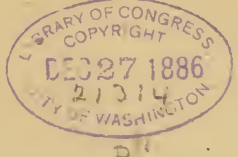
THE VETERAN

AND

HIS PIPE.



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PREFACE.

COMRADE:

If you have succeeded in forgetting the impulse that made you, for a time at least, a hero, and regarding your wounds as "poor dumb mouths" that testify of personal peril, rather than the immortal cause in which they were won, you can hardly feel surprise that the veteran is remembered chiefly as a pensioner; heroism regarded only as a claim to public charity, and "the soldier vote" considered a political commodity, to be purchased with the promise of public plunder.

THE AUTHOR.

APRIL 14, 1886.

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THE VETERAN AND HIS PIPE.

A DOUBLE ANNIVERSARY.

April 14, 1861—The Surrender of Fort Sumter—April 14, 1865—The Assassination of Abraham Lincoln.

IT is a strangely eventful day, Blower,—the anniversary of death and life. Many, perhaps the great majority of those who think to note its recurrence, count it perchance the saddest of all those land-marks by which our national growth is marked, or individual achievement commemorated. But we will celebrate it, Blower, as a feast of thanksgiving and a festival of rejoicing. Twenty-four years ago to-day the nation awoke to the new life of its most glorious epoch. The blow had fallen on the evening of the previous day. At midnight tolling bells began its proclamation to a wondering people. With the dawning came fuller knowledge of the thing we feared. The echoes of the guns of Moultrie were yet sounding the knell of peace over our broad land. The sunshine of the sabbath morning looked down on strangely contrasted scenes. The South was hoarse with exultant shouting. The emblems of rejoicing floated there from every hilltop.

The cannon's sulphurous breath and the bonfire's smoldering embers told of the night's wild jubilee of exultation. The church bells pealed out joyfully. The matin hymns were songs of victory. Miriam's exultant chant echoed from thousands of lips that smiled with the joy of accomplished success and anticipated triumph. Thanksgiving was the theme of every pulpit. The light of conquest was in every eye, the joy of victory in every heart.

Where the nation's power was still supreme, and her glory esteemed above section and self, the scene was widely different. How well we remember it to-day, Blower. The chill, gray sunshine looked on clouded brows! Eyes were dull with weeping, or red with sullen rage! Men wore grave faces and were strangely silent! Women's cheeks were pallid, and they wept stealthily! The sabbath bells sounded full of solemn foreboding as they called a stricken people to the house of prayer. The sanctuaries overflowed with worshipers! The nation bowed before its God, and prayed that the blood-red cup might pass its lips, or grace be given to bear its woe! The Merciful heard and answered! The nation drank of the red wine of slaughter; but a richer, stronger life than she had ever known before swept through her veins!

Twenty years ago to-day another scene in the great tragedy of our national life was enacted. On that day the stroke was given which transformed an exultant nation into a weeping, grief-stricken people. The grandest life which has yet sprung from the loins of the Western world in the very hour of triumph entered,

through the gate of treacherous violence, into the haven of immortality. The banners of victory flaunted gaily over thousands of happy homes when the sun went down. Smiling lips told joyful tidings by the firelit hearth. Fair cheeks flushed red with welcoming roses for the home-coming brave. Even they that mourned the dead forgot their sorrow in the universal joy. The morrow's noon saw the flaunting banners bound and draped, the fair cheeks paler than the snow, and the mourners' woe enhanced a thousandfold.

Ah! well do I remember, Blower, how I pressed the empty sleeve against the aching heart, while your polished amber tip slid from my quivering lips, as I bowed my head upon the rough pine desk to which a veteran's duty bound me still, and wept when the morning brought us knowledge of the night's bereavement. I remember thrusting your gleaming bowl within its silken case and pushing it aside regardless of its soothing fragrance. I remember still the trace of tear-drops on the azure cuff which marked the humble service I was permitted to discharge. How often had I looked with pride on that gold-bordered bit of velvet which told of danger manfully incurred, and duty faithfully performed. Until that hour the veteran's pride had swallowed up all other thought. Our country's glory had blinded me to all weaker sentiments. The roar of battle had seemed to me the Nation's regal challenge to a wondering world and waiting future, published by the cannon's brazen lips. Laden as it might be with terror, it always brought a thrill of rapture to my heart, because I heard in its echoes the

angry defiance of a free people to oppression, or the triumph of conscience over wrong.

Even the poor brave comrades who had shared peril and privation with us, whose bones lay bleaching on so many battle-scarred hillsides, had hardly been mourned. To have died for such a cause seemed more of a privilege than a hardship. They were rather to be envied than deplored, because of the beneficent glory that enshrined their memories. It seemed but natural for a soldier to die, and an infinite honor to die for a cause so holy. They had not fought for themselves, their own exaltation, nor even for their own homes or firesides. Their devotion was not tainted by the flavor of self. They died for the rights of man, for the perpetuity of a government founded on liberty, in deadly conflict with a republic based on the principle of slavery. These were foolish notions, as we now can well perceive; but in those days I never doubted the Moslemic dogma that "the gates of heaven swing easily before brave souls coming up from the battlefield." So the thought of conflict brought only a stern, strange joy. When we heard that thousands fell, we only thought how each death magnified our victory or added strength to our determination to avenge defeat. Strange as it may seem, I had hardly mourned the missing limb, which molders back to dust beneath the shadow of the springing pines. We were young then, Blower, and life was sweet as vernal sunshine to the springing early buds. The thought of death was all the more irksome because of life's delightsomeness. To be maimed, I knew was to be branded through the years

that were to come as one in power less than his fellows —bearing in life the visible sign-manual of death. To-day I almost blush to own that I was then proud of the folded sleeve, because I had given the limb that filled it for the cause of human freedom. I did not once think of fame, nor of comparing myself with my fellows, whether the same had proved themselves meritorious or undeserving. I only thought that I had given up my blood to swell the rich tide that had been poured out to quicken the tree of liberty's second growth. Even the promotion that followed hard upon my hurt and bore date upon the day it happened, seemed a trivial thing compared with the high privilege I had enjoyed.

In that day, when clods were lifted to the plane of heroes, and knightly souls were fired to marvelous achievment—in all those years of conflict—there had been one, whose devotion every true heart felt had far eclipsed all others, whose tender, serious, self-forgetful spirit brooded regretfully, yet encouragingly, over every battle-field. Our "Father Abraham" had become to every heart a presence real and benign, which represented all that was noblest and most glorious in the struggle in which we were engaged. Strange as it may seem to the hard, material present, the sad, plain features of the Liberator were glorified to our eyes, so that we only saw benignity, devotion and a wisdom passing that of earth, in their calm austerity. He was to us the very impersonation of the spirit in which we fought, "Malice toward none and charity for all." Under its inspiration we bore "the banner of the free"

from victory to victory, counting no hardships too great, and no perils too woeful, while we followed where it led. To us the homely features represented a new era, which we fondly hoped would dawn when all the evils of the past had been swept away, and peace should bring her shining harvest of prosperity. To us he was the forerunner of an era of unmatched blissfulness—a millennium which should cover the continent and send the reflection of its glory across the seas. We did not fight to triumph or to slay. The tender heart that led us on would have grieved, we fondly thought, had any impulse so low and base nerved our arms and steeled our hearts for conflict. He was the glorified incarnation of a beatific future. We knew he had forgotten himself in his devotion to a principle, of which the day in which he lived was but the seed time of the harvest which some distant morrow was to bring. His life had become so intermingled with the nation's future, in our thought, that we hardly counted him as mortal. We longed to see the load of care uplifted from his brow, and note the glint of jocund sunshine in his eye once more. He was *our* "Old Abe," calm and true and faithful. The touch of earthiness was never in the picture which our loving fancy drew of him. We never once thought of him as having any personal interest in the events that were happening beneath his ken. It was only as the guardian angel of his country's honor and the future's hope that he overlooked the vast arena and smiled sadly but hopefully when blood sank into the thirsty sand.

No vulgar sentiment debased him in our fancy.

If we laughed at scurrilous jests, which made the tour of the camps under his name, it was with no thought that the ascription of paternity was true; but with a real gladness in the thought that the overburdened heart did sometimes find even a momentary relief from care in mirthful fancies. He was to us a tender leader, who, while he bore his own great burden uncomplainingly, found time to lighten ours, by pointing us to the future, ever bright to his eyes with the fruition of a divine hope. He was *our* Lincoln—the fruit of a marvelous past, and the precursor of a future to be shaped and moulded by his aspirations—greater than the greatest, humbler than the lowliest!

So when death came to him in the hour of final triumph, it seemed that all other deaths had been in vain. The little we had done was naught. The heroism of our fallen comrades was but wasted manhood. With his last breath it seemed that the future's hope had departed. The free, proud, happy land which we had pictured resting peacefully beneath his placid smile, while the loitering years went by and death unwilling brought at length the crown of immortality—this dream, which had filled so many millions of strong hearts, was blotted out forever. In his grave it seemed were buried all the brightness of the future. Those who were left, however good and great they might be, seemed but base and mean in comparison with him—our immortal martyr. The sunshine was blotted out of the triumph-lighted sky, and the horizon was again overcast. The shadow of the present veiled the future to our eyes.

We know now, Blower, that this was but a foolish notion—a silly sentiment. The man whose death blotted out the sunlight of that mid-April day was not exceptionally great, if indeed he was great at all, judging by our later and, of course, better standards. Plain almost to uncouthness, he brought despair to the tailor's heart. Unversed in the wisdom of the schools, the highest culture yet esteems him but an uncut diamond—a possible brilliant. Counting the Nation worthy to be saved only as it represented the idea of human liberty and equal right, he is regarded by the completer manhood of to-day as a man of one idea whom the fever of the times cast into accidental prominence. Simple as a child, he is, of course, not to be ranked among statesmen. Little given to denunciation and a stranger to self-glorification, he is naturally little esteemed by an age which accounts fault-finding the test of wisdom. Deeming the safety of the Nation a matter above all price, he is held in little esteem by a generation of publicists to whom an economic theory outweighs in sacredness the rights of man. Even they who have written of him—saving only one or two—seem to have accounted him great only in kindness, coarse wit, and a sort of instinctive cunning in the measurement of men and the forecasting of events. They depict him as fortunate, above all other men, in favoring accidents.

Some have sought to popularize the story of his life by magnifying the superficial coarseness of his nature. Some who observed him closely saw nothing in his character but a strange compound of the trickster and

the clown. To them his greatness was but accidental and his marvelous career neither a legitimate result of previous training, nor a beneficient miracle especially ordained for the accomplishment of marvelous ends. He was simply a lucky accident of an anomalous age. There can be no doubt that these men thought they knew him thoroughly. They came very near him; knew his thought; laughed at his jests; wondered at his success and still marvel at his fame. So far as they were capable of doing, they understood his nature, and no doubt have portrayed it truly. We cannot question the tree-toad's knowledge of the oak on which he dwells.

The new life which has grown up in the land has very generally accepted their view. The thought which was the inspiration of yesterday is looked upon with kindly toleration to-day. We are told that the day of sentiment has passed, and the era of practicality begun. Gold is the criterion of value and aggregate wealth the real test of statesmanship. Patriotism is well enough as a reminisence, but parsimony is the key-note of prosperity. Devotion to the rights of man is an innocent weakness; gain the one thing needful. The capitalist's margins are more important to the Nation than justice to the oppressed. This is the wisdom of to-day, Blower. It seems harsh and cold, base and degrading even, to us. But we must remember that we are of yesterday—of that recent past, which is always wrong in its strictures of the present. To-day is always an iconoclast that tramples ruthlessly beneath his heel the idols before which yesterday bowed in adoration. We must be

patient, Blower, and learn to see our gods debased without resentment, if not without sorrow.

Little by little we are being taught the lesson of renunciation. This very year there was found in the legislature of the state which holds his ashes as a sacred trust, *one*—thank God there is yet *but* one—who could oppose, in the name and by the authority of her people, an appropriation amounting to *less than one-hundredth part of a cent per capita—one-thousandth of a cent on every million dollars of her wealth—to provide for the adornment of the tomb of Abraham Lincoln on this anniversary of his assassination!*

It seems to us incredible. But next year there will perchance be many more like-minded with him. We may even see the day when the sentiment uttered in the legislature of a neighboring state, a few days since, shall become all but universal, and the champion and apologist, if not the leader, of the "Copperheads" of Indiana be generally looked upon as a nobler patriot, a more sagacious statesman, and a worthier citizen of the Republic than he who led her armies to victory. It is time, Blower, that we prepared ourselves to see the verdict of yesterday overthrown. What we then deemed right may yet be accounted the most grievous wrong; what we foolishly thought to be patriotism may yet be considered oppression, and what we believe the nation's highest glory may yet be held a folly bordering upon crime and hardly susceptible of excuse.

Nevertheless, Blower, we will celebrate the double anniversary once more—the birth-hour of an epoch and

the apotheosis of a hero-martyr. The flag shall float apeak upon the staff above our window, shedding blessings from its beauteous folds upon the rushing, heedless passers-by. Your polished bowl shall be heaped with golden granules; and as the smoke wreaths rise above its rim, we will think upon old times, revive almost-forgotten memories, and feel again the thrill of perished aspirations. We will still believe that self-forgetfulness is nobler than greed; that patriotism is not to be measured by a gold standard; that righteousness exalteth a nation; that justice to the lowly of earth is honor to the Highest in Heaven. When the children come—the bright-eyed heralds of to-morrow—we will tell them the story of this day when the land awoke to a new life and the noblest of earth passed over to his reward. Perchance in their lives the seed sown in blood and watered with tears may spring into a fruitage all the richer for the winter of its waiting. Let us not murmur, Blower, but steadfastly believe that "the future, God's fallow, though barren it seem," shall yet outvie the past in the ripe fruits of patriotic devotion.

For many a year we used to drape the flag upon this anniversary. It was a foolish thing to do. We mourned when we ought to have exulted. We bewailed the woes of war when we ought to have magnified its blessings, and rejoiced in the glory it shed upon the land. What were the dead it left us in comparison with the fresher, nobler life it brought? Honor and glory can not be measured even by blood and pain. So, too, with him who went out from us in the hour of victory. Why did we ever weep for him? He passed

away when his work was done, leaving a memory unsmirched with evil, a fame unsullied with a thought of self. The purity of his life, the unselfishness of his devotion, and the grandeur of his character are the priceless heritage of the ages. Suffering had not weakened his frame ; failure had not cast its blight upon his fame; malice had no opportunity to assail. In the vigor of his strength, at the zenith of his glory, in the very hour of victory, the booming cannon told at once his death and immortality ! Happy beyond compare was he in the hour and manner of his death. He did not live to see the breath of detraction wither his laurels, nor feel that the thought which inspired his life had lost all significance to the wisest and best of his countrymen. We mourn, Blower, for his great lieutenant who, languishing, still lives ; but for him who died in the moment when war and peace met together to exalt his fame, let us don the garments of rejoicing and chant the songs of victory.

April 14, 1885.

"FREEDOM AND THE RIGHT."

WE are growing old, Blower, you and I. Yet the years that we have seen are not so many. Hardly more than two score winters have passed over the Veteran's head. Save the empty sleeve, he shows little of the scath of life. His eye is as bright, his step as elastic, and his heart as young—almost as young, it seems—as when poor Joe pressed into his hand thy polished bowl, and whispered in his ear a dying comrade's farewell message to his absent loved ones. His words as they come back to memory now, seem strangely overwrought. No doubt to-day would deem them sadly out of place upon a soldier's stiffening lips.

"Tell them," he said, "I—died—for freedom—and —and"—oh precious last word, let it not be lost! How the feeble clay struggles with the dying thought! At length it comes, so faintly that the bowed ear hardly distinguishes between the whispered word, and the night wind's murmur—"and the—right!"

No syllable of sorrow! No thought of self! No murmur of disappointment! No word of consolation for the father whose hope was blighted, for the mother whose heart yet waits expectant for his coming—fondly self-deceived by every manly footstep. Nay, not even a tender message for that unwedded widow whose heart was that day sealed forever against the thought of earthly love.

There was no sorrow in his eyes. The whispered words had no touch of sadness. The stillness that follows in the wake of battle hung above the bloody field. The bright southern moon looked calmly down through the soft filmy foliage of the early spring-time. It lighted up the velvety half-grown leaves upon the giant oaks, that crowned the crest on which the struggle had begun, until they seemed like silver clouds touched with the tender green of summer seas. It was here that the first few scattering shots were fired. The skirmishers had swarmed out of the wood beyond, crossed the narrow valley, and crept up the hillside toward the summit where his little force awaited them. It was only an outpost of the great army which lay behind. He was not charged with any momentous duty. The strap upon his shoulder marked only a subaltern's grade. He was only expected to give the alarm, and perhaps to check the enemy's advance an instant, while the waiting lines prepared themselves to meet the onset.

The attack was not unexpected, and though the skirmishers wavered for a moment when they met his fire, the lines which followed hard upon their footsteps swept up the slope, scarring the great trunks with wasted volleys and tainting the balmy air of spring with sulphurous fumes, which overpowered the fragrance of the jasmine, while the little force which held the summit fled, leaving their brave young commander bleeding at the foot of one of the great oaks which crowned the summit. Then the tide of battle ebbed and flowed back and forth on the broad plateau beyond. After

a fierce conflict we forced them back over the ridge into the wood from whence they had come. As the sun went down the last hot line of fire flashed out upon the fleeing enemy a half mile to the southward of their morning camp.

As the night fell upon us, I traced backward the battle's bloody track in search of my friend. It is not any easy thing to do by daylight. The glare of conflict, while it photographs surrounding objects ineradicably upon the soldier's mind, so distorts distances and relations that one is always surprised when he tries to retrace the steps he has taken under fire. It needs not the flight of seasons to disguise the battle field. Even when first "Ardennes waves above them her green leaves," it is almost impossible for the soldier to designate the spot where his comrade fell. The night made my task all the harder.

The moon, which hung a great red ball on the edge of the horizon when I began my search, shifted the shadows and gave to a score of other rounded hills the outline of the little "knob" on which my friend had been posted. Stark faces shone cold and white in the shadows of the half-leaved trees, and stiffened limbs made grotesque figures in the moonlight. I stopped more than once to comfort some wounded sufferer. A thin, white mist hung over the valley where the conflict had been fiercest. Voices came out of it at intervals. The low, indescribable moan that comes from the lips of many wounded men, rising and falling in alternate wailing cadances rose out of the silvery veil. The rumble of wheels away to the right told of trains that were

struggling to the front. A lantern shining dimly in the hazy depth, showed others on a like quest with myself. The sound of a spade grating on the stones bespoke the woefulness of a hasty burial on the battle-field. We knew the pursuit would begin at dawn, and that the offices of friendship must be speedily performed. As I passed along an unrecognized crest a groan came out of the shadow of a great yellow-leaved Spanish oak that stood in my path. I do not know why I stopped so suddenly, while my heart stood still with fear. Groans had not been rare along my way. Every soldier knows how often solitary dead are found upon the verge of the field of battle. You and I remember, Blower, finding on the very outer edge of a battle maelstrom, years after peace had drowned the din of arms, a whitened skeleton—a picket killed at his post, crouching behind a little natural mound, beneath a spreading cedar whose drooping boughs had hidden him from searching eyes. His rifle, rusty and black, lay beneath him, the hammer drawn back, the skeleton finger yet pressed upon the trigger.

I paused and listened—another groan. It is strange, Blower, but even in that muffled moan I recognized my friend. Poor Joe! He might have lived I think had help been at hand when he fell. But the hours which had intervened had drained his life. He had but few more moments and strength for few more words. He had expected me. It was a contract of long standing that after every battle we might share together, as soon as duty would permit, each should seek out the other. So he knew that I would come. Before the

light had faded from the sky he had traced upon a bit of paper, with a twig dipped in his own blood, a few last wishes. With the same rude stylus he had written my name in bloody characters upon the buckskin cover that encased your bowl. Poor, brave old Joe! He clasped my hand weakly; said he knew I would come; told me there was no hope, and whispering the message, "Tell them that I died for freedom and the right," fell asleep. The moon had found an opening through the leaves, and looked calmly down upon his face as he breathed his last. Poor Joe! You were his dying gift, Blower. In all the years that have elapsed since then, I have never looked upon your bowl without thoughts of him. The buckskin case has long since worn a way, but the red, straggling letters, "J-a-c-k," are still clear to my eyes. The touch of the worn amber mouthpiece, which his lips have pressed so often, ever brings old memories back.

He died for the right, Blower—"freedom and the right!" So he said, so he thought, brave, self-forgetful knight, who sought not adventure nor the fame of valorous achievements, but the establishment of truth! Yet, brave and chivalrous as he was, this true Sir Galahad was but a type of his time—that time to which we were proud to belong and which we still half wonderingly regret. A thousand men lay stark and cold upon that field who had rendered up their lives with gladness for the same idea—"freedom and the right"—the right of every man to equal power and privilege with other men! Say what we may, Blower, this was at the bottom of it all! One side represented the rights of

man, the other the rights of the master. The one meant equal rights for all; the other special privileges for a class. It was only one phase of the mighty conflict which is as old as man—the rights of the many against the encroachments of the few.

There are some who teach to-day, and many who believe, that the cause for which so many died was of a narrower scope, and its upholders animated by meaner motives. We better know the story of that day, Blower; but we are getting old, and our ideas are growing sadly old-fashioned, too. To smoke a pipe and believe in human right as a practical, tangible thing—a sentiment that ought to outrank and overpower all other political ideas—are in the highest degree absurd, to one who sucks rice-paper cigarettes, glorifies the Anglican ideal, and studies political philosophy in the sweet seclusion of his club. It is often asserted nowadays as an undeniable truth that the sole object of the National arms was to restore the National power, forgetful that this power was made worthy of preservation only by the simple fact that it was the sole representative of the idea of individual rights and equality based upon the fact of humanity—poor Joe's "freedom and the right." Two great ideas faced each other in the struggle—the right of man to self-direction, and the right of one man to control and modify another's acts without his consent and against his will. Whether it be termed "Rebellion" "War between the States" or "War for separation," that is all there is of it.

"Freedom and the right!" The night was dim about us, under the great oaks, when he whispered these

words, but Joe's eyes already beheld the light of an eternal day. He made no mistake in his last earthly message. If we fought merely to preserve our national domain from dismemberment, who shall say that we were right and they who stood over against us wrong? Who gave to us the right "to have and hold," to compel twelve millions of people to accept, continue and maintain one form of government rather than another—to remain a part of one nation instead of establishing a separate government? We may claim that such right arises from the Federal compact with their sires, but had our fathers power to bind and loose forever? Were they infallible or their acts irrevocable? Is the right to hold territory once assimilated, always a sacred one? Is the subjugation of a people desiring self-government essentially a holy cause?

We did not fight for "our altars and our fires." No peril threatened our homes. It is said we fought to prevent secession. What gave us the right, the moral right I mean, to resist with force of arms such a movement. Joe's farewell message tells it all—"freedom and the right." Because man had a right to liberty and life, to free access to that golden gate of opportunity—"the pursuit of happiness"—and because our nation represented this idea, it was that we fought for "freedom and the right"—the freedom of some millions who had been in bondage, and the rights of other millions which had been held in abeyance by unrighteous debasement of the freeman's privilege. We fought too, or thought we fought, for the freedom and the rights of the unnumbered millions who should stand between

our day of conflict and the hither shore of eternity. We fought to secure infinite blessing to them and to avert infinite woe. We counted our cause supremely holy because success could add little to our own honor, prosperity, or ease, but offered all its rich harvest of blessing to other ages and an alien and oppressed people. Even their freedom was not all for which we fought, Blower. Poor Joe phrased it rightly under the gray-green boughs of early spring, while the whip-poorwill sent up his monotonous chant from the hill beyond, and the evening breeze brought the odor of the jasmine from the valley yet hidden by the powder smoke. "Freedom and the right," he said—*their* freedom and *their* rights whose liberty had been denied, and whose rights had been curtailed in the past—the freedom and the rights of man in all the future!

We thought we were right, Blower; Joe thought so. Those who died and those who lived in that strange yesterday counted the conflict righteous in its purpose, infinite in its consequences, and inexorable in its behests. Were we right? Was Joe right, Blower? Were the dead whose sweet blood nourishes oak and pine to-day—were they right or wrong? The question seems sacrilegious. I fancy that the fire within your bowl grows redder and hotter as my lips frame the inquiry. Yet it is a question which must be asked and answered; not by us, but by the American people; not by to-day only, but by many unrisen to-morrows.

If we were right, then some one must have been wrong. If "the blue" stood for righteousness, then as-

suredly "the gray" meant oppression. Light and darkness cannot coexist. Yet it will not do to-day to intimate that those who stood over against us then were wrong. To impute error to them, even be it never so lightly done, is accounted not only an act of folly, but a grievous wrong.

> I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
> To wrong the dead.

Why are opposites irreconciliable, or antipodes incapable of conjunction? Why should right be right, or wrong be wrong? If only we might say, "There is no right," we might escape the odious inference of another's wrong. Or if both might be in the right, there could be no ground for blame. Perhaps this may be true. Freedom may not have been exactly right, nor slavery entirely wrong. Perchance the Nation did not stand for freedom after all, nor the Confederacy mean injustice to the weak and oppression by the strong; Joe may have been wrong even at the last. Unfortunately sincerity is no reliable test of truth. Something more than honesty of purpose is needed to constitute right conduct. Honesty is always the chief ally of fanaticism, and Joe may have been a fanatic.

It is said that the voice of the people is the voice of God, but that it must be "the still, small voice," the outcome of the sober second thought which speaks the will of the Eternal—not the voice of passion nor the roar of the excited populace. Amid the tumult of arms we are told that not only the laws are silent, but the voice of reason also. It is only after the frenzy of conflict has passed away that we must look for that

calm judgment of the event which shall bear the test of time and truly deserve to represent the findings of the infinite mind upon the facts of yesterday. That time would seem at length to have come. It is twenty years since the last battle-shock sent its rapturous thrill through the hearts of war-worn veterans. During that time one-half of those who then lived and wrought have gone to their eternal rest. To-day sits in calm and unbiased judgment upon yesterday. A new life makes up the verdict. Was Joe right according to this judgment?

Alas, Blower, there is every reason to believe that the Nation of to-day is ready to ignore the spirit and the works of yesterday. Of those who fought against us hardly one in ten thousand has admitted that they were in the wrong, or that we were in the right. The slave's freedom, as a formally accomplished fact, a state established by legal enactment, they admit. That the right to free the slave and enfranchise the freedman, inhered in the Nation, or that the "freedom and the right" for which Joe fought, or any privileges based thereon, are founded in natural justice, they stubbornly and almost universally deny. They admit the failure of their hope of separate dominion, and declare their willingness to abide by the arbitrament of the sword; but twenty years have not sufficed to convince them of its righteousness, or lead them to admit that a warfare, waged in support of slavery, contained any element of wrong. On the contrary, they vaunt their submission as a meritorious thing; and boast of their forbearance in recognizing and tolerating a gov-

ernment reëstablished, as they claim, by injustice and oppression.

One who has just been chosen to represent the power and dignity of this government at a foreign court, at a public dinner of congratulation given him by admiring friends in the late capital of the Confederacy, recently declared in a tone of proud condescension, that those who fought for secession were now loyal to the National Government, though its authority was "founded on a gross and bloody violation of public rights."

The Confederate hosts in battle array, contended that the "freedom and right" for which Joe thought he died, were in fact wrongs to which they would never submit. To-day they aver that they have submitted thus far to such wrong—a wrong "founded on a perversion of public right," remember, Blower—and claim by such formal submission, to have acquired the right to practically annul the privileges conferred upon an oppressed people by the conquerors of their oppressors. Only yesterday an arrogant mouthpiece of the sentiment of the South, speaking through the pages of a great magazine—one who not content with his simple signature, adds thereto in "small caps" what no other writer deems necessary, the place of his residence—this representative thinker of the lately rebellious states declares that the "victorious armies of the North could not have enforced and maintained 'at the South' the policy of the civil rights bill"—a "bill" which to-day is the law of the land, and most unques-

tionably a part of "the right" for which poor Joe thought he was rendering up his life.

But this is not all. One can hardly blame a proud people for refusing to admit themselves to have been in the wrong. It is their right to do so, and I am not sure we do not all like them the better for it, even you and I, Blower; but they have no right to expect or demand that we who fought with Joe, or the nation whose honor we maintained, shall admit their claim or recognize in them a fitness to bear rule or represent authority because of it. Yet this very thing is what we have done. The public sentiment even of the North declares against the thought of yesterday. With clamorous shamefacedness we cry out for forgetfulness and implore the shield of oblivion for our acts and motives. We insist on leaving a dead past to bury its dead. The present chooses among the men of yesterday with exceeding care, one who never yet has uttered a single word of commendation of that "freedom and the right" for which Joe died, as the Nation's executive head. Two of the great departments of government are placed under the control of men who yet stoutly maintain the moral turpitude of the National cause. Men are selected to represent the country abroad who have defiantly refused to recognize the righteousness of the results of the conflict, and thereby have even cast a doubt on their own citizenship. And worst of all, saddest of all, old friend, those of our Northern kith and kin who rejoiced when our arms suffered reverse, and mourned when victory sat upon our banners—those who mocked at Lincoln in his agony and de-

nounced Grant in the hour of triumph—these men are singled out through all the land to typify the thought of to-day and represent the power and authority of the government saved from destruction by the valor and self-sacrifice of such as he whose heroism we recall on this anniversary. It is hard enough to see the flag placed at half-mast in honor of one whose chosen relation to our government was that of a traitor and an enemy, who inspired from the secure shelter of a neutral territory the incendiary's torch and the murderer's dagger; but it is a thousand times harder to see those who exulted in Joe's death vaunting themselves to-day upon the overthrow of the principles for which he fought.

Yet we will not be disconsolate, old friend. If yesterday was but half right, it will stand foreover famous in history for what it believed and what it did. Joe may not have died for "freedom and the right;" nay, he may have given his life for folly and the wrong, but he did it freely and gladly; and we will ever think of his dying face glorified by the moonlight shining through the rift in the soft spring foliage as that of one wearing the halo of self-sacrifice, which alone entitles mortals to claim immortality.

April 21, 1885.

HIGH WATER MARK.

AS the season advances during which military operations are possible, each day becomes an anniversary, Blower. By many of our comrades this day is no doubt regarded as one of the saddest and most humiliating in its reminiscences of all those which mark the progress of the long, uncertain conflict between freedom and slavery, or more properly, between the right to be free and the privilege of enslavement. Yet in truth this day, twenty-two years ago, marked the climax of our peril and the beginning of the end. Up to that time the Confederacy had met with no disaster which a great victory on the Potomac might not at any time overbalance. Then it received a hurt for which there was no cure. Looking out of our prison windows on that day we noted the effect of the blow that fell upon the heart of the Confederacy.

Only the day before, its congress had prescribed the banner that should wave above its embattled hosts, and had defined the escutcheon which they fondly hoped to place among the permanent emblems of national sovereignty. It bore across its face a significant appeal to the God of battles. With the morrow's setting sun men looked into each other's faces and with trembling lips

NOTE—May 2, 1863. The battle of Chancellorsville was fought on this day, and "Stonewall" Jackson received the wounds of which he died on the 10th of the same month, which latter date was most appropriately chosen as the Confederate "Memorial Day."

inquired, "Is it thus that the Avenger answers?" For the first time in the history of the young nation the gleam of hostile sabers was seen from the dome beneath which her legislators were assembled, and armed foes for the first time entered the city's gates. Yet it was a day of humiliation and disaster for the great Republic also. He "who maketh the wrath of man to praise Him" on that day not only rebuked those who wrongly trusted, but smote those who arrogantly scorned. It is not without reason that the Confederate survivors of that struggle adopted as their "Memorial Day" the one which marked the immediate result of this day's mishap to their cause. This day saw the beginning of its overthrow; Appomattox only brought the end.

At the outset of the war there can be no doubt that the apparent chances of success were very clearly in favor of the national government. We have been accustomed to magnify our difficulties, Blower; but in comparison with those which faced the Confederacy, history will declare them to have been not worthy of consideration. Indeed, so overwhelming were our advantages as an established government with a working organization, and recognized national position, that those who prided themselves upon their wisdom, and foolishly regarded war as merely a commercial venture—a trial of dead strength—who regarded numbers and equipment as the chief elements of an army's effectiveness—did not hesitate to predict a brief conflict and assured victory for the national forces. If a man of capacity and will, unfettered by the limitations which an absent and over-cautious superior imposed, and un-

trammeled by the requirements of counselors who demanded the defeat of the enemy without the injury of friend or foe—in other words, if a competent commander having only military aims in view, had held undivided control of the resources of our government at the outset, there can hardly be a doubt that these predictions would have been fulfilled. Under competent leadership, with thorough administrative support, the resources of the national government ought to have swept the fungus growth of rebellion out of existence almost in a day.

The newspaper clamor, "On to Richmond," which for a score of years has been objurgated as the senseless overture of the first great disaster to our arms, the defeat of Bull Run, was in truth but the voice of an universal instinct. The seed of revolt may germinate slowly, but once it bursts its capsule no wisdom or foresight can measure its growth. A baby's foot crushes the tender twig to-day; a giant's strength is powerless to bend the towering oak to-morrow. If the government had used its resources at the outset to destroy its enemy instead of showing such anxiety to defend itself, the Confederacy would have been crushed as easily as the eggshell to which it was so often likened. To a warlike people, with a warlike spirit and warlike purpose, the military problem of 1861 was not difficult or doubtful. It was the will to conquer, the determination to overthrow, obliterate and punish that was wanting rather than the power. We hesitated to strike lest some one should be hurt. Instead of hurling all our power on the presumptuous enemy, we

waited for him to gather strength and make the attack in his own way and at his own time. Even when we finally assumed the offensive, it was only to meet the aggression of the enemy. The battle of Bull Run was fought upon the ground it made historic only because the neglect of a subordinate prevented the orders of the Confederate commander from being published to his lieutenants in time to allow the forward movement to begin at daylight, as he intended. A day's precipitation or half a day's delay and the Confederacy would have been shattered into fragments by the first great battle shock. A day before and Jackson and his forces would not have been in the fight. A half-day later and the Confederates would have been the attacking party. In either event the issue can hardly be regarded as doubtful. The Nation, because of its established and consolidated character, was able to endure the strain of defeat. The Confederacy—a half-established venture in government—would have been hopelessly overwhelmed by a single great catastrophe, followed up by a vigorous assault, for which abundant material was at hand. Up to that time the advantage was very clearly with the National Government.

From that hour, however, the conditions were reversed. On the 22d day of July, 1861, the Confederacy was a thousand times stronger than on the morning of the 21st. From that day until the 2d day of May, 1863, the odds were with the Confederacy. If Jackson had been at the head of the Confederate army, instead of Johnson; if Jefferson Davis had not been the strange compound of vanity and vacillation

that he is; if Beauregard had been able to see anything outside his own shadow in the sunshine of success, we should have never seen the peaceful, quiet year of waiting that ensued, while McClellan prepared and polished the ponderous machine he deemed necessary to enable him to face with fear and trembling the cohorts of the foe. But even this was not sufficient to assure the triumph of the National army. The magnificently equipped battalions which set out by land and sea to conquer the capital of the Confederacy, in the spring of 1862, were not enough to restore the equilibrium of chances. Even then the odds remained with the Confederates.

They had three great advantages: a united people, a defensive warfare, and a government made bold to audacity by the magnitude and peril of their undertaking. On the other hand, three things conspired to endanger or delay the success of the Union arms: an overestimate of the enemy's prowess, an uncertain public sentiment, and a strange admixture of military and political motives. Of the two great armies which faced each other at that time, the one excelled in numbers, the other in spirit. The one had behind it a nation fertile in resources, but divided in purpose. The other represented a people weak in administrative and constructive development, but unified by a common aim, and rich in the audacity which self-confidence inspires. The one had the sea for its ally, while the other had the mountains and the rivers for their bulwarks. But above all things, these armies differed in the fact that one numbered among its lead-

ers Thomas Jonathan Jackson, the "Stonewall" behind whose genius for war the Confederacy rested in confident security, while the other had among its recognized leaders none worthy of comparison with him in the power of achievement. At the West, it is true, the National cause was developing men who were destined to exhibit qualities hardly excelled in history. Grant, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, the wondrous galaxy of western leaders around whose names clusters the glory of the closing years of war, had as yet only given promise of power. Leaving out of consideration Meade, whose painstaking care gave us Gettysburg, and whose caution allowed Lee's army to escape destruction, these are the only Generals on the Federal side who displayed a capacity to originate strategic movements, conduct great campaigns, win decisive victories, and destroy opposing armies. This is no disparagement to others, Blower. There are in all armies thousands of good soldiers and hundreds of good lieutenants, but rarely more than one great leader.

On this day twenty-two years ago, Blower, Grant was only the victor of Henry and Donelson, the unvanquished defender of Pittsburg Landing, and the long-baffled assailant of Vicksburg. At that time he was just beginning that movement which crowned him conqueror of the "Gibraltar of the South." Sherman was but a corps commander under him; Thomas was only Rosecrans' lieutenant, and Sheridan's ambition looked no higher than the division he had just received. Our great leaders were yet in embryo. Meade alone was nearing the zenith of an unexpected fame.

For the Confederates, however, this was the climacteric hour. Lee stood among a group of faithful and unquestioning subordinates, first only in rank and in the power to direct and utilize the energies of others. Rarely indeed has any leader seen about him such an array of confident, harmonious co-workers. Those two elements of discord, Johnston and Beauregard, had been eliminated from the army of Northern Virginia, and Lee stood at the head of a host among whose captains rivalry was unknown and generous emulation always rife. When the sun rose on that day the Confederate cause was at its zenith. When the morrow came it had won a great victory, and begun that decline which ended only at Appomattox.

A few days before an overconfident young general, whose tongue had lately wagged boastfully against the great, patient, self-forgetful heart at Washington, through whose favor he had been exalted, had crossed the river which had so long separated the hostile armaments, and offered battle to his great opponent. He brought with him an army splendidly equipped, well-drilled and finely officered. Its veteran rank and file were smarting from the sting of undeserved reproaches. Its commander bore in his pocket the generous rebuke of the President, who, referring to his insubordinate boasting, only urged him to make good his claim to supreme command by winning a decisive victory. Spurred by this incentive Hooker had, after the most elaborate preparation, finally made ready to deliver battle to the foe whom two years of victory had made doubly formidable. His army lacked but two things

to insure victory—a leader who could command like Lee, and a general who could win battles like Jackson.

That was a terrible May Day our comrades celebrated under the fresh-leaved oaks at Chancellorsville, Blower. All day "in even scale the battle hung." In the capital of the Confederacy, fifty miles away, we heard the thunder of the guns, borne on the soft spring breeze. From the windows of Libby we saw the glare of beacon-lights that marked the course of our daring troopers as they swept around the beleaguered city. The veterans who guarded the prison looked grave, but did their duty with soldierly precision. The next day our forces pressed the enemy backward, for Jackson and his men were not there. Our vainglorious young commander exulted in the thought that he had gone to succor the threatened capital. But when "the sun hung low o'er the westling hill," with the swoop of an eagle on his prey, Jackson burst upon the unprotected and unsuspecting right flank and swept the thin line back upon itself, while the shrill shouts that heralded Confederate success, thrilled with terror the soldiers who were preparing to bivouac after the day's weary conflict. They knew that thunderbolt of war, "the right hand of Lee," was upon them and his name had so long been a synonym of victory that almost the whole army fled before him, and the young leader who had already begun to dream of victory had now to exert himself to the utmost to save what was left of his shattered battalions. The Confederacy was again victorious, but Jackson would command no more.

His loss far outweighed the triumph of their arms.

The unerring instinct of an imperiled people saw in his death the presage of disaster. The bulletins of victory could not restore confidence to the dwellers in the capital.

The veterans who had guarded the prison were hastily marched away and their places supplied with undisciplined volunteers. The terror and apprehension that were apparent on all sides, the hosts of frightened fugitives whom we could see from the prison windows fleeing from the city, all these things led us to believe the rumor of Confederate defeat, and discredit the reassuring dispatches that followed close upon its heels. That night the fires that marked the track of our cavalry were nearer still.* A young officer was brought in to share our imprisonment, captured almost within the city limits. The "home guards," who kept watch and ward over us, were greatly excited. Few slept that night in Libby. In that upper room where almost half a thousand were confined there were exulting songs and sleepless vigils. Every eye watched with anxious scrutiny the points of light that told of the raiders' presence.

Every moment we looked with foolish expectancy to see the flame of battle sweep over some dark and silent crest. Was not Jackson dead? Did not our custodians think defeat was sure if Jackson no longer lived to lead? So we sung songs in the darkness and waited for the dawn and "Fighting Joe," who needed

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* Kilpatrick's cavalry raid came so near the city that the light of its fires was easily seen. The city might unquestionably have been seized and burned by them if the true condition of affairs had been understood.

all his courage and all his skill that day to rescue his army from the disaster following the last blow of the dead chieftain. While we crowded about the low casements, peering between the bars at the signal lights that flashed along the hills beyond, a voice full of malignant hate informed us that the guards had orders to fire on any who showed themselves at the windows. Even as he spoke a bullet whizzed through the open casement and buried itself in the joists above. The cool evening breeze came in through the narrow sashes, where four hundred panting, sweltering men waited for its balmy breath. But the sentries were ordered to fire upon any one whom it tempted near the grating, or whom the hope of rescue induced to watch the beacon lights which shone above the city's roofs.

It was a night we shall never forget, Blower—a night of hope, anxiety and rage. It is said, Blower, that the slender young officer who gave the order which put a dead-line in front of every window in that crowded room was a young Marylander, whose desire to serve his country's enemies was so intense that he fled across the border, and begged to be made an assistant jailer in the most famous of rebel prisons. It was not a hard or dangerous place, and decidedly not an unprofitable one. It was a queer position for an enthusiastic Maryland rebel to select in which to display his devotion to the Southern cause, but patriotism takes on curious guises and covets strange tasks at times. It is said, Blower, but I can not believe it true, that this assistant of the fiery-tempered soldier who was the commandant of the prison, this imported

deputy-turnkey, after various characteristic evolutions, has become the right hand of the Secretary of the Treasury of the United States, under whose direction and control our "civil service" is to be purified and "offensive partisans" decapitated "in the interests of good government" and a "reunited country." If it indeed be true we can well understand, Blower, that his experience in Libby will enable him to select with great readiness those "offensive partisans" with whose countenances he may there have become familiar, and whose names he may recall as appearing on the register of that institution. Whether the newly-devised system of bookkeeping* which has been adopted in the Treasury, was modeled on that which prevailed in Libby or not, will probably never be known. It has at least some features in common with the system there prevailing; the funds on hand are counted among its liabilities; hard cash is not considered an available asset, and the surplus is redeemed without the formality of being paid out.

We have no objection to the ex-Confederate, Blower. The manhood which maintained the "lost cause" is worthy of all honor. We would bedeck with flowers the graves of their dead as readily as the last resting-places of our comrades—not because they were right, Blower, but because they were brave. To all of those who fought we accord the meed of sincerity, and to many of those who were for the wrong we

* One of the first acts of Mr. Cleveland's administration was to change the form of the customary monthly statement of the public debt so as to reduce the apparent surplus. Whatever may have been the real motive, it was an act which could not fail to arouse suspicion.

render unbounded admiration. If they have surrendered not only the weapons of warfare but the principles on which rebellion rested, the Republic can have no worthier citizens. If they still count the reëstablishment of National power "a great public wrong," have "no regrets to offer and no apologies to make" for having aided in carrying on a rebellion founded on slavery, and demanding a myriad hecatombs of our best lives, we can not, with all our charity, count them worthy to control the policy of the country, and shape the destinies of a free people. But if they must bear sway, if those who supported the Confederacy, and still believe the "lost cause" to have been a holy one, are rightfully and lawfully entitled to control and administer the government, let us at least hope and pray that the bravest and best may be taken, and the meanest and basest be left. A deputy jailer of Libby* and the engineer of the Alabama† may be very good men as men go, but the flavor of an unpleasant notoriety renders them hardly appropriate

* Eugene Higgins, a well-known Baltimore "heeler," having a most fragrant record not only in connection with the politics of that city, but for his intimate relations with its gambling dens was made "Appointment Clerk" of the Treasury Department immediately on Mr. Cleveland's accession. He is said to have solicited and obtained a place as an under keeper in Libby Prison during the war. His appointment was claimed to be the especial act of Mr. Manning, but it has been shrewdly guessed that he was found valuable in transacting certain private negotiations in which the President was personally interested and thereby became both necessary and dangerous to an Executive pledged to "Reform." His continuance in practical control of the lesser patronage of the Treasury Department is not only a disgrace to the administration, but a direct and positive insult to the decent manhood of the country.

† Among the early appointments of Mr. Cleveland was that of an engineer of the famous Rebel cruiser, *Alabama*, to a lucrative place under the government.

exponents of the National power or fitting agents of the highest executive authority.

Let us hope that those who fought with Jackson at Chancellorsville may be preferred to those who bullied and insulted the unfortunate victims of war's reverses within the "prison bounds" of the Confederacy. Let us not be too censorious, however, Blower. Those who rule by Cæsar's leave must obey his nod; and we must not forget that even the worst of those who upheld the power of the Confederacy and did its will, whether on the field of battle or in the prison-pen, are worthier of preferment than that spawn of Northern life, the aborted monsters whom freedom nourished only to hear their snarls as they hung upon the track of her armies, and jeered the sons who fell in her defense. Better the meanest of those who served the cause of treason than even the best of those *who wished it well but dared not serve!*"

May 2, 1885.

"THE PRESIDENT VISITS GETTYSBURG."

THIS was a headline in every morning paper from Maine to California to-day, Blower. It was the first thing that caught my eye after I had lighted the fragrant granules in your bowl and folded the damp sheet upon the desk so that one hand might hold it—not so easy a thing for the Veteran to do, by the way, as any one may see who will undertake the folding of one of our mammoth dailies with a single hand. Millions of eyes have no doubt read it already; others will note it during the day, and before the week is ended practically the whole country will know that the President "visited" Gettysburg on Monday. Very many will curiously scan the brief and colorless paragraph which relates what the President did *not* do and did *not* say upon this visit to Gettysburg. Some no doubt will smile and some may sneer, but there are many, Blower, who will read the pitiful recital as we did, through the mist of gathering tears.

Who is this President, Blower, and why should he visit Gettysburg? What is this Gettysburg, that any one should care to climb its hills, measure its green slopes, guess the grade of its declivities, and trace the lines of its escarped crests? Why should tears dim the Veteran's sight as he reads all there was to tell of the

President's visit—the hints of what he saw and heard, the full story of what he said and did?

I can well imagine one of the children who sometimes invade this sanctuary consecrated to memories of the past, asking such queries in wondering tones, for Gettysburg is fast becoming an insignificant fact of a past which we are taught that duty requires us only to forget. To them the President's visit to this historic amphitheater means no more than if he had gone to Baltimore or tarried for a day in the little town made memorable by his birth. To them laughter and tears are alike inexplicable as a result of the perusal of this paragraph. With us, Blower, it is far different. Yesterday and to-day have rarely been brought so close together, or been shown in such vivid contrast as by this visit of the President to Gettysburg.

Who is the President who yesterday visited Gettysburg? He is the executive head of a great nation, whose blazon flaunts the proud assertion that it has welded many peoples into one great power—that in its unity are hidden many peaceful and harmonious constituents. It boasts of many states in one nation, many peoples in one country, many rulers in one sovereignty. The President represents, in the eyes of the world, the power and dignity of a nation builded upon equality of rights and parity of power among all its constituent elements. Rhode Island stands side by side with New York in power and influence in the national councils and in the selection of the representative of its authority. As states—as constituent elements of the whole—the least is equal to the greatest.

It matters not how weak the lesser may become or how potent the greater—how narrow the limits of one or how broad the boundaries of another may be, the justice which holds with even hand the scales upon our nation's arm, doles out to each, one equal measure of constituent power. So, too, among the people of the various states themselves, the national power is in like manner distributed. To every one hundred and fifty-four thousand of the citizens of the United States, in this tenth decade of organic union, is given one voice in the national council—one aliquot part of the sovereign power. To each one of these citizens of the republic, belongs also an undivided share of the power and privilege devolving upon the whole. Well may we boast, therefore, that our nation is the fruit of liberty and equality—a unity arising from equally endowed numbers. *E pluribus unum*—out of many states one state—out of many wills one sovereign—out of many equal rights one all-protecting power. The President is the head of this nation, the incarnation of its authority, the representative of its sovereign will. He is *our* President, Blower, and though he may not in all things represent our individual will, he is clothed upon with our modicum of power, exercises the authority primarily vested in us, and is charged with the preservation not only of our rights, but of that national honor which makes our share in the whole a thing of priceless value or a heritage of immeasurable shame.

I take it, Blower, that this power of which the President is, for the time being the trustee, is nothing less than that "freedom and the right" for which poor

Joe so willingly rendered up his life. To him the freedom of the citizen and the right of the sovereign were, in their last analysis, one and the same thing. The right was but the basis on which the privilege of freedom rested, its untrammeled exercise being to him the very essence of human liberty. By the forms of law one man, the President, is made the representative of this freedom and the trustee of this universal right, as well as the guardian of both. If all those whose conjoint wills make up the national sovereignty, had the privilege of free and voluntary choice in his selection, then he is by right, as well as form, the trustee of this sovereignty. If to any considerable extent the freedom of individual choice was by any means debarred to any lawfully entitled to exercise the same, then the right on which the privilege of every citizen is based, has been invaded, and that equity which no informality can defeat and no lapse of time debar, stamps his selection with the brand of fraud. Be this as it may, however, for the time being, he represent *us*; he is our *de-facto* head; the trustee of our rights and the representative of our sovereignty. His acts are valid, and he binds not only himself, but the American people, by his words and deeds. Our honor is in his keeping, and he has power to cover us with shame. He is *our* President, Blower, and by that fact entitled to something more than our formal obedience and regard.

It is true that the usurper who is inducted into office with all the forms of law does not thereby acquire title to the throne. The oaths which Gloster took at Westminster did not make the blood-stained ruffian

rightful king. Underneath the sign and seal of office, under all the trappings of authority, yet remains forever quick, the equity which reaches to the root of right. It is charged—and there is none that can with reason or truth deny—that but for the direct or indirect disfranchisement of voters by the hundred thousand, but for the fact that thousands upon thousands of citizens whose rights were purchased with the blood of heroes, were debarred from the free exercise of those rights, or their ballots when cast deprived of due effect, this man who bears the title of President to-day would never have been asked to meet with veterans at Gettysburg. There is probably not any man of reasonable intelligence who believes that if the voters of certain southern states had been allowed freely and without fraud, compulsion, or the fear of harm, to have cast their ballots as they chose, and had them counted as they desired, the verdict in at least five of those states would not have been other than it was, and thereby the entire results of the national election have been reversed. No one can question this who will study for a moment the statistics of population, the returns of the election, the facts of the recent past and the continuous and reiterated assertion on the part of the whites of those states of their right and determination to rule, regardless of the will or right of their colored fellow-citizens, or of the whites who were politically affiliated with them.

So far as the right is concerned, Blower, the President, who went to Gettysburg yesterday, is a usurper. He represents the National power only

because some thousands of her constituent sovereigns were deprived of their freedom—of their right to rule. Such wrong touches every other man's right. Not only is every citizen entitled to exercise his own aliquot part of the national power, but he has a right to demand—nay, his own right may be made null if he does not demand and secure—for every other citizen the same opportunity. If fraud or violence is to be justified by the result, if the forms of law alone are necessary to lawful sovereignty, then any conspiracy which shall direct its efforts toward vitiating the ballot or corrupting the results, may thereby rightfully establish itself in power, and continue indefinitely in control of the government. Nay, Blower, it is not, and it never can be, true that the spurious vote, the corrupted ballot, the debased verdict of a people, can constitute any better title to authority than the violent usurpation of a crown, or the enforced assent of Lords and Commons. The oath of office taken on the east porch of the Capitol, in full view of applauding thousands, no more confers the right to exercise the executive functions of the government than the assumption of the crown of England in Westminster Hall by force of arms, establishes the rightful succession to the throne of Britain. "Freedom and the right" cannot thus easily be thwarted. The sovereign's right cannot be divested by the abuse of legal forms. The President who owes his election to fraud may sit undisturbed in the seat of power, but he is none the less a usurper whose rule is based on the ravished rights—

not of a competitor—but of many thousands of his fellows, the collective sovereigns of the republic.

I believe these things, Blower. I do not doubt that this man wearing the title and exercising the prerogatives of the President does so by virtue of a violent, unlawful and premeditated disregard of the sovereign rights of a majority of the voters of at least five states of the Union, and a consequent debasement and defiance of the sovereign right of every other citizen of the republic. His rule is not "of the people nor by the people," yet let us pray God that it be "for the people."

The right of the usuper, the just and reasonable privilege of the *de facto* sovereign is, that he shall be recognized and supported by all good subjects of the realm, save only when he comes in conflict with rightful authority. This rule is based upon the public good, which can only be subserved by the recognition of some dominant authority. It is analogous to the rule of private right which vests in the possessor a title good against all the world, saving only the owner. The President who went to Gettysburg yesterday is one who, with all the forms of law, but with a fraudulent title, entered upon a demesne of which he is entitled to hold possession until he is ousted by one, not merely armed with formal power, but having also indubitable title.

As good citizens, therefore, as those who desire the welfare of our land, and believe to-day as earnestly as we did yesterday, in "the freedom and the right" for which we fought, and for which so many of our comrades fell, it behooves us heartily and earnestly to

desire—not the success of this administration, whereby wrong should triumph and evil be established—not the perpetuation of wrongful authority in derogation of that freedom which poor Joe died to establish—but that the public weal may be subserved, and the years of ravished power be made a fruitful fallow wherein the right shall grow deep-rooted for to-morrow's harvest.

Why should this man go to Gettysburg? Because there was told most forcibly the lesson he most needs to learn. Because there, upon its eighty-seventh birthday, the nation reasserted the immortal principle which made its origin significant and has rendered its life glorious. Because fifteen thousand heroes who gave their lives for "freedom and the right," sealing with their blood the initial declaration of our national existence, sleep peacefully upon the battle-scarred crest. Because here the contest waxed hottest between those who stood for "freedom and the right" and a power based on the denial of a people's right as its corner-stone. Because here the arrogant claim of the white man to the dominion of the south, which is all that the President rightfully represents to-day, received its first and most terrible rebuke!

Why should he go to Gettysburg? Because that day of days which its green slopes will forever commemorate should never be forgotten! Because every patriot's love for "freedom and the right" should be strengthened and refined by recalling those July days when the wheat-clad hills lost their golden gleam and took instead the crimson hue of patriots' blood!

Because here the most illustrious of all his predecessors gave utterance to the grandest burst of patriotic eloquence that ever fell from human lips — an effort of genius as immortal and resplendent as the devotion it commemorates. Because that peerless patriot of our history, that grandest hero of an heroic age, enjoined all those to whom his words might come, "from these honored dead to take increased devotion to the cause for which they died." Because these hills are yet redolent with his presence, whose last solemn words to his countrymen were of "the mystic cords of memory stretching from every battlefield and patriot grave." Because Gettysburg marks the climax of National peril and Confederate hope. Because it testifies forever of the most glorious anniversary that ever marked a nation's growth, of that eighty-seventh birthday which saw a shattered enemy beaten back from these ensanguined slopes, the imperiled capital relieved, and the trust of him who spoke freedom to the slave and appealed to the God of battles in their behalf, marvelously justified. The day that saw our banner everywhere victorious — Lee forced back to the Potomac; Bragg fleeing before our exulting legions; while in the self-same hour came up from the sweltering Southland the tidings of Vicksburg prostrate at the feet of Grant! A great army made to pass under the yoke! The stars and stripes waving over the Southern Gibraltar! The Mississippi flowing "unvexed to the sea!"

Truly where such lessons of liberty may be learned a President who uses the power of his high office to manifest his personal indorsement of, and sympathy

with, those who, both in theory and practice, deny and subvert the rights of man, ought surely to go and con them carefully!

Why should Grover Cleveland visit Gettysburg? Because the hero-prophet and noblest martyr of liberty, Abraham Lincoln, in words of undying eloquence, declared it to be holy ground, dedicated to liberty by the blood of the free, so that by its touch the patriot should forevermore be consecrated anew to the struggle for "freedom and the right," and be irresistibly impelled by the noble example it commemorates "once more highly to resolve that a government *of the people and by the people*," as well as "for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Ah, Blower, I did hope that the President's first sight of a battle-field, even though clad, as it must have been, in the soft verdure of spring time, resting calmly in the sunshine of peace, yet rich with historic monuments, populous with scarred veterans, and teeming with patriotic memories, might have overcome even his indifference to the cause which triumphed there, broken down the barriers of his self-devotion and given the world one burst of patriotic aspiration from his lips!

Why did I weep? It is well the ashes in thy scarred and blackened bowl have grown dull and cold while I have talked of these old days—the days when you first rested on my heart in the bivouac above the bayou—of the triumphs which we shared, but for which Joe died. Let me read a little of that quarter of a column, which is enough, and more than enough,

to detail the visit of the nation's executive head to the most notable and glorious of the Nation's battle-fields:

"*The President made it a condition of his attendance that he should not be asked to speak.*"

Why did he appeal to silence? Did a past, barren of patriotic ardor, paralyze his tongue, or did his present honors, based upon the same disregard of human right on which the Confederacy rested its appeal to arms, make him court the refuge of the wary and shield of the malfeasor?

"*The President was driven from point to point about the field, and the movements of the three historic days fully explained to him. He made no remarks, and asked no questions.*"

This was the President of the United States, Blower, upon the field which marked the turning of the tide that swept rebellion from the land. "He made no remarks." Can it be he had no thoughts, either, Blower? Did they show him where Stannard's terribly smitten lines were drawn, and tell him how the raw Green Mountain boys, hardly a month from their fair New England homes, met the scath of shot and shell as if war had been their boyhood's pastime? If they did, Blower, do you suppose he remembered how "within a month—a little month," he had insulted every one of those Vermonters, sleeping in the bloody graves upon the crest their piled-up corpses held at last, by sending as the nation's representative to the Court of St. James the one man in all that green-hilled, liberty-loving state, who dared to mock at their heroism and sneer at the patient, sad-faced leader who

staked all for "freedom and the right," and in humble self-forgetfulness ascribed all the glory to those who fought and to whose heroism he appealed for aid? Did he think what this "dear dead dust on freedom's proudest shrine" would say could it but make the soft May wind its servitor? Did he think what these dead whom Lincoln so devoutly honored, would say if they but knew that one of his successors had preferred the worst of their native state's few malcontents above the whole host of its heroes—their surviving comrades?

Did they show him where Lawton's Georgians fought, and did he remember the words which this man—another of those he has just chosen to represent the nation abroad—had lately addressed to himself?—"I have nothing to repent of, or apologize for, in connection with the Confederate cause." Ah, if he had repented, how gladly would the nation forgive! But what must be the President's reflections who among the dead of Gettysburg reflected that he had selected as the recipient of her highest honors, the plenary depositary of her power and dignity, one who yet boasts that he neither repents having sought to destroy the Nation's life nor regrets the slaughter which resulted from this attempt to overthrow "freedom and the right" and establish slavery and the wrong. It is not the fact that he was a rebel—not the fact that he was a valorous enemy—that makes him unfit for such preferment now, but the fact that he still glories in what he did, and repents not of what he would have done.

But the worst is yet to come, Blower. The report

which was heralded to the land this morning declares that

"*The President seemed indifferent and somewhat bored!*"

This was *our* President, Blower, upon the greatest battle-field of a four years' war! The president was "*bored*" by the very sight of their graves but for whose heroism the nation which he now rules would have been swept from the face of the earth! Is it any wonder that I wept as I read.

May 12, 1885.

OUR MAY DAYS.

THE sweet May days have come again, Blower, and the fragrance of the apple-blossoms is on the morning air. The Veteran's heart is tender, for the season brings up memories laden with mingled joy and woe. His thoughts will go back to his own May—the balmiest season of young life. Again he walks in the brooding, vernal noontide beneath the dear old orchard's overhanging boughs. The ancient trees that had stood in serried ranks like gray-clad soldiers, stubbornly repulsing winter's fierce assaults for half a hundred years, had donned the garments of recurrent victory, and every scraggly head was hidden by an alabaster crown of gladness, just tinged with the faint blush which summer's ardor gives the opening flower. The soft, green leaves that creep between the crowding blossoms only serve to enhance their loveliness, and make the snowy windrows that stretch down the southward trending slope, seem more dense and billowy when viewed from without. Under the trees the earth is carpeted with soft, spring verdure flecked with fallen petals. The sunshine comes but dimly through the screen of flowers and leaves. The bees hum drowsily about in the translucent waves of white and green. The birds twitter peacefully, or sing fervidly, flashing in and out among the tender filigree of the leafy arches. The upgrown hedgerows by the gray

old wall shut out the world. The fragrant canopy above excludes the sky save only where the azure shows through the silver-bordered rifts, or where the sun peeps through the wind-stirred leaves to note the gambols of the birds or watch the wanderings of the lovers underneath. Had ever love so fair a bower? Cushioned and carpeted with verdure! Radiant with light as warm and tender as that which fills the pearly shell seen through the emerald wave! Overhung with a waving canopy upborne by pillars gnarled and gray, whose regularity made the silence seem the work of grimly guarded necromants! Long, shaded avenues, bordered by snug nooks, where the bowed-down branches almost met the grass, and offered that half-seclusion in which coy love forever seeks to hide the fond delights that need not to be hidden! It was nature's nuptial bower bedecked for the union of fond hearts!

Was ever soldier's lot so sweet! We were fresh from the battle-field, Blower, crowned with the garlands of victory, and bearing welcome trophies. The banners which our comrades had wrested from the foe had been intrusted to our hands for presentation to the authorities of our state. We had performed this duty. Bronzed and rugged, and not wholly unscathed by the hot breath of war, we had stood upon the historic portico, told in a few simple words the story of our comrades' heroism, and delivered into the hands of the chief magistrate of the commonwealth the mementoes of their valor. We had listened to eloquent messages of congratulation which we were charged to bear

back to them, and our brown cheeks had burned all the ruddier because we knew the eye of love beheld our triumph. But when it was all over, when the huzzas of the exultant multitude were hushed; when the captured banners were hung upon the wall, where they now molder unheeded into dust; when to pleasing duty a pleasanter respite succeeded; when I fled from the crowded city and love welcomed me to this sweet fane upon the quiet hillside, then indeed the soldier's cup of joy was full. Under the scented canopy we wandered hour by hour. The sunlight and the shadow fought with trembling eagerness for mastery. Love's loitering footsteps bent the springing spires and pressed fresh fragrance from the fallen petals. The tresses which the sunlight kissed to golden brown were powdered with white flakes that the spring breezes loosened from their cups. From without came the sounds of peace and home—the cattle lowing in the fields, the lambs bleating on distant hillsides, the plowmen whistling in the furrow. The incense rising from your bowl, old friend, mingled with the aroma that freighted the airs of this Eden. The cushioned turf was the soldier's couch. Soft eyes showed the glint of tears as he told of "war's alarms."

Ah, Blower, how bright the vision yet of the fair form robed in spotless white which leaned against a great gray trunk, her head crowned with a diadem of pink and white, her eyes full of a divine pity, while her hands scattered in trembling haste the ravished treasures of the overburdened boughs. Was it any wonder, Blower, that my lips forgot the tale of war and faltered

forth the tale of love? Is it any wonder that we can not forget? How our hearts overleap the intervening years! The mists are gathering in the valleys, but the heights are bathed in eternal sunlight. The years that lie between may be forgotten, but there are pictures in the past that will never grow dim.

To-day, when the children, fresh from their first flower-gathering holiday, burst into our dingy den, laden with white, softly blushing blooms, to bring the Veteran congratulations, his eyes were blinded to their pretty faces and his ears were deaf to their kindly prattle. He stood once more upon the sunlit hillside, with the bees and birds and flowers above, the springing clover underneath, and love and peace spread over all, while in the background war stood grim and terrible. God bless their sweet, bright faces and happy unwrung hearts! They called me back into the present, Blower, with questions which I could not answer because of the dear, dead faces that rose upon my sight and sealed my lips with tender awe. I dreaded their curious questionings. Their wondering eyes had noted already the dents in the crossed sabers, the heavy pistols, with their muzzles holster-worn upon one side, grim old companions of march and bivouac. They even spied your curious case and asked the story of that comrade who wrought so feebly many weary days to testify thereby his love. I feared lest they might see the worn and faded pouch that hangs beside it on the polished spikes that once adorned the antlered monarch's head, and ask its story, too. I dreaded lest their eyes should spy a trace of the device once wrought upon its surface and

ask me what it was. It may be invisible to others, but to me it is still as clear and bright as when my eyes first rested on the soft chenille and read the words, "Alice to John."

It was the first offering of that sweet May-day love. How I laughed at the contrasted names, the one wrought in bright and slender filaments and the other done in colors dark and strong. How I sounded the syllables—of the one soft and sweet as the murmur of sinless souls by the river of life; of the other abrupt and harsh, as if all the possible mishaps of life were not enough of ill for the rugged uncouthness to which it was so fittingly applied. I have always wondered, Blower, how "He who walked in Gallilee" could have chosen as His "beloved" disciple one whose name was John. So too I wonder—I have always wondered—why that gentle spirit— But we must not think of her, Blower. I drove the children away with harsh tones and scowling looks to-day when they pointed their chubby fingers at my treasure—my one memento of that matchless May. God knows I would not darken for one moment the sunshine of their young lives—but—but—I can not tell them of *our* May and the memories the apple-blossoms bring.

It *was* our May, Blower. The years that since have come have borne us ever farther and farther away from the vernal sweetness of that time. The boys who crowed and cackled in their mother's arms, while we lay under the scarred oaks waiting the onset, in those memorable days that followed hard upon the halcyon hours of love—those boys are men to-day. Their votes

already suffice to choose the nation's rulers, and their voices will soon sway the counsels of the nation.

We were at the front then, Blower, not merely in a military sense, but in the front rank of the world-life of that day. It was a marvelous day, too, lighted with the glare of battle and filled with the fragrance of self-sacrifice and devotion. Was it greater, was it better than the life of to-day? Ah, who shall measure them? Who shall compare the generation cradled amid war's alarms with those who fought and died—or still more difficult and delicate a task, those who fought and lived?

We are not the only ones, Blower, who feel that the rush of years has borne us away from the time that was our own. The years have not been so many, but the days have been so big with destiny and the life which has come on, so different from that which went before, that the gulf between seems almost limitless. Men in the prime of life are balancing up their books as if age were at the threshold. Those who were not screened by the happy fact of insignificance, as we were, Blower, are now seeking, vainly enough, to amend the record of their acts or turn public attention away from what they did not do. Those who erred bewail the cruel fate that will not let the memory of evil die, and those who failed to uphold the right, sneer at the instinct which demands the evidence of patriotic impulse in that hour of peril, as the guarantee of patriotic purpose in this halcyon day of peace. They stoutly maintain that yesterday, with all its good and evil, must be forgotten. That "freedon and

the right" are things of yesterday alone, and touch not any life to-day. Wrong-doing, many would have us believe, was absolved by ill-success; treason cured by defeat, and the armed champions of slavery transformed into knightly defenders of rights they still deny.

It is a day of curious contrasts, Blower. The leaders of the revolt are anxious only to excuse their ill-success. One* who laid down the sword which the nation had intrusted him for its defense, and spurned the honors which the country had bestowed upon him, whines now for sympathy because his treason was not richly enough rewarded, and while yet boasting the righteousness of the cause he sacrificed a soldier's honor to serve, is made the representative of a grateful nation's power and preferred over thousands who fought to save her from destruction. The world sees and wonders. "To err is human; to forgive, divine," is so old an adage that mankind has learned to appreciate at length its beauty and its truth. But what shall be said of the new political creed which demands reward but spurns pardon; which boasts of evil-doing, scorns the thought of repentance, yet imperiously clamors for oblivion, and insists that courage, ability and zeal in accomplishing evil yet unrepented of, shall be accounted equally meritorious with the heroic maintenance of right?

The sunlight of *our* May has grown very dim,

*An article By Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, (C. S. A.) regretfully explaining the cause of Confederate failure after the first battle of Bull Run, was queerly contemporaneous in its appearance with his appointment to his present lucrative position in connection with the Pacific Railways.

Blower. The gleam of bayonets which marked the dividing line between right and wrong has been lost in the gloom that overhangs a million graves. In our anxiety to manifest our charity for those who sought to destroy, we have insulted the dead who died for us by ignoring that for which they fought. We have counted treason and patriotism synonymous in significance and equal in merit. Not many months ago, one stood under the flag unfurled above the Senate chamber, and in words of boastful truculence declared that in his hearing no man should attach the name of "traitor" to the executive head of the Confederacy without swift rebuke. Instead of being a rebel, he declared that the Confederate ex-President was a patriot whom history would justify, and whom all the world would honor. He knew, and the world knows, that the man he so exultantly eulogized had used his position and influence as a Senator of the United States, not only to encourage and organize armed resistance and defiance to national power, but at the last minute had withdrawn from her councils to assume the leadership of a revolt, not aiming merely at a divided sovereignty; but declaring itself the irreconcilable opponent of "the fundamentally wrong assumption of equality" on which our government is founded, and announcing as its corner-stone "the great truth that the negro is not equal to the white man, and that subordination to the superior race is his natural and normal condition." For this act and the blood spilled in the conflict, which he spared no pains to promote, he has never expressed one syllable of regret nor uttered one word of sorrow.

He has boasted rather of the blood which stains his hands, declaring it to have been shed in a holy cause. This is the man whom a Senator of the United States defied the world to stigmatize as a traitor! This the definition which a Senator of the United States applies to patriotism!

But this is not all. The Senator* himself was the willing representative of open and confessed wrong. He stood within the Senate chamber, at that very moment, an acknowledged exponent of the principle on which the Confederacy stood yesterday—the subordination of the black race to the white—the utter disregard of human rights as an attribute of dusky-hued humanity. Only by flagrant and outrageous violation of national law and open defiance of the fundamental principle on which the government is founded could he have worn the robe of the Senator. Nay, worse even than that, his credentials as such might fitly have been written in the blood of free citizens of the Republic, slain while battling bravely for the rights of the weak and poor—rights which the Nation in the glorious exaltation of *our* May had bestowed with unbounded self-laudation and which the trustful recipients foolishly supposed the shadow of the flag would forever protect. He stood in the Senate for usurpation, violence, blood and fraud—for the right of one man to

*Hon L. Q. C. Lamar, late a Colonel in the Confederate army; Senator of the United States, by the grace of "Rifle Clubs" and the "Mississippi Plan," until March fourth, 1885, and since that time Secretary of the Interior, by virtue of appointment of Grover Cleveland, President. By a Confederate Colonel's strange coincidence this signature has become essential to the validity of every pension granted for service in the Union army.

control another—for slavery in defiance of law—even as the Confederacy had stood upon the field of battle for slavery sanctioned by statutory form.

The nation saw and knew all this, but dared not protest lest it should be accused of having compassion for the weak rather than charity for the strong. But the tragedy was not complete until the nation, long deaf to the holiest pledges which a free people can give in vindication of their freedom, had bestowed on usurpation and outrage the seal of its approval. That time has come. The chosen representative of the life and thought of to-day—the executive head of the nation—made such by the fraudulent repression of rights bestowed in fulfillment of vows to the Most High and sealed by the blood of thousands, freely shed in the golden moments of *our* May—for that freedom which is the essence of all right, this man, Blower, in the exercise of this usurped power, constituted this very Senator who yet boasted of treason, and stood as the confessed exponent of violated right, one of the chief coadjutors of his power, an exponent of his will and representative of his authority! Is it any wonder, Blower, that one of the first acts of such an one, through whose advancement usurpation, violence, and fraud had been not merely condoned but distinctly and unmistakably approved, should be to put the flag of the nation at half-mast upon the public building under his control, in honor of one who had laid down the duties of his high office in order to become the inciter of unlawful violence in an enemy's country—the self-confessed employer and rewarder of assassins and incendiaries—a

man whose only objection to a proposal for the destruction of a great city by the stealthy introduction of Greek fire by incendiaries animated by greed and love for plunder was that it was not a sufficiently certain agent of wholesale destruction!

Truly, Blower, to-day is far enough from our victorious May! It is well to leave the captured flags to rot, or, better still, to doom them to swifter destruction, lest they soon become reproachful badges of our shame! It is said, Blower, that this man, the head of the Department of the Interior, is a cultured, amiable Christian gentleman. He is said to be so fond of classical lore that he aspires to give a new and better English dress to those Theban odes in which the wisdom and patriotism of the ancients were enshrined. Because of these gentle qualities, we are told that it is little less than an outrage to impute to him anything but the most delicate and chivalrous sense of patriotic duty. All this may be true, Blower. He may read Pindar as glibly as a school-boy tells his task, and say his prayers as regularly as El Mahdi, yet, I must still aver, Blower, that in our May no man would have been deemed worthy of national approval who had been a party to the debasement of the freeman's right, or who made himself the voluntary champion of unrepentant assailants of the nation's life; neither would the violator of law and one who denied the right of a whole people to a share in self-government have been deemed a worthy instrument to administer the laws or uphold the dignity of a republic based on equal rights to all men. *Our* May is very far away, Blower. To-day

has forgotten its lessons, but to-morrow will learn its truths anew.

May 19, 1886.

"MEMORIAL" DAY.

THIS is the new name, Blower, for the "festival of flowers" we have been won't to celebrate upon this 30th of May. At first we called it "Decoration Day." By that name it is designated in the statutes of those states which have made it a legal holiday, or otherwise given its observance legal recognition. For a decade and a half the heart of the nation, still warm with that patriotic ardor which inspired the soldiers of the Republic, paid homage to their valor and celebrated the triumph of the cause for which they fought, by this annual festival of flowers, and because of its triumphant and exultant character dominated it Decoration Day. The graves of departed veterans were heaped with the garlands of victory, symbolical both of grateful remembrance and patriotic rejoicing. It was a day of jubilee, on which the hero-dead were remembered with tenderness and their achievements with exultation. Such it is still for us, Blower, and forever shall be. We loved our comrades. We can never forget their virtues, and would not deserve to be remembered in our extremest hour if we should ever cease to honor their devotion.

But we can not wear the garb of woe, nor march behind a draped and trailing banner on this day. The comrades whom we loved may not be honored in sackcloth. The shrieking pipes that wail the dead do not

fitly express a ransomed nation's loving remembrance of their deeds. The soldier is most honored by the story of his exploits, and the patriot best remembered by emulation of his self-sacrifice. To dwell upon the hero's sufferings and ignore the motive which inspired his acts is to degrade him to the level of the mercenary. Fame dwells in purpose as well as in achievement. Fortitude is sanctified only by its aim. Privation is merely pitiful, unless endured for a noble end. Mourning ill-befits the memory of one who suffered bravely in a noble cause, which through his fortitude and valor has been crowned with victory. Poor Joe would count his love but ill-requited, Blower, should we go and mourn above his grave for the life cut off in the promise of its springtide strength and beauty. His grieved spirit would overwhelm us with keen reproaches, should he behold us sorrowing still for the life he gladly offered up for "freedom and the right." Ah, Blower, we know what he would say:

"Has the cause for which I died become so despicable," he would be sure to ask, "that my country recalls its triumph with sadness, and remembers the devotion of her sons with sorrow? Am I accounted so unfortunate in having died for liberty that the banner of the free is draped, and the drum's exultant throbbings muffled on the one day when the nation calls my sacrifice to mind? Then, indeed, was my devotion folly and my suffering vain!"

For such comrades, Blower, I dare not weep. Tears may well fall upon the patriot's bier, but he who mourns above his verdant grave when the cause for

which he fell has proved triumphant, offers insult to his memory. Yet our comrades of the ever-lessening Grand Army of survivors of that great struggle, in General Encampment assembled, have decided that the instinct of patriotism which by common consent hallowed that day when we first laid the wreaths of victory on the graves of our patriot dead, as "Decoration Day, and provided for its future observance as a day of jubilant remembrance of victory and deliverance, was for once at fault. So they have solemnly decreed that henceforth it shall not be called "Decoration Day," nor kept as a festival of rejoicing, but shall be denominated "Memorial Day," and be observed as a day of mourning for our patriot dead.

Oh! shameful mockery of a noble impulse! As well celebrate the Savior's birth in sackcloth; pipe a funeral march before a marriage train; or require surviving veterans to wear convict stripes and march in lockstep, as to prescribe mourning emblems for this day. What have we to do with sorrow? Victors exult! They who celebrate deliverance from evil, rejoice! Do we mourn our hero-dead? Then indeed are we unworthy of the devotion they displayed.

Two days in all the busy year our nation claims to celebrate in commemoration of the most notable events in its history. One also it has consecrated to the memory of its first great patriot—not choosing to mourn forever for his death—"seeking his noble father in the dust"—but electing rather to exult in the good fortune that gave to us the name of Washington as an eternal heritage of fame. The first of these American holi-

days marks the anniversary of our first assertion of national autonomy, made famous and immortal by the formulation of individual right on which it was predicated. The valor of our fathers made good the boastful declaration. We celebrate the fact with gay music, flaunting banners, and universal acclaim. We recount their heroism, not with tears, but with rejoicing. We do not mourn for those who fell, but exult in the sacrifice that purchased victory. To have perished in that struggle is the proudest inheritance a man of that day could leave to his children. How well we remember the story, Blower, which has come down from sire to son, of one who, ordered to "limber away," refused to leave the rocky path by which his guns were posted while he could hold the enemy in check. The commander-in-chief wrote himself to the young wife, whose tears fell upon the face of her first-born as she read his words: "Your husband's valor saved the army from destruction." Save this memory the young artilleryman left nothing for his child beyond a nation's flattering promises, which were forgotten in the very hour of utterance. But that faded scrap of paper is a precious legacy to hundreds who bear his name, and exult in the priceless boon of heroic blood. The story of toil and suffering is but the dark background against which valor and victory shine out the brighter.

Our other national feast was designed to celebrate the preservation of the nationality our fathers established, and the extension and universal application of that principle for which they gladly staked "life, fortune, and their sacred honor." As an event of history,

it as far outshines the other as the nation of to-day excels the meager colonies of a hundred years ago in grandeur and prosperity. Our fathers formulated a new theory of government, of which they themselves took advantage, and to which they appealed in justification of the act of rebellion. Our comrades, accepting this doctrine and inspired by its spirit, overthrew armed revolt against it, gave liberty and equality of right to millions of a race our fathers had despised too heartily to heed their prayer—did what they had left undone, and transformed their boastful declaration into accomplished fact. Shall we mourn for these men, who were our comrades, while we exult in the devotion of our fathers' fathers?

No, Blower; never shall it be said that we wore the garb of mourning on that day when the achievements of our comrades are commemorated. The moments dedicated to their memory shall be full of gladness. When we wore the blue in the day of battle, we obeyed orders as a good soldier. In that Grand Army which still survives we are glad always to obey any reasonable requirement, and manifest due subordination to constituted authority. But there is a "higher law" than the edict of a General Encampment, a more potent authority than a Grand Commander's order. The dead whom we profess to honor have authority above all who live, to forbid dishonor to their memory. *Our* anniversary, Blower, shall be one of gladness and exultation. We will remember the old days; sing the old songs; fly our battle-scarred banner from the peak, and strew the flowers that speak of victory and

rejoicing on the graves of those whose memory we revere. It shall still be "Decoration Day" in our hearts; and gratitude for a nation preserved and dedicated anew to "Freedom and the Right" shall be the theme of our exultant meditations.

Why was our glorious anniversary abolished? Why were the waving flags bound with dolorous drapery, and the veterans on this one day of their public appearance greeted with wailing dirges and escorted with funereal ceremonies to their comrades' verdant graves? Has the Nation ceased to rejoice in its deliverance? Has the birthright of liberty become a thing of shame? Do we mourn because our fathers' boastful declaration has been made a fact and wrought into the warp of our national life?

Ah, Blower it is a curious tale. They who meet on the anniversary of "Stonewall" Jackson's death, to do honor to the dead heroes of a "lost cause," most appropriately christened that sorrowful occasion "Memorial Day." The sentiment of joy could constitute no element of *its* observance. *Their* dead had died in vain. The cause for which *they* fought was lost, and the banner which had floated above *their* ranks was swept into oblivion. *Their* hope was inurned with their heroes. The nationality *they* had sought to establish had vanished like a dream. The luster of *their* heroes's fame must be dimmed forever by the memory of hopeless disaster and incurable wrong.

It was not Lee alone who surrendered at Appomattox. When the Confederacy yielded up its life, they who had upborne its banner in those terrible years,

were compelled also formally to renounce the principle on which it was based. What its eloquent Vice-President had denominated "the great truth" on which it rested "as a corner-stone, the subordination of the black race to the white"—the right to enslave, for which so many had loyally and bravely died—those who remained were compelled by overmastering odds to yield. They who fought for the freedom of all, and equality of rights for all, were victorious; while they who had made appeal to God by the device upon their battle flag to maintain and defend the sanctity and justness of slavery, suffered defeat. Through all the years that are to come these men must bear the stigma, not merely of defeat, but of a cause inherently wrong. Their heroism and the sincerity of their conviction may, in part, redeem their fame, but at the best it must ever be held to have been wasted heroism—mistaken sincerity. The world may admire and pity, but it can never applaud. Their courage and fortitude are a part of the world's inheritance; but those who love "freedom and the right," in all the ages, must ever be grateful for the final overthrow of the cause their valor and their genius so long upheld.

The highest fame which it is possible for the Confederate hero to attain must ever be tainted with excuse and apology. Of their dead it must ever be said, as in extenuation of a fault, "They *thought* they were right." Beyond that the most daring eulogium can not go. They were brave and earnest, but misguided men. Their achievements were deeds of marvelous valor, but the hope of liberty depended

on their discomfiture. Sad beyond the power of words to depict, is the story of their devotion and their overthrow. Sadder still, the fact that in history they will only be remembered as the last of that brave array of champions who, in the jarring cycles of the past, have fought and died in defense of slavery—rendering up their lives for the fancied right of oppressing their fellows. Well is the day which is consecrated to *their* memory termed a "Memorial Day"—a day full of mournful memories and blighted hopes. For those who mourn *these* dead heroes and this ill-fated cause, the present brings only the bitterness of regret, and the future offers no consoling hope of an ultimate rehabilitation of their fame. To them, time is but a *via dolorosa*, whose ever-deepening gloom must rest more densely on the fame of those they loved, as their excuse grows year by year less plausible, and the cause for which they fought grows more and more odious to free-born millions, to whose thought slavery will be only a horrid nightmare of an uncomprehended past.

Why was our glorious holiday, commemorative of victory rather than defeat, of glad deliverance rather than of hopeless overthrow, of triumphant battle for the right rather than of desperate struggle for the wrong,—why was *that* anniversary of gladness sought to be assimilated in name and manner of observance to this sorrowful memento of humiliation and disaster?

Ah, Blower, it is a sad story of human weakness. Strange as it may seem, there were those, even among our comrades, who, for a little cheap laudation, in silly deference to a sickly sentimentality, were willing to

abase themselves and strip their dead comrades of the white cerements in which they peacefully and gloriously sleep. These men thought that the difference between right and wrong, between devotion to liberty and the defense of slavery, between equality of right for all men and the right of the strong to oppress the weak—might be blotted out, and the Nation led to honor alike the champion of the right and the upholder of the wrong. So they sought first to deprive the day of any significance to the living. Only the manhood and valor of the dead were to be commemorated. The dead were to be mourned; the cause for which they died, forgotten. There was no other way by which the desired object could be accomplished, and the future taught to honor the soldier for his deeds, regardless of his motive.

Of course, they to whom the years of conflict brought only sorrow and humiliation could not make their anniversary a jubilation. They had no reason to rejoice. Even those who felt they had been in the wrong could not look back upon those years of havoc with feelings of genuine gladness. If either festival was to suffer change, it must be ours. So anxious were our brethren to blot out all memory of difference, to put "the blue" and "the gray" upon the same level of commendation and reverence in the eyes of posterity, that they determined that if our sometime foemen could not come up to our plane of exultation we should go down to their level of humiliation. It was a silly notion. As if the facts of history could be changed by resolution! Right be made wrong, or joy turned to sorrow, at the will of

a few sentimental enthusiasts! These men had, perhaps, the right to renounce for themselves, the merit of patriotic purpose, but they had no right to rob the dead of that which alone makes their beds upon the battle-field forever glorious. They would count poor Joe's devotion to "freedom and the right" as nothing, Blower; and call upon the country to remember and reverence, not the patriot—but the soldier! They would have us admit that the only memorable thing about our dear, dead heroes was the fact that they endured privation without murmuring, and faced death without flinching. They would ignore what made him worthy of remembrance, in order that they might do equal honor to his enemy. They would drag the hero down from his high pinnacle of moral purpose, and put him on the plane of the hired bravo who fights because slaughter is his trade, and to whom the cause remains indifferent. What honor is it to say of a man that he was brave? The cur who lies upon the mat at our feet merits the same commendation. Joe's devotion was no such brutal instinct. His was the glory of self sacrifice—the championship of right. His memory can only be rightly honored when the cause for which he fell is exalted and the halo of victory cast upon his tomb.

And they would do this, Blower—they would desecrate our festival of glory by clothing it in the garb of woe, and degrade the Nation's rejoicing in her deliverance from evil, into puerile pity for the dead, who were glorified in dying—they would do all this in the name of charity! They would invoke that sweet sentiment

which was the inspiration of Joe's life—that love for the rights of others and chivalrous devotion to the cause of the weak and the oppressed, for which he lived and died—as an excuse for stripping him of his one claim to immortality!

God forgive us, Blower, if, with Joe's name on our lips and Joe's memory in our hearts, we should fail in devotion to the thought for which his blood was shed! We have no malice toward our foes of yesterday. The blood that stains the soil beneath our feet is too holy to permit our hearts to cherish aught of anger, revenge, or any form of uncharitable sentiment. We admire the courage, honor the fortitude, and respect the sincerity, of those who stood over against us in the day of conflict as much as even those who mourn in the shadow of disappointment and defeat. We are glad that such foemen were our brothers, and count our posterity happy in their joint inheritance of fame. But while we honor their valor and pity their misfortune we regret also—alas, we must ever remember and ever regret—*their error!* We can not mourn for *their* misfortune or cease to rejoice in *our* victory. Even those among them to whom the consciousness of error came with the knowledge of defeat, can not but be grateful for the disaster that brought humiliation.

God pity us, Blower, but love and charity, however sweet and fervent, cannot so gild the wrong as to make it pass current among men as the right. There is not in the lapse of years any merciful medicament that will heal the fame of him who fought, however valorously and sincerely, for slavery, and raise it to the level of

the humblest of those who fell in the cause of freedom. This is the gulf that lies between Joe's fame and that of the kindliest, noblest, truest of those with whom he fought, and in resisting whose impetuous valor, he died. Tears cannot obliterate it. Charity cannot hide it. As long as men love freedom, they must applaud the act of the one and deplore the attempt of the other.

For the one army of valorous dead let us hold "memorial!" services, solemn and sad, yet tender and sweet. Let us mourn their wasted manhood, and do honor to their misguided valor. But for the others—those who shed their blood for that charity which counts the rights and liberties even of the weakest and humblest of earth above life itself—let not only us and our comrades, but the nation redeemed from peril and shame, and all the liberty-lovers of earth, forever hold them in joyful remembrance! When we shall cease to heap their graves with flowers, let the garlands of fame grow brighter as the blessings which their valor bought grow richer with the coming years, making all future time their endless "Decoration Day!"

May 30, 1885.

"ALAS! SWEET CHARITY."

WE are in the country, Blower, and have wandered out into the old orchard where the sweetest memories of the past are embalmed in fragrance and beauty, for an hour of self-communion. The trees have grown older since our sweetest May-day beneath their branches. The waving grace of the brown, lithe limbs is gone. The great gnarled heads have grown gray and stiff. The trunks are coarse and mossy, especially on the windward sides. Some are broken and decayed. The woodpeckers have made their nests in the shattered branches. There are great gaps in some of the rows where the sunlight falls unhindered on the sod. The fallen petals yet cover the ground like mimic snow, but the beauty and the glory of the old orchard are of yesterday, though its gnarled and scraggly limbs yet bear sweet and wholesome fruit for the nourishment of to-day.

Let us rest in the half shadow that lies about the trunk of this old tree, whose broken boughs teach a lesson of good works, while the fresh young shoots that spring up from the rent limbs speak of courage in the face of misfortune; let us rest here in the very spot where we first heard young love's sweet whispered words, and bring our thoughts to rigorous self-judgment. In the light of the holiest memories of the past, let us ask whether the heart that beats beneath the folded sleeve

is harsh and unjust in its judgments of to-day. For such is the charge that is made against us, Blower. It is said that the visions which I see in the perfumed clouds that rise above thy polished bowl, unlike them, are not tinged with the azure hue of charity, or bordered with a fleecy film that hides the outlines of all things lying beyond their narrow circlet. On the contrary, Blower, it is claimed that for me, hateful memories gleam fierce and hot under the cold ashes of a broken life, like the embers of thy heated bowl, and are wakened to new life by angry inspiration. One who may have met us manfully in the day of battle, perhaps the very one to whom this empty sleeve is due, asks with grieved sincerity, "is it not time that charity hid the evils of the past, and permitted only what was good therein to be remembered?"

Are we uncharitable, Blower? Would we remember or induce another to remember what *ought* to be forgotton? Is there in the heart that lies beneath the folded sleeve one thought of rancor? Would we ignore one element of yesterday that ought to be remembered? Have we ever uttered words of bitterness, or even of reproach, for those who fought for the wrong? Have we ever failed to acknowledge in them a valor equal, man for man, to that of the comrades whom we love? He who writes reproachfully, demanding charity, says of himself that he was "brought up under the withering, blighting curse of slavery," and because of this he says of the Confederate cause: "I believed *then* that we were right as firmly as I *now* believe that we were wrong."

Were we ever lacking in charity to one "brought up under the withering curse of slavery," Blower? Have we ever failed in due appreciation of those who believed we were wrong as sincerely as Joe believed that we were right, or in expressed commendation and approval of one who makes himself doubly a hero by declaring "that for which I fought, believing it right, I now abhor, believing it wrong?"

If so, we have done grievous wrong and hasten now to make confession of our fault. We can hardly say we have forgiven those who fought against us, because, even in the heat and fervor of the conflict, while we stood in the fiery crater of battle or witnessed the pitiful woes of the prison pen, we never once forgot how the "blighting, withering curse of slavery" had distorted noble lives; and while we pitied greatly, we felt no rancor. So, we are very sure, felt the great body of our comrades. Before we first entered into battle our souls had been shrived clean of hate. The mustering of the freemen of the North was, indeed, a crusade for liberty. A deep and fervid ecstacy underlay the whole movement and gave it the character of a religious warfare as intense and earnest as any which the past has witnessed; but differing from all other conflicts based upon divergence of belief, in this one element—its force was directed solely against the *idea* which it opposed, and not at all against the individuals by whom the idea was upheld.

For the first time in the world's history, a genuine religious zeal inspired embattled hosts arrayed in support of a specific dogma, almost without trace of enmity or aversion toward its defenders. The belief of

the North in the principles of human liberty and equality of right, was so fervent and sincere that it could not conceive how one could honestly deny their truth, unless brain and conscience had indeed been perverted through "the blighting, withering curse of slavery." Because we regarded the life and thought of the South as the product and result of this curse, we counted those honest and sincere who mustered in its defense under the "stars and bars;" and because we believed in their sincerity we forgot their error, looking upon them with pity only, and not with hate. In saying this, Blower, I believe that I speak for all those who, like poor Joe, fought for "freedom and the right." The clash of arms, it is true, may have developed sparks of fire. War is savagery, and pity flies affrighted from the battlefield. The hatred and the fear of slavery's baneful influence steeled our hearts for conquest. All that was needful for its overthrow and annihilation we were willing to suffer and to do, but we had no wish to punish. Devotedly as we loved the right—or what we deemed the right—bitterly as we hated the wrong—or what we deemed the wrong—we wished only to establish the one and not to punish or despoil the upholders of the other. So we overthrew and disarmed our foe, taking nothing from him that was his, and bade him go in peace upon his promise of good behavior only. This was not the act of hate, nor did it show a lack of charity, Blower. We believed our enemies to be earnest and sincere in their belief, but counted that belief dangerous to liberty. All we sought to do, therefore, was to render them powerless

for harm, and render their belief innocuous for the future.

We gave the slave his liberty, it is true, or rather permitted him to resume what was his own by natural and inalienable right; and gave to him the guaranty of a constitutional provision that he should not be deprived thereof nor molested in the enjoyment of the same. We did not do this to injure the master, nor to take from him what was his; but because "the right" for which we fought forbade us to recognize property in man. It was the master's mishap that loss accrued to him thereby—the common misfortune that waits upon erroneous judgment. But for the wrongs of slavery we exacted no penalty. Even for the slave's sake, we took nothing from the master. Naked as he came into the world, he entered also into the estate of freedom. The tools with which he wrought, the very clothes which hid his nakedness, the master was at liberty to withhold from him. We did not even take out of the master's granary corn for a single day's support of the slave whose labor he had enjoyed for years without recompense. We gave the slave his freedom, and allowed the master to hold, unlessened by a single grain, the product of his labor. We sought to cure the ill of slavery; but did not seek to punish, even by the lightest touch of power, the wrong of past enslavement or compel atonement to be made for unrequited toil. This was not the part of hate, Blower, nor does it argue any lack of charity.

Perhaps it might have been more wisely done in some of its details; but never before in all the

world's history was the conqueror's will so lightly tinged with harshness, or administered with such tender care, not merely for the rights, but even for the foibles and fancies of the subjugated. Nay, we have been so charitable that we have winked at crimes which have put barbarism to the blush; and have almost forborne to blame, when the nation's pledges to the liberated bondman have been rendered null by rancorous and organized opposition to the nation's will. We have so trusted in the sincerity of our foemen and believed in the potency of right to heal even "the blighting curse of slavery," that we have waited patiently and hopefully for words and works that should testify recognition and acceptance, not merely of the physical facts attending the overthrow of the Confederacy, but also of the principle which underlay the suppression of rebellion—the equal right of all men to the privilege of self-government, on which the right to liberty in its last analysis must ever rest. We have waited twenty years for evidence of that true citizenship which is jealous of the rights of every other citizen, only to see the law of the land openly defied and seven millions of citizens, to whom the nation had pledged its protection in the exercise of a freeman's right, thrust without the pale of sovereignty by force or fraud, and given only so much of privilege as the master-race may see fit to allow. This is openly and boldly proclaimed, and the rule of the majority, on which our liberties depend, is boldly flouted by those who, in the same breath, plead for charity and oblivion for the evil of the past.

Even then we have granted this prayer, Blower.

Such has been our tender consideration for our sometime enemies, that we have turned a deaf ear to the cries of our feeble allies, have stood quietly by while their rights were ravished from them, and permitted the most valuable element of the liberty we had won for them and guaranteed to them to be wrested from their grasp, without interference; nay, almost without protest. We have made ourselves false to the nation's plighted honor in order to manifest our charity. Such a course, Blower, is but a poor foundation for the piteous whine for charity which every wind that comes up from the South brings to ears that begin to grow weary of its iteration.

Much has been said, Blower, and is said to-day, of the injustice of having excluded a portion of the Southern people for a short period from the privilege of participating in the control and direction of the government. Less than one-fifth of the white population was thus excluded by operation of law, and the memory of it, even after the lapse of a decade and a half yet fills the Southern heart with rage, and produces red-eyed paroxysms of threatening diatribe, of the same character, and of like quality, with those wonderful efforts in which slavery shrieked defiance to liberty and bewailed the lack of charity that questioned her right to oppress. Yet this abnormal anger at the debarment of a *few* of their race, for a brief period, from the right of suffrage, has not tended in the least degree, to make them careful of the rights of others, but seems instead to have stimulated in them an insane rage to subvert the freedman's blood-bought and law-defined

privilege. But it is time, Blower, that the gloss of sentimentality was stripped from this threadbare plea of wrong. It is not *true* that the Nation took from any man any right which he possessed!

Only the other day a petition was sent to the President of the United States asking the pardon of Jefferson Davis. Though framed in blissful ignorance of statutory enactments, it still proceeded on a logical hypothesis in asserting that the late president of the Confederacy was, in law and morals, guilty of no graver an offense than other thousands, all of whom had been forgiven and restored to all the rights the citizen can have. Every citizen of the United States who voluntarily aided the rebellion, by that act, in equity as well as by law, lost all the rights appertaining to such citizenship. It is a silly and arrogant pretense that the rebel soldier, with the oath of allegiance to the Confederacy yet warm upon his lips, and the flag of rebellion flying above his head as he charged the Union lines with determined purpose to destroy, had somewhere hidden about his person—perhaps wrapped about the "forty rounds" of death-dealing cartridges he carried into action—the safeguard and guaranty of American citizenship. Allegiance has no such indestructible quality.

The man who calls upon God to witness his renunciation of the old and his adoption of a new allegiance can never afterwards assert any plea of right or privilege under the former. What comes to him thereafter of consideration or privilege from the government he has renounced must be of grace and

not of right. All that the government ever did was to leave a small percentage of its armed and organized enemies just where they had placed themselves. They had called God to witness that they were no longer citizens of the United States, and had caused official record of this to be entered in the public archives. Because four-fifths were pardoned outright, and the others left for a while upon probation, the whole have raised the curious outcry of injustice and oppression.

Even this last petitioner for the last unpardoned rebel alleges, with apparent unconsciousness of its absurdity, that others have been pardoned while he for whom he asks rehabilitation has not, and that this withholding of pardon for acts of the most flagrant and ensanguined wrong, constitutes an injustice which is likely to bring down the gray hairs of the aged patriot with sorrow to the grave. What a refutation is this, Blower, of the oft-repeated charge of a lack of charity and forbearance on the part of the nation. No hangman was required when our rebellion ended. No commissioners of confiscated estates held crowded courts thereafter, as at the close of our revolutionary war; but at the end of twenty years the head of one of the greatest rebellions the world has ever known, the commander-in-chief of an army which it cost half a million lives to overthrow—this man, by the mouth of a *prochaine ami* alleges as his chiefest grievance, that our abounding mercy has left him no companion in misfortune—that he is the only man whose voluntary oath renouncing his allegiance has been allowed to stand unexpunged!

But he who writes the words which we have read with solemn gladness, "I believed that we were right then as thoroughly as I now believe that we were wrong," by their very utterance has put himself beyond the pale of charity. Charity implies toleration, forbearance, patience with those who persist in wrong-thinking or wrong-doing. We cannot exercise charity toward those whose acts we honor and applaud. "Charity," we are told "*covers* a multitude of sins," but it is repentance that lets fall the curtain of oblivion. To have fought bravely for what he "believed to be right," would of itself have entitled this "ex-Confederate" to that honorable regard which courage and sincerity must always merit. Even to have submitted honorably to defeat, though he had never come to believe the cause for which he fought to have been wrong, or recognized the evil attending "the withering, blighting curse of slavery," would have entitled him to that *charity* which our comrades and the country have so abundantly bestowed upon those who stood with him, pari-delictors in the wrong which underlay that woful strife. When he steps out of the ranks of those who yielded their arms but did not surrender their opinions; when he says, "You were right and I was wrong," there can be no more talk of *charity*. Such a declaration is the substantial basis of reconciliation, amity, re-established union. We extend to that man, Blower, not the fig-leaf of charity, but the right hand of friendship—the guaranty of a trust that no future difference can for a moment weaken, much less destroy. To him the error of the past has become a beacon to

warn from like error in the future. Realizing the nature of that wrong which it required so much precious blood to obliterate, he will naturally be very heedful of human right hereafter. We do not know what his political affiliations may be. If he means what he says we hardly care. The destiny of the country, the rights and liberties of the humblest and the weakest, are as safe in the hands of such a man as they would have been in poor dear Joe's in that last hour of sweet self-sacrifice.

Have I ever uttered a word or penned a line, Blower, to imply distrust or encourage disparagement of such men as he—twice-told heroes, who dared not only to fight for what they believed to be right, but stand forth afterward and confess that it was wrong? Never, Blower, never! In this sweet sanctuary of spotless love, with the rustle of angel pinions on the incense-freighted air, let me solemnly aver that never for one moment had such thought lodgment in my heart! On the contrary, my heartfelt sorrow and hottest, most indignant scorn have ever been evoked by the fact that our countrymen, sometimes even our comrades, will draw no distinction between those who deplore the wrong for which they fought, perceive "the blighting curse" which slavery was, and those who, unrepentant of evil, still exult in the havoc which was wrought and seek to perpetuate the wrong which Joe died to destroy. The brave man who repents can be trusted with to-morrow's destiny; but he who has learned nothing by defeat; he who boasts only of the prowess he displayed in the support of evil; he who while clamoring

for charity for himself, can set his foot with ruthless violence upon the rights of others; he who will hold and exercise authority secured by unlawful suppression of the will of a majority; in short, all those whose only claim to charity is that they have sinned, whose only guaranty of wisdom is that they counseled evil and organized disaster, and whose only certificate of patriotism is that they were valiant upholders of oppression—these and every one of them, Blower, is a far more dangerous enemy of liberty to-day than when he stood among the hosts of treason over against us on the battle-field, or sat in the councils of our confederated foes. The spirit that strips the freedman of his rights to-day in defiance of the law, in purpose is not less malign, and in its consequences is far more dangerous, than that which yesterday used the forms of law to debar the slave of his liberty. To give such men charge of our national affairs is not less sacrilegious than to intrust the Ark of the Covenant to the care of uncleansed Uzzas.

While we would honor and trust the valiant soldier who confesses that his cause was wrong; while we even regard with profound respect the hard-fibered veteran who can not yet surrender the baleful dogmas of yesterday, we would no more think of intrusting the slightest atom of national power to one who has no regret for the part he took in promoting rebellion, and who can see nothing wrong in the past except the course of the government in suppressing the rebellion and freeing the slave—I say, Blower, and I say it reverently in this holiest of earthly tabernacles—I would

no sooner trust such a man with the lightest tittle of national authority, than I would give a sleeping babe to a murderer who laughingly boasted of infantile slaughter he had wrought. Right is right. Only fools intrust precious things to those who make a boast of evil-doing. It is a marvelously silly notion, Blower, that the slave-master—he who fought and bled for the right to oppress and still believes in the white man's right to control the black—is, by these very facts, made the fittest guardian of the freedman's liberty. It is only when he sees the error of the past that he becomes worthy to minister at freedom's shrine—a shrine which is

> To be approached and touched with serious fear
> With hands made pure and hearts of faith severe,
> Like to the priesthood of the One Divine !

JUNE 6, 1885.

PURITAN OR CAVALIER.

IT is a curious thing, Blower, that our Southern brethren should be so peculiarly sensitive about what is said concerning themselves, or the ideas and institutions of the South. One would suppose, from the energy and persistency with which they assert their individual and collective superiority over the rest of mankind, that they would be entirely undisturbed by the opinions of those whom they profess to esteem so lightly. Instead of this, however, we find their ears always strained to catch the slightest murmur of disparagement; and their suspicion even more alert to imagine depreciation where none is intended. One of these friends writes angrily of our remarks in reference to "Stonewall" Jackson, asserting without scruple that we "praised Jackson in order to more effectually disparage Lee."

We had neither motive nor desire as he should have seen, Blower, to lessen by so much as one pen-stroke the just fame of the commander of the Army of Northern Virginia. Even if we had the disposition we have not the power to do so. The story of his life is written in the history of that great day by his own hand. The humble and comparatively unknown actors in the world's great drama may perhaps be misunderstood or misrepresented in history, but those who lead great movements, by that very fact become their own biogra-

phers. All may not be apparent at a glance. Time may be required to unravel some of the hieroglyphics; but the real history of a great life is always written before its end is reached. This record every one has the right to read and construe for himself.

But the jealousy of our Southern friends is as baseless and absurd as their clamor for charity. The people of the North—the upholders of national power in the great conflict—have only little less, if indeed they have any less, interest in the fair fame of the leaders of the Confederate armies than the people of the South themselves. They were types of American as well as of merely Southern character. The foundations of their excellence were laid broad and deep on the firm basis of our national life. It was only the bias given to their powers that was distinctively Southern. As men they were the nation's children. Their glory lives to adorn the nation's history. Their errors and weaknesses are either buried in the pitiful tomb of a lost cause or remain a heritage, shameful or reproachful, as the case may be, of that civilization which not only blighted noble lives but handicapped a whole people in the race of progress. It is to the credit of our American life that it produced such men as Lee and Jackson; and to the everlasting discredit of Southern life and institutions that they cast upon such men, the disadvantage and weighed down their fame with the odium of a cause which must continue to grow more reprehensible, if not even more detestable, with the lapse of years.

So far as favor is concerned, Blower, there is per-

haps no reason why the supporter of the national cause should incline to magnify the fame of Jackson rather than that of Lee. In doing so, in truth, I only gave utterance to that instinctive cry of the South in the hour of her deepest humiliation: "If Stonewall" Jackson had only lived this thing would never have happened to us." It is amazing how universal was this sentiment. I venture to say, Blower, that we have not a comrade who served for even a month in the subjugated territory after Lee's surrender, who did not hear it a thousand times, alike from those who fought and those who watched, from old and young, from male and female. That they are becoming jealous of the fame of the chief when contrasted with that of the subordinate may, perhaps, be an indication that the sting of regret for what was not accomplished is giving way to a curious exultation in what was actually achieved.

We, who can have no such bias, Blower, may even now hold the balance fairly between these, our great foemen, and foretell with certainty the verdict of the future on their merits. Both were men of whose fame and achievements any people might well be proud. Both were men of spotless personal character. Despite the fine-spun ethical disquisitions by which it has recently been attempted to distinguish between the official and the private character of public men, we who are of yesterday, Blower, must ever note as first among the claims to renown the fact of personal purity. We remember with especial pride, therefore, that the great names of our climacteric era, upon both sides of the

great controversy, were men against whose private characters no word of reproach was ever truthfully uttered. This first element of deserved fame was supplemented in both the characters under consideration by intellectual and manly characteristics of the very first order. The one was a most accomplished soldier —a subtle and elusive strategist to whom war was a game in which he was so conscious of his own excellence that he was never quite able to eliminate himself and his fame from the problem he was endeavoring to solve. The other was a thunderbolt of war to whom the end was everything. All that lay between him and victory was unconsidered dust. He himself was nothing to himself. He counted his fame of no more value than his life, and staked both without a moment's hesitation, whenever the aspect of the conflict seemed to demand. The one had the misfortune to fall in a subordinate position in which he had already outshone his great chief. The other had the misfortune to live after the close of a mighty conflict, in which he won little honor and no victories after the fall of his great subordinate. The one has had the greater measure of adulation; the other the still more flattering tribute of having made his name a thing of terror to his enemies, so that his simple presence was accounted by them the sure presage of disaster.

It is folly, Blower, to suppose that any American who has a spark of pride in his country's history does not exult in the fame of such men as these. No one doubts that the motives of both were patriotic, according to their respective ideas of what constituted pa-

triotism. The one was a theorist who sacrificed a well-deserved fame to the dogma of state rights. He believed that Virginia had a right to command his sword and services. In obedience to her behest, from a fine and peculiar sense of honor, he sacrificed his own views of policy—his own ideas of the ultimate good of the whole country—and became the zealous instrument of a popular impulse the wisdom of which he may at least be said to have doubted. His conduct was animated by a conviction that Virginia had a right to secede, to establish an independent government, or ally herself with other political communities in a confederate nationality, as she saw fit; and that he, representing the honor and dignity of the Lees and all their kindred, was in duty bound to obey her mandate zealously and faithfully, no matter what might be his individual belief as to the consequences. It can hardly be shown that he was at any time very sanguine of the result. His religious instincts were strong, and his belief in the abstract right of secession is unquestionable. The confidence which he so often expressed in the divine favor was no doubt based on this conviction as to the right of Virginia, acting as an independent commonwealth, to choose her own governmental form and political affiliations. Beyond this his confidence did not go. There was, with him, no burning sense of injustice done or threatened—no deep conviction of an unavoidable necessity—no profound belief that the prosperity, happiness, and ultimate destiny of a great people demanded the establishment of the Confederacy and the appeal to arms. It is even doubtful if he had

any definite hope of success until Jackson's wonderful campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah seemed to give assurance of ultimate victory. The honor of a great name and loyalty to Virginia were the motives that inspired Robert E. Lee.

These were noble and worthy motives, Blower, alike honorable to the man and creditable to the people of whom he was a part. No base or sordid ambition and no taint of personal dishonor can be attributed to him. He was a knightly and chivalrous champion of a cause not only ill-starred, but based on evil purpose and expressly designed to promote and perpetuate a wrong. It was not a broad and generous devotion to the principles of human freedom, nor a consuming desire for the good of his fellows that inspired his action, but only a strained and fanciful sense of honor—the *noblesse oblige* of a technical allegiance and an honored name.

Far different was it with Jackson. He was a man of a nobler, if not so romantic, a type. He had not time to think of himself, and was not burdened with any ancestral array whose ghostly mandates were binding on his conscience. Practically, he was the first of his line. His family, though honorable enough, was humble, which, in the social organization of the South, means more than can be well understood at the North. Compared with Lee he was decidedly his inferior in social rank. He was one of the tolerated classes of that day at the South, who in effect sat "below the salt." He was of the least esteemed of the professions—a schoolmaster. His merits as a man and

an instructor had brought him a certain prestige. Lee was born with the right to command; Jackson had to win it. The haughtiest Virginian was proud to serve under the aristocratic soldier, whose courtly manner and distinguished descent gave him an admitted pre-eminence among them. It was far otherwise with the scrubby, saturnine professor, who had no title to rank among them except his technical knowledge and the commission which he held. He was a commander, not a leader. The rule which he established when he first issued orders taking command at Harper's Ferry was that of the soldier, not that of the man. Half of his subordinates felt themselves his superior in everything but military technique. He represented no social or political leadership. The men who were called upon to obey him felt humiliated rather than honored by his preferment. "He was regarded as a very worthy person," said a distinguished Southern gentleman, whose relations with him up to that time were peculiarly close, "but there was nothing in his social position, family, or previous career, to give any promise of the remarkable qualities he afterward displayed." The words were spoken years after his death, and Jackson's fame had in a peculiar manner reflected honor on the man who uttered them, but the cool, even tone in which they were spoken was not entirely devoid of the idea of patronage even then. The fact is that Jackson represented the type of Southern life which was distinctly considered *not* "the best." He was a good enough man, a worthy person, a useful citizen; but the peculiar and indescribable flavor of Southern gentle-

manhood was hardly recognizable in his personality until his sword had cut his way to the first rank among the soldiers of his day. He had no prestige, no political influence, no following. He had not even any confidant, and is not known to have had any aspiration. He had his sword, his brain, and an unwavering conviction.

This man had never any doubt. With religious instincts even stronger than those of his superior, he fought for a cause which he believed to be wholly and divinely right. He believed that he saw the hand of God in the great conflict, and gave himself to the divine service as humbly and self-forgetfully on the field of battle as in the performance of the peaceful duties of the church, which he had thitherto discharged. In his belief the appeal to arms was not made in support merely of a state's right to secede, but in assertion of a nation's highest right and divinest privilege—in support of a social order, established by the express commandment, and perpetuated and maintained by the special favor and protection, of the Almighty. His tender conscience cast a charm over an institution, many of whose aspects were especially horrible and degrading. To his stern but tender Christianity, slavery represented, not only the Divine injunction, but a burden of onerous duty. With him the patriarchial theory which was claimed as its philosophic basis, was crystallized into rigorous but beautiful fact. The "man-servant and the maid-servant" in his household were not simple instruments of avarice or luxury. The slave was to his mind an actual charge upon his

Christian charity. The African had been brought to this land, as he believed, to be redeemed. He never once dreamed of him as an equal, except in his right to salvation. Bondage, subordination, he accounted a privilege to the bondman, and a burden and a duty to the master. The southern cause was, to his apprehension, simply a movement in support of divine order, and in furtherance of a divine purpose. His own relations with the institution had not been so intimate or extended as to corrupt his feeling, or to abate the sincerity of his belief. He did his duty as a Christian master with assiduity, zeal, and tenderness. In his view the slave was simply a heathen, incapable of development to the point of self-direction, who was subjected to the white man in order that he might be kept from the sins of barbarism, and given an opportunity for salvation.

He thought the southern people had been divinely fitted for the evangelization and perhaps the ultimate civilization of the race thus intrusted to their guardianship. He recognized the fact that this preparation had made the south a distinct and peculiar people, and he believed that a high religious duty and a most exalted destiny demanded the preservation and maintenance of these distinctive features. He believed the events in which he was taking part were the subject of prophecy, so that the cause for which he fought became as much a part of his religious belief as the sacraments of the church to which he belonged.

Tender as he was by nature, he was a zealot with a heart of adamant. He did not hate, nor did he

wish to harm or persecute. He simply abhorred evil. He regarded the opposition of the north to slavery not so much as an intrusion upon the master's right as an interference with his duty—a sort of religious libertinism from which the south was bound by the most sacred obligations to protect her people and their institutions. He was not a man of words. His convictions showed only now and then through the dense armor of impenetrable reserve in which he clothed his life and in the seeming contradiction between acts which are reconcilable only on this hypothesis.

In type and character he was to his chief almost identically what Cromwell was to Fairfax. No man in history may more fitly be taken as the prototype of Lee than the able, courtly, honorable, yet conservative Parliamentary general of whom Milton wrote that his

> "name in arms through Europe rings,
> Filling each mouth with envy or with praise."

At that day, and for a long time afterward, it is unquestionable that he was regarded as a far abler general than he who at length became the Lord Protector. Yet, looking at the history of that time, it is easy to see that the chief owed more to his subordinate than he was able to give to the great man who was growing into commanding stature in the shadow of his fame. Without Cromwell's iron will, tireless energy, and readiness to accept responsibility, Fairfax's fame would hardly have exceeded that of a score of his contemporaries. Like Lee he was already an honored and accomplished soldier, before the "Lord of the Fens" had organized his "Ironsides," or looked into

the face of an enemy in battle array. Like him, too, whenever he fought without the support of his great lieutenant, his battles were indecisive or his victories unprofitable. But for Cromwell, Fairfax's career would undoubtedly have ended at Marston Moor, and but for Jackson's marvelous victories on the Shenandoah, and his lightning-like blow upon the enemy's right at Mechanicsville, it is more than probable that Lee's military fame would hardly have been greater today than it was when he resigned his commission in the United States army to offer his services to Virginia.

It should be remembered in comparing these men that Jackson had, within a single month, defeated four armies, each greater than his own, and all threatening one of the gateways of the confederate capital, and, brought to his superior an army which already believed itself invincible, before Lee had ever fought a battle. The kingly soldier simply absorbed the relentless fighter's fame, and until retrospective analysis began to separate the two lives into their elements, perhaps unconsciously built up renown upon his lieutenant's works and attributes.

We do not seek to depreciate Lee, Blower. He was a splendid type of that distinctively southern character which is rapidly becoming extinct—a type to be mourned by sentimentalists and poets, but whom the world will hardly miss a hundred years hence. Jackson was a type of that universal American character which puts conviction above self—the end above the means. He would never have hesitated when the necessity was apparent, to put slaves into the field to

fight for their liberty, for he would have accounted such service a display of manhood sufficient to entitle any slave to freedom. He would never have allowed his veterans to suffer for food in the trenches about Petersburg, while at Greensboro and Danville were stored supplies enough to last his army for a year. He would never have donned his best uniform and mounted his jeweled sword, in order to overawe with a show of outward splendor that simple soldier who, reckless of everything except the result, had pursued his fleeing enemy with sleepless ardor for ten days and nights only to stand abashed and pitiful before the gaudily bedecked captain of a vanquished and famishing army. If this woful duty had fallen to the lot of "Stonewall" Jackson, one can easily imagine with what unassuming self-forgetfulness it would have been performed. He would have met his battle-stained conqueror in a garb that would have bespoken his active participation in the tremendous toils his army had but recently endured. He would not have posed for effect. He would not have been engaged in contemplation of himself focused in the camera of history, but his whole thought would have been of the people whose cause he had sustained until the last extremity. Grant and Jackson belonged essentially to the same type of American manhood. As soldiers both were impassive, self-reliant, and relentless. Neither had or could have any confidants of their purposes. To a few both were alike warm and tender; to the many, cold and distant. Both were zealots—one in the cause of the Federal Union, as the representative of human

liberty, and the other in the maintenance of what he deemed a divine order. It is to this type of manhood that the south owes not only the fame which clings around the story of the struggle for separation, but also the far more marvelous supremacy which it has since achieved in the counsels of the nation whose allegiance it sought forever to renounce.

JUNE 13, 1885.

"PEACE IN THE CLOVER-SCENTED ERA."

THE odor of perique is in a modest room that looks out over bright waters, and traces of its dark viscid fiber show among the golden-brown granules, in the pouch which Alice wrought. We smoked the pipe of peace again last night, Blower, while the cool breezes blew softly over the placid water, the stars trooped lazily through the summer sky, and lovers loitered on the moonlit beach. The strong mephitic odor of that curious variety of the nicotiana, which needs the richness of tropical alluvions and the steaming heat of southern seas for its perfection, speaks always to my mind of that friend who was once an enemy, Pascal Raines, the owner of Buckhead, or, as it used to be termed, Buckhead Lodge, in the forks of the Ogeechee. This is the twentieth year that we have met to smoke the calumet and fill the ditch of difference that absence digs between us, not with protestations, but with honest, manly assertions of individuality. Sometimes it has been a winter meeting, under the gray-bearded live oaks on some romantic hummock, where the mid-winter skies are soft as summer, and the air is rich with the united fragrance of fruits and flowers. Again, he has fled from the heats of a southern summer to the cool breezes of the northern main or the shadow of the snow-capped mountains with

their somber evergreen mantle and cool streams flashing and purling over the rocks in its shadow. We have hunted and fished together—such hunting and fishing as decrepid veterans may do—and always count the week or month we spend with each other one long holiday of healthful thought. When he goes back to his plantation to "reload," as he says, I return to the city's turmoil strengthened by what he has brought me out of the silence of his isolation.

We are a queer pair, Blower, Pascal Raines and I. He loves to smoke perique in a long-stemmed Powhattan or Sally Lun. "On state occasions only," as he says, does he indulge this luxury; but he is always urging me to mix more or less of this seductive narcaphthon, with the spicy leaf grown on the sunny Piedmont slopes and ripened by ambrosial honey-dews, with which I am wont to fill your polished bowl. I have thought sometimes that these contrasted tastes might be types of our respective natures; but the fancy is not one I love to dwell upon. We entered yesterday on our annual holiday, and last night was our first communion at which we broke the bread of thought a year of silence had provided.

We are a queer pair, yet he is almost as close a friend of these, my later years, as Joe was of my earlier days. It is strange that it should be so. Our lives were not shaped by kindred influences, nor did we learn to count the same things holy in our early days. With Joe and me fraternity was almost as much a birthright as if the same roof-tree had sheltered our cradles and the same mother nourished us upon her

heart. We were formed in the same mold, tempered by the same fires. He was simply a type of the class to which I belonged. Thrown together in boyhood, we clung as naturally as magnet and iron. What Joe said, I had already felt; what he did I was willing to aid in doing. All that made life worth living to him, was matter of aspiration, also, to me. We were sworn friends by the mere force of natural and apparent affinities.

It is not so with this later friend who loves the heavy, resinous breath of the dark perique better than the spicy fragrance of the golden leaf which grows beneath the dog-wood's shadow. The smoke-wreaths that curl about him are dark and dense as azure war-clouds in comparison with the pearl-fringed circlets that rise above your steaming bowl.

He is Southern to the core, this friend of ours, Blower, and yet the red beard and light brown hair that frames his fair, full face bespeak a Saxon ancestry that goes back to the days when Gurth wore a collar and black-browed Normans lorded it over blue-eyed churls. It is a curious fallacy that even yet types the Southern man to Northern apprehension as dark and saturnine in aspect. The truth is that the Southern people are the purest English stock to be found upon the globe, outside of England itself. There is the peculiar American lankness of figure, it is true, but the gray-blue English eyes and neutral-tinted brown hair are more generally to be met with at the South than in any other part of the western continent. This fact is not remarkable, though it seems

almost incredible no doubt, to those in whose minds the conventional "Southerner" is still extant, and the real one unknown. Pascal Raines was the master of almost unnumbered slaves, and is still the lord of many acres—how many I do not know, for he speaks but seldom of these things. I do know that life and duty have put heavy cares upon his shoulders since the close of the great conflict and he has not spared himself in his efforts to provide for other's wants.

I thought of these things as we sat together in pleasant converse or half-dreaming silence last night, Blower, and my thoughts almost unconsciously took form in words as I said mournfully:

"You are the last of one of the old Southern families, are you not, Pascal?"

"Humph," he responded, blowing the heavy smoke impatiently through the brown mustache which is beginning to show hints of gray. "I am of an old enough family, and happen to be the last male in the direct line, but I do not know as that fact justifies your dolorous tone. Besides I may yet marry some fair Yankee help-meet and bless the world with a dozen scions of the two best stocks on earth. How would you like that notion? Ha, ha, my dear Thomas ben Nathan, I see you wince, and yet I am beginning to look upon it as both a philanthropic and a patriotic duty. You yourself, much as you exult in the Puritan, are half inclined to mourn the Cavalier.

He has given me this quaint appellation in our familiar intercourse ever since he learned my father's name. He professes to see some curious significance

in the juxtaposition of the two names. I do not altogether accept his view, but it pleases his southern love of the quaint, almost grotesque, and I do not object.

"I declare," he often says, "you are well named. Thomas the doubter is the son of Nathan the undoubting—the Yankee that *is* springs from the Yankee that *was*. Your father must have been a prophet, Ben Nathan."

This constant playful reference to my father, whom I especially revered, annoyed me at first. I do not mind it now, because it pleases my friend.

"It is a curious thing," he continued musingly, "what notions you Northerners have of our 'old Southern families.' I have always been amused at the tone of reverent admiration or irreverent envy in which they are usually spoken of by your people. We, of course, are proud of them, but not at all in the way you seem to think. I am of kin to nearly all the old families of Georgia, a dozen South Carolina grandees, and several of the most dubiously-descended of Virginia stock. There was a Raines among Oglethorpe's advisers. By the same token he got himself into trouble for opposing the introduction of slavery into the colony, being denounced by that eighteenth century evangelist Whitefield, who insisted upon slavery both as a good investment and a means of grace for the heathen. That was what I call a comfortable doctrine. There is a rumor that the great preacher expended a considerable portion of the funds he had raised in the northern colonies in transplanting slavery into Georgia. I have never been able to think of this without laughing. Picture

to yourself the saintly sire of a New England abolitionist contributing money to hire a South Carolina slaveholder to move across the Savannah in order to plant the patriarchal institution securely on the virgin soil of Georgia! What a merry mocker is time! It cost the 'Northern colonies' a hundred and fifty years afterwards, three hundred and seventy-five thousand of their bravest, slain outright in battle, to undo what they hired Whitefield to establish. We lost as many more, I suppose, and the number who were half killed—who lost legs or arms like us, or were otherwise battered and defaced by war, must have been two or three times as many more. Oh, it was big interest that the laches of that day bore in our time. What say you to that notion, Thomas ben Nathan, thou child of the Puritan?

"It's not strange," he went on, after we had had our quiet laugh at his grim humor, "that time is called a whirligig. You see, my sire was right and yours was probably wrong, on the very question on which we differed so strongly that each left a limb on the battlefield—you on the right side and I on the wrong one.

"As I said, my ancestor was opposed to introducing slavery into Georgia I don't know anything about the ground of his opposition, and indeed it does not matter. Perhaps it was his own experience. I don't know whether it was he or his father, but one of them had a bit of memory that ought to have made him an enemy of slavery all his life. What was that? He was brought over from somewhere—Scotland or England, nobody knows which—and sold for an apprentice to pay passage money and any other supposititious claim

of expenditure the ship's captain or the owners may have made in his behalf. That was in Virginia. Being a likely young fellow he brought a good price—300 pounds of tobacco, I have heard. His master seems to have moved southward. At least, he himself moved into the wilds of Georgia some time before Oglethorpe's settlement, and had thriftily pre-empted about half a county, right in the forks of the Ogeechee, the only title he had being the good will of a Cherokee chief, a matchlock and his own nerve. These were good enough though. The gun itself was a formidable affair. It hung over the mantel in the house built on the site of his cabin, until you folks came through with Sherman about Christmas, 1864. There wasn't much of anything left after you departed on your winding way 'down to the sea.'

"Oh, don't apologize. We've been over all that on the very spot. It was a brilliant movement, conducted with a laxity of discipline that would have been impossible to an army drawn from any other people. That is all there was of it. Sherman had argued Grant into a belief that it was necessary and that he was the only man on earth who could do it. As a military movement, it has been vastly overrated both in difficulty and importance, but as an index of American character—of the actual results of republican institutions—it cannot be too highly extolled. There were, it is true, many acts of pillage and some needless destruction of property. For instance, there was no need to have taken my ancestor's superannuated firelock and sundry other moveables which cumbered or

adorned Buckhead Lodge, but it should always be remembered to the credit of republican institutions that this army of invasion marched from Atlanta to the sea, subsisting itself mainly off the country through the agency of loosely organized bands of pillagers, without any non-combatant's life or woman's virtue being placed in peril. I am as proud of this, Thomas ben Nathan, as you are of "Stonewall's" exploits on the Shenandoah, and in about the same way, I suspect. After all, though, I must say that I don't like Sherman —not because Buckhead was in his path—but because I don't. I don't like Sheridan, either. But if I must choose between stinking fish—as you did betwixt Lee and Jackson—I will take the one I least dislike and say: 'Give me Sheridan, or give me death,' or, if it's just as handy, put the alternative first.

"Oh, I know my words are not nicely chosen, but you will not take offense for you know just what I mean. It is useless for any one who fought for the Confederacy to claim that he doesn't feel sick and sore over those last days of its existence. It makes no difference what his opinions may be now, one cannot contemplate the destruction of the social order in which he was raised, and remember all that we did and suffered; without feeling something akin to animosity against the instruments most actively concerned in the most unpleasant phases of its demise. I don't believe Sherman would ever be well thought of along that line of march if he should live to rival Methuselah in years. Yet he was kindness itself when the end came. It is really pitiable to see how

ready he was to give up everything, and trust to the honor of a vanquished foe for the peace of the future. Sheridan was a thousand times harder of heart (you see, Ben Nathan, I cannot help saying 'was' —all this was ever so long ago, and you and I and all who had a hand in it have been in the past tense for ages), but Sheridan's cruelty was that of a soldier. He never shut his eyes on plunder, in a military sense, nor avoided responsibility for destruction. I do not think there is a more soldierly document in the language than his report of the ravages committed by his troops in making the rich valley of the Shenadoah unavailable as a source of supply for our armies or a well-provided highway for northern invasion. He shirked nothing. There were so many mills burned, so many cattle and horses seized, so many bridges destroyed, and all other needful damage done 'by order of the General commanding.' There is something Catonian in its brutal candor. It was barbarism, no doubt, but it was war—done in obedience to orders, and with a discipline as rigorous as that of the Roman legion. Yes, I like him better than Sherman even yet.

"Why have the South been so flush of abusive epithets applied to these men, and even to Grant himself? Well, it's a way we have, you know. No, it's not the result of war, nor to any great extent to be attributed to 'the chagrin of defeat,' which you Northern sentimentalists have spread out like a mantle of charity to cover our sins. We Southern people always were given to speaking rather well of ourselves, and not so very

flatteringly of others. You of the North just reverse this rule. You keep soft words in stock for your enemies and lavish praise upon strangers, while you open the floodgates of abuse and detraction on each other. You have always fed us taffy and we have come to expect it. In the old ante-bellum days we ruled you with a rod of iron, though you always outnumbered us, and if there had been among you any of that unity of purpose that has always characterized the South, whenever it came to a question of asserting her rights or her power, the nation would have been homogeneous on the basis of Northern sentiment long ago.

"You suppose it was a natural result of slavery? Pshaw, Ben Nathan, what is the use of busying yourself forever in finding excuses for us. We don't care what made you Yankees what you are, and so do not trouble ourselves to discover apologies for your idiosyncracies. We know that you pride yourself on furnishing more of the milk of human kindness per capita than any other people on earth, and we trade upon that fact, just as you take advantage of a prospect of hostilities between England and Russia to put up the price of grain. You are afflicted with a mania for forgiveness. For twenty years you have been begging us, in season and out of season, to allow you to forgive us. Strange as you may think it, we do not find much fun in being forgiven. As to the active part of the doctrine, we don't know much about it. We don't forgive—to any great extent, at least. We do, sometimes, forget how we have been wronged; but

as to owning that we were ever in the wrong ourselves, that is against "the genius of our people." Difficulties are 'healed up' with us—literally. That is, they are left to grow over. Sometimes the wound heals and the cicatrix shows always afterward. Then, again, the the wound unites upon the outside fair and smooth, but rankles underneath to break out into angry and malignant action after many days.

"Of course, you have at length worn us out. One can not resist concession always. After you had given up all you fought for, except the name; when you renounced all remembrance of the war except the music and the 'spread-eagle'; when you quietly allowed us to take away the ballot you had so vauntingly bestowed upon the negro; when, instead of counting a Southern white voter better than a Northern citizen by two-fifths as in the old slave days, you kindly gave us the odds of Africa in our favor; when after we had sinned and had no wish to be forgiven, you put a club—nay a million clubs, or the power of a million of suppressed votes, in our hands—and begged us to beat and subjugate you therewith—when you did all this of your own free will and accord, I assure you, Ben Nathan, it was not in Southern human nature longer to resist. We did what you invited us to do, and relied upon your abounding charity to find excuses for our acts. You did not disappoint our expectations. We wondered, but did not complain. You made the role of injured innocence so pleasant and profitable that we continued to play it with renewed zest. We made the air vocal, from year's end to year's end, with dolor-

ous complaint and unmerited sufferings. We kept your zeal for pardon so keenly alive that it was hardly safe for a Southern man to allow himself to be known as such at the North lest some sensitive soul should straightway unpack his box of charity and ask to pour the sweet-smelling ointment—the spikenard of forgiveness—upon his errant, unwashed feet. I believe, Ben Nathan, I would have gone with you to the General Encampment of the Grand Army, on our way to the Rangely Lakes, just to have seen your old comrades unhinge your one arm, and hear them sing the old songs, but I couldn't risk it. I was afraid that as soon as they found out that it was a Yankee shell that took off my right-hand supporter, they would insist on passing me round for the kiss of peace and reconciliation, I can't stand that sort of thing, Ben Nathan. I never felt that I had much to forgive, and I don't like to be made a villain of by being everlastingly forgiven. I am really afraid of this obtrusiveness of pardon. I never knew two fellows to keep on protesting mutual forgiveness who did not eventually renew their quarrel. So I will hide myself in the hills while you greet your brethren, if you must.

"You must not be angry, Ben Nathan, but I do wish you Yankees had less sweetness and a little more gall. I know it is all genuine, of course, or try to believe that it is, because I know you, but—but it isn't easy because it seems so unnatural and—well, hardly self-respecting. If you were right—as you claimed and as I am willing to admit, so far as I am concerned, and can now see—why not stand on it and let us do

some of the "walking." Of course, we cannot hold out always and when you gave us a President who would not fight against the Confederacy even when drafted, with a genuine "Copperhead" Vice-President and a Cabinet containing only one Federal soldier to three Confederates and two "Copperheads," as you used to call them, of the tepid, doubting-Thomas order, of course, it seemed like old times and we were bound to profess at length ourselves satisfied and reconciled. But you know it is all a farce.

"I tell you, Ben Nathan, we are two peoples just as much as you and I are two men. We are not satisfied and will not be till we have fortified and permanently secured what we now hold only as an outpost. You will sometime get tired of boasting of your charity. Then we shall tell each other the truth once more. War is a rough game, but rifles do not lie. Lead and powder are sometimes better medicaments for evil than spikenard and honey; and when two peoples get far enough apart to have to decide questions arising betwixt them with the sword, it must be many a day before they grow into one. You are entirely right in your opinion of "Stonewall" Jackson. He was *the* man on our side, not because he alone won victories, nor even because he was a Napoleon in strategy and marvelous rapidity of execution, but above all things because he was the incarnation of the Southern idea. I could tell you something about him myself, but — pshaw, what's the use? The farce which we call life must be played out in order that the lie which we call history may be written!"

Our friend knocked the ashes from his pipe upon the window-sill and bade us good night, Blower, before we had half awakened from the dreamy mood which the unaccustomed Perique or his still more unusual words had induced. It is strange that he should be my friend, Blower. It is the harmony of the unlike — the unison of chords that mark the limits of consonance. Yet we can never doubt the manhood of this manliest type of a concurrent but dissimilar life. Our friendship was pledged upon the battle-field amid the darkness that followed on a doubtful day, in the picket-guarded ground which neither army would yield to the foe. Our first hand-clasp left a bloody imprint by which each attested his sincerity. We know, Blower, that a truer, nobler friend one could not have. Yet we can not agree. Is it because there is an actual, irreconcilable difference — an indefinable right and wrong — that lies between us, or do we think in different planes which overlap but do not meet?

June 26, 1885.

"THE DAY WE CELEBRATE."

FOR the first time, Blower, our great national holiday finds me in a state of curious uncertainty in regard to the future that is to grow out of our marvelous past. In those early days when the people gathered in exultant but serious convocation in every hamlet in the land; when old and young and rich and poor assembled, perhaps in the house of God, perhaps in that temple of liberty which our Puritan forefathers builded in stern simplicity on every village green—the town-house where met the wittenagemote in which the statesmen of the past were trained—or in those other, nobler temples still, whose aisles were canopied with verdure, through which the sunshine sent its golden shafts, and through the interstices of which the blue sky smiled down serene approval—in those days we could not doubt. The voice of prayer and the eloquence of an intense, if somewhat boastful, patriotism stamped upon the boyish heart a reverence for the day which marks the nation's birth that no lapse of time or frost of age can ever dim. Next to the Christ cradled in the manger, in our boyish reverence, was the nation cradled in the wilds of a new world. In our childish fancy the courage, fortitude and wisdom of our fathers in building a government upon these shores based upon a principle never before practically recognized in political organization, was only less mar-

velous than that creative power which looked on chaos and said: "Let there be light!"

This impression was made more vivid by the simple but unusual pageantry which attended this celebration. The fumes of gunpowder seemed fit incense to offer to the manes of heroes whose memories we worshiped. The cannon's roar was, to our ears, the proud defiance which liberty heralded through its brazen lips to a hostile but admiring world. The bright banner that floated gaily in the summer sunshine was to us the emblem of a new dispensation, not less certainly divine than that which the Invisible traced on tables of stone on the cloud-curtained summit of Sinai, or that which fell from the lips of the golden-haired Galilean on the sunny slopes of Olivet. How reverently we gazed upon the "venerable men who had come down to us from a former generation!" How the orator's glowing periods fired our young hearts to emulate the deeds of those whose wisdom and prowess we felt it a glorious privilege to worship even afar off! With all this, the unaccustomed tumult, the drum, the fife, perhaps a uniformed brass band, the awkward evolutions of ill-trained but gaily-clad militia, the universal freedom from restraint, and mirthful license, queerly wedded with serious purpose and high resolve! This was the Fourth of July of our boyhood, Blower.

We recall it with a queer shamefacedness to-day—we, in whose hearts its memory still lives, almost as much a thing of sorrow as of joy. I would not for the world, old friend, tell the story of the aspirations it inspired to the wise and cynical children of to-day.

How would they not sneer, Blower, at the thought of grave men and serious-minded matrons sitting with earnest faces, perhaps even with quivering lips, to hear "the old, old story" of that time when

> "Men went forth
> To plant the seed with tears,"

and of the wonderful harvest which a kindly Providence vouchsafed. We would not think of telling them how fierce a battle Joe and I once fought, under the inspiration of this day, with twelve fire-crackers and a lead cannon, which we cast about a wooden core in a paper mold, with as much care and probably more anxiety than Herr Krupp ever bestowed upon a hundred-ton gun. Not for a king's ransom would we have the high-school children, whose commencement exercises we last night witnessed, know that, at their age, our days were full of silly thoughts and our nights of sillier dreams of noble deeds that waited to be done — of that liberty for which our fathers fought made more complete, and the nation they established made more glorious and more free by our endeavor. The hot blood rushes to the cheek which nevermore will lose the brawn it caught when banners waved and trumpets clanged, at the very thought of the calm scorn with which the youth of to-day, who delights in nothing so much as in decrying our institutions, would sneer at such sentimentality. There is something as holy as the memory of a dead love to us, Blower, in that peculiar intermixture of patriotic and religious aspiration which characterized the thought of that time. Christmas and the Fourth of July were, per-

haps, no nearer together than they are to-day, but both seemed tinged with an earnestness of tone that is somehow lacking in the present. It was an atmosphere that did not favor doubt. Men believed so strongly that they have lived to wonder at the fervor of their faith, and marvel at the grandeur of their aspiration.

Something of this — as much as my lips could well utter, Blower—I told last night to our friend that was once an enemy, Pascal Raines, expressing the belief that Joe's life and thought were largely shaped by the serious and earnest observance of this national anniversary; and venturing the hope that its continuous and universal observance, in the future, would exert a very great and beneficent influence on the fortune of our curiously re-united realm. "Indeed," I said at length, made bolder by his silence, "I think this universal holiday, dedicated to liberty, heroism and patriotic devotion, observed, as it is sure to be in some sort of way, by rich and poor and high and low, of every race and creed, in every corner of our land, cannot fail to exert a very powerful influence upon coming generations and incline them to unity of thought and aspiration, by the mere force of a common inheritance of fame."

I said this anxiously, Blower, for somehow I dreaded to expose my cherished theory of sentimental assimilation and peaceful unification of discordant elements through the gentle compulsion of a common tradition, to the analysis and criticism of this almost too honest friend. He was silent for a long time, looking out upon the blue waters where the gibbous moon and

silvered cloud-peaks were reflected in a waveless mirror. Clouds of heavy, perfumed smoke came from his lips. His face grew fixed, and the lids drooped sadly over the brave, true eyes.

"'Dream of dreamers since the morn
When the dreamer Hope was born,'"

he murmured at length, in an absent tone as if he had forgotten me and my theory. I waited a while to see if he would continue and then asked:

"What do you mean?"

"The ineradicable propensity of the sentimental philosopher to believe that whatever of good he desires will certainly come to pass because in his view of 'the eternal fitness of things' it ought to be," he answered with a smile. "Your genuine optimist will stop at no absurdity. He vaults lightly over obstacles which reason declares insuperable, and relies with the utmost assurance upon causes that common sense shows to be uttterly inadequate. Yet he is oftener right than wrong. A belief in one's ability to overcome obstacles oftentimes not only implies, but actually constitutes, the power to do so. Do you know, Ben Nathan, that this attribute was the real source of that hero's power who is now fighting his last battle on Mount McGregor? I have always had a quarrel with you Northern people, for failing to appreciate this man to whom you owe so much.

"I do not like him because he was the instrument of our humiliation. A man may surrender in good faith, and yet not love the things which remind him of that fact. One may even admit himself to have been wrong

and kiss the rod of chastisement, without having any very warm feeling for the rod itself. Despite all your curious northern theories, Ben Nathan, chastening and even penitence, constitutes a very poor soil in which to grow the tender shoots of love. The smarting back may promote humility, but the whipping-post is not a favorite trellis for the vine of affection.

"Yet I verily believe that we are more inclined to do justice to your great hero than the people of the North themselves. You have never more than half appreciated Grant because he simply lived his own life without affectation or servility. He did not choose to efface himself because he happened to be a public servant. Nay, I do not think he could have done so, for his simple heart had no idea that this was what your tyranny required. All the same he would not dance whenever you chose to pipe, and so you half disapproved your own best military exemplar. You want your heroes to be like the monsters in a museum — forever on exhibition for the public entertainment. You would be willing to put them in golden cages and keep them sleek and fat, if only they would allow themselves to be punched with parasols and singed with cigar stumps, roaring softly now and then, for the amusement of the women and children.

"There he lies at Mount McGregor now. You note the stubbornness with which he resists the last great foe's approaches, and occasionally speak of the pluck he displays in these last hours, but your hearts are not wrung with sorrow, and you hardly seem to be aware that you are losing a man whose peer

the nation may not see again in centuries. Look at the heaps of circulars, the myriads of advertisements of entertainment for to-morrow. Think how you people — the liberty-loving, self-complacent North — will celebrate the Fourth of July — the "Nation's birthday," as you love to call it! Excursions by the thousand on the water and on the land, dinners, dances, picnics, horse races, ball games, rowing matches — everything conceivable except a gathering for any earnest purpose or with any patriotic tone. At how many of these meetings where your people will assemble to-morrow do you suppose Grant's name will be mentioned, or the sufferings of the greatest of your heroes be given a single thought, unless, indeed, kind Azrael should lay his finger on the patient heart to-night! In that event some thousands of your fellow veterans would mourn, but the great bulk of the fresh life which must make up your to-morrow, would note the fact only to carp at such inconsiderate marring of their holiday.

"Suppose it were our Lee who had thus fought for months with death, and was now dying in sight of his people! We are not much on alms, and charity, and reform, Ben Nathan, but we stand by our own through thick and thin, and are proud to honor those whose deeds have honored us. In Lee's case the agony was brief, but the South hardly breathed between the first announcement of his peril and the proclamation of his death. Our heroes are as household gods — reverently worshiped in every home; yours as bric-a-brac purchased at auction and valued only for its cost, rarity and ornamental character!

"As I said, Grant, as a military leader, was an optimist of the most intense and unreasoning sort. He never anticipated failure nor made any preparation for defeat. If he met with a repulse he replied with an attack. Having decided to undertake a task, no matter how impracticable it seemed, he never thought it possible that he could fail. Coolly considered, no more foolhardy thing was ever attempted than the capture of Donelson by storm with the force under his command. But the fact that he thought he could do it, made it possible to this man, to whom to believe was to accomplish. Look again at the dislodgement of Bragg's army from Missionary Ridge, by assault. Who but Grant would have attempted it? Who but he would have believed it possible? I was there and saw it, Ben Nathan! Saw that thin line scale that circling ridge as sharp-pitched as a gothic roof — four hundred feet of shingly slope broken only by two lines of breastworks which it would have required no little nerve to storm on an open plain, and held as they were by an army not greatly inferior to his own in numbers! Gods! It was a miracle I would never have believed 'without the sensible and true avouch of mine own eyes!' I could hardly believe it, even as I fled down the flinty path that led rearward from Bragg's headquarters, with a routed rabble at my heels, leaving the horse by which I had stood and watched the wondrous pageant, to furnish some lucky Yankee a mount in lieu of his grass-fed barebones lost at Chickamauga. Perhaps you got it Ben Nathan, and my despatches, too. You did? Well, I am glad it fell into appreciative hands.

"What did it? Grant's optimism — nothing else That was unquestionably the strongest position an army ever held. Even after the abandonment of Lookout, fifty thousand men ought to have kept it against four times their number. The flanks were easily defensible and the front impregnable by nature. Every man in those triple lines of works knew this, and I believe it was the astounding audacity of the attempt that paralyzed their energies and transformed them on the instant, from valiant soldiers into panic-stricken fugitives. In the open plain beneath, Grant had marched and countermarched, for three days, his splendidly equipped host, in sight of every man in our army. These men had asked in wonder, does he mean to assault? With the conclusion that he did came the almost irresistible conviction that only the certainty of overlapping the unassailable flanks and entrapping them in their secure fastness could induce an attempt so apparently futile. It was optimism against Gibraltar, and optimism won!

"I have a great respect for optimism, Ben Nathan, as you see. It is a wonderful quality in a military leader, and in all lines of effort works miracles; but in order to do so it must be of the active transitive sort. Doing must go hand-in-hand with believing. In the directing mind it is a power no wit can measure; in the individual it is nothing unless he is a type of all his fellows. Grant was both type and leader. General and soldiers were both wild enthusiasts, whose chief strength lay in the fact that they believed. You were an atom then, Ben Nathan, standing shoulder to shoulder with myriads of other atoms of like temper. You

willed and did, because of this belief in your collective power to do.

"Even this seemingly impossible victory, however, was no such optimistic miracle as you propose. Is it possible that you think such a Fourth of July as you will see to-morrow can ever constitute the pabulum on which a virile patriotism is likely to thrive? Understand me, I am not inclined to complain. I can see how it hurts you.

"For myself I do not believe strongly enough in either phase of the Puritanic ideal to suffer very acutely at the desecration of the day. Theoretically, I admit the correctness of your view as to the parity of human right, but practically — well, Ben Nathan, you know how I feel. If I dwelt in the atmosphere you breathe I think I should soon feel as you do. If you were in my place you would never feel as I do, I admit, but you would be just as weak and helpless in the face of the great fact of essential difference. To admit the right in the abstract, is one thing; to reduce it to practice in the concrete, quite another. Law matters little so long as it remains a dead letter. The real facts lie deeper than laws and forms can go. Primal causes may have been removed, but effects remain, fixed and rooted by generations of divergent growth.

"It does not hurt me, therefore, to see the serious festival, with its flavor of Puritanic cant, changed into a day of universal merry-making. In fact, I may say it pleases me, for it shows that you people of the North are getting, year by year, further and further away from the stern, dour, self-depreciating cant of Puritan-

ism which left its stamp upon your life — in short, that you of the North are changing faster than we of the South could possibly be changed. I fancy that some instinctive appreciation of this fact is at the bottom of your curious notion that the Southern people are undergoing a miraculous transformation. It seems to me, sometimes, as if you looked upon us as just emerging from the chrysalid and anticipated the swift development of angelic pinions on our regenerated essences. Why should not you change as well as we? Indeed, why should not you change *rather* than we? You are used to it. You have welcomed the outcast until "the uttermost parts of the earth" have spawned upon you and well-nigh overwhelmed you. We are not fond of strangers. We do not believe in "breeding down." We took our dose of old-world scum all at once — took it early, and have assimilated it thoroughly. We have a race that is almost homogeneous. The Southern man is unmistakable and inimitable. No length of residence can make the man of foreign or northern birth one of us or indistinguishable among us. The white people of the South are a real people — one having marked and striking characteristics common to them all.

"You of the North are a medley. You have tried to assimilate the world's life and lost your own identity. You are cosmopolitan in the sense that chowder is homogeneous. Its components are infinite, and its resultant unlike anything that ever was before. At first you Yankee-ized the jetsam of the old world, almost the instant that it touched your shores. Now,

it is doubtful whether the original type will not very soon be lost. Already it has ceased to be a controlling force in the land. You are hardly past middle age, my friend, but you are a type of an almost extinct species. If it were put to a vote in the Northern States to-day, they would not give the negro the ballot even after twenty years of growth and development on his part. We of the South are steadfast; you are the changelings. Perchance you will yet come to us as you fondly fancy we are now coming to you.

"But why, in the name of heaven, Ben Nathan, should you get the idea that the Fourth of July—and by that I mean your old Fourth instinct with the sentiment of liberty, equality, and divine right—why should you think that this common inheritance of freedom and glory to be stronger now than it was a quarter of a century ago? We had your Fourth of July, in the ante-bellum days, and observed it very much as you did. There was, perhaps, not quite so much cant, but in default of that I think we had a little more 'buncombe.' There was another difference, too. You enlarged upon and developed the individual idea embodied in the Declaration of Independence. We were content to celebrate the collective results of the struggle. To the Northern mind, that document became at length the first step in a universal revolution for the establishment and equalization of human rights. To us, it was enough that it was the initial step in the establishment of a new sovereignty. With our steadfastness of purpose and hostility to innovation we adhered very closely to the original idea of our revolution itself. With your in-

satiable greed for change and restless desire for improvement, the idea became cumulative, and the Fourth of July came to represent to you the past, present, and future of human perfectibility. You twisted, construed and added to the florid rhetoric of the 'Declaration' until it contained, or implied, all that you dreamed that humanity might sometime possess of liberty, including, if I may say so, not a little of license.

"To you, the new Fourth of July represents a broader, nobler freedom and a grander nationality than the old one could. But with us — ah, well, our dead — dead brothers and still ghastlier hopes — lie heaped between us and the old one still! The Fourth of July that is observed in your heart, my friend, must of necessity be gall and wormwood — dust and ashes — in the mouth of the Southern man for generations. The very results which have endeared its sentiment to your apprehension recall his own humiliation, or still worse, his fathers's degradation. I have gone further than most of them in self-renunciation. I freely admit that you were right and we were wrong; but I don't care to hear the fact proclaimed or know that it is being celebrated. I don't mind a Fourth of July made up of horse-races and base-ball games, but if we were likely to have one of your old-time earnest and intense affairs, with Yorktown and Appomattox in the same leash, I swear to you, Ben Nathan, I would take the next train to Canada and stay until the hot weather had wilted the patriotism it evoked.

"Besides that, my friend, you have made the Fourth of July especially and essentially a 'niggers'' day.

'You don't see how?' I suppose not. It is surprising how little plain fact a Yankee can see, when it conflicts with his pet theories. Can't you see that your Fourth of July is the very apotheosis of individual liberty and equality of right? If the negro hasn't "the first call" in the glorification of that idea I would like to know who has. Wouldn't I appear to good advantage scraping the leading violin in such a demonstration, and leaving blind Tom, the black philosopher who weaves baskets in my kitchen, to play second fiddle? I don't "bank on" my modesty, as you Northern people claim to do, but I can't help admitting that if we have got to have that kind of a Fourth of July, Tom's place is in the lead. *He* owes everything to the idea it represents, while I — well, honestly, I cannot see what the average white man of the South owes it in the line of good-will. My children, or grandchildren, if I should have any, may possibly be better off — have more enjoyment and a truer happiness, I mean — than they would have been but for your victory. I don't see how they could, though. The fact is, Sambo has captured the Fourth of July. We can't celebrate it *with* him and it won't do to leave him out of its observance. Even 'buncombe' cannot glorify to the negro's face the sacred privileges we refuse to allow him to exercise. Don't you see, Ben Nathan, that just as long as your beautiful theory cannot be reduced to practice, instead of acting as an emolient, it is bound to be a most caustic irritant?"

It does seem, Blower, as if there was something of method in the outspoken madness of our Southern

friend. Is it possible that right has its vanishing point? Do faith and doubt somewhere become indistinguishable? Is it true that the assertion of abstract right sometimes becomes, in the concrete, an actual wrong? Is it true that while the colored man rejoices, the white man of the South must mourn? Is freedom right, and equality of power the true basis of government; or is the old-time Fourth of July only calculated for higher latitudes and for men with white skins? I cannot answer, Blower, for the truth that Yesterday poured forth its blood to establish, To-day counts almost unworthy of consideration. The guns are booming for the birth-day! What is the story that they tell?

July 3, 1885.

THE HARMONY OF DISAGREEMENT.

WE did not go to Portland, where our brethren of the Grand Army — our sometime comrades — are assembled now in camp, for a variety of reasons, Blower. First among them may be noted the fact that we preferred the company of one "enemy," as Pascal Raines persists in designating himself, to many friends, and the certainties of actual bass to the uncertainties of possible salmon. So we still linger by the blue lake whose waters yield us day by day the relaxation of fine sport and the solitude which two earnest minds make populous with contrasted thought. The harmony of disagreement still prevails betwixt us, Blower, and we not only fight over, at the lunch hour, on the cushioning grass, beneath the sheltering elms that stand sentry-like in the encircling meadows, or at evening on the breezy porch, the battles of yesterday, but mark out the lines of to-morrow's conflicts.

There is no sham about Pascal Raines. He is one of those inconceivable things to the average Northern mind — a Southern man who never held an office and who has no fancy for a title. He was one of the many who did not favor an appeal to arms, believing that it would be unsuccessful; but who offered his services among the first, because he would not have

any one think him a laggard in defending what were deemed the rights of his section. He refused preferment again and again, and only yielded to the tide of proffered honors when imperatively ordered to report for duty on the staff of a great leader with designated rank. He fully justified the sagacity which directed his appointment. He is one of those curious combinations of trooper and philosopher which the Southern planter life seems only to produce in perfection. He was of that rare coterie which embrace a large portion of the subalterns of the Confederate army, who fought the Union forces by day, and at night discussed with each other the principles and theory of Federal government, and mapped out the destiny of those twin republics they hoped to see grow and prosper on the American continent, one of which they were engaged in founding in opposition to the demands of the other.

"For six months," he said the other night, "I served in front of Petersburg on one leg, reading Victor Hugo, discussing the Federal Constitution and wondering by turns whether it would be my luck to be hanged or shot; all the time on half rations, in a mud-daubed hut just big enough for four men to inhabit horizontally, with the shells flying about us every time you fellows got a fit of ill temper — when your mail was behind time, or your pork and beans not done to a turn for Sunday's breakfast."

He thinks it was a very different thing to be a soldier of the Confederacy and a supporter of the Union; and I am not sure that he is not right, and that the differ-

ence continues to this day. What he terms that "curious exhibition of Northern notions" which called for the appointment of two thousand extra police in the provincial down-east city where the general encampment was to be held, and actually proposed the seizure and inspection of every package sent by express to an old soldier in the camp, from apprehension that it might contain alcoholic stimulants, contrary to "the constitution and the laws of the good State of Maine," not only amused him greatly, but moved him to a comparison of the two peoples, especially as regards their relations to the men who fought at their behest.

"You will pardon me, Ben Nathan," he said, as we smoked our evening pipes upon the porch, "if I say that you Yankees keep me in a constant flutter of alternate admiration and disgust. Just as soon as I have gotten myself well reconciled to the fact that we are of the same breed and elected to the same destiny, you are sure to do something that seems to me so unmanly and contemptible that I turn again to the contemplation of the differences between us and am grateful not only for the fate that has made us two peoples, but for the unalterable conditions that must forever keep us distinct."

"But are they unalterable?" I insisted on inquiring, in a tone which must have expressed my firm conviction that they are not.

"Now, my friend," exclaimed he impatiently, "what is the use of trying to shirk the inevitable? It took you a long time to get far enough from your early notions to recognize the fact that the war was not an

accident, nor a move in a political game, but a natural and forceful expression of the fact that we had been two peoples instead of one — that two antagonistic forces, two mutually destructive ideas, had been incarnated in populations curiously like and yet irreconcilably unlike, within our national limits. You resisted manfully, but you came to my ground at length on this question. At the same time, by some subtle alchemy which I can not understand, I found my own ideas undergoing a strange transformation. We never said much about it, as you know, Ben Nathan. You kindly avoided it, from fear of giving offense to me; and I felt no inclination to discuss with you the rights and wrongs of that social system which was at once a cause and consequence of that inherent dissonance between the life of the North and of the South. It certainly was not argument that undermined my convictions, nor do I think it was the result of observation of the social and economic system that has succeeded slavery. That is yet too rudimentary in its character to form the basis of conviction. I believe it must have been your personality, Ben Nathan — that indefinable something, that indeterminate ether by which one mind impresses itself upon another — that produced this curious revolution in my thought.

"Strange as it may seem to you, my belief in what we used to term 'Northern fanaticism' was entirely sincere. I do not think even that phrase fully expresses my sentiment. Let me say that I thought this Northern fanaticism, as it was called, was not fanaticism at all, but hypocrisy pure and simple. I knew, of course, that

there were fanatics — John Brown and men of his type. These men we honestly pitied, believing them to be the dupes and victims of others, hypocrites who cared neither for liberty nor slavery, but desired strife and were animated by envy. Even with you for my friend, Ben Nathan — a Yankee whose sincerity I could not doubt, and whose candor hid nothing from my scrutiny—it was longer than I would care to confess before I realized that with you equality of right was a real principle, an established conviction, and that you were in fact a type of a great element of Northern life. It was then that I first began really to respect the people of the North *as a moral force.* Before that time I had counted the meanest of them as the best—the really half-hearted, the insincere who were willing to barter conviction for comfort or favor, had seemed to me the real patriots — the worthiest element. Then it was that I first began to understand the rationale of the war for the Union, from the Northern soldier's point of view, and to respect those whom we had fought, not merely as 'mighty men of war,' but also as representatives of a great idea — soldiers of conscience, and patriots of the broadest and noblest motives.

"About this time my ideas in regard to slavery, the war, and almost all that had been at the South, underwent a great and curious change. I found myself, almost in an instant, looking at slavery, as it were, with your eyes. I not only regretted that it ever existed, but stood ready to condemn the theory on which it was based. I was willing to admit, as Mr. Cable has recently admitted, that you of the North were right, and we

of the South were wrong. I suppose this conclusion was just as much a surprise to the brilliant novelist as it was to me, and I have a notion that it was brought about in pretty much the same manner — by unconscious communion with sincere Northern minds. Perhaps I ought to say by unbiased observation of Northern life. For a long time I was unwilling to give way to this feeling, and in seeking to combat it, I first perceived that inherent difference which you were so loth to admit, and which you still persist in believing to be characteristic only of a past that may be forgotten.

"I know that you are wrong because I have an instinctive knowledge of my own people, and you have unconsciously given me the key to the hearts of yours. You hope we may become assimilated and homogeneous. I know we can not, at least for centuries; and I believe that long before they reach the point where assimilation might be possible, if we then stood in sentiment and inclination where we do to-day, the desire for homogeneity will have failed, and the differences will have crystallized into antagonisms. The trouble with you, Ben Nathan, is that you have never been but half convinced of the dissimilarity between the two populaces. Individually you note it, and perhaps wonder at it. My frank confessions of conviction seem to you even yet half incredible, because you will persist in measuring my thought by your own standard of development. Even then, you are compelled to admit that there is between us as individuals, a radical, almost a structural difference of mental and moral growth. You hesitate to extend this rule to the masses of

these respective peoples, and yet you know that you and I, individually, are infinitely nearer together and better able to understand and appreciate each other's thought than the average of our respective compatriots. Twenty years of unrestricted intercourse has made us just able to perceive, and perhaps to define the difference. What is the real status of my old comrades who have no Yankee friend to whom they freely unbosom themselves, or of your Northern philosopher who has no recklessly sincere Southern associate to keep him from being led astray by his own sentimental speculations? We are two peoples, Ben Nathan, let me say it, again, and you must make this fact the basis of all theories in regard to our future relations, if you expect them to be verified by time or crowned with success. We are two peoples, and I don't see how we are ever to become one. I believe I am just as sorry for it as you, but I realize what stands in the way and you do not."

"'Slavery separated us and slavery is dead,' do you say?"

"Don't be a fool, Ben Nathan. If it were slavery that separated the two peoples — mind I say *if* it were — it held us apart so long that the difference became congenital, and if the cause had been entirely removed — mind you I say *if* it had — it would have required generations to restore the original identity of character. We speak the same language but our words do not mean the same things. 'Liberty,' 'slavery,' 'the state,' 'the nation,' 'the rights of man,' 'the privilege of the ballot'— these are but a few of the thousand terms that mean one thing upon a Southern man's tongue and another

in a Northern man's ear. 'Slavery,' as *I* think of it, is dead. The *slave* of *my* remembrance, is free. But slavery, as *you* mean it, is not dead, and the slave whom *you* think that you have liberated, has hardly more of what *you* call freedom than he had before the Federal Constitution was made to embrace a guaranty of right as false and delusive as the declaration of its preamble, was always held, and no doubt intended to be. We are two peoples, my friend.

"Only look at the difference in the regard we have for those who fought for us. Your soldiers represent a successful cause. The nation owes its existence to their devotion. The North enjoined on them the defense and support of her distinctive theories, not only of government but of social order, and they performed her behest. Victory crowned your banners. Prosperity followed on your triumphs, and peace has rested with your rusting eagles. All this was reversed with us. The Southern soldier represents to the Southern people defeat, poverty, humiliation. All that you gave your people we failed to secure for ours. Yet compare the esteem in which 'the blue,' and 'the gray,' are held in the contrasted sections to-day. I do not mean how you regard 'the blue,' and we regard 'the gray,' abstractly, though even that might be an instructive parallel. I believe that if Fitzhugh Lee should ride his black stallion down Broadway on any public occasion, wearing his old slouched hat and soiled Confederate uniform, he would get a warmer greeting from the populace than any officer of your army excepting only the afflicted veteran on Mount McGregor. Reverse the case, and let any Federal

soldier ride through the streets of New Orleans — our commercial metropolis, remember — with Confederate commanders preceding and following him. He would probably be kindly received. You Yankees would be satisfied if he was not actually insulted. Some prominent men, politicans and officials, might set the example, and he thereby, perhaps, receive a scattering volley of applause. In that case, every newspaper in the North would double-lead and double-ink the announcement. But compared with the thunders of rapturous approval that would greet even the most unpopular of our commanders, the recognition accorded 'the blue,' would not be worth noticing.

"But this is nothing. The comparison has so many dissimilar elements that it can hardly be said to prove anything. It is only an abstraction, a sentiment, you will say at best. Well, take the other line of contrast, if you prefer. How is the Federal soldier regarded by the Northern people, and the Confederate veteran by the Southern populace? We starved our soldiers in the field; you furnished yours with every possible luxury. But on the other hand no man's life was worth a pin's fee with us who wagged his tongue against our soldiers or the cause they sustained. Invasion developed little groups of malcontents in the mountains, and one nest of 'Buffaloes' on the sea-shore. Aside from these, Lee's veterans had a united people behind them till the very last moment. The South was solid then, just as it was always solid before, and is likely to remain solid hereafter. Of course, I don't know exactly how it was

here at the North. Reports from an enemy's country are never entirely reliable. It seems certain, however, that there were almost as many people opposed to you in the rear as in the front. Such a convention as that held by the Democratic party in Chicago in 1864 would have been an utter impossibility at the South. There would have been no need of troops, arrests or military tribunals to prevent it. The population of any Southern city would have hanged such men before they had time to organize.

"You fed your soldiers as you do your cattle and horses, but you did not support them. You have kept up the same system ever since, and the same difference still exists between the two peoples in this respect. You have pensions and homes for your soldiers, and schools for their children. You make an advertisement and a show of them, just as you do of your paupers. We of the South don't do much of this sort of thing. One or two States have lately pensioned their disabled Confederates, and we have made some more or less successful efforts to get you Northern people to contribute to the support of our veterans. We don't boast of our charities, however, and don't feel like putting our soldiers exactly on the level of our paupers. But when it comes to the question of honors and preferment we never forget them. Only think of it! You were the victors and we the vanquished, but there are more Confederate than Federal soldiers in Congress and in office under the government to-day! The whole South is officered from the Confederate army. Governors, Congressmen, Senators, Judges—everybody in official posi-

tion south of the Potomac, has the right to sport a military title of some sort; it may be only corporal or sergeant — we are not half so great sticklers for rank as you think — but it means actual devotion to the Confederate cause, and it is for that reason that they are preferred.

"Our people reason of the future from the past. I mean the white people, of course. No Southern man includes the negro when he speaks of the Southern people. Why should we? They are no more a part of *our* life — there is no more of identity of feeling, impulse and sentiment between the two races than between a Boston blue-blood and a Chinese mandarin. They happen to live side by side. That is all. Our people say, and they say with reason, too, that the men who fought for the South are the most likely to be true to her interests now. There has never been a day since the war closed that a half-hearted peace-man, or one suspected of indifference to the cause of the South during the war, could have been chosen to office by the votes of the white people. As long as we let the negroes have their own way such things occasionally happened. Even our Mugwumps, however—or the nearest approach to the Mugwump that can exist at the South—must have been a faithful Confederate in order to command a following. Mahone is our worst sample, but nobody forgets how he used to ride into battle sitting sideways on his horse as cool and inscrutable under fire as he is nervous and fussy in the Senate."

"If the Confederacy had succeeded do you suppose

that in twenty years it would have elected a President who never smelled powder, or even uttered a word in support of her cause? Do you think the South would have chosen as Vice-President a man whose public services chiefly consisted in opposition to the measures designed to perpetuate its power? The fact is, the South stands by the wearers of 'the gray' because they stood by it in its hour of need. The North pets and pensions and patronizes and flatters the wearers of 'the blue' as if they had been mercenaries hired to fight its battles, rather than representatives of its thought and deserving types of its manhood. You think you conciliate Southern sentiment not only by such an ignoring of the men and ideas of that day, but by elevating neutrals to power, and allowing "copperheads" and Confederates to dominate the government. By my faith, Ben Nathan, proud as I am of the men who have won in peace what we could not win in battle, I cannot help blushing with shame for the men who permit such things to be. Only think of the parade at Portland to-day, and put side by side with it the statement of our old fisherman guide. He is almost seventy years old, fought through the whole war, and said today of the county and district in which he lives:

"It has always had from three thousand to five thousand Republican majority, yet it has never sent a soldier to Congress nor to either branch of the Legislature."

"I do not doubt that the old man knows whereof he speaks, Ben Nathan. Do you suppose that a parallel to this could be found in the South? No, indeed, and I thank God for it, too. Are we not two peoples?

You were hardly surprised at the old fisherman's story, while I could not help cursing in my heart a people so mercenary and ungrateful as to prefer cowards and usurers to heroes."

Somehow, Blower, my friend Raines' furious words made the show at Portland seem a mockery which I was almost glad to have missed.

July 10, 1885.

"THE HURT IS IN THE HEART."

"TIME is very lavish in the revenge it brings to him whose soul is strong enough to wait."

So said our friend Pascal Raines, as he took from its place the faded pouch made sacred by the touch of love's fingers in the long ago, and pressed the perfumed flakes it held into his pipe. It was a few days after the Fourth of July, and I had not yet recovered from the shock which the character of its observance gave me sufficiently to expect any pleasant message from his lips. The truth is, Blower, that his strange words, uttered the night before the National holiday, had been so literally confirmed by the character of its observance — where it was observed at all — that I found it impossible to avoid the feeling that his conclusions, drawn from the facts he so clearly apprehended, might also be true. So I merely said, in response to his look of expectation, somewhat brusquely, too, I fear:

"Well, what now?"

Pascal Raines paused in his accustomed occupation, and looked at me with wondering eyes. I suppose my face must have flushed under his scrutiny, and perhaps I moved unconsciously what is left of that arm, the major part of which molders back to dust under the shadows of the old-field pines.

"Does it pain you," he asked in tones of kindly sympathy, glancing at the empty sleeve. Before I could make answer he went on: "These old wounds are very troublesome. I had to lay aside my wooden leg yesterday, and betake myself again to the crutch, as you see, for no other reason in the world than that the limb that is no longer there, would persist in aching."

"Yes," I assented, "but one could endure the evil better if he knew that gain had resulted to others from his loss."

"I see, Ben Nathan," said the fair-faced Southron, as he took his pipe from his mouth, and glanced keenly down upon me. "It is not the wounded body so much as the lacerated heart that wrings your nature past tranquil endurance. I can not say that I wonder at it, but you should not quarrel with fate. Because you were right once, it does not follow that you always will be. I am not sure that it even raises a presumption that you will ever be again. I am inclined to think that, as a rule, the man who is thoroughly and earnestly right upon one subject, can be pretty certainly counted on to be wrong on every other. This is even more generally true of times and peoples than of individuals. To-day may be right in one direction, but to-morrow is almost sure to have to rectify its blunders in others. You are sore because your old Fourth of July is dead."

"It is not dead!" I cried vehemently. "At least the spirit, the sentiment of reverent patriotism that underlay it, is not dead. You may speculate about it as you please, but I still insist that patriotism is the

grand passion of the American people, and love of liberty the very breath of their nostrils."

"I do not know that I would care to deny your words, Ben Nathan," he answered after a moment's thoughtful pause. "Patriotism, of some sort is sure to be an element of American life, simply because it is American. The American type of man must grow more fixed and assertive year by year. We shall soon cease to ask the world's permission to be what we are or what we choose to become. We shall measure ourselves, our opportunities, our duties, and our methods by our own standards. The unit of comparison will be of our own determining. Instead of trying to adapt ourselves to the standard by which the lives of other lands are measured, we shall become more and more a law unto ourselves. Patriotism—in its broadest significance — is nothing more nor less than the assertion of national distinctiveness. 'Our country, right or wrong', is a very good embodiment of this idea; and the greater the wrong it represents, the more admirable, very frequently, seems the patriotism that upholds it. We need not go beyond our own experience to exemplify this. We have seen the right and the wrong pitted against each other; and can bear witness that the patriotism which maintained the wrong is to-day accounted the equivalent, or, perhaps a little more than the equivalent, of that which gave victory to the right. Take us two, for example. My wooden leg is a badge of honor, recognized and accepted as an indubitable certificate of patriotism everywhere. My own people applaud the act of which it is a consequence, while yours

freely and gladly account it evidence of a sincerity which excuses error. Yet it is only a symbol of devotion to the wrong — a demonstration of bad judgment or an evil purpose. It simply shows that I stuck to what I accepted as my country, even when it was grossly and palpably in the wrong.

"On the other hand your empty sleeve shows that the heart beneath it beat warm with devotion — not to a 'country right or wrong,' but to a country which in that struggle was most emphatically right. Yet, in no part of the country, is your memento of wars' savagery accounted an evidence of a greater or a purer patriotism than the vacancy which Yankee bullets left among my members. My style of patriotism — a mere readiness to assert and maintain national distinctiveness — we shall always have with us. It is not a very rare sort of virtue. Tyrants often have it. Even slaves sometimes possess it. But what *you* call patriotism — what you meant by the word when you used it just now — is an entirely different thing. Patriotism, to your mind, is a curious fanatical adoration of the idea of the country — *our* country, let us say — as the embodiment of universal equity and benevolence. I fought for the Confederacy because it was *my* country, or I thought it was. I thought it right, but I should have done just the same if I had known it to be wrong. You sustained the Union cause because you thought it right. The fact that it was *your* country had very little to do with it. In truth, I rather think it was a drawback on your zeal. You regarded the overthrow of the rebellion as the cause of human

freedom, of universal liberty, a sort of harbinger of the millennium.

"So, too, with your idea of liberty. It does not mean collective liberty — national independence, the autocracy of the mass — but individual right and personal privilege. You have outgrown the original idea of our national existence; or rather, have grafted upon it every new phase of aspiration for humanity, which that vague something you are so fond of calling progress, has generated in your kindly enthusiasm. Your ideas of liberty and patriotism are so commingled and confused that you do not realize that there can be such a thing as love of country without the deification of right and the consecration of power to the cause of universal freedom and equality of privilege."

I could not deny these things, Blower, though I had never thought of them in that way before. I suppose my doubt, for I was in doubt, where this speculation might lead, must have shown itself in my face, for there was a touch of sympathy in Raines' voice as he came over and laid his hand upon my shoulder while he continued:

"I don't mean to be cruel, Ben Nathan, but we have been friends long enough to speak plainly, and are old enough to look facts in the face without shrinking. I only speak of things as they appear to my apprehension. My point of view is not the same as yours, and our ideas may never quite converge. I may be wrong and you may be right, as you were in the old time. But if we are ever to find out the right and eliminate the wrong, it is necessary that you should

know my thought and that I should realize your conviction. And what is true of us as individuals is true of all our respective counterparts among our fellow citizens. The chief difference between them and us is that our mutual regard is a link forged in the white heat of deadly strife, which only proved unworthiness can ever break. If it is hard for us to understand and tolerate each other's notions, even during our few days of annual foregathering, how vast must be the chasm which separates the peoples of which we are but types — a chasm not filled with blood nor the 'results of war,' but the mere neutral distance between distinct and dissimilar crystallizations.

"I was in a factory, the other day, and saw two smiths grasp each an end of a glowing bar of iron, and begin to ply their hammers each on the end nearest him. The ends were alike at first. They rested on the same anvil, and were never wholly separated, but in a short time the one became crooked and the other straight — the one round and the other flat. They were parts of a common whole, but if separated each would still remain in itself complete. Such is our national life. It has been shaped with different hammers. The wisdom of that 'one matchless among forty millions,' as a great Confederate has recently written, was based on a subtler yet more stubborn truth than he himself perceived, when he declared that the Nation 'must be all free or all slave.' The forms of society to which he referred have been assimilated by the extinction of one of them, but the life which each had shaped remains. The slave-shaped civilization — nay, I will not say the

slave-shaped civilization, for to do so is but to perpetuate the common error; let us rather say that civilization of which slavery was so long a conspicuous element—yet remains. It can no more be suddenly extirpated than the people whose every sentiment has been molded by its influences.

All the conditions of that civilization remain, save only the one accident of involuntary servitude. It is not easily changed because it is, to a great degree, impenetrable by external influences. Nearly one-third of its white population is shut out from all influence which the world's thought might exert upon them, by the fact of absolute illiteracy. Practically, not far from one-half even of this element of her population, are as safe from the contamination of ideas derived from the printed page, as if the cabalistic art had never been invented. Such people do not change, save by the imperceptible attrition of ages. The current of their lives can not be broadened or accelerated, except drop by drop. No great tributary can join it, no sudden tide overwhelm it, because it can neither absorb another life, nor readily assimilate itself to new conditions. What it was when Lincoln uttered his famous aphorism, it still substantially remains, and must remain, until forces yet undeveloped, acting upon generations, yet unborn, shall either transform or disintegrate and destroy."

"But this fact is as nothing when compared with that one other overwhelming fact of our Southern life—the fact that the conditions which in its later years induced our best men to believe slavery an absolute necessity, still confront us in constantly increasing

gravity. The fact that a man is black is nothing to you. Upon the average the people living north of the Ohio river do not see a black face once a month. To us who dwell south of it there is no fact more terrible. It is our sphinx which constantly confronts us with the unsolved query, "What shall we do with him?" Perhaps we ought more properly to ask what will he do with himself, and what can our children do with themselves? You of the North are just beginning to understand that this is one of the most terrible problems of the ages. We of the South have solved it for ourselves, and in our own way. We have determined that change can not come — *shall* not come!

"Do not tell me that this is the old plea which slavery put forth for its own preservation. The old cry of 'Let us alone!' was something more than a mere political slogan. It was the instinct and genius of a people anxious to avert a danger that has hourly grown more imminent and terrible ever since. Your ancient Puritan rage for individual right blinded the eyes of the people of the North to the fact that we acted only from the impulse of self-preservation. The South, as a people, does not wish to oppress or injure the colored man, either individually or collectively considered; but we stand face to face with the alternative of repression or surrender. We must prevent the colored man from exercising the power which your humanitarian zeal for the individual and curious disregard of the aggregate, bestowed upon him, or yield ourselves to his dominion — *if not to-day, certainly in a very near future.*

"We can not assimilate the black man. We can not destroy him. Do you wonder that we have determined to rule, control, and forever subordinate him? Necessity is the highest law. You made it your strongest plea for overriding the letter of the Constitution. It was a good one, too, based on that logic which no subtlety can answer. It is beyond even the 'higher law,' since it is not based on theory, but graven on the marble tables of fact, which make up the life of to-day. The decision which the South has made upon this question rests upon immutable necessity. If it conflicts with the formal law you gave us, we can not help it. You should have known the life for which you legislated, before you sowed to the wind and left us to reap the whirlwind!

"Until of late we have feared that the ancient sentimentalism in the North might give us trouble in the future. I confess, Ben Nathan, that my fear of this was not wholly removed until, with my own eyes, I witnessed your Fourth of July. Now I am constrained to tell you that there is no ground for apprehension. The patriotism and love of liberty which inspired your action — which make up your ideal of a free country worthy of the sacrifice of blood — is no longer an active force among your countrymen, and will not be again for some generations. We shall manage the negro at the South as we choose, because the impulse of liberation and amelioration has spent its force, and for many years to come will lie dormant.

"'How do I know it?' 'Out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh.' I visited three great

cities on the Fourth of July, Ben Nathan. I saw banners and crowds. Curious multitudes flocked in and out in a feverish thirst for some new pleasure — some untried sensation But nowhere did I hear one word of reference to 'Freedom and the Right.' Since then I have noted the reports of the day's observance. Here is one from a city of two hundred thousand inhabitants — the city from which the President of the United States was chosen.

'There was no assemblage of citizens to celebrate the day, and so far as can be learned the Declaration of Independence was not read in the city.'

"Here is another from a Western City:

'For the first time we had a Fourth of July without fuss or feathers. There were no parades, no speeches, no fire-works, and consequently no fires.' You see, Ben Nathan, the interests of the insurance companies outweigh the impulse of what you call patriotism.

"To make assurance doubly sure, I sent out one hundred letters of inquiry to different towns in various Northern States. *In but three of these towns was the Declaration of Independence read or the day celebrated as a patriotic festival!*

"One of the answers to my inquiries will give you an idea of the whole: 'Our people went to picnics, base-ball matches, and a circus. A little company who might, perhaps, be termed the *elite*, had a clam-bake. If a word was said about the country or the day by any of this company, it was *clam et secrete*.' You may guess from the flippant jest how far this happened from the 'Cradle of Liberty.' Your ancient

patriotism is now accounted worthy only to point a classic pun!

"Another answers: 'We had flags and firecrackers, of course; a horse-race, a foot-race, and a swimming-race. There were no speeches, no assemblage with any patriotic purpose, and I heard no allusion to either grace or glory.'

"Let me say one word more, Ben Nathan. I traveled more than a hundred miles that day, and judge that I saw somewhere near a half million of your Northern people, but I did not hear one syllable of patriotic song. I did hear a company of Italians playing the 'Star Spangled Banner,' followed immediately by 'Dixie,' and from a skating-rink at night I heard a band playing 'John Brown!'

"There is no longer any doubt, Ben Nathan, in my mind. The spirit of the North will never interfere with the Southern idea of necessity, no matter what may be the course it takes. We are rid, finally and forever, of "Northern interference in Southern affairs." We can do with "our niggers" as we like. That is why I spoke of time's revenges. We have waited, steadfast and unchanging. Where we stood a quarter of a century ago, in principle we stand to-day. Our conqueror has changed and is changing. After many years we see the principle for which we fought — the notion that we must be let alone to do as we choose with the colored man — if not admitted by the North, at least tacitly and willingly allowed. You may grieve at the fact, Ben Nathan, but we have nothing to fear from the spirit of a nation which has prac-

tically abandoned the contemplation of past achievements, forgotten its National anthems, and has nothing better to do on its birthday than to seek amusement, practice gluttony, and boast of its wealth."

JULY 17, 1885.

TYPES AND LANDMARKS.

THIS has been a notable day to the children of the little hamlet where we have fled to escape from the summer heats, Blower. All day long the creaking monotony of a hand organ's notes have been heard, first upon one side and then upon the other, of the little stream which divides the village, with an impartiality which only the utmost pertinacity could compass. All day long the placid bosom of the lake has echoed back the ear-afflicting strains, and all day long the village infantry — the rank and file of to-morrow's mighty host — have paraded up and down and back and forth, as escort for the red-coated quadrumane which served as fare-collector for the able-bodied musician who officiated at the crank. As the sun neared its setting, the storm clouds rose above the horizon, and the thunder rolled its magnificent bass among the sun-gilded peaks. The vagrant bundled his frightened, jabbering monkey under his arm, and fled for shelter just as the first great drops fell hissing and bubbling into the troubled waters of the lake.

"I suppose," I said to Pascal Raines, as the black-browed Italian went scurrying by, "you may discover even in this peripatetic vendor of congealed harmonies, another evidence of the radical unlikeness of Northern and Southern life."

He smiled good-humoredly as he watched the heavy-laden fugitive, and said:

"It is at least an evidence of patient forbearance and long-suffering on the part of our Southern people that they peacefully endure even such representative products of your Northern life. They help to give us an idea of your population, however, and make us content 'to bear the evils that we have rather than fly to others that we know not of.' This man is one of the standard types from which the average Southern man judges the people of the North. The teacher of negro schools and the Jewish merchant are two more. He takes them all as sample elements and is duly grateful that, instead of these, he has only the negro and the 'poor white' to vex his soul with insoluble problems.

"But, seriously, Ben Nathan, I was just saying to myself when you disturbed my reverie, what a pity it is that we have not some great national lyric, pulsating with thoughts as grand as those for which you fought, which might touch a common chord in the hearts of all our people — an anthem of the new world's life which should fuse and unify its contrasted elements into one harmonious whole. I wish we might have a national air so potent that it would stir every heart with patriotic impulse, and so popular that no man would dare even to carry about a hand-organ that was not attuned to its harmonies."

"I am sure," I said, "we have no lack of patriotic songs. That we have no anthem of such scope, grandeur and originality as you desire is probably due, in great part, to the fact that we are not a

musical or especially poetical people. We of the North would seem to be too busy, and you of the South are — I will not say too indolent, though such is the general Northern estimate of your characteristics — but I may at least say that you are not given to strong original work, whether in literature, art, or mechanics. I suppose that when we reach that stage of artistic development which so many of our esthetic and critical friends are sighing for, the land will be so full of harmonies that we shall lisp in poetic numbers, and our patriotism clothe itself in spontaneous song."

"It is well enough for you to laugh, Ben Nathan. So far as I can see, there is nothing in the near future to trouble the Northern man. He has but to laugh and grow rich, if not fat. Indeed, he has grown rich with such wonderful ease and in defiance of so many established maxims of the world's precedent life, that he has come to scorn all things except the luck he worships. I suppose that is one reason why the religious element has died out of his political philosophy, and his patriotism has come to be merely a struggle for spoils, or an endeavor to gain personal advantage from public necessity. With us of the South it is different. Over *us* hangs the sword of Damocles. Turn whatever way we may there is danger. Two races confront each other on our soil who are rapidly approaching parity of numbers and theoretical equality of power. They stand face to face all over the land. Every roof almost, shelters representatives of both. They are mingled in every household, and yet separated by infinite distance. They differ radically in development,

tradition, and aspiration. The one aspires to an equality of right and power which the other would rather perish than accord. To me the situation seems full of peril, but my countrymen laugh at my apprehensions. I know that the new-born race has put its foot upon the lowest rung of the ladder of development, and no power can stay its upward course. My brave compatriots scorn the notion that they must enter the lists with those who were yesterday their slaves. 'The white man must and will rule the South,' they declare, with a confidence which recent history has done very much to strengthen. 'If there were a thousand negroes to one white man,' said one who but yesterday represented one of our states in the National councils, 'it must still remain the same. The white man would still rule.'

"You of the North, Ben Nathan, look upon these things as cooly as you scan the fluctuations of the market. Southern sentiment, to you, is only whimsical gasconade. You laughed at the threat of disunion. It took three hundred and seventy-five thousand lives and three billion dollars to pay for your foolish levity. You mocked at Southern sentiment, and sought to thrust the freedman as an actual factor into our political life. We were a conquered people. The flags of a victorious enemy were flaunting in our faces. Yet to-day we rule the South as undisputedly as when the stars and bars floated over our embattled hosts. Nay, more, the people whose sentiments your Northern philosophy has been taught by the predominance of the mercenary impulse in your own life, to regard with

scorn, impelled by those very sentiments, have won a predominance in the National Government which they never before enjoyed, which they hold in defiance of the principles for which you fought, and which, for a score of years, you have foolishly boasted of having wrought into the warp and woof of our government.

"So far as I can see, this does not affect the price of a bushel of corn nor the value of a day's work at the North. In your present state of mind, therefore, you are profoundly indifferent as to the result. Whether the nation is wholly republican or partly oligarchical, is a question that does not greatly disturb you, as long as the political organisms of which you constitute a part, are situated in that portion where the democratic principle prevails. The fervor of devotion to human right because of the mere fact of humanity, has pretty much burned itself out in your hearts. Your sham enfranchisement of the negro has satisfied your vanity and allowed you to make easy terms with that conscience which once underlay your patriotism.

"I used to count your fierce humanitarian zeal as sheer hypocrisy, as the great majority of my country-men believe it to have been to-day. I suppose I should have remained of that opinion if it had not been for the character of your patriotic songs. They satisfied me of your sincerity. I learned from them that your zeal for human freedom was something more than a mere pretense; that it was, in fact, a real principle, a controlling motive. In the same way, the absence of such songs, the unfamiliarity of such ideas among your people at the present time, has taught me that what

was a motive in the life of yesterday has ceased to be more than a false pretense in the thought of to-day. Yesterday the slave's liberty was a cause for which thousands of your best were glad to die. To-day the freedman's right, on which his liberty, the nation's honor, and the future's peace depend, is a subject not worthy of a moment's consideration by the meanest among your number.

"Why do I apprehend any trouble because of the numerical strength of the colored race at the South?

"Oh, that has no relation to Northern action or sentiment. You will remain utterly apathetic under any sort of wrong that may be inflicted on the negro, unless some leader's thwarted ambition should seek to make it a battle-cry in some future conflict. This is not very probable since the fruit of such an attempt would not be likely to ripen in time for him to gather. The soil is not so congenial as it was in your young days, and there is no danger that Northern greed may be shut out of fair western fields by the oppression of the negro in South Carolina. No, no, Ben Nathan; what makes it a serious matter, for us primarily and for the country secondarily, is not what the North may see fit to do or to attempt on the colored man's behalf, but what he may do or attempt to do himself — what he may provoke us to do or attempt to do, to maintain what we believe to be not only our right, but an absolute and imperative necessity. You see, Ben Nathan, the conditions which surround the two peoples thus strangely united, but not in any sense conjoined, are not identical nor even similar. It is because I see this

so clearly that I wish we might have a National song that should nourish a common sentiment."

I shook my head with a smile, despite his seriousness and said:

"I do not think the American people are of so mercurial a temper as to be brought into harmonious relations by 'the concourse of sweet sounds.' You of the South, with your more ardent temperament and whimsical ideas of chivalry and honor, may be impressible by the minstrel's art. But we of the North are too staid and practical — too busy and too cold — to be subject in any great degree, to such influences. We are neither musical nor sentimental. There is this one point in which you might well draw a distinction between the two peoples."

I spoke with the complacency which an utter lack of doubt produces. Pascal Raines looked at me for a moment in surprise. Then he threw his long-stemmed pipe across the room breaking the bowl into a thousand pieces, swung his one leg upon the edge of the table, and laughed as I had never heard him in all our long acquaintance.

"Thomas Ben Nathan!" he cried at length, panting still with laughter and wiping away the tears it had brought to his eyes. "You will certainly be answerable for my death at no distant day! Is it possible that even *your* eyes are blinded with the whimsical tradition that the South is of a lighter, more ardent and mercurial temperament than the people of the North? I knew that was the impression of your countrymen. It has even been used by your historians

to account for certain fancied differences between our respective armies. They talk of Northern pluck and obstinacy and of Southern dash and impetuosity. Bah! If there was any such distinction between the soldiery the terms should be reversed. The crowning instance of obstinate endurance in the whole conflict was the defense of Petersburg, on half rations for ten months, against a force three times as great as our own, and without the shadow of a hope of success. You who were with our opponents — well fed, comfortably housed, and lavishly clothed and supplied—you thought that winter's task was hard enough. Our old fisherman friend tells us almost every day that he has 'never been the same man since,' and I do not doubt that he is correct. But what would you say if your memory could paint the scenes upon the other side of those works! Clothes, shoes, food — we had not enough of anything! Enough, did I say? We only had as little of all as human life could be maintained upon! A hundred times have I seen those who stayed in the bombproofs stripped almost to nakedness to furnish clothing for those who went upon the picket lines! And yet you go on maundering about Northern pluck and Southern dash, as if obstinate endurance was a purely Northern attribute and fiery dash a distinctively Southern characteristic!"

"The fact is, Ben Nathan, that you are the light mercurial element of our people, and we the staid and serious part of the population. You are prattling, tattling, song-loving, self-complacent sentimentalists. We wear the 'inky cloak' of habitual seriousness, if not despondency. You are always singing — sense or non-

sense, as the case may be. Outside of our religious hymnology, which, by the way, has a decided inclination to the sad and grave, we have hardly anything like popular songs. Outside the parlor and the church, it may be said, that the white man of the South very rarely sings. The negro does our singing and the bigger part of our jollity for us. On the contrary, you of the North are always singing. Look at your Presidential elections! Think of the thousands who tramped all over the North singing the absurdest, most ridiculous sort of clamatory nonsense ever devised. I saw two of the monster 'business men's parades' in New York. Bedlam could not have turned out more absurdity or more senseless song. The Southern man may yell, whoop, perform ridiculous antics, and rival a Commanche in threatening or scornful grimace, but he cannot sing, or at least does not and will not sing. You of the North are the great song-lovers of the world, and always have been."

It was now my turn to be surprised. I was very incredulous, however, and said almost in derision of his idea:

"Our songs, at least our patriotic songs, must have been very poor or have exerted very little influence upon the country."

"On the contrary, Ben Nathan, the patriotic hymnology of the North has been the very best the world has ever known, and its influence upon the country's history has been simply tremendous. Even in the war your songs were of more advantage to you than your undoubted superiority in artillery. I could tell you of

a scene I witnessed in those days which would perhaps make you prize more highly the songs you have forgotten to teach your children to sing. What was it? Don't ask me. I dislike to think of it. Yet you ought to know it, Ben Nathan, you and all your self-deceiving generation of silly sentimentalists. You ought to learn that your strength as a people is not in money or material achievement, but in that moral purpose which differentiates the life of the North from all the other peoples of the earth. Yes, I will tell it to you some time. But now the storm has passed. A soft, cool breeze from the west foretells a quiet morning, smooth water and voracious fish. We must be on the lake by daylight,

> That I, with wings as swift
> As meditation or the thoughts of love
> May sweep to my revenge!

"To-day's ill-luck must be retrieved. The veriest tyro can see the signs of the morrow's triumph. We shall need steady hands and fresh hearts at dawn. So now to bed, to dream of humming reel and glistening scales. Some other time I will discourse to you of these things of which you have right good reason to be proud."

July 24, 1885.

"WITH DRUM-BEAT AND HEART-BEAT."

YOU must needs pardon me, old friend. I find no solace in your charms to-day. For once, your fragrance hath no consolation for my pain. The soft blue billows that rise above your shining bowl are full of sad, sweet visions, that bring crowding memories of the years when we were at the front of life's great battle. The salt tears that race down my cheeks make your amber mouth-piece bitter to my lips. It is in vain that I wipe them away. They only come the faster— strange drops of grief which time has treasured for this hour of woe.

One lieth dead whose name brings up the story of that past which gilds the brightest pages of the Nation's glory. That silent, firm-lipped man whom we first saw through the chill morning haze at Donelson; whose look of dogged resolution fixed itself forever in our memory as he limped past us when we lay waiting the surgeon's care at Shiloh; whose self-forgetful exultation showed itself only in a strange brightness of eye and lightness of speech, as he led us almost gaily, from the river's brink over the deep-gullied hills and scraggy oak openings, up to the conquest of Vicksburg — this man of men, the foremost of an age when giants abounded in our Western world — is dead!

So says the world. To us, Blower, the message

that clothes the land in mourning is not true. It never will be true, because we never can forget. We may cease to note the empty sleeve, but the heart above which it is folded will never forget the young leader — the first to whom we touched visor in the hour of victory. We shall remember him always as he looked when the sunshine of triumph flashed over his face while he watched from Orchard Knob the execution of the order that hurled the long blue lines against the slope of Mission Ridge, when the prescribed limits of assault were overpassed and he beheld a hundred gaily flaunting battle-flags, gleaming bright against the gray declivity, leap upward in gallant rivalry toward the flame-lit crest on which, almost ere one might count their number, they were in quick succession planted, while the fleeing enemy sought shelter in the circling forest and the shadows of the swift descending night.

A myriad of other memories come back to us — memories long accounted precious, sacred now to the heroic dead — memories not merely of those great events which made up the mighty current of his life, but of lesser happenings when our humble fortunes touched the orbit of his destiny. How we prize that last memento of his manfulness and woe, penned with trembling hand but unfaltering heart, in those last days when misfortunes came to show by crucial test the temper of his soul. Such memories are for us, Blower, too holy for the cold world's eye, too sad for those who loved him as he deserved. Dark, indeed, were those later days, to them that shared his agony, but rich in a golden setting of his fame.

He who fought so manfully for others, in that wondrous past of which he was so great a part, has gone to swell the ranks of the immortals, with the fragrance of heroic fortitude clinging forever to his name. While he "languishing did live" we wept in sorrow for his pain. Now that he is released from the woes of earth, we still weep — not for him, Blower, but for the Nation that has lost the simple minded soldier, the brave, true-hearted man, whose worth it only now begins to know. His grand achievements, by himself so simply told, make the most eloquent eulogium seem weak.

What shall we say of him that others have not better said? The story of his triumphs is his country's history in her noblest epoch.

As a leader he was our greatest because he served most self-forgetfully. We knew he was with us because he was of us. No private in the ranks was more rigorously observant of discipline; none so unremittingly devoted to duty. He led most successfully because he served most zealously.

His table and his tent were scarce more sumptuous than those that fell to our own lot. He abstained from luxury, not to encourage his soldiers to do likewise, but because he was himself a soldier, and luxury comported not with the performance of a soldier's duty.

He shared the sunshine and the storm, the heat and cold, privation and fatigue, not from any vainglorious desire to be counted an exemplar, still less with the shallow ambition of seeking the favor of those he commanded, but simply because it was a soldier's place, his

calling, and his duty, to serve faithfully and endure cheerfully.

He never encountered insubordination because he sought only to promote the general welfare. He was more anxious for the success of the cause for which he fought than greedy of the glory of achievement.

He never asked more faithful service than he rendered, and, while chary of blame, never forgot to render praise when merited.

Not doubtful of his own conclusions he could listen patiently to others, and yield his conviction to the concurrent opinion of trusted subordinates.

No word of boastfulness ever crossed his lips. His modesty forbade exultation even in the moment of victory. No sneer at any rival's ill-success left its stain upon his memory.

His pity for the unfortunate found expression in deeds rather than words. He checked the shout of triumph lest the hearts of the vanquished should be wrung by its echo.

Prizing only achievement as the foundation of fame, he never mocked at another's failure.

Even when he yielded to the advice of others he never shirked responsibility of success or failure. If success resulted, he never claimed the merit of its suggestion; if failure, he never sought to shift the blame upon another.

His self-forgetfulness was so profound that he ascribed his own success to opportunity rather than merit; his modesty so great, that the humblest of his

subalterns excelled him in exultant pride in the victories he achieved.

He was more jealous of the fame of others than of his own renown. To depreciate those who executed his commands he counted worse than an affront to himself; slow to repel calumny or insinuation he was quick to defend or excuse a subordinate when unjustly assailed.

He had so little envy in his nature that he felt no shadow of distrust of those on whose faithfulness he relied for success. He never found it necessary to belittle their achievement in order to magnify his own, nor did he ever seek for exaltation through another's downfall. Upon tried subordinates he rested with unfaltering faith, even doubting of his own success without their aid.

He never measured his desert by others' merits. Accomplished facts were his only criterion of capacity. Scrupulous in the performance of duty, he never sought to outdo others. His modest reticence put to the blush all clamorous exultation.

As a commander, he was chary of promises of victory but rich in the fulfillment of hopes too bright for any but the most sanguine patriot to cherish. He never sought to repair the fact of error with excuse, nor shirked the responsibility of failure. Neither the injustice of a superior nor the slanderous malevolence of one apprehensive of his rivalry, could wring from him a word that might impair the country's confidence in those that led, or add a feather's weight to the burden of responsibility they bore. When the time had

passed in which his words might be productive of harm he was too magnanimous to cast any imputation on the dead. Who else would have rested without protest under slanderous aspersion for a score of years?

He felt so honored by the country's preference that it seemed to him almost a wrong to speak in derogation of one who served her well, even in defense of his own fame.

The foremost figure of a mighty conflict, standing in the very vortex where envy jostles with renown, he felt no jealousy with regard to his own fame, nor any desire to pluck a leaf from the chaplet of another.

Without being indifferent to his own achievements he was more scrupulous of the fame of a subordinate than of his own.

So chary was he of censure that the closest friends heard no words of detraction from his lips which need now be forgotten.

So pure his purpose that he never deemed it needful to utter words of explanation or defense. So faithful to his duty that he never sought excuse by alleging another's dereliction.

If we speak of him as a man we but touch the key-note of his public life. He was simple, trusting, faithful, and sincere. Counting his virtues nothing; seeking extenuation for no fault; accepting fortune with composure, and meeting the sorest evils without murmuring.

Loving his own so unobtrusively as never once to think them exalted by his merit.

So faithful to a friend that even in the heat and

shame of inexcusable betrayal he uttered no word of censure, syllabled no reproach.

Betrayed by those he trusted, he sought no revenge and uttered no denunciation.

Covered with obloquy because of another's wrong, he shirked not the reproach attaching to the shame of his subordinate.

When the world echoed with taunt and jeer because he had not fathomed almost unfathomable deceit, he uttered no cry, thought not of his own, but silently addressed himself to the hopeless task of reparation, while his great heart was slowly eaten out with grief for others' loss.

So pure was he in heart that his lips never uttered a word that might bring a blush to the chastest maiden's cheek.

So unassuring, that he never distrusted words of praise. So kindly in his nature, that he quite forgot to vaunt his deeds of charity. So righteous in his judgment that the bitterest detraction could not influence him to withhold a merited reward. So gentle, that the humblest feared not to approach his presence. So just, that with him the right of the lowliest was secure against the highest.

So true to those he loved, that he wondered how any man could be false. So single-minded, that his adversaries never fathomed his real motives. So heedful of the rights of others, as to peril his own through failure to assert them. So modest in deportment, that lack of ceremony never gave offense.

Never questioning those he trusted, even to the last

he suffered from a betrayal whose chiefest sting was not his own hardship, but their ill-fortune who, perchance, had trusted in his name and staked their hope on his sagacity.

Even for a friend he would not flex the truth of history by a hair's breadth; nor by his silence do injustice to an enemy.

So true himself, that he could not suspect another of insincerity.

So simple-minded that the world knew not his greatness, least of all the land he loved.

Ah, Blower, how pathetic — how woeful beyond all parallel — is that sole sentence of excuse that ever fell from his lips in those last sad days, not willingly spoken even then, but wrung from his agony by the stern mandate of the law:

"I did not examine the record of what was done, and if I had I might not have known the facts. I *trusted*—"

Noblest of leaders! Manliest of men! God grant his trustfulness hath met reward!

So loyal to his country, that he took not to himself one sentence of the world's unmeasured adulation.

"This is not for me," he ever declared, while the world's acclaim echoed in his ears, "but for the land I love, the reflection of whose glory shines upon my life."

There were two themes that broke the silence which modesty pressed upon his lips, made his eye flash, his cheek flush, and his voice grow eloquent — the reverence which the world has for the great Republic, how it

stands for the hope and aspiration of the poor and weak of all the earth, and the patriotism, fortitude, and devotion of those improvised armies, whose units leaped with joyful readiness from the quiet of peaceful homes to the forefront of relentless war. To them he was wont to ascribe all his fame and all the happiness that had fallen to his lot.

He loved the land he served, so well that devotion to her welfare was a sure passport to his approval — to have suffered for her, an all-sufficient claim, not merely to his pity, but to his reverent regard.

Never vaunting his own patriotism or self-sacrifice, he valued what he had done simply for the good which his country and humanity might derive therefrom. He accounted his achievements worthy of recognition and remembrance, not because of their greatness or brilliancy, but because of hoped-for beneficent results.

The agony that ended on Mount McGregor was not endured in vain. Even the last sad days yielded worthy fruits. Glorious as is the record of his prime, the story of these closing days outshines it all! The valor which he displayed upon the field of battle shows dim beside the heroic fortitude with which he held the grisly shade at bay, while with trembling hand he wrought upon his self-appointed task! There is no grander figure in history than this decrepid hero, working day by day at a self-delineation as unassuming as the life it portrayed, that he might vindicate his fame and leave a comfortable inheritance to his loved ones. While we mourn his loss let us rejoice in this fitting climax of a career which

has enriched the ages with a bright example that will be all the more potent because of this simple soldier's story of a simple soldier's life!

He was of the past which the Nation is striving so earnestly to forget — a past which he had already outlived. The thought that inspired the armies he led to victory, no longer sways the hearts of our people. The Nation exults in forgetfulness, as if victory had been the badge of shame, and triumph a confession of wrong. He was proud of his leadership in war, not because he had slain or conquered, but because through him the right had triumphed and ultimate good been attained. He exulted in the Nation's glory, not merely because its light fell on his face, but because he believed it a beacon whose rays invited the world onward and upward.

The study of the epoch of his fame has been so persistently deprecated by his countrymen that the memory of his great deeds has sunk into oblivion almost as dense as if ages rolled between us and them. The school-boy of to-day knows all about the heroes of antiquity, but of Grant he has learned little more than the story of his heroic fight with death. The victories he won are less familiar to his young countrymen than those of a hundred years ago. The struggle which he brought to a glorious end is remembered only as a great misfortune. A reunited country makes haste to forget the means of its salvation. They who sought to overthrow are honored above those who fought to save. The Nation's flag that floated brightly over Appomattox, droops as

low in honor of one who sought to destroy as in memory of him who fought to preserve.

Whether Grant was right or Lee was wrong is accounted not merely an irrelevant, but an impertinent inquiry. It matters not, we are taught to-day, on which side lay the right of yesterday. Indeed, it is deemed by far the better form to believe that the right was not upon either side, but somewhere between, or else, perchance, *in nubibus*. We are taught that charity demands forgetfulness, and that wisdom counsels, not forgetfulness merely, but even justification of the Nation's foes. To-day, the accepted theory of the great convulsion from the throes of which the hero sprung whose death we mourn, is that the Nation was but half right at the best, and revolution but half wrong at the worst. Slavery we are told, was indeed an evil; but the negro was only half entitled to be free. The rights of men, they would have us believe, are only myths and "the rights of things" alone are real. It was, perhaps, well enough to take off the shackles, but radically wrong — so the wisdom of to-day declares — to confer the rights of citizenship. So the balance is struck. Treason stands uncondemned, while its overthrow is scarce half-justified. The hero sinks to rest, his laurels already half-withered by the frosts of forgetfulness while the traitor from his dying bed * be-

*A few weeks before the death of Gen. Grant, the flag was placed at half-mast on the buildings of the Department of the Interior at Washington as a tribute of national regard for Jacob H. Thompson, who was the secretary of that department under Mr. Buchanan, and was afterwards the Confederate agent sent to Canada for the express purpose of promoting riot, arson and secret treasonable organization throughout the North. He was not a leader in honorable warfare, but the instrument by which thieves and

holds the Nation's flag lowered in honor of his treason! In a little while, no doubt, the line will be obliterated; and those who wore "the blue" and those that donned "the gray," will be thought to have been equal transgressors, or perhaps with loving flattery they will greet each other as equally deserving patriots! It is well that he who died did not tarry with us until that day had fully come!

Now the old battle-flags will be brought forth and the bowed and the sorrowing veterans will march in sad procession to the tomb. The very cannon which he captured will from their smoking throats proclaim his apotheosis. Had he lived a little longer it might even have happened that the tattered fragments of the standards which he had watched tossing above the wave of battle — telling how the conflict ebbed and flowed — had been thought to smack too strongly of unpleasant memories to be displayed in honor of their captor!

The Nation will do honor to the illustrious dead, because his renown has added to its glory; yet underneath the show of sorrow there will be a sentiment very close akin to relief. The new life buries in his grave a potent reminder of the old. Other nations saw him from afar and offered tribute to his grand simplicity. Only we, who claimed him for our own, mocked his rare modesty and rewarded his devotion with disparagement and contumely.

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murderers were employed in the service of treason! He was one who conspired with criminals, inciting them with the lust of plunder to the commission of private crime in order that the Nation might be weakened and the hopes of the Confederacy strengthened.

Thank God, Blower, the swift approach of death stirred the Nation to a tardy justice; and, in name at least, saved us from the shame that seemed impending.

To-day gives not the meed of fullest approval to the man of yesterday. The rugged steel of heroic achievement attracts its fancy not so much as the gilded glitter of pretense. Gold is its sole standard of value. The Nation's heart is kept under seal in the time-lock vaults of the Treasury. Polish rather than strength, is the gauge of excellence. The power to forget is deemed the highest test of patriotism.

Let us not murmur, Blower, the blame is not altogether with to-day. The faults of the tree are found first in the kernel. If questions of right and wrong have little place in the political ethics of the present, it must be because yesterday, with all its glory and all its heroism, was somehow unfaithful to its trust. The seeds of evil lie a long while dormant, but "in fullness of time their ripe fruits must abound." The hero who journeys to his tomb to-day will only receive his full meed of honor in some far future, when the American people shall have more fully learned the lesson of the struggle in which he led them on to victory. They will only realize the debt they owe to his genius, manhood, and determined purpose, when they comprehend the fact that truth is not the question of an hour or righteousness a matter of a day. He was a hero, not because he fought well, but because he led to victory the hosts marshaled in support of right. We may pity and forgive the foe. We may regret that brave men should have erred. We may restore to every privilege those

who have transgressed. But we can not blot out the fact — the one great, overwhelming fact — that their acts were evil; that the cause for which they fought was the degradation of humanity, and that which he maintained, its great uplifting!

To-day we are in the trough of that great wave of conscience that yesterday swept over the land.

> Men say it was a stolen tide;
> The Lord, who sent it, He knows all.

We have accounted it an accident. It was in truth a moral consequence. We have declared the great questions of yesterday and their logical resultant to be outside of the domain of politics. We have insisted upon making that an exception which ought ever to be the rule. We have sought to limit political issues in the Republic to questions of finance and administration. We have thrust human right from off the pedestal of aspiration and lifted up instead a golden image. We have bidden our children worship peace, rather than righteousness; cunning rather than courage; gain rather than greatness!

> It was a grievous fault,
> And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.

Our hero goeth to his grave, his fame clouded only by its malignant shadow.

A nation mourns sincerely enough, but still wonderingly. Our comrades, Blower, grown old and gray, speak of him in choking tones, with tearful eyes. They mourn not the man only — not merely the hero-leader — but the life, the inspiration which he represented. They feel that we cast with him into the grave

that thought which made the epoch by which his active life was bounded, the most notable in the world's history. They have lost something more than a comrade. To their stricken hearts it seems that the most noted land-mark of a mighty epoch has disappeared. To them, the rebellion (if the word is not taboo) was even more striking in its moral and intellectual aspects than in its physical manifestations. To those who stand beside them, the young whose memories barely overlap his glory's brightest zone, the conflict in which his laurels were won is only a struggle of man with man for power — of beast with beast for mastery. They rejoice in his fame as in the memory of a soldier who won victories which have reflected credit on our national prowess. What those victories mean, why those battles were fought, they only vaguely guess and dimly care. Their fathers in their zeal to guard against hatred and malice enjoined the duty of forgetfulness so effectively, that the hero's deeds are half forgotten, and the hero's cause so lost in oblivion, that his funeral eulogium falls upon wondering ears like the story of some long dead and unrelated past.

To those who clamber about our knees, Blower, the little ones whose wondering eyes will fall upon the pageant of to-day, in whose ears the booming of the funeral guns will live as sad sweet memories when age shall have touched their locks with gray and time shall have taught them by harsh tutelage who and what he really was whose earthly form we now consign to dust — to them it will be given to measure aright his greatness and to ascribe to him his true place

in the temple of fame. To them, the fact that he saved the nation from dismemberment will mean more than to us, for they will have learned from what fate, and for what glorious destiny, it was preserved.

So long as men shall love liberty and hate oppression; so long as there shall be on earth one man to whom memory or tradition brings the story of the slave's sad fate; so long as there shall be one earnest lover of his fellow's right whose cheek flushes with shame and anger at the story of unrighted wrong; so long as any human soul looks up to God out of the sanctuary of an ebon form; so long as the boundary of equal right and privilege is marked and determined in the least degree by the color of the freeman's skin; so long as earthly pen shall write or human eye shall read the story of *our yesterday*, — so long the name of Ulysses S. Grant will be held in loving and grateful remembrance by those to whom it is given by divine ordainment to confer the highest fame — the weak and poor of earth, to whom liberty is not an empty form of words, but the golden gate of opportunity — the very open door of heaven!

We will wear the badge of mourning, Blower. The empty sleeve shall bear for many a day the emblem of bereavement. But we will not count him dead. Our Grant, the patient, modest, brave — the type and product of our new-world life — can never die!

The stars on our banner grow suddenly dim,
Let us weep in our darkness, but weep not for him;
Not for him, who departing left millions in tears;
Not for him, who has died full of honors and years;
Not for him, who ascended Fame's ladder so high —
From the round at the top he has stepped to the sky!

July 31, 1885.

THE REFLECTED LIGHT OF FAME.

SLOWLY the pageantry of death proceeds on Mount McGregor. The great leader is borne to his last resting-place. Flags droop above his bier. Mourning emblems line his last triumphal course. Cities and states contend for the honor of sheltering his remains. They who spurned him living, covet the privilege of shining in the reflected light of his renown. The Nation's capital city — a capital only in name, where but the shreds and fragments of national life are to be found — clamors angrily because the hero's tomb is not to be added to that national museum, by the exhibition of which those multitudes of strangers are lured within its limits, to become the lawful prey of its inhabitants. Day by day we have watched the course of preparation, and day by day we have talked of the dead hero and of the time when his fame was won, with that friend who stood then upon the other side. The sword we wore at Shiloh and at Vicksburg hangs draped upon the silent wall at home, where one whose shackles the great hero did so much to unloose forgets not to do tender homage to his memory.

For us old soldiers even the pleasant summer sports have lost their charm. Rod and line have been idle since the day the hero died. Our old fisherman comrade has no heart for the oar, and the rippling waters

of the fair lake have wooed us hourly, but in vain. It is amazing, Blower, how universal is the feeling, that with him we bury the spirit and aspiration of that wondrous day when he sprang from obscurity to fame. Even Pascal Raines, despite his cynicism and the fact which he cannot ignore and will not deny, that to applaud the patriotism and devotion of Grant, is to admit his own error and certify his own shame, even he has been depressed and restless during the whole week, while the dead has waited for the country to prepare the elegiac pomp, which will attend its greatest soldier's obsequies. We have smoked our pipes together, half-unconscious of the solace we derived therefrom; scanned the maps of old familiar fields; followed the routes of advancing and retreating armies; and by the aid of many a printed page, have tried to revivify the past and reäwaken in our hearts the thrill of its great impulses.

"Do you know, Ben Nathan," said our friend, as we sat together looking out upon the flashing waters of the noble bay, after we had read the daily record of the world's adulation for the dead, "that I feel as if our day was to be buried in his tomb? The pomp and pageantry that will attend his interment seem to me almost a mockery of his devotion. I never saw him but once in that climateric era of his renown. It was just after he had received the surrender of Lee, when, still splashed and grimed with the stains of that furious campaign, clad still in the simple dress hardly distinguishable from a private's uniform, he had started back from the scene of his greatest triumph, not wait-

ing to view the smoking ruins of the fallen capital, nor enjoy the plaudits of his fellow-citizens, but desirous only of completing the mighty task intrusted to his hands, and seeking again the bosom of the family he loved. As the little cavalcade passed by us, I scanned curiously the firm placid countenance of the chief. There was not a trace of exultation in it — only complete absorption in the new duties that confronted him. They drew rein at a roadside spring to rest the horses, which were being pressed as if the exigencies of a new campaign were already spurring him to renewed activity. There were some officers of rank accompanying him — one a General who was among the most trusted of his subordinates. These with a few orderlies and the members of his staff constituted his sole escort. Quite a little company of loiterers had gathered at the old country tavern — soldiers in blue from a camp near by and footsore Confederates on their way home, if happily war had left them any homes. A train of ambulances under the charge of an assistant surgeon had halted there the night before, and were still waiting for the roads to be cleared before them. Trains were passing constantly carrying rations to the victorious army and the prisoners they had taken. I was in one of the ambulances, not very badly wounded, though one of your shells had taken away at once both the artificial limb on which I had served for more than a year and the horse I rode, leaving me, as the Yankee surgeon jocosely said, one of the "worst disabled" men in his care. I think his jest secured me a place in that ambulance and a free

ride back to the verge of the world's life on the James. I have always missed that leg. It was of French make, and when I first reported for duty on it my commanding officer regarded me very dubiously for a moment, and said:

"'Do you think it will stand the wear and tear of a long march?'

"'Oh, I reckon so,' I replied; 'it has already run the blockade.'

"He laughed, and let me have my old place, and the wooden limb was no very serious inconvenience until Sheridan's artillery took it off rather unceremoniously. The stump has never been in good condition since. I understand now something of a sailor's dread of splinters in time of battle.

"A group of children were playing in a wrecked army-wagon by the roadside. Among them a fair-haired little girl. Alighting from his horse, the great captain surveyed the surroundings with a look which one felt included everything. Then lighting a fresh cigar, he strolled over to a house across the way, addressed a few words to the wife of the owner, who sat upon the porch bewailing the losses she had suffered at the hands of both armies, and inquiring anxiously as to her husband's fate, who, she had learned was still with his command in Lee's army only a few days before the surrender. Of course, his non-appearance filled her with alarm. The General spoke a few words of consolation and then strolled over to the old wagon, which the children had converted into a play-house. When called to partake of the simple repast which had

been hastily spread for him, the great Captain led the little girl over to the grove, listening gravely to her prattle about the scenes which had recently been enacted before her wondering eyes. There was some laughter when he and his queer companion reached the group around the spring, but he only patted the child's head and said something I could not hear which hushed the levity of his companions. A servant had placed a red blanket at the foot of an oak tree for the General's accommodation. This he half unfolded and gravely seated the child beside him. I left them sitting there, the child partaking of the conqueror's modest repast.

"I was in a state of chronic hunger then, Ben Nathan. The two days' rations we had received from your commissary the day before had lasted me about half as long as they would a raw recruit on a hard march. I had hardly eaten before for a week, and such a thing as a full meal was almost beyond the verge of my recollection. I did not know where the next meal would come from nor when it would arrive. I was still a prisoner. Having been captured before the final surrender, it was yet doubtful whether its terms would be extended to those in my condition. I think, however, that sight did me more good then the richest repast that even the lavish abundance of Yankeeland could have afforded. I never saw your dead commander again; but I heard afterward that his kindness to the little girl did not end with sharing his luncheon with her.

"Of course I can not share your sorrow in his

death. I admire his strength, courage, and devotion to the principles for which he fought. The world must always do reverence to his modesty, simplicity, and purity of character. He no doubt saved his country as surely in the Presidential chair as on the battle-field. If any weaker man — any one whose relentless resolution we of the south had not learned so thoroughly — had been at the head of your National affairs during the troubled years of reconstruction the horrors of the strife which culminated at Appomattox would have been multiplied a thousand fold. Even as it is, you are appalled by the bare recital of the terrible facts of that era. The thirteen thick volumes crowded with the testimony of murder, mutilation, and universal terror are a terrible arraignment of our civilization, and yet they tell but a tithe of the horrors of that inscrutable day! Thank heaven! they are now exceedingly rare. It is charged that our Democratic Congressmen swapped and bartered with their thrifty Republican associates until they obtained nearly all the volumes that were printed and condemned them to destruction. I do not know how that may be, but I wish they had secured the very last one, so as to have obliterated from the record all memory of that shameful time. But that is neither here nor there. What I wish to call your attention to, is the simple inquiry: If, despite the prestige of Grant's name, that terrible epidemic of crime and violence which is called Kukluxism left its fearful scar upon our civilization, what might not have happened had a weaker hand held the reins of power?

"The south will mourn in him a brave soldier and a generous foe — one to whose masterly genius and unflinching persistency it was no discredit to yield, and whose modesty and thoughtful consideration did all that lay in his power to sweeten the bitter draught, a soldier's duty compelled him to press to our lips. It is the man, however, and not the representative of a cause or the exponent of a principle that we mourn. The death of Grant does not in any degree change or modify our views of the past, the present or the future. We are simply paying in kind a debt we owe to him, individually, as ex-Confederates. He was magnanimous to us in the last hours of that fond dream which had so sad an ending. We would be cravens indeed if we did not remember this, and weave a chaplet for his bier. His fame brings up the memory of our humiliation, but in the presence of death we can afford to be magnanimous. For myself, individually, I can honestly say that I mourn him as an upholder of a righteous cause, a true principle, who has suffered cruel wrong at the hands of those who owed to him so much. I believe that time will bring his justification as a statesman, as well as continue to increase his fame as a soldier.

"It is strange to remember how bitterly he was attacked for merely proposing as a measure of national defense the acquisition of San Domingo. Already the necessity of interfering in the affairs of Central America has verified the wisdom of his forecast; and we are beginning to look forward with complacency to the prospect of relations affecting isthmian transit

which may at any time involve us in foreign war and render such an outwork as he sought thus to obtain, of incalculable value.

"So, too, with regard to his recommendation for a limitation of the elective franchise in the choice of Federal officers. Then, it seemed little less than treason to the principles the North had fought to maintain. Now, the chief opposition to an educational qualification would come from the South. We have changed places wonderfully in the whirligig of time, Ben Nathan, and I sometimes wonder if the future does not hold for us as many surprises of this sort as the past.

"I have told you often that he reminded me very much of that dead hero whom the South has shrined above all other sainted memories in its heart of hearts —'Stonewall' Jackson. In modesty, determination, and unwavering confidence in the result of the conflict, they were alike. Jackson never doubted the success of the Confederacy; Grant never questioned its ultimate collapse. Both were at the same time singularly reticent and yet singularly outspoken. Both had the instinct of the great commander, which sees only the beginning and the end — the great objective and the first step toward its attainment — leaving all the intermediate movements to be determined by the events of the conflict. Neither excelled as a subordinate, though one was a martinet and the other negligent of everything but the essentials of soldierly conduct. Neither had any genius for defensive strategy, nor any hesitation about assuming the offensive. The

campaign of the one in the valley of the Shenandoah is equaled only in our history by that marvelous succession of victories by which the other compelled the surrender of Vicksburg. They were alike, too, in their restless activity — the success of one blow only revealed to them a way to more successfully deliver the next.

"More and more I have come of late to regard them as types of their respective sections rather than others more generally regarded as true exemplars of the respective peoples. In one respect each differed very greatly from the majority of their compeers. Grant did not believe that the overthrow of the Confederacy removed forever all national peril, or even the possibility of civil convulsion. I have reason to believe, Ben Nathan, that his apprehension of future conflict between different elements of our population, grew more intense and positive during his later years, and was only dispelled in his last days by those messages of condolence and sympathy from the South which he accepted, as he did the honors showered upon him by other nations, in a representative capacity, and counted as indications of concurrence on the part of the South in the principles for which he had fought and the social and political order which his sword had established. He had an unwavering confidence in the destiny of the great Republic. He looked forward to a homogeneous people, among whom there should be no difference of interest — no North no South, no East, no West, save in geographical relation. Of this he found little evidence until a divine pity for his sufferings impelled so many of our people to express a sympathy,

which his self-forgetful modesty impelled him to construe into a declaration of allegiance to the principles and ideas of which he counted himself only the insignificant agent and representative.

"Singularly enough, 'Stonewall' Jackson had a like confidence in the converse of this idea — the destiny of ultimate separation.

"'This is our country,' he said to me one evening as we lay upon the banks of the Potomac, waiting to cross over into Maryland in the morning. I had visited his quarters in my capacity as a staff officer to convey to him the last orders of his superior before the movement began. I found him poring over a map of the region we were about to enter, and the nature of the communication I brought made it necessary to continue its inspection. It was a hot day in the early autumn, but his military coat was buttoned closely about his curiously angular form. His sword was on the table, and during our whole conversation he never once relaxed that peculiar rigidity of figure which he seemed to consider inseparable from the military profession. '*This is our country*,' he repeated more slowly and emphatically as he swept his finger along the crest of the Alleghanies, in such a manner as to include Baltimore, and then carried it westward along the Ohio. 'This is *our* country. We are not invading an enemy's territory for the sake of conquest, or to keep him from overrunning ours. We are simply taking our own.'

"'The man in Washington,' he continued, for it was by this circumlocution that he always referred to Mr. Lincoln, 'asserts that the territory claimed by the

United States is destined to be one country, because there are no natural geographical boundaries separating its component parts. Does he count this line of mountain and river, stretching from the sea to the Mississippi, no natural boundary? But even if he does not, there is a boundary, Captain, a thousand times more insuparable than this. Nations are not really separated by mountains and rivers. These, in fact, serve to mark the line of agreement rather than demarkation. They are only the convenient evidence of convention. They are lines that may be so easily traced as to make mistake on the part of adjacent governments inexcusable. Natural obstacles are simply strategic lines between hostile forces. They may preserve nations from attack, or give them specific advantages for defense, but they never differentiate peoples. Peoples are separated not by boundaries, but by attributes and characteristics. We are two peoples, as distinct and irreconcilable in character as if an ocean rolled between. The mistake of the North consists in not recognizing this fact and letting us go in peace. Neither force nor time can make us one. Habits of thought, social customs, even the very constitution of our lives, mark us as distinct and separate. The results of this conflict can not change these facts. There must be two peoples and one republic or two peoples and two republics. I hold that in the interests of peace, humanity, and the future progress of mankind, it is better that there should be two harmonious nationalities rather than one weak and discordant one — subject at any time to the terrors of threatened dismemberment.

"'That is why I am here, young man,' he continued. 'I do not know much about the formal right or wrong of the matter according to the convention by which we were bound together — the Constitution. But I think God has written his decree in the natures of the two peoples and we are now working it out. We may not succeed. I sometimes think we shall not. Those who control our armies do not seem to realize these things very clearly. They seem afraid to declare the truth. They cling to slavery. It is at best only an accident, but they dare not even make it serviceable to our cause. I do not see how it can long outlast this war, whatever the result — and I would give every one his freedom who would bear arms against the enemy. They would not make such soldiers as we have, but they are good enough to face the mercenaries who swarm like locusts in our front. Of course they have got to be free some time, but that fact will not change our identity as a people, nor assimilate us in any great degree with the North.

"'No Captain,' he repeated again impressively, 'this is *our* country. All this,' sweeping his hand southward from the southern edge of Pennsylvania, 'must sometime be a great Southern republic. It will include these islands too,' pointing to the West Indies, 'and these jarring nationalities down to where the Isthmus merely parts the eastern and western strands all will some time be one nationality, homogeneous in its interests, and the underlying characteristics of its people, at peace with its sister republic of the North, its flag on every sea, and its ambassador in

every court. We may not live to see it, Captain, but it will come, because it is written by God's hand in the hearts of two great peoples. We may not live to see it,' he repeated, looking up at me with that peculiar earnestness of gaze which characterized him, 'but when it comes, whether it be during the next year or the next century, the world will do justice to our memory. The *Deo vindice* upon our flag is not a vain appeal. God will vindicate the truth he has revealed. It may not be in our way and time, but His truth can not fail.'

"He bowed his head in reverence as he spoke, then walked abstractedly across the room once or twice. I waited for my dismissal, but seeing he had forgotten my presence, at length accosted him. He became at once the alert and impatient soldier, repeating again the message I was to carry back to headquarters. As I took my leave he said, 'You must pardon me, Captain, I rarely speak of these things, but the shadow of these Maryland Heights always 'puts toys of desperation' in my mind. Good night.'

"I shook hands and rode away dazed and astounded with what I had heard from the lips of *our* 'silent man.'

"I wonder, Ben Nathan, which will prove the truer —the hope of the hero who made his apotheosis on Mount McGregor, or the forecast of that lion-hearted saint who went up to that God whose lightest word he sought to obey with unquestioning fealty, from the field of Chancellorsville.

"I am glad, Ben Nathan, that the messages of

sympathy that came up from the South were misconstrued by the suffering soldier. It no doubt added greatly to the placidity of his last days to have his hopes confirmed and feel that the turmoil of war which he directed was but the precursor of a peace and prosperity more lasting and complete than even his patriotic aspiration could have believed possible to result therefrom. *We* can not mourn in him a hero, standing forth as the incarnation of cherished ideas, as the people of the North should, and, to a certain extent no doubt do; but as a soldier I think we appreciate him better and mourn him even more sincerely than those who reaped advantage from his victory. We are a military people, Ben Nathan, both by instinct and training, and know how to appreciate a soldier. Grant was a soldier of the noblest type. We mourn his death and exult in his fame."

August 7th, 1885.

THE MOUNT OF TRANSFIGURATION.

IT is over, Blower. We have bidden adieu to our old commander — the last grand memento of a marvelous epoch. We were with those who assembled on Mount McGregor, but we did not look upon the face of the dead. We remember it as it appeared when the light of battle and the glow of victory shone upon it, and we would not have the picture dimmed by the shadow of death or the trace of suffering. As he was, so shall he always be in our memory. We only went to salute his ashes and to look in the faces of those who crowded about his bier. It was a marvelous spectacle — the beginning of a mighty pageant. We hope to be forgiven, Blower, if with our desire to show respect for the greatest of the grand army which freedom mustered in for the defense of right, was mingled a strange anxiety to note the behavior of the multitude — to compare this pageant with others of similar character, and institute some comparison between Yesterday and Today. Perhaps I was the more inclined to do this because our friend, Pascal Raines, has so persistently declared that an apparent and notable change is taking place in the character of our Northern people. I asked him to go with us, Blower, but he declined, for reasons that seemed to me both creditable to him and honorable to the dead.

"No, no, Ben Nathan," he said, "go you and bury your dead, and note with your own eyes whether they who commemorate his death are the same people that mourned at the grave of Lincoln. If your eyes and heart find no difference, then it may be that my reason and observation are at fault. I will not go, because if I stood as a representative of my own feeling, I must stand almost alone. The occasion is one that belongs to you. At the best, we of the South could be only strangers in your lodge of sorrow. We honor the dead as a brave foeman and a generous conqueror. We do not mourn for him. In his death we have lost nothing, as by his life we gained nothing but the bitterness of defeat. He represented no principle or idea which the South can honor or adopt, consistently with self-respect and due regard for the memory of her own heroes, save devotion to what he conceived to be his duty. I am glad that our people recognize this fact, and that their declarations, properly construed, cannot be taken as indices of any other spirit. They will stand in line and pay honor to his remains, distinctively and properly, *as* Confederates acknowledging and in part requiting, the debt of honor contracted at Appomattox. This is as it should be.

"No doubt their action will be misconstrued. The sentimental North will be sure to consider it an indication of much more than it professes to be. There will be a deluge of gush which will seem to me all the more whimsical because I recognize the sincerity of your countrymen from whom it will mostly come. If they would but pause to think they would see how ab-

surd is the deduction they would draw from this action. Suppose ex-President Davis were to die to-morrow. Would the people of the North — would the government of the United States and the states of the North — join with us in mourning for *our* dead? You would not; you *could* not. Jefferson Davis represents to you, to the people of the North, to every man who was loyal to the Union cause, ideas, purposes, results which are abhorrent to every fiber of your nature. He is to you the incarnation of dismemberment and separatism. He represents the idea of human *in*equality, as opposed to your pet dogma of equality of rights. His very name signifies to you the antipode of your idea of 'Freedom and the Right.'

"Not only that, but in your mind the blood of hundreds of thousands is upon his hands, and the woes of many millions clinging to his skirts. You winced just now when I referred to him as 'ex-President,' yet such was his title, conferred upon him by the unanimous voice of a people who willingly followed his leadership, approved his acts, and despite his errors still look upon him as an unfortunate victim, who has suffered unjustly because of his devotion to the cause which they committed to his hands. You see, Ben Nathan, there is no reciprocity in the matter, and cannot be. *We* do not honor Grant for the *victories* he achieved, but for the *magnanimity* he displayed toward the captives of his sword. *You* owe no such debt of honor. Instead of being an evidence of reconciliation, our participation in the funeral pageantry merely shows our willingness

to forget obnoxious achievements in order to repay personal favor.

"The only portion of our people who will *mourn* the dead leader in any such sense as his death appeals to you who loved and followed him — as the representative of a great principle and a righteous cause — is that unfortunate race whom poverty prevents from giving imposing expression to their sorrow, and the color of whose skin, I fear, would hardly make them welcome participants in the funeral pageantry. Yet they are the true mourners. They have the right to stand even between the living soldiers and their dead commander. If I were a colored man I would walk day and night to be present and claim the honor of marching behind his ashes. If I had charge of his obsequies, while I would welcome not less warmly the military and civic organizations of the South, I would put close behind the catafalque, in the place of honored and deserving mourners, a hundred, aye, a thousand of that race — jean-clad and reverent, types of its best and forerunners of the hope his sword conquered for them. I honor him because he first recognized and honored them as deserving elements of the new Republic, which you think is safely built upon the fragments of the old. Some he may have dinstinguished above their individual desert, but none beyond the right and merit of the race they represented. I will not go myself, Ben Nathan, but I have sent a check to pay the expenses of one who is a teacher, and may some day become a leader of his people, from Buckhead Lodge to Mount McGregor and back. He has never seen the great

soldier and ought to look upon the dead man's face. It may be to him an inspiration that will yield good fruit in the future and he has well deserved this favor at my hands. He is the only son, Ben Nathan, of that faithful servant who sought me out between the picket lines that night you wot of, and pressed to your lips as well as mine, that draught of cool water which was of all things most precious next to life itself. His father was a hero. The son is a faithful and worthy teacher. His people need great men, and their necessity must call them forth. That liberty which chose a tanner's son for its great instrument, may yet find a soldier or a statesman in the direct line from my 'boy' John! The slave who risked and lost his life for his master is no unlikely sire for a race of heroes!"

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It is true, Blower, it is not the same. I scanned with care the faces that bent over the dead hero's dust. A score of years ago I looked into the faces of those who crowded solemnly and ceaselessly for a last look at the features of the dead Lincoln. Hour after hour, day after day, the silent stream poured on. A block away sometimes, the multitude stood in double columns waiting for their turn to come. The night brought scarcely any diminution. Crowds waited in the street until after midnight — tender ladies, gray-haired men, and children delicately bred. Thousands begged with tears for one more hour to gaze upon the homely lineaments. Those who had once passed through, went back to the foot of the line and waited again for hours, for another opportunity. It seemed that the land was draped from

sea to sea. But we hardly noted that, Blower, so impenetrable was the darkness in our own sore hearts. Great multitudes collected at the crossings and at little stations where the train did not stop, merely to gaze and weep. Great fires were lighted like beacons along the railway that men might stand and mutely testify their grief. Cities seemed dead to everything but the thought of woe. The streets were crowded but silent.

In all the millions who walked softly by that bier we did not see one smiling face or careless eye. The wife and family of one who watched at its head had not seen him for a year. They knew he was with the funeral train, yet they passed through and did not note his presence. The dead Lincoln blinded their eyes, even to husband and father. A watch was set in one city, and it was found that more than half of those who came were in tears when they approached the coffin, and hardly one passed down upon the other side who was not weeping. Never in history was there such a spectacle of universal sorrow. Friends met and wept as they clasped hands in silence. Enemies who had for years passed each other by in silence shook hands with quivering lips and forgot their enmity in the presence of him who had wrought so long and arduously "with charity for all." Even when nature compelled interment a wail of sorrowing disappointment went up from those who had missed, not a great spectacle, but a sight of the dear, loved face. At a country station where the train was switched from one track to another at midnight, an humble woman who sold refreshments to the travelers

at a little counter in the depot, stood in her place her eyes suffused with tears, refusing compensation for the coffee she furnished the escort, and begging piteously to be taken to the next great city for one glimpse of the dead whom all the land so loved!

I doubt if one in a hundred noted anything of the decorations. They were something wonderful for that day, but eyes that were dim with falling tears took little note of the adornments of the bier. I have often thought, Blower, that sorrow could hardly have been more universal and overwhelming when, on the same night, the death angel touched the first-born in every household in a whole land. Lincoln was mourned so deeply that a failure to manifest a participation in the common grief was even perilous. Mobs gathered and houses were defaced because the owners refused to display the emblems of universal grief. Years afterward when a man who had been very prominent in our national history passed away, he had almost a pauper's funeral in the city which had delighted to honor him, because men still remembered with sore hearts that he refused to exhibit the emblems of mourning when Lincoln died. It was as if all the heart's ties had been sundered at once, so solemn, so tender, and so universal was the reverence the nation paid to its great dead.

It is gone. Many of those who crowded to the cottage on Mount McGregor were the personal friends and associates of the dead hero. Their lives were "in the coffin there with Cæsar's." There were quivering lips and dewy eyes and solemn drooping steps as they passed reverently by the leader's corpse. Heaven bless them,

and heaven pity them! Let us whisper no names! Their grief is as sacred as the stricken wife's bereavement!

But, ah me, there were some — also! too many, who would spare neither — ghouls who came to prey on beating hearts! Vultures who would batten on the dead! Magpies who noted only the externals that they might gossip of them afterward!

There is no doubt that the final pageant will be the most wonderful ever seen upon the continent, if not the grandest funeral ovation that the world has ever known. Our comrades that follow the great leader's dust will give to it a touching solemnity. The sometime enemies who follow in his train will give a curious interest. He is perhaps the first of conquerors to be followed to his grave by voluntary associations of the captives of his sword. The constituted authorities of country and its constituent commonwealths will make a most imposing and dignified array. The best, the noblest, and most gifted of the land will be there to testify sincere and earnest homage. The land will offer a wonderful display of reverence and devotion to the memory of the second name of its climacteric era. There will be no show of rancor, no hint of any lack of due respect and honor. The great Republic honors his virtues, exults in his patriotism; is proud of his genius; glories in his magnanimity, and challenges the world to match his fortitude. Those who lately contemned, to-day vie with his warmest admirers in adulation.

All this is as it should be, Blower. My eyes grow dim with tears of joy that in the presence of his ashes

rancor disappears and discord is silent. But it is not like that wonderful pageant of a score of years ago. The multitude will no doubt be decorous and grave; the display more notable and the assemblage more brilliant; but the tears will not flow as then. The bowed heads and heaving breasts will be less numerous. Dry eyes and curious glances will be more often seen and the hush of woe will pass more quickly away. It is not because the people would do him less honor or hold his memory in less regard. It is only because the thought that inspired his life had passed out of the life of the people. They are proud to do him honor, but the ideas that were the corner-stones of his greatness are of Yesterday and not of To-day. Had he died when Lincoln died he would have been honored like him with a nation's tears. Now the land does homage to his life with proud acclaim. Then his achievements would have been applauded on account of the cause for which he fought. Now they are remembered because of the difficulties he overcame. I do not mean to speak disparagingly, Blower. I only wonder if the life which has overlaid and smothered the thought of Yesterday is really a better, truer, noble aspiration, or is the hero's grave to be but a milestone that will mark the swift recession of patriotic devotion, purity, and virtue, before the corrosion of a lower, meaner, baser ideal? Yesterday mourns him not merely as a central figure of its life, but as a prime exponent of its thought. To-day — ah, well, To-day crowds curiously to view his funeral pageant, to count the horses on his funeral-car, note the draping of his bier, and fire minute guns about

his tomb! When their children ask of Grant, no doubt, they will be told it was a goodly spectacle! To-day knows not its debt to the great dead, for it has forgotten from what it was delivered by his hand.

August 14th, 1885.

HYMNS OF THE AGES.

OUR pleasant summer plans were sadly marred by the visitation of sorrow, Blower; and nature as if to testify her participation in our woe, let loose the storms which had slumbered since we first came to this quiet nook, and our comrade-guide declared, with the caution peculiar to the waterman when speaking of a new experience, that he did not "exactly remember ever to have seen just such a storm on the lake at just this time of year. If it had came a month earlier or had happened round about a month later, 'twouldn't a been surprisin'," he said "but jest at this time, it sartin was a good deal out o' the common."

The week of elemental warfare ended with a shower on Sunday night. We sat and watched the tempest as it swept over the bay, until the clouds broke away and the stars shone clear. We concluded that it was the "clearing up" shower, and having noted the quarter in which the wind sat decided that the morrow would be a rare day for sport, and so determined upon an early start.

The forecast of the night was abundently fulfilled by the dawning. The beautiful bay was as waveless as when hostile squadrons lay in sight of each other upon its bright waters, unable to begin the work of slaughter, because of the breathless calm that held

them peacefully apart. But the fish were eager and alert, as Raines had predicted. Hardly had the first glittering lure touched the glassy surface when it caught the eye of a waiting Labrax, and,

> With sweeping tail and quivering fin,
> He sprung above the waters blue.

in his eagerness to seize the prey. Then there was the gleam of golden scales and the foam of angry struggles. The reel sang merrily. The fine silk line cut through the silvery surface, just tinged with the rosy light of the coming day, with that musical hiss which thrills the nerves and steadies the softly straining hand of the angler worthy of the name. The light rod bends evenly from shaft to tip. The attent eye watches the course of the surprised and angry victim as he sweeps back and forth in vain attempts to release himself from the bond, light as a spider's web, but strong as gleaming steal, that drags him with relentless grip to the waiting net, wherein his struggles end, and the swift changing scales clothe with a golden nimbus the last moments of the finny brave. With the sunrise comes a gentle western breeze, that covers the water with a light, sparkling ripple, which seems but to inflame the restless rovers of the deep. Hardly a moment passes that from bow or stern a fight, hot enough to stir the sleepiest sluggard who loiters yawning and listless at his morning meal, is not in progress in our little craft. The wind bears us slowly before it, and the trailing bait seems to grow more enticing to the flashing piscine eyes, to which as well as to human vision, no doubt, "blessings brighten as they take their

flight." Our weather-beaten fellow-soldier, who mans the oars and wields the landing-net, is kept busy rendering impartial aid to his old foe and former comrade; for the best of artificial limbs offers but insecure support to the angler with but an inch and a half of keel beneath him, and a five-pound bass upon an eight-ounce rod.

Others may sing the delight of capturing "mottled beauties" in still, dark pools, where the forest shadow hides unnumbered myriads of persistent enemies, whose keen stings are held but to increase the angler's delight. The young man whom fortune has blest with a purse long enough to stand the strain of a regulation "rig," and nerves sufficiently obtuse to enable him to brave the multitudinous annoyances of the Restigouche, may rave of the rapture of racing with a salmon up and down its icy rapids. These and a dozen other forms of this charming sport may each be pronounced by their especial devotees the very acme of the angler's delight; but one thing is certain, Blower, that for a half-disabled veteran the rod and line offer no keener enjoyment than a pleasant morning on one of our great northern lakes, with a light breeze off the shore and black and yellow bass in a complacent mood. So at least three old campaigners unanimously decided when, as the sun grew warm, we sought the shore; and in the shade which lay about a cool spring, bubbling from the slaty cliff and trickling over bright sands on its brief course to meet the waiting waves, partook of the generous luncheon, which a friendly forethought had provided; counted up our spoils; smoked

our pipes outstretched upon the fragrant turf, and waited for the evening breeze and homeward row.

It was then that I roused Pascal Raines from his nicotian dreams, to tell me something more of that patriotic psalmody to which he had once alluded, and which I took care to intimate that he had evidently studied with peculiar discrimination. He smiled in pleasant appreciation of my well-intended flattery as he replied:

"Very well, Ben Nathan, this is, perhaps, as good a time and place as I shall ever find for the redemption of my promise. Strange enough, it was almost within sight of this very spot that my attention was first directed to this subject, and that, too, under circumstances the reverse of pleasant.

"You did not know that I had ever been here before? Oh, yes, the pleasant water we have drifted over this morning was no stranger to my eye some twenty odd years ago, though it was not nearly so pleasant a prospect then. When not imprisoned beneath jagged, broken ice-floes the water was almost always covered with cold, sullen-looking waves whose white crests and steely sides made even more frigid the winds that chilled the marrow in the bones of some thousands of war's unfortunates, who were the unwilling guests of their foes. That low, dark spit of land that cuts the horizon yonder, just hides the outline of the island on which stood a celebrated military prison —a bare bit of wave-washed bleakness, admirably adapted to the use to which it was put, so far as the mere security of the prisoners was concerned. We

used to think it pretty hard that men whose homes were in the 'sunny South,' and whose blood was attempered to that warmer clime, should be immured in the midst of a frozen sea upon the very northern verge of the national domain. It looked like murder. We were not so badly cared for, in other respects, but men did die of cold in those contract-builded, wind-swept barracks. While others — many others — who did not die then and there, bore away the seeds of disease, which even the genial influences of their native clime could not eradicate. I thought then, that it was purposely done, by that iron-hearted man who shaped the nation's policy in matters pertaining to the war. It is hard to get over this belief, too, terrible as it seems.

"I know you have a similar feeling in regard to some of our southern prisoners, and I cannot deny that the facts are terribly against any other hypothesis. You claim that your soldiers in our hands might have been given the common blessings of fresh air, pure water, and at least the chance to provide themselves with comfortable shelter in a region abounding in forests and streams. You claim that these things were forbidden them; and that, in addition to insufficient food and scanty raiment, you were compelled to burrow in the earth for shelter from sun and storm; that words cannot picture the contamination of the pools from which you were compelled to slake your thirst. You believe that the fierce passions which war had inflamed transformed our leaders into brutish beasts whose lust for vengeance made them murderers of the vilest type.

"I can not deny the facts. The terrible story which I read in your flushed face and flashing eye is, no doubt, true, so far as the acts themselves are concerned. I can not deny them, because the picture of those mounds and burrows, with their savage, brutish-seeming denizens, was ineradicably seared upon my memory by one glance; and my ears will forever thrill with the strains of a marvelous chorus welling up from the lips of men, in whose hearts hope must already have been dead. I blush to say it, Ben Nathan, but I speak the simple truth, when I tell you that I never had one atom of admiration for, or pride in, the moral attributes of you Northern people, until I heard the songs that floated one sultry evening from the pestilential mire of Andersonville. I confess, Ben Nathan, that the name of that terrible stockade calls up remembrance of a sin — a crime against humanity — the stain of which must ever rest upon my people's fame and taint for many a day the history of our civilization.

"But let us not speak of these things today. The sun is too bright and the face of nature all too peaceful for such dolorous memories. Some other day, when the storm lashes the water into foam and the sky is dark and lowering, I will show you that even these are things not to be forgotten, since they constitute but another proof of that inherent, and, I fear, ineradicable difference which constitutes us two peoples, whether under one government or two. This is a time for brighter themes. Earth and sky are aglow with tender radiance, and the soft notes of the wood-thrush hidden away in the shadier recesses of this little glen,

seem to call us back to the theme you suggested — the patriotic songs of our American people.

"Before I come to speak of them, Ben Nathan, perhaps I ought to say something about the principles which underlie all national or patriotic hymnody. I thought it all out over in the prison-camp, ten miles across the head yonder, one day when I was lying somewhat more than half sick in my bunk and listening to the songs of those who guarded us. They were brave and kindly men, nearly all of them veterans half disabled by wounds or hardship. Some of them were beardless boys, and some of them well past the military age. I was struck with the character of their songs, and thought to myself that these men, whose honesty of purpose I could not deny, had become the unconscious victims of that fanaticism which had for years used this great instrumentality to inspire the northern people with the sacredness of the crusade it waged against slavery. Three years before — I was a college boy then in New England — I had heard the Hutchinsons sing, and had found myself unable to resist the thrill of humanitarian sentimentality which was stirred to life, even in the dullest breast, by the rapturous exultation of Whittier, Garrison, and other poets of that day, who may well claim to have been inspired by a zeal for liberty unprecedented for sincerity and disinterestedness in any age or clime. I did not think so then. I accounted these men as arch-hypocrites, who with hellish cunning had married noble sentiment to flowing numbers, and had used the combination to mislead and corrupt the simple-minded.

"It was only after careful study and close observation of contrasted types that I learned that the patriotic song, or the song that is based on a patriotic idea, always performs a double function. I used to accept the ancient apothegm about the maker of a people's songs being able to bid defiance to the maker of its laws, at par; giving no heed to the farther fact that the song-maker himself is bound by inflexible conditions, which imperatively curtail his influence and domain. No rules of art can give his work success. No rythmic skill or deftness of versification is sufficient. No loftiness of sentiment, fervor of patriotism, or grandeur of diction, nor all of them combined, can make a national or patriotic song which will ever shape a peoples' or a country's destiny. The one essential pre-requisite is that such a song must always express what a people have already thought and felt. Not only that, but it must express a sentiment on which the popular mind has dwelt so long and earnestly that the song seems but the echo of their thought. It becomes, therefore, first of all things, an exponent of public sentiment, an index of popular feeling. It may intensify or perpetuate such sentiment, but it can never create or inspire a popular thought. The patriotic song must be a type of the age and people, and its measures must always be synchronous with the heart-beat of a national life.

"Miriam's song, the earliest patriotic rhapsody of the Israelite, throbbing as it does with a thrill of a marvelous deliverance, yet displays amid its exultation and savage imprecation of the enemy, that cool

assumption that the enemies of Israel are for that very reason the foes of God, which has ever remained the peculiar characteristic of the Jewish people. No one can doubt that this was the thought uppermost in the heart of each at that moment of miraculous triumph. Miriam simply phrased the sentiment of everyone who had come dry-shod through the sea, with the guiding pillar of flame and cloud, and had seen the enemies who had so long oppressed, destroyed by the very instrumentalities which had wrought their own deliverance. It was first effect and then cause — the voice of a day and the inspiration of the ages. Of a like character were the war cries and battle hymns of all ancient peoples, only pitched upon a much lower key to suit the tenor of a baser life.

"The song with which the Englishman has so long cheered himself in victory and upheld the stubborn Anglo-Saxon courage which will not recognize defeat — that adjustable piece of versified devotion, 'God Save the King,' or 'Queen,' as the case may be — is an outburst of enthusiastic loyalty, not for the person of the sovereign, but for the throne, the fiction of British nationality. The 'Marseillaise' is the bursting battle-cry of millions springing up from earth to overturn and avenge the tyranny of centuries. The German national songs are simply crystallizations of the idea of home, the fatherland, nativity, regarded as an impulse to martial prowess.

"Our own national songs curiously illustrate the same principle. 'Yankee Doodle' was the type of the Revolutionary era, almost all the songs of which repre-

sent a people keenly alive to their own deficiencies, employing the ridicule of their more cultured and arrogant enemies to convey a half-jocose defiance. The same spirit continued to inspire that remarkable burst of song with which you people of the North celebrated the victories of our second struggle with the mother country. None of these really obtained any secure hold upon the people of the South. Even 'Yankee Doodle' continued to have much of the original significance which it possessed when the British soldiery first piped it in derision of the New England yeomanry. What we have generally considered our special national anthems have been pitched upon a key a little more exalted than that of our British cousins, and a little less domestic than that of the German national lyric. 'Hail Columbia' is openly modeled on 'Rule Britannia,' and as a piece of national braggadocio is even less meritorious.

"The Star Spangled Banner' touches a higher plane of sentiment; and the picture of the patriot watching in the early morning for the flag the night had hidden, gives force and pathos to the appeal to the God of battles. The burst of grateful acclamation with which, in the last stanza, deliverance in the past, protection for the future, the peaceful home and the scath of devastating war, are all blended in one swift-rushing panorama of picture-painting words — is almost worthy of the national life it commemorated, besides representing fairly well the devotional spirit of that time. We had not then passed the age of self. Patriotism knew but two great impulses — devotion to the land of one's birth

or adoption, and the assertion of individual right by the masses of an oppressed people. The Covenanter spirit — that strange compound of the Anglican sense of duty, and the Jewish idea of Jehovah, the stern, inflexible avenger — still ruled the world. The sanctity of humanity was yet uncomprehended. The nation looked to the God of their fathers, sang his praises, and implored his protection in the fervid strains of this much-abused song:

> Oh, thus be it ever when freemen shall stand
> Between their loved homes and the war's desolation.

Self-preservation, deliverance from evil which threatened not only the land as an abstraction, but the people and their homes, were the motives which stirred then the popular heart. The struggle for national existence was still fresh enough in the hearts of our people to give a peculiar force to the verse,

> "Praise the power which hath made and preserved us a Nation."

The justice of our cause — the defensive war of a young nationality — is alleged as the chief hope of victory and the reason of our trust in God.

"Taken as a whole, Ben Nathan, I am inclined to count the 'Star Spangled Banner' the broadest, noblest, sweetest, and tenderest of all national lyrics up to the beginning of our great civil war. Its dignity is of that unconscious kind that best of all befits a nation of freemen. There is not a hint of revenge or barbarism or boastfulness in it. It is Miriam's hymn of rejoicing refined and purified by the Christian sentiment of home, the aspirations of a newly-planted national life,

and the trustful hope of a new-born civilization. Like all that came before the climacteric era of our national life, however, it is infinitely below that marvelous burst of song that ushered in the conflict and inspired every step in the onward march of your armies. You have scorned and forgotten the inspiration of that day, and your children hardly know the words of the old songs; but the spirit which they typified, and the devotion they aroused, were the real cause of the success of your arms. To that spirit is due the triumph of the past and the peace of the present, and to it the future must look for its security and glory."

August 21, 1885.

THE SONGS OF TWO PEOPLES.

I ASKED Pascal Raines, after I had heard him set forth in such appreciative language the merits of "The Star-Spangled Banner," what need there was of a new National song, since this embodied such noble sentiments and embraced no word that could in any manner affect the sensibilities of any section. Did he think, I inquired, that "The Bonnie Blue Flag" had usurped its place in the sentiments of a portion of the people!

"No," he answered promptly, "it is not that. As a popular melody 'The Bonnie Blue Flag' was hardly a success even at the South, where it was formally and professedly adopted as the acknowledged and authoritative expression of public sentiment. It is another illustration of the fact that such songs can not be made up according to a prescribed formula. So to speak, it was the recognized official metrical exponent of the patriotic sentiment of the Confederacy, but it had very little hold on the popular heart. It was sung in the parlor, and was the pet of good society, but somehow or other it never seemed to stir any feeling that could be accounted deep or permanent, at a time when blood was at fever heat, and each day's life expunged the record of yesterday's sentimentalities. It was no doubt intended that it should take the place of the old National anthem in the minds of the South-

ern people, but it signally failed to accomplish the task assigned to it.

"Perhaps one reason for this was the curious uncertainty that prevailed so long as to what really was the Confederate flag, and the prominence given both in the field and in the states themselves to the different state flags. The distinction between the flag of the Confederacy and the battle-flag under which its soldiers so long marched to victory may also have had something to do with it. At all events, both the flag and the song written in its honor seem to have taken but a slight hold upon the hearts of the people. I have myself been surprised at the transitory character of the memories attaching to them. Even the soldiers of the Confederacy seem to have had no romantic attachment for its flag — at least none that survives the memory of defeat. I doubt if half my surviving comrades could to-day tell what the flag was like which they followed so faithfully through the varying fortunes of four years of strife. Probably no great revolution ever had so evanescent an emblem. The 'stars and bars,' even in the heat of the conflict, did not seem to have any great hold upon the popular fancy. I think "Stonewall Jackson" was right in the statement generally attributed to him, that it was 'a great mistake to try to divide the National flag as well as the National territory.' The truth is, that both in name and fact, the 'stars and bars' were but a feeble imitation of the 'stars and stripes.' If a strong distinctive emblem had been adopted it would have been remembered both by friend and foe, and would have constituted an undying

feature of the romance which is sure to blossom on the grave of unsuccessful revolution.

"No, it was not this flag — an intended counterfeit of the one it was designed especially to oppose and subvert — nor the song consecrated to its exaltation that lessened the power of the 'Star-spangled Banner' as a National melody. The simple fact is that the idea it was designed especially to perpetuate and enforce, the idea of national preservation and security against the assaults of foreign power, lost its force and interest in the presence of a more intense and vital thought. The second war with England not only put an end to all fear of invasion on the part of our people, but the songs of exultation which its brief but brilliant record evoked had hardly become familiar when the shadow of a still greater danger began to show itself in our life. The invader was forgotten in the heat and fury of that internal discord which culminated in the war, not for the dissolution of the Union, but for the partition of its power and the duplication of its franchises.

"Did it ever strike you as a curious thing, Ben Nathan, that the revolt of the Southern people was intended not to subvert, destroy, modify, or avoid the Government of the United States, but to establish another nationality not only of the same general character, but even in its details substantially identical with it? It is, perhaps, the first instance in history in which revolution has not at least demanded change, and in which sedition could only offer a vague apprehension in excuse for its acts. Yet that apprehension was

based on an instinctive appreciation of radical and incurable differences which had already parted the country in twain long before the first gun was trained against the walls of Sumter. The shadow of this great crisis — the knowledge of our supreme danger as a nation — had rested over us for well-nigh half a century, growing every moment more and more sharply outlined. A generation had already grown up in its umbrage. A quarter of a century before, dismemberment had been openly and persistently advocated. From that time onward it had been a matter of continuous and hardly covert threat. The shadow of sedition eclipsed the fear of invasion. We lost our terror of the stranger, in our apprehension of forcible partition among the heirs of our glory.

"It is said that the lightest scratch upon the heart — the merest touch of the sharpest instrument or the point of the finest needle — thrills the strongest nature with the most abject and overwhelming fear. It is no wonder the nation trembled. It was cut across the heart by the sharp sword of controversy. Its vital tissues were pricked by the adamantine spear-points of irreconciliable difference. The climacteric conflict between right and wrong was impending, and in the dimly seen havoc which lay between the related forces we forgot to be grateful for past deliverance, or apprehensive of future harm from foreign power. The 'Star-spangled Banner' lost its significance as a national anthem when the conscience of a part of our people was ready to put individual right above national unity, while another wing were ready to subvert the national exist-

ence in order to secure legal privilege and perpetuate, social rank.

The South put the right to own and control the slave above the national peace, and the abolitionist was willing to see the Union disrupted because the shield of its authority protected and perpetuated slavery. No wonder the nation forgot the invader. The germ of peril lay hidden in its own life. Liberty anathematized the Federal compact because it permitted slavery to exist. Slavery abjured the union of states because it apprehended an inclination not to observe the letter of the compact. It was a conflict between the written law on which our nation claims to rest its existence, and the 'higher law' to which, it was claimed, our civilization is due. There was this curious condition attendant upon this conflict: Whichever view prevailed, the nation was threatened with destruction. This fact was apparent to every one and for a quarter of a century formed the basis of continuous and successful entreaty addressed alternately to the lovers of liberty and the champions of slavery. The former were besought to moderate their zeal for the right, in the hope that time would bring a peaceful and happy remedy in some far future, when greed and prejudice should relax their hold upon human nature. The latter were in like manner importuned by the same class of doubting patriots, to wait and trust to time to teach the liberty-loving fanatics of the North that the Union with slavery was preferable to liberty without the Union. This conflict, in its various phases, dwarfed all other thought. Very naturally it left its impress on our

popular songs, and in the end inspired the noblest patriotic hymnody which the world has ever known.

"Perhaps nothing more curious than the development which followed in the line of patriotic song was ever known. I do not refer to the distinctively controversial or doctrinal songs, which constituted a specific part of the armament of the Abolitionists. The old Garrisonian war-cry was a fit example of rhythmic arguments, now rusty and forgotten, like old armor on an ancient castle wall:

> We will speak out — we will be heard,
> Though all earth's systems crack,
> We will not bate a single word
> Nor take a letter back.

"They were bright and effective weapons then, however, and many of them of celestial temper. Most of them were too keen for anything but warfare, and did not yield themselves readily to simulated sentiment. With rare exceptions, they were wielded only by professionals, and cannot be said to have become in any proper sense popular songs.

"Such was not the case, however, with that other class of songs which the fixing of public attention upon the negro no doubt brought into existence. I mean, of course, those curious blendings of exaggerated sentiment and pathetic drollery which permitted the marriage of minor chords and a jig movement, known as 'negro melodies.' Intentionally or unintentionally, these melodies became instrumentalities in the great conflict. Perhaps their primary purpose was ridicule. At this time no one can tell. It may have been hoped

that, in this case as in all others, familiarity would breed contempt. If so, the purpose failed. However absurd the sentiment or exaggerated the action may have been, the refrain of the slave's sad fate was sure to crop out somewhere in the rude syllables, and find proper setting in its quaint and bizarre measures.

"Perhaps the most startling and unforeseen incident connected with the introduction of the negro melody, was the amazing popularity of this class of songs among the people of the South. Though some of them seemed to have been expressly designed to direct attention to, and awaken sympathy for, the pitiable injustice of the slave's hard fate, no public sentiment could restrain their spread among the Southern people. Slavery has unquestionably left a negroid stamp upon Southern thought and sentiment, just as it has broadened our vowels, strengthened our labials and modified almost every form of our speech. It was a game of give and take — the white man taking purposely the slave's liberty — his unrequited toil — and giving unconsciously year by year something of his own manhood to transform the African into an American. The master was undoubtedly compelled by the irony of fate to bear something of his slave's burden and take on tongue and brain the stamp of his generic attributes. Out of these facts it arose that the song to which the footsteps of your soldiers echoed on their unresting march to victory, was but the creaking of the gallows-tree at Charlestown, made comprehensible by words irrelevant and quaint enough to suit themselves to the life the maniac-martyr had lived and the unlawful but benefi-

cent purpose for which he had died. At the same time, the South took from the negro's lips the song which it not only made its real national anthem, but with strange inconsistency constituted also the battle-cry of a conflict waged for the perpetuation of slavery.

"These two songs were the product and types of the two great forces which our civilization had developed. The symbol and demonstration of the two peoples which had resulted from our national life. They were national songs, each expressing in a quaint and unique manner the dominant thought of a distinct and peculiar people. The Abolition sentiment of the North had sailed so long under false colors that even this song, which so faithfully forecasted its final triumph, did it under a figure so obscure that it could even then be readily disowned. So the army which marched to its resonant swinging measures, the soldiers who sang this strange, weird anthem of universal liberty and were inspired by the seductive glory of its sentiments, fought for two years under the express and repeated declarations of their government, the press, and the people of the North, that they had no hostile purpose or inimical design against the institution of slavery.

"Chanting hourly the praise of the prophet who had foretold its downfall and made himself the first voluntary victim in the crusade for its overthrow, they persistently denied the leadership of the soul which marched ever on and on with them to the fulfillment of the purpose for which he had lived and died.

"I am sorry to say it, Ben Nathan, but there is no denying the assertion that the people of the North went

into battle under false colors. You said one thing with your lips and in your hearts thought another and quite different thing. Your words were intended to induce the South to trust to the sincerity of your declaration that you did not desire the overthrow of slavery, and would continue in the future even more faithfully than in the past, to cherish and protect the institution. But the chosen battle-song of your mustering legions spoke the real truth. The thought, the soul of John Brown, hidden beneath specious words and subtly grotesque phrasing, was the animating impulse. You fought shamefacedly for the liberty of the slave. For that liberty you were not afraid to face death upon the field of battle; but you were so afraid of the taunts and jeers of the white people of the South — you had shrunk so long from the obloquy of being called a nation of negro-lovers and negro-worshipers — that it was not until the pains of continuous defeat had deadened your super-sensitiveness and brought you face to face with the certain prospect of ultimate disaster, that you were brave enough to avow your real motive, and proclaim the liberty which you had all the time secretly hoped to achieve.

"On the other hand, the South mustered her hosts to the quaint Africo-American strains of "Dixie." With us, at least, there was no false pretense. We avowed slavery to be the corner-stone of our revolt, and hung its colors on our helm. With instinctive scorn and in brave defiance of the spirit of your mystical and equivocal ode, we caught from the slave's lips the measures which expressed with contemptuous defiance the dis-

tinctiveness and perfectibility of the South, as a nation — a people — an organized existence. Words could not more forcibly express the exultant content of a peculiar and distinctive nationality. Our "Dixie" told the whole story. It was the emblem of our chosen land — a distinct nationality. Even yet you know nothing of its significance and I could not elucidate to you its force. It meant *our* land — *our* life — the mystic potency of a peculiar people. It was the banner-cry of the South — as it *was* — as we were determined that it should remain. We fought exulting in the wrong, the scath and the peril of slavery — proud of all those things that in the future must cover us with shame! You fought as if ashamed of the liberty you yearned to achieve, but dared not write upon your banners.

"So the dirge of 'Old John Brown' went wailing on to the victory which its instruments have made haste to disavow; while the defiant strains of "Dixie" rang out as cheerily after Appomattox as on the morning of the first Bull Run. It is one of those strange melodies that not only inspires and prepares for victory, but consoles defeat with something of that faith which would not feel discouragement, with which the slave looked forward to the jubilee."

August 28, 1885.

THE CLIMAX OF DEVOTION.

I WAS much impressed by the views which Pascal Raines had expressed, and after he had left my room and I had heard the somewhat heavy footfall which—despite the best that mechanical skill can do for the unfortunate, will mark the steps of him who wears an artificial limb—as he went down the long corridor to his own room. I sat for a long time, Blower, taking deep suspirations of the balmy vapor which rises from the incense burning in your bowl and peopling the azure clouds that rose before my dreaming eyes with battling hosts that chanted as they fought wierd songs whose grotesque melody was full of strange mystical significance. In my vision these were transformed into mighty forces, and one of them — as grim of feature as those gnomic faces which the earthquake and the tempest carve upon the mountain's granite outlines — this one strode calm and unruffled through the mighty tumult, cast down his grim, sardonic enemy, and held him lightly but secure upon the ground. And while I watched, the giant faded, and in his place a great obsequious lackey stood, who lifted from the earth the captive, brushed the dust of battle off, and then stood, cap in hand, waiting to do his bidding. Somehow, Blower, this queer vision which I saw so plainly pictured in the smoke wreaths, pursued my fancy all night

long; and in my dreams I mourned for that calm presense, giant-like and yet benign, which strode across the field of strife, without one trace of passion, resolute yet kind, and brought an end of conflict. I seemed to love the uncouth, mighty presence, and to feel as if the spruce, obsequious lackey who had come to take his place was hardly an equivalent for his loss. It was but a dreaming fancy, however, and no doubt a very foolish one.

The morning sun dispelled these morbid fancies, and when our foeman-friend came to my room for an after-breakfast whiff — a common custom now that the bass have stopped biting for a time — I was almost ready to laugh over them. Such was not his mood, however. He is rarely so mirthfully inclined of late as was his wont. I cannot understand why it is. He seems to have an ineradicable fondness for speculating in regard to our National life and public affairs. Yet no one would dream of regarding him as a politician. He is a contemner of parties except as instrumentalities for the accomplishment of great purposes, and mocks at the fine-spun theories of those who would substitute prescribed systems and inflexible rules for public conscience and the enlightened judgment of the people. Unlike our best and wisest, he does not seem to think that the past died with yesterday. Somehow or other he claims that in its elements it still subsists. He is fond of referring to "Time's eternal repetend — Yesterday, To-day, and To-morrow." This he counts an existence which is indivisible and yet distinctly tripartite. To him the good and evil of To-day

are but the fruits of Yesterday's seeding. The first step toward healing the woes of To-day, or securing the tranquility of To-morrow, he declares to be a full knowledge of Yesterday's good and evil, its strength and its infirmity. Because of a neglect of this knowledge on the part of the present — a failure to recognize this fundamental truth of history — he apprehends vital error, if not grave disaster, in the future.

Last night I found it well nigh impossible to resist the influence of his foreboding. But this morning I pointed to the sun shining bright above the rippling waters and exclaimed reproachfully: "Behold a new day. Now,

> ——while the West bin red to see,
> And storms be none, and pirates flee
> Why sing "The Brides of Enderby?"

"Do I?" he asked, as he filled his pipe and sank into the willow rocker that creaked complainingly under his goodly weight.

"Do you?" I answered. "Has not your merciless dissection of our country's patriotic melodies sufficed to fill the night with dolorous visions?"

Then I told him of my dream as if he had been a soothsayer from whom I sought its interpretation.

"My good Ben Nathan," he said, after a few contemplative puffs at the long root stem which he twisted carelessly in his fingers as he spoke, "it needs no Joseph to translate your dream. It was indeed but the inevitable conclusion of that course of thought we had so pleasantly pursued together before I bade you good night. The consciousness which you strive to slay by

specious reasoning asserted itself in your dream. Learn from it that the accidents of warfare do not make or unmake peoples. Boundary lines do not differentiate populations. The line of demarkation is traced in divergent natures and contrasted impulses. You do not realize even yet what the difference between 'Old John Brown' and 'Dixie' really signified.

"To me it is a matter of amazement that the intelligence and culture of the North should be willing to subordinate or even to ignore the grandest element of your past. Nay, I will go farther, Ben Nathan, and say the grandest impulse that ever inspired a nation to engage in conflict. Men have fought only too often for greed and glory. The love of conquest has inspired to gallant deeds whose mere recital has thrilled the pulses of unnumbered generations. Men have wrought marvels of heroism for home and country. Warfare has been made the instrument of faith, and men have sought with unquestioning zeal to secure a peaceful immortality for themselves, by compelling others to abjure the errors of unbelief. No people were ever before inspired with so high, so noble, so unselfish a purpose, however, as that which animated the North in its struggle with the Confederacy."

"Yes, indeed," I murmured, in modest recognition of this overwhelming commendation, "the preservation of the Union, not merely for ourselves, but for you, also, to enjoy, was a glorious purpose."

"Yes, Ben Nathan," Pascal Raines responded, with a laugh which was not altogether complimentary in its tone, "that was a good purpose which you professed,

but it was base and mean in comparison with the one you denied and tried to conceal. As a motive for war, the mere preservation of the Union — the assertion of the national sovereignty over certain definite limits — was neither an unusual nor an especially exalted impulse to an aggressive warfare such as the Nation really waged. It did not compare in nobility and grandeur with the motive that inspired the Southern people. They fought for their homes — 'their altars and their fires' in very truth. I will even go farther and say that they fought for exactly the same principle that animated our forefathers in their rebellion against Great Britian — the collective right of a people to govern themselves according to their own ideas.

"I know it makes you wince, my friend. You have been accustomed to think that all the right, all the glory of devotion to principle, was on your side the line, and all that was base and selfish and unjust on the other. Yet I tell you plainly, Ben Nathan, that if you but 'stand upon your declaration,' as the lawyers say, the verdict of history must, and ought to be, entered up against you. The ethical principles which govern nations and peoples in the assertion and maintenance of sovereignty are not yet very clearly defined. In what we, with a quaint, almost farcical humor, call international law, the end always justifies the means, and might is almost always the sole criterion of right.

"The result of our war has sanctified the claim you make of having fought for the preservation of national unity. On that ground alone, however, it is hardly

more defensible than the German conquest of Alsace-Lorraine.

"Did you ever stop to analyze the equities involved upon this issue? Let us put aside the question of state-rights and admit that your interpretation of the Constitution was correct, and what have we? Our forefathers, so to speak, had made a contract that they and their descendants should constitute a people — a Nation, if you please. What moral right had they to bind a people for all time, or what moral right had a portion of that people to compel another portion to submit unwillingly to its continuance? By legal analogy we might be termed tenants in common in whom the right of partition always resides. It was not the question of the right of a majority to control and subjugate an interspersed and factious minority, but of one section or people to hold by force another seeking national autonomy for themselves. It was not an attempt to overthrow or subvert an existing government. It cannot properly be termed sedition or rebellion. It was merely the spontaneous action of a whole people, occupying a definite portion of territory, to establish for themselves an independent government suited to their own wants, conditions and ideas.

"It was no insignificant fragment, either. Of twelve millions of people there was scarcely a tithe of that race who alone were recognized as citizens — with whom rested the right and power of the States — who either felt or expressed any dissatisfaction with the action of the majority. Of course there were some dissentients and curiously enough both sides, from entirely opposite

motives, have sought to magnify their numbers. You have done this for the sake of making it appear that the movement was factional and not territorial. We have done the same to magnify our own prowess by showing how hard it was to conquer even a divided South. One of the shrewdest things that man of marvelous sagacity, Abraham Lincoln, did was to encourage the formation of regiments, nominally recruited in the rebellious states, but really drawing the better part of their strength from Northern States whose own quotas were already full. I remember that we once captured the muster-roll of a so-called Kentucky regiment of Federal troops. It showed hardly Kentuckians enough among its rank and file to constitute a decent company. The same was true of such corps as 'Brownlow's Tennesseans,' a whole company of which, I have been told, was raised in one county of the Western Reserve in Ohio.

"Despite these duplicate pretenses, however, there was probably never a revolutionary movement in history that commanded such universal assent of the people primarily affected by it as the formation of the Southern Confederacy. Leaving out of consideration the colored race, the effort to sever our Federal relations may properly be said to have been unanimous. Men doubted, hesitated, and prophesied disaster, but in the end not only succumbed, but vied with the most rabid in the maintenance of the cause of Southern independence. So far as the question of right and wrong, as involved in our pet theory of the right of self-government, is concerned, in this proposed

disruption of the Federal Union, the right unquestionably lay with us. If three millions of people had the right to proclaim independence because self-government is a natural right, then certainly eight millions of whites, separated from the people of the North by known and visible boundaries, and by still more marked differences of character and tradition, must have had a right to claim a similar political autonomy.

"This is the way the matter presented itself to the Southern people. We thought we had a right to self-government because we were a distinct and peculiar people, occupying a distinct and separate territory. It was for this that we fought, and it was in confident faith that we would receive divine aid in support of this principle that we wrote '*Deo Vindice*' upon our banner, and appealed with confidence to the arbitrament of the sword. We not only fought for what we believed to be a divine right, but we merely waged a defensive warfare against those who invaded the territory of the states whose people had declared in favor of adhesion to the Confederacy. 'Dixie' fitly symbolized our motive and purpose. We fought for a distinct and peculiar people, for control of a specific territory, for a new nationality — 'Dixie Land.' We were resolved 'to live and die' in this newly-born, unrecognized "Dixie," and were willing to live and die for her liberty — for the right of a great people to govern themselves."

"It may be a new view of the matter to you, Ben Nathan. The faculty of seeing the other side is not a very usual one. It was thus that the question present-

ed itself to our minds, laying aside all quirks and technicalities, and considering only the great principle which underlies the American theory of self-government. Viewed from that standpoint, I have never yet seen any occasion to modify the conviction of a quarter of a century ago. If we had succeeded, the world would have indorsed this theory and applauded our devotion to principle.

"You are wrong, however, in declaring the maintenance of the Union to have been the controlling motive of your people and government. Right or wrong, absurd or wise, maniac or martyr, the soul of John Brown not only marched with your troops but inspired them with a spirit of marvelous self-sacrifice. Your soldiers fought neither for fame nor dominion. The lust of conquest never influenced their hearts. No spirit of revenge or prospect of advantage spurred them to the gigantic efforts required to defeat and crush a people so brave and a nationality so instinct with harmonious vitality as our confederacy. It was a purpose nobler than the love of liberty, grander than the instinct of patriotism. Shirk it as you will, deny it as you may, the one crowning glory of your part in that great struggle — the one thing that for all time will mark it as unprecedented in moral grandeur — is the fact that you fought bravely, died willingly, and triumphed modestly, not for your own advantage, not to secure your children's liberties, but to give liberty and equality of right and privilege to a people debased, untried, branded with the mark of servitude, and separated by the insuperable wall of race from your appre-

ciative sympathy or intimate alliance. You overthrew the Confederacy in order that you might free the slave.

"The sense of the dignity and glory of individual right had become so ingrained in the Northern mind that no peril could daunt, no difficulty discourage, and no hardship deter them from the accomplishment of this purpose. This was the great fact of that epoch, the real work of the Northern armies, and the real impulse which inspired the Northern mind. The preservation of the Union was but an incident — the means for the achievement of the greater end — the cover of a grander purpose. It was this that lifted your people to a pinnacle of unselfish and heroic devotion that had never been attained by any popular movement before. You fought your brothers and kinsmen, those to whom the ties of race and the traditions of the past bound you with peculiar force, in order to lift up the poor, the weak and despised — the alien by race and inferior by tradition — because convinced that he had a right to be free! I confess, Ben Nathan, that when I think of this I gladly doff my hat to the 'Yankee' whom in many respects I but little esteem, cheerfully admitting that in this act — no matter whether it was a wise or foolish one — he reached a level of common purpose and manifested an unselfishness in his devotion to a glorious idea, which no other people in any age or clime have ever yet attained. In good or evil results the emancipation of four millions of slaves must ere long eclipse in importance the preservation of the national territory from rupture, and the power of the

republic from impairment. The world already knows it better as a struggle for liberty than as a war for territorial unity. Almost under the shadow of the pole, the Finnish peasant reads today the story of our struggle under the name and style of 'The History of the War for Emancipation.' That is what it means to the rest of the world, and what it must ultimately mean to us. The greater fact must ultimately swallow up the lesser.

"I cannot understand why you, as a people, and especially those who claim to be wiser than others, should so persistently and shamefacedly disavow and ignore the very thing that sheds the brightest luster on your fame. For my part, I regret most sincerely that the giant of your dream is dead.

"How came I to be thus appreciative of the impulse that held the North like a sleuth-hound on the trail of the confident and exulting South? I do not wonder at your inquiry, my friend. The persistency with which even then you denied the real purpose that animated your hosts and inspired your people, and set up instead a meaner and lower purpose, may well have hidden from the eyes of foemen the real grandeur of your devotion. I heard it better defined by one of my own comrades in the very heat of that struggle, than it ever has been by any of the golden-mouthed eulogists of your victory. We were in winter quarters on the banks of the Rapidan, when the Proclamation, which was the fulfillment of Lincoln's threat of three month's before, reached us. Till that moment, few of us believed that he would really stand up to

his promise. One of my messmates read it aloud. There was a moment of silence. Then one of them spoke up and said: 'It is all over with us now, boys. A people fighting for *their own* liberty is well-nigh invincible, but one fighting for the liberty of *another, and an alien race, can never be withstood!*'

"It was not till some months afterward, however, that I fully realized the truth my comrade had expressed. You know what took me to the prison you have so fitly denominated a 'pen' at Andersonville. Your letter had informed me that you were a prisoner in our hands, and I left my couch of convalescence to go there upon the chance of finding you. It was hardly a day's ride from Buckhead, and though there was only a chance, I did not feel justified in omitting to avail myself of even a possible opportunity to exemplify the comradeship we had pledged to each other on the battlefield. On my arrival I learned that no officers were confined there, and knew my journey was in vain. I declined an invitation, not very heartily given, as I thought, to go within the stockade, but climbed up to the sentry-walk and looked over. I can not tell the horror of that scene. It was nearly sundown of a hot autumn day. The wretchedness depicted in the faces of that squalid, unprotected multitude was unspeakable. I could hear the soughing of the wind in the pines beyond, but they had neither breath nor shade. The stench, even where I stood, was sickening. Because I had been a prisoner myself, I no doubt pitied them the more. I guessed what they must endure, though I only dimly imagined the full horror

of their fate. As I turned away the notes of song arose from that squalid mass. I paused and listened — listened to the very end of that most remarkable pæan of self-sacrifice that ever inspired an army or a people to suffer and achieve for another's sake. As I rode away in the gloaming that follows quick upon our southern sunset, the words went with me, and have never left my memory:

'In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me;
As He died to make men holy, let *us* die to make men free.'

"There is an anthem, Ben Nathan, that swallows up in moral grandeur all the songs of patriotic purport from Miriam's time till now. It marks the climax of human devotion. 'Perhaps for a good man some would even dare to die,' is the extreme limit of the apostle's idea of merely human self-sacrifice. But out of that sweltering, fetid prison-pen, into the silent night, came the exultant chorus of thousands who stood in the very presence of a lingering and terrible death.

'As He died to make men holy, let *us die* to make men free!'

"They were soldiers of your army, confronting the most terrible of deaths, rejoicing in their immolation for the sake of humanity! They were private soldiers, 'enlisted men,' according to the muster rolls, volunteers who had stepped out of the ranks of your Northern life, for what?

'As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free!'

"The noxious air brought to my ears this answer. From that hour I reverenced the Yankee soldier — not for his superior valor, for in that we were his equal —

not for his fortitude and devotion, for in them my comrades could not be excelled — but because of the sublimity of self-sacrifice which impelled him to do and suffer for others what we counted it heroism to dare for ourselves! I have had more confidence in the final outcome of emancipation because of this memory. I can not see how any good is to come from it yet, but I can not think that the liberty bought with the blood of men inspired by such a motive can result in ultimate evil to humanity.

"Do you wonder that I sometimes despise a people who will not only let such a spirit die and be forgotten, but even stoutly deny that it ever possessed them? How do I know that it is dead, and why do I say it is forgotten? Look at the eulogies pronounced over the grave of your great leader. In prose and verse how many have spoken in his memory! Yet his highest honor — the fact that he was the chosen instrument for carrying into effect the marvelous promise of a race's liberation — has hardly been thought worthy of mention by most of them. How do I know it is forgotten? I have asked every young lady I have heard singing since I came among you, to favor me with 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic,' and only found one who had ever heard it. *You* have not forgotten it, of course. My old charger even yet pricks up his ears when he hears a bugle note. But I think the staid and useful animals who share his paddock with him, regard the old war-horse as a trifle crazy at such times. You remind me of him, now and then, Ben Nathan."

SEPTEMBER 4, 1885.

JOINED OR PARTED.

THE pleasant outing is ended, Blower. The summer heats are over and the summer birds have flown. The last bass has been landed. The bright waters of the bay will sparkle no more for us except in memory. The gentle motion of the tossing boat will come to us only in dreams. No friendly voice will break upon our reverie when my lips clasp your amber mouth-piece and your fragrant breath rises drowsily about me after the day's labors are over. We have parted with the friend who was a foeman, and the fisher-guide who was a comrade, in the long ago.

It was a curious parting. Why is it that we assume that all tender sentiment belongs to woman's kingdom? Sadness and love we seem to count inseparable ideas. Tears are sacred to womanhood and tenderness consecrate to passion or to home. The world would have laughed in pity or derision if it could have marked the sadness of those last days and the choking awkwardness of the final leave-taking. For a week our old friend, who had been a companion in a past of which we had found so much to say, as well as guide and helper in our daily expeditions, had exhausted all his simple strategy to induce us to prolong our pleasant holiday. To have heard him picture the delights of that favored region when island and main are clad in

the many-hued garments of autumn; when "the soft, serene, September days" cover the slumberous waters with silver sheen; when the frosty nights have gilded the hickory leaves, painted brown the oaken background, and touched with flame the maple crests; when balmy days and honey-dews have ripened the nectar-laden clusters, and the vine-leaves, whose silver sides the summer breezes delighted to toss up to the sunlight have grown dull and dark —to have heard him discourse of these things in his anxiety to defer our flitting, one would have thought the world had missed a poet in this harsh-voiced weather-beaten fisherman. When he found these efforts were in vain he counted mournfully the days, and finally the hours, that must elapse before our departure. To the last moment he was assiduous in his care. The fishing rigs, wrapped and packed with the utmost nicety, will bring him to mind whenever we have need for them again. For the last day or two, he hardly left us, even to sleep.

"I don't know why it is," he said pathetically, as he was putting things in order for the journey the evening before we were to leave, "but I've been out so often with ye, one a settin' in the bow and t'other in the starn, a takin' off a fish sometimes for one an' then again for t'other, and a listenin' while ye talked, that it don't seem as if I'd ever want to touch an oar again after you're gone. Of course, I didn't always know so very much about what you was talkin' of, and I don't mind tellin' ye that I've learned a sight about many and many things sence I've been a rowing you around;

but it don't really make no difference, I s'pose, whether an old chap like me learns anything new or not. That is, it don't make no special difference to others, and you probably wouldn't know jest what it is to me. In fact, I don't know as I have exactly learned so much after all. The truth, is Mr. Nathan (he has always called me Mr. Nathan from having heard Pascal Raines address me so frequently as Ben Nathan), that you and Mr. Raines seem to be so far apart, good friends as you always are, that one can't never tell exactly which one to take sides with, till he's thought it all out himself. That's what I shall be doin' all through the fall fishin', an' after the winter sets in, when I shan't have nothin' else to do only jest to tend the fire and mend the rigs for next year's work. When I'm alone I shall always have you with me Mr. Nathan — you and Mr. Raines — coz it don't seem as if you was ever apart — one in the bow and the other in the starn, and I shall argue these things all over to myself, takin' first our side, Mr. Nathan, and then trying to make out Mr. Raines' side, so's to git as nigh the right on't all as I can.

"It's kind o' queer, but I never had no such sort of feelin' for any parties I ever took out before. It's jest seemed all the time as if I had a share in all the matters you was talkin' about. I used to kind of forget that I wan't nothing nor nobody only jest the ole fisherman, Rans Whiting. Sometimes I took your side, and then again I'd have to take Mr. Raines and then I'd think you was both jest about right, an sometimes — not often I must allow — it 'ud seem to me that you was both about equally in the wrong.

"My old woman says I been sort uv dazed like, ever sence you come an' took me an' my boat into yer employ; an' she vows she believes I think more uv you two than uv her an' the children. But I tell her 'taint that. It's jest because the things you've talked about have kind uv lifted me up an' set me to thinkin' about matters that take a holt on a man that he can't shake off in a minit — that is, if he's worth bein' called a man. She says she don't mind which 'tis, but she's sorry you're goin' away, for she declares I hain't never been so pleasant 'round the house afore sence we was young married folks. I s'pose the truth is that it's been more interestin'-like to have me come home and tell over what you and Mr. Raines have been a 'jowerin' about, as he would say, than to jest have me set an' smoke from night-fall till bed-time. An old fellow like me gets kind uv talked out after thirty years, you know, Mr. Nathan, unless he has something to fill him up now and then. Besides that, our wimmen folks out here in the country, have a pretty dull time. They don't see much of the world, except a neighbor now and ag'in, and about all Sally hears from the outside, is what I chance to bring home at night, which ain't a great deal the generality of times.

We live down on the Head, you know, which might as well be an island so far as neighbors is concerned, and I expect Sally does get pretty lonesome, especially now the chileren have gone for themselves, all except one, an' she might as well be, for she's off to school the biggest part of the year. I tell ye, Mr. Nathan, wimmen has a hard time anyway; that is the common run of

wimmen, that can't go to waterin' places and the like, but jest have to stay at home an' see an' do the same things over and again, day after day. They are a deal worse off than men, an' I don't know as they have anything to make up for it. Leastways, I never wish I was one, only when I lose some of my tackle by puttin' of it in the wrong pocket. Then I do sometimes wish I was a woman so that I wouldn't have but one pocket to sarch in, ye know."

I laughed with him at his favorite jest, which we had heard often enough during the summer. He tied the last knot in the cord that bound my rod, and filling his pipe sat down for a last smoke with me before starting on his homeward row across the bay. His mind still ran on the subject of which he had spoken at such unusual length, and he continued between the whiffs while he sat awkwardly enough in the great willow rocker, which was Pascal Raines' favorite chair, holding his weather-beaten tarpaulin bottom upward on his knees:

"I want ter tell ye, Mr. Nathan, that it's done me a world of good to know Mr. Raines, too. Some way I don't feel quite so free to tell him on't as I do to speak to you. He ain't exactly one of our folks, you know, or perhaps we ain't his folks, which is the way he puts it. I guess he's purty nigh right about that matter, too. I hate to think so jest the worst kind, for if I ain't nothing but a common fisherman, I can't help having a good deal of pride in the country, and your talk together, while we've been out on the lake, day after day, has give me a good deal of consarn about it, too. I

don't lay claim to any great learning, and, of course, don't count much one way nor another, but somehow or other I can't help thinking about such things, more especially when I hear others that knows more and thinks better than I can, arguin' about them an' expoundin' of them.

"Just atween us two, Mr. Nathan, I don't think I'm ever quite so good a man at home or abroad as when I quit thinkin' about my own little matters all the time, an' tries to make up my own opinion about things that take in the whole country, an' them that's goin' to make the country when we're dead and gone. It makes me feel that I'm of a little more account to think that if I am nothing but jest Rans Whiting, the boatman, I've got a right an' that it's my duty, too, to detarmine what's right an' what's wrong — what's good an' what's bad — for the whole county, an' for every man in it. I sometimes think I know something how a king must feel, for if I hain't got but one say in fifty millions, more or less, I've got that, an' I don't know but it's about as important in the long run that it should be right as if it was the only one there was.

"There ain't no dodging the fact that 'tain't safe for the country to have any of us git wrong, or at least not try to git right, on these things. And the more we try to get right in such things the better we are ourselves. There ain't no doubt of that, even if we make a mistake. I s'spose it's the nateral effect of forgettin' ourselves and rememberin' others; or perhaps it may be that thinkin' about great things kind uv widens out even the narrest sort of mind. That's the way 'twas

in the war, I know. There was plenty of men, jest like me, that was the commonest sort of chaps at home, that just as soon as they felt that part of the weight of the country was restin' on their shoulders, begun to straighten up an' look square to the front with their teeth set, not carin' the flip of a penny what became of them, so long as the country was safe an' slavery clean wiped off the sile. I never heard nobody git nigher the truth about that sort of thing than some of jest that sort of men, that nobody thought had any ideas beyond today's work and tonight's sleep, afore that time.

"You see, Mr. Nathan, we got the notion that the war was agoin' to set everything right for all time, and it was a mighty poor sort of a man that didn't want to do his part of such a job. A good many of us thought that was about all we could do, and we hadn't no idea that after it was over we'd ever be called on to do anything more. In fact, we hadn't any idea there would ever be anything more to do. I guess that was our mistake, but it was a nateral one, an' I must say I hated to give it up and own that 'twas a mistake. But I guess I'll have to. I don't like to think that Mr. Raines is right, but I can't just see where he's wrong. It does appear as if the war hadn't exactly settled everything, after all.

"I don't know-nothin' about these matters of tariff an' the like, an' I dont quite understand about the new-fangled doctrine they call civil service reform. Sometimes it looks like a good thing, an' then again I feel half afraid there's more in the meal than I can exactly

make out. These things are too deep for me. I own up to that. I don't understand them an' never shall. But I b'lieve I *do* know what's fair an' right 'twixt man and man, in fact as well as in name. That's what I fit for, Mr. Nathan. I don't say it to boast, but it's a fact. Now I can see, as Mr. Raines says, that we've forgot that there's a difference between these two peoples about what is right and what is freedom. The Southerners don't look at it as we do, and don't understand it as we do. Come to think of it, I don't see how they could. So far as these things go I can see that we are, as he says, two peoples, and I can't exactly see how we're ever to be made one. We may hang together like two families in one house, but I can't see what's to bring us any nigher one another in our opinions about what I can see now was the real cause of the difference."

"You see, Mr. Nathan, they've got the niggers right there with 'em — side'n side, so to speak. I'm sorry for it, I declare I am. I hain't got no ill will agin the poor things. I'm as fur from that as anybody. I want them to have all the rights I've got or ever expect to have, and be just as free to exercise 'em, too. They've earned it, God knows. When I think of the millions and millions of days' work they've done for the country, for of course every lick they struck in the old slave times *was* for the country's advantage, and how peaceable and well disposed they've been when they might have killed and burned and made the South a wilderness, and no one could have blamed 'em much — I say when I think of these things I don't understand why anyone should object to their having just as good

a show as the rest of us. Then, too, there ain't no gittin' out of it that they did help us amazingly in our fight with the Confederacy. Honestly, I don't see how we'd ever have got through with that job without their help. 'Twasn't so much the fighting they did, though that wasn't any small matter, but t'was the information they gave, the roads they showed, the trenches they dug, and the lives they saved. Of course, we can't have one sort of liberty for the white man and another for the black. I fought to put them on the same level, and whatever puts any difference between them puts a slur on them that stood by us in the war.

"That's the way *I* feel, Mr. Nathan, and I think it's just as much agin the liberty we fought for, to beat them out of this right as it was to put them up on the block and sell them. It's just as much worth fighting about, too, for what is a man's right good for if he ain't at liberty to make use on't, just the same as his neighbors? It ain't no liberty without that. Besides, it's hurting me and enslaving me, so to speak, right here at home. Suppose all them five or six millions are shut out from the polls, or scared out, or counted out. What is the consequence? Then every Southern white man's vote is made just so much more powerful than mine. In that case I may do my share of the government just right, and my boy, that's just turned of twenty-one t'other day, he may do his part in the same way, and one white man down in South Carolina may just step up and kill both our votes. That aint fair, leaving the niggers all out of the question. I'm willing to give the men that were rebels just as good

a show as I have, not flinging their mistake up to them, either. But I aint willing to give every white man at the South two or three times as much power as I have. I may not do very much toward governing the country, but I don't want any man prevented from doin' jest as much as I have a right to do; and I don't want any man to have a chance to do any more. That's how I feel.

"At the same time, I wish there were no niggers there. I know they ain't to blame for bein' black, but I certainly do wish they were not. I wish they was all white — that's what I wish. Then it wouldn't take but a little while to rub off the mark of bondage. I begin to see, as Mr. Raines showed us, that after all the saving of the Union wasn't the biggest share of our work. But I would be willing to give up my share in glory of that struggle if we could only get over this difficulty. We freed the slave, but we only half enfranchised the freedman. We gave him the ballot, but we failed to give him a place to put it where it would do him any good or have any effect on the government of the country. I s'pose it's natural that the southern man should think it not much harm, or perhaps not any at all, to take away the negro's right in order to secure his own dominion. I wouldn't mind that if he was likely to change his notions. One can't be expected to fit himself to new things all at once, but as far as I can see there ain't no prospect of its being any different. I used to think it only needed a little time, but twenty years don't seem to have made them any more willing to admit the colored man's right than

they were at first. I don't see what we are goin' to do about it, and yet I know that if something isn't done, there's bound to be a deal of trouble over it sooner or later. What do you suppose will come out of it all, Mr. Nathan."

"I'll tell you what will come of it, Ransom," said Pascal Raines, who had come sauntering along the hall and into my room, the door of which was open, in time to hear the closing remarks of our old friend. Perhaps he had heard more, for Ran's tones were not such as walls or distance could smother. "I will tell you what will come of it," he repeated, as he came and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the old man, "either the Republic must find a remedy for this debasement of the freeman's right or the Republic must die in order that the freeman may achieve his right."

"Oh, I hope not — I hope not so bad as that, Mr, Raines," said the old man as he rose, and taking his red bandanna from the crown of his tarpaulin, wiped the sweat-drops from his troubled face. "You don't think that?" he asked appealingly.

"It was such men as you, Mr. Whiting," answered Raines, "who taught the world that the right, even of the slave, was of more importance than a Nation's peace. Why should not the freeman's prerogative be of more importance than a nation's existence?"

"I — don't — know," answered the old man, while the troubled look grew deeper on his scarred and rugged face.

Then he took his leave, his lip quivering and his voice softening as he bade us good-bye. We watched

him from the window as he rowed across the moon-lit bay toward his home upon the Head. When the flash of his oars could no longer be seen, Pascal Raines turned away and said in a more cheerful tone than it had been his wont to use of late:

"You and I may speculate, Ben Nathan, with very little result, but when such men as he begin to think, there is hope that something will be done. It is the peculiarity of our system, perhaps I might almost say the distinctive feature of our civilization, that the instinct of the masses is truer than the wisdom of the statesman. It is only when the people cease to recognize the fact that the responsibility for good government rests with them, that danger threatens the Republic. I do not see how the great problem is to be solved, but it is perhaps well that the freedman's right is so closely linked with the liberator's privilege. The Northern patriot could no doubt summon fortitude to endure the sight of the colored man's misfortunes for a long time, were it not that his own individual right to rule is thereby perceptibly abated and depreciated. You know it was really the fear of slavery's aggressions that stirred up this wonderful Northern conscience of yours to effect its eradication. When once aroused it was a flame of fire — I grant you that — but who can tell how long the slave might have languished in bondage without interference or even plausible hope, had not the fear taken possession of men's minds that some time or other the rights of Northern freemen might be endangered by its existence.

"Free Kansas" was called a crusade against slav-

ery. It was more properly a movement to protect free labor. If we had been content to remain as we were, and had not tried to compel the North to uphold and protect the institution, I am of the notion, Ben Nathan, that the zeal of your Northern abolitionists would have ended in a war of angry words alone. So, too, if the South, to-day, would voluntarily relinquish the power which it wields by virtue of the suppressed negro vote, there is no doubt but the North would willingly consent to their disfranchisement, and the problem of the negro's future would be left in our hands. I cannot help thinking that, all things considered, this would be the better course for all, but I know it will not be adopted. We will not give up the power that has been given into our hands by a curious accident, and some time or other you will grow restive under the undue advantage thus given to the South. What the outcome will be no man can tell. It is quite within the range of possibility that the Union, which was restored in order that the colored man might receive his liberty, should be again imperilled in order that he may obtain its full fruition."

SEPTEMBER 11, 1885.

AUTUMN REVERIES.

We are back at the old homestead on the hillside, Blower. Here our summer wanderings began, and here they must end. We came when flower and leaf and twittering songster told the story of new life or sang the ever welcome song of love. The woefulness of the past faded out of our memory beneath these sunny influences and the freshness of youth's heyday came to us once more. It is the dreams of youth after all, Blower, that give manhood strength to battle with adversity. They are the true elixir of life, by which the over-wearied soul is made strong for new duties. Some one has said that "genius is that power which carries the attributes of youth into the domain of age." Yet we are wont to sneer at youth's credulity and inexperience —to laugh at the simple pleasures that delight, and mock at the half-imagined woes that veil with shadows life's young day. Our riper wisdom jeers at sentiment, and boasts of its fancied power to see things as they really are. Yet it is sentiment that rules the world and impels men to worthy achievement. It may be the instrument of evil, but whether its results are good or bad it is a weapon of celestial temper. It does the world's work in spite of selfishness and greed.

Now and then a Virginius rouses a nation to overthrow a tyrant by the story of his own wrongs, but it

is rarely the man who is oppressed that inspires revolt and heads resistance. Some Moses from the desert of Horeb comes to the Egypt, where men suffer wrong, inspired with holy zeal for their deliverance; some John Brown dies to show the slave how freemen value liberty. It is the sentiment of justice and humanity, stirred to life by the story of *another's* wrongs, that wakens always the highest manhood and accomplishes the most glorious results. Sometimes we call it chivalry; sometimes we name it patriotism; but when there seems to be no special need for self-sacrifice and devotion we laugh at the power that redeemed, and call it —folly!

Even in our land, where the climacteric miracle of the ages has so recently been wrought, it has been customary of late to sneer at sentiment in politics and statesmanship. Our wise men tell us that the politicians' art is purely monetary; that he alone is worthy to be termed a statesman who devotes himself to questions of demand and supply — to whose mind human right is bounded by public credit. The Midas touch is preferred to the patriot's pride, and dollars and cents eclipse all questions of right and wrong. Economy, we are told, is better than glory, and national shame is accounted easy to endure when wounded pride is poulticed with perceptible profit. It was a hard thing for England to lose that chivalric soldier who perished in Khartoum, abandoned and betrayed by those whom he served. Sentiment would have dictated his relief at any cost and under all circumstances. But a wise and prudent statesmanship decreed it to be better that he

should perish and the honor of Britain be forever tarnished by his betrayal, than that the tax on beer should be increased!

Nevertheless, sentiment is not dead, and the base and sordid leprosy that boasts the name of practicality, however deep it may have eaten into our life, has not yet destroyed its core. There is still something more potent than greed — more important than economy. As Ransom Whiting said, "it is a good thing for a man to think of something beyond his own little matters of daily need." Thrift is well enough in its way, but the patriot heart should direct the tradesman's skill. Political economy is but an incident of national life — the means by which great national ends are to be achieved. Sentiment perceives these ends, and is inspired to labor and endure for their achievement. The folly that calls itself practicality never looks beyond the means. Sentiment inspired the soldiers who fought for the liberation of the slave. The practical statesmen of that day have not yet ceased to mourn because the country could not be preserved without emancipation. The sentimental view of the situation was that it was better the nation should be blotted out, than that slavery should be perpetuated! The practical view of the matter was, that the nation should seek only to reconquer its territory, restore its sovereignty, and collect its revenues! Now that we look back upon it we can see that Pascal Raines was right in declaring that liberty was the great object for which the Federal soldier fought — the liberty of another — and that the preservation of the national domain and the national unity was but an in-

cident — a means by which the liberty for which we fought may be perfected and perpetuated.

One phase of the great work which our nationality was designed to accomplish is at an end. One cycle of human right is complete. Has the end of effort and of aspiration come? Has the task assigned to us by that divine allotment which we call destiny, been fully performed? Ah, me, old friend, I fear it is but half begun.

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When we came here in the early summer, Blower, it was to loiter under the blossoming trees and dream of a dead past and a dead love. Every footstep stirred the mold of tender memories. Every breath was redolent with the fragrance of by-gone days. It was a past that wooed me backward, Blower. Its pleasures hid the duties of the present, and made the morrow seem only a dreary waste of hopeless woe. There was a strange fascination in recalling those long-past hours of bliss, under the fragrant canopy, with the sunlight struggling through its meshes — with birds and bees above and about me, and the soft, springing turf beneath. Even the evidences of decay that were around consoled my loneliness. There was a bitter sweetness in the fact that the soft grassy mound in the little church-yard beyond the skirt of soughing pines, with only "Alice" on the snowy marble, was mine — the tomb in which love and hope and aspiration all lay buried. Since it was rounded up, the world had been to me only an empty shell, holding no honor that I desired, no duty that I regarded as incumbent upon me to perform.

I mourned for remembered joys as if I had been wronged by their departure. The magnitude of my loss induced a sort of self-pity which fitted the balmy season, and suited well my weary mood. Perhaps I have been too much a dreamer, for while no one could fill the void left in my heart, it seems now as if I had wronged the gentle dead by growing no better and worthier — by gathering no harvest of good and noble deeds with which to greet her expectant spirit when we meet on the hither shore of the great unknown, where she is waiting for me.

It is all changed now, Blower. The trees are bent low with a great burden of ripening fruit. Even the half decayed trunk I likened to myself has its few remaining branches bowed so that their tips touch the earth, with dull green apples, dashed with red upon the sunny side, that give promise of rich flavor when the snow lies deep about the withered stock. The clover heads are dry and dun, though the aftermath is springing fresh and green. The hedgerow by the old wall is aglow with golden-rod, and dogwood and sumach make its crest a line of flame. Here and there, upon the distant hills, a soft-maple begins to show its gorgeous autum tints, while now and then an early ripening hickory seems to cleave the emerald mass from turf to the horizon with a shaft of golden light. The bees are droning lazily about the ripening fruit, and Arachnis watches lazily the nets she has set during the summer, half heedless of the prey which they ensnare. Everything bespeaks ripeness and fruitage. The harvest waits only to be gathered. The results of toil and care

and patient waiting are ready for the year's ingathering. Is the husbandman heedless of his opportunity? Will he leave the harvest to be wasted by frost and storm? His voice comes to us on the brisk autumn breeze in answer, as he cheers the patient beasts who draw the loaded wagons toward the open doors of the great barn upon the hillside. He would be a foolish man indeed who would turn away and leave the outcome of his care and toil to molder back to dust ungathered and unused. It is only nations that thus squander the fruits of mighty labors and spurn the harvest watered with the blood of heroes!

My memories are not of tender dalliance in the orchard now, old friend. The little grave in the quiet churchyard, covered with evergreen periwinkle, through the clustering leaves of which the calm blue eyes — a second flowering which the favored autumn sometimes brings — look trustfully up into the clear blue sky, draws me irresistibly to its side. I lean upon the white headstone; I recline upon the verdant mound and dream of her who lies beneath, not as one lost, but as one found — a living, ever-loving presence. The story which so long has been too sad for memory to dwell upon, comes back to me now without one thought of pain. A thousand times sweeter than that memory of young love's first sweet whispered words breathed in my ear, beneath the blossoming orchard's fragrant canopy, is now the recollection of that winter deathbed scene.

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It is a simple story, Blower, meaningless no doubt

to stranger hearts. For more than a score of years it has been to me a woeful memory — a sad, inexplicable mystery. By some strange alchemy the autumn scenes have transformed it all at once into a blissful vision. The years have dragged slowly and wearily since that time. I have not been a sluggard, Blower; that you can testify. But I have yearned always for the end. I have longed to go to my beloved, to lie down beside her in the pleasant country church-yard, and wake to new life with her in the sweet fields of Elysium. And always I have dreamed of those blissful days in the fragrant orchard bower, with the soft spring turf beneath us and the half translucent billows of white and green above, as the archetype of the hereafter. I have pictured it as an endless offering of rapturous tenderness which awaited my coming, never once thinking what return I might make for the love which all this time has been ripening in the sunshine of the better land. The harvest scenes and ripe autumnal beauty have taught me better. I see now that life's sunset brought a truer knowledge of life's duties and responsibilities to her eyes, dimmed though they were by the fast coming night.

I can never forget it, Blower, though until this moment I have been unable to speak of it even to you. She was my comrade's only sister — Joe's other self. We had not seen each other since I brought the story of her loss with the news of our victory. The disabled but victorious veteran won a more glorious victory while he waited for his wounds to heal. than he had ever shared upon the field of battle. There were a few

short months of paradise. Then came the shock of battle again and with it wounds, disease, and the long, silent night of captivity. My lot was hard. I did not bear it unmurmuringly, but what would it have been if I had known her suffering? In all those weary months it did not once occur to me that she would think me dead. My comrades knew of my wound and I did not doubt that she had heard of my capture. I wrote but once — I had no other opportunity — but was not that enough?

"Ah me! she had been in the grave a year when that poor missive came to her address. What had been its wanderings or where it went astray no man knoweth. After our lines fell back a fire had broken out in the forest where we fought and she was told that I had perished in the flames. The sickening story was told to her with terrible particularity by one who only sought to offer consolation. It was enough. The strain of this great horror was too much for the slender thread of her sweet life.

The snow was heaped against the clattering panes when my captivity ended. I stood again, the shadow of my former self, within the walls of the old homestead, by the bedside of my dying love. The winter sun was sinking in the west, where the soft clouds shone warm and bright as with the radiance of an immortal day. She knew me — smiled — pressed my hand weakly and whispered:

"Now I can die, since I know you live — to do a man's work — in the world and — *for* the world!"

It seemed cruel that she should thus abjure me to

live when I so longed to die with her. Why should I work *in* the world or *for* the world? What had the world for me to do or win after she had left its confines?

* * *

I see it all now, Blower. She would have me gather a harvest of good works — manly deeds worthy of the hero of her dreams — that I may bring the record of a life inspired by an undying love, when I came to mate with her in the peaceful clime forever. Have I obeyed her injunction, Blower? I have lived and wrought. My hair has grown silvery with time and woe. I have lived in the past and mourned unceasingly for the love it mockingly offered to my lips. While time has swept by without a moment's pause, has the harvest wasted or merely ripened? Is there yet time to gather the sheaves of Yesterday into the garner for To-morrow's sustenance and delectation?

I ask the question reverently, Blower, wondering whether any great work for humanity lies at the threshold of To-day.

SEPTEMBER 18, 1885.

THE END.