

"And the feeling of enthusiastic admiration with which he inspired the soldiers immediately under his leadership, was shared in a large measure by every officer and private in the army of the Potomac. His appearance was always greeted with bursts of applause, and no matter how worn and weary the champions of freedom, when the beloved chieftain was seen approaching, the air was rent with deafening shouts. He was the idol of the army.

"And outside the army every lip delighted to praise him, and every heart did him honor. His brilliant exploits had so impressed the people with a sense of his distinguished abilities and transcendent worth, that they deemed it well nigh impossible that defeat could befall our army if Jackson's sword was there, made irresistible by Jackson's prayers. And while every fresh success enhanced the lustre of fame, the victories he won were rejoiced over with a richer gush of joy, because they were accepted as manifest tokens of the gracious favor with which Heaven regarded our cause. The country believed that the green and fragrant wreaths that encircled his brow were placed there by Him who knighted Jacob near the brook Jabbok, and every victory he won was received as a declaration that as a Prince he had wrestled with God and had prevailed. These feelings of reverence and admiration and love now find expression in the tears that agony forces from the heart, as the country looks down with troubled brow upon the face of the hero, pale and cold in death. Every one feels as though he had sustained a personal bereavement. The shadow of this terrible grief rests upon every heart. Every home and every heart is clothed in mourning. The country weeps. When Absalom fell, his father poured out deep lamentations over his untimely end, and regretted that he had not died in the stead of his son, but there was no one beside the royal mourner who would have been willing to sacrifice his life to raise the unnatural culprit from the doom stern justice inflicted upon him. There was not a man worthy to take part in this terrific contest who would not have cheerfully poured out his life-blood if his death could have been accepted in the stead of that glorious chieftain. In the agony of this overwhelming sorrow, we exclaim, 'Would to God I had died for thee!'"

And now, as we turn sorrowfully away from the shrine at which