



GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON.

LIFE AND LETTERS
OF
GENERAL THOMAS J. JACKSON.
(STONEWALL JACKSON)

BY HIS WIFE
(MORRISON)
MARY ANNA JACKSON
A¹¹

WITH AN INTRODUCTION
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CHAPTER XIX.

GLIMPSES OF HOME JOYS.—BIRTH OF A DAUGHTER—1862.

It will now be a relief to turn aside for a season from the horrible pictures of war which have been so long before us to some more restful and attractive pages in the history of General Jackson's life. In order to do this, we will begin by going back as far as the spring of 1862, and glean some extracts from the letters of Mrs. Graham, of Winchester, in whose hospitable home we spent the first winter of the war; letters written to me from time to time, which will show how warm a friendship grew out of this association, and of which he was the chief subject.

The correspondence began soon after the first evacuation of Winchester by the Confederates, dating from the 3d of April, 1862.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,— . . . The events of the past few weeks have been so strange, so new, and so dreadful, that I almost feel as if I had entered upon a new existence; and when I sit and recall the pleasant hours that we passed together last winter, and the dear general's brief but happy visits to us, with all that delightful interchange of Christian and social intercourse, it seems like a bright dream. ‘Oh, could those days but come again!’ I feel as though that would be almost too much happiness. The occupation of our town by

the Federals came upon me like a dreadful shock. I had never permitted myself to believe for an instant that they would ever get here. I had a firm conviction that reinforcements were somewhere within reach, for, of course, we knew that our general, brave and splendid as he is, could not withstand an overwhelming force with his little band, but still I believed something would turn up to keep them away; and when he came to tell us good-by, looking so sad (and I know he *felt* deeply grieved), I felt stunned, and could scarcely trust myself to speak, lest I should say something to add to his troubles. The agony of the next twenty-four hours, I trust, if it is God's will, may never be experienced by me again. It was, indeed, a bitter thing to feel that our own army was gone, and then to see the Yankees in such numbers, the main body marching to the music of their brass bands, but some tearing across the fields, up the alleys, and in every direction—'monarchs of all they surveyed'—it was too much for me, and I gave way completely. But I remembered that God reigns, and is *over all!* and I know this has not come upon us by accident. God has ordered and permitted it, and He has been better to us than all our fears. His angel has certainly encamped around our dwelling, and no harm has happened to us. It is really wonderful how we have been protected, while others have suffered so from their depredations. . . . Our ladies have a daily prayer-meeting, which is very delightful, and serves to strengthen our faith and help us to bear our trials. I firmly believe that God will deliver us and drive out our enemies. Their sojourn among us has greatly increased the secession feeling, and persons who had

never taken any part before have become violent. Indeed, the old town has stood up bravely for the South. This country is becoming completely desolated—the farms being stripped of everything, the fences all destroyed, and the farmers not planting any crops. There is no encouragement for them to do so, as long as the Yankees are here, for they take possession of everything they want. Their officers threaten to arrest every secessionist, but we are not intimidated, and I earnestly hope our general will come back before they have time. We do long and watch for the day when he will return at the head of his army, and we will give him such a welcome as no man ever did receive before.”

“August 9th, 1862. . . . Although our master Pope does not allow us to write to our ‘rebel’ friends, I expect to have an opportunity of sending a letter through the lines; but as he is certainly not our *rightful* master, and if I can so cheat him as to have a pleasant chat with you, my conscience will not be offended. While you were here, it became so natural for me to go into your room to communicate to you everything that was interesting or amusing, that now, when anything funny happens (for sometimes we do have occasion to laugh even now), I feel an intense desire to tell you about it, but have to content myself with imagining how we would laugh if we only had a chance. . . . That threatened oath of allegiance has been so long delayed that we hope it may not be carried out; but you may depend the thought was by no means agreeable that my dear husband would be picked up and put through the lines, not knowing whither to turn his feet, and I left with four little children with-

out protection or support. However, I had the calm and delightful *assurance* that our Father would not forsake us, but would make all things work together for our good. . . . God has certainly made use of your noble husband to do great things for his country. ‘Them that honor me, I will honor,’ is His own promise, and He has been faithful to His word. I think our dear general more entirely forgets *self* in his desire to glorify God than any one I ever knew—his humble, confiding trust in the Almighty gives me more comfort and more confidence than anything else. His qualities as a splendid general *all* admit, but the greatest of men often fail in their efforts; so, *far above* everything else do I prize his noble, Christian character, and I am thankful for the privilege which I enjoyed in being thrown so intimately with him. You remember I told you that I asked my Heavenly Father, if it was right for us to take boarders, to send me those who would be congenial, and He certainly *more* than answered my prayers. I thank Him for you both, my dear friend.

“How wonderfully God has protected your dear husband! Oh! how I do rejoice with you that ‘his head has been covered in the day of battle!’ May God, in His infinite and tender mercy, spare him from all harm, and continue to make him the instrument of our deliverance, if it is His will. Oh that He may give us such victories as may *compel* a peace—an honorable peace!

“The general’s little visit to us was a perfect sun-beam. I never saw him look so fat and hearty, and he was as bright and happy as possible. He spent two evenings with us; the evening he arrived here

(which was Sunday) he came around, and said he did not think it was wrong to come *home* on Sunday. This was very gratifying to us. I don't remember ever experiencing more intense happiness than during that visit; and when I saw our dear general in his old place at the table, I could have screamed with delight! The children were very happy at seeing him. . . . When the Federal army last retreated, some of the frightened fugitives reported that the ladies of our town actually *fired on them*. Mother was seen to *kill two!*"

"October 13th. We watch with jealous and anxious eyes everything which looks like a retrograde tendency. I cannot help envying you your quiet home, far removed from the sight of war, but I have no doubt you would be even willing to exchange with me if you could have your husband with you. Well, so it is—'every heart knoweth its own bitterness.' But I assure you, this thing of being on the border, and subject at any time to be taken captives again, is indeed dreadful; every time they come it is worse than before. In this last retreat they tried to destroy everything—burned the depot and warehouses, but I think our troops captured a great deal. The explosion of their magazine was terrific, our house heaved, and the glass was broken in almost every house in town. We poor Winchester people have a hard time, don't we?"

"I wish the general was near enough for me to minister to his comfort in many ways, for we *do love him*. I hope yet that we may see him. I was quite amused with Jim, who came to see me the other day.

You know you didn't give me a very exalted idea of Jim's talent in the culinary art, and I said in rather a commiserating tone, 'Jim, does the General get anything he wants to eat?' 'Oh! yes, madam, *I* cook. *I fare very well, and so do the staff!*' . . . I wish you could know how your husband is regarded here. I never saw such admiration as is felt for him by every one, and his Christian character elicits the greatest reverence and affection. It would have done your heart good to hear the prayers that were offered for *him* on the day of Thanksgiving."

"November 21st, 1862.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—I feel as if I cannot sleep to-night (although it is our bedtime) without writing a few lines just to tell you of a most delightful visit we had from your dear husband. He took his headquarters in town day before yesterday, but he was too busy to come to see us. Mr. Graham called upon him yesterday, and he promised, if he could, to spend this evening with us; but this morning we witnessed the melancholy spectacle of our army moving off again, and we feared he would have to hurry off, without giving us the pleasure of seeing him. But he *did not* go, and *he did* come here to tea, and I tell you we had a pleasant time. It did seem so much like old times—those good old times of last winter; we were all so cosy in our dining-room, and around the table we did wish for you in your seat between us. Indeed, the presence of your dear little self was all that was wanting to complete the pleasure of the evening. He is looking in such perfect health—far *handsomer* than I ever saw him—and is in such fine

spirits, seemed so unreserved and unrestrained in his intercourse with us, that we did enjoy him to the full. The children begged to be permitted to sit up to see 'General Jackson,' and he really seemed overjoyed to see them, played with and fondled them, and they were equally pleased. I have no doubt it was a great recreation to him. He seemed to be living over last winter again, and talked a great deal about the hope of getting back to spend this winter with us, in that old room, which I told him I was keeping for you and him. He expects to leave to-morrow, but says he may come back yet. This would be *too* delightful. He certainly has had adulation enough to spoil him, but it seems not to affect or harm him at all. He is the same humble, dependent Christian, desiring to give God the glory, and looking to Him alone for a blessing, and not thinking of himself. This, I think, is a wonderful and beautiful trait, and one upon which I delight to dwell in my meditations upon him. The acquaintance that I have with him as an humble, trusting, and devoted follower of Christ is a source of the greatest consolation to me at all times. I always feel assured that he does everything under the guidance of our Heavenly Father, and this is the secret of his wonderful success.

"I fixed him a lunch for to-morrow, and we sat and talked so cosily, and the evening was concluded by bowing before the family altar again, and imploring our Father's blessing upon you and all of us, whatever may betide. Now, was not this a charming evening, and don't you wish *you* had been here?"

We now approach an event in the life of General