

Camp Stonewall Brigade;
April, 8th [1864]

Dear Sister:

Have you had your breakfast this morning or are you observing the fast? Honor Bright now! Did'nt you eat just a little to keep from being sick?

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

His style of preaching is just suited to camp and his sermons are generally attended with good results. Yesterday evening he delivered his "Eulogy on Gen. Jackson" by the request of our Association, and I suppose that there were 3000 persons present, but his address was so good that not one person left the ground until he had finished. It was the most attentive audience I ever saw. And how beautifully and touchingly he held up to our view the character of our dearly loved General as worthy of imitation, especially as Christians.

He just reviewed his early life, his difficulties in acquiring an education, his private life at West Point, his success in his studies, his first experience as a soldier in the Mexican war; next as a private man in the capacity of professor at V.M.I. and member of the church and teacher in the colored sabbath school in Lexington.

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Then the great part he had taken in this great struggle for political and religious freedom. He spoke of his private feelings in regard to the war as expressed by him to himself--Mr. Lacy. He followed him all through his campaigns down to the bloody and dearly bought field of Chancellorsville. He spoke of the revival in the army in "62" and said that he had often noticed Gen. Jackson, after night before retiring, humbly kneeling and imploring the help of God, when he was alone in his tent and knew not that any one could see him, but his form was reflected through the tent by the light of his candle. He spoke of him as father and husband. His death bed he described so beautifully. Closing his address he spoke of Gen. Paxton's body being brought to the hospital where Gen. Jackson lay wounded, He said "As I left the suffering couch of the lamented Jackson, and gazed upon the noble features of the gallant Paxton, cold and still in death with a calm smile resting upon his face and still the stern decision of a Roman so forcibly shown in his face, I thought it was indeed a doubly bought field."

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

A.T.B.