

August

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Hearst's Magazine



Contributors:

- Al Caine
- Gilbert Parker
- "Stonewall" Jackson
- Antague Glass
- Reval Gibbon
- Oppenheim
- Hes Hopper
- and George
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Drawn by
Charles Dana Gibson

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Hearst's Magazine

Vol. 24

Contents for August

No. 2

SPECIAL ARTICLES OF TIMELY INTEREST

- "Stonewall" Jackson, My Warrior Husband** Mary Anna Jackson . 188
A loyal wife's intimate memories of the spectacular tactician of the Confederacy who answered his own battle-prayers.
- Woman's Suffrage** Lloyd-George 211
How the woman's vote is lost in England by the "crazy women," told by England's Chancellor of the Exchequer.
- That Idaho Contempt Case** Alfred Henry Lewis . . 224
When pelf and prejudice sat with the chief justices of Idaho and sent patriotic men to jail for printing true and tried news.

SERIAL FICTION

- The Money Master** Sir Gilbert Parker . . . 167
Beginning a big Parker serial that sings Canada; Dolores decides to marry Jean Jacques. *Illustrated by André Castaigne*
- The Woman Thou Gavest Me** Hall Caine 235
At the crisis of Mary's brave fight she meets Sister Angela, now a painted woman of the streets. *Illustrated by Frank Craig*

SHORT FICTION

- His Last Chance But One** Montague Glass . . . 199
A Glass Story of a pinochle *spieler* who meets a girl with a thousand dollars. *Illustrated by Herman C. Wall*
- The Long Desire** James Hopper 215
A wistful, persuasive life-story of a woman who would be a mother and fulfill a dream. *Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy*
- Miss DeHagen—Spy** E. Phillips Oppenheim . 261
Algernon Knox has a vicarious love affair to preserve the international peace. *Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell*
- The Accident** Vincent Oswald 271
"Protect Mother," said Bobby's father. "But why didn't Mother love her protector?" *Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson*

DEPARTMENTS

- The Play of the Month—Romance** . . . Edward Sheldon . . . 299
Charming in sentiment, rich with its exotic heroine in her hour of triumph, is this play of New York to-day and fifty years ago.
- The Book of the Month—Social Environment and Moral Progress** . . . Alfred Russel Wallace . 309
The famous scientist proves in chapters on Love, Marriage, and Population that women shall decide human destiny.

Art, by Charles Henry Meltzer, 281; **Science**, by Henry Smith Williams, 283; **Trend of the Times**, 201; **The Political Round-Up**, 312; **Finance**, By B. C. Forbes, 310; **The Anecdotal House of Mirth**, 322; **The Creed of the Unafraid**, by Dr. Frank Crane, 164; **"The Necessary Evil,"** by Charles Rann Kennedy, 184.
In the Advertising Pages: **The Financial Bureau**, 42; **New Books**, 62; **Index to Advertisements** 6, 40.
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Hearst's Magazine

for August, 1913



It is alive—this number of Hearst's Magazine—a living, breathing, human product, full of the vivid interest and vital problems of the present. It is our policy to give you the pick of the literary market—short stories by the biggest and best writers of to-day, serials by world-renowned novelists whose fame rests upon a solid foundation of highest achievement, pictures drawn by the world's ablest illustrators. That is why Hearst's Magazine is one of the phenomenal successes of periodical publishing: that is why it's

"the-most-talked-of-magazine-in-America"

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Memories of My "Stonewall"

"Stonewall" Jackson,
a major at the
age of 33



BY COURTESY OF
MRS. JACKSON, FROM A
DAGUERRETYPE MADE IN 1857

By Mary A.

Widow of the

EDITOR'S NOTE.—*This remarkable article by the widow of the brilliant Confederate leader, General "Stonewall" Jackson, is undoubtedly one of the most notable contributions to Civil War literature ever published. In the death of General Jackson the Southern cause sustained what has been called its greatest single loss. It is said that General Lee, when the news was brought to him, exclaimed "I have lost my right arm!" Many historians had Jack- the son lived, Confed- would tri-*

WITH his characteristic modesty and humility, General Jackson during his lifetime never allowed his wife to sound his praises. In my Memoirs, written over twenty years ago, I must confess, however, that I did transgress his ideas of wifely prudence, and gave to the world a much deeper insight into his innermost life than he would have approved. But that Life was written principally for his descendants; and with a heart full of the most hallowed memories, I came to wish that others might know him as he was known in the sacred precincts of his home and private life. I do not think it was a



Mrs. Mary A. Jackson, and her daughter Julia, born while her father grimly and conscientiously denying himself a furlough, was at the front

Warrior Husband

Jackson, C.S.A.



Mrs. Mary A. Jackson from a photograph, 1880

Jackson

Great General

umphed. How important, then, is this intimate account of "Stonewall" and his ways, written by his widow—who spent more than a year in camp with her husband, and who was in closest touch with him during all his campaigns, enjoying the fullest confidence that the great general reposed in any being.

Mrs. Jackson is now an old lady. She has many things to tell about "Stonewall" Jackson which the world has never known—new facts, illuminating sidelights, interesting comments and correspondence lovingly preserved. These facts Mrs. Jackson wishes the world to have before she leaves it, and she has chosen *Heart's Magazine* through which to make them public. There will be four articles in all, the present being the first of this important series.

Corporal Walsh, musket wound; at Boyle; a wound; Sergeant Whitehead, miss Brady, am Henry, missing; Sergeant Z. James Hill, J. Powell, son E. R. Le Due, Corporal seriously; Her, mor- ter, had; Gabriel, several but this sch rifled had four were abct. ra. V. } ing list tsaunt Robert

Artillery, 4
 Total, 10 24 28 37

THE LATEST NEWS.

DEATH OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

THE UNION WOUNDED SENT FOR,

Headquarters, Army of the Potomac, May 12, 1863.

The Richmond papers of yesterday announce the death of Stonewall Jackson on Sunday afternoon, from the effects of his recent amputation and pneumonia. His burial was fixed for to-day. The military band in Fredericksburg have been performing dirges a greater portion of the afternoon.

A large train of ambulances proceeded to-day toward the United States Ford for the remainder of our wounded within the enemy's lines.

Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, has been in camp two days, looking after the welfare and wants of the Pennsylvania troops.

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An e that F one f and B verth. Genl Afrkan Genera back T thr above The ing. Gen to San Ply four

NEWS FROM FORTRESS MONROE.

May 11.
 Jackson's death was the defeat of the South, yet only a brief notice appeared in the N. Y. Herald, May 13, 1863

when General Ewell was asked what he thought of Jackson, he said: "Well, sir, when he commenced it I thought him crazy; before he ended it I thought him inspired." Surely he had the fortitude of the true warrior.

Notwithstanding all the honor and glory that have been accorded General Jackson, it is a singular fact that he has been subject to much misrepresentation by writers, chiefly of fiction, who have accentuated his peculiarities and eccentricities with a startling degree of unfounded certainty. Yet those who knew him and saw him, obtained a far different

mistake to lift the veil and show this beautiful phase of his character. Some may claim that in my view of General Jackson, I revealed him as being too Southern and too pious. But it goes without saying that to deprive "Stonewall" Jackson of these two qualities would be to rob him of his two distinctive characteristics. He was a peculiar blend of the soldier and the saint. He went into no battle without invoking the aid of God, and his official reports, with due modesty and humility, accentuated his devoutness. But at the same time General Jackson had the genius of the strategist. During the Valley Campaign of 1862,



One of the sacrificed: a Confederate soldier after the victory for which both sides prayed

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idea of his person, his habits and his character. There was, as his sister-in-law, Margaret J. Preston, wrote, a certain military precision about him that made him a little stiff in manner; there was a certain reticence that comes with deep spiritual conviction. But there was a charm of courtesy about him, a considerateness for others, that never failed. Disciplinarian though he was in camp, the devotion of others to duty always brought forth the soft side to the character of "Stonewall" Jackson.

These qualities early manifested themselves. In fact, the development of General Jackson was simply the deepening of certain tendencies well known to his associates at West Point. He had indefatigable persistence which brought him, during his four years as a cadet, from the rank of very mediocre student to seventeenth in a class of seventy. This perseverance won the respect of his classmates, one of whom in after years declared that had "Old Jack" stayed another year he would have been at the head of his class.

"You may be," said this man of ability, "whatever you resolve to be." That was his motto while at West Point. Throughout his life, General Jackson had a great deal of race pride, as well as of State pride, and from his earliest youth he seemed possessed with the determination to make the most of himself. The accounts of his early life have been exaggerated and intensified. He has been represented as an orphan boy whose hardships were of the sorest kind. While it is true that he was orphaned and left penniless at an early age, he always had tender care from his relatives. He found an excellent home with an uncle, who was prosperous and very generous to the boy, who was brought up on the best the country could afford at that period. The Jacksons were a sterling, strong-minded people, who came over from England in the eighteenth century, locating in what is now West Virginia. At the outbreak of the war it was my husband's strong desire to be assigned duty in his native section where loyalty to the Confederacy was not all that it should have been, and where he thought he might be able to render the greatest service. The Jacksons bore their part as soldiers in the war of the American Revolution, and later represented the government in Congress.

Upon graduating in 1846, at the age of

twenty-two, the young man with his whole class at West Point was ordered to Mexico for service. With Jackson went McClellan, A. P. Hill, Pickett, and Maury among others, and they were to have their first taste of war together. So very enthusiastic was he with the idea of military service that he feared the war might not last long enough for him to prove his mettle. At that time he was full of ambition, but his taste for war was thoroughly subdued after two years of bloody strife. When the clouds of conflict were threatening to break over the Union in 1861, I heard him say with all earnestness, "Oh, how I do deprecate war!" However, he distinguished himself beyond all expectation in the struggle with Mexico, and for gallantry and meritorious conduct returned a full-fledged Major. Maybe this was a surprise to some of his West Point comrades who could recall the aloofness of "Old Jack." For the latter while a student, when he was not ardently engaged in his work, was busy penning a set of rules which would be to him a moral code in life. Furthermore, they must have been amazed to see their associate, who while a cadet, was never known to speak to a lady during the whole time he was at West Point, becoming the gallant as soon as he entered the city of Mexico in 1847. In fact Major Jackson fell under the spell of a señorita of the gay capital and barely escaped avowing himself. But he did escape, with some knowledge of the language and with a few romantic mementoes.

When he returned from Mexico, he was stationed at Fort Hamilton, New York. He had left behind him the only record of the only lie he ever told his men. It was at the storming of Chapultepec—the moment of greatest tension—and he assured his men that there was no danger whatever: no sooner had he spoken than a cannon ball swept between his legs. The truthfulness of General Jackson was carried to its greatest point. He never let anyone know his plans, but he never said anything he did not mean. Even in the keeping of appointments he was always punctilious and would go to any trouble to let people hear from him if he happened to be delayed.

It was while at Fort Hamilton that General Jackson's thoughts again turned to religion. Had he been in any way endowed with the gift of oratory, he might have been a minister, but though, through

GENERAL STONEWALL JACKSON.

AN AUTOGRAPH LETTER FROM VISCOUNT (GENERAL) WOLSELEY,
COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE ARMIES
OF GREAT BRITAIN.



London
17th October 1895

Dear Madam

You ask me to express a military
opinion upon your husband
the late General Stonewall
Jackson. He was one of the
most remarkable men I ever
met. His clear blue eyes
seemed to look through you
as you spoke to him, & when
he spoke you felt you were in
the presence of a man in whose

Preston meant when she wrote: "We sometimes used to charge him with losing sight of the perspective of things. Not drawing the distinctions that men generally do between small and great, he laid as much stress upon truth in the abstract, as involved in the most insignificant words or actions of his daily life, as in the most solemn and important."

When he went abroad in 1856, his passport took cognizance of a tall, erect man, with blue eyes and a soft brown beard. Those who met him found him wonderfully punctilious. Whenever he passed a woman, whether he knew her or not, he bowed to her; whenever a woman entered a room, he rose until she was seated. This might have been done with artificiality, had there not been that about "Stonewall" Jackson which was representative of the deepest humility. As he said, he had no genius for *seeming*. He did not impose his beliefs upon others. As in battle, so in life, he placed upon himself his strictest demands. One of his strong beliefs was that the mails should not be

A remarkable testimony of appreciation of "Stonewall" Jackson, the trusted leader of men and the master-mind of strategy, written by Vis. Wolseley, to Mrs. Jackson in 1895. Jackson is called an American Cromwell

sheer will, he overcame his aversion to speaking in public, he was in no sense a public speaker. After being transferred to Fort Meade, Florida, only a short time elapsed before he resigned from the army to accept a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington. In this delightful and cultured little town he spent ten useful and happy years. For it had been his strong ambition to establish a home of his own. During this period of his life he was greatly concerned with the church. Having become a Presbyterian, he devoted much of his time and attention to activities attendant upon his duties as a deacon and as a teacher in the Sunday school. He did not believe in dancing save in the privacy of his home; he adopted the principle of giving one-tenth of his income to the Christian cause; he was extremely conscientious in every small detail which had to do with life. That is what Mrs.

was the most remarkable. Not only were all his soldiers ready to follow him anywhere, but they did so in an unquestioning spirit, being quite certain that he could not make a mistake & could not lead them wrong.

Some of his campaigns will always be studied as splendid examples of strategy. His greatest were his achievements. The man himself was still more remarkable.

Believe me to be dear Madam
very faithfully yours
To Mrs. Mary A. Jackson
Wolseley



Just beyond this house Jackson took his stand in the face of retreat — "Look at Jackson standing like a stone wall"

carried on Sunday. When we became engaged, we always calculated so as to avoid this, and the General would not even break the seal of a letter from me received on Sunday, putting it away until the following day. He avoided as much as possible secular topics for conversation on the Sabbath. Yet he was destined to fight some of his most important battles and make some of his most important moves on the Sabbath day. The warrior had duties to perform as well as the saint.

Major Jackson was never a secessionist; he was a loyal supporter of the Union until Virginia cast in her lot with the Southern Confederacy. The grand old

Mother State, whose sons had done so much to frame the Constitution, was among the



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The stone house used as a hospital on the battlefield of Bull Run. (Center picture) The church near which the raw Union troops charged to a short-lived victory

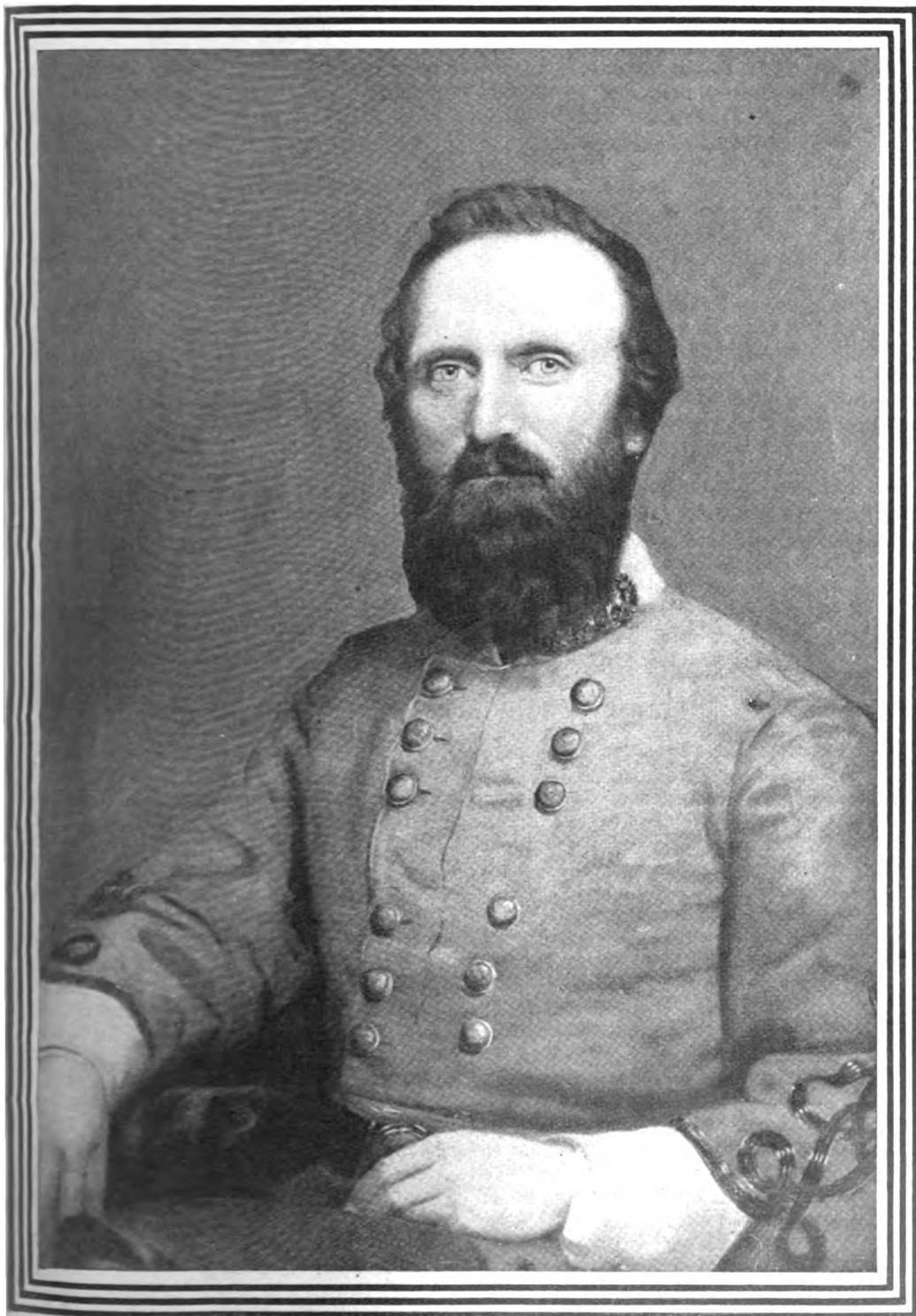
able came at last, he felt it his duty to espouse the cause of his native State. Like

last to secede. With his high sense of duty and devotion, Jackson had been deeply impressed with the events consequent upon the slave question. A Peace Conference had been held in Washington, proposed by Virginia, to devise some method of averting war. Delegates were sent from both Free and Slave States, but all attempts proved vain. "If the gen-

government should persist in the

measures now threatened," General Jackson said, "there must be war. It is painful to discover with what concern they speak of war and threaten it. They do not know its horrors. I have seen enough of it to make me look upon it as 'the sum of all evils.'"

But when all his hopes for compromise were shattered, and the inevit-



NEWSPAPER PHOTOGRAPH: PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL "STONEWALL" JACKSON

BY COURTESY OF MRS. MARY A. JACKSON

General Thomas Jonathan Jackson "was a peculiar blend of the soldier and the saint." It was Ewell who said of him: "When he commenced the Valley Campaign of 1862 I thought him crazy; before he ended it I thought him inspired"

General Lee, he could not draw his sword against Virginia, and both realized that the Old Dominion was destined to be the battlefield and bear the brunt of the cruel struggle soon to follow. God only knows the sacrifices they made, these two men of the Confederacy! They counted all else as naught compared with their idea of duty. Said General Jackson: "What is life without honor; degradation is worse than death!"

It has been said that General Jackson fought for slavery and for the Southern Confederacy with the firm conviction that both would endure. This statement is only partly true. I am confident that he would never have fought if slavery had been the sole issue of the secession movement; I am confident that he did not believe in the perpetuation of the institution though he recognized its Bible sanction. He found slavery a responsibility and he never shirked it—always considerate of his servants and always loved by them.

He left his home for the war on Sunday, April 21, 1861. Never shall I forget it, for he never crossed the threshold again. And I returned to my father's house to wait and watch like all other Southern women of the time. In 1859, my husband, with the Institute cadets, had witnessed the hanging of John Brown, and with that characteristic attitude of his even in battle, as the end came he said, "I sent up the petition that he might be saved." This deeply religious attitude was characteristic of the times. Was it not General Pendleton, for instance, who exclaimed as he gave an order to fire, "Lord, have mercy upon their souls!" Immediately he took command at Harper's Ferry, a post of importance. "Who is this Major Jackson?" asked some one in the Confederate Convention, and the answer came from another: "He is one who if you ordered him to hold a post will never leave it alive to be occupied by the enemy."

After General Jackson lay wounded, and the Army was well-nigh shattered by the news, General Lee said to a friend: "Tell him to make haste and get well, and come back to me as soon as he can. He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right arm." With Jackson's appearance in the Shenandoah Valley began that career which has been called "the hope of the Confederacy." He throbbed up and down the Valley in a manner almost miraculous, exhibiting an alertness of mind, a power of divining

what the enemy would do, hardly short of inspirational. If he was stern, it was for the Cause that he let his head overrule his heart. Never once did he himself ask for furlough, and it was several months after the birth of his daughter that I was able to come to him in camp—the second visit I paid him while he was in service, and the last until I hastened to his bedside. Hence it was not hardness that made him refuse the furlough to others. One of his Majors received news of death in his family and asked for leave. "From me you have a friend's sympathy," wrote Jackson, "and I wish the suffering condition of our country permitted me to show it. But we must think of the living and of those who are to come after us. . . . It is necessary that you should be at your post immediately."

It was at Harper's Ferry that the General's horse "Fancy" became a figure in the war—a compactly built, round and fat little creature with wonderful powers of endurance. He went through every campaign with the General, and when, at the battle of Chancellorsville, the sorrel was found wandering on the field, he was sent to the family and lived until 1886, the spoiled pet of all with an instinct for mischief that was surprising. "Old Sorrel" died at the Soldiers' Home in Richmond, and the body was sent to a taxidermist for preservation.

A short time before the first battle of Bull Run, Jackson, who had already been promoted to a colonelcy, was made Brigadier General. A brother officer had said of him, in the Mexican War, that he had been promoted oftener than any other. Now, in rapid succession, the same thing occurred; in quick order he passed from Major General to Lieutenant General, which rank he bore at the time of his death. It was at the first battle of Bull Run that General Jackson received the baptism of fire that left him with a name—a name which supplanted even that his parents gave him at his birth. An officer, eye-witness of the tragic scene, tells the story:

"Mighty masses of the enemy were surging forward like angry waves against Jackson's line which was holding fast like an immovable rock, despite the terrific onslaught! Oh, the sublimity of that scene! the shouting of the combatants, the thunder of the guns that shook the earth!

It makes my blood tingle and my heart beat yet to think of it! It was plainly the crisis of the day, and it seemed that all was lost to the Confederates. The troops of South Carolina, commanded by General Barnard E. Bee, had been overwhelmed, and he rode up to General Jackson in despair, exclaiming, 'General Jackson, they are beating us back.' 'Then,' said Jackson, 'we will give them the bayonet!' And as Bee rode back to his command, he cried out to them, 'Look at Jackson! there he stands like a stone wall! Rally behind the Virginians!' The cry and example had their effect, and the broken ranks were reformed, and led to another charge when their leader fell dead, with his face to the foe! Thus passed into history the name of 'Stonewall' Jackson."

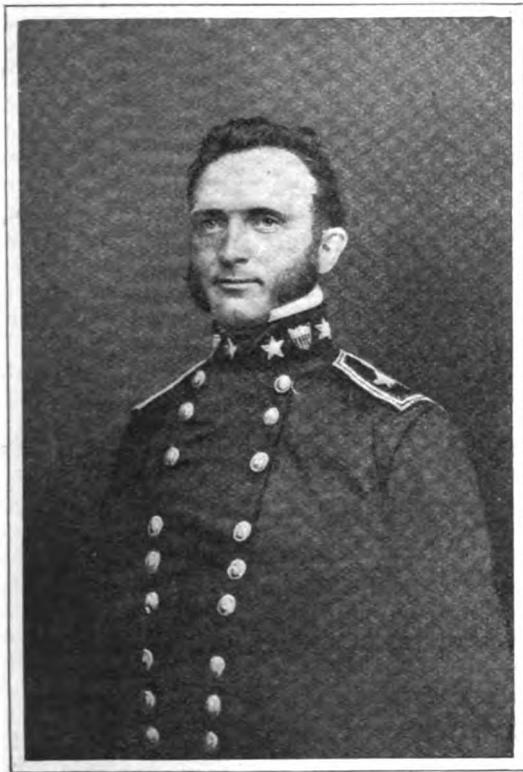
After the war, our great commander Lee was heard to declare, "Had I had Stonewall Jackson at Gettysburg, I would have won a great victory." Whatever the cause, it is certain that in the Valley of the Shenandoah, General Jackson proved his mettle. General Fitzhugh Lee said he saved Bull Run. It was true, but he himself made no claim thereto.

The first Bull Run was fought on my birthday. "Never again," wrote the General, "will I forget your birthday. See if I don't remember it, if I do not my own!" Often in his letters he would show enjoyment whenever he heard the military bands playing. After "Dixie" was adopted as the Confederate National air, though he had little talent for music, the General made me sing the tune over and over again when I first visited him in camp, so that

he would be able to recognize it when he heard it. Which was only another form of his conscientiousness!

Jackson's Brigade and their General were now to be separated for a short while. The farewell was of the most touching character.

The General was always fervent in his addresses to his men; they rang always with the love of the leader for his associates. And it was then that he showed visible emotion. There now followed the Winchester and Romney expeditions, and then it was that he had the one difficulty with the Confederate War Department he ever experienced. The latter acted against his judgment, and he felt called upon to offer his resignation. But pressure was brought to bear on all sides; his letter of resignation was held back and personal appeals were made to him by his associates in arms. Jackson be-



FROM THE HARRIS COLLECTION

"Old Jack," silent and aloof at West Point, became a gallant major in the Mexican war

lieved that the business of a soldier was to fight, and he was ardently desirous of pushing the war into the enemy's country. He planned a winter campaign and started out upon it when he was stopped just at the crucial moment; all the more urgent it seemed to him to proceed since the Federal troops were devastating the countryside. He felt it his duty to resign, that being the strongest protest he could make. But it was not to be.

A Northern writer has said: "Jackson moved infantry with the celerity of cavalrymen." Among his men, it was the gossip that their General always started at dawn, unless he marched the night before. They made jokes at the expense of their leader, but these jokes were the badinage

of love. "Moses," exclaimed one of the men, "took forty years to lead the Israelites through the wilderness, with manna to feed them on; 'Old Jack' would have double-quickened through it on half rations in three days." He was never boastful, and went quietly to work to overcome the boastfulness of the Federal General Pope. He was not so sectional that he could not recognize the excellence of the other side. He was too much the general not to see the impregnable positions of his opponents; he never deceived himself, even though he was inclined to adopt a more aggressive policy than his associates. Many times his forces were in precarious positions—never what they should have been in numbers. Yet it was through his efforts that they made their way down the Valley between files of the enemy, and gained their point of vantage. From the northern part of Virginia, he was called to the aid of Lee around Richmond. It was he that helped to make McClellan's Peninsular campaign a failure.

General Jackson was always on the alert. His old body servant, Jim, used to say he could always tell when there was to be a battle. "The General," he declared, "is a great man for praying, night and morning—all times. But when I see him get up several times in the night besides, to go off and pray, then I know *there is going to be something to pay*: and I go straight and pack his haversack, because I know he will call for it in the morning."

He was, as others have said, "as gentle and gracious as Lee, as silent and taciturn as Grant, as daring and audacious as Stuart and Sheridan, and with it all there was an intensity of religious fervor that belonged to the seventeenth century rather than to the nineteenth." He was the perfect gentleman that others called him. So great was the modesty of the famous general that he found his greatness embarrassing. Whenever his soldiers caught sight of him, they rent the air with their cheers.

It seems incredible that in the space of three months of the summer of 1862, Jackson swept down the Valley, fought and won the battles of Cross Keys and Port Republic; marched to Richmond and bore a conspicuous part in the seven days' battles; then turned north toward Washington, and won the battle of Cedar Run, and the second great struggle on the battlefield of Bull Run and after a march to Frederick, Maryland,

the one rare time he departed from the soil of Virginia, returned to Harper's Ferry, completing a circuit of toil and heroism and victory. Incessant vigilance and sleepless nights were undergone. Often he would hold on to a fence and rest his wearied head upon his arm for a moment's sleep. But he was ever present. In fact his letters were often addressed to him "Everywhere." Wherever he and his soldiers passed, gifts were bestowed upon him—horses, harness, clothes, socks, fruit, and other things. He was loath to be showered with public recognition. But often the humor of things would impress him. While around Richmond, his troops had to cut through a field of oats, and the irate farmer hurled anathema on the head of the General. "What's your name?" he shouted, in rage. "Jackson," came the quiet reply. "What Jackson?" "General Jackson," was the imperturbable answer. "What! 'Stonewall' Jackson?" "That's what they call me." Off came the farmer's hat: "General Jackson, ride over my whole field. Do whatever you like with it, sir!" This is the love they bore him. And they followed where he led—and that was usually where the battle was thickest. And the loss seemed always to be heaviest there. Another Confederate victory followed at Fredericksburg.

After the battle of Antietam, Lee had withdrawn across the Potomac into Virginia again. McClellan, according to Washington, having failed to push his advantages was superseded by Burnside, who promptly advanced on Fredericksburg, and on the 13th of December, 1862, General Jackson rode forth to battle, clad in an elegant new uniform, the gift of General J. E. B. Stuart. A vivid account of the conflict has been furnished by a young Confederate officer:

"The whole battlefield was the most dramatic and imposing tableau I ever witnessed. . . . The low grounds of the Rappahannock below Fredericksburg spread into a plain of some miles in width, bounded by a range of low wooded hills, which terminate on the lower side in the Massaponax low grounds, and on the upper in a series of rather high and abrupt bluffs next to the river and above the town. At one point in this line of hills a wooded marsh projects far into the plain.

"Imagine now this long line of wooded hills peopled with men—every little prom-

ontory bristling with artillery, the whole line of railway at the foot of the hills and every hedge-row and ditch gleaming with bayonets, and you have what must have been the impression of the Yankees of our position. Again, stand with me upon one of the same little promontories

and look out upon their lines, and see what we saw. Far upon the left the smoke from the smouldering ruins of the town, and Longstreet's camp-fires seem to blend together; while in front, and almost as far as the eye can reach to the right and left, you see the blue-coated Federal lines extended, well-armed, well-equipped, and seemingly assured of success. Behind them the hills seem crowded with artillery, which can hurl their missiles to the very foot of the hills upon which we stand. The word is given to advance. How gallantly they come on! Not a sound is heard from our side except the sharp crack of our skirmishers as they fall back slowly before the overwhelming advance.

The air seems alive with the whistling of shot and shell which the enemy send as precursors to their infantry charge. Suddenly a battery of thirty guns, from just where we are standing, opens upon the column of attack. They falter, and reel, and stagger; they rally, and break, and rally again; but in vain: flesh and blood cannot stand it; they retire routed and confused. At that moment an officer gallops wildly up to General Jackson, and exclaims, in almost breathless haste: 'General, the enemy have broken through Archer's left and General

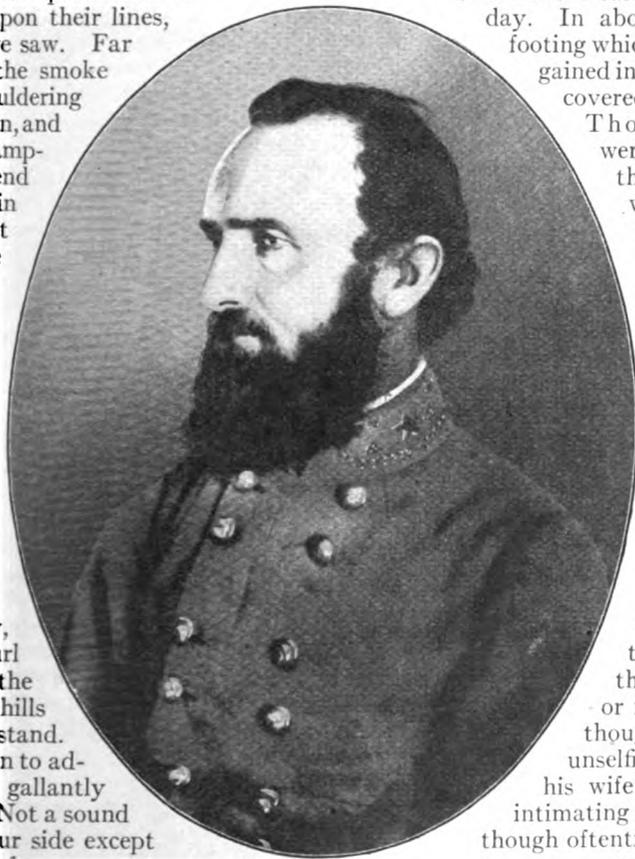
Gregg says he must have help, or he and General Archer will both lose their position.' The General turned round as quietly as if nothing extraordinary had happened, and ordered up Early's division to support the center. Yet everyone said afterwards that

this was the turning-point of the day. In about an hour the footing which the enemy had gained in the wood was recovered by Trimble and Thomas, and they were pursued far into the plain. This was all I saw of the fight."

Burnside withdrew his forces across the river.

Then came the Valley of the Shadow and Hooker's Campaign and Chancellorsville. Never did the General seem downcast; apparently he never entertained a thought that he might fall, or if he had such a thought he was too unselfish to overshadow his wife's happiness by intimating it to her. And though oftentimes his habit of praying was laughed at by the men, it was the laugh of love and comradeship.

"Hush! The General is praying," said Jim, as the General was about to go for his last fight. And an army lowered their voices as they passed his tent. Then with the audacity of the born leader, Jackson swept behind Hooker's superior force and defeated it. It was after this that the end came, swiftly and from his own. He had been reconnoitring around Chancellorsville, ascertaining the position of Hooker's forces. Retreating into the brushwood, he came in front of his own battle line. A sharp fire opened up, and he received his mortal wound.



FROM THE RESERVE COLLECTION

"Oh, how I do deprecate war!" said "Stonewall" Jackson when the clouds of conflict were threatening to break over the Union in 1861. "I have seen enough of it to make me look upon it as 'the sum of all evils'."