

How Stonewall Jackson Won Life's Battle

By JOSEPH W. FOLK, former Governor of Missouri

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YOU may be whatever you resolve to be." This was the motto of Stonewall Jackson. By this rule he lived and conquered, and by it died in the rush of victory. Such was Jackson's faith in God and himself, he inspired not only his own men with the certainty of victory, but the entire confederacy felt sure of ultimate triumph while he was in the field. No warrior was ever worshiped by his people as was this Soldier Saint of the Lost Cause. While he lived and fought the people of the south saw in him the incarnation of God's justice struggling for them. When the wound which was inadvertently given by his own men at Chancellorsville terminated fatally, the news came as a chilling shock to southern hopes. The history of modern times affords no parallel to the deep sorrow that throbbled in the hearts of the confederate people when Jackson died. Those who had never seen his face wept for him as for their nearest kindred. They began to realize that with him removed their cause was doomed. As one of the leaders declared when he heard the news of Jackson's death, "God has deserted us, else he would not have taken Jackson."

In being so bowed down with grief at Jackson's loss, it must not be understood that they loved Robert E. Lee and their other generals less, for to the first named at least, their devotion amounted to idolatry, but there was something in Jackson that the others did not possess which appealed to the people of the south, and gave them a sublime confidence. This was the reflection of his absolute faith that the hand of Providence was guiding him on.

Christened "Stonewall" at Manassas. Stonewall Jackson, as every school-boy knows, was plain Thomas J. Jackson until in the battle of Manassas when the day seemed to be going against the southern forces, Gen. Bee rode up to Jackson and in despair exclaimed: "They are beating us back," and Jackson replied: "Then we will give them the bayonet." Catching the inspiration of Jackson's indomitable will, Bee galloped back to his command and shouted: "There is Jackson standing like a stone wall. Rally behind the Virginians. Follow me." Gen. Bee charged at the head of his men, and in a little while fell mortally wounded with his face to the front. From that time Jackson was known as "Stonewall," and his command became immortal as the Stonewall brigade.

Stonewall Jackson's ancestors had lived in Maryland and Virginia for more than 100 years and were of Scotch-Irish descent. They were all honest, God-fearing people, and they were of fighting blood, taking a conspicuous part, first in the Indian troubles, and then in the revolutionary war.

Not Robust in Boyhood. The boy who was to become one of the greatest military commanders the world has ever known, was born in 1824 in Clarksburg among the beautiful mountains of what was then Virginia, and now West Virginia. He was left an orphan at an early age by the death of his father, and his mother being unable to support him, he lived with an uncle, through whose kindness he was given the benefit of the best schools of those times. Without showing any special aptness as a scholar, he by perseverance mastered whatever he undertook, and through hard study learned his lessons well. Like all geniuses of war he excelled in mathematics. As a boy he was not strong physically, and in his early years suffered a partial paralysis, which later disappeared through the strenuous exercises at the military academy.

Served as County Constable. Partly for the healthful outdoor work that the office would give and partly to obtain funds to aid in his further education, he secured the appointment as constable in his district. He was under age at the time, but was in such general favor that no one raised the question as to the legality of the court appointing a minor to the office. He performed the duties of this place with industry and fidelity, though the kind of people he was thrown in contact with officially, were not such as to aid in the development of character.

As he approached manhood he did not display that sober, serious nature that afterwards dominated him. The spiritualization of everything he did, and his rule of making every act of his life a religious act came later. At this time he was little different from other young men in attending horse races, house raisings and country dances. His truthfulness and aggressive honesty remained untarnished from childhood. He was always modest, self-reliant and full of dignity and courtesy.

Success in Mexican War. At the age of 18 he obtained a West Point cadetship and entered that institution. His literary education had not been thorough, and he progressed with difficulty. In the examinations which closed the first half year's novitiate, he came within a fraction of failing. He steadily improved, however, through his earnest application and untiring perseverance, and graduated at the age of 22, in 1846, seventeenth in a class of about

seventy. The Mexican war was then in progress, and Jackson was at once made second lieutenant by virtue of his West Point commission. His services were brilliant in this campaign, and he was promoted to the rank of major.

Became Devout Christian. So far Jackson had not given deep study to religious subjects, and had little knowledge of creeds. When he returned to the United States at the close of the Mexican war, he became intensely concerned in Christianity, and joined the Episcopal church. From that time forward his every act was characterized by extreme piety. He is quoted as having said that two hours was as long as he could go without communing with his Maker in prayer. Conscientiousness was one of his marked traits, and duty was to him of first consideration. His reverence of the Deity was that of the standard of perfection and of the source of authority. He believed in a special Providence, and was erroneously called a fatalist by some. His abiding trust and simple faith were those of a child. He never questioned the whys and wherefores of Providence but fervently prayed for everything and was satisfied with what occurred. "I prefer God's will to my own," he said.

A few years after the close of the Mexican war, he accepted the chair of natural philosophy in the Virginia Military Institute at Lexington, and took charge of the cadets at that place. This connection opened up for him his career in the war. At the



outbreak of hostilities between the states he responded to the call of the governor of Virginia, and placed his cadets and himself under Gen. Robert E. Lee's command. He was appointed colonel of the Virginia Volunteers. After the battle of Harper's Ferry he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general in recognition of his eminent ability.

A Thunderbolt in War. He then began those marvelous military operations that have won the plaudits of all mankind. Military experts have pronounced his maneuvers greater in some respects than Napoleon's and surpassing in details those of Julius Caesar. He was a thunderbolt of war-energy. He would strike at one point and in an incredibly short time attack at some distant place, and hurl his forces against the weakest line of his opponent. He was never routed in battle and never had an organized portion of his army captured. The baffling strategy which he brought to bear upon the opposing forces, his furious attacks, and his remarkable marches made his name and fame as a leader of armies undying. While the battle raged he would be in the very front of danger, and when the crisis was passed he would retire to his tent for prayer. His trust in the Almighty made him fearless of all things else. He united qualities that seemed incompatible, by combining military genius of the highest order with intense religious fervor. He would never tell his plans of war even to his closest associates, and those around him would not know what he intended to do until the orders were given. He made rapid marches, advancing and retreating with a swiftness unheard of before in the annals of war. His sudden onslaughts usually swept all before him, and when the opposition brought against him overwhelming numbers he would suddenly disappear to crash like lightning in a new and unexpected place. His tactics were to advance and fight and

go on fighting until victorious. Through it all he prayed and so he won. More than once as his brigade was passing into action, he could be seen sitting motionless upon his horse with right hand uplifted, and while the war columns swept by him in solemn silence, into the fiery storm of shot, his lips would move in earnest prayer as the earth trembled beneath the thunder of cannon, and the very air of the heavens seemed agonized with the shriek of shell.

Slain by His Own Men. "You may be whatever you resolve to be," and so he resolved and so he won. He believed that his marvelous victories would go on to the end of the war, and that the southern cause would triumph, but God willed otherwise. His victory at Chancellorsville was followed soon after by his death from the injuries inflicted by the fire of his own soldiers, who in the darkness of night mistook him and his escort for the enemy. He accepted the Divine Will with that same satisfaction he did His favors, knowing it to be best. As he lay on his deathbed conscious that his earthly aircastles were in ruins, and that his life was ebbing fast, he was thoroughly resigned to his fate. When the shadows came closer, and he realized that the end was at hand, he said as his last words: "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees." So he died courageous and trustful, a noble example of the winning of life's battle by simple faith and devotion to duty.

Fought for State's Rights. Was he sincere? His critics question. How, it has been asked, could a man pray for the continuation of human slavery? The civil war was not waged for or against slavery. It is true the agitation of the slavery question brought about the issues out of which the war came; but the south did not fight to keep negroes slaves, nor did the north fight to make negroes free. The south battled for what it conceived to be the rights of free



and independent states confederated under a constitution guaranteeing those rights; the north fought to establish the indissolubility of the union of those states. It is plain now that armed conflict over this question was inevitable from the time the states came together to form a "more perfect union," and adopted a constitution without settling the question of the right of a state to withdraw from that compact. The future was certain to bring either disunion or the sealing of the union in blood. If the difference as to the dissolubility of the union had not arisen out of slavery, it would have come over some other problem. The south was deeply impressed with the righteousness of its cause, and Lee and Jackson and the other great leaders believed in it as they did in their religion. They were fighting for the freedom of their states—not for the slavery of men and women. These disputes are all forever settled now, and no patriotic American wishes they had terminated other than as they did. Nevertheless, the southern cause was to millions of good people a sacred cause, worth praying for and dying for. Exactly as no southerner now regrets that the union was maintained, so no patriotic northerner denies the sincerity of the southerners in fighting so bravely for a cause they believed altogether righteous. Roused North and Thus Saved Union. The evening bells of life are tolling for the survivors of that fierce conflict, and one by one they are being laid to rest in their last camping ground. The animosities of other years have subsided in the soft twilight of time and the deeds of those who wore the gray as well as those who wore the blue are the common glory of a united country. Jackson believed and taught that God's will is best, and so all see it was in the ending of that contest. It was this man of iron and of faith that was raised up through his mighty victories to arouse the nation, and thus preserve this federated republic that is the hope of the oppressed of every land. Faith in God, faith in his fellow men, faith in himself, these are the ways by which Jackson won a fame that will become brighter and brighter as time flies through the ages.

At the Austrian Border

"You may talk about the difficulties you encounter with the customs inspectors on arriving in New York," said an English woman in New York the other day, "but you will find that worse troubles of the kind accumulate for you in certain parts of Europe. Especially is this apt to be true on the Austrian border." "I was coming up from Turkey on my way to Paris a few months ago. Owing to the fact that my cousin, who had been traveling with me, could not get away from Constantinople, I had to make the journey alone. "The train on which I traveled is supposed to be one of the finest in Europe, but most of the way to Vienna it stops every few minutes. They told me the reason was that they had been unable to get enough coal to start with and that these stops were necessary to get fuel. Apparently they took on about a shovelful at each station. "We reached the Austrian frontier about two o'clock in the morning, and then uniformed customs officials went through the train routing out everybody. They wouldn't let the women dress, and I had to hurry out with nothing on but a dressing gown, and the night was cold, too. We were huddled in a room in the station and our hand luggage was brought out, while every compartment in the train was searched. Then they made us open our bags and satchels. "The man who attended to my luggage was a very disagreeable sort of person. He insisted upon my opening every parcel I had. "Now, in my effects was a large box of Turkish delight, which, as you may know, is a sort of sweet paste or gum

and is considered a great delicacy out there. I was taking it to some friends at home. The box was solidly constructed; in fact, there were two outer cases of wood, and the candy was in a sealed tin box. "You must open this box," said the official in gruff German. "I certainly shall not," I replied, and I explained what it contained. "But it must be opened," he insisted. He refused to believe me. "Then open it yourself," I said; "but you must fasten it up again." "He growled and started in. The outer case was securely nailed and it took some time to get the top off. When he had removed that and revealed another wooden box the official swore. Then when he had got the top off the second box there was the tin. He spalled the blade of his knife cutting that open and then when he came to the Turkish delight he was disgusted. "Of course I laughed in his face. Then he refused to pack the boxes again, but I insisted, threatening him with all sorts of things about appealing to the British ambassador, and so on, so he finally turned in and did as I ordered him, while my fellow passengers chuffed him at being ordered about by a woman. "I learned afterward that a woman traveling alone had been smuggling a lot of Turkish tobacco into Austria and that the officials had lately been keeping a sharp lookout for her. My being unaccompanied had aroused suspicion."

The dentists who took a stand against kissing probably lost the patronage of all kissable girls.

OLD SOLDIER WISHES TO HELP SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY, LIVER AND BLADDER TROUBLES

I am frequently troubled with kidney and bladder trouble, especially in the Spring and Fall. Being an old veteran of the Civil War, a little exposure or cold settles on my kidneys, and then I am laid up with kidney or bladder trouble. Your Swamp-Root was recommended to me a number of years ago, and I took a number of bottles of it and was more than pleased with the results. I consider Swamp-Root the greatest and best kidney medicine on the market, and it never fails to give quick results in kidney trouble, bladder trouble and lame back.

Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root has done me so much good that I feel if any words of mine will be the means of relieving any poor sufferers that you are at liberty to use this letter as you see fit.

Yours very truly,
GEORGE W. ATCHLEY,
Des Moines, Ia.

State of Iowa }
Pulk County } ss.

A. R. Hansen, a retail druggist of this city, being first duly sworn, deposes and says, that he is well acquainted with George W. Atchley, who gave the above testimonial; that said Atchley made and signed said testimonial in my presence and that I have sold said Atchley a part of the Swamp-Root referred to in above testimonial. Affiant further says that George W. Atchley is a well known citizen of this city and an honorable man and that it was Mr. Atchley's desire to give said testimonial.

A. R. HANSEN,
Subscribed to in my presence and sworn to before me, this 23rd of March, 1909.

E. J. FISIK, Notary Public.

Letter to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You. Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one-dollar.



He Knew.

A small boy brought up by a freating father to hate anything connected with England or the English was consigned recently to eat dinner with the nurse while the family entertained a genuine English lord in the dining room. The grown-ups' meal had come to that "twenty minutes past" stage where conversation halts directly, when a childish treble fell upon the dumb-waiter shaft from the kitchen. This is what the astonished nobleman heard: "Fe, fi, fo, fum, "I smell the blood of an Englishman."—Wasp.

Like the Other Kind.

It was in a "down east" village that the young man met his sweetheart, a charming country beauty. When he returned to the city he sent her a jar of cold cream to keep her cheeks as fresh as the budding rose. On his next visit he asked her how she liked his little gift.

"The taste was very nice," she said, with a rather sickly smile, "but I think that I like the other kind of cream best, dear."—Lippincott's.

COFFEE WAS IT.

People Slowly Learn the Facts.

"All my life I have been such a slave to coffee that the very aroma of it was enough to set my nerves quivering. I kept gradually losing my health but I used to say 'Nonsense, it don't hurt me!'"

"Slowly I was forced to admit the truth and the final result was that my whole nervous force was shattered. "My heart became weak and uncertain in its action and that frightened me. Finally my physician told me, about a year ago, that I must stop drinking coffee or I could never expect to be well again."

"I was in despair, for the very thought of the medicines I had tried so many times nauseated me. I thought of Postum but could hardly bring myself to give up the coffee."

"Finally I concluded that I owed it to myself to give Postum a trial. So I got a package and carefully followed the directions, and what a delicious, nourishing, rich drink it was! Do you know I found it very easy to shift from coffee to Postum and not mind the change at all?"

"Almost immediately after I made the change I found myself better, and as the days went by I kept on improving. My nerves grew sound and steady, I slept well and felt strong and well-balanced all the time."

"Now I am completely cured, with the old nervousness and sickness all gone. In every way I am well once more."

It pays to give up the drink that acts on some like a poison, for health is the greatest fortune one can have. Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in plgs. "There's a Reason."

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