and slinking away, he disappeared in the depths of the forest.

The ruling passion of Jackson's mind, after duty, was to revive the diminished glory of his family, and to do it in his own person. This weakness was an amiable one, but still a weakness; however, we are constrained to overlook such slight defects and pass to the nobler actions which far exceeded all imperfections.

The most remarkable characteristic of his face was the contrast between its stern and its gentler moods. The expression accompanying the order, "Sweep the field with the bayonet," will never be forgotten by those who saw him. Few who left the academy in 1861 would have predicted his future and near military eminence, for he was not understood and not appreciated. Naturally retiring and reserved, it was only to his most intimate friends that he disclosed himself.

In 1856 he visited England, France and Switzerland, carefully examining the old battle-field of Waterloo, and tracing out upon it the position of the contending forces.

Several years after the death of Mrs. Jackson, he married Miss Morrison, of North Carolina, daughter of Dr. Morrison, president of Davidson College.

Like his celebrated companion in arms, General Lee, he was a theoretical Unionist up to the very date of Virginia's secession, struggling long between duty to his country and devotion to his State; and it was only when his State drew the sword that he decided to follow her fortunes.

Jackson left Lexington April 21st, in command of a company of cadets, and proceeding to Richmond, entered energetically into the labor of drilling and

disciplining troops. His military education fitted him for an immediate commission, and he was accordingly made colonel of volunteers, and ordered to Harper's Ferry, where he arrived and took command, May 3d, 1861.

He was speedily assigned to the charge of the First brigade of the Army of the Shenandoah. The Manassas Junction has become a name of note in the history of the war. The worth of this post will serve to explain the Bull Run combat. The Confederates were determined to defend the position; the Federals were bound to obtain it.

The real battle of Manassas Junction occurred July 24th, 1861. "General, they are beating us back," cried Bee in dismay, as the struggle waxed hot and hotter. "Then we will give them the bayonet," was Jackson's reply. Bee, inspired by Jackson's enthusiasm, rode back with a stirring, enthusiastic cheer. "THERE HE STANDS LIKE A STONE WALL. Rally behind, behind the Virginians. Let us determine to die here, and we will conquer."

His words were verified, he charging the mass, and falling dead in a moment, his face to the foe. But his last words had given a name to his general. Meanwhile, the tide was turning. Riding up to one regiment Jackson gave the word. "Reserve your fire till they come within fifty yards; then fire and give them the bayonet, and when you charge *yell like furies!*"

The command was obeyed, the captured battery was retaken, and the space, so hotly contested, cleared of the enemy.

This was the crisis in the fortunes of the day. After a thrilling succession of brilliant deeds now recorded

Pendleton battery, was, toward the close of the year, sent to further this object. But the delay had been fatal to his hopes; besides, other difficulties seriously embarrassed him. His reputation grew as his powers of command developed, and men felt that in that silent, resolute commander the South had a tower of strength.

The spring of 1862 was an eventful one. The Federal forces were firmly established on the coast of South Carolina at Beaufort; of North Carolina at Newbern; Morehead City and Roanoke Island. All energies of both combatants were converging toward Richmond. Jackson wished to defend Winchester and to hold it. "I *never* will leave here without a fight—*never*," he writes to a friend in March, 1862. On the evening of that day, visiting a friend, a clergyman, with whom he was intimate, he remained until after the usual worship of the family. On rising from his knees he, smilingly, exclaimed, "My friends, I will tell you that to-night I am going to attack the enemy, and I shall defeat him!" But to their great surprise he appeared again before midnight, sad and disheartened; half drawing his sword, he said: "I *cannot* sacrifice my men; I intended to attack on the Martinsburg road, but the Federal forces are approaching our flanks and would surround me. I cannot do it; I must fall back," and sorrowfully bidding adieu to his friends he left the house. Jackson's retreat from Winchester was sullen and deliberate. About five miles out, finding Ashby hard pressed, although it was on Sunday, he at once determined to attack the enemy and secure, if not a decided victory, a safe retreat before other Federal forces should arrive.

This battle of Kernstown, as it was called, was the

first in which Jackson had supreme command, and it was fought almost entirely by Virginians. Its name lasted as illustrious to the end of the war. The country is undulating, and to attain high ground was the object of both adversaries. The Federal forces had the start, but Jackson promptly moved to counteract this advantage, and succeeded, through a heavy fire of artillery, in reaching his desired position. But (as he thought), through the untoward conduct of one of his generals, Jackson lost the long and well-fought day. For his gallant conduct he received the thanks of the Confederate Congress.

During the succeeding year General Jackson was near or at Richmond. In divers battles he met with varying successes, but always might be found the same modest, energetic, noble Christian commander. Well may he be named the "Havelock of America." In his general orders a devout recognition of God's hand was ever prominent, and when victory perched upon his banner to God alone was given the glory. Deeply had he drank of the spirit of his divine Master, and in unvarying trust in the tender mercy of the God of battles he went forward on his way. In the autumn of 1863 a brief period of rest for his wearied troops was given. They luxuriated in a paradise of groves, with the clear Shenandoah flowing at their side. It was indeed an "Elim." Under its palm trees the troops were assembled for devout thanksgiving to the God of battles. There the brave commander, humbly kneeling, received with his men the Lord's supper. Not only an iron warrior, he was here also the humble Christian.

The winter of 1863 was passed at Moss Neck, some ten miles from Fredericksburg.

His dwelling here was unique in the extreme, the decorations of the walls being such as afforded instruction and amusement to all who entered his quarters.

In September General Lee met at Frederick General Jackson and some others of his trusted followers in consultations regarding the best plan to be pursued in the following campaign. The project of final concentration, which was to complete the hoped-for success, was decided upon. Jackson's army, enjoying a brief respite, was encamped on an arm of the Potomac in a lovely valley. But Jackson was never idle. His exertions for the spiritual welfare of his men were untiring. Prayer-meetings were held in the depths of moon-lit groves; the voice of song from deep-chested braves arose in melody and harmony sublime to the praise of the God of the warrior. Ministry untiring blessed the sick and dying, as stalwart men of strife, gentle as women, stooped over narrow hospital pallets to catch the last whisper of loving message to the absent wife or mother. The Christian commander had gathered about him many a Christian soldier, who, imitating his example, were ready with words of tenderness to lead inquiring souls to Christ. But sterner duties pressed.

In May, 1864, were fought the battles of the Wilderness and Chancellorsville. At the latter General Jackson received wounds from the guns of his own men, one ball entering the left arm, a second passing through the same arm, breaking two of the bones. His horse ran violently, but he kept his seat until a captain checked the animal and rescued General Jackson. To remove him from the spot was now absolutely necessary; they bore him aside a few yards into

the woods to shield him from the expected advance of the enemy. At length an ambulance arriving, he was conveyed to the hospital. In the midst of his agonizing pain General Jackson's thought was only for the country. To a general who was bending over him he said: "You must keep your men together and hold your ground." All efforts to succor General Jackson were of no avail. Quite aware that his wounds were from his own men, he was resigned to his approaching death. The last despatch which he ever sent was from a point six miles west of Chancellorsville:

"General, the enemy has made a stand at Chancellors, which is about two miles from Chancellorsville; I hope so soon as practicable to attack. I trust that an ever kind Providence will bless us with success.

"Respectfully,

"T. J. JACKSON, Lieutenant-General.

"To General Robert E. Lee."

Shortly before his death a slight agitation passed over his frame, and he appeared to think himself among the forests of the Wilderness. He died with a smile upon his face, his last words being: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Yes, brave and gentle soul! thou didst cross the river of life, and who can doubt that, resting under the trees of Paradise, thy spirit is yet doing duty under its loved Commander—its chosen Lord—the King of kings!

THE END.

in history Jackson exclaimed, looking after the retreating army, "Give me ten thousand men, and I will be in Washington to-night!"

He had received a slight wound in his bridle hand, and as the surgeons crowded round to examine it, he exclaimed, "Oh, I can wait: look after these poor fellows; my scratch is a trifle." And wait he did, with a smiling face enduring acute suffering. When told that if an attempt was made to save the finger, the cure would be much more painful, his reply was, "Doctor, dress this wound." To his wife he wrote: "Yesterday we fought a great battle, and gained a great victory, for which all glory is due to God alone, to whom be all glory and honor. While great credit is due to the whole of our gallant army, God made my brigade, more than any other, instrumental in repulsing the main attack. This is for your information alone. Say nothing about it. Let another speak praise, not myself." Thus was he conspicuous for modesty.

The inaction following this battle was to Jackson a source of pain. He looked in vain for an advance upon Washington. In his opinion the government of the Confederacy had signally failed in duty by not following up with strictest attention advantages already acquired. The army detained at Bull Run was being decimated by fever and miasm, while the Federal forces were quietly smiling at a foe who understood so little how to follow up a success, or how to take advantage of splendid opportunity.

When convinced that no more fighting would occur until the autumn, he diligently occupied himself and the time at his command in perfecting military discipline, and in giving to his troops religious advantages.

Feeling deeply responsible for the souls of those in his care, he made use of every opportunity to impart religious truth, and to prepare his men for the exposure to death which lay just before them.

For gallant conduct at Manassas Jackson was rewarded by the commission of major-general, which was to him a source of gratification as well as of devout gratitude to God.

He was sad to bid farewell to his brigade, the parting from which was most affecting. Riding to their front, he greeted them in a few earnest words; then throwing reins on the neck of his horse and extending his arms, he burst out in these words: "In the Army of the Shenandoah you were the first brigade; in the Army of the Potomac the first; in the 2d Corps of the army you are the first brigade; you are first in the affections of your general, and I trust that you will be handed down to posterity as the first brigade in this our second war for independence. Farewell!" Deep, ringing cheers from every chest followed him as he slowly rode away.

In October, 1861, he was appointed to command in the Valley of Virginia, and set off for Winchester. That of which he was to be the defender extended along the whole line of the Potomac to its source in the Allegheny crest, and from that ridge to the place where General Lee had been stationed after his attempt on Northwestern Virginia. Before he reached Winchester he urged the government not to lose a day in the matter of obtaining by force that section of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad in Virginia from Harper's Ferry west.

He so far succeeded that his own brigade, with the