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LAST HOURS OF STONEWALL JACKSON.

The Richmond *Enquirer* has the following account of the wounding and death of Gen. Jackson:

General Jackson, having gone some distance in front of the line of skirmishers on Saturday evening, was returning about 8 o'clock, attended by his staff and part of his couriers; the cavalcade was, in the darkness of the night, mistaken for a body of the enemy's cavalry and fired upon by a regiment of his own corps. He was struck by three balls; one through left arm, two inches below shoulder joint, shattering the bone and severing the chief artery; another ball passed through same arm, below elbow and wrist, making its exit through palm of the hand; a third ball entered palm of right hand about its middle, passing through, broke two of the bones. He was wounded on the plank road, about fifty yards in advance of the enemy. He fell from his horse and was caught by Capt. Wormley, to whom he remarked: "All my wounds are by my own men." He had given orders to fire at anything coming up the road before he left the lines. The enemy's skirmishers appeared ahead of him and he turned to ride back. Just then, some one cried, "cavalry!" "charge!" and immediately the regiment fired. The whole party broke forward to ride through our line to escape the fire. Capt. Boswell was killed and carried through the line by his horse and fell amid our own men. Col. Crutchfield, Chief of Staff, was wounded by his side. Two couriers were killed. Major Penleton, Lieuts. Morrison and Smith, aids, escaped uninjured.

Gen. Jackson was immediately placed on a litter and started for the rear, the firing attracted the attention of the enemy, and was resumed by both lines. One of the litter bearers was shot down, and the General fell from the shoulders of the men, receiving a severe contusion, adding to the injury of the arm and injuring the side severely. The enemy's fire of artillery on the point was terrible. Gen. Jackson was left for five minutes until the fire slackened, then placed in an ambulance and carried to the field hospital at Wilderness Run. He lost a large amount of blood, and at one time told Dr. McGuire he thought he was dying, and would have bled to death, but a tourniquet was immediately applied. For two hours he was near pulseless from the shock. As he was being carried from the field, frequent inquiries were made by the soldiers, "Who have you there?" He told the Doctor, "Do not tell the troops I am wounded."

After reaction a consultation was held between Drs. Black, Coleman, Walls and McGuire, and amputation was decided upon. He was asked, "If we find amputation necessary shall it be done at once?" He replied, "Yes, certainly—Dr. McGuire do for me whatever you think right." The operation was performed while under the influence of chloroform, and was borne well. He slept Sunday morning, was cheerful, and in every way doing well. He sent for Mrs. Jackson, and asked minutely about the battle, spoke cheerfully of the result, and said, "If I had not been wounded, or had had an hour more of day light, I could have cut off the enemy from the road to the U. S. Ford, and we would have had them entirely surrounded, and they would have been obliged to surrender, or cut their way out; they had no other alternative. My troops sometimes may fail in driving the enemy from a position, but the enemy always fail to drive my men from a position." This was said smilingly.

He complained this day of the fall from the litter, although no contusion or a bruise was perceptible as the result of the fall; he did not complain of his wounds—never spoke of them unless asked.

Sunday evening he slept well. Monday he was carried to Chancellor's House, near Guinea's depot; he was cheerful, talked about the battle, of the gallant bearing of Gen. Rhodes, and said that his Major General's commission ought to date from Saturday of the grand charge of his old Stonewall Brigade, of which he had heard; asked after all his officers; during

the day talked more than usual, and said, "the men who live through this war will be proud to say, I was one of the Stonewall Brigade to their children"—he insisted that the term "Stonewall" belonged to them, and not to him.

During the ride to Guinea's he complained greatly of heat, and, besides wet applications to the wound, begged that a wet cloth be applied to his stomach, which was done, greatly to his relief, as he expressed it. He slept well Monday night, and ate with relish on next morning.

Tuesday—his wounds were doing very well. He asked, "can you tell me from the appearance of my wounds, how long I will be kept from the field?" He was greatly satisfied when told they were doing remarkably well. Did not complain of any pain in his side, and wanted to see the members of his staff, but was advised, not.

Wednesday—wounds looked remarkably well. He expected to go to Richmond this day, but was prevented by the rain. This night, whilst his surgeon, who had slept none for three nights, was asleep, he complained of nausea, and ordered his boy, Jim, to place a wet towel over his stomach. This was done. About daylight the surgeon was awakened by the boy saying, "the General is suffering great pain. The pain was in the right side, and due to incipient pneumonia and some nervousness, which he, himself, attributed to the fall from the litter."

Thursday—Mrs. Jackson arrived, greatly to his joy and satisfaction, and she faithfully nursed him to the end. By Thursday evening all pain had ceased; he suffered greatly from prostration.

Friday—he suffered no pain, but the prostration increased.

Drs. Tucker and Smith had been consulted from Thursday.

Sunday morning when it was apparent that he was rapidly sinking, Mrs. Jackson was informed of his condition. She then had free and full converse with him, and told him he was going to die. He said "very good, very good; it is all right."

He had previously said, "I consider these wounds a blessing; they were given me for some good and wise purpose, and I would not part with them if I could." He asked of Maj. Penleton, "who is preaching at headquarters to-day?" He sent messages to all the Generals. He expressed a wish to be buried "in Lexington, in the Valley of Virginia."

During the delirium his mind reverted to the field of battle, and he sent orders to Gen. A. P. Hill to prepare for action, and to Maj. Hawks, his commissary, and to the surgeons.

He frequently expressed to his aids his wish that Major General Ewell should be ordered to the command of the corps; his confidence in Gen. Ewell was very great, and the manner in which he spoke of him showed that he had duly considered the matter.

Gen. Thomas Jonathan Jackson was born in Harrison county, Virginia, in 1825, and graduated at West Point in 1846. His first military services were in the Mexican war. At the siege of Vera Cruz he commanded a battery and attracted attention by the coolness and judgment with which he worked his guns, and was promoted first lieutenant. For his conduct at Cerro Gordo he was brevetted captain. He was in all Scott's battles to the city of Mexico, and behaved so well that he was brevetted major for his services. The Army Register and the actual history and facts of the Mexican war do not furnish the name of another person entering the war without position or office who attained the high rank of major in the brief campaign and series of battles from Vera Cruz to the city of Mexico.

At the close of the Mexican war, Jackson resigned his position in the army and obtained a professorship in the Virginia Military Institute. His services were not conspicuous here; Col. Gilham was considered as the military genius of the school, and Thomas Jackson was but little thought of by the small hero-worshippers of Lex-

ington. The cadets had but little partiality for the taciturn, praying professor. He was stern in the performance of his duty. At one time his life was threatened by a cadet dismissed from the Institute, the wild boy actually going to the extremity of lying in wait for him on the road leading from the Institute to the village. As Jackson in his accustomed walk towards the village, approached the spot where his enemy awaited him, a by-stander called out to him of his danger. "Let the assassin murder, if he will," replied the professor, as he walked in the most unconcerned manner towards the young man, who slunk abashed from his path.

Perhaps none of the acquaintances of Jackson were more surprised at his brilliant exhibitions of genius in this war, than those who knew his blank life at the Institute, and were familiar with the stiff and uninteresting figure that was to be seen every Sunday in a pew of the Presbyterian Church at Lexington. But true genius awaits occasion commensurate with its power and aspiration. The spirit of Jackson was trained in another school than that of West Point or Lexington, and had it been confined there, it never would have illuminated the page of history.

In the early periods of the war, Jackson, commissioned Colonel by the Governor of Virginia, was attached to Gen. Johnston's command on the Upper Potomac. At Falling Waters, on the 2d of July, 1861, he engaged the advance of Patterson, and gave the Yankees one of the first exemplifications of his ready-witted strategy; as Patterson never knew, that for several hours, he was fighting an insignificant force, skillfully disposed to conceal their weakness, while Johnston was making his dispositions in the rear.

The first conspicuous services of Jackson in this war were rendered at Manassas in 1861; although the marks of active determination he had shown on the Upper Potomac, and the affair of Falling Waters, had already secured for him promotion to a Brigadier Generalship. The writer recollects some paragraphs in a Southern newspaper expressing great merit at the first apparition of the future hero on the battle field. His queer figure on horseback, and the habit of setting his chin in his stock, were very amusing to some correspondents, who made a flippant jest in some of the Southern newspapers of this military specimen of the Old Dominion. The jest is forgiven and forgotten in the tribute of admiration and love which were to ensue to the popular hero of the war. Jackson spoke his first immortal words at Manassas, when he stayed the retreat of our forces just as it verged on irretrievable disaster. "They are beating us back" said another General. "No, sir," replied Jackson, as his eyes blazed with a victorious courage, "We'll give them the bayonet."

One of the most remarkable expeditions and marches of Jackson was in the depth of the winter of 1861-'2, when he was sent from Gen. Johnston's lines to Winchester.

On the 1st of January 1862, he marched with his command from Winchester to Bath, in Morgan county, and from the latter place to Romney, where there had been a large Federal force for many weeks, and from which point they had committed extensive depredations on the surrounding country. Gen. Jackson drove the enemy from Romney and the neighboring country without much fighting. His troops however, endured the severest hardships in the expedition. Their sufferings were terrible in what was the severest portion of the winter. They were compelled at one time to struggle through an almost blinding storm of snow and sleet, and to bivouac at night in the forests, without tents or camp equipage. Many of the troops were frozen on the march, and died from exposure and exhaustion.

In this terrible expedition Jackson gave the most remarkable proofs of his grim energy in the field and the iron mould in which he was cast. His men were becoming acquainted with the habits of their commander. He appeared to be a man of al-

most superhuman endurance. Neither heat nor cold made the slightest impression upon him. Good quarters and dainty fare were as nothing to him. He lived as his soldiers lived, and endured all the fatigue and all the suffering that they endured. He partook of but few social enjoyments. Never absent a single day from duty, he did everything with the quiet, stern energy of an iron will.

Without doubt, the most brilliant and extraordinary passage in the military life of Gen. Jackson was the ever famous campaign of the summer of 1862 in the Valley of Virginia. That campaign, in which in the short space of one month, he drove back into the enemy's territory four Generals, with large captures in prisoners and stores, made the most brilliant part of his reputation. In a few weeks the name of Jackson mounted to the zenith of fame. In dramatic effects, in rapid incidents and in swift and sudden renown, his name challenged comparison with the most extraordinary phenomena in the annals of military genius.

In the spring of 1862, Gen. Jackson had been placed in command of the small army of observation which held the upper valley of the Shenandoah and the country about Staunton. It was intended that he should remain quasi inactive, to watch the enemy and wait for him; but he soon commenced maneuvering on his own responsibility, and ventured upon a scale of operations that threw the higher military authorities at Richmond into a fever of anxiety and alarm.

In less than thirty days he dashed at Fremont's advance west of Staunton, and driving it back, wheeled his army, swept down the Valley and drove Banks across the Potomac. Returning to the upper Valley, he maneuvered around for three weeks—in the meantime dealing Fremont a heavy blow at Cross Keys and defeating Shields in the Luray Valley,—and then suddenly swept down the Virginia Central railroad, via Gordonsville, on McClellan's right, before Richmond. The part he played in winding up the campaign on the Peninsula is well known.

Since the battles of the Chickahominy the military services of Gen. Jackson are comparatively fresh in the recollections of the public. It is proper, however, to notice the distinct part which he took in the summer campaign against Pope; as we do not believe that justice has been done to Jackson's contribution to the Second Battle of Manassas.

At the outset of this campaign, it was probably the design of Gen. Lee, with the bulk of the Confederate army, to take the front, left and right, and engage General Pope at or near the Rapidan, while Jackson and Ewell were to cross the Shenandoah river and mountains, cut off his supplies by way of the railroad, and menace his rear. It will at once be noticed that this adventure, on the part of Jackson, was difficult and desperate; it took the risk of any new movements of Pope, by which he (Jackson) himself might be cut off. It was obvious, indeed, that if Pope could reach Gordonsville, he would cut off Jackson's supplies, and this risk had to be taken by the intrepid commander.

Cedar Mountain was fought and won from Pope before he knew the campaign was opened. Jackson fell back, but only to flank him on the right. Pope retired from the Rapidan to the Rappahannock, but Jackson swung still further round to the north and outflanked him again. Yet again he gave up the Rappahannock and fell back south of Warrenton, and for the third time Jackson outflanked him through Turnstone Gap, and at last got in his rear. Pope now had to fight; and the victory which perched upon our banners was the most brilliant of the war.

The participation of Jackson in the campaign of Maryland, and that of the Rappahannock, shared their glory, but without occasion for observation on those distinct and independent movements which were his forte, and for the display of which he had room in the Valley campaign and that against Pope. The manner of his death,