pended, he killed three Indians with his sabre, but was himself shot by an Indian named Rain-in-the Face. His reputation as a brave and generous young soldier was universal, and his death caused grief and horror through the whole community.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THOMAS J. JACKSON ("STONEWALL").

Jackson's Ancestry—Early Childhood—Getting Appointed to West Point—Trials as a Cadet—Siege of Vera Cruz—Promotion—Resigns—At Lexington—Married—Marching to Richmond—Colonel in the Confederacy—At Harper's Ferry—Brigadier-General—At Manassas—Promotion—Winchester—Battles around Richmond—Lieutenant-General—Winter-Quarters of 1863—Consultation between Lee and Jackson—Fired upon by his own Men—Last Military Order—Despatch from Lee—Personal Appearance.

THE Jackson family came from England in the seventeenth century, and the genealogy of the subject of this sketch can be traced directly to that English progenitor who settled in Lewis county, Virginia.

His father, Jonathan, was a lawyer in Clarksburg, Harrison county, and Thomas Jonathan, born January 21, 1824, was his youngest child. The family were intelligent, thrifty, energetic; in style unpretentious, but justly regarded as among the sturdy yeomanry of West Virginia. When three years of age he was left, together with two other children, to the care of his mother, his father having suddenly died, and, by reason of a series of misfortunes, left his family extremely poor.

The mother, being a cultivated and intelligent lady, of "graceful and commanding presence," quite above

rowed a horse from a friend, on which to ride to Clarksburg, where he expected to meet the stage, promising to leave the animal at Clarksburg. Arriving there, he learned that the stage was several miles on its way. This was a very serious disappointment to the enthusiastic young man. His friends, seeing his trouble, urged him to ride on, promising to send for the borrowed animal and return it to its owner. The temptation was very great. The roads were deep in mud, rain was falling, and the stage was rapidly rolling on its way. But he had promised to leave the horse at Clarksburg; therefore, declining the kind offer and delivering the horse at the appointed place, he set out on foot through mud and wet to catch the stage. He came up with it, and proceeded to Washington. This occurred in June, 1842. His application was successful, and on July 1st he was admitted a cadet at West Point.

His life at West Point was by no means a pleasant one. Dressed in plain homespun, his limited wardrobe carried in his hand, the students anticipated a subject for practical jokes. But they were disappointed. He was "too sharp to be taken in, too brave to be bullied, and too good tempered to be offended." But he had hard work to master his tasks, and often became greatly discouraged. He was increasingly diligent, as may be judged from the fact that he was very near being sent home as incapable at the close of the first half year.

But by dint of hard study and a fixed determination to win, he stuck to his post, gradually mounting higher in his classes, until at length his footing seemed firm, and he realized his first hope.

Had his course been two years longer, he would have graduated at the head of his class. His personal appearance was noticeable. An awkward gait, an innocent air of surprise when made a point for practical joke, great simplicity, and absence of all suspicion and utter indifference to amusements were his special characteristics.

He exhibited no peculiar talent for anything, and no indications which could mark his future career; certainly nothing like military genius. Graduating in July, 1846, he was sent at once to Mexico as brevet second lieutenant. He was assigned to the First Regiment United States Artillery, then serving under General Taylor. He had a strong desire for active service, but the regiment remained quiet until the spring of 1847, when the battery to which Jackson was attached was sent to take part in the assault on Vera Cruz. In August of the same year, "for gallant conduct at Vera Cruz," he was promoted to the rank of first lieutenant.

The young lieutenant applied for a position under Captain J. B. Magruder, who led the storming party at Cerro Gordo. He secured his transfer, taking a prominent part in the assault on the entrenched camp, and in the stubborn struggle at Contreras and Churubusco.

Jackson had borne his full share of the toils and exposures of the campaign, and had won the highest commendation. General Scott had twice mentioned him in despatches, and declared that he had "gained merited praise." He was spoken of as "the brave Lieutenant Jackson," "the gallant Lieutenant Jackson," and his "devotion, industry, talent, and gallantry" were often alluded to. General Jackson frequently spoke of an incident in the Mexican war as the only time when he violated the truth. On one occasion,

when his men ran from the enemy's fire, and crouched behind a bank for shelter, Jackson advanced into the open space which was every moment being ploughed up with shot and shell, calling out to the men, "Come on! come on! do you not see they can't hurt me?"

It is said that long after the war had closed a young man at Lexington inquired of Jackson if this anecdote was true, and on being informed that it was, added, "That was a very hot place, Major, was it not?" "Yes, very hot." "Why did you not run, Major?" asked the other. "I was not ordered to do so. Had I been I certainly should have done so. I was directed to hold my men in position, and I had no right to abandon the post." Such was his explanation, tempered no doubt to suit the character of his audience. Until greatly changed by strong religious feeling, Jackson loved fighting. But a life of peace for some months lay before him. He became a part of the garrison to protect and hold Mexico. His duties were quite easy, the climate delightful, the society of cultured Castilians was improving, and here he enjoyed opportunities for advancing in the graces of culture rarely given to a soldier on duty.

It is usual in the cosmopolitan atmosphere of a capital to find patriotic feeling at a lower ebb than in the less cultured but more exclusively national towns of the interior. In this instance, Mexico had been disturbed for a long time. A state almost of anarchy had prevailed. The appearance of the Federal army was hailed with silent joy, as affording deliverance from *ennui;* so that these old Castilians, after a decent interval of mourning for the flag that no longer floated over their ramparts, turned with smiles and courtesies

to the new faces. Theatres and places of amusement were soon reopened, while in private houses no scant courtesy was shown. In the way of our hero was one important obstacle. He could not talk to his hosts! But with resolution worthy of himself, and true to the inspiration of his motto, "You may be whatever you resolve to be," he was soon able to master the situation.

Conspicuous in the life of Jackson at this period was the strong uprising of the religious element. Having made the acquaintance of the Archbishop of Mexico, he sought frequent interviews, and after much thought and careful study decided to become a member of the Presbyterian church. After this he was not only a good soldier, but was a great man.

A treaty of peace having terminated the military occupation of Mexico, Jackson's residence there was brought to a close. His next station was Fort Hamilton, near New York. Here he led an uneventful existence, making rapid progress in the study of military science.

After two years residence at Fort Hamilton, and with a view of recruiting his quite feeble health, he resigned his commission from the United States government, and accepted that of professor in the Military Academy of Virginia, entering upon his duties in September, 1854.

Lexington, a town in Rockbridge county, in the valley of Virginia, was for the next ten years the home of Jackson.

The department intrusted to him embraced the theory and practice of "gunnery" and the sciences of mechanics, optics, and astronomy. His post answered, in fact, to that known in England as "Director of Artillery Studies."

Not long after his entrance upon his duties as professor, Jackson married Miss Junkin, daughter of Rev. Dr. Junkin, president of Washington College, Va. She did not live long, dying about a year after marriage. Her only child, a daughter, survived her but a short time. After this he led a lonely life, absorbed in the duties of his post as professor and the paramount engagements of his church. He occupied, and filled with acceptance, the post of ruling elder in the church, under the pastorate of Rev. Dr. White. With military regularity, he was every Sunday seen in his pew, his earnest face turned to the pulpit with the closest attention.

Religious duties absorbed his time, and his chief comfort was derived from the society of good men. Ever after his conversion he showed a marked preference for the company of clergymen, and it is said of him, that during the war of the Confederacy, the respect which he paid to the gray-haired matrons whom he met upon his marches was something worthy of note.

Strangers found in it a topic for amusement and fun, but as an indication of simple goodness of heart it is worthy of all respect. His religious faith was the ruling spirit of his life, shaping each day's duties and pleasures, moulding his character, giving tone and impulse to every work.

Known in the army as the "Blue Light Elder," he was often erroneously described by those who, far below him both in mental caliber and noble impulses, had failed to comprehend the motives which actuated him. His person was tall, erect and muscular, with the large hands and feet characteristic of all his race.

His bearing was decidedly English, and therefore, in the somewhat free society of America, was regarded as constrained. Every movement was quick and decisive. On the march, when involved in thought, he was heedless of grace and posture; but in action, or as he rode with bare head along his column, no figure could appear more noble.

Major Jackson was a man whom it was no easy matter to know; he was pre-eminently modest, and inexpressibly opposed to self-display, and equally considerate of the taste and character of those with whom he held intercourse. As member and officer of the church, he was eminently deferential to his pastor, as his superior officer. But as a commander in camp, he would no more defer to the judgment of that pastor than to that of the humblest of his soldiers.

Calmly and with a natural dignity of manner every duty was performed. Danger was met with that composure of mind and fixedness of purpose which made the evil-doer slink and the foe to tremble. On one occasion, while filling the professorship in Lexington Academy, he was made the subject for the wrath and vengeance of a dismissed cadet. It was his custom to take a short walk in the evening, after all duties of the day were finished, through a small grove in the vicinity of his home. As he pursued his way one evening, head inclined forward, his mind, no doubt, heavily weighed with the fermented state of his country, he was surprised to find his pathway suddenly blocked by the wrathful student, bent upon murder. Looking his would-be assassin calmly in the face, Jackson continued to advance. The defiant attitude of the angry student changed to one of humiliation,

the ordinary height of females, taught a little school for the support of her children. She was a very devout woman, and her illustrious son, in common with many men, owed to a mother's teachings those deep religious impressions which never through life forsook him. The influence of this mother, whose work for her boy was all done before he entered his seventh year, was never for an hour lost!

After three years of widowhood Mrs. Jackson married a man who was so distasteful to her relatives that they took the strange step of withdrawing the children from her care. She survived but a single year, and her son Thomas delighted to recall her to his memory as his "belle-ideale" of feminine grace and elegance. A maternal uncle took charge of Thomas at the age of six years.

He was an engaging lad, but scarcely a child, for even at that tender age he was grave and manly.

For only a year did he remain with his "Uncle Brake." One morning he suddenly appeared at the house of his father's cousin, Judge Jackson, of Clarksburg. He vouchsafed no remarks respecting the cause of his presence; and, in reply to the astonished gaze of his aunt, simply asked if he could have some dinner. Not until he had despatched that meal did he observe, "Uncle Brake and I do not agree anymore; I have quit him." He listened respectfully to all remonstrances, and they were many; he listened with the earnest air of one pondering the situation; but his reply was ever the same, "Uncle Brake and I cannot agree, and I shall not go back." It appeared subsequently that his uncle endeavored to coerce him, which did not meet the approval of the lad. At last his

aunt told him that in her opinion he OUGHT to go back. "Maybe I ought, but I am not going to." Evidently he was "no common child." From this point of observation we are inclined to think that maybe Thomas was right! Though cordially invited to remain at the house of Judge Jackson, he steadily declined, with the grave purpose of a man, and setting out alone, walked eighteen miles to the house of his father's half-brother. Here he found his elder brother Warren, the prospect of whose society made the house doubly attractive. His uncle was a bachelor of "lofty stature and athletic frame, full of the rugged energy of his race." His ability was great, but education very limited. Young Jackson remained here until he was sixteen years old, attending an "old field-school" in the winter, and assisting his uncle in the labors of the farm. He developed a character full of energy. He secured a reputation for intelligence and probity so high that at fifteen and one-half years old he was elected constable of Lewis county, performing the duties to the satisfaction of the justices.

Learning that there existed a vacancy at West Point, he at once determined to apply for the appointment. Speaking to an educated friend regarding his intention, he was informed of the very high standard of scholarship which was enforced at West Point. "I know that I am ignorant, but I think I can make that up by study; I know that I have energy, and I think I have the intellect." His friend, Colonel Bennett, was so much gratified by his reply that he immediately gave him a letter of introduction to the representative of that district, urging him to help the youth, and with this in his pocket he set out for Washington. He bor-