

THIS WAS THE CIVIL WAR

By MERTON T. AKERS
UPI Correspondent
Stonewall Jackson died as he had wished, on a Sunday. The end came for the bearded Confederate warrior

at 3:15 p.m. May 10, 1863, a soft spring day, at Guiney's Station, Va.

Dr. Hunter McGuire, Jackson's physician and friend, was with him in his last minutes. "His mind began to fail and wander," Dr. McGuire wrote, "and he frequently talked as if in command upon the field, giving orders in his old way"

"A few moments before he died, he cried A. P. Hill to prepare for action! Pass the infantry to the front rapidly! Tell Major Hawks . . . !" then stopped. Leaving the sentence unfinished. Presently a smile of ineffable sweetness spread itself over his pale face, and he said quietly, and with an expression, as if relieved: "Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees;" and then, without pain, or the least struggle, his spirit passed from the earth to the God who gave it."

So passed Thomas Jonathan Jackson, 39 years old, lieutenant general, C.S.A., just eight days away from his greenest laurels, won at the battle of Chancellorsville.

" . . . the great and good Jackson is no more," Gen. Robert E. Lee wrote to Maj. J. E. B. Stuart who had succeeded to command of Jackson's II corps of the Army of Northern Virginia when Old Jackson was wounded by his own men on the night of May 2.

"Right Arm" Lost
Lee had lost his "right arm." The Lee-Jackson tactical team, so successful at Second Manassas, Antietam, Sharpsburg and Chancellorsville, was broken. The Army of Northern Virginia never

would function as well again. To some the death of Jackson marks the turning point of the Civil War.

Jackson's death was caused by pneumonia, not by his wounds, which were healing to the satisfaction of Dr. McGuire and several other physicians, one a specialist in respiratory diseases, who were called in from Richmond.

Old Jack had been shot about 9 p.m. May 2 as he was riding between the lines organizing a night attack on the right wing of the Federal army. The volley which struck down Jackson came from the 18th North Carolina Infantry. His left arm was broken by a ball from a smoothbore Springfield musket. Another pierced his right hand. His horse bolted and Jackson's face was raked by low-swinging boughs of the undergrowth in the Wilderness.

Staff officers lifted Jackson off his horse and with a litter bearers carried him a half mile through the woods to an ambulance. On the way the party came under fire and the litter was dropped, Jackson falling heavily to the ground. His pneumonia probably was caused by that fall.

Bedded Down in Tent
Four miles farther the general was bedded down in a tent of the II corps hospital and Dr. McGuire took over. Soon after 2 a.m. on May 3 Dr. McGuire amputated the general's left arm about three inches below the shoulder and removed the bullet from his right hand. Jackson operated to recover from the operation satisfactorily.

The hospital was exposed to Federal raids and Lee ordered the patient removed farther south. On Monday, May 4 Jackson rode 27 miles in an ambulance to Guiney's Station. A pioneer squad under Jed Hotchkiss, the general's topographer, smoothed the rough roads of the ambulance and directed the wagon trains to the sides.

Walking wounded along the road stood with hats off as the ambulance passed, silent now instead of cheering the general on sight as was their wont.

Stood Trip Well
The general stood the trip well, chatting with Dr. McGuire, Chaplain B. Tucker Lacy and his wounded company in the ambulance, his artillery chief, Col. Stapleton Crutchfield.

The day was hot. At one point the ambulance was stopped and a towel moistened in a spring was applied to the general's abdomen to stop a spell of nausea. It was one of Jackson's favorite treatments.

At the home of Thomas Coleman Chandler at Guiney's Station, Jackson was placed in a small office-type building. The big house was full of wounded men and Dr. McGuire feared infection.



GENERAL JACKSON DIES - On Sunday, May 10, 1863, a soft spring day, the end came for Stonewall Jackson. He was only 39 years old, but was a lieutenant general in the Confederate Army. Moreover, Jackson, who stood at Manassas "like a stone wall," was just eight days away from his greenest laurels - Chancellorsville. On May 2, 1863, while organizing his men for a night attack, he was struck by fire from his own lines. His wounds did not, at that time,

appear serious, but pneumonia set in, and was to take his life. According to his doctor, Jackson's death was quiet and without pain. His last words were "let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees." Lee had lost his "good right arm" and the tactics of the Army of Northern Virginia would never be as effective. Here, Jackson is shown inset on a drawing of the Chancellorsville battlefield. (UPI)

Death of Stonewall Jackson

As Jackson was being moved into his quarters a violent thunderstorm broke.

He slept all night. On Tuesday, May 5 and Wednesday, May 6 the general seemed to be recovering. He spoke frequently with Chaplain Lacy on his favorite religious subjects.

But at 1 a.m. Thursday, May 7 Jackson awoke with another attack of nausea. Dr. McGuire, exhausted by his long vigil, was asleep on a cot in the room.

Jackson, instead of calling the physician, directed his Negro servant, Jim, to wet a towel and spread it across his abdomen. This was done quietly without awakening Dr. McGuire. Jackson lay in pain until dawn when the physician awoke.

His examination disclosed the pneumonia, "probably resulting from the fall in the woods." (Dr. McGuire said the towel Jim had placed on Jackson's abdomen could not have caused the pneumonia.) That Thursday, Anna, Jackson's wife, arrived from Richmond. Federal cavalry

had broken the railroad to Richmond and she had been delayed. She brought their five and a half months old baby, Julia.

When Mrs. Jackson entered the sick room Jackson did not recognize her.

"He had to be aroused to speak to me," she said later. ". . . he was too much affected by morphia to resist stupor, and soon seemed to lose the consciousness of my presence, except when I spoke or ministered to him."

Friday, May 8 was a cool day and Dr. McGuire found that Jackson's wounds still sang several hymns.

On Saturday, May 9 the general faded rapidly. Once he aroused and seeing several physicians in the room, said:

"I see from the number of physicians that you think my condition serious, but I thank God, if it His will, that I am ready to go."

About dusk Anna read aloud some of his favorite Psalms.

A little later she and her

brother, Joseph Morrison, sang several hymns.

Sunday morning May 10 Dr. S. B. Morrison took Anna aside and told her there was no hope for her husband. She said she must tell him. That was the custom of the times. Summoning all her strength, she told the general:

"Before the day closes, you will be with the Blessed Saviour in his glory."

"I will be an infinite gain to be translated," he replied. Later Jackson asked Dr. McGuire:

"Anna informs me that you have told her that I am to die today. Is that so?"

Dr. McGuire said yes.

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

He gathered the last of his strength and murmured:

"It is the Lord's day; my wish is fulfilled. I have always desired to die on Sunday."

Then Stonewall slipped off into delirium and back to his first love the battlefield, and began to give orders as he died.

" . . . his spirit still lives." General Lee said in General Order No. 61.

Jackson's body went to Richmond for a state funeral and then to Lexington, Va., where he was laid to rest beside his first wife and dead child.

All the South mourned and wondered if there was another to take his place.

Holland Named To Medford Position

Salem—James E. Holland, Jr., Oregon state highway department draftsman under A. L. Chapman, resident engineer in Grants Pass, is being promoted to assistant resident engineer at Medford, according to Forrest Cooper, state highway engineer.

Holland, who is 51, has worked for the Oregon state highway department since Sept. 12, 1951. He has had two previous promotions with the department.

He will assist Resident Engineer Jack McCormick on the \$2 million freeway project between the North Ashland Interchange and the South Ashland Interchange.

Boy Scouts Camp In Lava Beds Area On Three-Day Trip

Boy Scout Troops 14 and 105 were recently guests of Troops 16 and 41 on their annual three-day trip to the Lava Beds National Monument. The boys making the trip for the first time were initiated into the "Order of the Modoc."

The Scouts were accompanied on the trip by Scoutmasters Dick Mellum, Frank Wisser, and Larry Youmans. Also making the trip were Committeemen Dan Kadin, Al Ford, Joe Killingsworth, Edwinn Peters, Don Bryan and Art Hotho.

Initiated into the Modoc Order were Francis Wisser, Scoutmaster; David White, Stan Horton, Jim Savard, Dick Taylor, David Bennett and Russ Ferguson, Troop 14; Tom Schmidt, Bill Christie, Duane Graham, Dennis Lorton, Larry Wick, Larry Briggs, Stan Delgado, Billy Overturf, Stan Peters, Allan Peters, Craig Graham, Mike Hilkey and Erwin Peters, Commissioner, Troop 41; Steve McCallister, Paul McCallister, Dave Sanford, David Wooten, Tony Christensen, Joseph Garnier, Jim Guenther, Gene Taylor, Art Hotho, commissioner, and Dick Mellum, Scoutmaster, Troop 105; Bruce Brown, Junior Grant, Dick Galdwell, Wendel Hill-

er, Wade Hiller, Charles McCasland and Bob Durham, from Troop 16.

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The Family Council

Editor's note: The Family Council consists of a judge, a psychiatrist, three clergymen, three editors and a women's editor. Each article is a summary of a family disagreement presented to the Council. The Council deals with problems, major and minor, encountered by guidance counselors and social workers. Edited by Mrs. Alma Denny. (Copyright by General Features Corp.)

Sylvia M. - Staying at their home is like living with Tarzan!

Diana V. - We are trying to keep our children's minds healthy.

Sylvia M. - I don't consider myself an old fuddy-duddy, but I can't stomach my sister's so-called modernism. She and her husband never lock their bathroom door, and their two children, ages 6 and 8, are free to wander in and out paying social calls. When I refused to open my bedroom or bathroom door to them, Diana said I was giving them unhealthy ideas.

Diana V. - Our children have never felt it was immodest to be nude in the privacy of our home. My husband and I never cover up nervously when the youngsters walk into our room. That would destroy the relaxed lack of self-consciousness about their bodies which they still have. Instead of being shocked and silly about nakedness, Sylvia should try to assume some of our family casualness.

The Council - When in Japan, Sylvia, you take your shoes off at the door. In some houses of worship men remove their hats, in others they must wear them. As a visitor, you may be just as rude to disturb the insensibilities of Diana's children as you would be to ignore the sensitivities of any host. Diana is using her children in her campaign against prudishness. Sylvia need not participate, however, if the exhibitionism repels her. Without expressing horror, she can quietly preserve the privacy of her own person, via locks and robes - explaining if necessary that this is the way she's accustomed to act in other people's homes. Just as she respects her sister's way of doing things, she expects a similar acceptance from her host, hostess, and their "cubs." Diana's goal has merit. The dangers - and we trust she's aware of them - are that her children must be prepared to observe society's dicta on modesty when in the presence of strangers, and also that too much exposure can be disillusioning. All human forms do not resemble Paolo's and Francesca's in Rodin's "The Kiss."

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