Uncle George having refused positively to let anyone sit up with him, I told aunt
Grunt that I could not leave her alone with
him while he was still and would sleep in an
carry chair in the parlor. 30. the door being
open between that room & hers. She could call
one should he be taken suddenly worse in the
night. Having passed two nights in this way I
was awakened at three o'clock on the morning
of the 8th by the sound of his dreadful breathing
and the short moment heard aunt Grunt call
one and beg one to go for Wilson who was sleeping
in the next room. I came in & told one he thought
unde G. dying. I went up stairs to wake the rest
of the family and on getting back to unde G's
room found him as I thought, struggling, but he
recovered his breath & gasped out thinking he
was dying. "Oh help me." Aunt Grunt asked me
if I knew that hymn, "I would see Jesus," she said,
for, and asked why she did not repeat to him a
verse from his favorite Psalm the 23rd. "Oh she said,
I can't you do it." I knelt close beside the head of
his bed and repeated slowly that verse beginning
"Yea though I walk through the Valley of the Shadow
of Death." He rose up at once with the sweetest
smile, and he said, "Dear Sarah, thank you." I
repeated two hymns to him, several times while I
was doing it he smiled and rubbed his head. He
said he had 30 years, then gasped out "this is
delightful, precursor enjoyment. Nothing to do but
drop off to sleep." He asked for "sister Jane and brother
Jeff." They came in just then and aunt Eliza
putting brother hand into his told him it was
sister Jane's hand. "Oh dear sister," he said, "this is
just as I wished to die. All this while his
breathing was frightful and the cattling in his
throat so bad that it was difficult to catch his
words. "Dear, dear brother Jeff," he said, and
on father leaning down to him, said "trust
in Jesus and you will die as happily as I do.
"See how a christian can die," he exclaimed.
"Could there be a happier death." Once, and
with a countenance which shone as if reflecting
a heavenly light, he said, in a distinct voice, "I
see Jesus," and then added with emphasis.
visibly and the Valley has lost its terror.
"Dear Eliza, and boy dear brother, soon I

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shall be with her, Margaret, Patty, Cesymony and others of our family gone before." "Hilson, darling boy, he said as he felt his pulse get religious it is Jesus who gives one this restful death. As Came took his hand he said "dear dear Came," and to strong darling Jesus always has been then added you are all dear and thinking to meet from last and nearest all son wife. Wife and one in Heaven, I am grieved and there 4 messages of love for his sisters. Knowing each. Dearest love to Ben dear dear. Ben dear friends. Dear to dear Sallie to dear Margaret to Robert Carter to my good friends. Love to Mr. Buggin. Deep love to all my Richmond friends." He then leaned strong friends to whom he left messages of love. As breaking connected him he seemed to fear we might think him suffering and several times said "am not suffering, just a primory only fear is that this is not death Hilson it will not be long will it? some one that this is death. In Hilson feeling his pulse and saying "dear George I thought so he cried out "we don't disappint one." Someone suggested hand to him and he said "In God"
take pride in prolonging life." He expressed great regret at feeling his strength ebbing away and said he would have it all to do over again. Alluding to his suffering which he said at first was very great, that having so long dealt with scenes getting to be absent from he did not like to keep up all of it. He refused to take the bandage. Benjamin Nelson offered him until afternoon it would not prolong his life but only make him more comfortable. "As my friends, he said, "you should do something to prolong my life." Then stretching his head back on the pillow, exclaimed, "What a constitution and what strength." As the evening light stole into the room he asked if the day was good, and seemed pleased when he was. It was bright and sunny. "I shall be carried to Monticello," he said, when the birds are singing and the leaves budding and the air pure. "Did I remember to send my love to the gentlemen, to Mr. Randolph and to Mr. Edward? Give it to them. I love them all. Mr. Green was always so kind to me and to Nellie. dear good. I'm, astounding. My special love. Jeane shall precede him. unto you.
time. Say love to the Taylors. Those girls have been very kind. I'll give Tom some little keepsake for Margaret."

Saying that Tom was in the room, he said, "Tell Tom to come in," and added, "When he chooses of course." Tom entered, and he shook hands with him and said, "I am glad to see you once more. Tom, you must give my love to Charlotte." Then when Tom went on the bed and took his hand again, he wanted to know what had brought him down so soon. He said, "I am these good people have brought me back to life again." Tom told him how glad he was to see Uncle Ben, and then got down to see him two days before. "Oh, yes, he said, "Dear dear, Ben, how it rejoice my heart to be here to hear the sound of the dear fellow's voice, though I can't but talk to him." Tom, he said, after a pause, "You are religious." "Yes, Aunt Mary said, "I am sure you know is a communicant." "Yes," he said, "but that you know is nothing unless he communes with the heart. There are as many christians out of the church as in it. Religion is a thing of the heart, that of the heart. I hope..."
my dear great brother Jeff did not take amiss what I said to him this morning on the subject, but I have thought so constantly of his religious feelings and it causes me so much trouble. I'm girls and your dear sister James do all you can to approach him on the subject. Tom said, "Uncle George I have thought omen of that tor, but it is a very difficult thing." I know how difficult it is," he replied, great tact is required to approach him on the subject, but a suitable book left so he could accidentally pick it up, or anything to convince his reason. That is to write a spirit book to be dedicated to its Savior. This reason seems to add, you can't write him as you can come by getting up a religious fever, his reason might be convinced. Divine had to be tor. Aunt Jenny said, "I want to come where you think would be suitable." "Well," he replied, "you know with me the book of books is Paley's "Conidence with Annotations" by Archibald Haldiz - that is so clear. Twenty years ago," he continued, "I lay ill in this very room almost on this very spot. I and those around me
thought I was dying. I determined then if I
recovers to examine the Christian religion. I
did do it, thoroughly, as I would have done a
law case, and how I have this evening no
testing to the truth and its power. As I said
we must not be kept away from our duties so
that Jesus must be content him. Keep him
from his business. Lewis then bent to his
bed and took his hand and said, "you have one
important thing to say to Lewis. "Lewis, he said, "is going to examine
for himself. He is a good fellow; there is good
in him." Then shaking his finger playfully in
his face said, "Lewis do not be content to see
becomes there were wiser than. After a pause
he continued, "Lewis, as I was telling you and
from the other sight, the fulfillment of the 39th
Psalm is in itself a part of the truth of the
Christian religion. In the first part, David
spoke about himself and then it is evident
he does not clearly understand what the mission
is about whom he is prophesying. What death
it is that he is describing, but it is the Sonion
one see the glancing in the face on the cross.
that was done by the Jews, then the casting lots for his respite. He casting his garments among them that was done by their enemies, the Roman soldiers, foreign.

He complained of tingling in his skin and said he supposed it came from some irritation to the circulation beginning. While they were rubbing his feet and arms, he seemed to think they might be shocked at his emancipation and stretching his heart again back on his pillow, said: "Soon I shall put off this vile body and put on a glorified body, then it does not matter about the emancipation of this one. I am done with it." He repeated his regrets at not hearing died early in the morning and said he would have it all to go over again. He told him he had been offered to take to us and how precious all the words he uttered would ever be. "Yes," he said, but "how will you have it all to go over again that suffering, and may it away with all these grievable impressions." "My love to dear Emme and Tom. Pardon me Julia. "I pray repeated the first lines of "Vital Spark." Hearing her. "Yes, he
said, "by Popes it is very beautiful." To think, he said, after a silence of some time, how near the end of my sufferings in mini weeks or months of living death, and yet you to think will soon be relieved if your care and troubles about me. In two years you have been to be servant, shone, friend, everything - what would I have done without you." After a little he smiled and said, I can't help being reminded of that anecdote of Charles II. how he apologized to his courtier for taking so long to die and keeping them all standing. I will break you all down you must go about your customary duties." A letter which had come the day before from Genl. Lee Johnston asking him to answer some questions about our prisoners. Genl. when he was Secretary of War was mentioned to him. He said it was important to Genl. for him to answer them within his usual distinctness of precision; he dictated the answers to him - I am not strong in speaking to him about fathers religion - he said, "It is said, given to us to say who shall be saved.
and who shall rest and he is so good, so
kind heart, so much liberality & kindness &
so generous to a large connection he has
always been a true friend & his house home
to many of them. He then tried to quote
some lines from Pope describing a christion
but could not last in the day he remembered
them & repeated them distinctly. Before in
the evening he had said, "Well I suppose
I'll drop that for I am up to the gates
of death- I have nothing to regret but leaving
friends among whom however I shall meet
again. Peter after a long promise he sighed
and said "Poor dear brother Jeff. I am
thinking of him all the time. My girls
must do all you can. I have told Tom to
approach he on the subject of religion."
On seeing me enter the room once during
the day he said, "Come Sally & sit beside
me. I want to talk to you. I took his hand
& sat on his bed & he said, you forget
not on cultivating your mind, you have
a good deal of talk that way. I wish
you to take care of yourannel things. be a
daughter to her she loves you as much.

"Yes," I replied, "I feel that way to her and your house was always a happy home to me." "Well," he said, "I always tried to make it so for you. Continue how to cultivate and improve your mind— you will be repaid for it. And when the time comes, you old age be kindly you will have a place. Don't sink into vagabondy.

He asked if the day was the fourth time and said, "Do the third?" From a time, he continued, have been on the road this day, going to Richmond Court. That's on the fourth, I don't say mine, but I'd rather it be. Margaret, Robert?” Yes, Robert was always a good friend to me. She turned to and said, "It is a great satisfaction to be left to come your dependent. You will be dependent for sitting except affection. You will get that from my family. I leave you to them. Then by breathing gets bad again don't let my one come over me. By drinking spells generally begin generally about twelve don't they? Hilton.
must watch me and at the least sign of
senslessness give me an arnica. It had
better put a little landammr in the hands.
There is kilme? Some one replied asleep.
"What a sleepy-headed fellow he is," he said.
He knew Andrew Wilson to be out of his right
and trusted himself entirely to him—considering
the least objection to doing what he advised.
He repeated the first line of "I would
not live always," and finished the
verse when he said, "The sentiments of
that hymn are most proper to the world
we were given by God to use, and trust in
us to abound after we are done with it."
"Behold, a father," he at one time said, "you
ought all to rejoice with one that comes
so near thy end, I have been so often
gone up to the gates of death that the
road is familiar to one, I know the
way to have done."
"Saying, and said,
leaving his hand on his hand he said,
"Though drop, friend, you cannot all be
good and bear this with composure.
Of course we cannot expect anything but
This is so terrifying. At twelve he began to get distress and to take arraigns. I don't think he will be done yet. I wish he had wished to take one this morning. In a week, though desiring death, he seemed to have had a firm presentiment that he would have some great agony to undergo when dying. This was fearfully realized for himself and his friends by a violent convulsion which came on at half past one. Springing suddenly bolt upright in bed, the last moment he would have thrown himself out of bed had not Tom Wilson been beside him. It required all their strength and energy to hold him. So great was his agony that he cried out "kill me kill me." Yet even then he did not lose his consciousness. Then he grunted a little Wilson told one to kneel close beside him to repeat something to him to distract his thoughts from himself, but as soon as I began to speak his heart sank with his head for.
one to stop. Brandy achieved him and he occasionally asked for it. He called and talked occasionally, feeling his pulse and expressing great dread of his strength returning so far having another spasm. Sandiford Hilsen said, one coming he seemed stupified him with Brandy. He kissed aunt Hong's hand and after a little asked her to kiss him. His brain was never once dimmed. His sleep breathing grew more calm. Once feeling his pulse he exclaimed in a tone of great alarm, "Can it be possible that I am again bleeding back. Hilsen a blame one that I am dying." "I think you are uncle George," Hilsen said. "God bless you," he said, hardly distinctly. Then Hilsen gave him the last amontre and aunt Hong and sister close together at the head of his bed. He drank the amontre, and then parted Hilsen several times in the head, caressing Brandy on the head and joining his aunt Hong's hands, pressed them with his own and said, "Tis such kindness and such good..."
treatment. He said he felt perfectly comfortable but again. He said to Wilson in the sweetest and gentlest tone, "What do you want me to do now? Do you want me to sleep? I can sleep." "Yes," said Wilson. "Sleep." He did sleep, but from that sleep awakened into a better world.

He all sat around during that last hour's sleep, watching his every breath with an intense anxiety, fearing each breath he might wake up in a convulsion. All at last we found those long drawn breaths were getting shorter and shorter. He breathed his last a little after sunset, lying on his side with his face resting at last on one hand.

Once during the day aunt Hannah asked him if when he saw Jesus, he was going to a hymn beginning with that line. But he said distinctly, "I meant that I saw him himself."
Uncle George's last words written down by Sarah R.

Edgehill
April 25th, 1867