to be disentangled, amidst much wrong-headedness of little Q. M.'s swollen with a mite of brief authority. This effectually done; the defect of the bridge disclosed itself. Can it not be speedily remedied? No; not without a total arrest of the living stream, which none dared to order. Then began I to suggest, to advise, to urge, that the bridge be disused wholly and that the men take to the water *en masse* (kindly June water). For although it was Jackson's wont to enlighten *none* as to his plans; yet even my inexperienced ear was taught by the cannon thundering at Lewiston, that we should all have been, ere this, *there*; not pothering *here*, in straggling Indian file. Well did I know how Jackson's soul at that hour would avouch that word of Napoleon: "Ask me for *anything but time*." But no: "Generals had their orders: to march by the bridge." "They would usurp no discretion." Punctilious obedient men they! "keeping the word of promise to the ears, but breaking it to the sense." Well, in such fashion was the golden opportunity lost; and Jackson, at mid-day, instead of returning victorious to confront Fremont, must send word to his skirmish line, to come away and burn the bridge behind them, while he reinforces his battle against Shields and crushes down his stubborn (yea right gallant) resistance, with stern decision. Thus he must content himself with one victory instead of two, and in that one, chase his enemy away like a baffled wolf instead of ensnaring him wholly and drawing his fangs.

Who can hear this story of victory thus organized and almost within the grasp—victory which should have been more splendid than Marengo—so shorn of half its rays, without feeling a pungent, burning, sympathetic disappointment? Did not such a will as Jackson's then surge like a volcano at this default? No. There was no fury chafing against the miscarriage, no discontent, no rebuke. Calm and contented, Jackson rode back from the pursuit and devoted himself to the care of the wounded and to prudent precautions for protection. "*God did it*." That was his philosophy. There is an omniscient Mind which purposes, an ever present Providence which superin-

tends; so that when the event has finally disclosed his will, the good man has found out what is best. He did not know it before, and therefore he followed, with all his might, the best lights of his own imperfect reason; but now that God has told him, by the issue, it is his part to study acquiescence—

Such was "Stonewall Jackson's way."

This, my friends, is a bright dream, but it is passed away. Jackson is gone, and the cause is gone. All the victories which he won are lost again. The penalty we pay for the pleasure of the dream is the pain of the awakening. I profess unto you that one of the most consoling thoughts which remain to me amidst the waking realities of the present, is this: that Jackson and other spirits like him are spared the defeat. I find that many minds sympathize with me in the species of awful curiosity to know what Jackson would have done at our final surrender. It is a strange, a startling conjunction of thoughts: Jackson, with his giant will, his unblenching faith, his heroic devotion, face to face, after all, with the lost cause! What would he have done? This question has been often asked me, and my answer has always been: In no event could Jackson have survived to see the cause lost. What, you say: would he have been guilty of suicide? Would he, in the last-lost battle, have sacrificed himself upon his country's funeral pyre? No. But I believe that as his clear eye saw the approaching catastrophe, his faithful zeal would have spurred him to strive so devotedly to avert it that he would either have overwrought his powers or met his death in generous forgetfulness (not in intentional desperation) on the foremost edge of the battle. For him there was destined to be no subjugation! The God whom he served so well was too gracious to his favorite son. Less faithful servants, like us, may need this bitter scourge. He was meeter for his reward.

Yes, there is solid consolation in the thought: Jackson is dead. Does it seem sometimes as we stand beside the little green mound at the Lexington graveyard, a right pitiful thing, that here, beneath these few feet of turf, garnished with no memorial but a faded wreath (faded like the cause he loved) and the modest little stone placed there by the trembling hand of a weeping woman (only hand generous and brave enough

even to rear a stone to Jackson in all the broad land baptized by his heart's blood), that *there* lies all this world contains of that great glory. That this pure devotion, this matchless courage, this towering genius are all clean gone forever out of this earth; gone amidst the utter wreck of the beloved cause which inspired them. Ah, but it was more pitiful to see a Lee bearing his proud, sad head above that sod, surrounded by the skeleton of that wreck, head stately as of old, yet bleached prematurely by irremediable sorrow, with that eye revealing its measureless depths of grief even beneath its patient smile. More pitiful to see the great heart break with an anguish which it would not stoop to utter, because it must behold its country's death, and was forbidden of God to die before it. But pitifulest of all is the sight of those former comrades of Jackson and Lee, who are willing to live and to be basely consoled with the lures of the oppressor, and who thus survive not only their country, but their own manhood. Yes, beside that sight the grave of Jackson is luminous with joy.

I well remember the only time when I saw him admit a prognostic of final defeat. It was a Sabbath day of May, 1862, as bright and calm as that which ushered in the battle of Port Republic. We were riding alone, slowly, to a religious service in a distant camp, and communing of our cause, not then as superior with inferior, but as friend with friend. I disclosed to Jackson the grounds of the apprehensions which I always harbored in secret, but which I made it my duty to conceal, after the strife was once unavoidable, from every mortal save him. He defended his more cheerful hopes. He urged the surprising success of the Confederate government in organizing armies and acquiring material of war in the face of an adversary who would have been deemed overwhelming, and especially the goodness of Divine Providence in giving us, so far, so many deliverances. I re-asserted my apprehensions with a pertinacity which was, perhaps, uncivil. I pointed out that the people were not rising as a whole to the height of the terrible crisis. That while the minority (all honor to them) were nobly sacrificing themselves in the breach, others were venal and selfish, eager to depute to hireling substitutes the glorious privilege of defending their own homes and rights, and to make a sordid traffic out of the necessities of the glorious

martyrs who were at the front dying for them. That it was at least questionable whether such men were not predestined slaves. That the government was manifestly unequal to the arduous enterprise and entangled in the plodding precedents of dull mediocrity, instead of rising to the exertion of lofty genius and heroism. Witness, for instance, the deplorable military policy which left our first critical victory without fruits; a blunder which no government would be allowed by a righteous Providence to repeat often, with impunity; because it is as truly a law of God's administration, as of his grace, which is expressed in the fearful question: "How can ye escape who neglect so great salvation?" That neither government nor people seemed awake to the absolute necessity of striking quickly in a revolutionary war like ours; but they were settling down to a regular, protracted contest, in which the machinery of professional warfare would gradually, but surely, abolish that superiority of the Southern citizen-soldier over the Yankee mercenary, which the honor and courage of the former gave him while both were undrilled; a routine-war in which we should measure our limited resources against their unlimited ones, instead of measuring patriotic gallantry against sluggishness. That the final issue of such a struggle must be the exhaustion of our means of resistance by gradual attrition, which would render all our victories unavailing. At length, as I enlarged upon the points, Jackson turned himself upon his saddle towards me and said, with a smile which yet had a serious meaning in it: "Stop, Major Dabney; you will make me low-spirited!" He then rode in silence for some moments, and said as though to himself: "I don't profess any romantic indifference to life; and certainly, in my own private relations, I have as much that is dear to wish to live for, as any man. But I do not desire to survive the independence of my country." These words were uttered with a profound, pensive earnestness, which effectually ended the debate.

 Jackson prayed for the independence of his country; or, if that might not be, he desired not to survive its overthrow. God could not grant the former, for reasons to be seen anon, wherefore he granted the latter. The man died at the right time. He served the purpose of the Divine Wisdom in his generation. He went upward and onward upon the flood-tide

of his fame and greatness, until it reached its very *acme*; and thence he went up to his rest. After that came the ebb-tide, the stranding, and the wreck. This, surely, is a singular mark of Heaven's favor, lifting him almost to the rank of that antediluvian hero "who walked with God, and he was not; for God took him." When his fame and success were at their zenith, never yet blighted by disaster; when the cause he loved better than life was most hopeful; when he had just performed his most brilliant exploit, and could leave his country all jubilant with his praise, and glowing with gratitude for his deliverance; before the coming woe had projected upon his spirit even the fringe of that shadow which would have been to him colder than death—that was the time for Jackson to be translated.

The other thing, which alone would have been better—to lead his country on from triumph to triumph to final deliverance—to hang up his sword in the sanctuary, and to sit down a freeman amidst the people he had saved—that we would not permit God to effect; and that we were not fit to have such deliverance wrought for us, even by a Jackson, this God would demonstrate before he took him away; for the true great man is a gift from heaven, informed with a portion of its own life and fire. Some small critics have argued that great men are born in their times; that they are mere impersonations of the moral forces common to their contemporaries. This, be assured, may be true of that species of little great men, of whom Shakespeare writes, that "they have greatness thrust on them." The true hero is not made by his times, but makes *them*, if indeed material of greatness be in them. They wait for him, in sore need, perhaps, of his kindling touch, groping in perilous darkness towards destruction, for want of his true light: they produce him not. God sends him. There be three missions for such a true great man among men. If "the iniquity of the Amorites is already full," the Great Power, the wicked great man, Caesar or Napoleon, is sent among them to seduce them to their ruin. If they be worthy of greatness, and have in them any true substance to be kindled by the heroic fire, the good hero, your Moses or Washington, shall be sent unto them for deliverance. If it be not yet manifest to men whether the times be the one or the other, Amoritish, utterly reprobate, and fit only for anarchy or slavery, or else with

seed of nobleness in them, and capable of true glory (though to Him who commissions the hero there be no mystery nor contingency which is not manifest), then will he send one, or peradventure several, who shall be *touchstones* to that people, to "try them so as by fire," whether there be worth in them or no. And then shall this God-sent man show forth an exemplar to his people, which shall be unto them a test, whether they, having eyes, see, or see not the true glory and right, and whether they have hearts to understand and love it. And then shall he bring nigh deliverances unto them, full of promise and hope, yet mutable, which are God's *overtures* saying unto them: "Come now and let us reason together. If ye be willing and obedient, ye shall eat the good of the land; but if ye refuse and rebel, ye shall be devoured with the sword; for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it." Will ye, or will ye not? Thus was Jackson God's interrogatory to this people, saying to them: "Will ye be like him, and be saved? Lo, there! What would a *nation* of Jacksons be? That may ye be! How righteousness exalteth a people! Shall this judgment and righteousness 'be the stability of thy times, O Confederate, and strength of thy salvation?'" And these mighty deliverances at Manassas, Winchester, Port Republic, Chickahominy, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, were they not manifest *overtures* to us to have the God of Jackson and Lee for our God, and be saved? "Here is the path; walk ye in it."

And what said our people? Many honestly answered, "Yea, Lord, we will"; of whom the larger part walked whither Jackson did, and now lie with him in glory. But another part answered, "Nay," and they live, on such terms as we see, even such as they elected. To them, also, it was plain that Jackson's truth and justice and devotion to duty were the things that made him great and unconquerable. Even the wicked avouched this. Therefore a nation of such like men must needs be unconquerable and free. But they would not be free on such terms. Nay; they preferred rather to walk after their own vanities. Verily they have their reward! Let the contrast appear in two points. Jackson writes thus to his wife:

"You had better not sell your coupons from the" (Confederate) "bonds, as I understand they are paid in gold; but let the Confederacy keep the gold. Citizens should not receive a cent of gold from the government when it is so scarce."

Set over against this the spectacle of almost the many, except the soldiers, gone mad at the enhancement of prices with speculation and extortion, greedy to rake together paper money, mere rags and trash, while such as Jackson were pouring out money and blood in the death grapple for them. Take another: He writes to his wife, Christmas, 1862, in answer to the inquiry whether he could not visit her, and see the child upon which he had never looked, while the army was in winter-quarters:

"It appears to me that it is better for me to remain with my command so long as the war continues, if our ever-gracious Heavenly Father permits. The army suffers immensely by absentees. If all our troops, officers and men, were at their posts, we might, through God's blessing, expect a more speedy termination of the war. The temporal affairs of some are so deranged as to make a strong plea for their returning home for a short time; but our God has greatly blessed me and mine during my absence; and whilst it would be a great comfort to see you, and my darling little daughter, and others in whom I take special interest, yet duty appears to require me to remain with my command. It is most important that those at headquarters set an example by remaining at the post of duty."

Look now from this picture of steadfastness in duty to the multitudes of absentees and of stalwart young men shirking the army by every slippery expedient. So these answered back to God's overture: "Mammon is dearer than manhood, and inglorious ease than liberty." The disclosure was now made that this people could not righteously be free, was not fit for it, and that God was just. Jackson could now go home to his rest. He in the haven, the ebb-tide might begin; he safely housed, the storm of adversity might burst.

The thing to be most painfully pondered then, by this people, is: Whether the fate of Jackson, and such like, is not proof that we have been weighed in the balances and found wanting? How readeth the handwriting on the wall? Not hopefully, in verity of truth, if Truth, which heroes worship, be indeed eternal, and be destined to assert herself ever. Jackson, alas, lies low, under the little hillock in Lexington graveyard, and Lee frets out his great heart-strings at this world-wide vision of falsehood and vile lucre, cruel as sordid, trium-

phant, unwhipped of justice; while the men who ride prosperously are they who sell themselves to work iniquity, and who say "Evil, be thou my good." Yea, these are the men whom the people delighteth to honor; to whom the churches and ministers of God in this land bow down, proclaiming: "Verily success is divine; and Might it maketh right; and the Power of this world, *it* shall be God unto us." And while the grave of heroic Truth and virtue has no other memento than the humble stone placed there by a feeble woman's hand, pompous monuments of successful wrong affront the skies with their altitude, "calling evil good and good evil, and putting darkness for light and light for darkness." We fear that when Truth shall re-assert herself it will go ill with this generation.