

## GENERAL 'T. J. JACKSON.

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Six days our hearts stood still with keen suspense;  
Our champion lay sore smitten of God's hand.  
The seventh, our hope was slain, for he was dead!  
Our prayers were vain; and now our palsied sense  
Knows not our grief to utter. Weep, O land!  
Who shall inspire thy threnody, and wed  
Thy walls to numbers mournful as thy breast?  
Invoke no pagan Muse, whose fabled sigh  
And painted tear but mimic woe sincere.  
Come rather, thou, the Spirit who dost rest  
In truth's eternal seat; it was thine eye  
Illumined him we mourn; and thy pure fear  
His greatness was. Thee then, we call to teach  
Our pain fit voice, who didst thy seer's lament  
Attune to chant meet dirge for Zion's fall.  
"Oh that our heads were waters!" Then might reach  
Our floods of tears to the full argument  
Of our calamity, as we recall,  
In contrast black, our hero's glorious morn  
With this drear night that clouds it at midday.  
But twice twelve moons before, Virginia said:  
"Hither my sons to meet the invaders' scorn!  
They deem we withered in obscure decay,  
My bosom dry of that proud milk that fed  
My Washingtons and Henrys. O'er my head  
They shake the loathed scourge, as though to sway  
To slavery this soul to freedom born."  
Then of her myriads, rallying to her cry,  
Our mother's instinct owned him foremost son,  
Modest as prompt, with spirit trained to might  
In secret prayer, with Bayard's chivalry  
Of faith begotten; with a valor won  
From God's own strength and truth's serenest light.  
She gave her banner to his stainless hand.  
Thence, like the day-star blazed he in her front;  
His sweep, the wind's, his stroke the knell of fate  
To them who durst pollute her sacred land.  
Onward and upward, through the war-cloud's brunt,  
He soared with steady wing, as though to' instate

Her flag in freedom's peaceful citadel.  
Then, midst his loftiest flight, our eagle fell!  
That we were fall'n with him we learned too late.  
Yea, bow, O Lee, in grief that kingly front  
To which all others hent; and weep thou drops  
Such as were shed by Israel's warrior king,  
For Jonathan and Saul the highly slain.  
For now from thy right side disaster lops  
The arm which wont thy victories to bring;  
And could thy grandest purposes explain  
In grander deeds. Yea, weep thou hoary chief!  
For with his parting soul success hath flown,  
To come no more. Not that thy worth is less,  
Or patriot-will to win thy land relief;  
Nor all thy heroes with their pattern gone.  
Still shall ye toil and die; hut full success  
No more shall crown these toils, stanch as his own.  
Still shall your gallant struggles honor save,  
Losing all else. And weep, ye rugged hosts,  
Who laughed in hattle's dead-lock: He is gone  
Whose shout worth fresh hattalions: "On ye hrave!"  
Inspired your charge. Weep too, ye martial ghosts,  
Who, parting from your hleeding flesh, were glad  
That he still hattles to avenge your fall.  
For none remain that vengeance to demand,  
Until the heavenly court's decree he had.  
But chiefest thou, Virginia, round thee call  
Thy mourning women; drape thy widowed land  
In hlackest weeds, and let thy eyes he wells  
Of hitter waters. Yea, and thou didst mourn!  
Twice didst thou bury him; thy maids with flowers,  
Thy elders with his mother-earth. Thy bells  
With dismal stroke and cannons' hellowiug groau  
Measured thy funeral step, as all thy powers  
Unrolled their gloomy ranks.  
But hadst thou seen with his presaging eye,  
How much was lost with him; hadst broke the seal  
Of fate for thy succeeding years, and read  
As he had read, that thy hest sons should die,  
Yet wln no rescue for the commonweal  
By their rich hlood, as vain, as freely shed:  
How conquerors, ruthless in their pride of power,  
Should trample thy fair neck, whose queenly foot  
Found rightful place upon the oppressor's head;  
Cunning and malice rule the dismal hour  
Of thine eclipse, and fraud and force uproot  
Each right implanted by thy fathers dead:  
How doltish serfs and alien thieves should foul

Thy seats of power, once by thy sages graced;  
 While all thy noblest, fairest, wisest sank  
 In want obscure, hounded by slanderous howl:  
 And worst, how some, thy sons, whom thou hadst placed  
 'Neath thy free banner, in the honored rank  
 Of thy defenders, wooed by filthy greed,  
 Should aid, Oh shame! their mother's chains to draw:  
 Hadst thou seen this as thy dead champion saw;  
 (And that it might not be was fain to bleed)  
 Then hadst thou wept, not tears of brine, but blood!  
 Yea, woeful mother, weep! There is no herb,  
 Euphrasy, rue, nor balsam, that can buy  
 Health for thy deadly hurt; this saw thy Lee:  
 Hence in the battle's edge the end superb  
 Of those who for, and with their country die,  
 He sought, but could not find; thus God's decree,  
 So as he must not fall, nor could endure  
 To see the glories bought with fathers' blood  
 So foully ravaged, lost beyond recall,  
 His mighty heart-strings brake, his spirit pure  
 Went up where wrongs no more oppress the good.  
 Lift up thy wail, Virginia; thy stone wall  
 Thy tower of strength is prostrate. Mothers, weep;  
 Who for your country gave your bodies' fruit,  
 Dearer than life; yet willing their dear blood  
 Should buy her dearer freedom. Widows, weep:  
 And ye, unwedded maidens, wan and mute,  
 (Fit mates for heroes) who for country's good  
 Could nuptial joys forego, and think her weal  
 Full recompense for all your widowed lives:  
 For HE IS DEAD: your priceless price is spent,  
 And no deliverance bought. Ah! harshest deal  
 Of sightless fortune! this the thought that rives  
 Your aching hearts. Oh God, why hast thou sent  
 Such mockery of hope? Why bid arise  
 Such champion of our cause, and let him bring  
 The boon so near our grasp, and then withdraw  
 Thy gift, his work unfinished, to thy skies?  
 Forgive the faithless question, Sovereign King.  
 We read its answer with repentant awe,  
 In our own sin. He was thine overture;  
 Thy merciful proposal to us, writ  
 In characters more clear than prophet's word,  
 And more divine, in life and deed too pure  
 For earth-born virtue; such as could befit  
 No source but Heaven. And by his righteous sword,  
 Great rescue and defense didst thou bestow,  
 Plucked from the jaws of death and peril dread

Not once, but oft; wherein this meaning shone:  
 "Would ye be free and great? Your giant foe  
 Would ye o'erthrow, and crush his ravenous head?  
 Be what your Joshua is: as he hath done  
 Do ye. Like unto his, be all your ends  
 Your God's, your country's and the truth's: your ease  
 Denied for duty, and your valor taught  
 Of my true fear. This way your God commends:  
 Will ye walk in it to a glorious peace?  
 Fair overture and true! The State inwrought  
 With this man's virtues, all her sons like him,  
 Had been unconquerable, absolute,  
 Achilles of the nations, panoplied  
 Not by the baptism of the infernal stream,  
 Lucre and cunning and the strength of brute  
 Conferring; but with holy power supplied  
 From that clear flood, that watereth the street  
 Of God's eternal city' impregnable.  
 So ours, fenced by this righteousness, had stood  
 'Gainst Satan's world. On what wise did we meet  
 God's overture? Our purpose mutable  
 Postponed His call: we fain would have the good  
 And yet neglect its source; would seize the crown,  
 Yet slight the appointed race. So sluggish peace  
 And hope deceitful lure the thoughtless brood  
 Not worth the prize; who draw the angry frown  
 Of God, and His avenging hand release.  
 But thus not all. Thus spake the goodlier host:  
 "Yea Lord, we will be free, and on thy terms!"  
 And these God's model followed where he went,  
 To bloody graves; or else, to mourn their lost  
 And chant their dirge, remain. Our sin confirms  
 The just decree. "Thy visitation sent  
 In mercy's chosen day thou knewest not  
 O land! But in thy wealth hebetate and gross,  
 Thou wouldst not read aright God's offered gift."  
 That question solved, before disaster blot  
 The scutcheon of God's knight, or honor's loss;  
 Up to his rest doth he his servant lift:  
 His task is done; the woe he must not feel.  
 Boast not upon his fall, ye haughty foes:  
 Ye slew him not. Your stores no missile beld  
 To touch that sacred life. No bolt, nor steel  
 Forged for your greed or malice could uncloze  
 The links of heavenly mail the truth did weld  
 Across that breast. The' intent was yours, and guilt:  
 But impotent as foul. God's was the deed.  
 Wherefore, as instruments He chose the friends

Who for this life would joyfully have spilt  
 Their dearest blood; unwitting as the steed  
 Which bore him, or the lightning's bolt which rends  
 The clouds to minister Jehovah's will.  
 For not of wrath, but love the stroke was pledge,  
 It took God's favorite from the coming doom,  
 Whose baleful shade, than Arctic night more chill,  
 On his prophetic soul now cast its edge,  
 Prognostic of the hjaeker, coming gloom  
 Of freedom lost. Thereat his swelling soul,  
 Spurning the shameful bonds with grand disdain,  
 Burst from the fetters of his earthly frame,  
 And soared forever free. Asunder roll  
 The' eternal gates; while from their glittering fane  
 The spirits troop, his brotherhood to claim,  
 Who free from chains of bondage lived, or died.  
 But we, alas! unworthy of his fate,  
 Live on to wear the chain, and watch his dust  
 By venal and contemptuous tongues belied;  
 Of manhood scarce retaining such poor state  
 As dares to guard aright our funeral trust.  
 For on the soil baptized by his blood,  
 His comrades raise no monumental stone  
 To make his name endure. The lowly grave,  
 That keeps what earth reserves of him, had stood  
 Unmarked, but that a weeping woman, lone  
 And widowed, still than hearded men more brave,  
 Planted her modest shaft; and maiden's hands  
 Weekly bedeck his sod with wreathed flowers,  
 Soon withered, like the cause he loved so well.  
 Thus lowly lie, in this dishonored land  
 Valor and truth and those imperial powers  
 Of genius consecrate (in Heaven they dwell  
 In state supernal!) while the sordid dust  
 Of coarse oppressors, great hut in their crime,  
 Greedy of gold and blood, their people's shame,  
 Usurps the honor sacred to the just,  
 And flouts the heavens with hraggart shaft sublime;  
 While mercenary mobs resound their name,  
 And fawning priests, worst traitors to Christ's word,  
 Teach them to cry: "Success, thou art divine!"  
 "Be thou our God, for thou dost eat our lust."  
 Thou sittest judge of all, O righteous Lord!  
 Thou wilt arise and let Thy judgments shine,  
 And they shall clear the memories of the just.  
 Our grievance we revoke; thou, mighty shade,  
 Lackest no mausoleum, while true hearts,  
 And such there are, enshrine thy memory.  
 These nobler temples of thy fame, no: made

By earthly hands, nor graven by men's arts,  
Shall keep thy glory! And these mountains free,  
Eternal watchmen round thy modest tomb,  
They are fit sentinels; their soaring peaks  
Point to the skies which thou inhabitest:  
Steadfast like thee, whether the winter's gloom  
Change them to iron, or Aurora's streaks  
Emblazon them like mansions of the blest;  
Or glittering snows enwrap their giant forms,  
White as thy heavenly robe, so earth meets sky,  
And mortal ken can scarce discern their bound;  
These keep their faithful ward through calms and storms  
Nor cease to speak thy name, till time shall die  
And thy great Captain's final trumpet sound.