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THE REAL STONEWALL JACKSON

The Widow Denounces "The Long Roll" as a Gross Caricature of the General—Describes Her Husband Intimately—Calls Upon Confederate Soldiers for Opinion of Miss Johnston's Novel.

Mrs. Mary Anna Jackson, widow of Gen. "Stonewall" Jackson, has written the following article for the Charlotte Observer by way of reply to Miss Mary Johnston's novel, "The Long Roll," which Mrs. Jackson denounces as a gross caricature of the illustrious Confederate leader:

Being strenuously opposed to publicity myself, as to newspaper controversy, I have remained silent concerning all that has been written pro and con about Miss Mary Johnston's novel, "The Long Roll." This being a work of fiction, it would seem useless to undertake to controvert its misrepresentations; but since Miss Johnston herself, in an interview with a reporter of the Baltimore Sun, avers that she is "absolutely correct" in all of her characterizations of "Stonewall" Jackson, and refutes the Rev. Dr. Smith's charge as "a personal idea of Gen-

eral Jackson," I can no longer remain silent. Pity 'tis, but true, that fiction is more read by the young than history, and it would be a great injustice to General Jackson that such a delineation of his character and personality should go down to future generations.

Miss Johnston's acknowledgment that she never saw or knew General Jackson, which fact is very evident from the hideous caricature she uses as her frontispiece representing him and his little sorrel, and which alone is enough to condemn the book. To quote from a protest against "The Long Roll," many of which I have received, an old follower of General Jackson says: "Her frontispiece of this great soldier is utterly featureless and is more the likeness of some brutal prize fighter of physical figure in countenance, all animal, without one speck of mental illumination; and while this is simply and solely beastly, Miss Johnston's miserably unjust and unlikeliness-like portrayal of his character and mental qualities is at one, or in close unity, with the monstrous physical likeness." In attempting to paint a historical picture of General Jackson, which Miss Johnston asserted as a "true portrait" it was but just that she obtain correct pictures of the general and his war horse. These I should have been only too glad to give her or they could have been obtained from books of Confederate history.

It is passing strange where the author obtained all her information concerning the wonderful peculiarities and eccentricities of this man, who won honor and fame in spite of them all, or how she could keep her mind and pen in such constant exercise exploiting his "old forage cap," "the jerking of his head," and his "everlasting sucking of lemons." The two last named peculiar habits which she airs in such excessive detail were unknown to me, but I can tell a story of that old gray cap, around which a halo will ever linger and which perhaps Miss Johnston never heard.

During the last winter of his life, General Jackson was in winter quarters at Moses Neck, the home of a Mr. Corbin, near Fredericksburg. The host and the hostess insisted on giving him quarters in their residence, but he was afraid his military family might be too much of an incumbrance, so he accepted an office in the yard. In the family was a lovely little girl named Jane, who

became a special pet with the general. Her pretty face and winsome ways were so charming that he requested her mother as a favor that he might have a visit from the little girl every afternoon when his day's labors were over, and her innocent companionship and sweet little prattle became a source of great recreation to him. He loved to hold her upon his knee and sometimes he played and romped with her, his hearty laughter mingling with that of the child. He always had some treat in store for her as she came each day—an apple or cake, but the supply of such things in his scanty quarters becoming exhausted one afternoon, he had nothing to offer her, and glancing around the room, his eye fell upon a new cap which he had just received from his wife and which was ornamented with a simple band of gold braid—the most modest mark that a field officer could wear. Taking up his knife he ripped off the braid and encircling it around little Jane's fair head, he stood off admiringly and said: "This shall be your coronet!" The little girl died just a few weeks before General Jackson himself was translated, so their happy spirits were soon reunited in the Land of the Living.

General Jackson realized as few men did the desperateness of the cause the South had undertaken, but, like General Lee, he could not draw his sword against his native state and he believed that it was absolutely necessary for every man to throw himself heart and soul into the struggle, recking not of self or anything else save the best service he could render his country. Hence his mind was so wholly occupied with his arduous duties that he found no time to array himself in fine clothes—even forgetting that he was making himself conspicuous in paying so little attention to his dress. This absorption in patriotic duty explained the "old dust covered clothes" which "The Long Roll" revels in commenting upon. In times of peace and when at home, no man could have been more particular and immaculate in his dress than General Jackson.

General Jackson was no lover of war, declaring emphatically how he deprecated it, and only the sternest sense of duty drove him into it; but having been educated as a soldier, he felt impelled to discharge every rule according to military regulations, and hence he was often mis-

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