Stonewall Jackson depended on him; General Lee complimented him; Union soldiers admired him; and women in Maryland, Virginia, and even Pennsylvania adored him—the young, dashing, handsome Henry Kyd Douglas. He rode with Stonewall; he fought by the model of the incomparable Ashby; he lived, joked, and courted with Jeb Stuart. From his meeting with John Brown, alias Isaac Smith, shortly before the Brown Raid, through the long, bitter years of the Civil War, he clung to the Southern cause, fought its battles, and endured its defeats. During and shortly after the war he set down his experiences of great men and great days. In a resonant prose almost unique among soldiers and rare among writers, he wrote as simply and intimately of history as though it were a jovial anecdote, spun out after dinner for the entertainment of his friends. He tells of the persimmon tree that the General climbed but could not descend; the irate farmer who upbraided Jackson for crossing his field; the lemon that Stonewall sucked all during the battle at Cold Harbor. Here is one of the finest and most remarkable stories to come out of any war, written wholly firsthand from notes and diaries made on the battlefield.

My Personal Review:
"I Rode with Stonewall" is one of the finest personal narratives of the Civil War, America's most decisive and costly conflict. The author, Henry Kyd Douglas, began writing this memoir soon after the conclusion of the war, but put it aside for more than thirty years while he practiced law and raised a family. At his death, his book about the war had not been edited and it wasn't until a descendent discovered the transcript and found a publisher that it was finally released in 1940, on the even of another great martial struggle. I purchased my first copy on a visit to the Fredericksburg battlefield more than twenty years ago and after reading most of it on a flight back from Washington D.C. to California, left it on the plane and in the days before the Internet, it was hard to secure another. Fortunately, on another tour of Civil War battlefields and museums, I managed to bring a copy back for my library - it's that memorable a book. Henry Kyd Douglas
was a native of Maryland and a dashing young officer who served on Stonewall Jackson's staff in the early stages of the Civil War. And, like many other Confederate officers and enlisted men, he was devoted to the stern, brilliant artilleryman. Douglas later had a field command and despite being wounded no less than six times, he survived four years of brutal war. Unfortunately, other young heroes of the Confederacy, friends of Douglas like John Pegram, Sandy Pendleton and John Pelham did not. Douglas was handsome, dashing, brave and outgoing and because of these qualities, he was popular with officers on both sides in the war and a favorite of the Southern belles. His account is peppered with fond encounters, but always chivalrous, he abbreviates the names of the women he flirted with. Although the book is full of death, of lives lost in the ill-fated cause of the Confederacy and the abominable institution of slavery, it also shows that there was an idealistic and romantic side to the war. Even in the service of a bad cause, the terrible conflict between North and South brought out the deeper qualities of the men that served.

Jeffrey Morseburg

For More 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price:
I Rode with Stonewall by Henry Kyd Douglas - 5 Star Customer Reviews and Lowest Price!