The Death of Thomas Jonathan "Stonewall" Jackson

Mary Anna Morrison Jackson   
[Wife of General Thomas J. Jackson]

After receiving the news that her husband had been wounded , Mary Anna Jackson, accompanied by her brother Lieutenant Joseph G. Morrison, traveled from Richmond to Guinea Station, a plantation stop on the R.F.&P Railroad. Arriving on May 7, Mary Anna rushed to a nearby overseer's hour at Fairfield Plantation that had been provided for use as a shelter for the stricken general. Their she remained with her husband until he died, three days later.

From the time I reached him he was too ill to notice or talk much and he lay most of the time in a semiconscious state, bout when aroused, he recognized those about him and consciousness would return. Soon after I entered his room he was impressed by the woeful anxiety and sadness betrayed in my face, and said: "My darling, you must cheer up , and not wear a long face. I Love cheerfulness and brightness in a sickroom." . . . Thinking it would cheer him more than anything else to see the baby in when he so delighted, I proposed several times to bring her to his bedside, but he always said, "Not yet; wait till I feel better." He was invariably patient, never uttering a murmur or complaint. Sometimes, in slight delirium, he talked and his mind was then generally upon his military duties--caring for his soldiers and giving such direction as these; "tell Major Hawkes to send forward provision to the men;" "order AP Hill to prepare for action"; "Pass the infantry to the front, 'etc . . .

Early on Sunday morning, the 10th of May, I was called out of the sick-room by Dr. Morrison, who told me that the doctors , having done everything that human skill could devise to stay the hand of death, had lost all hope, and that my precious, brave, noble husband could not live! Indeed, life was fast ebbing away, and they felt they must prepare me for the inevitable event, which was now a question of only a few short hours. As soon as I could arise from this stunning blow, I told Dr. Morrison that my husband must be informed of his condition . I well knew that death to him was but the opening of the gates of pearl into the ineffable glories of heaven; but I had heard him sat that, although he was willing and ready to die at any moment the God might call him, still he would prefer to have a few hours, preparation before entering into the presence of his Maker and Redeemer . . .

I therefore felt it to be my duty to gratify his desire. He now appeared to be fast sinking into unconsciousness, but he heard my voice and understood me better than others, and God gave me the strength and composure to hold a last sacred interview with him, in which I tried to impress upon him his situation, and learn his dying wishes. When I told him the doctors thug he would soon be in heaven , he did not seem to comprehend it, and showed no surprise or concern. But upon repeating it and asking him if he was willing for God to do with him according to His own will , he looked at me calmly and intelligently and said, "Yes, I prefer it, I prefer it." I then told him that before that day was over he would be with the blessed Savior in His glory. With perfect distinctness and intelligence, he said, "I will be an infinite gainer to be translated." . . .

Mrs. Hoge now came in, bearing little Julia in her arms . . . As soon as they entered the door he looked up, his countenance brightened with delight, and he never smiled more sweetly as he exclaimed, "Little darling! Sweet one!". . . He now sank rapidly into unconsciousness, murmuring disconnected words occasionally, but all at once he spoke out very cheerfully and distinctly the beautiful sentence which has become immortal as his last; "Let us cross over the river and rest under the shade of the trees."

Source: Eyewitness To The Civil War /aka War of 1862 "The Complete History From Secession To Reconstruction by Neil Kagan and Stephen G. Hyslop, *National Geographic*.

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[Mary Anna Jackson with Julia](https://www.facebook.com/photo.php?fbid=1092150754129487&set=gm.10153060164988788&type=1)

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