

Camp Stone wall Spring
April 8th

Dear Sister.

How you had your breakfast this morning or are you observing the fast?
Hours bright now! Didnt you eat just a little to keep
from being sick?

I heard an elegant sermon from Mr
Lucy on the text - "Let me fall now into the hand
of the Lord & have XXI - 13".

His style of preaching is just suited to camp
& his sermons generally are attended with good
results. Yesterday evening he delivered his
Eulogy upon Gen Jackson by the request of our
Association, I suppose there were 3000 persons
present, but his address was so good, that not
one left the ground until he had finished
it was the most attentive audience I ever
saw.

And how beautifully & touching
he held up to our view the character of
our dearly loved Gen as worthy of veneration
especially as a Christian.

He first reviewed his early life, his difficulties
in acquiring an education, his private life
at West Point & success in his studies, his
first experience as a soldier in the Mex
ican war, next as a private man in his
capacity of professor at the V.M.I. & member
of the church & teacher in the Colored Sabbath
school.

When the great part he had taken in this great
struggle for political & religious freedom.

He spoke of his private feelings in regard
to the man as expressed by him to himself ^{the day}
He followed him through all his ^{own} painful
struggle to the bloody & cheerily fought field
of Chancellorsville. He spoke of the
revival in the army in 61 & said that
he had often noticed Gen Jackson after
night before retiring humbly kneeling & implor-
ing the help of God, when he was alone
in his tent & knew ^{not} that any one could see
him, but his form was reflected through
the tent by the light of the candle.

He spoke of him as a father & husband.
His death had he described so beautifully
showing his address he spoke of Gen Poyter's
body being brought to the hospital where Gen
Jackson lay wounded, he said. As I left
the suffering couch of the lamented Jackson,
& gazed upon the noble features of the
gallant Poyter, cold & still in death, with a
calm smile resting upon his face & still the
stern decision of a Roman so forcibly shown
in his face, I thought that it was indeed
a cheerily fought field.

I think that the address will certainly be
productive of good, as he several times appeal-
ed to the old brigade in language which was
calculated to move the hardest heart. 443