

overcome, and of direful influence upon the very beginning of their labor who labor for peace, are the black demagogues who have learned from their white partners that the ignorance of their brethren must be the mother of devotion to their selfish interests; that their unreasoning hostility to their white neighbors is the cement which fastens securely their dependence upon them. Preachers and politicians, each being as much the one as the other, will resent and resist our effort to open the blind eyes that they may see their glorious freedom in the Church and in the State. Pride of race will be summoned to resist the alien; grateful recollection will turn away to the white men who came a score of years ago kindly to become their governors and congressmen and senators. The ignorant ranter who has held thousands spell-bound while he pictured the torment of the flaming lake, and called his hearers away to the sensuous delights of a Mohammedan paradise, will not freely consent to the introduction of preachers having intelligence, learning, and rational piety. But the truth will prevail at the last, if only it can find an entrance. We must

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carry it to them ourselves, despite all opposition. We must put away from us the devil's delusion that by declaring them citizens we have made them really such; that in giving them the alphabet of the Christian faith we have fitted them to dwell apart and alone.

I noticed in the brave and manly plea of Mr. Cable, already mentioned, these words, quoted from a newspaper published by black men:

"We ask not Congress, nor the Legislature, nor any other power, to remedy these evils, but we ask the people among whom we live. Those who *can* remedy them if they *will*. Those who have a high sense of honor and a deep moral feeling. Those who have one vestige of human sympathy left. . . . Those are the ones we ask to protect us in our weakness and ill-treatments. . . . As soon as the colored man is treated by the white man *as a man*, that harmony and pleasant feeling which should characterize all races which dwell together, shall be the bond of peace between them."

White men of the South, what answer shall we, the intelligent, the cultured, the powerful, the inheritors of noble traditions and of splendid ideas,—what answer, I ask in the name of God, of freedom and of humanity, shall we make to these men?

T. U. Dudley.

STONEWALL JACKSON IN THE SHENANDOAH.

INCLUDING HIS RELATIONS TO THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

THE



A CONFEDERATE OF 1862.

movement to capture Harper's Ferry and the fire-arms manufactured and stored there was organized at the Exchange Hotel in Richmond on the night of April 16, 1861. Ex-Governor Henry A. Wise was at the head of this purely impromptu affair. The Virginia Secession Convention, then sitting, was by a large majority "Union" in its sentiments till Sumter was fired on and captured, and Mr. Lincoln called for 75,000 men to enforce the laws in certain Southern States. Virginia was then, as it were, forced to "take sides," and she did not hesitate. I had been one of the candidates for a seat in that Convention from Augusta County but was overwhelmingly

defeated by the "Union" candidates, because I favored secession as the only "peace measure" Virginia could then adopt, our aim being to put ourselves in an independent position to negotiate between the United States and the seceded Gulf and Cotton States for a new Union, to be formed on a compromise of the slavery question by a convention to be held for that purpose.

Late on April 15 I received a telegram from "Nat" Tyler, the editor of the "Richmond Enquirer," summoning me to Richmond, where I arrived the next day. Before reaching the Exchange Hotel I met ex-Governor Wise on the street. He asked me to find as many officers of the armed and equipped volunteers of the inland towns and counties as I could, and request them to be at the hotel by seven in the evening to confer about a military movement which he deemed important. Not many such officers were in town, but I found Captains Turner Ashby and Richard Ashby of Fauquier County, Oliver R. Funsten of Clarke County, all commanders of volunteer companies of cavalry; also Captain John A. Harman of Staunton—my home—and Alfred Barbour, the latter

ex-civil superintendent of the Government works at Harper's Ferry.

These persons, with myself, promptly joined ex-Governor Wise, and a plan for the capture of Harper's Ferry was at once discussed and settled upon. The movement, it was agreed, should commence the next day, the 17th, as soon as the Convention voted to secede,—provided we could get railway transportation and the concurrence of Governor Letcher. Colonel Edmund Fontaine, president of the Virginia Central Railroad, and John S. Barbour, president of the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap railroads, were sent for, and joined us at the hotel near midnight. They agreed to put the necessary trains in readiness next day to obey any request of Governor Letcher for the movement of troops.

A committee, of which I was chairman, waited on Governor Letcher after midnight, arousing him from his bed, and laid the scheme before him. He stated that he would take no step till officially informed that the ordinance of secession was passed by the Convention. He was then asked if contingent upon the event he would next day order the movement by telegraph. He consented. We then informed him what companies would be under arms ready to move at a moment's notice. All the persons I have named above are now dead, except John S. Barbour (who is in Congress), "Nat" Tyler, and myself.

On returning to the hotel and reporting Governor Letcher's promise, it was decided to telegraph the captains of companies along the railroads mentioned to be ready next day for orders from the Governor. In that way I ordered the Staunton Artillery, which I commanded, to assemble at their armory by 4 P. M. on the 17th, to receive orders from the Governor to aid in the capture of the Portsmouth Navy Yard. This destination had been indicated in all our dispatches to deceive the Government at Washington, in case there should be a "leak" in the telegraph offices. Early in the evening a message had been received by ex-Governor Wise from his son-in-law Doctor Garnett of Washington, to the effect that a Massachusetts regiment, one thousand strong, had been ordered to Harper's Ferry. Without this reinforcement we knew the guard there consisted of only about thirty men, who could be captured or driven away, perhaps without firing a shot, if we could reach the place secretly with a considerable force.

The Ashbys, Funsten, Harman and I, remained up the entire night. The superintendent and commandant of the Virginia Armory at Richmond, Captain Charles Dimmock, a Northern man by birth and a West

Point graduate, was in full sympathy with us, and that night filled our requisitions for ammunition, and moved it to the railway station before sunrise. He also granted one hundred stand of arms for the Martinsburg Light Infantry, a new company just formed. All these I receipted for and saw placed on the train. Just before we moved out of the depot, ex-Superintendent Barbour made an unguarded remark in the car, which was overheard by a Northern traveler who immediately wrote a message to President Lincoln and paid a negro a dollar to take it to the telegraph office. This act was discovered by one of our party, who induced a friend to follow the negro and take the dispatch from him. This perhaps prevented troops being sent to head us off.

My telegram to the Staunton Artillery produced wild excitement, that spread rapidly through the county, and brought thousands of people to Staunton during the day. Augusta had been a strong Union county, and a doubt was raised by some whether I was acting under the orders of Governor Letcher. To satisfy them, my brother, George W. Imboden, sent a message to me at Gordonsville, inquiring under whose authority I had acted. On the arrival of the train at Gordonsville, Captain Harman received the message and replied to it in my name, that I was acting by order of the Governor. Harman had been of the committee, the night before, that waited on Governor Letcher, and he assumed that by that hour — noon — the Convention must have voted the State out of the Union, and that the Governor had kept his promise to send orders by wire. Before we reached Staunton, Harman handed me the dispatch and told me what he had done. I was annoyed by his action till the train drew up at Staunton, where thousands of people were assembled, and my artillery company and the West Augusta Guards (the finest infantry company in the Valley) were in line. Major-General Kenton Harper, a native of Pennsylvania, "a born soldier," and Brigadier-General William H. Harman, both holding commissions in the Virginia militia,—and both of whom had won their spurs in the regiment the State had sent to the Mexican war,—met me, as I alighted, with a telegram from Governor Letcher, ordering them into service, and referring them to me for information as to our destination and troops. Until I confidentially imparted to them all that had occurred the night before, they thought, as did all the people assembled, that we were bound for the Portsmouth Navy Yard. For prudential reasons we said nothing to dispel this illusion. The Governor in his dispatch informed General Harper that he

was to take chief command, and that full written instructions would reach him *en route*. He waited till after dark, and then set out for Winchester behind a good team. Brigadier-General Harman was ordered to take command of the trains and of all troops that might report *en route*. (See map, page 293.)

About sunset we took train; our departure was an exciting and affecting scene. On the east side of the Blue Ridge a slide caused some delay. At Charlottesville, in the night, the Monticello Guards, a fine company under Captain R. T. W. Duke (since the war a member of Congress), came aboard. At Culpeper, a rifle company — the name of whose commander that night I have forgotten — also joined us, and just as the sun rose on the 18th of April we reached Manassas Junction.

The Ashbys and Funsten had gone on the day before to collect their cavalry companies, and also the famous "Black Horse Cavalry," a superb body of men and horses under Captains John Scott and Welby Carter of Fauquier. By marching across the Blue Ridge, they were to rendezvous near Harper's Ferry. Ashby had sent men on the night of the 17th to cut the wires between Manassas and Alexandria, and to keep them cut for several days.

Our advent at Manassas astounded the quiet people of the village. General Harman at once "impressed" the Manassas Gap train to take the lead, and switched two or three other trains to that line in order to proceed to Strasburg. I was put in command of the foremost train, and had not gone five miles when I discovered that the engineer could not be trusted. He let his fire go down, and came to a dead standstill on a slight ascending grade. I ran forward and found the engineer under his engine. He alleged that something was wrong, and was using a monkey wrench to take bolts out of the reversing links. An engineer from the next train, which was close behind, came up, and looking at the steam-gauge swore the fire was out, and nothing else the matter. As soon as he saw the engineer of my train he denounced him as a Northern man. A cocked pistol induced him to fire up and go ahead. From there to Strasburg I rode in the engine-cab, and we made full forty miles an hour with the aid of good dry wood and a navy revolver.

At Strasburg we disembarked, and before ten o'clock the infantry companies took up the line of march for Winchester. I had to procure horses for my guns. The farmers were in their corn-fields. Some of them agreed to hire us horses as far as Winchester, eighteen miles, and others refused. The situation being urgent, we took the horses by force, under threats of being indicted by the first grand

jury to meet in the county. By noon we had sufficient teams and followed the infantry down the Valley turnpike, reaching Winchester just at nightfall. The people generally received us very coldly. The war-spirit that bore them up through four years of trial and privation had not yet been aroused.

General Harper was at Winchester, and had sent forward his infantry by rail to Charlestown, eight miles from Harper's Ferry. In a short time a train returned for my battery. The farmers got their horses and went home rejoicing, and we set out for the Ferry. The infantry moved out of Charlestown about midnight. We kept to our train as far as Halltown, only four miles from the Ferry. There we disembarked our guns to be run forward by hand to Bolivar Heights or Furnace Hill, from which we could shell the place if necessary.

A little before day-dawn a brilliant light arose from near the point of confluence of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers. General Harper, who up to that moment had expected a conflict with the Massachusetts regiment supposed to be at Harper's Ferry, was making his dispositions for an attack at daybreak, when this light convinced him that the enemy had fired the arsenal and fled. He marched in and took possession, but too late to extinguish the flames. Nearly twenty thousand rifles and pistols were destroyed. The workshops had not been fired. The people of the town told us the catastrophe, for such it was to us, was owing to declarations made the day before by ex-Superintendent Alfred Barbour, who was popular with the workmen. He reached Harper's Ferry, *via* Washington, on the 18th about noon, when the mechanics in the works had knocked off for dinner. Collecting them in groups, he informed them that the place would be captured within twenty-four hours by Virginia troops. He urged them to protect the property, and join the Southern cause, promising, if war ensued, that the place would be held by the South, and they would be continued at work on high wages. His influence with the men was great, and most of them decided to accept his advice. But Lieutenant Roger Jones, who commanded the little guard of some thirty men, hearing what was going on, at once took measures to destroy the place if necessary. Trains of gunpowder were laid through the buildings to be fired. In the shops the men of Southern sympathies managed to wet the powder in many places during the night, rendering it harmless. Jones's troops, however, held the arsenal buildings and stores, and when advised of Harper's rapid approach from Charlestown, the gunpowder was fired, and he crossed into Maryland with his handful of men. So we secured

only the machinery, and the burnt gun and pistol barrels and locks, which, however, were sent to Richmond and Columbia, South Carolina, and were worked over into excellent arms.

Within a week about thirteen hundred rank and file of the Virginia volunteers had assembled there. As these companies were, in fact, a part of the State militia, they were legally under command of the three brigadiers and one major-general of militia who had authority over this, that, or the other organization. These generals surrounded themselves with a numerous staff, material for which was abundant in the rank and file of the volunteers; for instance, in my battery there were at least a dozen college graduates of and below the grade of corporal. Every fair afternoon the official display in Harper's Ferry of "fuss and feathers" would have done no discredit to the Champs Élysées.

One afternoon, six or eight days after our occupation, General Harper sent for me as the senior artillery officer (we then had three batteries, but all without horses) to say he had been told that a number of trains on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad would try to pass us in the night, transporting troops from the West to Washington, and that he had decided to prevent them at the risk of bringing on a battle. He ordered the posting of guns so as to command the road for half a mile or more, all to be accurately trained on the track by the light of day, and loaded ready to be discharged at any moment. Infantry companies were stationed to fire into the trains, if the artillery failed to stop them. Pickets were posted out two or three miles, with orders to fire signal-guns as soon as the first troop-laden train should pass. About one o'clock at night we heard the rumbling of an approaching train. The long roll was beat; the men assembled at their assigned positions and in silence awaited the sound of the signal-guns. A nervous cavalryman was the vedette. As the train passed him (it was the regular mail) he thought he saw soldiers in it and fired. *Pop! pop! pop!* came down the road from successive sentries. Primers were inserted and lanyards held taut, to be pulled when the engine turned a certain point four hundred yards distant from the battery. By great good luck Colonel William S. H. Baylor, commanding the Fifth Virginia regiment, was with some of his men stationed a little beyond the fatal point, and seeing no troops aboard the train signaled it to stop. It did so, not one hundred yards beyond where the artillery would have opened on it. When the first excitement was over, he demanded of the conductor what troops, if any, were on board, and was told there was "one old fellow in uniform asleep on the mail-bags in the first

car." Entering that car with a file of soldiers, he secured the third prisoner of war taken in Virginia. It proved to be Brig.-Gen. W. S. Harney of the United States Army, on his way from the West to Washington, to resign his commission and go to Europe rather than engage in a fratricidal war. He surrendered with a pleasant remark, and was taken to General Harper's headquarters, where he spent the night. On his assurance that he knew of no troops coming from the West, Harper ordered us all to quarters. Next morning General Harney was paroled to report in Richmond, and was escorted to a train about to leave for Winchester. He was a fine-looking old soldier, and as he walked down the street to the depot he saw all our forces, except the cavalry. He was accompanied socially by two or three of our generals and a swarm of staff-officers. He cast his eagle glance over the few hundred men in sight, and turning to General Harper, I heard him inquire, with a merry twinkle in his eye, "Where is your army encamped, General?" Harper's face crimsoned as he replied, "Excuse me from giving information." Harney smiled, and politely said, "Pardon me for asking an improper question, but I had forgotten I was a prisoner." He went on to Richmond, was treated with marked courtesy, and in a day or two proceeded to Washington.

In a few days our forces began to increase by the arrival of fresh volunteer companies. Being only a captain, I was kept very busy in trying to get my battery into the best condition. We had no caissons and insufficient harness. For the latter I sent to Baltimore, purchasing on my private credit. In the same way I ordered from Richmond red flannel shirts and other clothing for all my men, our uniforms being too fine for camp life. The Governor subsequently ordered these bills to be paid by the State Treasurer. We found at the armory a large number of very strong horse-carts. In my battery were thirty or more excellent young mechanics. By using the wheels and axles of the carts they soon constructed good caissons, which served us till after the first battle of Bull Run.

We had no telegraph line to Richmond, and the time of communication by mail was two days. General Harper found it so difficult to obtain needed munitions and supplies, that about the last day of April he decided to send me to the Governor, who was my intimate friend, with a requisition for all we needed, and verbal instructions to make to him a full statement of our necessitous and defenseless condition, in case General Patterson, who was with a Federal force at Chambersburg, should move against us. When I arrived in Rich-

mond, General Robert E. Lee had been placed in command of all the Virginia forces by the Convention, and by ordinance every militia officer in the State above the rank of captain had been decapitated, and the Governor and his military council had been authorized to fill vacancies thus created. This was a disastrous blow to "the pomp and circumstance of glorious war" at Harper's Ferry. Militia generals and the brilliant "staff" were stricken down, and their functions devolved, according to Governor Letcher's order of April 27, upon Thomas J. Jackson, colonel commandant, and James W. Massie, major and assistant adjutant-general, who arrived during the first week of May.

This was "Stonewall" Jackson's first appearance on the theater of the war. I spent one day and night in Richmond, and then returned to camp, arriving about 2 P. M. What a revolution three or four days had wrought! I could scarcely realize the change. The militia generals were all gone; the staff had vanished. The commanding colonel and his adjutant had arrived, and were occupying a small room in the little wayside hotel near the railroad bridge. Knowing them both, I immediately sought an interview and delivered a letter and some papers I had brought from General Lee. Jackson and his adjutant were at a little pine table figuring upon the rolls of the troops present. They were dressed in well-worn, dingy uniforms of professors in the Virginia Military Institute, where both had recently occupied chairs. Colonel Jackson had issued and sent to the camps a short, simple order assuming the command, but had had no intercourse with the troops. The deposed officers had nearly all left for home or for Richmond in a high state of indignation. After an interview of perhaps a half hour I proceeded to my camp on the hill, and found the men of the Fifth Virginia regiment, from my own county, in assembly, and greatly excited. They were deeply attached to their field-officers, and regarded the action of the Convention as an outrage on freemen and volunteers, and were discussing the propriety of passing denunciatory resolutions. On seeing me they called for a speech. As I did not belong to the regiment, I declined to say anything, but ordered the men of the Staunton Artillery to fall into line. Then I briefly told them that we were required to muster into service either for twelve months or during the war, at our option. I urged them to go in for the full period of the war, as such action would be most creditable to them, and a good example to others. They unanimously shouted, "For the war! For the war!" Before they were dismissed the ceremony of mustering in was

completed, and I proudly took the roll down to Colonel Jackson with the remark, "There, Colonel, is the roll of your first company mustered in for the war." He looked it over, and rising, shook my hand, saying, "Thank you, Captain—thank you; and please thank your men for me." He had heard there was some dissatisfaction in the camps, and asked me to act as mustering officer for the two other artillery companies present. Before sunset the rolls were returned. This prompt action of the batteries was emulated the next day by the other troops, and all were mustered in. Within a week Governor Letcher very wisely appointed Major-General Harper colonel of the Fifth Virginia, Brigadier-General Harman lieutenant-colonel, and the late Colonel Baylor major, and I venture to say no regiment in either army was ever better officered. The fame it won in the "Stonewall" brigade proves this.

The presence of a master mind was visible in the changed condition of the camp. Perfect order reigned. Instruction in all the details of military duties occupied Jackson's whole time. He urged all officers to call upon him for information about even the minutest details of duty, often remarking that it was no discredit to a civilian to be ignorant of military matters. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and yet as gentle and kind as a woman. He was the easiest man in our army to get along with pleasantly so long as one did his duty, but as inexorable as fate in exacting its performance; yet he would overlook serious faults if he saw they were the result of ignorance, and in a kindly way would instruct the offender. He was as courteous to the humblest private who sought an interview for any purpose, as to the highest officer in his command. He despised superciliousness and self-assertion, and nothing angered him so quickly as to see an officer wound the feelings of those under him by irony or sarcasm.

When Jackson found we were without artillery horses, he went into no red-tape correspondence with the circumlocution offices in Richmond, but ordered his quartermaster, Major John A. Harman, to proceed with men to the Quaker settlements in the rich county of Loudoun, famous for its good horses, and buy or impress as many as we needed. Harman executed his orders with such energy and dispatch that he won Jackson's confidence and remained his chief quartermaster till the day of Jackson's death.

About ten days after Jackson assumed command at the Ferry, everything being perfectly quiet, I rode up to his quarters and told him we had been so suddenly called into service that I had left important private

business unprovided for, and had written for my wife to bring papers needing my signature; that I had received a note from Colonel Ware saying she was a guest at his house, some seventeen miles from our camp. I said to the Colonel that I knew of nothing to prevent my going to Colonel Ware's that night, and that I would return by nine or ten o'clock next morning. I made no formal application for leave of absence, and as he said nothing against my going, I mounted and rode off. I reached Ware's in time for supper. A heavy rain-storm set in. About two o'clock some one hallooed lustily at the front gate. Raising the window, I called out, "Who is there?" My brother's voice shouted back that he had an order from Colonel Jackson requiring me to report to him at daybreak. This order had been sent to my camp at nine p. m. without explanation, and my brother, not knowing that I had seen Colonel Jackson before I left camp, thought my absence might compromise me, and therefore rode through the storm to enable me to get back to camp before daylight. Of course, I returned with him, reaching Harper's Ferry at early dawn, wet to the skin, and very muddy. I went to headquarters and found Adjutant Massie up, but Colonel Jackson had not risen. I inquired at once, "What news from the enemy?" supposing, of course, that some trouble was impending. He replied, "Everything is quiet." I pulled out the order and asked, "What does this mean?" He answered, "It's plain: you are to report here at daybreak." "What for?" "I don't know, but have only my suspicions." "What are they?" "That it is to teach you that a soldier in the face of the enemy has no business away from his post." At this I became very angry, and declared I would have an explanation when Jackson arose.

Massie and I had been intimate from boyhood. He said, "Let me advise you. You don't know Jackson as I do. He is one of the best-hearted men in the world, and the truest. He has the most rigid ideas of duty. He thought last night that you went off in a rather free-and-easy manner. He likes you, and would not forbid your going, though he gave you no leave to go. You assumed it. He meant to rebuke you for it, and teach you a military lesson that you would not forget. He sent this order to your camp last night, as if he supposed you were there. I am glad it reached you, and that you are here. It will raise you and your brother in his estimation." He advised me to cool down, get breakfast, and come back. "I will tell him," he said, "that you have been here. He was up late last night, or he would be out of bed now."

I followed Massie's advice, and about eight o'clock called on Colonel Jackson, and asked if he had any orders for me. He said he had decided to take possession of the bridge across the Potomac at Point of Rocks, twelve miles below Harper's Ferry, and wished me to command the post. He asked how soon I could be ready to go. I replied, "In thirty minutes — just as soon as we can harness the horses and hitch up." He saw I was still angry, but never alluded to my recall from Ware's. He smiled at my prompt reply and said, "You needn't be in such a hurry — it will do to get off by eleven o'clock." The episode was soon the gossip of the camp, and, perhaps, had a salutary effect.

I fortified the Virginia end of the Point of Rocks bridge, as we expected a visit any night from General B. F. Butler, who was at the Relay House on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. It was my habit to keep awake all night to be ready for emergencies, and to sleep in the day-time, making daily reports, night and morning, to Jackson.

One Sunday afternoon, a little over a week after we occupied this post, I was aroused from my nap by one of my men, who said there were two men in blue uniforms (we had not yet adopted the gray) riding about our camp, and looking so closely at everything that he believed they were spies! I went out to see who they were. It was Jackson and one of his staff. As I approached them, he put his finger on his lips and shook his head as a signal for silence. In a low tone he said he preferred it should not be known he had come there. He approved of all I had done, and soon galloped away. I afterward suspected the visit was simply to familiarize himself with the line of the canal and railroad from Point of Rocks to Harper's Ferry preparatory to a sharp bit of strategy he practiced a few days later. One of the great and growing wants felt by the Confederacy from the very beginning of the war was that of rolling-stock for the railroads. We were particularly short of locomotives, and were without the shops to build them. Jackson, appreciating this, hit upon a plan to obtain a large supply from the Baltimore and Ohio road. Its line was double-tracked, at least from Point of Rocks to Martinsburg, a distance of twenty-five or thirty miles.

By our occupation of Harper's Ferry we had not interfered with the running of trains except on the occasion of the arrest of General Harney. The coal traffic from Cumberland was immense, as the Washington Government was accumulating supplies of coal on the seaboard. These coal trains passed Harper's Ferry at all hours of the day and night,

and thus furnished Jackson a pretext for arranging a brilliant "scoop." When he sent me to Point of Rocks, he ordered Colonel Harper with the Fifth Virginia infantry to Martinsburg. He then complained to President Garrett, of the Baltimore and Ohio, that the night trains, eastward bound, disturbed the repose of his camp, and requested a change of schedule that would pass all east-bound trains by Harper's Ferry between eleven and one o'clock in the day-time. Mr. Garrett complied, and thereafter for several days we heard the constant roar of passing trains for an hour before and an hour after noon. But since the "empties" were sent up the road at night, Jackson again complained that the nuisance was as great as ever, and as the road had two tracks, he must insist that west-bound trains should pass Harper's Ferry during the same two hours as those east-bound. Mr. Garrett promptly complied, and we then had, for two hours every day, the liveliest railroad in America. As soon as the schedule was working at its best, Jackson sent me an order one night to take a force of men across to the Maryland side of the river next day at eleven o'clock, and let all west-bound trains pass till twelve o'clock, but permit none to go east, and at twelve o'clock to obstruct the road so that it would require several days to repair it. He ordered the reverse to be done at Martinsburg. Thus he caught all the trains that were going east or west between those points, and ran them up to Winchester, thirty-two miles on the branch road, where they were safe, and whence they were removed by horse-power to Strasburg and Staunton. I do not remember the number of trains captured, but the loss crippled the Baltimore and Ohio road seriously for some time, and the gain to our scantily stocked Virginia roads of the same gauge was invaluable.

While we held the Point of Rocks bridge, J. E. B. Stuart (afterwards so famous as a cavalry leader) was commissioned lieutenant-colonel and reported to Colonel Jackson for assignment to duty. Jackson ordered the consolidation of all the cavalry companies into a battalion to be commanded by Stuart, who appeared then more like a well-grown, manly youth than the matured man he really was. This order was very offensive to Captain Turner Ashby, at that time the idol of all the troopers in the field, as well he might be, for a more brave and chivalrous officer never rode at the head of well-mounted troopers. Ashby was older than Stuart, and he thought, and we all believed, he was entitled to first promotion. When not absent scouting, Ashby spent his nights with me at the bridge, our relations being confidential. He was unmarried and of a meditative tem-

perament, that sometimes made him gloomy. He often expressed the belief that he and his fondly loved brother "Dick" Ashby would fall early in the conflict. The evening upon which he received Colonel Jackson's order to report to Stuart he came to the bridge from his camp, two miles out on the Leesburg road, and asked me to go up on the bridge roof for a talk. He then told me of the order, and that he would reply to it next morning with his resignation. I expostulated with him, although he had all my sympathies. I urged him to call upon Colonel Jackson that night. It was only twelve miles by the tow-path of the canal, and on his black Arabian he could make it in less than an hour. I believed Jackson would respect his feelings and leave his company out of Stuart's battalion. I ventured to write a private letter to Jackson, appealing in the strongest terms for the saving of Ashby to the service.

About ten o'clock, under a bright moonlight, the guards let Ashby through the bridge, and in a lope he turned up the tow-path toward Harper's Ferry. In crossing one of the little bridges over a waste-slucce, something frightened the Arabian, and with a bound they landed in the canal. The water did not quite swim the horse, but the banks were so steep that he could not get out of it till he had ridden several hundred yards and found the bank less steep. Then on he went, and reached Jackson's headquarters before he had retired. Jackson not only relieved him from the obnoxious order, but agreed to divide the companies between him and Stuart, and to ask for his immediate promotion, forming thus the nuclei of two regiments of cavalry, to be filled as rapidly as new companies came to the front. Ashby got back to Point of Rocks about two in the morning, as happy a man as I ever saw, and completely enraptured with Jackson. From that night on their mutual affection and confidence were remarkable. He said his night ride and ducking in the canal so excited Jackson's amusement and admiration that he believed they did more than all else to secure the favorable result of his visit. But it is more likely that a trip Ashby had made a few days before to Chambersburg and the encampment of General Robert Patterson was the real reason for Jackson's favor. Ashby had rigged himself in a farmer's suit of homespun that he borrowed, and hiring a plow-horse, had personated a rustic horse-doctor. With his saddle-bags full of some remedy for spavin or ringbone, he had gone to Chambersburg, and had returned in the night with an immense amount of information. The career of Ashby was a romance from that time on till he fell, shot through the

heart, two days before the battle of Cross Keys, of which I shall speak later on.

In May, 1861, Colonel Jackson was superseded in command at Harper's Ferry by Brigadier-General Joseph E. Johnston. When General Johnston arrived, several thousand men had been assembled there, representing nearly all the seceded States east of the Mississippi River. Johnston at once began the work of organization on a larger scale than Jackson had attempted. He brigaded the troops, and to the exclusively Virginia brigade assigned Colonel Jackson as its commander. The latter was almost immediately commissioned brigadier-general, and when early in June Johnston withdrew from Harper's Ferry to Winchester, he kept Jackson at the front along the Baltimore and Ohio road to observe General Patterson's preparations. Nothing of much importance occurred for several weeks, beyond a little affair near Martinsburg in which Jackson captured about forty men of a reconnoitering party sent out by Patterson. His vigilance was ceaseless, and General Johnston felt sure, at Winchester, of ample warning of any aggressive movement of the enemy. The first great distinction won by Jackson was at Bull Run on the 21st of July.* Soon after, he was promoted to major-general, and the Confederate Government having on the 21st of October, 1861, organized the Department of Northern Virginia, under command of General Joseph E. Johnston, it was divided into the Valley District, the Potomac District, and Acquia District, to be commanded respectively by Major-Generals Jackson, Beauregard, and Holmes. On October 28 General Johnston ordered Jackson to Winchester to assume command of his district, and on the 6th of November the War Department ordered his old "Stonewall" brigade, and six thousand troops under command of Brigadier-General W. W. Loring, to report to him. These, together with Ashby's cavalry, gave him a force of about ten thousand men all told.

His only movement of note in the winter of 1861-2 was an expedition at the end of December to Bath and Romney, to destroy the Baltimore and Ohio railroad and a dam or two near Hancock on the Chesapeake and Ohio canal. The weather set in to be very inclement about New Year's, with snow, rain, sleet, high winds, and intense cold. Many in Jackson's command were opposed to the expedition, and as it resulted in nothing of much military importance, but was attended with great suffering on the part of his troops, nothing but the confidence he had won by his previous services saved him from personal ruin. He and his second in command, Gen-

eral Loring, had a serious disagreement. He ordered Loring to take up his quarters, in January, in the exposed and cheerless village of Romney on the south branch of the upper Potomac. Loring objected to this. Jackson was inexorable. Loring and his principal officers united in a petition to Mr. Benjamin, Secretary of War, to order them to Winchester, or at least away from Romney. This document was sent direct to the War office, and the Secretary, in utter disregard of "good order and discipline," granted the request, without consulting Jackson. As soon as information reached Jackson of what had been done, he indignantly resigned his commission. Governor Letcher was astounded, and at once wrote Jackson a sympathetic letter, and then expostulated with Mr. Davis and his Secretary with such vigor that an apology was sent to Jackson for their obnoxious course. The orders were revoked and modified, and Jackson was induced to retain his command. This little episode gave the Confederate civil authorities an inkling of "what manner of man" "Stonewall" Jackson was. Devoted as he was to the South, he had a due appreciation of his own character, and was justly tenacious of all his personal rights, especially when their infraction involved what he considered a fatal blow at the proper discipline of the army.

In that terrible winter's march and exposure, he endured all that any private was exposed to. One morning, near Bath, some of his men, having crawled out from under their snow-laden blankets, half-frozen, were cursing him as the cause of their sufferings. He lay close by under a tree, also snowed under, and heard all this; but without noticing it, presently crawled out too, and shaking the snow off, made some jocular remark to the nearest men, who had no idea he had ridden up in the night and lain down amongst them. The incident ran through the little army in a few hours, and reconciled his followers to all the hardships of the expedition, and fully re-established his popularity.

As the winter wore on and spring was opening, a tremendous host of enemies was assembling to crush out all resistance to the Federal Government in Virginia. In March General McClellan withdrew from Johnston's front at Manassas, and collected his army of more than one hundred thousand men on the Peninsula. Johnston moved south to confront him. Jackson, whose entire army in the Shenandoah Valley did not exceed thirteen thousand effective men of all arms, retired up the Valley. McClellan had planned and organized a masterly movement to capture, hold, and occupy the Valley and the Piedmont region; and if

* See "Incidents of the Battle of Manassas" by General Imboden in the CENTURY for May, 1885.—ED.

his subordinates had been equal to the task, and there had been no interference from Washington, it is probable the Confederate army would have been driven out of Virginia and Richmond captured by midsummer, 1862.

Milroy, with near twelve thousand men, was on the Staunton and Parkersburg road at McDowell, less than forty miles from Staunton, about the 1st of May. Frémont, with a force reputed then at thirty thousand men, was at Franklin, only fifty miles north-west of Staunton, and in close supporting distance from Milroy. Banks, with over ten thousand men, was fortified at Strasburg, seventy miles north-east of Staunton, by the great Valley turnpike. And Shields was on the east side of the Blue Ridge, so as to be able to move either to Fredericksburg or to the Luray Valley, and thence to Staunton. This force, aggregating about sixty-four thousand men, was confronted by Jackson with barely thirteen thousand. General McDowell, at the same time, was at or near Fredericksburg, with a reputed force of forty thousand more Federals.

General Johnston could spare no assistance to Jackson, for McClellan was right in his front with superior numbers, and menacing the capital of the Confederacy with almost immediate and certain capture. Its only salvation depended upon Jackson's ability to hold back Milroy, Frémont, Banks, Shields, and McDowell long enough to let Johnston try doubtful conclusions with McClellan. If he failed in this, these five commanders of an aggregate force then reputed to be, and I believe in fact, over one hundred thousand, would converge and move down upon Richmond from the west as McClellan advanced from the east, and the city and its defenders would fall an easy prey to nearly, if not quite, a quarter of a million of the best armed and equipped men ever put into the field by any government.

"Stonewall" Jackson — silent as a sphinx, brave as a lion, and sustained by a religious fervor as ardent as that of Cromwell's army, which believed in the efficacy of prayer for success, but prudentially kept their powder dry—was near Port Republic early in May, contemplating his surroundings and maturing his plans. What these latter were no mortal man but himself knew.

Suddenly the appalling news spread through the Valley that Jackson had fled from his district to the east side of the Blue Ridge through Brown's and Swift Run gaps. Only Ashby remained behind with about one thousand cavalry, scattered and moving day and night in the vicinity of McDowell, Franklin, Strasburg, Front Royal, and Luray, and reporting to Jackson every movement of his Briarean

enemy. Despair was fast settling upon the minds of the people of the Valley. Jackson made no concealment of his flight. He indeed had gone, and the fact soon reached his enemies. Milroy advanced two regiments to the top of the Shenandoah Mountain, only twenty-two miles from Staunton, and was preparing to move his entire force to Staunton, to be followed by Frémont.

Jackson had gone to Charlottesville and other stations on the Virginia Central Railroad, and had collected enough railway trains to transport all of his little army. That it was to be taken to Richmond when the troops were all embarked no one doubted. It was Sunday, and many of his sturdy soldiers were Valley men. With sad and gloomy hearts they boarded the trains. When all were on, lo! they took a westward course, and a little after noon the first train rolled into Staunton, the men got off, and as quickly as possible a cordon of sentinels was thrown around the town, and no human being was permitted to pass out. The people were at the churches. Those from the neighborhood could not return to their homes because of the cordon of sentinels. News of Jackson's arrival spread like wild-fire, and crowds flocked to the station to see the soldiers, and learn what it all meant. No one knew, and no one could tell. The most prominent citizen of the place was the venerable Judge Lucas P. Thompson, whose rank in the State judiciary was inferior to none. He was a personal friend of General Jackson, and the people urged him to see the General, and find out and tell them what Jackson meant to do.

Jackson was found in a little room quietly writing some orders. He received his old friend the Judge very cordially, who remarked: "General, your appearance here is a complete surprise. We thought you had gone to Richmond." "Ah! indeed?" said Jackson. "Yes; and we can't understand it. Where are you going? or do you expect to meet the enemy here?" Jackson's eye twinkled with amusement, as he leaned over and spoke to the Judge in a low, confidential tone: "Judge, can you keep a secret—a secret that must not be told to any one?" "Oh, yes!" "So can I, Judge, and you must excuse me for not telling it to you." His Honor's face turned scarlet, and he soon left, answering his eager questioners with judicial gravity, "Jackson's movement is a secret."

As soon as the troops could be put in motion they took the road leading towards McDowell, the General having sent forward cavalry to Buffalo Gap and beyond to arrest all persons going that way. The next morning by a circuitous mountain-path he tried to send

a brigade of infantry to the rear of Milroy's two regiments on Shenandoah Mountain, but they were improperly guided and failed to reach their proposed position in time, and both regiments escaped when attacked in front. Jackson followed as rapidly as possible, and the following day, May 8, encountered Milroy's army on top of the mountain three miles east of McDowell. The conflict lasted many hours, and was severe and bloody. It was fought mainly with small arms, the ground forbidding much use of artillery. Milroy was routed, and fled precipitately towards Franklin, to unite with Frémont. The route lay along a narrow valley hedged by high mountains, perfectly protecting the flanks of the retreating army from Ashby's pursuing cavalry. Jackson ordered Ashby to pursue as vigorously as possible, and to guard completely all avenues of approach from the direction of McDowell or Staunton till relieved of this duty. Jackson buried the dead and rested his army one day, and then fell back to the Valley on the Warm Springs and Harrisonburg road. (See map, page 293.)

It was sometimes questioned whether Jackson was entitled to all the credit for the strategy that enabled him in thirty-three days, with thirteen thousand men, to defeat successively Milroy, Banks, Frémont, and Shields, with an aggregate force of sixty-four thousand men, and to clear the Valley of all hostile troops. I happen to know one fact that sheds a flood of light on this question, and have repeated it hundreds of times, though I do not know that it has ever been in print. It is this :

The morning after the battle of McDowell I called very early on Jackson at the residence of Colonel George W. Hull of that village, where he had his headquarters, to ask if I could be of any service to him, as I had to go to Staunton, forty miles distant, to look after some companies that were to join my command. He asked me to wait a few moments, as he wished to prepare a telegram to be sent to President Davis from Staunton, the nearest office to McDowell. He took a seat at a table and wrote nearly half a page of foolscap; he rose and stood before the fire-place pondering it some minutes; then he tore it into pieces and wrote again, but much less, and again destroyed what he had written, and paced the room several times. He suddenly stopped, seated himself, and dashed off two or three lines, folded the paper, and said, "Send that off as soon as you reach Staunton." As I bade him "good-bye," he remarked: "I may have other telegrams to-day or to-morrow, and will send them to you for transmission. I wish you to have two or three well-mounted couriers ready to bring me the replies promptly." I promised to do so and departed.

I read the message he had given me. It was dated "McDowell," and read about thus: "Providence blessed our arms with victory over Milroy's forces yesterday." That was all. The second day thereafter a courier arrived with a message to be telegraphed to the Secretary of War. I read it, sent it off, and ordered a courier to be ready with his horse, while I waited at the telegraph office for the reply. The message was to this effect: "I think I ought to attack Banks, but under my orders I do not feel at liberty to do so." In less than an hour a reply came, but not from the Secretary of War. It was from General Joseph E. Johnston, to whom I supposed the Secretary had referred General Jackson's message. I have a distinct recollection of its substance, as follows: "If you think you can beat Banks, attack him. I only intended by my orders to caution you against attacking fortifications." Banks was understood to have strongly fortified himself at Strasburg and Cedar Creek. I started the courier with this reply, as I supposed to McDowell, but, lo! it met Jackson only twelve miles from Staunton, to which point on the Harrisonburg and Warm Springs turnpike he had marched the whole of his little army except Ashby's cavalry, about one thousand men. These latter, under that intrepid leader, Ashby, who was to fall within a month, he had sent from McDowell to menace Frémont, who was at Franklin in Pendleton County, where he remained in blissful ignorance that Jackson had left McDowell, till telegraphed some days later by Banks that Jackson had fallen upon him at Front Royal and driven him through Winchester and across the Potomac.

Two hours after receiving this telegram from General Johnston, Jackson was *en route* for Harrisonburg, where he came upon the great Valley turnpike. By forced marches he reached New Market in two days. Detachments of cavalry guarded every road beyond him, so that Banks remained in total ignorance of his approach. This Federal commander had the larger part of his force well fortified at and near Strasburg, but he kept a large detachment at Front Royal, about eight miles distant and facing the Luray or Page Valley.

From New Market Jackson disappeared so suddenly that the people of the Valley were again mystified. He crossed the Massanutten Mountain, and passing Luray, hurried towards Front Royal. He sometimes made thirty miles in twenty-four hours with his entire army, gaining for his infantry the sobriquet of "Jackson's foot cavalry." He struck Fort Royal very early in the morning of May 23. The surprise was complete, and disastrous to the enemy under Colonel John R. Kenly. After a short and fruit-

less resistance they fled towards Winchester, twenty miles distant, with Jackson at their heels.

News of this disaster reached Banks at Strasburg, by which he learned that Jackson was rapidly gaining his rear towards Newtown. The works Banks had constructed had not been made for defense in that direction. He abandoned them and set out with all haste for Winchester; but *en route*, near Newtown (May 24), Jackson struck his flank, inflicting heavy loss, and making enormous captures of property, consisting of wagons, teams, camp equipage, provisions, ammunition, and over seven thousand stand of arms, all new, and in perfect order; also, a large number of prisoners.

Jackson chased Banks's fleeing army beyond Winchester (May 25), and held his ground till he was satisfied they had crossed the Potomac. His problem now was to escape Frémont's clutches, knowing that that officer would be promptly advised by wire of what had befallen Banks. He could go back the way he came, by the Luray Valley, but that would expose Staunton (the most important depot in the valley) to capture by Frémont, and he had made his plans to save it.

I had been left at Staunton organizing my recruits. From New Market on his way to attack Banks, Jackson sent me an order to throw as many men as I could arm, and as quickly as possible, into Brock's Gap, west of Harrisonburg, and any other mountain-pass through which Frémont could reach the Valley at or south of Harrisonburg. I knew that within four miles of Franklin, on the main road leading to Harrisonburg, there was a narrow defile hemmed in on both sides by nearly perpendicular cliffs, over five hundred feet high. I sent about fifty men, well armed with long-range guns, to occupy these cliffs, and defend the passage to the last extremity. They got there in time.

As soon as Frémont learned of Banks's defeat, he put his array in motion to cut off Jackson's retreat up the Valley. Ashby was still in his front towards McDowell, with an unknown force; so Frémont did not attempt that route, but sent his cavalry to feel the way towards Brock's Gap, on the direct road to Harrisonburg. The men I had sent to the cliffs let the head of the column get well into the defile or gorge, when, from a position of perfect safety to themselves, they poured a deadly volley into the close column. Being so unexpected, and coming from a foe of unknown strength, the Federal column halted and hesitated to advance. Another volley and the "rebel yell" from the cliffs turned them back, never to appear again. Frémont took the road to Moorefield, and thence to Strasburg. It shows how close had been Jackson's calculation

of chances, to state that as his rear-guard marched up Fisher's Hill, two miles from Strasburg, Frémont's advance came in sight on the mountain-side on the road from Moorefield. Jackson continued his march up the Valley to Harrisonburg, hotly pursued by Frémont, but avoiding a conflict.

The news of Banks's defeat created consternation at Washington, and Shields was ordered to the Luray Valley in all haste to coöperate with Frémont. Jackson was advised of Shields's approach, and his aim was to prevent a junction of their forces till he reached a point where he could strike them in quick succession. He therefore sent cavalry detachments along the Shenandoah to burn the bridges as far as Port Republic, the river being at that time too full for fording. At Harrisonburg he took the road leading to Port Republic, and ordered me from Staunton, with a mixed battery and battalion of cavalry, to the bridge over North River near Mount Crawford, to prevent a cavalry force passing to his rear.

At Cross Keys, about four miles from Harrisonburg, he delivered battle to Frémont, on June 8, and after a long and bloody conflict, as night closed in he was master of the field. Leaving one brigade—Ewell's—on the ground, to resist Frémont if he should return next day, he that night marched the rest of his army to Port Republic, which lies in the forks of the river, and made his arrangements to attack Shields next morning on the Lewis farm, just below Port Republic.

On the day of the conflict at Cross Keys I held the bridge across North River at Mount Crawford with a battalion of cavalry, four howitzers, and a Parrott gun, to prevent a cavalry flank movement on Jackson's trains at Port Republic. About ten o'clock at night I received a note from Jackson, written in pencil on the blank margin of a newspaper, directing me to report with my command at Port Republic before daybreak. On the same slip, and as a postscript, he wrote, "Poor Ashby is dead. He fell gloriously . . . [June 6] I know you will join with me in mourning the loss of our friend, one of the noblest men and soldiers in the Confederate army." I carried that slip of paper till it was literally worn to tatters.

It was nearly dark when Jackson and his staff reached the bridge at Port Republic from Cross Keys. Shields had sent two guns and a few men under a green lieutenant to the bridge. They arrived about the same time as Jackson, and his troops soon coming up, the Federal lieutenant and his supports made great haste in the dark back to the Lewis farm.

I reached Port Republic an hour before day-

break of June 9, and sought the house occupied by Jackson; but not wishing to disturb him so early, I asked the sentinel what room was occupied by "Sandy" Pendleton, Jackson's adjutant-general.

"Upstairs, first room on the right," he replied.

Supposing he meant our right as we faced the house, up I went, softly opened the door, and discovered General Jackson lying on his face across the bed, fully dressed, with sword, sash, and boots all on. The low-burnt tallow candle on the table shed but a dim light, yet enough by which to see and recognize his person. I had entered the wrong room, and I endeavored to withdraw without waking him, but it was too late.

He turned over, sat up on the bed, and called out, "Who is that?"

I immediately stepped again inside the room and apologized for the intrusion. He checked me with "That is all right. It's time to be up. I am glad to see you. Were the men all up as you came through camp?"

"Yes, General, and cooking."

"That's right. We move at daybreak. Sit down while I wash. I want to talk to you."

I had long ago learned never to ask him questions about his plans, for he would never answer such to any one. I therefore waited for him to speak first. He referred very feelingly to Ashby's death, and spoke of it as an irreparable loss to him or any future commander in the Valley. When he paused I said, "General, you made a glorious winding-up of your four weeks' work yesterday."

He replied, "Yes, God blessed our army again yesterday, and I hope with his protection and blessing we shall do still better to-day."

Then seating himself, for the first time in all my intercourse with him, he outlined the day's proposed operations. I remember perfectly his conversation; we had then learned to look upon him as invincible, if not inspired.

He said: "Charley Winder [Brigadier-General commanding his old 'Stonewall' brigade] will cross the river at daybreak and attack Shields on the Lewis farm [two miles below]. I shall support him with all the other troops as fast as they can be put in line. General 'Dick' Taylor will move through the woods on the side of the mountain with his Louisiana brigade, and rush upon their left flank by the time the action becomes general. By ten o'clock we shall get them on the run, and I'll now tell you what I want with you. Send the

big new rifle-gun you have [a twelve-pounder Parrott] to Poague [commander of the Rock-bridge Artillery], and let your mounted men report to the cavalry. I want you in person to take your mountain howitzers to the field, in some safe position in rear of the line, keeping everything packed on the mules, ready at any moment to take to the mountain-side. Three miles below Lewis's there is a defile on the Luray road. Shields may rally and make a stand there. If he does, I can't reach him with the field batteries on account of the woods. You can carry your twelve-pounder howitzers on the mules up the mountain-side, and, at some good place, unpack and shell the enemy out of the defile, and the cavalry will do the rest."

This plan of battle was carried out to the letter. I took position in a ravine about two hundred yards in rear of Poague's battery in the center of the line. General Shields made a very stubborn fight, and by nine o'clock matters began to look very serious for us. Dick Taylor had not yet come down out of the woods on Shields's left flank.

Meanwhile, I was having a remarkable time with our mules in the ravine. Some of the shot aimed at Poague came bounding over our heads, and occasionally a shell would burst there. The mules became frantic. They kicked, plunged, and squealed. It was impossible to quiet them, and it took three or four men to hold one mule from breaking away. Each mule had about three hundred pounds' weight on him, so securely fastened that the load could not be dislodged by any of his capers. Several of them lay down and tried to wallow their loads off. The men held these down, and that suggested the idea of throwing them all on the ground and holding them there. The ravine sheltered us so that we were in no danger from the shot or shell which passed over us.

Just about the time our mule "circus" was at its height, news came up the line from the left that Winder's brigade near the river was giving way. Jackson rode down in that direction to see what it meant. As he passed on the brink of our ravine, his eye caught the scene, and, reining up a moment, he accosted me with "Colonel, you seem to have trouble down there." I made some reply which drew forth a hearty laugh, and he said, "Get your mules to the mountain as soon as you can, and be ready to move."

Then he dashed on. He found his old brigade had yielded slightly to overwhelming pressure. Galloping up, he was received with a cheer; and, calling out at the top of his voice, "The 'Stonewall' brigade never retreats; follow me!" led them back to their original line.

Taylor soon made his appearance, and the flank attack settled the work of the day. A wild retreat began. The pursuit was vigorous. No stand was made in the defile. We pursued them eight miles. I rode back with Jackson, and at sunset we were on the battle-field at the Lewis mansion.

Jackson accosted a medical officer, and said, "Have you brought off all the wounded?"

"Yes, all of ours, but not all of the enemy's."

"Why not?"

"Because we were shelled from across the river."

"Had you your hospital flag on the field?"

"Yes."

"And they shelled that?"

"Yes."

"Well, take your men to their quarters; I would rather let them all die than have one of my men shot intentionally under the yellow flag when trying to save their wounded. They are barbarians."

Frémont, hearing the noise of the battle, had hurried out from Harrisonburg to help Shields; but Jackson had burnt the bridge at Port Republic, after Ewell had held Frémont in check some time on the west side of the river and escaped, so that when Frémont came in sight of Shields's battle-field the latter had been whipped and the river could not be crossed. And, as this medical officer reported, Frémont then shelled the relief parties, thus compelling many of Shields's wounded to pass a dreadful night where they lay. No doubt many died who might have been saved.

The next day I returned to Staunton, and found General W. H. C. Whiting, my old commander after the fall of General Bee at Bull Run, arriving with a division of troops to re-enforce Jackson. Taking him and his staff to my house as guests, General Whiting left soon after breakfast with a guide to call on Jackson at Swift Run Gap, near Port Republic, where he was resting his troops. The distance from Staunton was about twenty miles, but Whiting returned after midnight. He was in a towering passion, and declared that Jackson had treated him outrageously. I asked, "How is that possible, General, for he is very polite to every one?"

"Oh! hang him, he was polite enough. But he didn't say one word about his plans, though he knows I am next in rank to him, and second in command. I finally asked him for orders, telling him what troops I had. He simply told me to go back to Staunton, and he would send me orders to-morrow. I haven't the slightest idea what they will be. I believe he hasn't any more sense than my horse."

Seeing his frame of mind, and he being a

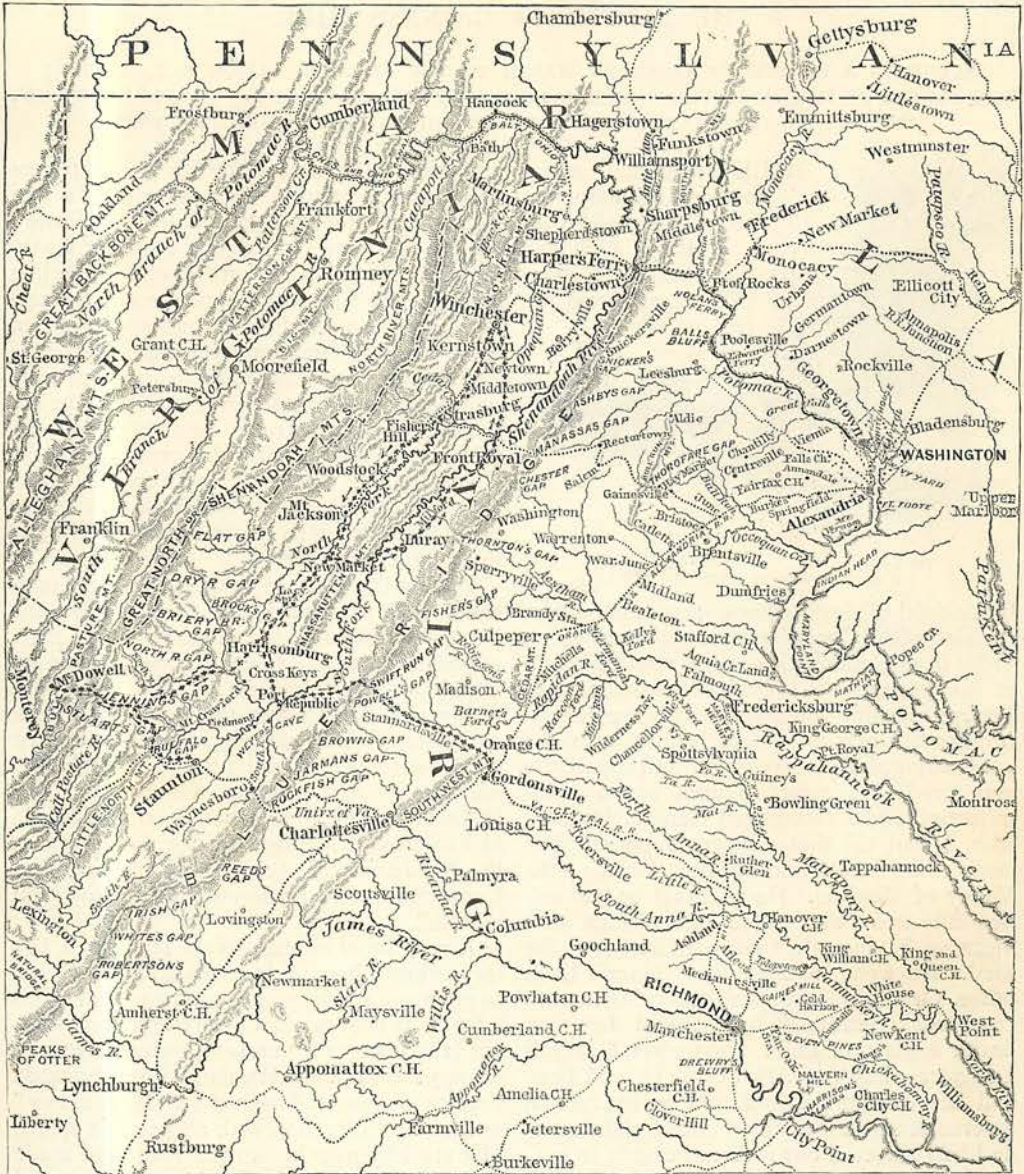
guest in my house, I said little. Just after breakfast next morning, a courier arrived with a terse order to embark his troops on the railroad trains and move to Gordonsville at once, where he would receive further orders. This brought on a new explosion of wrath. "Didn't I tell you he was a fool, and don't this prove it? Why, I just came through Gordonsville day before yesterday."

However, he obeyed the order; and when he reached Gordonsville he found Jackson there, and his little Valley army coming after him; a few days later McClellan was astounded when Jackson struck his right flank on the Chickahominy. Shortly after the seven days' battles around Richmond, I met Whiting again, and he then said: "I didn't know Jackson when I was at your house. I have found out now what his plans were, and they were worthy of a Napoleon. But I still think he ought to have told me his plans; for if he had died McClellan would have captured Richmond. I wouldn't have known what he was driving at, and might have made a mess of it. But I take back all I said about his being a fool."

From the date of Jackson's arrival at Staunton till the battle of Port Republic was 35 days. He marched from Staunton to McDowell, 40 miles, from McDowell to Front Royal, about 110, from Front Royal to Winchester, 20 miles, Winchester to Port Republic, 75 miles, a total of 245 miles, fighting in the meantime four desperate battles, and winning them all.

On the 17th of June, leaving only his cavalry, under Brigadier-General B. H. Robertson, and Chew's battery, and the little force I was enlisting in the Valley, now no longer threatened by the enemy, Jackson moved all his troops south-east, and on the 25th he was at Ashland, seventeen miles from Richmond. This withdrawal from the Valley was so skillfully managed that his absence from the scene of his late triumphs was unsuspected at Washington. On the contrary, something like a panic prevailed there, and the Government was afraid to permit McDowell to unite his forces with McClellan's lest it should uncover and expose the capital to Jackson's supposed movement on it.

Jackson's military operations were always unexpected and mysterious. In my personal intercourse with him in the early part of the war, before he had become famous, he often said there were two things never to be lost sight of by a military commander: "Always mystify, mislead and surprise the enemy, if possible; and when you strike and overcome him, never let up in the pursuit so long as your men have strength to follow; for an army routed, if hotly pursued,



MAP OF THE VIRGINIA CAMPAIGNS—MAY AND JUNE, 1862.

The crossed line and arrows indicate Jackson's movements in the Valley. On May 6 he was at Staunton; he defeated Milroy near McDowell on May 8; Banks at Front Royal, Newtown, and Winchester on May 23, 24, and 25; Fremont at Cross Keys on June 8; Shields at Port Republic on June 9.—E.D.

becomes panic-stricken, and can then be destroyed by half their number. The other rule is, Never fight against heavy odds, if by any possible manœuvring you can hurl your own force on only a part, and that the weakest part, of your enemy and crush it. Such tactics will win every time, and a small army may thus destroy a large one in detail, and repeated victory will make it invincible."

His wonderful celerity of movement was a simple matter. He never broke down his men by too-long-continued marching. He rested the whole column very often, but only for a few minutes at a time, and he liked to see the men lie down flat on the ground to rest, saying, "A man rests all over when he lies down."

Jno. D. Imboden.