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STONEWALL JACKSON AND CHANCELLORSVILLE

A PAPER READ BEFORE THE MILITARY HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF MASSACHUSETTS, ON THE FIRST OF MARCH, 1904

BY JAMES POWER SMITH
Captain and A. D. C. to Gen. Jackson

PUBLISHED BY
R. E. LEE CAMP, No. 1, CONFEDERATE VETERANS
Richmond, Va.

Class

Book

PRESENTED BY

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C. A. Dunnington

Stonewall Jackson and Chancellorsville.

Mr. Chairman and Gentlemen of the
Military Historical Society of Massachusetts:

Some years ago I had the pleasure to meet in our city of Richmond a gentleman of Boston, of wide intelligence and courteous bearing, broad in spirit, loving the truth, and striving to do full justice to all sections and to every claim just history could make. I allude to the distinguished founder of this Society, Mr. John C. Ropes. It was an inspiration of candor to know him, and it is an elevating moment in life when he is brought to mind.

It is a sincere pleasure to me to meet, to-night, gentlemen of like spirit, who wish to preserve the facts of the war between the States, that truth may have an unimpeded sway in history, that high character and noble manhood, wherever found in those days, may continue to exert their influence upon the manhood of the nation, and help to bind anew the ties that were once so rudely broken. I thank you most heartily for your invitation to be your guest to-night. In the spirit of your invitation, I most cordially respond.

HEADQUARTERS AT MOSS NECK.

After the battle of Fredericksburg, and the withdrawal of Burnside's army to the north of the Rappahannock, it was thought there might be an attempt to cross at another point. Stuart, of the Confederate cavalry, went down as far as Port Royal, twenty miles below Fredericksburg, and Jackson's Infantry divisions were sent down the Rappahannock hills. General Jackson rode down the river road, accompanied by myself as aide, and a half dozen couriers. After the middle of the day, we learned from Stuart that there were no indications of an attempt by the Federal forces to cross the river. Orders were sent to our division commanders to go into camp, and the question arose as to a headquarter camp for the night. I suggested Moss Neck, the large and handsome residence of Mr. James Park Corbin, as a suitable place for our

shelter for the night, but we had no sooner come into view of the elegant mansion than the General sharply said, "No, we will make a camp fire in the woods." Instead of the comfort and supper, and charming hospitality, we went a mile beyond, and, dismounting, prepared for a dismal night. And one young man was in a decidedly bad humor. It was bitterly cold; with the roaring fires the couriers made it was impossible to get warm. We had absolutely no food in our haversacks. Supperless and cold, the General and I laid down side by side on our saddle blankets, but there was no sleep. The cold was intense and the hunger increased. We sent a courier to Mr. Corbin's, and there came back a basket of cold bread and a ham bone, with an urgent bidding to come at once to the house. About midnight the General experienced a change of heart, to my great satisfaction. We rode to the house, aroused the household from the darkness and slumber, ladies and servants gave us a cordial welcome, and soon we were asleep, the General in bed in one of the chambers and his aide on a warm rug before an open fire of logs in the drawing room.

So it came that General Jackson made his headquarters at Moss Neck for that winter, between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. The mansion was large, and a greater part of it unoccupied, but he positively declined to occupy any apartments, gladly thrown open to him, and betook himself and his party to tents. But in a week or two cold settled in his ears and gave him great pain, and his medical director and friend, Dr. McGuire, insisted that he must go into shelter. Reluctantly consenting, he compromised, and into an office building his camp cot was removed, only on the plea that he would be able there to discharge the duties that pressed upon him. General Lee spent the winter, rough, stormy and bitterly cold, in tents on the Old Mine road, when any number of comfortable mansions were at his disposal.

The small frame building which Jackson occupied was the office of a country gentleman of large estate. There was an open fire place, with plain iron fire dogs; there was a book-case, with sets of Virginia statutes, Farmers' Registers and volumes of the Gentleman's Magazine. On the walls were pictures of famous horses and fine cattle, and over the mantle a tinted picture of a

famous terrier in a rat worry. There was the camp cot, a small table, a wash-stand and a few stools. The General's overcoat hung on the wall, and by it his sword, and in a corner stood his high boots. In an attic room overhead, by the General's request, I made my lodging place at night. Before the door a guard paced by day and by night. The headquarter's camp, with officers' tents and a dining tent and Adjutant's quarters, was a few hundred yards away, under the trees.

It was a memorable winter. The General was never absent for a night, was quite amiable and accessible, though quiet and reserved. He listened pleasantly to our table talk, though he easily grew abstracted, enjoyed our stories, then showed how little impression they made by going away in the midst of the very best, and betaking himself to his work, in which there was little interruption. That he regarded his duties seriously, I need not say. Of all the multitude of affairs in that large army corps, there was nothing of which he did not know, and there was no part which did not feel the pressure of his will and energy.

Under that energetic administration, there was work everywhere: organization, appointment of officers, inspection, discipline, drill. And the command soon responded in improved condition. The return of absent officers and men was a matter of great concern. Every possible effort was made to fill the ranks. From the homes and hospitals men were called; arms and ammunition, ordnance, horses, clothing, supplies of every kind were replenished. Every bureau of the War Department in Richmond was kept awake by Jackson's demands. If the stores were not forthcoming, he would know the reason why. In the field it was pleasant to know that the rest of bureau officers was disturbed by nightmares, in which Stonewall Jackson rode into the chamber with drawn sabre.

DISTINGUISHED GUESTS.

All this work found its pleasant interruption in the visit of important people—Gen. Robert E. Lee and staff sometimes called for a short interview. The four division commanders dismounted at his door to pay their respects, but never to bring business. Con-

gressmen from Richmond came to spend the day. No more welcome guest ever came than Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, with clanking sabre and spurs and a long black plume, the very picture of a gay cavalier, who came sweeping across the fields singing, "If you want to have a good time, join the cavalry!" Among the visitors were several officers of the English army, who had great desire to see Stonewall Jackson, the hero of the Shenandoah. The young Marquis of Hartington, now the Duke of Devonshire, spent a week with us. He shared my blankets and rode my horses. He saw a fine review of the corps in the broad plain below with some admiration, and visited the young ladies in the old homes on the hills with much greater satisfaction. With him was his friend, Colonel Leslie, a military man, then in the House of Commons, who spent most of the week with General Jackson, and when he went away, said to the staff, "Jackson is the best informed military man I have met in America, and as perfect a gentleman as I have ever seen." There was Mr. Lawley, of the London Times, an agreeable guest, from whom, I am sure, no information was withheld by the staff, and to whom no information was given by the General. Colonel Freemantle, of the Cold Stream Guards, came, I think, from Canada. And Lord Wolsley, afterward the British Commander-in-Chief, was a yet more distinguished guest.

In the midst of the winter, on Christmas day, General Jackson had a dinner party. There was the Commanding General, Gen. Robert E. Lee and Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, the superb cavalry leader, the Rev. Dr. Pendleton, our general of artillery, the rector of the Episcopal church at Lexington, who said the grace, and ate the dinner and said it was all very good. There were Col. Charles Venable, later of the University of Virginia, and Charles Marshall, a distinguished lawyer of Baltimore; and John Esten Cooke, who wrote Surrey of Eagle's Nest, and other war stories; and big Von Borck, the Prussian dragoon, with sabre like the sword of Goliath; and Major Pelham, "the gallant Pelham of Alabama," a smooth-faced boy of dauntless courage and marvellous skill with horse artillery; and George Peterkin, now the Bishop of West Virginia; and, of our own party, Col. Charles James Faulkner, lately U. S. Minister to Paris, as courtly as any

Frenchman with whom he had dined at Versailles; Dr. Hunter McGuire, the renowned surgeon, to whom Virginia has erected a monument in the Capitol Square, and Col. Sandy Pendleton, who fell in the Valley, a brilliant young scholar and a gallant soldier. General Lee, with quiet humor, ridiculed the white aprons of our servant boys, and General Stuart seized the plate of yellow butter, on which was the print of a game cock, and, with great delight, declared it was Jackson's coat-of-arms.

HIS EARLY LIFE.

Stonewall Jackson was born at Clarksburg, now West Virginia, January 21, 1824, of a vigorous Scotch-Irish stock. He had the strong inbred qualities that came in the blood of a stalwart strain. He had the discipline of a hard life in his youth, for at seven years he was a homeless orphan boy, drifting from place to place, and in the tenderest years of youth, exposed and unprotected, seeking his bread as he could find it. Running away from a kinsman's home, of a kind that did not care, with an older brother boating on the Ohio, camping in hunger and cold, riding his uncle's horses on a race course, doing the rude work of a County Constable in a mountain county, this is the story of his youth. There was almost no instruction, as there was no counsel, and no ruling authority through all the young years of growth and formation. How marvelous it was that out of such a youth he came with purity and integrity, truthful, modest, looking so bravely into his coming years that he wrote as the first of his boyish maxims of life, "You may be whatever you resolve to be!"

As I knew him, he was a man of good size, a little under six feet, five feet, ten and three-quarter inches, of square shoulders, and large bones, with large feet and hands. He had brown hair and beard that grew reddish in the sun. He had blue eyes of great gentleness, that grew not fierce, but intense and strong in the passion of battle. He was erect and soldierly in bearing, with a stride that was long and firm. He was quick and abrupt in utterance; in conversation preferring rather to listen than to speak. He rode naturally and easily, without a thought of appearance.

He was clean and neat in his personal habit, and dressed plainly, abhorring anything that savored of display. He was courteous to ladies and exceedingly fond of children. He was serious-minded, rather than playful or humorous, and of intense application to duty.

HIS HUMANITY.

He was humane, and felt deeply for those in any distress. For the suffering population in Fredericksburg, after the bombardment and the battle, he was greatly concerned. He issued an appeal to the officers and men of his command, and $30,000 passed through my hands, for which I have the receipts of the Mayor of that town.

He owned two or three servants, purchased at their own solicitation, and of a kind that were more burdensome than helpful. For them he had constant remembrance, and away in camp he made thoughtful provision for their wants. For a sick woman among his servants he wrote from the field a letter of the kindest sympathy and of religious consolation. It was his own proposition to gather the negroes of Lexington into a Sunday-school, and for five or six years, until he was called to the field, he conducted it, and taught with a fidelity and zeal that could not be excelled. A church for the colored people in the city of Roanoke is now installing a handsome memorial window to the memory of Stonewall Jackson, placed there by the grateful devotion of a colored preacher, who received his religious instruction from Major Jackson.

During the winter at Moss Neck I had a boy as my servant from the town of Lexington, both very black and very faithful. One day I was surprised to see the General eyeing him very closely as he worked about the camp fire. "Why, is that you, John?" the General said, surprised and pleased. When I asked John afterwards how he came to know General Jackson, he said, "Oh, I know the Major; the Major made me get the Catechism." He was one of the scholars of Jackson's Sunday-school, and he knew his Catechism well. The only fault of which John could be charged was that, unlike all the other servants, he liked to see the battle.

Mounted on a fine mare of mine, which I had never ridden into danger, John came again and again under fire, and seemed most happy in the fire and smoke of battle. It is a question some of my Boston friends may discuss whether John derived his rare military spirit from Stonewall Jackson or from the Westminster Shorter Catechism. And I may add, in this remote part of the theological world, that that Catechism and its teachings are believed by some to have had something to do with the soldierly valor and renown of many others than Stonewall Jackson and my black boy, John.

BARBARA FRIETCHIE.

Good Mr. Whittier does justice to the kindly spirit of Stonewall Jackson when, in Barbara Frietchie, he represents him as crying, at the sight of the old woman waving her flag:

> "Who touches a hair of yon gray head
> Dies like a dog. 'March on,' he said."

Jackson would have died himself before he would have permitted a rudeness of any kind to that or any woman, old or young. And the quaker poet never wrote a more beautiful piece of descriptive poetry. Live as it will, it must be forever regretted that it embalms in its pure amber a story, for which there was not the slightest foundation of fact. I joined Jackson's staff at Frederick City, and with the most intimate acquaintance with all the staff and the general officers of the command, I never heard a word of that story until I read the verses after the war was over. Col. H. Kyd Douglass, who died lately at Hagerstown, was a member of the staff, and being familiar with Frederick, rode beside of the General, who sat on his horse by the side of the road, that neither the General nor the troops passed by the home of old Barbara, and there was no firing on any flag. It was Mrs. Southworth, the author of over-much fiction, who sent the story to Mr. Whittier, a story which the genius of Mr. Whittier has preserved for all time.

HIS RELIGION.

Mr. Carlyle says, "A man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." And more than of any man of renown of modern times, it is true of Jackson that his religion was the man himself. It was not only that he was a religious man, but he was that rare man among men, to whom religion was everything. He had a mother of piety and love, but she left him a little child of seven years, with nothing of religious instruction, no mother's knee at which to say his childhood's prayer, no hand to guide and restrain, nothing save the memory that never faded of that mother's love and parting blessing. At West Point an officer and professor of piety, Col. Francis Taylor, of the First Artillery, spoke kindly to him of the claims of personal religion, and it was not forgotten. At St. John's church, Fort Hamilton, he was baptized into the Christian faith by an Episcopal clergyman, in the church whose records show Col. Robert E. Lee a vestryman a few years before. In the city of Mexico he sought instruction from a Bishop of the Catholic Church. Something was drawing him, a "love that would not let him go." Free from prejudice and all narrowness of spirit, he was seeking light as to faith and duty. In Lexington he went from Church to Church, until he found the gentle, saintly and venerable Presbyterian pastor, Dr. William S. White, to be the guide he needed. Slowly, through doubts, with some honest difficulties honestly dealt with, he came to a personal faith, simple, direct, loving, strong, that took hold of his whole being. The Psalmist says of the wicked man, "God is not in all his thoughts." The supreme fact in the character of Stonewall Jackson was that "God was in all his thoughts." He believed in and realized the providence and presence of God, and so believed in and practiced prayer, and prayer that was not so much stated and occasional, as it was continuous and intimate. The thought of God seemed never absent. "God has given us a brilliant victory at Harper's Ferry to-day." And that was the model of all his dispatches. He was neither bigot nor fanatic. Having strong convictions, and ruling his own life strictly, he respected the views of others. For a Louisiana regiment he sought a Catholic priest

for its chaplain. As the years go by, he rises into the ranks of the soldier-saints of history—St. Louis, of France; Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden; Oliver Cromwell, of England; Stonewall Jackson, of America!

HIS POLITICS.

May I say a word as to his politics? Unlike Gen. Robert E. Lee, General Jackson was a democrat of the State's Rights School, and was known as such in all his life in Lexington. In this school it is enough to say that he had been educated by the Government of the United States in the Military Academy at West Point. The authority on the Constitution, in which he had been instructed, was the book of William Rawles, the distinguished lawyer and jurist of Pennsylvania, who says, "It depends on the State itself to retain or abolish the principle of representation, because it depends on itself, whether it will continue a member of the Union. To deny this right would be inconsistent with the principles on which all our political systems are founded, which is that the people have in all cases a right to determine how they will be governed." That the sovereignty of the American States, and their right to remain or to withdraw from the Union, were taught in all parts of the land and accepted by a great section of the people in all the States, could be shown abundantly. It has been true in the State of Massachusetts, for example, by the words of Col. Thomas Pickering, 1803, of Josiah Quincy, 1811, of John Quincy Adams, 1839, and Daniel Webster, in his speech at Capon Springs, 1851, down to and including Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge in his Life of Webster. One can hardly imagine that Stonewall Jackson could have been convicted of treason against the Constitution of the United States in any court in Massachusetts. He respected the flag of the Federal government so long as it represented the Constitution and the rights and liberties of the sovereign States. When it ceased to do this, and represented something else, he felt himself absolved from obligation. If there was rebellion abroad in the land, he had no part in it.

There is a story of a certain village autocrat who was accustomed to talk to his neighbors after this manner: "Now, I want

you to understand. I'm not a-arguing with you; I'm a-telling of you!"

PERSONAL TRAITS.

He was regarded as a man of oddities at West Point, in the United States army and at Lexington. He was abrupt in speech and manner, sometimes absent-minded and aloof, as not interested in many things that interested others, and somewhat peculiar in his gait and in his gestures. These things came in good part from the simplicity of his character, his absolute truthfulness and sincerity. Of personal traits one of the most marked was his modesty, for he blushed like a girl when surrounded by ladies. Two young girls near Moss Neck asked for a lock of his hair and he was so overcome that he had no defence.

There was reticence as to his achievements. Lord Wolseley says he could not get a word out of him about his battles; and Mr. Lawley, who wanted to write a letter for the London Times, says that Jackson talked for an hour about the English cathedrals, and told him more about the lancet windows of York Minster than he had ever heard in England.

There was cheerfulness, even under the strain of care and greatest anxiety. He asked Dr. McGuire to say to our commissary, *Major Hawkes*, that he wished some chicken sent to head quarters soon, but the Doctor returned with the message that the commissary said "*the Hawkes* had eaten them up," and he was greatly delighted. There was enthusiasm—often awakened. There was self-mastery in marvellous degree. He had the essential qualities of a soldier. A subordination, implicit; a patient endurance of hardship coming in the line of duty, and that coolness under fire which makes a man more collected and concentrated, and enables him to make prompt decision.

SOLDIERLY QUALITIES.

In tactics there was appreciation of artillery, as with all great generals, and an ultimate reliance on the bayonet. In strategy, his fort was in the aggressive, not the defensive. An attack on the flank or in some unexpected quarter, with concealment of the

movement, was his chosen method. As a general, he took a broad, intelligent view of the topography of the country, and knew well his maps. He had a keen sense of time, and watched the sun or sat in his saddle with his watch in his hand. He made careful estimate of the opposing general, and weighed his opportunity and his difficulties, and what this man would be likely to do.

He mystified and deceived his enemy by concealment from his own generals and his own staff. We were led to believe things that were very far from his purpose. Major Hotchkiss, his topographical engineer, told that the General would for hours study the map in one direction, and would at daylight move in the opposite direction.

HIS TROOPS.

He well apprehended that it was a volunteer and patriotic soldiery with which he had to do, not an army of regulars, disciplined and drilled and fought as a machine. The troops of Jackson had no doubt, as much of discipline and drill as they needed, and not enough to destroy their individuality or impair their splendid personal intelligence and unconquerable energy. They were as unlike as it was possible to be, the six hundred who rode into the valley of death.

> "Theirs not to make reply,
> Theirs not to reason why."

They were more like the band of Swiss patriots,

> "When each one felt himself were he
> On whose sole arm hung victory."

Contented and happy in camp, in the field they asked only the will of their commander, and went into the fire of battle with a moral power that was irresistible. It was not for the defence of slavery that these men left their homes and suffered privation, and faced the peril of battle. In the stalwart ranks of his brigades there were very few that owned a slave or had any interest in the institution. General Lee had emancipated his slaves before

the war, and I doubt not Jackson would have done the same thing if he could have emancipated himself from obligation to be the friend they needed.

Bred in whatever school of American politics, they believed, to a man, in the integrity and sovereignty of the Commonwealth And, like Robert E. Lee, they laid down everything and came to the borders to resist invasion at the call of the mother. The troops that Stonewall Jackson led were like him, largely, in principle and in aim, and he rode among them as one of themselves—a war genius of their own breeding; and what he was, to a large degree, were the men who went wild with passion to go with him through the sea of battle to the other shore.

"The true test of civilization," says Emerson, "is not the census, nor the size of the cities, nor the crops; no, but the *kind of men* the country turns out."

ON THE FIELD.

Outwardly, Jackson was not a stone wall, for it was not in his nature to be stable and defensive, but vigorously active. He was an avalanche from an unexpected quarter. He was a thunderbolt from a clear sky. And yet he was in character and will more like a stone wall than any man I have known.

On the field his judgment seemed instinctive. No one of his staff ever knew him to change his mind. There was a short, quick utterance, like the flash of the will from an inspired intelligence, and the command was imperative and final. He was remarkable as a commander for the care of his troops, and had daily knowledge about the work of all staff departments—supply, medical, ordnance. He knew well the art of marching and its importance. His ten-minutes' rest in the hour was like the law of the Medes and Persians, and some of his generals were in frequent trouble for their neglect of it. Of such things he was careful, until there came the hour for action, and then, no matter how many were left behind, he must reach the point of attack with as large a force as possible. He must push the battle to the bitter end and never pause until he had reaped the fruits of victory. Over and over

again he rode among his advancing troops, with his hand uplifted, crying, "Forward, men, forward; press forward!"

MILITARY GENIUS.

Under the plain exterior, and in the daily discharge of a professor's work at Lexington, there were but few that suspected the genius of the man. Sometimes men drew back as from an inner mystery, the mingled ambition and humility, the fire that would sometimes glow in the eye that was commonly patient, a spirit that seemed ready to burst out in some great deed or marvellous career.

Mrs. Margaret Preston, we are told, in her life lately published here in Boston, accompanied Major Jackson and his bride, who was her sister, on a bridal tour. At Quebec, on the Heights of Abraham, Jackson stood by the monument of Wolfe. And to her amazement he seemed transfigured. He stood erect and thrilled with passion, when he read aloud the inscription, the dying words of Wolfe, "I die content," and cried, with a passionate movement of the arm, "To die as he died, who would not die content?" Long and well she had known him, and now came the revelation of a war spirit, which slumbered within, and was awakened by this monument to a heroic soldier and his noble daring.

The spring the war broke out, when there was much excitement in Lexington, there was one day some violence among the cadets of the Virginia Military Institute, and with difficulty their commandant succeeded in bringing them back to quarters. One after the other the professors spoke, striving to quiet the excited boys. At last Jackson was called on, and when he was expected to be awkward and inept, to the astonishment of all, he was erect and alert, his voice ringing clear as he spoke. He commended them for obedience to their commanding officer, and thrilled the audience by declaring, "The time may come when your State may need your services, and if that time does come, then draw your swords and throw away the scabbards." And every cadet knew that their strange, reticent professor was something more than he had ever seemed.

PREPARING FOR THE CAMPAIGN.

Some time in March General Jackson broke up his headquarters at Moss Neck, and pitched his tents at Yerby's place, in the Massaponax Valley, only a mile or so from army headquarters. General Lee, knowing the coming campaign and the great army he would confront, was not reinforced, but depleted, against his earnest remonstrance. General Longstreet was sent to the south side, with two good divisions under valuable commanders, Hood and Pickett. Hampton's brigade of cavalry was sent to South Carolina, and Jenkins into the Valley of Virginia, so that coming to the anticipated conflict, General Lee was compelled to give battle with a much diminished force. When the spring came there were present for duty in General Lee's army 48,000 men of all arms. And in the army of the Potomac, in Stafford, 105,000. These are the figures of Colonel Livermore, of Massachusetts, in his "Number and Losses of the Civil War." That is, General Hooker had 56,000 more than Lee, more than twice as many, with unlimited resources of all things needed for the campaign.

The Federal army had met defeat in the December before at Fredericksburg, under Burnside. It was Hooker's wise plan to send an army corps across the river at Fredericksburg, and to attack the Confederates in the old lines of the winter before, and so occupying attention to move the main force of the army across the river ten miles above, and advance to the Chancellorville house, outflanking the Confederates and compelling them to retire. This would mean the surrender of the strong lines of defence back of Fredericksburg, a retreat toward Richmond, and a battle in the open, somewhere on the way. Sedgwick crossed at Fredericksburg, and below, on the morning of April 29, 1863, under cover of a heavy fog. He had the fifth and sixth corps of the army of the Potomac, with 40,000 men, while Hooker went to Chancellorsville with 42,000 and a reserve of 11,000 at Bank's Ford. Stoneman, with 10,000 cavalry, was sent by Orange and Louisa, far to our rear, at Ashland, near Richmond, to cut the railroad, prevent reinforcement, cut off supplies and create consternation.

So full were Hooker's divisions, and so complete his prepara-

tions, that he wrote to Washington, when the movement began, "That the army of the Potomac was the finest on the planet." He said "it was a living army, and one worthy of the confidence of the Republic." The military preparations were perhaps the most complete and perfect in any campaign of that war. There was a military telegraph; there were balloons, and signal stations and pontoons, and ordnance stores that were not dreamed of in the South. Each infantryman carried forty-five pounds, sixty rounds of ammunition and eight days' rations, in haversacks and in knapsacks. There was beef on foot for five days.

CHANCELLORSVILLE.

The battle of Chancellorsville was certainly one of the most remarkable in all the history of wars. It was not a single engagement, for it was fought on four fields—at Fredericksburg, at Salem Church, on the lines east of Chancellorsville, and then in the sweeping assault of Jackson on the West. Each was important to the Confederates, and success in each was necessary to success in the other, and to the splendid victory of the whole engagement.

On the part of the Confederates, it was not defensive as Fredericksburg had been. Hooker no sooner came to Chancellorsville than he settled into lines and became defensive. Lee and Jackson refused to remain on the defensive, but took the field in vigorous attack, and that had much to do with the victory.

There was a violation on the part of General Lee of an old law of strategy, that the smaller command must not be divided in the face of a superior force. General Lee divided his army into three forces, separated by miles, with the enemy's forces between. That superb strategy was General Lee's, with all its audacity. The successful execution was General Jackson's, bold, characteristic, unrelenting. And it is also true that an indispensable part was that accomplished by General Early, in his resistance of the advance of Sedgwick at Marye's Heights, and then at Salem Church.

General Hooker's dispatches came to Sedgwick, according to the Rebellion Record, every few minutes, commanding, urging, entreating, that he would sweep all obstacles out of his way, and move on the rear of Lee. Early and Barksdale with a small force,

made most strenuous resistance, and when at last outflanked, they retired to Salem Church and were reinforced by Anderson, they took the offensive and compelled Sedgwick to retire to the north of the Rappahannock. If Howard met defeat in the west, Sedgwick met a defeat in the east, that to me is more difficult to explain.

Perhaps the defeat of General Hooker was not due to Howard or Sedgwick, nor to the failure of both of them, but, you will permit me to suggest, (1) to the sending away of his whole cavalry force, (2) to his withdrawal from an advanced position on the east and the falling back to the defensive. That withdrawal meant refusal to fight General Lee where he met him, in the open field, with positions to Hooker's advantage, and it damaged the morale of Hooker's army. And, more seriously, it uncovered the roads to his rear, which enabled Jackson to make his great flank movement. Moreover, General Hooker, I suspect, did not give General Lee credit for great military audacity. Nor did he remember that Stonewall Jackson was there, and there to do as he had done over and over again, in the Valley campaign, and at Cold Harbor, and the Second Manassas. It is a remarkable thing that as to Hooker and his generals there was no suspicion and no preparation to meet an attack in rear.

THE BIVOUAC BEFORE THE BATTLE.

General Lee and General Jackson spent the night before the battle sleeping on the pine straw at the point, a mile and a half east of Chancellorsville, where the Catharine furnace road leaves the old Orange plank road, curtained only by the close shadows of the pine forest. I made my bed with my saddle blanket, and with my head in my saddle, near my horse's feet, I was soon wrapped in the heavy slumber of a weary soldier. Some time after midnight I was awakened by the chill of the night, and, turning over, caught a glimpse of a little flame on the slope above me, and sitting up, I saw bending over a scant fire of twigs two men seated on cracker boxes, warming their hands over the fire. I had but to rub my eyes and collect my wits to recognize the figures of Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson. Who can tell the story

of that council of war between two sleeping armies? Nothing remains to tell of plans discussed and dangers weighed, and a great decision made, but the story of the great day so soon to follow.

It was broad day light, and thick beams of yellow sunlight came slanting through the pines, when some one touched me rudely with his foot, and said, "Get up, Smith, the General wants you." As I jumped to my feet the rythmic click of the canteen and bayonet of marching infantry caught my ear. Already in motion! What could it mean? In a moment I was mounted and at the side of the General who sat on his horse by the side of the road as the long line of our troops cheerily, and yet silently, passed their General with smiles of delight, and poured down the furnace road. I had orders and instructions for the trains of every kind, and spent the earlier hours of the morning finding officers in charge of trains, and starting their movements to certain cross-roads, Todd's Tavern, a few miles south. At 3 P. M. I overtook General Jackson far around to the west, sitting on a stump on the Brock road writing his last dispatch to General Lee. The original dispatch hangs in the Virginia State Library, and a remnant of the stump hangs in the hall of my home.

At 4 P. M. Jackson, at the head of his column, reached the old turnpike road, about four miles directly west of Chancellorsville. At 4:10 P. M. General Hooker telegraphed to General Butterfield: "We know that the enemy is fleeing, trying to save his trains." That afternoon Mr. Pierpont, who called himself the Governor of Virginia, was in Pittsburg, and telegraphed the War Department that Jackson was about to march into Pennsylvania. At 8:20 P. M., after Jackson's attack on Howard, when Jackson was sweeping on toward Chancellorsville, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, telegraphed to the Secretary of War that a rebel force of 20,000 under Stonewall Jackson was at Uniontown, in Western Pennsylvania. R. R. 347.

THE ADVANCE.

Between 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening, Saturday, May 2d, the

disposition was made across the turnpike road, facing directly to the east and to Chancellorsville, Rode's division in front, with a well-trained skirmish line; Colston, with Trimble's division in the second line, and A. P. Hill's division in column on the road. A bugle sounded the advance from the centre, and was repeated from the far right and left, and the long line of skirmishers sprang eagerly through the forest. For a moment all the troops seemed buried in the depths of the gloomy thicket, and then suddenly the echoes waked and swept the country for miles, never failing until heard at Hooker's headquarters at Chancellorsville, the wild "rebel yell" of the Confederate lines. Never was assault delivered with grander enthusiasm! Alas for Howard and his unformed lines, his brigades scattered, with guns stacked and officers asleep, and butchers deep in the blood of beeves. Across Talley's fields the rout began; over at Hawkin's Hill, on the north of the road, Carl Schurz made a stand, soon to be driven in the same hopeless panic. By the quiet Wilderness church in the vale, leaving wounded and dead everywhere, on into the deep thicket again, the Confederate lines press forward, Jackson on the road in the centre, with uplifted hand, crying always, "Forward, men, forward; press forward!"

JACKSON WOUNDED.

I, one of the young aides, had been directed to remain at the point where the advance began, to keep open communication with the flanks, and convey certain orders to troops and batteries coming up from our rear. About 8 o'clock, in the twilight, supposing my duty discharged at that point, I gathered a few couriers and, mounting a fine black charger left by some fleeing officer, I went forward to find General Jackson. Across two miles of battle field I rode, with its wounded and dead of both sides, its gathering groups of prisoners under guard, its shattered and deserted artillery, and its arms of all kinds littering the ground. Reaching an open field on the right, a mile west of Chancellorsville, I found a group of mounted men near an old cabin. Turning toward them I found Rodes and his staff. "General Jackson is just ahead on the road, Captain; tell him I will be here at this

cabin if I am wanted." A hundred yards farther on the road I heard firing, a company volley on the right, and a few moments later a company volley on the left. An aid of General A. P. Hill's told me Jackson was wounded, and spurring my horse into a sweeping gallop, I passed the line of battle, and a few rods to the front found the General's horse on the road to the left, and a rod beyond a group of men caring for a wounded officer. Leaping from the saddle, I found General Jackson lying on the road with his head on the breast of Gen. A. P. Hill. In his extreme ardor to press his front lines on to Chancellorsville, he had reluctantly consented that the reserve division of A. P. Hill should be brought up and placed in the front, and while the new line was in formation, the General rode forward, with two or three of his staff and a number of signal sergeants and couriers. He passed the swampy depression and began the ascent of the hill toward Chancellorsville, when he came upon a line of the Federal infantry lying on their arms. Fired at by one or two muskets, he turned and came back toward his line, upon the south side of the road. As he came near the Confederate line the left company, supposing the approaching horsemen to be a party of the enemy, began firing to the front, and two of his party fell from their saddles. Spurring his horse across the road, he was met by a second volley from the right company of Lane's North Carolina brigade. Under this volley, when but a few rods from his troops, the General received three balls at the same instant. One penetrated the palm of his right hand, and was cut out that night from the back of his hand, a second passed around the wrist of his left hand, and a third passed through the left arm half way between the shoulder and elbow. It splintered the bone to the elbow joint, and it severed the artery. His horse turned quickly from the fire through the thick bushes, which swept the cap from his head and scratched his forehead, leaving drops of blood to stain his face. As he lost his hold on his bridle rein, he reeled from his saddle, and was caught in the arms of Captain Wilbourne, of his staff, and laid upon the ground. There came at once to his succor Gen. A. P. Hill and members of his staff. I reached his side at that moment and made an unskilled attempt to stay the blood. Couriers

were sent for our medical director, Dr. McGuire, and for an ambulance. Litter-bearers were brought from the line nearby, and under a searching artillery fire, we started to the rear. Twice men who were bearing the stretcher were shot down, and once the wounded, fainting General fell to the ground. At last, when it seemed an age of teriffic fire, we reached an ambulance.

At the field hospital, in the wilderness, after midnight, the left arm was amputated near the shoulder and a ball taken from the right hand. Of the party that gathered that night about our disabled chief, I am now the sole survivor. Do you remember the magnanimous note of General Lee, which came on the day following:

"I cannot express my regret at this occurrence. Could I have directed events, I should have been disabled in your stead. I congratulate you upon the victory which is due to your skill and energy.

"Most truly yours,

"R. E. LEE, General."

When I read this dispatch to General Jackson, he turned his face away and said, "Gen. Lee is very kind, but he should give the praise to God."

That Sunday morning, Jeb. Stuart led the lines of Jackson, almost without orders of any kind, and with his black plume in sight, they charged and "Remembered Jackson," until Hooker, disabled, gave the command to Crouch, and his line fell back, and then recrossed the river to the old camps on the Stafford hills.

CONTENT TO DIE.

At Guinea's Station, on the Fredericksburg Railroad, the next Sunday afternoon at 3:15, the dying soldier, like Wolfe at Quebec, was "content to die," and saying, "No, no, let us pass over the river and rest under the shade of the trees!" the Chrisiian soldier went up on the hills where there is no war, nor strife, but the happy reign of eternal peace.

"A hero came amongst us as we slept;
At first he lowly knelt—then rose and wept;
Then gathering up a thousand spears

He swept across the field of Mars,
Then bowed farewell and walked beyond the stars,
In the land where we were dreaming."

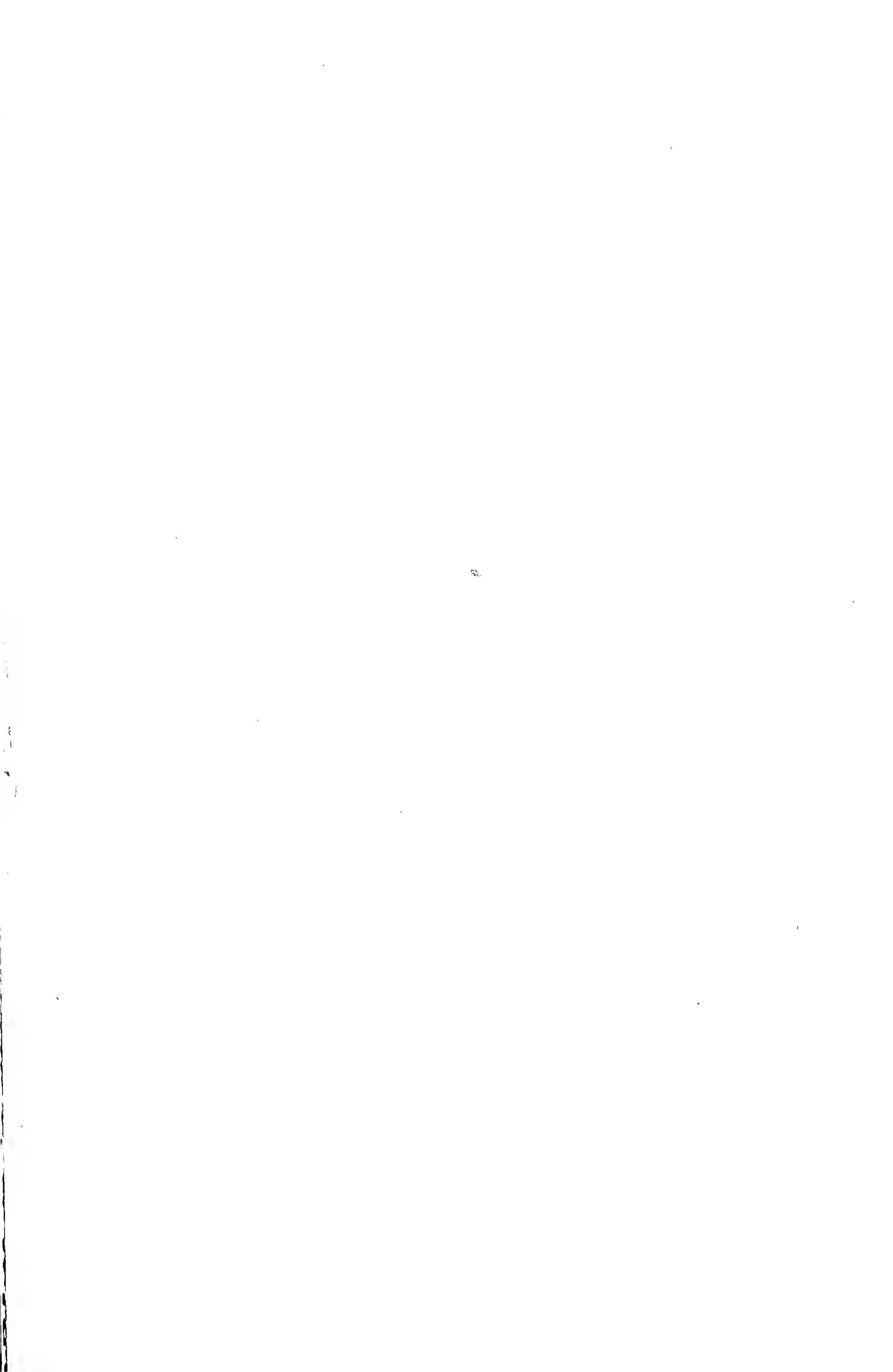
THE ESTIMATE OF CRITICS.

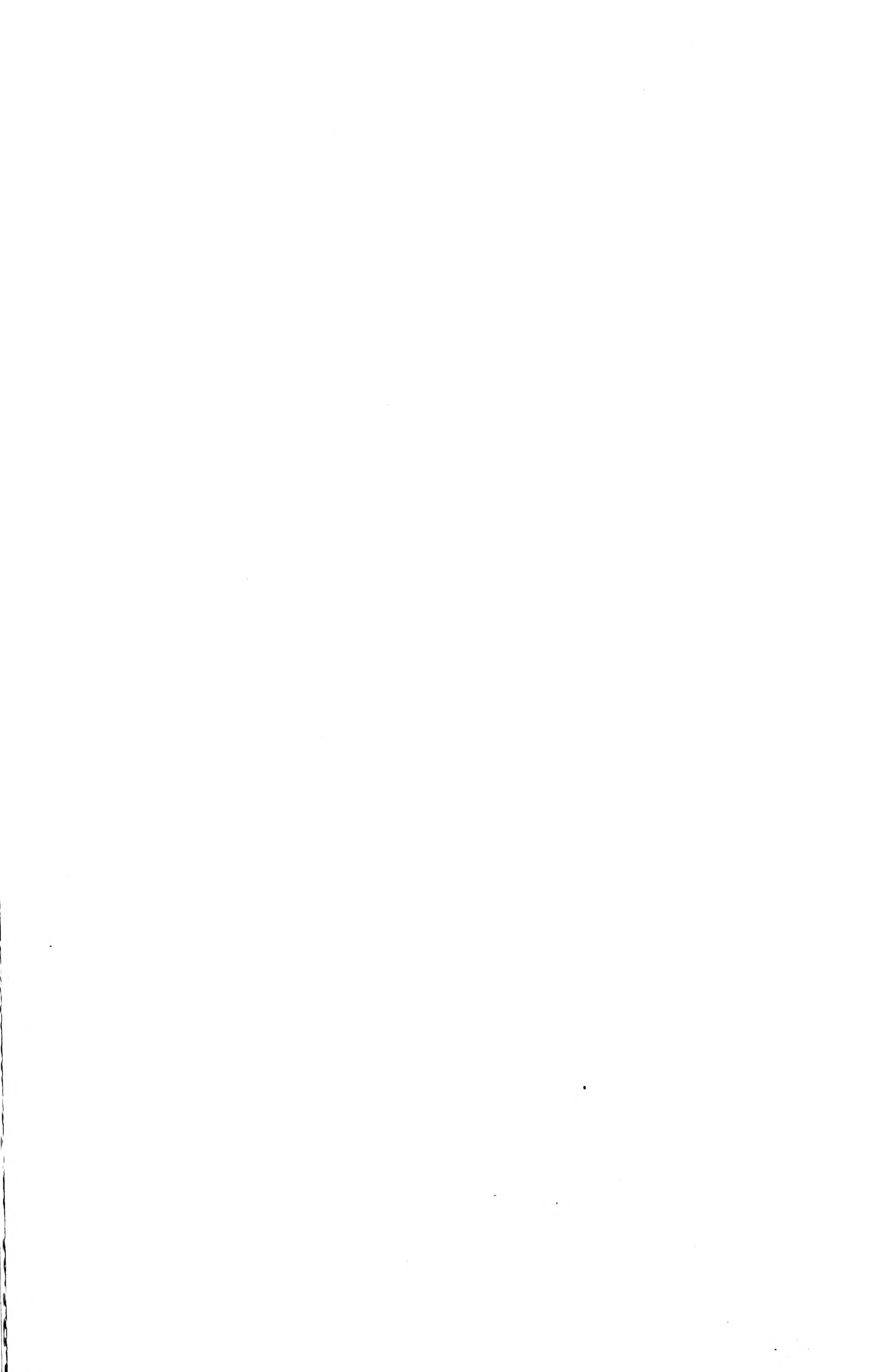
It is said by military critics, that Jackson's campaign in the Shenandoah Valley was the finest example of strategy of which the world has any record. The story of that campaign is studied as a model, both of tactics and strategy, and is the subject of lectures for months each year in the military schools of England and Germany. Von Moltke, perhaps, the greatest of modern masters of strategy, is reported as saying that Jackson's campaign, in the Virginia valley, is without a rival in the world's history.

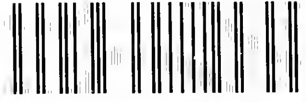
In the brief period of two years, he won the confidence of his superiors, then the worship of his troops, and then the wonder and admiration of the world. Cæsar spent eight years in his first series of victories; Hannibal reached the height of fame after fifteen years of war; Napoleon gathered his soldiers about him after the fatal Russian campaign, and said, "The cannon-balls have been playing around our feet for twenty years."

To Stonewall Jackson but two years were given to try his steel and win his fame; and in that short time he made a record of campaigns apparently without mistake, and of battles which in a just sense were without defeat.

Does it seem strange to any one that on this platform, here in Boston, I am standing before you as your guest, and telling you my story of Jackson, his character and his career? With the soothing balm of time, there have come some correction of the angle of our vision, and a good spirit of the love of truth, and a gracious desire to heal all wounds and understand each other well. For the good of a common country, shall we gather what we may of lesson and aspiration out of the story of unhappy strife? Shall we hope that it was true that it was good for us that we were afflicted; and shall we now study the things that make for peace, and cultivate a common patriotism of the highest Christian manhood; and North and South and East and West go forward, "bearing one another's burdens?"



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