

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—The 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.

That pneumonia was the immediate cause of his death, and was contracted on the night preceding that on which he received his wounds, through his unselfish anxiety for the health of a young member of his staff. They were in the open air, without tents, and having no extra covering at all, after great urgency he accepted the cape of one of his aides. In the night, however, when all were wrapped in deep sleep, Jackson arose, and gently laying the covering over the young aide, he laid down again and slept without any protection whatever. In the morning he awoke with a cold which ended in pneumonia.

Inexplicable dispensation of Providence! that he should have been not only shot down by the bullets of his friends, but that his very love for them should have turned to his own detriment and death. Truly, he laid down his life for his