

"No. 61. Head Quarters, Northern Virginia, May 11, 1863.

"With deep grief the Commanding General announces to the army the death of Lieutenant-General T. J. Jackson, who expired on the 10th inst., at a quarter past three o'clock p.m. The daring skill and energy of this great and good soldier, by the decree of an all-wise Providence, are now lost to us; but while we mourn his death, we feel that his spirit still lives, and will inspire the whole army with his indomitable courage and unshaken confidence in God as our hope and strength. Let his name be a watchword to his corps who have followed him to victory on so many fields. Let the officers and soldiers imitate his invincible determination to do everything in the defence of our beloved country.

"R. E. LEE, General."

PERSONAL DESCRIPTION.

Imagine a man about five feet ten inches high, rather thick-set, full chest, broad, stalwart shoulders, and indeed the whole physique indicating what is commonly called a well-made man. He is the picture of health, though there is no redundancy of flesh. His face is slightly bronzed from the constant exposure of his campaigns. His appearance at first impresses you with the idea of great powers of endurance. The expression of his face adds to rather than diminishes the general effect. There you see self-command, perseverance, and indomitable will, without the least admixture of vanity. His forehead is broad and prominent; eyes expressing a singular union of mildness, energy, and concentration; cheeks and nose both long and well formed. His dress is a common grey suit of faded cassimere, the coat slightly braided on the sleeve, just enough to be perceptible, the collar displaying the rank of a Lieutenant-General.

HOW HE WAS WOUNDED.

Richmond papers give a full account of the wounding, death, and funeral of Jackson,—the former leaving no doubt that the wound was inflicted by the mistake of his own men. On 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. On Friday he suffered no pain, but prostration increased. On Sunday morning, when it was apparent 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. I would not part with them if I could." He asked of Major Pendleton, "Who is preaching at head-quarters to-day?" He sent messages to all the Generals. He expressed a wish to be buried in Lexington, in the valley of Virginia.

THE FUNERAL OF GENERAL JACKSON.

The Richmond *Inquirer* of the 13th ult. says:—The city was again yesterday the scene of another outburst of mourning, and the last offices of honour to the departed hero were performed with fitting magnificence. In no public ceremony—not even the grand display which attended the inauguration of the monument to Washington some years ago, has Richmond been rendered more memorable than upon this occasion, when every branch of the Confederate and State Governments, with an army of bronzed and hardy heroes, and the whole city pouring forth its living tribute,—aged and young of both sexes,—joined in the pageant, and gave it all the imposing grandeur which sympathy, sorrow, love, and admiration united, could bestow. On either side and in the rear, an immense throng of ladies and gentlemen, children, servants, and soldiers, mingled ready to move along with the procession. The banners were draped with crape, and the swords of the military officials were draped at the hilt. The artillery bore the sad insignia—the arms of the infantry were reversed—the drums were muffled—and at the given hour, a gun stationed beneath the monument boomed forth the signal for motion. The flags upon the public buildings remained as on Monday, at half-mast. The scene on Maine-street was beyond adequate description, so impressive, so beautiful, so full of stirring associations, blending with the martial dirges of the bands; the gleam of musket, rifle, and sabre drawn; the sheen of black cannon: thousands of throbbing hearts; and the soul of sorrow that mantles over all. From Second-street, through which the procession partly passed, it wheeled into Grace-street, down which it returned to Capitol-square, entering by Monument Gate. At different stages of the obsequies, the cannon which remained stationed at the foot of the monument pealed out in tones of thunder, which heightened the effect of the tolling bells, the solemn music, and the grand display. The hearse being drawn up in front of the Capitol, the coffin was removed to the Hall of the House of Representatives, where it was laid in state in front of the Speaker's seat. Thousands crowded into the building,

many bearing splendid bouquets with which to adorn the coffin; and at night hundreds were turned away, after hours of fruitless efforts, without seeing the face of the beloved departed warrior. The funeral is said to have been a most tumultuous outburst of mourning. It was attended by President Davis and his Cabinet, all the members of the State, and an immense throng of citizens. The body lay in state at the Capitol till the morning of the 13th, when it was sent to Lexington. A statue of Jackson is to be erected in the Capitol.

THE CONFEDERATE, FEDERAL, AND ENGLISH PRESS ON THE DEATH OF GENERAL JACKSON.

The Richmond (Confederate) *Whig* of the 12th ult., in referring to General Jackson's death, says:—Since the death of Washington, no similar event has so profoundly and sorrowfully impressed the people of Virginia as the death of Jackson. The surprise and admiration with which his earlier feats in the war were regarded has long since ripened into cordial gratitude for his services, boundless confidence in his capacity, enthusiastic affection for his person, and sincere veneration for his character. * * * There is not one loyal heart in the Confederacy that has not, or will not, sicken and sink with grief at his fall. Were it possible to restore him, we believe there are thousands who would give their own lives to ransom him from the captivity of death. For all this love for him living, and all this grief for him dead, there was reason enough; for in the great struggle which now engages all hearts and hands, he was himself a power equal to many regiments of armed men. He had thrown into the energies of a mighty spirit, the resources of a great intellect. What others did or attempted from impulses of ambition, patriotism, or a sense of duty, he did from compulsion of conscience and a reverential conviction of obligation to his Maker. He did it with all the strength of mind, soul, and body. So actuated, he thought not of consequences to himself—of dangers to be encountered or glory to be won; and, so acting, he left nothing undone that was possible of accomplishment. There is no need now to rehearse his deeds, they are fresh in the memories of all. But, memorable as those deeds are, and destined to become lessons for military students for long ages to come, it was not perhaps so much what in his brief but crowded career he accomplished, as the manner in which he did whatever most difficult feat lay before, and the ability he thus manifested for more arduous and momentous achievements; that explains the wonderful growth of his fame, and will give him a place in history amid the most renowned heroes and captains of all ages. The old Mother State that bore him is not sterile. The Confederacy for which he fought is fruitful of men; but it is not to be expected that this war will produce, or this generation see, one who in all respects will fill the great space he has left void. Others may have genius to devise, others his energy to execute, others his purity of life, and others his stern and solemn self-consecration to the cause, but we may hope in vain to find all these united in one, and their potency so felt by his men as that, his will moving and his spirit animating all, they should become, as Jackson's men were, the very limbs of his body, moving and acting as he willed, almost without conscious volition of their own. Still, let none suppose that because this great soldier will no more lead his inevitable battalions against the merciless and murderous invaders of our country, we shall be unable to defend ourselves against the hosts who muster for our destruction. The same Providence that gave us Jackson still rules the affairs of men, and though He has taken the mighty chieftain from us, He leaves us his illustrious example to follow, and his grand spirit to fire every heart and nerve every arm. The men who for two years have felt the influence of such a presence, whose hearts burn with glowing memories of what he was, will never yield to mortal foe. Jackson, though dead, will still fight in the men whom he so often led to victory.

The New York (Federal) *World* makes the following comments on his death:—It is creditable to the manhood of our northern people that the news of the death of "Stonewall" Jackson has been received throughout the Union with a thrill not wholly alien from the emotions which it must have touched in those rebellious states, the lightning of whose battles he had so often launched against our armies and our flag. As every noble heart that beat beneath the red coats of the Parliament must have mourned the peerless Falkland; as every high-souled cavalier must have brushed aside an honest tear when Hampden fell;—so our children will be proud to know the northern valour and northern loyalty—the pride of the northern soldier and the faith of the northern citizen—paused in the hottest and sternest hour of our great struggle, to honour the memory of the man in whom the Union had found at once the most dangerous and the most conscientious—the most resolute and the most chivalrous—of its force. War is never so hateful as when it kills in men the supremely manlike quality of justice to our enemies; and the spontaneous, irrepressible tribute