

# STONEWALL JACKSON.

## THE LAST HOURS OF THE FAMOUS CONFEDERATE COMMANDER.

Prepared for the Worst—The Family  
Physician's Decision—A Grief-  
Stricken Wife—The Consola-  
tions of Religion.

About daylight upon the Sunday of his death Mrs. Jackson informed him that his recovery was very doubtful, and that it was better that he should be prepared for the worst.

He was silent for a moment and then said: "It will be infinite gain to be translated to heaven." He advised his wife, in the event of his death, to return to her father's house, and added: "You have a kind and good father, but there is no one so kind and good as your Heavenly Father."

He still expressed a hope that he would recover, but requested his wife, in case he should die, to have him buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia. His exhaustion increased so rapidly that at 11 o'clock Mrs. Jackson knelt by his bed and told him that before the sun went down he would be with his Savior.

He replied: "O, no! You are frightened my child. Death is not so near. I may yet get well."

She fell upon the bed weeping bitterly, and again told him, amid her tears and sobs, that the physicians declared that there was no longer any hope for his recovery.

### THE FAMILY PHYSICIAN'S DECISION.

After a moment's pause he asked her to call the family physician.

"Doctor," he said, as the physician entered the room, "Anna informed me that you have told her I am to die to-day. Is it so?"

When he was answered in the affirmative, he turned his sunken eyes toward the ceiling and gazed for a moment or two as if in intense thought, then looked at the friends about him and said softly:

"Very good, very good; it is all right."

Then turning to his heartbroken wife he tried to comfort her. He told her that there was much he desired to tell her but that he was too weak for the undertaking.

Col. Pendleton, one of the officers of his staff, came into the room about 1 o'clock. Gen. Jackson asked him:

"Who is preaching at the headquarters to-day?"

"When told in reply that the whole army was praying for him, he replied:

"Thank God! they are very kind." Then he added: "It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

### TALKING IN HIS DELIRIUM.

Slowly his mind began to fail and wander, and he frequently talked in his delirium as if in command of his army on the field of battle. He would give orders to his aides in his old way, and then the scene was changed. He was at the mess-table in conversation with members of his staff; now with his wife and child; now at prayers with his military family. Occasional intervals of a return of his mind would appear, and during one of them the physician offered the dying man some brandy and water, but he declined it, saying:

"It will only delay my departure and do no good; I want to preserve my mind to the last, if possible."

A few moments before the end arrived the lying warrior cried out in his delirium:

"Order A. P. Hill to prepare for action!" "Pass the infantry to the front rapidly!" "Tell Maj. Hawks——" then his voice was silent and the sentence remained unfinished.

An instant later a smile of ineffable sweetness and purity spread itself over his calm, pale face, and then looking upward, and lightly raising his hands, he said quietly and with an expression of relief:

"Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

And then without sign of struggle or of pain his spirit passed away.—Detroit Free Press.