



## Old South Leaflets.

# The War for the Union.

OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE, BOSTON,

1903.



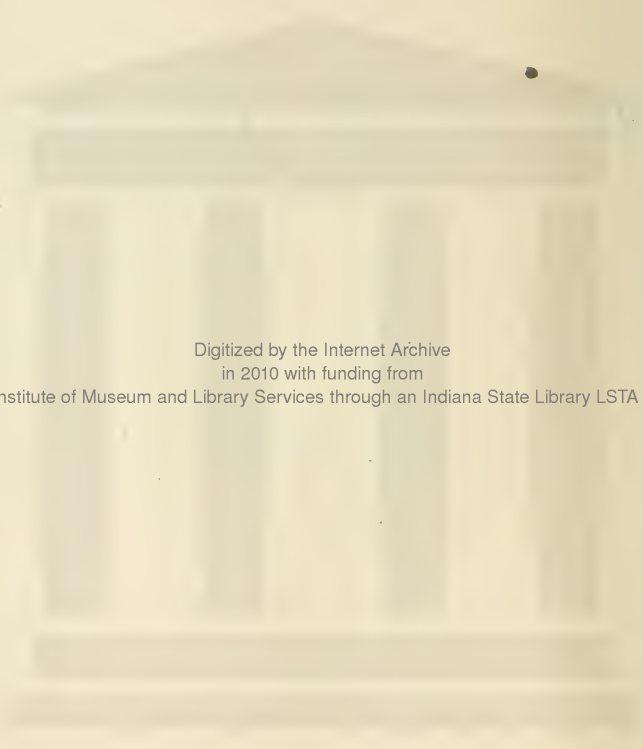
THE  
OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS.

THIRD SERIES,

1885.

BOSTON:  
OLD SOUTH MEETING HOUSE.

1903.



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## INTRODUCTION.

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THE OLD SOUTH LEAFLETS are prepared primarily for circulation among the attendants upon the Old South Lectures for Young People. The subjects of the Leaflets are immediately related to the subjects of the lectures, and they are intended to supplement the lectures and stimulate historical interest and inquiry among the young people. They are made up, for the most part, from original papers of the periods treated in the lectures, in the hope to make the men and the public life of the periods more clear and real.

The Old South Lectures for Young People were instituted in the summer of 1883, as a means of promoting a more serious and intelligent attention to historical studies, especially studies in American history, among the young people of Boston. The success of the lectures has been so great as to warrant the hope that such courses may be permanently sustained in Boston and established with equal success in other cities of the country.

The Old South Lectures for 1883, intended to be strictly upon subjects in early Massachusetts History, but by certain necessities somewhat modified, were as follows: "Governor Bradford and Governor Winthrop," by EDWIN D. MEAD. "Plymouth," by MRS. A. M. DIAZ. "Concord," by FRANK B. SANBORN. "The Town-Meeting," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "Franklin, the Boston Boy," by GEORGE M. TOWLE. "How to Study American History," by PROF. G. STANLEY HALL. "The Year 1777," by JOHN FISKE. "History in the Boston Streets," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE. The Leaflets prepared in connection with these lectures consisted of (1) Cotton Mather's account of Governor Bradford, from the "Magnalia"; (2) the account of the arrival of the Pilgrims at Cape Cod, from Bradford's Journal; (3) an extract from Emerson's Concord Address in 1835; (4) extracts from Emerson, Samuel Adams, De Tocqueville and others, upon the Town-Meeting; (5) a portion of Franklin's Autobiography; (6) Carlyle on the Study of History; (7) an extract from Charles Sumner's oration upon Lafayette, etc.; (8) Emerson's poem, "Boston."

The lectures for 1884 were devoted to men representative of certain epochs or ideas in the history of Boston, as follows: "Sir Harry Vane, in New England and in Old England," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE, JR. "John Harvard, and the Founding of Harvard College," by EDWARD CHANNING, PH.D. "The Mather Family, and the Old Boston Ministers,"

by REV. SAMUEL J. BARROWS. "Simon Bradstreet, and the Struggle for the Charter," by PROF. MARSHALL S. SNOW. "Samuel Adams, and the Beginning of the Revolution," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "Josiah Quincy, the Great Mayor," by CHARLES W. SLACK. "Daniel Webster, the Defender of the Constitution," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. "John A. Andrew, the Great War Governor," by COL. T. W. HIGGINSON. The Leaflets prepared in connection with the second course were as follows: (1) Selections from Forster's essay on Vane, etc.; (2) an extract from Cotton Mather's "Sal Gentium"; (3) Increase Mather's "Narrative of the Miseries of New England"; (4) an original account of "The Revolution in New England" in 1689; (5) a letter from Samuel Adams to John Adams, on Republican Government; (6) extracts from Josiah Quincy's Boston Address of 1830; (7) Words of Webster; (8) a portion of Governor Andrew's Address to the Massachusetts Legislature in January, 1861.

The lectures for 1885 were upon "The War for the Union," as follows; "Slavery," by WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, JR. "The Fall of Sumter," by COL. T. W. HIGGINSON. "The Monitor and the Merrimac," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. "The Battle of Gettysburg," by COL. THEODORE A. DODGE. "Sherman's March to the Sea," by GEN. WILLIAM COGSWELL. "The Sanitary Commission," by MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE. "Abraham Lincoln," by HON. JOHN D. LONG. "General Grant," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. The Leaflets accompanying these lectures were as follows: (1) Lowell's "Present Crisis," and Garrison's Salutatory in the *Liberator* of January 1, 1831; (2) extract from Henry Ward Beecher's oration at Fort Sumter in 1865; (3) contemporary newspaper accounts of the engagement between the Monitor and the Merrimac; (4) extract from Edward Everett's address at the consecration of the National Cemetery at Gettysburg, with President Lincoln's address; (5) extract from General Sherman's account of the March to the Sea, in his Memoirs; (6) Lowell's "Commemoration Ode"; (7) extract from Lincoln's First Inaugural Address, the Emancipation Proclamation, and the Second Inaugural Address; (8) account of the service in memory of General Grant, in Westminster Abbey, with Archdeacon Farrar's address.

The lectures for 1886 were upon "The War for Independence," as follows: "Samuel Adams and Patrick Henry," by EDWIN D. MEAD. "Bunker Hill, and the News in England," by JOHN FISKE. "The Declaration of Independence," by JAMES MACALISTER. "The Times that Tried Men's Souls," by ALBERT B. HART, PH.D. "Lafayette, and Help from France," by PROF. MARSHALL S. SNOW. "The Women of the Revolution," by MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE. "Washington and his Generals," by GEORGE M. TOWLE. "The Lessons of the Revolution for these Times," by REV. BROOKE HERFORD. The Leaflets were as follows: (1)

Words of Patrick Henry; (2) Lord Chatham's Speech, urging the removal of the British troops from Boston; (3) extract from Webster's oration on Adams and Jefferson; (4) Thomas Paine's "Crisis," No. 1; (5) extract from Edward Everett's eulogy on Lafayette; (6) selections from the Letters of Abigail Adams; (7) Lowell's "Under the Old Elm"; (8) extract from Whipple's essay on "Washington and the Principles of the Revolution."

The course for the summer of 1887 was upon "The Birth of the Nation," as follows: "How the Men of the English Commonwealth Planned Constitutions," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "How the American Colonies Grew Together," by JOHN FISKE. "The Confusion after the Revolution," by DAVIS R. DEWEY, PH.D. "The Convention and the Constitution," by HON. JOHN D. LONG. "James Madison and his Journal," by PROF. E. B. ANDREWS. "How Patrick Henry Opposed the Constitution," by HENRY L. SOUTHWICK. "Alexander Hamilton and the *Federalist*," "Washington's Part and the Nation's First Years," by EDWARD EVERETT HALE. The Leaflets prepared for these lectures were as follows: (1) extract from Edward Everett Hale's lecture on "Puritan Politics in England and New England"; (2) "The English Colonies in America," extract from De Tocqueville's "Democracy in America"; (3) Washington's Circular Letter to the Governors of the States, on Disbanding the Army; (4) The Constitution of the United States; (5) "The Last Day of the Constitutional Convention," from Madison's Journal; (6) Patrick Henry's First Speech against the Constitution, in the Virginia Convention; (7) The *Federalist*, No. IX.; (8) Washington's First Inaugural Address.

The course for the summer of 1888 had the general title of "The Story of the Centuries," the several lectures being as follows: "The Great Schools after the Dark Ages," by EPHRAIM EMERTON, Professor of History in Harvard University. "Richard the Lion-Hearted and the Crusades," by MISS NINA MOORE, author of "Pilgrims and Puritans." "The World which Dante knew," by SHATTUCK O. HARTWELL, Old South first-prize essayist, 1883. "The Morning-Star of the Reformation," by REV. PHILIP S. MOXOM. "Copernicus and Columbus, or the New Heaven and the New Earth," by PROF. EDWARD S. MORSE. "The People for whom Shakespeare wrote," by CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER. "The Puritans and the English Revolution," by CHARLES H. LEVERMORE, Professor of History in the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. "Lafayette and the Two Revolutions which he saw," by GEORGE MAKEPEACE TOWLE.

The Old South Lectures are devoted primarily to American history. But this object is liberally construed, and a constant aim is to impress upon the young people the relations of our own history to English and general European history, and our indebtedness to the long past. It was hoped that the glance at some striking chapters in the history of the last eight centuries

afforded by these lectures would be a good preparation for the great anniversaries of 1889 and give the young people a truer feeling of the continuity of history. In connection with the lectures, the young people were requested to fix in mind the following dates, observing that in most instances the date comes about a decade before the close of the century. An effort was made in the Leaflets for the year to make dates, which are so often dull and useless to young people, interesting, significant, and useful.—11th Century: Lanfranc, the great mediæval scholar, who studied law at Bologna, was prior of the monastery of Bec, the most famous school in France in the 11th century, and archbishop of Canterbury under William the Conqueror, died, 1089. 12th Cent.: Richard I. crowned, 1189. 13th Cent.: Dante at the battle of Campaldino, the final overthrow of the Ghibellines in Italy, 1289. 14th Cent.: Wyclif died, 1384. 15th Cent.: America discovered, 1492. 16th Cent.: Spanish Armada, 1588. 17th Cent.: William of Orange lands in England, 1688. 18th Cent.: Washington inaugurated, and the Bastille fell, 1789. The Old South Leaflets for 1888, corresponding with the several lectures, were as follows: (1) "The Early History of Oxford," from Green's *History of the English People*; (2) "Richard Cœur de Lion and the Third Crusade," from the *Chronicle* of Geoffrey de Vinsauf; (3) "The Universal Empire," passages from Dante's *De Monarchia*; (4) "The Sermon on the Mount," Wyclif's translation; (5) "Copernicus and the Ancient Astronomers," from Humboldt's *Cosmos*; (6) "The Defeat of the Spanish Armada," from Camden's *Annals*; (7) "The Bill of Rights," 1689; (8) "The Eve of the French Revolution," from Carlyle. The selections are accompanied by very full historical and bibliographical notes, and it is hoped that the series will prove of much service to students and teachers engaged in the general survey of modern history.

The year 1889 being the centennial both of the beginning of our own Federal Government and of the French Revolution, the lectures for the year, under the general title of "America and France," were devoted entirely to subjects in which the history of America is related to that of France, as follows: "Champlain, the Founder of Quebec," by CHARLES C. COFFIN. "La Salle and the French in the Great West," by REV. W. E. GRIFFIS. "The Jesuit Missionaries in America," by PROF. JAMES K. HOSMER. "Wolfe and Montcalm: The Struggle of England and France for the Continent," by JOHN FISKE. "Franklin in France," by GEORGE M. TOWLE. "The Friendship of Washington and Lafayette," by MRS. ABBA GOULD WOOLSON. "Thomas Jefferson and the Louisiana Purchase," by ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, Old South prize essayist, 1888. "The Year 1789," by REV. EDWARD EVERETT HALE. The Leaflets for the year were as follows: (1) Verrazzano's Account of his Voyage to America; (2) Marquette's Account of his Discovery of the Mississippi; (3) Mr.



Parkman's Histories; (4) The Capture of Quebec, from Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac"; (5) Selections from Franklin's Letters from France; (6) Letters of Washington and Lafayette; (7) The Declaration of Independence; (8) The French Declaration of the Rights of Man, 1789.

The lectures for the summer of 1890 were on "The American Indians," as follows: "The Mound Builders," by PROF. GEORGE H. PERKINS; "The Indians whom our Fathers Found," by GEN. H. B. CARRINGTON; "John Eliot and his Indian Bible," by REV. EDWARD G. PORTER; "King Philip's War," by MISS CAROLINE C. STECKER, Old South prize essayist, 1889; "The Conspiracy of Pontiac," by CHARLES A. EASTMAN, M.D., of the Sioux nation; "A Century of Dishonor," by HERBERT WELSH; "Among the Zunis," by J. WALTER FEWKES, PH.D.; "The Indian at School," by GEN. S. C. ARMSTRONG. The leaflets were as follows: (1) extract from address by William Henry Harrison on the Mound Builders of the Ohio Valley; (2) extract from Morton's "New English Canaan" on the Manners and Customs of the Indians; (3) John Eliot's "Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel among the Indians of New England," 1670; (4) extract from Hubbard's "Narrative of the Troubles with the Indians" (1677) on the Beginning of King Philip's War; (5) the Speech of Pontiac at the Council at the River Ecorces, from Parkman's "Conspiracy of Pontiac"; (6) Extract from Black Hawk's autobiography, on the Cause of the Black Hawk War; (7) Coronado's Letter to Mendoza (1540) on his Explorations in New Mexico; (8) Eleazer Wheelock's Narrative (1762) of the Rise and Progress of the Indian School at Lebanon, Conn.

The lectures for 1891, under the general title of "The New Birth of the World," were devoted to the important movements in the age preceding the discovery of America, the several lectures being as follows: "The Results of the Crusades," by F. E. E. HAMILTON, Old South prize essayist, 1883; "The Revival of Learning," by PROF. ALBERT B. HART; "The Builders of the Cathedrals," by PROF. MARSHALL S. SNOW; "The Changes which Gunpowder made," by FRANK A. HILL; "The Decline of the Barons," by WILLIAM EVERETT; "The Invention of Printing," by REV. EDWARD G. PORTER; "When Michael Angelo was a Boy," by HAMLIN GARLAND; "The Discovery of America," by REV. E. E. HALE. The Leaflets were as follows: (1) "The Capture of Jerusalem by the Crusaders," from the Chronicle of William of Malmesbury; (2) extract from More's "Utopia"; (3) "The Founding of Westminster Abbey," from Dean Stanley's "Historical Memorials of Westminster Abbey"; (4) "The Siege of Constantinople," from Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire"; (5) "Simon de Montfort," selections from Chronicles of the time; (6) "Caxton at Westminster," extracts from Blades's Life of William Caxton; (7) "The Youth of Michael Angelo," from Vasari's "Lives of

the Italian Painters"; (8) "The Discovery of America," from Ferdinand Columbus's life of his father.

The Leaflets for 1883 are now mostly out of print. Those for 1884 and subsequent years, bound in flexible cloth or paper covers, may be procured for thirty-five cents per volume.

The Old South Leaflets, which have been published, during the last eight years, in connection with these annual courses of historical lectures at the Old South Meeting House, have attracted so much attention and proved of so much service that the Directors have entered upon the publication of a *general series* of Leaflets, with the needs of schools, colleges, private clubs and classes especially in mind. The Leaflets are prepared by Mr. Edwin D. Mead. They are largely reproductions of important original papers, accompanied by useful historical and bibliographical notes. They consist, on an average, of sixteen pages, and are sold at the low price of five cents a copy or three dollars per hundred. The aim is to bring them within easy reach of everybody. Schools and the trade will be supplied by Messrs. D. C. Heath & Co. The Old South work is a work for the education of the people, and especially the education of our young people, in American history and politics, and its promoters believe that few things can contribute better to this end than the wide circulation of such leaflets as those now undertaken. It is hoped that professors in our colleges and teachers everywhere will welcome them for use in their classes, and that they may meet the needs of the societies of young men and women now happily being organized in so many places for historical and political studies. Some idea of the character of this *general series* of Old South Leaflets may be gained from the following list of the subjects of the first twenty-eight numbers, which are now ready.

No. 1. The Constitution of the United States. 2. The Articles of Confederation. 3. The Declaration of Independence. 4. Washington's Farewell Address. 5. Magna Charta. 6. Vane's "Healing Question." 7. Charter of Massachusetts Bay, 1629. 8. Fundamental Orders of Connecticut, 1638. 9. Franklin Plan of Union, 1754. 10. Washington's Inaugurals. 11. Lincoln's Inaugurals and Emancipation Proclamation. 12. The Federalist, Nos. 1 and 2. 13. The Ordinance of 1787. 14. The Constitution of Ohio.\* 15. Washington's Circular Letter to the Governors of the States, 1783. 16. Washington's Letter to Benjamin Harrison, 1784. 17. Verrazzano's Voyage, 1524. 18. The Constitution of Switzerland.\* 19. The Bill of Rights, 1689. 20. Coronado's Letter to Mendoza, 1540. 21. Eliot's Brief Narrative of the Progress of the Gospel among the Indians, 1670. 22. Wheelock's Narrative of the Rise of the Indian School at Lebanon, Conn., 1762. 23. The Petition of Rights, 1628. 24. The Grand Remonstrance. 25. The Scottish National Covenants. 26. The Agreement of the People. 27. The Instrument of Government. 28. Cromwell's First Speech to his Parliament.

\*Double number, price ten cents.

The Directors of the Old South Studies in History and Politics have also published a Manual of the Constitution of the United States, with bibliographical and historical notes and outlines for study, by Edwin D. Mead. This manual is published for the use of schools and of such clubs, classes and individual students as may wish to make a careful study of the Constitution and its history. Our societies of young men and women entering upon historical and political studies can do nothing better to begin with than to make themselves thoroughly familiar with the Constitution. It is especially with such societies in view that the table of topics for study, which follows the very full bibliographical notes in this manual, has been prepared. A copy of the manual will be sent to any address on receipt of twenty-five cents; one hundred copies, fifteen dollars. Address *Directors of Old South Studies, Old South Meeting House.*

*Old South Meeting House,  
Boston, 1891.*





# The Present Crisis.

BY JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

WHEN a deed is done for Freedom, through the broad earth's aching  
breast

Runs a thrill of joy prophetic, trembling on from east to west,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels the soul within him climb  
To the awful verge of manhood, as the energy sublime  
Of a century bursts full-blossomed on the thorny stem of Time.

Through the walls of hut and palace shoots the instantaneous throe,  
When the travail of the Ages wrings earth's systems to and fro ;  
At the birth of each new Era, with a recognizing start,  
Nation wildly looks at nation, standing with mute lips apart,  
And glad Truth's yet mightier man-child leaps beneath the Future's heart.

So the evil's triumph sendeth, with a terror and a chill,  
Under continent to continent, the sense of coming ill,  
And the slave, where'er he cowers, feels his sympathies with God  
In hot teardrops ebbing earthward, to be drunk up by the sod,  
Till a corpse crawls round unburied, delving in the nobler clod.

For mankind are one in spirit, and an instinct bears along,  
Round the earth's electric circle, the swift flash of right or wrong ;  
Whether conscious or unconscious yet Humanity's vast frame  
Through its ocean-sundered fibres feels the gush of joy or shame ; —  
In the gain or loss of one race all the rest have equal claim.

Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,  
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or evil side ;  
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the bloom or blight,  
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon the right,  
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou shalt stand,  
 Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust against our land?  
 Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone is strong,  
 And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her throng  
 Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all wrong.

Backward look across the ages and the beacon-moments see,  
 That, like peaks of some sunk continent, jut through Oblivion's sea;  
 Not an ear in court or market for the low foreboding cry  
 Of those Crises, God's stern winnowers, from whose feet earth's chaff  
 must fly;  
 Never shows the choice momentous till the judgment hath passed by.

Careless seems the great Avenger; history's pages but record  
 One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems and the Word;  
 Truth forever on the scaffold, Wrong forever on the throne,—  
 Yet that scaffold sways the future, and behind the dim unknown,  
 Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above his own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is great,  
 Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm of fate,  
 But the soul is still oracular; amid the market's din,  
 List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave within,—  
 "They enslave their children's children who make compromise with sin."

Slavery, the earth-born Cyclops, fellest of the giant brood,  
 Sons of brutish Force and Darkness, who have drenched the earth with  
 blood,  
 Famished in his self-made desert, blinded by our purer day,  
 Gropes in yet unblasted regions for his miserable prey;—  
 Shall we guide his gory fingers where our helpless children play?

Then to side with Truth is noble when we share her wretched crust,  
 Ere her cause bring fame and profit, and 'tis prosperous to be just;  
 Then it is the brave man chooses, while the coward stands aside,  
 Doubting in his abject spirit, till his Lord is crucified,  
 And the multitude make virtue of the faith they had denied.

Count me o'er earth's chosen heroes,— they were souls that stood alone,  
 While the men they agonized for hurled the contumelious stone,  
 Stood serene, and down the future saw the golden beam incline  
 To the side of perfect justice, mastered by their faith divine,  
 By one man's plain truth to manhood and to God's supreme design.

By the light of burning heretics Christ's bleeding feet I track,  
 Toiling up new Calvaries ever with the cross that turns not back,  
 And these mounts of anguish number how each generation learned  
 One new word of that grand *Credo* which in prophet-hearts hath burned  
 Since the first man stood God-conquered with his face to heaven upturned.

For Humanity sweeps onward : where to-day the martyr stands,  
 On the morrow crouches Judas with the silver in his hands ;  
 Far in front the cross stands ready and the crackling fagots burn,  
 While the hooting mob of yesterday in silent awe return  
 To glean up the scattered ashes into History's golden urn.

'Tis as easy to be heroes as to sit the idle slaves  
 Of a legendary virtue carved upon our fathers' graves,  
 Worshippers of light ancestral make the present light a crime ;—  
 Was the Mayflower launched by cowards, steered by men behind their  
 time ?  
 Turn those tracks toward Past or Future, that make Plymouth Rock sub-  
 lime ?

They were men of present valor, stalwart old iconoclasts,  
 Unconvinced by axe or gibbet that all virtue was the Past's ;  
 But we make their truth our falsehood, thinking that hath made us free,  
 Hoarding it in mouldy parchments, while our tender spirits flee  
 The rude grasp of that great Impulse which drove them across the sea.

They have rights who dare maintain them ; we are traitors to our sires,  
 Smothering in their holy ashes Freedom's new-lit altar-fires ;  
 Shall we make their creed our jailer ? Shall we, in our haste to slay,  
 From the tombs of the old prophets steal the funeral lamps away  
 To light up the martyr-fagots round the prophets of to-day ?

New occasions teach new duties ; Time makes ancient good uncouth ;  
 They must upward still, and onward, who would keep abreast of truth ;  
 Lo, before us gleam her camp-fires ! we ourselves must Pilgrims be,  
 Launch our Mayflower, and steer boldly through the desperate winter sea,  
 Nor attempt the Future's portal with the Past's blood-rusted key.

*December, 1845.*

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[From the *Liberator* of January 1, 1831.

## SALUTATORY.

In the month of August, I issued proposals for publishing *The Liberator* in Washington City; but the enterprise, though hailed in different sections of the country, was palsied by public indifference. Since that time, the removal of the *Genius of Universal Emancipation* to the Seat of Government has rendered less imperious the establishment of a similar periodical in that quarter.

During my recent tour for the purpose of exciting the minds of the people by a series of discourses on the subject of slavery, every place that I visited gave fresh evidence of the fact, that a greater revolution in public sentiment was to be effected in the free States — and particularly in New England — than at the South. I found contempt more bitter, detraction more relentless, prejudice more stubborn, and apathy more frozen, than among slave-owners themselves. Of course, there were individual exceptions to the contrary. This state of things afflicted, but did not dishearten me. I determined, at every hazard, to lift up the standard of emancipation in the eyes of the nation, within sight of Bunker Hill, and in the birth-place of Liberty. That standard is now unfurled; and long may it float, unhurt by the spoliations of time or the missiles of a desperate foe — yea, till every chain be broken, and every bondman set free! Let Southern oppressors tremble — let their secret abettors tremble — let their Northern apologists tremble — let all the enemies of the persecuted blacks tremble!

I deem the publication of my original Prospectus unnecessary, as it has obtained a wide circulation. The principles therein inculcated will be steadily pursued in this paper, excepting that I shall not array myself as the political partisan of any man. In defending the great cause of human rights, I wish to derive the assistance of all religions and of all parties.



Assenting to the "self-evident truths" maintained in the American Declaration of Independence, "that all men are created equal, and endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights — among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness" — I shall strenuously contend for the immediate enfranchisement of our slave population.

I am aware that many object to the severity of my language; but is there not cause for severity? I *will* be as harsh as truth, and as uncompromising as justice. On this subject I do not wish to think, or speak, or write, with moderation. No! no! Tell a man whose house is on fire to give a moderate alarm; tell him to moderately rescue his wife from the hands of the ravisher; tell the mother to gradually extricate her babe from the fire into which it has fallen; but urge me not to use moderation in a cause like the present. I am in earnest — I will not equivocate — I will not excuse — I will not retreat a single inch — **AND I WILL BE HEARD.** The apathy of the people is enough to make every statue leap from its pedestal, and to hasten the resurrection of the dead!

It is pretended that I am retarding the cause of emancipation by the coarseness of my invective, and the precipitancy of my measures. The charge is not true. On this question my influence, humble as it is, is felt at this moment to a considerable extent, and shall be felt in coming years — not perniciously but beneficially — not as a curse but as a blessing; and posterity will bear testimony that I was right. I desire to thank God that he enables me to disregard "the fear of man that bringeth a snare," and to speak his truth in its simplicity and power. And here I close with this fresh dedication:

"Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,  
 And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;  
 But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now —  
 For dread to prouder feelings doth give place  
 Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace  
 Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow,  
 I also kneel — but with far other vow

Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:—  
I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,  
Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,  
Thy brutalizing sway—till Afric's chains  
Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—  
Trampling Oppression and his iron rod:  
*Such is the vow I take—SO HELP ME, GOD!*"

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

*Boston, January 1, 1831.*



## Old South Leaflets.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 2.

# Fort Sumter.

[From the Address by Henry Ward Beecher, at the re-raising of the Flag over the ruins of Fort Sumter, April, 14, 1865.]

ON this solemn and joyful day, we again lift to the breeze our fathers' flag, now, again, the banner of *the United States*, with the fervent prayer that God would crown it with honor, protect it from treason, and send it down to our children, with all the blessings of civilization, liberty, and religion. Terrible in battle, may it be beneficent in peace. Happily, no bird or beast of prey has been inscribed upon it. The stars that redeem night from darkness, and the beams of red light that beautify the morning, have been united upon its folds. As long as the sun endures, or the stars, may it wave over a nation neither enslaved nor enslaving. Once, and but once, has treason dishonored it. In that insane hour, when the guiltiest and bloodiest rebellion of time hurled their fires upon this fort, you, sir (turning to General Anderson), and a small heroic band, stood within these now crumbled walls and did gallant and just battle for the honor and defence of the nation's banner.

In that cope of fire this glorious flag still peacefully waved to the breeze above your head, unconscious of harm as the stars and skies above it. Once it was shot down. A gallant hand, in whose care this day it has been, plucked it from the ground, and reared it again — "cast down, but not destroyed." After a vain resistance, with trembling hand and sad heart, you withdrew it from its heights, closed its wings, and bore it far away, sternly to

sleep amid the tumults of rebellion and the thunder of battle. The first act of war had begun. The long night of four years had set in. While the giddy traitors whirled in a maze of exhilaration, dim horrors were already advancing, that were ere long to fill the land with blood.

To-day you are returned again. We devoutly join with you in thanksgiving to Almighty God, that he has spared your honored life, and vouchsafed you the honors of this day. The heavens over you are the same; the same shores; morning comes, and evening, as they did. All else, how changed! What grim batteries crowd the burdened shores! What scenes have filled this air and disturbed these waters! These shattered heaps of shapeless stone are all that is left of Fort Sumter. Desolation broods in yonder sad city—solemn retribution hath avenged our dishonored banner! You have come back with honor who departed hence, four years ago, leaving the air sultry with fanaticism. The surging crowds that rolled up their frenzied shouts as the flag came down are dead, or scattered, or silent; and their habitations are desolate. Ruin sits in the cradle of treason. Rebellion has perished. But there flies the same flag that was insulted. With starry eyes it looks all over this bay for that banner that supplanted it, and sees it not. You that then, for the day, were humbled, are here again, to triumph once and forever. In the storm of that assault this glorious ensign was often struck; but, memorable fact, not one of its *stars* was torn out by shot or shell. It was a prophecy.

It said, "Not one State shall be struck from this nation by treason!" The fulfilment is at hand. Lifted to the air, to-day, it proclaims, after four years of war, "Not a State is blotted out!"

Hail to the flag of our fathers and our flag! Glory to the banner that has gone through four years black with tempests of war, to pilot the nation back to peace without dismemberment! And glory be to God, who, above all hosts and banners, hath ordained victory, and shall ordain peace!

Wherefore have we come hither, pilgrims from distant places? Are we come to exult that Northern hands are stronger than Southern? No, but to rejoice that the hands of those who defend a just and beneficent government are mightier than the hands that assaulted it! Do we exult over fallen cities? We exult that a nation has not fallen. We sorrow with the sorrowful. We sympathize with the desolate. We look upon this shattered fort, and yonder dilapidated city, with sad eyes, grieved that men should have committed such treason, and glad that God hath set such a mark upon treason that all ages shall dread and abhor it.

We exult not for a passion gratified, but for a sentiment victorious; not for temper, but for conscience; not as we devoutly believe that *our* will is done, but that God's will hath been done. We should be unworthy of that liberty entrusted to our care, if on such a day as this we sullied our hearts by feelings of aimless vengeance; and equally unworthy, if we did not devoutly thank Him who hath said, *Vengeance is mine, I will repay, saith the Lord*, that he hath set a mark upon arrogant Rebellion, ineffaceable while time lasts!

Since this flag went down on that dark day, who shall tell the mighty woes that have made this land a spectacle to angels and men? The soil has drunk blood, and is glutted. Millions mourn for millions slain; or, envying the dead, pray for oblivion. Towns and villages have been razed. Fruitful fields have turned back to wilderness. It came to pass, as the prophet said: *The sun was turned to darkness, and the moon to blood*. The course of law was ended. The sword sat chief magistrate in half the nation; industry was paralyzed; morals corrupted; the public weal invaded by rapine and anarchy; whole States ravaged by avenging armies. The world was amazed. The earth reeled. When the flag sank here, it was as if political night had come, and all beasts of prey had come forth to devour.

That long night is ended! And for this returning day we have come from afar, to rejoice and give thanks. No more

war! No more accursed secession! No more slavery, that spawned them both!

Let no man misread the meaning of this unfolding flag! It says, "GOVERNMENT hath returned hitherto." It proclaims in the name of vindicated government peace and protection to loyalty; humiliation and pains to traitors. This is the flag of sovereignty. The nation, not the States, is sovereign. Restored to authority, this flag commands, not supplicates.

There may be pardon, but not concession. There may be amnesty and oblivion, but no honeyed compromises. The nation to-day has peace for the peaceful, and war for the turbulent. The only condition of submission is *to submit!* There is the Constitution, there are the laws, there is the Government. They rise up like mountains of strength that shall not be moved. *They are the conditions of peace.*

*One nation, under one government, without slavery,* has been ordained, and shall stand. There can be peace on no other basis. On this basis reconstruction is easy, and needs neither architect nor engineer. Without this basis no engineer or architect shall ever reconstruct these rebellious States.

We do not want your cities nor your fields. We do not envy you your prolific soil, nor heavens full of perpetual summer. Let agriculture revel here; let manufactures make every stream twice musical; build fleets in every port; inspire the arts of peace with genius second only to that of Athens; and we shall be glad in your gladness, and rich in your wealth.

All that we ask is unswerving loyalty, and universal liberty. And that, in the name of this *high sovereignty of the United States of America*, we demand; and that, with the blessing of Almighty God, *we will have.*

We raise our fathers' banner, that it may bring back better blessings than those of old; that it may cast out the devil of discord; that it may restore lawful government, and a prosperity purer and more enduring than that which it protected before; that it may win parted friends from their alien-



ation; that it may inspire hope, and inaugurate universal liberty; that it may say to the sword, "*Return to thy sheath,*" and to the plow and sickle, "*Go forth*"; that it may heal all jealousies, unite all policies, inspire a new national life, compact our strength, purify our principles, ennoble our national ambitions, and make this people great and strong, not for aggression and quarrelsomeness, but for *the peace of the world*, giving to us the glorious prerogative of leading all nations to juster laws, to more humane policies, to sincere friendship, to rational, instituted civil liberty, and to universal Christian brotherhood.

Reverently, piously, in hopeful patriotism, we spread this banner on the sky, as of old the bow was planted on the cloud; and, with solemn fervor, beseech God to look upon it, and make it the memorial of an everlasting covenant and decree, that never again on this fair land shall a deluge of blood prevail.

Why need any eye turn from this spectacle? Are there not associations which, overleaping the recent past, carry us back to times when, over North and South, this flag was honored alike by all? In all our colonial days, we were one; in the long Revolutionary struggle; and in the scores of prosperous years succeeding. When the passage of the Stamp Act in 1765 aroused the colonies, it was Gadsden of South Carolina that cried with prescient enthusiasm: "*We stand on the broad common ground of those natural rights that we all feel and know as men.*" There ought to be no New England man, no New Yorker, known on this continent, but all of us," said he, "AMERICAN." That was the voice of South Carolina.

That *shall be* the voice of South Carolina. Faint is the echo; but it is coming. We now hear it sighing sadly through the pines; but it shall yet break upon the shore — no North, no West, no South, but one United States of America.

There is scarcely a man born in the South who has lifted his hand against this banner but had a father who would have died for it. Is memory dead? Is there no historic pride?

Has a fatal fury struck blindness or hate into eyes that used to look kindly toward each other; that read the same Bible; that hung over the same historic pages of our national glory; that studied the same Constitution?

Let this uplifting bring back all of the past that was good, but leave in darkness all that was bad.

It was never before so wholly unspotted, so clear of all wrong, so purely and simply the sign of Justice and Liberty. Did I say that we brought back the same banner that you bore away, noble and heroic sir? It is not the same. It is more and better than it was. The land is free from slavery, since that banner fell.

When God would prepare Moses for Emancipation, he overthrew his first steps, and drove him for forty years to brood in the wilderness. When our flag came down, four years it lay brooding in darkness. It cried to the Lord, "Wherefore am I deposed?" Then arose before it a vision of its sin. It had strengthened the strong, and forgotten the weak. It proclaimed liberty, but trod upon slaves.

In that seclusion it dedicated itself to liberty. Behold, to-day, it fulfils its vows. When it went down, four million people had no flag. To-day it rises, and four million people cry out, "Behold *our* flag!" Hark! they murmur. It is the gospel that they recite in sacred words: "It is a gospel to the poor, it heals our broken hearts, it preaches deliverance to captives, it gives sight to the blind, it sets at liberty them that are bruised." Rise up, then, glorious Gospel Banner, and roll out these messages of God. Tell the air that not a spot now sullies thy whiteness. Thy red is not the blush of shame, but the flush of joy. Tell the dews that wash thee that thou art pure as they. Say to the night, that thy stars lead toward the morning; and to the morning, that a brighter day arises with healing in its wings. And then, Oh glorious flag, bid the sun pour light on all thy folds with double brightness, whilst thou art bearing around and round the world the solemn joy—a race set free! a nation redeemed!





## Old South Leaflets.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 3.

# The Monitor and the Merrimac.<sup>1</sup>

[*Tribune, March 10, 1862.*]

TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS:

FORTRESS MONROE, Saturday, March 8, 1862.

The dulness of Old Point was startled to-day by the announcement that a suspicious-looking vessel, supposed to be the Merrimac, looking like a submerged house with the roof only above water, was moving down from Norfolk, by the channel in front of the Sewall's Point batteries. Signal guns were also fired by the Cumberland and Congress to notify the Minnesota, St. Lawrence, and Roanoke of the approaching danger, and all was excitement in and about Fortress Monroe.

There was nothing protruding above the water but a flag-staff flying the Rebel flag, and short smoke-stack. She moved along slowly and turned into the channel leading to Newport News, and steamed directly for the frigates Cumberland and Congress, which were lying at the mouth of the James river.

As soon as she came within range of the Cumberland, the latter opened on her with her heavy guns, but the balls struck and glanced off, having no more effect than peas from a pop-gun. Her ports were all closed, and she moved on in silence, but with a full head of steam. In the meantime, as the Merrimac was approaching the two frigates on one side, the Rebel iron-clad steamers Yorktown and Jamestown came down James river, and engaged our frigates on the other side. The batteries at Newport News also opened on the Yorktown and Jamestown, and did all in their power to assist the Cumberland and Con-

<sup>1</sup> These accounts are copied from the telegraphic reports of the engagement published in the newspapers during the next two days, for the sake of reviving the spirit of the time.

gress, which, being sailing vessels, were at the mercy of the approaching steamers. The Merrimac, in the meantime, kept steadily on her course, and slowly approached the Cumberland, when she and the Congress, at a distance of one hundred yards, rained full broadsides on the iron-clad monster, that took no effect, glancing upward and flying off, having only the effect of checking her progress for a moment.

After receiving the first broadside of the two frigates, she ran onto the Cumberland, striking her about midships, and literally laying open her sides. She then drew off and fired a broadside into the disabled ship, and again dashed against her with her iron-clad prow, and, knocking in her side, left her to sink, while she engaged the Congress, which lay about a quarter of a mile distant.

The Congress had, meantime, kept up a sharp engagement with the Yorktown and Jamestown, and having no regular crew on board of her, seeing the hopelessness of resisting the iron-clad steamer, at once struck her colors. Her crew had been discharged several days since, and three companies of the Naval Brigade had been put on board temporarily, until she could be relieved by the St. Lawrence, which was to have gone up on Monday to take her position as one of the blockading vessels of the James river.

On the Congress striking her colors, the Jamestown approached and took from on board of her all her officers as prisoners, but allowed the crew to escape in boats. The vessel, being thus cleared, was fired by the Rebels, when the Merrimac and her two iron-clad companions opened with shell and shot on the Newport News batteries. The firing was briskly returned. Various reports have been received, principally from frightened sutlers' clerks. Some of them represent that the garrison had been compelled to retreat from the batteries to the woods. Another was that the two smaller Rebel steamers had been compelled to retreat from their guns.

In the meantime the steam frigate Minnesota, having partly got up steam, was being towed up to the relief of the two frigates, but did not get up until it was too late to assist them. She was also followed up by the frigate St. Lawrence, which was taken in tow by several of the small harbor steamers. It is however, rumored that neither of these vessels had pilots on board them, and after a short engagement both of them seemed to be, in the opinion of the pilots on the Point, aground.

The Minnesota, either intentionally or from necessity, engaged the three steamers at about a mile distance, with only her two bow guns. The St. Lawrence also poured in shot from all the guns she could bring to bear, and it was the impression of the most experienced naval officers on the Point that both had been considerably damaged. These statements, it must be borne in mind, are all based on what could be seen by a glass at a distance of nearly eight miles, and a few panic-stricken non-combatants, who fled at almost the first gun from Newport News.

In the meantime darkness approached, though the moon shone out brightly, and nothing but the occasional flashing of guns could be seen. The Merrimac was also believed to be aground, as she remained stationary at a distance of a mile from the Minnesota, making no attempt to attack or molest her.

Previous to the departure of the steamer for Baltimore, no guns had been fired for half an hour, the last one being fired from the Minnesota. Some persons declared that, immediately after this last gun was fired, a dense volume of vapor was seen to rise from the Merrimac, indicating the explosion of her boiler. Whether this is so or not cannot be known, but it was the universal opinion that the Rebel monster was hard aground.

Fears were of course entertained for the safety of the Minnesota and St. Lawrence in such an unequal contest, but if the Merrimac was really ashore she could do no more damage. It was the intention of the Minnesota, with her picked and gallant crew, to run into close quarters with the Merrimac, avoid her iron prow, and board her. This the Merrimac seemed not inclined to give her an opportunity to do.

At eight o'clock, when the Baltimore boat left, a fleet of steam-tugs were being sent up to the relief of the Minnesota and the St. Lawrence, and an endeavor was to be made to draw them off the bar, on which they had grounded. In the meantime the firing had suspended, whether from mutual consent or necessity could not be ascertained.

The Rebel battery at Pig Point was also enabled to join in the combined attack on the Minnesota, and several guns were fired at her from Sewall's Point as she went up. None of them struck her, but one or two of them passed over her.

The Baltimore boat left Old Point at eight o'clock last night. In about half an hour after she left the wharf the iron-clad Ericsson steamer Monitor passed her, going in, towed by a

large steamer. The Monitor undoubtedly reached Fortress Monroe by nine o'clock, and may have immediately gone into service; if not, she would be ready to take a hand early on Sunday morning.

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[*Special Despatch to the New York Tribune.*]

WASHINGTON, March 9, 1862.

The telegraph line from Fortress Monroe was completed this afternoon at four o'clock. The first despatch sent over it was by the Assistant Secretary of the Navy, as follows:

FORTRESS MONROE, March 9, 6.45 P.M.

G. WELLES, Secretary of the Navy:

The Monitor arrived at 10 P.M., last night, and went immediately to the protection of the Minnesota, lying aground just below Newport News. At 7 A.M. today the Merrimac, accompanied by two wooden steamers and several tugs, stood out toward the Minnesota and opened fire. The Monitor met them and opened her fire, when all the enemy's vessels retired except the Merrimac.

These two iron-clad vessels fought, part of the time touching each other, from 8 A.M. to noon, when the Merrimac retired. Whether she is injured or not it is impossible to say. Lieut. J. L. Worden, who commanded the Monitor, handled her with great skill, and was assisted by Chief Engineer Stimers. Lieutenant Worden was injured by the cement from the pilot-house being driven into his eyes, but I trust not seriously. The Minnesota kept up a continuous fire, and is herself somewhat injured. She was moved considerably today, and will probably be off tonight. The Monitor is uninjured, and ready at any moment to repel another attack.

G. V. Fox, Assistant Secretary.

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[*Tribune, March 11, 1862. From Our Special Correspondent.*]

FORTRESS MONROE, Sunday, March 9, 1862.

Taking up the narrative at the conclusion of my despatch last evening (the fate of which, in these censorious times, I cannot of course know), I will say that at about eight o'clock in the

evening the Congress, at Newport News, was set on fire by the Rebels, and in a short time was a pyramid of flame — a spectacle at once splendid beyond description, and well calculated to fill loyal hearts with patriotic indignation. She continued to burn for hours, witnessed by the whole country around. General Wool made every preparation, in view of the probability of a land attack either on Camp Hamilton or Camp Butler at Newport News. The Minnesota was still aground midway between the Fortress and the latter place, and arrangements were made to relieve her at the ensuing flood tide, which would be about midnight. Arrangements were made likewise, in case the Merrimac or any of the Rebel boats should pay us a visit or attempt to go out during the night, to give them a proper reception. During the day, while the bloody scenes on the Cumberland and Congress were in progress, the prayer of all hearts was that the Monitor (the Ericsson, rather, as everybody persists in calling her — the only name intelligible here) would come. As if in answer to that prayer, in company with the Currituck and Sachem, about half-past ten o'clock she entered the Roads, with a modesty little denoting the terrible thing she really was. The satisfaction with which her arrival was hailed may be imagined. The only regret was that she did not come twelve hours sooner. Preparations were immediately made for placing her in condition for the terrible contest which, untried and an experiment as she was, she would have to engage in within the next few hours. At about half-past one the magazine of the Congress, whose flames had for hours illumined the Roads and Bay, blew up. The concussion shook the earth like an earthquake. The glare for an instant made the night almost as light as day. The gloom that followed seemed to be an appropriate closing scene to the work of carnage. Beyond the unsuccessful efforts to release the Minnesota by a number of tugs, nothing else of moment occurred during the night.

At early dawn this morning, the Merrimac, Jamestown, Yorktown, and a number of other Rebel craft were seen drawn up off Sewall's Point, apparently waiting for the smoke and haze to lift before resuming the contest. The Monitor had taken her station to the left and in advance of the Minnesota, and our other gunboats were in the neighborhood of the frigate. Shortly after eight o'clock the Merrimac began to move up toward the Minnesota, about three miles distant. Her path lay across the bows of the Monitor, whose presence or real charac-



ter it is probable she was not then aware of. When within about a mile, the ball was opened by the Monitor firing a shot, which struck the side of the iron-hided monster, the Merrimac at the same time slackening her speed. Her intention evidently was to make directly for the Minnesota, and serve her as she had served the Cumberland and Congress. But suddenly she found a lion in her path. The firing was kept up for some time at the distance of about one mile, when the Monitor began to move toward her antagonist, delivering her fire deliberately and with precision. The Merrimac, six times her size, and with an armament equally out of proportion, awaited her at rest. At a distance of a quarter of a mile, or less, both opened their terrible batteries — the Merrimac firing much the oftenest of course. It was the first trial of an experiment in a fearful ordeal. The scene was witnessed by those who crowded the ramparts and lined the docks with almost breathless interest. It would not have disappointed many at that moment had it become apparent that the unpretending Monitor was unequal to the contest. By this time the two ironclad combatants seemed to touch, fighting at close quarters, delivering their shots seemingly into the muzzles of each other's guns. But so far from being unequal to her adversary, the Monitor moved around her, planting her shots where she would. The contest was so hot that for a time the smoke obscured both the Monitor and the Merrimac. As if realizing that she had found at least her match, if not her superior, the Merrimac drew off toward Craney Island, the Monitor pursuing, planting her shot with the same deliberation which had characterized her movements from the outset. After keeping up the pursuit for half an hour, the Monitor returned toward the Minnesota. I should have mentioned that shortly after this engagement commenced, one of the Rebel gunboats, apparently the Yorktown, steamed out and boldly engaged the Monitor. A shot through her, which have must done serious injury, sent her back again, and she did not venture within range of the guns of the new-comer during the day.

As if having rested from the first round, and recovered from the bewilderment resulting from finding such a terrible antagonist in so small a one, the Merrimac returned to the contest, and, as before, was met fearlessly by the Monitor. The Merrimac being now within range of the Minnesota, she delivered several of her thundering broadsides, and showers of solid shot went crashing against the side of the iron monster. The gun-

boats also went into the fight gallantly. Though the Monitor again sought close quarters, the Merrimac, having already had a taste of that sort of thing, kept at a prudent distance. For more than an hour the battle was kept up without either side showing damage, when, at about 11 A.M., the Monitor retired beyond the Minnesota to allow her guns to cool. The contest now raged between the Merrimac and Minnesota and the gun-boats. The terrible broadsides of the frigate, chained to the bottom as it were, shook the earth, and the solid shot glanced in every direction from the sides of the Merrimac.

Having given her guns an hour to cool, the Monitor returned to the contest, and the Merrimac was apparently ready for her, for she did not retreat, but stood her ground. Nothing could exceed the accuracy of the firing on both sides. After keeping up the contest for half an hour at a range of half or three-quarters of a mile, the Monitor began to advance on her antagonist, who waited her with apparent confidence. Delivering her fire with deliberation and unerring precision, the Monitor went straight ahead and at full speed for the Merrimac, till the men on both boats, if they had not been hidden by the iron covering, might have engaged in a hand-to-hand fight. Now followed one of the most remarkable and exciting scenes ever witnessed in naval warfare. The vessels touched, and delivering their broadsides simultaneously, the shot crashed upon the sides of both, either glancing off and falling into the water or crumbling into atoms. As if determined that the combat should have an end, the Monitor moved round the Merrimac at a distance of only a few yards, plunging her shots into her sides. With well-directed aim she planted one into her hull below her iron coating, and below her water-line. Three gaping holes now appeared in her iron coating. Passing deliberately round the stern of the Merrimac, the Monitor aimed a shot at her screw, and several others at vital points.

The Merrimac now began to make off toward the cove flanking Craney Island, and, as it became apparent that she was disabled, cheers went up from the ramparts and the shore. The Monitor did not pursue, probably on account of the heating of her guns, or some other equally good reason. After lying for a short time near the shore, the Merrimac slowly rounded out and turned her prow toward the place she was seen in the morning, where the other Rebel boats were assembled spectators of the fight. They gathered around her like the backers of a

whipped bully. At this time it was the general opinion of those who had the best means of observing that the Merrimac had sunk at least two feet, and that she was fast going down. Her deck was thronged with her crew. She gave no sign of steam or smoke. Small boats put off from her, and tug-boats came to her sides as if to render assistance. As soon as arrangements could be made for doing so, the boats took her in tow, and about three-quarters past twelve the Merrimac, the Yorktown, the Jamestown, and the other Rebel craft, either towing or pulling the former, might be seen constituting a mournful procession, as they passed into the dim distance under Craney Island.

Thus ended probably the most remarkable naval engagement on record; certainly the first between two iron-clad antagonists.

The timely appearance of the Monitor was the salvation of the Minnesota, and probably most of the shipping in the Roads, and perhaps other property beside. Had she come a day sooner, she would have saved two of the noblest frigates in the service, and hundreds of lives.





## The Battle of Gettysburg.

*[From the Address by Edward Everett  
at the Consecration of the National  
Cemetery at Gettysburg, November  
19, 1863.]*

It was appointed by law in Athens, that the obsequies of the citizens who fell in battle should be performed at the public expense, and in the most honorable manner. Their bones were carefully gathered up from the funeral pyre, where their bodies were consumed, and brought home to the city. There, for three days before the interment, they lay in state, beneath tents of honor, to receive the votive offerings of friends and relatives — flowers, weapons, precious ornaments, painted vases (wonders of art, which after two thousand years adorn the museums of modern Europe) — the last tributes of surviving affection. Ten coffins of funereal cypress received the honorable deposit, one for each of the tribes of the city, and an eleventh in memory of the unrecognized, but not therefore un-honored, dead, and of those whose remains could not be recovered. On the fourth day the mournful procession was formed: mothers, wives, sisters, daughters, led the way, and to them it was permitted, by the simplicity of ancient manners, to utter aloud their lamentations for the beloved and the lost; the male relatives and friends of the deceased followed; citizens and strangers closed the train. Thus marshalled, they moved to the place of interment in that famous Ceramicus, the most beautiful suburb of Athens, which had been adorned by Cimon, the son of Miltiades, with walks and fountains and columns;

whose groves were filled with altars, shrines, and temples; whose gardens were ever green with streams from the neighboring hills, and shaded with the trees sacred to Minerva, and coeval with the foundation of the city; whose circuit enclosed

“ The olive grove of Academe,  
Plato’s retirement, where the Attic bird  
Trilled his thick-warbled note the summer long ”;

whose pathways gleamed with the monuments of the illustrious dead, the work of the most consummate masters that ever gave life to marble. There, beneath the overarching plane-trees, upon a lofty stage erected for the purpose, it was ordained by law that a funeral oration should be pronounced by some citizen of Athens, in the presence of the assembled multitude.

Such were the tokens of respect required by law to be paid at Athens to the memory of those who had fallen in the cause of their country. To those alone who fell at Marathon a peculiar honor was reserved. As the battle fought upon that immortal field was distinguished from all others in Grecian history for its influence over the fortunes of Hellas—as it depended upon the event of that day whether Greece should live, a glory and a light to all coming time, or should expire, like the meteor of a moment—so the honors awarded to its martyr-heroes were such as were bestowed by Athens on no other occasion. They alone of all her sons were entombed upon the spot, which they had forever rendered famous. Their names were inscribed upon ten pillars erected upon the monumental tumulus which covered their ashes (where, after six hundred years, they were read by the traveller Pausanias), and although the columns beneath the hand of barbarian violence and time, have long since disappeared, the venerable mound still marks the spot where they fought and fell,—

“ That battlefield, where Persia’s victim horde  
First bowed beneath the brunt of Hellas’ sword.”

And shall I, fellow-citizens, who, after an interval of twen-

ty-three centuries, a youthful pilgrim from a world unknown to Ancient Greece, have wandered over that illustrious plain, ready to put off the shoes from off my feet, as one that stands on holy ground; who have gazed with respectful emotion on the mound which still protects the remains of those who rolled back the tide of Persian invasion, and rescued the land of popular liberty, of letters, and arts, from the ruthless foe, stand unmoved over the graves of our dear brethren, who but yesterday,— on three of those all-important days which decide a nation's history,— days on whose issue it depended whether this august republican Union, founded by some of the wisest statesmen that ever lived, cemented with the blood of some of the purest patriots that ever died, should perish or endure,— rolled back the tide of an invasion not less unprovoked, not less ruthless, than that which came to plant the dark banner of Asiatic despotism and slavery on the free soil of Greece? Heaven forbid! And could I prove so insensible to every prompting of patriotic duty and affection, not only would you, fellow-citizens, gathered, many of you, from distant States, who have come to take part in these pious offices of gratitude,— you, respected fathers, brethren, matrons, sisters, who surrounded me, cry out for shame, — but the forms of brave and patriotic men who fill these honored graves would heave with indignation beneath the sod.

We have assembled, friends, fellow-citizens, at the invitation of the Executive of the great central State of Pennsylvania, seconded by the Governors of eighteen other loyal States of the Union, to pay the last tribute of respect to the brave men who, in the hard-fought battles of the 1st, 2d, and 3d days of July last, laid down their lives for the country on these hill-sides and the plains spread out before us, and whose remains have been gathered into the cemetery which we consecrate this day. As my eye ranges over the fields whose sods were so lately moistened by the blood of gallant and loyal men, I feel as never before how truly it was said of old that it is sweet and becoming to die for one's country. I feel as never before how justly,

from the dawn of history to the present time, men have paid the homage of their gratitude and admiration to the memory of those who nobly sacrifice their lives, that their fellow-men may live in safety and in honor. And if this tribute were ever due, when — to whom — could it be more justly paid, than to those whose last resting-place we this day commend to the blessing of Heaven and of men?

For consider, my friends, what would have been the consequences to the country, to yourselves, and to all you hold dear, if those who sleep beneath our feet, and their gallant comrades who survive to serve their country on other fields of danger, had failed in their duty on those memorable days. Consider what, at this moment, would be the condition of the United States, if that noble Army of Potomac, instead of gallantly, and for the second time, beating back the tide of invasion from Maryland and Pennsylvania, had been itself driven from these well-contested heights; thrown back in confusion on Baltimore; or trampled down, discomfited, scattered to the four winds. What, under the circumstances, would not have been the fate of the Monumental City, of Harrisburg, of Philadelphia, of Washington — the capital of the Union — each and every one of which would have lain at the mercy of the enemy, accordingly as it might have pleased him, spurred only by passion, flushed with victory, and confident of continued success, to direct his course?

For this we must bear in mind: it is one of the great lessons of the war — indeed, of every war — that it is impossible for a people without military organization, inhabiting the cities, towns, and villages of an open country, including, of course, the natural proportion of non-combatants of either sex and of every age, to withstand the inroad of a veteran army. What defence can be made by the inhabitants of villages mostly built of wood, of cities unprotected by walls, nay, by a population of men, however high-toned and resolute, whose aged parents demand their care, whose wives and children are clustering about them, against the charge of the war-horse whose neck is clothed with

thunder; against flying artillery, and batteries of rifled cannon planted on every commanding eminence; against the onset of trained veterans, led by skilful chiefs? No, my friends; army must be met by army; battery by battery; squadron by squadron; and the shock of organized thousands must be encountered by the firm breasts and valiant arms of other thousands, as well organized and as skilfully led. It is no reproach, therefore, to the unarmed population of the country, to say that we owe it to the brave men who sleep in their beds of honor before us, and their gallant surviving associates, not merely that your fertile fields, my friends of Pennsylvania and Maryland, were redeemed from the presence of the invader, but that your beautiful capitals were not given up to threatened plunder, perhaps laid in ashes, Washington seized by the enemy, and a blow struck at the heart of the nation.

Who that hears me has forgotten the thrill of joy that ran through the country on the 4th of July,—auspicious day for the glorious tidings, and rendered still more so by the simultaneous fall of Vicksburg,—when the telegraph flashed through the land the assurance from the President of the United States that the Army of the Potomac, under General Meade, had again smitten the invader? Sure I am that with the ascriptions of praise that rose to Heaven from twenty millions of freemen, with the acknowledgments that breathed from patriotic lips throughout the length and breadth of America to the surviving officers and men who had rendered the country this inestimable service, there beat in every loyal bosom a throb of tender and sorrowful gratitude to the martyrs who had fallen on the sternly contested field. Let a nation's fervent thanks make some amends for the toils and sufferings of those who survive. Would that the heartfelt tribute could penetrate these honored graves!

And now, friends, fellow-citizens of Gettysburg and Pennsylvania, and you from remoter States, let me again, as we part, invoke your benediction on these honored graves. You feel,



though the occasion is mournful, that it is good to be here. You feel that it was greatly auspicious for the cause of the country that the men of the East and the men of the West, the men of nineteen sister States, stood side by side, on the perilous ridges of the battle. You now feel it a new bond of union, that they shall lie side by side, till a clarion louder than that which marshalled them to the combat shall awake their slumbers. God bless the union;—it is dearer to us for the blood of those brave men shed in its defence. The spots on which they stood and fell; these pleasant heights; the fertile plain beneath them; the thriving village whose streets so lately rang with the strange din of war; the fields beyond the ridge, where the noble Reynolds held the advancing foe at bay, and while he gave up his own life, assured, by his forethought and self-sacrifice, the triumph of the two succeeding days; the little streams which wind through the hills, on whose banks in after times the wondering ploughman will turn up, with the rude weapons of savage warfare, the fearful missiles of modern artillery; the Seminary Ridge, the peach orchard, Cemetery, Culp's, and Wolf's Hills, Round Top, Little Round Top, humble names, henceforward dear and famous; no lapse of time, no distance of space shall cause you to be forgotten. "The whole earth," said Pericles, as he stood over the remains of his fellow-citizens, who had fallen in the first year of the Peloponnesian war, "the whole earth is a sepulchre of illustrious men." All time, he might have added, is the millennium of their glory. Surely I would do no injustice to the other noble achievements of the war, which have reflected such honor on both arms of the service, and have entitled the armies and the navy of the United States, their officers and men, to the warmest thanks and the richest rewards which a grateful people can pay. But they, I am sure, will join us in saying, as we bid farewell to the dust of these martyr-heroes, that wheresoever throughout the civilized world the accounts of this great warfare are read, and down to the latest period of recorded time, in the glorious annals of our common

country, there will be no brighter page than that which relates  
THE BATTLES OF GETTYSBURG.

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ADDRESS OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN,

*At the Consecration of the Cemetery.*

FOURSCORE and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.







## Sherman's March to the Sea.

[Extract from General Sherman's Own  
Account, in his Memoirs.]

On the 12th of November the railroad and telegraph communications with the rear were broken, and the army stood detached from all friends, dependent on its own resources and supplies. No time was to be lost, all the detachments were ordered to march rapidly for Atlanta, breaking up the railroad *en route*, and generally to so damage the country as to make it untenable to the enemy. By the 14th all the troops had arrived at or near Atlanta, and were, according to orders, grouped into two wings, the right and left, commanded respectively by Major-generals O. O. Howard and H. W. Slocum, both comparatively young men, but educated and experienced officers, fully competent to their command.

The strength of the army, as officially reported, is given in the following table, and shows an aggregate of fifty-five thousand three hundred and twenty-nine infantry, five thousand and sixty-three cavalry, and eighteen hundred and twelve artillery—in all, sixty-two thousand two hundred and four officers and men.

### RECAPITULATION—ATLANTA TO SAVANNAH.

ARM.	November 10.	December 1.	December 20.
Infantry . . . . .	52,796	55,329	54,255
Cavalry . . . . .	4,961	5,063	4,584
Artillery . . . . .	1,788	1,812	1,759
Aggregate . . . . .	59,545	62,204	60,598

The most extraordinary efforts had been made to purge this army of non-combatants and of sick men, for we knew well that there was to be no

place of safety save with the army itself. Our wagons were loaded with ammunition, provisions, and forage, and we could ill afford to haul even sick men in the ambulances, so that all on this exhibit may be assumed to have been able-bodied, experienced soldiers, well armed, well equipped and provided, as far as human foresight could, with all the essentials of life, strength, and vigorous action.

The two general orders made for this march appear to me, even at this late day, so clear, emphatic, and well-digested, that no account of that historic event is perfect without them, and I give them entire, even at the seeming appearance of repetition; and, though they called for great sacrifice and labor on the part of the officers and men, I insist that these orders were obeyed as well as any similar orders ever were, by an army operating wholly in an enemy's country, and dispersed, as we necessarily were, during the subsequent period of nearly six months.

[Special Field Orders, No. 110.]

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }  
IN THE FIELD, KINGSTON, GEORGIA, *November, 8, 1864.* }

The general commanding deems it proper at this time to inform the officers and men of the Fourteenth, Fifteenth, Seventeenth, and Twentieth Corps, that he has organized them into an army for a special purpose, well known to the War Department and to General Grant. It is sufficient for you to know that it involves a departure from our present base, and a long and difficult march to a new one. All the chances of war have been considered and provided for, as far as human sagacity can. All he asks of you is to maintain that discipline, patience, and courage, which have characterized you in the past; and he hopes, through you, to strike a blow at our enemy that will have a material effect in producing what we all so much desire, his complete overthrow. Of all things, the most important is, that the men, during marches and in camp, keep their places and do not scatter about as stragglers or foragers, to be picked up by a hostile people in detail. It is also of the utmost importance that our wagons should not be loaded with anything but provisions and ammunition. All surplus servants, non-combatants, and refugees, should now go to the rear, and none should be encouraged to encumber us on the march. At some future time we will be able to provide for the poor whites and blacks who seek to escape the bondage under which they are now suffering. With these few simple cautions, he hopes to lead you to achievements equal in importance to those of the past.

By order of Major-General W. T. Sherman,

L. M. DAYTON, *Aide-de-Camp.*

[Special Field Orders, No. 120.]

HEADQUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE MISSISSIPPI, }  
IN THE FIELD, KINGSTON, GEORGIA, *November 9, 1864.* }

1. For the purpose of military operations, this army is divided into two wings, viz :

The right wing, Major-General O. O. Howard commanding, composed of the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps; the left wing, Major-General H. W. Slocum commanding, composed of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps.

2. The habitual order of march will be, wherever practicable, by four roads, as nearly parallel as possible, and converging at points hereafter to be indicated in orders. The cavalry, Brigadier-General Kilpatrick commanding, will receive special orders from the Commander-in-Chief.

3. There will be no general train of supplies, but each corps will have its ammunition-train and provision-train, distributed habitually as follows: Behind each regiment should follow one wagon and one ambulance; behind each brigade should follow a due proportion of ammunition-wagons, provision-wagons, and ambulances. In case of danger, each corps commander should change this order of march, by having his advance and rear brigades unencumbered by wheels. The separate columns will start habitually at 7 A.M., and make about fifteen miles per day, unless otherwise fixed in orders.

4. The army will forage liberally on the country during the march. To this end, each brigade commander will organize a good and sufficient foraging party, under the command of one or more discreet officers, who will gather, near the route travelled, corn or forage of any kind, meat of any kind, vegetables, corn-meal, or whatever is needed by the command, aiming at all times to keep in the wagons at least ten days' provisions for his command, and three days' forage. Soldiers must not enter the dwellings of the inhabitants, or commit any trespass; but, during a halt or camp, they may be permitted to gather turnips, potatoes, and other vegetables, and to drive in stock in sight of their camp. To regular foraging-parties must be intrusted the gathering of provisions and forage, at any distance from the road traveled.

5. To corps commanders alone is intrusted the power to destroy mills, houses, cotton-gins, etc.; and for them this general principle is laid down: In districts and neighborhoods where the army is unmolested, no destruction of such property should be permitted; but should guerrillas or bushwhackers molest our march, or should the inhabitants burn bridges, obstruct roads, or otherwise manifest local hostility, then army commanders should order and enforce a devastation more or less relentless, according to the measure of such hostility.

6. As for horses, mules, wagons, etc., belonging to the inhabitants, the cavalry and artillery may appropriate freely and without limit; discriminating, however, between the rich, who are usually hostile, and the poor and industrious, usually neutral or friendly. Foraging-parties may also take mules or horses, to replace the jaded animals of their trains, or to serve as pack-mules for the regiments or brigades. In all foraging, of whatever kind, the parties engaged will refrain from abusive or threatening language, and may, where the officer in command thinks proper, give written certificates of the facts, but no receipts; and they will endeavor to leave with each family a reasonable portion of their maintenance.

7. Negroes who are able-bodied and can be of service to the several columns may be taken along; but each army commander will bear in mind that the question of supplies is a very important one, and that his first duty is to see to those who bear arms.

8. The organization, at once, of a good pioneer battalion for each army corps, composed if possible of negroes, should be attended to. This battalion should follow the advance-guard, repair roads and double them if possible, so that the columns will not be delayed after reaching bad places. Also, army commanders should practise the habit of giving the artillery and wagons the road, marching their troops on one side, and instruct their troops to assist wagons at steep hills or bad crossings of streams.

9. Captain O. M. Poe, chief-engineer, will assign to each wing of the army a pontoon-train, fully equipped and organized; and the commanders thereof will see to their being properly protected at all times.

By order of Major-General W. T. Sherman,

L. M. DAYTON, *Aide-de-Camp*.

The greatest possible attention had been given to the artillery and wagon-trains. The number of guns had been reduced to sixty-five, or about one gun to each thousand men, and these were generally in batteries of four guns each.

Each gun, caisson, and forge, was drawn by four teams of horses. We had in all about twenty-five hundred wagons, with teams of six mules to

each, and six hundred ambulances, with two horses to each. The loads were made comparatively light, about twenty-five hundred pounds net; each wagon carrying in addition the forage needed by its own team. Each soldier carried on his person forty rounds of ammunition, and in the wagons were enough cartridges to make up about two hundred rounds per man, and in like manner two hundred rounds of assorted ammunition were carried for each gun.

The wagon-trains were divided equally between the four corps, so that each had about eight hundred wagons, and these usually on the march occupied five miles or more of road. Each corps commander managed his own train; and habitually the artillery and wagons had the road, while the men, with the exception of the advance and rear guards, pursued paths improvised by the side of the wagons, unless they were forced to use a bridge or causeway in common.

About 7 A.M. of November 16th we rode out of Atlanta by the Decatur road, filled by the marching troops and wagons of the Fourteenth Corps; and reaching the hill, just outside of the old rebel works, we naturally paused to look back upon the scenes of our past battles. We stood upon the very ground whereon was fought the bloody battle of July 22d, and could see the copse of wood where McPherson fell. Behind us lay Atlanta, smouldering and in ruins, the black smoke rising high in air, and hanging like a pall over the ruined city. Away off in the distance, on the McDonough road, was the rear of Howard's column, the gun-barrels glistening in the sun, the white-topped wagons stretching away to the south; and right before us the Fourteenth Corps, marching steadily and rapidly, with a cheery look and swinging pace, that made light of the thousand miles that lay between us and Richmond. Some band, by accident, struck up the anthem of "John Brown's soul goes marching on"; the men caught up the strain, and never before or since have I heard the chorus of "Glory, glory, hallelujah!" done with more spirit, or in better harmony of time and place.

Then we turned our horses' heads to the east; Atlanta was soon lost behind the screen of trees, and became a thing of the past. Around it clings many a thought of desperate battle, of hope and fear, that now seem like the memory of a dream; and I have never seen the place since. The day was extremely beautiful, clear sunlight, with bracing air, and an unusual feeling of exhilaration seemed to pervade all minds—a feeling of something to come, vague and undefined, still full of venture and intense interest. Even the common soldiers caught the inspiration, and many a group called out to me as I worked my way past them, "Uncle Billy, I guess Grant is waiting for us at Richmond!" Indeed, the general sentiment was that we were marching for Richmond, and that there we should end the war, but how and when they seemed to care not; nor did they

measure the distance, or count the cost in life, or bother their brains about the great rivers to be crossed, and the food required for man and beast, that had to be gathered by the way. There was a "devil-may-care" feeling pervading officers and men, that made me feel the full load of responsibility, for success would be accepted as a matter of course, whereas, should we fail, this "march" would be adjudged the wild adventure of a crazy fool. I had no purpose to march direct for Richmond by the way of Augusta and Charlotte, but always designed to reach the seacoast first at Savannah or Port Royal, South Carolina, and even kept in mind the alternative of Pensacola.

The first night out we camped by the roadside near Lithonia. Stone Mountain, a mass of granite, was in plain view, cut out in clear outline against the blue sky; the whole horizon was lurid with the bonfires of rail-ties, and groups of men all night were carrying the heated rails to the nearest trees, and bending them around the trunks. Colonel Poe had provided tools for ripping up the rails and twisting them when hot; but the best and easiest way is the one I have described, of heating the middle of the iron-rails on bonfires made of the cross-ties, and then winding them around a telegraph-pole or the trunk of some convenient sapling. I attached much importance to this destruction of the railroad, gave it my own personal attention, and made reiterated orders to others on the subject.

The next day we passed through the handsome town of Covington, the soldiers closing up their ranks, the color-bearers unfurling their flags, and the bands striking up patriotic airs. The white people came out of their houses to behold the sight, spite of their deep hatred of the invaders, and the negroes were simply frantic with joy. Whenever they heard my name, they clustered about my horse, shouted and prayed in their peculiar style, which had a natural eloquence that would have moved a stone. I have witnessed hundreds, if not thousands, of such scenes; and can now see a poor girl, in the very ecstasy of the Methodist "shout," hugging the banner of one of the regiments, and jumping up to the "feet of Jesus."

I remember, when riding around by a by-street in Covington, to avoid the crowd that followed the marching column, that some one brought me an invitation to dine with a sister of Sam Anderson, who was a cadet at West Point with me; but the messenger reached me after we had passed the main part of the town. I asked to be excused, and rode on to a place designated for camp, at the crossing of the Ulcofauhatchee River about four miles to the east of the town. Here we made our bivouac, and I walked up to a plantation-house close by, where were assembled many negroes, among them an old gray-haired man, of as fine a head as I ever saw. I asked him if he understood about the war and its progress. He said he did; that he had been looking for the "angel of the Lord" ever



since he was knee-high, and, though we professed to be fighting for the Union, he supposed that slavery was the cause, and that our success was to be his freedom. I asked him if all the negro slaves comprehended this fact, and he said they surely did. I then explained to him that we wanted the slaves to remain where they were, and not to load us down with useless mouths, which would eat up the food needed for our fighting-men; that our success was their assured freedom; that we could receive a few of their young, hearty men as pioneers; but that, if they followed us in swarms of old and young, feeble and helpless, it would simply load us down and cripple us in our great task. I think Major Henry Hitchcock was with me on that occasion, and made a note of the conversation, and I believe that old man spread this message to the slaves, which was carried from mouth to mouth, to the very end of our journey, and that it in part saved us from the great danger we incurred of swelling our numbers so that famine would have attended our progress. It was at this very plantation that a soldier passed me with a ham on his musket, a jug of sorgum-molasses under his arm, and a big piece of honey in his hand, from which he was eating, and catching my eye, he remarked *sotto voce* and carelessly to a comrade, "Forage liberally on the country," quoting from my general orders. On this occasion, as on many others that fell under my personal observation, I reprov'd the man, explained that foraging must be limited to the regular parties properly detailed, and that all provisions thus obtained must be delivered to the regular commissaries, to be fairly distributed to the men who kept their ranks.

From Covington the Fourteenth Corps (Davis's), with which I was travelling, turned to the right for Milledgeville, *via* Shady Dale. General Slocum was ahead at Madison, with the Twentieth Corps, having torn up the railroad as far as that place, and then had sent Geary's division on to the Oconee, to burn the bridges across that stream, when this corps turned south by Eatonton, for Milledgeville, the common "objective" for the first stage of the "march." We found abundance of corn, molasses, meal, bacon, and sweet-potatoes. We also took a good many cows and oxen, and a large number of mules. In all these the country was quite rich, never before having been visited by a hostile army; the recent crop had been excellent, had been just gathered and laid by for winter. As a rule, we destroyed none, but kept our wagons full, and fed our teams bountifully.

On the 20th of November I was still with the Fourteenth Corps, near Eatonton Factory, waiting to hear of the Twentieth Corps; and on the 21st we camped near the house of a man named Vann; the next day, about 4 P.M., General Davis had halted his head of column on a wooded ridge, overlooking an extensive slope of cultivated country, about ten miles short of



Milledgeville, and was deploying his troops for camp when I got up. There was a high, raw wind blowing, and I asked him why he had chosen so cold and bleak a position. He explained that he had accomplished his full distance for the day, and had there an abundance of wood and water. He explained further that his advance-guard was a mile or so ahead; so I rode on, asking him to let his rear division, as it came up, move some distance ahead into the depression or valley beyond. Riding on some distance to the border of a plantation, I turned out of the main road into a cluster of wild-plum bushes, that broke the force of the cold November wind, dismounted, and instructed the staff to pick out the place for our camp.

In due season the headquarter wagons came up, and we got supper. After supper I sat on a chair astride, with my back to a good fire, musing, and became conscious that an old negro, with a tallow-candle in his hand, was scanning my face closely. I inquired, "What do you want, old man?" He answered, "Dey say you is Massa Sherman." I answered that such was the case, and inquired what he wanted. He only wanted to look at me, and kept muttering, "Dis nigger can't sleep dis night." I asked him why he trembled so, and he said that he wanted to be sure that we were in fact "Yankees," for on a former occasion some rebel cavalry had put on light-blue overcoats, personating Yankee troops, and many of the negroes were deceived thereby, himself among the number — had shown them sympathy, and had in consequence been unmercifully beaten therefor. This time he wanted to be certain before committing himself; so I told him to go out on the porch, from which he could see the whole horizon lit up with camp-fires, and he could then judge whether he had ever seen anything like it before. The old man became convinced that the "Yankees" had come at last, about whom he had been dreaming all his life.





## Old South Leaflets.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 6.

### Ode

RECITED AT THE HARVARD  
COMMEMORATION, JULY  
21, 1865.

By JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I.

Weak-winged is song,  
Nor aims at that clear-ethered height  
Whither the brave deed climbs for light :  
    We seem to do them wrong,  
Bringing our robin's-leaf to deck their hearse  
Who in warm life-blood wrote their nobler verse,  
Our trivial song to honor those who come  
With ears attuned to strenuous trump and drum,  
And shaped in squadron-strophes their desire,  
Live battle-odes whose lines were steel and fire :  
    Yet sometimes feathered words are strong,  
A gracious memory to buoy up and save  
From Lethe's dreamless ooze, the common grave  
    Of the unventurous throng.

II.

To-day our Reverend Mother welcomes back  
    Her wisest Scholars, those who understood  
The deeper teaching of her mystic tome,  
    And offered their fresh lives to make it good :  
    No lore of Greece or Rome,  
No science peddling with the names of things,  
Or reading stars to find inglorious fates,  
    Can lift our life with wings  
Far from Death's idle gulf that for the many waits,  
    And lengthen out our dates  
With that clear fame whose memory sings

In manly hearts to come, and nerves them and dilates :  
 Nor such thy teaching, Mother of us all !  
     Not such the trumpet-call  
     Of thy diviner mood,  
     That could thy sons entice  
 From happy homes and toils, the fruitful nest  
 Of those half-virtues which the world calls best,  
     Into War's tumult rude ;  
     But rather far that stern device  
 The sponsors chose that round thy cradle stood  
     In the dim, unventured wood,  
     The VERITAS that lurks beneath  
     The letter's unprolific sheath,  
     Life of whate'er makes life worth living,  
 Seed-grain of high emprise, immortal food,  
     One heavenly thing whereof earth hath the giving.

## III.

Many loved Truth, and lavished life's best oil  
 Amid the dust of books to find her,  
 Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,  
 With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.  
     Many in sad faith sought for her,  
     Many with crossed hands sighed for her,  
     But these, our brothers, fought for her  
     At life's dear peril wrought for her,  
     So loved her that they died for her,  
     Tasting the raptured fleetness  
     Of her divine completeness :  
     Their higher instincts knew  
 Those love her best who to themselves are true,  
 And what they dare to dream of, dare to do ;  
     They followed her and found her  
     Where all may hope to find,  
 Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,  
 But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.  
     Where faith made whole with deed  
     Breathes its awakening breath  
     Into the lifeless creed,  
     They saw her plumed and mailed,  
     With sweet, stern face unveiled,  
 And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

## IV.

Our slender life runs rippling by, and glides  
 Into the silent hollow of the past ;  
     What is there that abides  
 To make the next age better for the last ?  
     Is earth too poor to give us  
 Something to live for here that shall outlive us ?  
     Some more substantial boon  
 Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon ?  
     The little that we see  
     From doubt is never free ;  
     The little that we do  
     Is but half-nobly true ;  
     \* With our laborious hiving  
 What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,  
     Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,  
     Only secure in every one's conniving,  
 A long account of nothings paid with loss,  
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,  
     After our little hour of strut and rave,  
 With all our pasteboard passions and desires,  
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,  
     Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.  
     But stay ! no age was e'er degenerate,  
     Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,  
     For in our likeness still we shape our fate.  
     Ah, there is something here  
     Unfathomed by the cynic's sneer,  
     Something that gives our feeble light  
     A high immunity from Night,  
     Something that leaps life's narrow bars  
 To claim its birthright with the hosts of heaven ;  
     A seed of sunshine that doth leaven  
     Our earthly dulness with the beams of stars,  
     And glorify our clay  
     With light from fountains elder than the Day ;  
     A conscience more divine than we,  
     A gladness fed with secret tears,  
     A vexing, forward-reaching sense  
     Of some more noble permanence ;  
     A light across the sea,  
     Which haunts the soul and will not let it be,  
 Still glimmering from the heights of undegenerate years.

Whither leads the path  
 To ampler fates that leads  
 Not down through flowery meads,  
 To reap an aftermath  
 Of youth's vainglorious weeds,  
 But up the steep, amid the wrath  
 And shock of deadly-hostile creeds,  
 Where the world's best hope and stay  
 By battle's flashes gropes a desperate way,  
 And every turf the fierce foot clings to bleeds.  
 Peace hath her not ignoble wreath,  
 Ere yet the sharp, decisive word  
 Light the black lips of cannon, and the sword  
 Dreams in its easeful sheath ;  
 But some day the live coal behind the thought,  
 Whether from Baäl's stone obscene,  
 Or from the shrine serene  
 Of God's pure altar brought,  
 Bursts up in flame ; the war of tongue and pen  
 Learns with what deadly purpose it was fraught,  
 And, helpless in the fiery passion caught,  
 Shakes all the pillared state with shock of men :  
 Some day the soft Ideal that we wooed  
 Confronts us fiercely, foe-beset, pursued,  
 And cries reproachful : " Was it, then, my praise,  
 And not myself was loved ? Prove now thy truth  
 I claim of thee the promise of thy youth ;  
 Give me thy life, or cower in empty phrase,  
 The victim of thy genius, not its mate ! "

Life may be given in many ways,  
 And loyalty to Truth be sealed  
 As bravely in the closet as the field,  
 So bountiful is Fate ;  
 But then to stand beside her,  
 When craven churls deride her,  
 To front a lie in arms and not to yield,  
 This shows, methinks, God's plan  
 And measure of a stalwart man,  
 Limbed like the old heroic breeds,  
 Who stands self-poised on manhood's solid earth,  
 Not forced to frame excuses for his birth,  
 Fed from within with all the strength he needs.



## VI.

Such was he, our Martyr-Chief,  
 Whom late the Nation he had led,  
 With ashes on her head,  
 Wept with the passion of an angry grief:  
 Forgive me, if from present things I turn  
 To speak what in my heart will beat and burn,  
 And hang my wreath on his world-honored urn.  
     Nature, they say, doth dote,  
     And cannot make a man  
     Save on some worn-out plan,  
     Repeating us by rote:  
 For him her Old-World moulds aside she threw,  
 And, choosing sweet clay from the breast  
 Of the unexhausted West,  
 With stuff untainted shaped a hero new,  
 Wise, steadfast in the strength of God, and true.  
     How beautiful to see  
 Once more a shepherd of mankind indeed,  
 Who loved his charge, but never loved to lead;  
 One whose meek flock the people joyed to be,  
     Not lured by any cheat of birth,  
     But by his clear-grained human worth,  
 And brave old wisdom of sincerity!  
     They knew that outward grace is dust;  
     They could not choose but trust  
 In that sure-footed mind's unfaltering skill  
     And supple-tempered will  
 That bent like perfect steel to spring again and thrust.  
     His was no lonely mountain-peak of mind,  
     Thrusting to thin air o'er our cloudy bars,  
     A sea-mark now, now lost in vapors blind;  
     Broad prairie rather, genial, level-lined,  
     Fruitful and friendly for all human kind,  
 Yet also nigh to heaven and loved of loftiest stars.  
     Nothing of Europe here,  
 Or, then, of Europe fronting mornward still,  
     Ere any names of Serf and Peer  
     Could Nature's equal scheme deface  
     And thwart her genial will;  
     Here was a type of the true elder race,  
 And one of Plutarch's men talked with us face to face.

I praise him not ; it were too late ;  
 And some innate weakness there must be  
 In him who condescends to victory  
 Such as the Present gives, and cannot wait,  
     Safe in himself as in a fate.  
     So always firmly he :  
     He knew to bide his time,  
     And can his fame abide,  
 Still patient in his simple faith sublime,  
     Till the wise years decide.  
 Great captains, with their guns and drums,  
     Disturb our judgment for the hour,  
     But at last silence comes ;  
 These all are gone, and, standing like a tower,  
 Our children shall behold his fame,  
     The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man,  
 Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,  
     New birth of our new soil, the first American.

## VII.

Long as man's hope insatiate can discern  
     Or only guess some more inspiring goal  
     Outside of Self, enduring as the pole,  
     Along whose course the flying axles burn  
     Of spirits bravely-pitched, earth's manlier brood ;  
     Long as below we cannot find  
     The meed that stills the inexorable mind ;  
     So long this faith to some ideal Good,  
     Under whatever mortal names it masks,  
     Freedom, Law, Country, this ethereal mood  
 That thanks the Fates for their severer tasks,  
     Feeling its challenged pulses leap,  
     While others sulk in subterfuges cheap,  
 And, set in Danger's van, has all the boon it asks,  
     Shall win man's praise and woman's love,  
     Shall be a wisdom that we set above  
 All other skills and gifts to culture dear,  
     A virtue round whose forehead we inwreath  
     Laurels that with a living passion breathe  
 When other crowns grow, while we twine them, sear.  
     What brings us thronging these high rites to pay,  
 And seal these hours the noblest of our year,  
     Save that our brothers found this better way ?

## VIII.

We sit here in the Promised Land  
 That flows with Freedom's honey and milk ;  
 But 'twas they won it, sword in hand,  
 Making the nettle danger soft for us as silk.  
 We welcome back our bravest and our best ; —  
 Ah me ! not all ! some come not with the rest,  
 Who went forth brave and bright as any here !  
 I strive to mix some gladness with my strain,  
     But the sad strings complain,  
     And will not please the ear :  
 I sweep them for a pæan, but they wane  
     Again and yet again  
 Into a dirge, and die away, in pain.  
 In these brave ranks I only see the gaps,  
 Thinking of dear ones whom the dumb turf wraps,  
 Dark to the triumph which they died to gain :  
     Fitlier may others greet the living,  
     For me the past is unforgetting ;  
     I with uncovered head  
     Salute the sacred dead,  
 Who went, and who return not.— Say not so !  
 'Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,  
 But the high faith that failed not by the way ;  
 Virtue treads paths that end not in the grave ;  
 No bar of endless night exiles the brave ;  
     And to the saner mind  
 We rather seem the dead that stayed behind.  
 Blow, trumpets, all your exultations blow !  
 For never shall their aureoled presence lack :  
 I see them muster in a gleaming row,  
 With ever-youthful brows that nobler show ;  
 We find in our dull road their shining track ;  
     In every nobler mood  
 We feel the orient of their spirit glow,  
 Part of our life's unalterable good,  
 Of all our saintlier aspiration ;  
     They come transfigured back,  
 Secure from change in their high-hearted ways,  
 Beautiful evermore, and with the rays  
 Of morn on their white Shields of Expectation !

## IX.

But is there hope to save  
 Even this ethereal essence from the grave?  
 What ever 'scaped Oblivion's subtle wrong  
 Save a few clarion names, or golden threads of song?

Before my musing eye  
 The mighty ones of old sweep by,  
 Disvoicèd now and insubstantial things,  
 As noisy once as we, poor ghosts of kings,  
 Shadows of empire wholly gone to dust,  
 And many races, nameless long ago,  
 To darkness driven by that imperious gust  
 Of ever-rushing Time that here doth blow:  
 O visionary world, condition strange,  
 Where naught abiding is but only Change,  
 Where the deep-bolted stars themselves still shift and range!  
 Shall we to more continuance make pretence?  
 Renown builds tombs; a life-estate is Wit;  
 And, bit by bit,

The cunning years steal all from us but woe;  
 Leaves are we, whose decays no harvest sow.  
 But, when we vanish hence,  
 Shall they lie forceless in the dark below,  
 Save to make green their little length of sods,  
 Or deepen pansies for a year or two,  
 Who now to us are shining-sweet as gods?  
 Was dying all they had the skill to do?  
 That were not fruitless: but the Soul resents  
 Such short-lived service, as if blind events  
 Ruled without her, or earth could so endure;  
 She claims a more divine investiture  
 Of longer tenure than Fame's airy rents;  
 Whate'er she touches doth her nature share;  
 Her inspiration haunts the ennobled air,  
 Gives eyes to mountains blind,  
 Ears to the deaf earth, voices to the wind,  
 And her clear trump sings succor everywhere  
 By lonely bivouacs to the wakeful mind;  
 For soul inherits all that soul could dare:  
 Yea, Manhood hath a wider span  
 And larger privilege of life than man.  
 The single deed, the private sacrifice,

So radiant now through proudly-hidden tears,  
 Is covered up ere long from mortal eyes  
 With thoughtless drift of the deciduous years ;  
 But that high privilege that makes all men peers,  
 That leap of heart whereby a people rise  
     Up to a noble anger's height,  
 And, flamed on by the Fates, not shrink, but grow more bright,  
     That swift validity in noble veins,  
     Of choosing danger and disdaining shame,  
     Of being set on flame  
     By the pure fire that flies all contact base,  
 But wraps its chosen with angelic might,  
     These are imperishable gains,  
     Sure as the sun, medicinal as light,  
     These hold great futures in their lusty reins  
 And certify to earth a new imperial race.

## x.

Who now shall sneer ?  
 Who dare again to say we trace  
 Our lines to a plebeian race ?  
     Roundhead and Cavalier !  
 Dumb are those names erewhile in battle loud ;  
 Dream-footed as the shadow of a cloud,  
     They flit across the ear :  
 That is best blood that hath most iron in't.  
     To edge resolve with, pouring without stint  
     For what makes manhood dear.  
     Tell us not of Plantagenets,  
 Hapsburgs, and Guelfs, whose thin bloods crawl  
 Down from some victor in a border-brawl !  
     How poor their outworn coronets,  
 Matched with one leaf of that plain civic wreath  
 Our brave for honor's blazon shall bequeath,  
     Through whose desert a rescued Nation sets  
 Her heel on treason, and the trumpet hears  
 Shout victory, tingling Europe's sullen ears  
     With vain resentments and more vain regrets !

## XI.

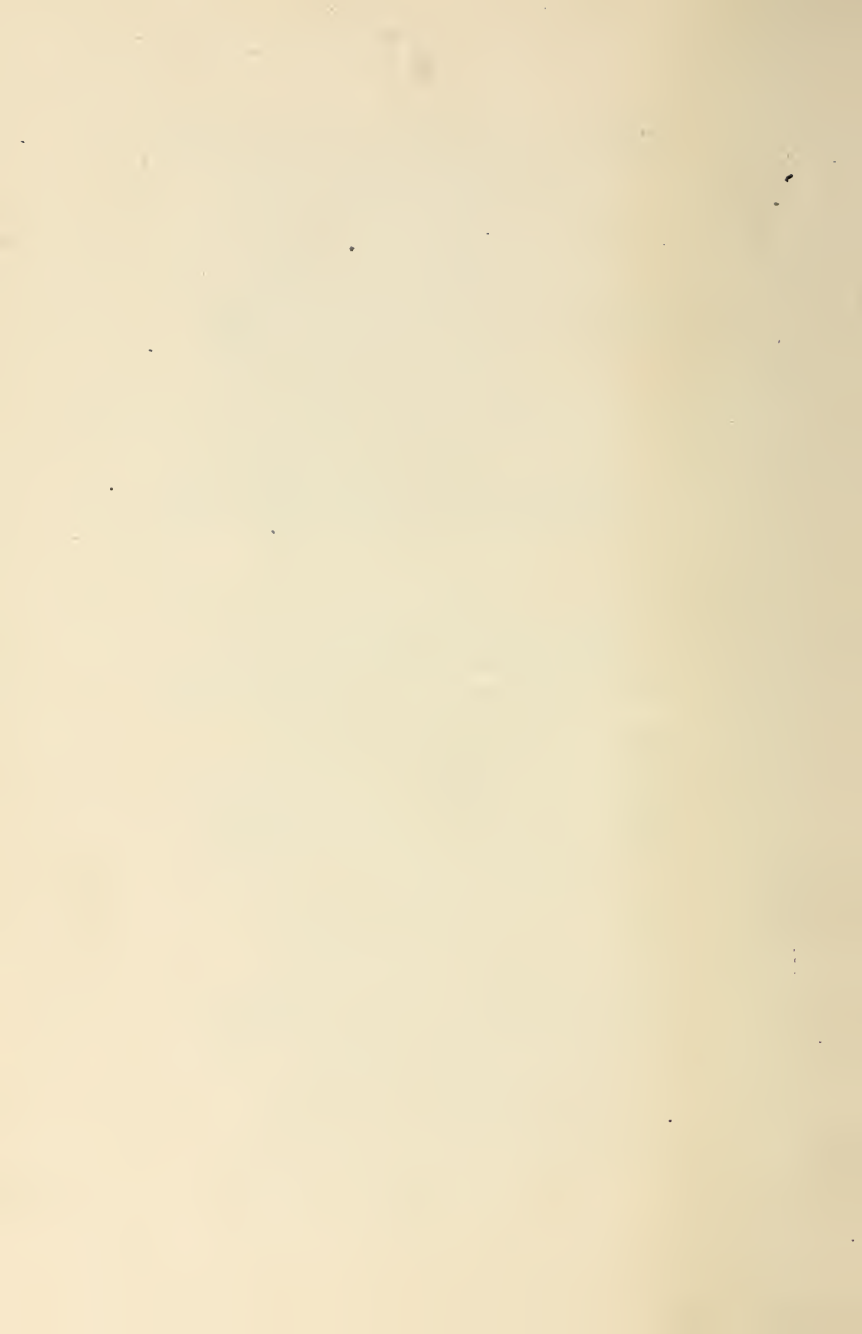
Not in anger, not in pride,  
 Pure from passion's mixture rude  
 Ever to base earth allied,  
 But with far-heard gratitude,  
 Still with heart and voice renewed,  
 To heroes living and dear martyrs dead,  
 The strain should close that consecrates our brave.  
 Lift the heart and lift the head !  
 Lofty be its mood and grave,  
 Not without a martial ring,  
 Not without a prouder tread  
 And a peal of exultation :  
 Little right has he to sing  
 Through whose heart in such an hour  
 Beats no march of conscious power,  
 Sweeps no tumult of elation !  
 'Tis no Man we celebrate,  
 By his country's victories great,  
 A hero half, and half the whim of Fate,  
 But the pith and marrow of a Nation  
 Drawing force from all her men,  
 Highest, humblest, weakest, all,  
 For her time of need, and then  
 Pulsing it again through them,  
 Till the basest can no longer cower,  
 Feeling his soul spring up divinely tall,  
 Touched but in passing her mantle-hem.  
 Come back, then, noble pride, for 'tis her dower !  
 How could poet ever tower,  
 If his passions, hopes and fears,  
 If his triumphs and his tears,  
 Kept not measure with his people ?  
 Boom, cannon, boom to all the winds and waves !  
 Clash out, glad bells, from every rocking steeple !  
 Banners, adance with triumph, bend your staves !  
 And from every mountain-peak  
 Let beacon-fire to answering beacon speak,  
 Katadin tell Monadnock, White-face he,  
 And so leap on in light from sea to sea,  
 Till the glad news be sent  
 Across a kindling continent,



Making earth feel more firm and air breathe braver :  
 " Be proud ! for she is saved, and all have helped to save her !  
 She that lifts up the manhood of the poor,  
 She of the open soul and open door,  
 With room about her hearth for all mankind ;  
 The fire is dreadful in her eyes no more ;  
 From her bold front the helm she doth unbind,  
 Sends all her handmaid armies back to spin,  
 And bids her navies, that so lately hurled  
 Their crashing battle, hold their thunders in,  
 Swimming like birds of calm along the unharmed shore.  
 No challenge sends she to the elder world,  
 That looked askance and hated ; a light scorn  
 Plays o'er her mouth, as round her mighty knees  
 She calls her children back, and waits the morn  
 Of nobler day, enthroned between her subject seas."

## XII.

Bow down, dear Land, for thou hast found release !  
 Thy God, in these distempered days,  
 Hath taught thee the sure wisdom of His ways,  
 And through thine enemies hath wrought thy peace !  
 Bow down in prayer and praise !  
 No poorest in thy borders but may now  
 Lift to the juster skies a man's enfranchised brow,  
 O Beautiful ! my Country ! ours once more !  
 Smoothing thy gold of war-dishevelled hair  
 O'er such sweet brows as never other wore,  
 And letting thy set lips,  
 Freed from wrath's pale eclipse,  
 The rosy edges of their smile lay bare,  
 What words divine of lover or of poet  
 Could tell our love and make thee know it,  
 Among the Nations bright beyond compare ?  
 What were our lives without thee ?  
 What all our lives to save thee ?  
 We reck not what we gave thee ;  
 We will not dare to doubt thee,  
 But ask whatever else, and we will dare !





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## Words of Lincoln.

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EXTRACT FROM HIS FIRST INAUGURAL  
ADDRESS.

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It is seventy-two years since the first inauguration of a President under our national Constitution. During that period, fifteen different and greatly distinguished citizens have, in succession, administered the Executive branch of the Government. They have conducted it through many perils, and generally with great success. Yet, with all this scope for precedent, I now enter upon the same task for the brief constitutional term of four years, under great and peculiar difficulty. A disruption of the Federal Union, heretofore only menaced, is now formidably attempted.

I hold that, in contemplation of universal law, and of the Constitution, *the Union of these States is perpetual*. Perpetuity is implied, if not expressed, in the fundamental law of all national governments. It is safe to assert that no government proper ever had a provision in its organic law for its own termination. Continue to execute all the express provisions of our national Constitution, and the Union will endure forever—it being impossible to destroy it, except by some action not provided for in the instrument itself.

Again, if the United States be not a government proper, but an association of States in the nature of contract merely, can it, as a contract, be peaceably unmade by less than all the parties who made it? One party to a contract may violate it—break it, so to speak; but does it not require all to lawfully rescind it?

Descending from these general principles, we find the proposition that, in legal contemplation, the Union is perpetual, confirmed by the history of the Union itself. The Union is much older than the Constitution. It was formed, in fact, by the Articles of Association in 1774. It was matured and continued by the Declaration of Independence in 1776. It was further matured, and the faith of all the then Thirteen States expressly plighted and engaged that it should be perpetual, by the Articles of Confederation in 1778. And, finally, in 1787, one of the declared objects for ordaining and establishing the Constitution was “to form a more perfect union.”

But if destruction of the Union, by one, or by a part only, of the States be lawfully possible, the Union is less perfect than before, the Constitution having lost the vital element of perpetuity.

It follows, from these views, that no State, upon its own mere motion, can lawfully get out of the Union; that resolves and ordinances to that effect are legally void; and that acts of violence within any State or States, against the authority of the United States, are insurrectionary or revolutionary, according to circumstances.

I, therefore, consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part; and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner, direct the contrary. I trust this will not be regarded as a menace, but only as the declared purpose of the Union that it will constitutionally defend and maintain itself.

That there are persons in one section or another who seek to destroy the Union at all events, and are glad of any pretext to do it, I will neither affirm nor deny; but if there be such, I need address no word to them. To those, however, who really love the Union, may I not speak?

Before entering upon so grave a matter as the destruction of our national fabric, with all its benefits, its memories, and its hopes, would it not be wise to ascertain precisely why we do it? Will you hazard so desperate a step while there is any possibility that any portion of the ills you fly from have no real existence? Will you while the certain ills you fly to are greater than all the real ones you fly from — will you risk the commission of so fearful a mistake?

All profess to be content in the Union, if all constitutional rights can be maintained. Is it true, then, that any right, plainly written in the Constitution, has been denied? I think not. Happily the human mind is so constituted that no party can reach to the audacity of doing this. Think, if you can, of a single instance in which a plainly written provision of the Constitution has ever been denied. If, by the mere force of numbers, a majority should deprive a minority of any clearly written constitutional right, it might, in a moral point of view justify revolution — certainly would if such right were a vital one. But such is not our case.

Plainly, the central idea of secession is the essence of anarchy. A majority held in restraint by constitutional checks and limitations, and always changing easily with deliberate changes of popular opinions and sentiments, is the only true sovereign of a free people. Whoever rejects it, does, of necessity, fly to anarchy or to despotism. Unanimity is impossible; the rule of a minority, as a permanent arrangement, is wholly inadmissible; so

that, rejecting the majority principle, anarchy or despotism in some form is all that is left.

Physically speaking, we cannot separate. We cannot remove our respective sections from each other, nor build an impassable wall between them. A husband and wife may be divorced, and go out of the presence and beyond the reach of each other; but the different parts of our country cannot do this. They cannot but remain face to face; and intercourse, either amicable or hostile, must continue between them. It is impossible, then, to make that intercourse more advantageous or more satisfactory after separation than before. Can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws? Can treaties be more faithfully enforced between aliens than laws can among friends? Suppose you go to war, you cannot fight always; and when, after much loss on both sides, and no gain on either, you cease fighting, the identical old questions as to terms of intercourse, are again upon you.

The Chief Magistrate derives all his authority from the people, and they have conferred none upon him to fix terms for the separation of the States. The people themselves can do this also if they choose; but the Executive, as such, has nothing to do with it. His duty is to administer the present Government as it came to his hands, and to transmit it, unimpaired by him, to his successor.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there any better or equal hope in the world? In our present differences, is either party without faith of being in the right? If the Almighty Ruler of Nations, with his eternal truth and justice, be on your side of the North, or on yours of the South, that truth and that justice will surely prevail, by the judgment of this great tribunal of the American people.

By the frame of the Government under which we live, the same people have wisely given their public servants but little power for mischief; and have, with equal wisdom, provided for the return of that little to their own hands at very short intervals. While the people retain their virtue and vigilance, no Administration, by any extreme of wickedness or folly, can very seriously injure the Government in the short space of four years.

My countrymen, one and all, think calmly and well upon this whole subject. Nothing valuable can be lost, by taking time. If there be an object to hurry any of you in hot haste to a step which you would never take deliberately, that object will be frustrated by taking time, but no good object can be frustrated by it. Such of you as are now dissatisfied still have the old Constitution unimpaired, and, on the sensitive point, the laws of your own framing under it; while the new Administration will have no immediate power, if it would, to change either. If it were admitted that you who are dissatisfied hold the right side in the dispute, there still is no single good

reason for precipitate action. Intelligence, patriotism, Christianity and a firm reliance on Him who has never yet forsaken this favored land, are still competent to adjust, in the best way, all our present difficulty.

In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow-countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The Government will not assail you.

You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the Government; while I shall have the most solemn one to "preserve, protect, and defend" it.

I am loth to close. We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection.

The mystic chord of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of the Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

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#### THE PROCLAMATION OF EMANCIPATION.

Whereas, on the 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any States or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom.

That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong counter-vailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State, and the people thereof, are not then in rebellion against the United States.

Now, therefore, I ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the



authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days, from the day first above mentioned, order and designate, as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit :

Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Bernard, Plaquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Marie, St. Martin and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkely, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are and henceforward shall be free ; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defence ; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice warranted by the Constitution upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my name, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the [L. s.] independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President :

WM. H. SEWARD, *Secretary of State.*

## SECOND INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

*Fellow-Countrymen:* At this second appearing to take the oath of the Presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then a statement somewhat in detail of a course to be pursued seemed very fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented.

The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself, and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it; all sought to avoid it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to saving the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to destroy it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union and divide the effects by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war, but one of them would make war rather than let the nation survive, and the other would accept war rather than let it perish, and the war came.

One eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the Southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was somehow the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it.

Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes his aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces, but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has his own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come: but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the providence of God

must needs come, but which having continued through his appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago; so, still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.





## Old South Leaflets.

THIRD SERIES.

No. 8.

# General Grant.

THE MEMORIAL SERVICE IN WEST-  
MINSTER ABBEY.

[From the London Times, August 5, 1885.]

The sympathy felt in this country with the loss sustained by the United States in the death of General Grant, late President and formerly Commander-in-Chief of the Army, was exhibited in a striking manner yesterday afternoon by the service held in Westminster Abbey in memory of the deceased soldier and statesman. The service, which began at three o'clock, was timed to correspond as nearly as possible with the morning service held in the cottage at Mount McGregor, whence the remains were afterwards to be removed to Albany. If greater solemnity can possibly attach to one funeral service conducted at the Abbey than to another, it is on an occasion like that of yesterday, when the sounds of mourning heard within its walls were raised in sympathetic unison with those of a sister nation. That the hearts of all classes of the community were touched by the sorrowful event to which the service had reference was amply proved by the number of those who thronged the spacious precincts of the Abbey. As was but natural, a great portion of the congregation consisted of American citizens, but a still larger portion, including some of the best known names in England, represented the subjects of the Queen. Her Majesty herself showed the interest which she took in the ceremony by deputing Colonel Ewart to attend as her representative. Lieutenant-General Sir Dighton Probyn, Comptroller and Treasurer of the Prince of Wales's Household, was present for the Prince of Wales, Colonel Colville for the Duke of Edinburgh, and Major Egerton for the Duke of Connaught. In the choir were his Royal Highness the Duke of Cambridge; the Earl of Iddesleigh and the Earl of Harrowby, representing the Ministry; Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone, Lord Wolseley, the Marquis of Lorne, Mr. W. E. Forster, M.P., Mr. Shaw-Lefevre, M.P., General Sir G. Graham and Lady Graham, Mr. Northcote, M.P., and Mrs. Northcote, Sir L. Playfair, General Sir A. Alison, General Harman, General Sir A. Herbert, General Sir E. Whitmore, Lieutenant-General Sir C. Brownlow, General Sir E. B. Johnson, Major-

General Sir A. Clarke, and other officers representing the War Office. The American citizens present included the United States Minister and Mrs. Phelps, Mr. Waite, Chief Justice of the United States; Mr. and Mrs. Manton Marble, Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft Davis, Senator Hawley, Mr. Kasson, late American Minister at Berlin; Mr. Sandford, late American Minister at Brussels; Dr. Fordyce Barker, Mr. and Mrs. Bigelow and Master Sartoris, grandson of General Grant; Mr. Cyrus Field, Mr. Henry James, Miss Mary Anderson, Mr. Brewster, late Attorney-General; Mr. J. S. Morgan, Mr. G. Smalley, Mr. H. Potter, Mr. J. T. Lord, Lieutenant Jaques, of the United States Navy; and Mr. Van Remssaler. Colonel W. W. Knollys, Mr. A. Van Wagner, Mr. A. Castle, and Mr. M. J. Paddock, represented the Imperial and American Club. The demand for seats was far in excess of the accommodation that could be provided. Choir and transept were filled to the full extent of their capacity, and many people were content to remain in the nave west of the choir, whence none of the service could be seen, in preference to not taking any part, however small, in the sad ceremonial. Mourning was almost universally worn.

Shortly before three o'clock the Duke of Cambridge and the representatives of the Royal Family arrived at the Abbey, and were received by Mr. White and Captain Chadwick, of the United States Legation, and conducted to the Jerusalem Chamber, where they were met by the United States Minister and the Dean of Westminster. A procession was then formed, and while it was on its way to the choir, Schubert's Funeral March was played on the organ.

The opening sentences of the Burial Service and the 90th Psalm having been sweetly sung by the choir, the Dean of Westminster, standing at the lectern, read in impressive tones the Proper Lesson, beginning with the words "Now is Christ risen from the dead." The choir then took up the service, singing the hymn beginning

"Comes at times a stillness as of even"

to a tune by Sir Herbert Oakeley. A more feeling rendering of these soothing strains could not well be heard than that given by the Abbey choristers. The transition from the soft words and notes of the first verse to the louder more hopeful music of the second could not have been marked with greater delicacy. At the conclusion of this hymn, with its consolatory close:

"Comes at last a voice of thrilling gladness  
Borne on the breezes of the rising day,  
Saying, 'The Lord shall make an end of sadness;'  
Saying, 'The Lord shall wipe all tears away.'"

Archdeacon Farrar ascended the pulpit and delivered an address full of eloquence and feeling.



## ARCHDEACON FARRAR'S ADDRESS.

Eight years have not passed since the Dean of Westminster, whom Americans so much loved and honored, was walking round this Abbey with General Grant and explaining to him its wealth of great memorials. Neither of them had attained the allotted span of human life, and for both we might have hoped that many years would elapse before they went down to the grave full of years and honors. But this is already the fourth summer since the Dean "fell on sleep," and to-day we are assembled for the obsequies of the great soldier whose sun has set while it yet was day, and at whose funeral service in America tens of thousands are assembled at this moment to mourn with his weeping family and friends. Life at the best is but as a vapor that passeth away.

"The glories of our birth and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things."

When death comes, what nobler epitaph can any man have than this — that "having served his generation, by the will of God he fell on sleep!" Little can the living do for the dead. The voices of praise cannot delight the closed ear, nor the violence of censure vex it. I would desire to speak simply and directly, and, if with generous appreciation, yet with no idle flattery, of him whose death has made a nation mourn. His private life, the faults and failings of his character, whatever they may have been, belong in no sense to the world. We touch only on his public actions and services — the record of his strength, his magnanimity, his self-control, his generous deeds.

His life falls into four marked divisions, of which each has its own lesson for us. He touched on them himself in part when he said, "Bury me either at West Point, where I was trained as a youth; or in Illinois, which gave me my first commission; or at New York, which sympathized with me in my misfortunes." His wish has been respected, and on the bluff overlooking the Hudson his monument will stand to recall to the memory of future generations those dark pages of a nation's history which he did so much to close. First came the long early years of growth and training, of poverty and obscurity, of struggle and self-denial. Poor and humbly born, he had to make his own way in the world. God's unseen providence, which men nicknamed chance, directed his boyhood. A cadetship was given him at the military academy at West Point, and after a brief period of service in the Mexican War, in which he was three times mentioned in despatches, seeing no opening for a soldier in what seemed likely to be days of unbroken peace, he settled down to humble trades in provincial districts. Citizens of St. Louis still remember the rough back-woodsman who sold cord-wood from door to door. He afterwards entered the leather trade in the obscure town

of Galena. Men who knew him in those days have said that had any one predicted that the silent, unprosperous, unambitious man, whose chief aim was to get a plank road from his shop to the railway depot, would become twice President of the United States and one of the foremost men of his day, the prophecy would have seemed extravagantly ridiculous. But such careers are the glory of the American continent. They show that the people have a sovereign insight into intrinsic force. If Rome told with pride how her dictators came from the plough-tail, America, too, may record the answer of the President, who, on being asked what would be his coat-of-arms answered, proudly mindful of his early struggles, "A pair of shirt sleeves." The answer showed a noble sense of the dignity of labor, a noble superiority to the vanities of feudalism, a strong conviction that men are to be honored simply as men, not for the prizes of accident and birth. You have of late years had two martyr Presidents. Both were sons of the people. One was the homely man who at the age of seven was a farm-lad, at nineteen, a rail-splitter, at twenty, a boatman on the Mississippi, and who in manhood proved to be one of the strongest, most honest, and most God-fearing of modern rulers. The other grew up from a shoeless child in a log-hut on the prairies, round which the wolves howled in the winter snow, to be a humble teacher in Hiram Institute. With these Presidents America need not blush to name also the leather-seller of Galena. Every true man derives his patent of nobleness direct from God. Did not God choose David from the sheepfolds to make him ruler of His people Israel? Was not the "Lord of life and all the worlds" for thirty years a carpenter at Nazareth? Do not such careers illustrate the prophecy of Solomon, "Seest thou the man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings." When Abraham Lincoln sat, book in hand, day after day, under the tree, moving round it as the shadow moved, absorbed in mastering his task; when James Garfield rang the bell at Hiram Institute, day after day, on the very stroke of the hour, and swept the school-room as faithfully as he mastered the Greek lesson; when Ulysses Grant, sent with his team to meet some men who were to load the cart with logs, and, finding no men there, loaded the cart with his own boy strength—they showed in conscientious duty and thoroughness the qualities which were to raise them to rule the destinies of men.

But the youth was not destined to die in that deep valley of obscurity and toil in which it is the lot—perhaps the happy lot—of many of us to spend our little lives. The hour came; the man was needed. In 1861 there broke out the most terrible war of modern days. Grant received a commission as colonel of volunteers, and in four years the struggling toiler had risen to the chief command of a vaster army than has ever been handled by any mortal man. Who could have imagined that four years could make that stupendous difference? But it is often so. The great men needed for some tre-

mendous crisis have often stepped as it were through a door in the wall which no one had noticed, and unannounced, unheralded, without prestige, have made their way silently and single-handed to the front. And there was no luck in it. He rose, it has been said, by the upward gravitation of natural fitness. It was the work of inflexible faithfulness, of indomitable resolution, of sleepless energy, of iron purpose, of persistent tenacity. In battle after battle, in siege after siege, whatever Grant had to do he did it with his might. He undertook, as General Sherman said, what no one else would have adventured, till his very soldiers began to reflect some of his own indomitable determination. With a patience which nothing could tire, with a firmness which no obstacle could daunt, with a military genius which embraced the vastest plans, yet attended to the smallest minutiae, he defeated one after another every great general of the Confederates except General Stonewall Jackson. Grant had not only to defeat armies, but to "annihilate resources"—to leave no choice but destruction or submission. He saw that the brief ravage of the hurricane is infinitely less ruinous than the interminable malignity of the pestilence, and that in that colossal struggle victory—swift, decisive, overwhelming, at all cost—was the truest mercy. In silence, in determination, in clearness of insight, he was your Washington and our Wellington. He was like them also in this, that the word "can't" did not exist in his soldier's dictionary, and that all that he achieved was accomplished without bluster and without parade. After the surrender at Appomattox, the war of the Secession was over. It was a mighty work, and Grant had done it mightily. Surely, the light of God, which manifests all things in the slow history of their ripening, has shown that for the future destinies of a mighty nation it was a necessary and a blessed work. The Church hurls her most indignant anathema at unrighteous war, but she has never refused to honor the faithful soldier who fights in the cause of his country and his God. The gentlest and most Christian of poets has used the tremendous words that —

"God's most dreaded instrument,  
 In working out a pure intent,  
 Is man — arrayed for mutual slaughter;  
 Yea, Carnage is His daughter."

We shudder even as we quote the words; but yet the cause for which Grant fought—the unity of a great people, the freedom of a whole race of mankind—was as great and noble as that when at Lexington the embattled farmers fired the shot which was heard round the world. The South has accepted that desperate and bloody arbitrament. Two of the Southern generals will bear General Grant's funeral pall. The rancor and the fury of the past are buried in oblivion. True friends have been made out of brave foes, and the pure glory and virtue of Lee and of Stonewall Jackson

will be part of the common national heritage with the fame of Garfield and of Grant.

As Wellington became Prime Minister of England, and was hooted in the streets of London, so Grant, more than half against his will, became President, and for a time lost much of his popularity. He foresaw it all; but it is for a man not to choose, rather to accept his destiny. What verdict history will pronounce on him as a politician I know not; but here and now the voice of censure, deserved and undeserved, is silent. When the great Duke of Marlborough died, and one began to speak of his avarice, "He was so great a man," said Bolingbroke, "that I had forgotten he had that fault." It was a fine and delicate rebuke; and ours at any rate need not be the "feeble hands iniquitously just" which rake up a man's faults and errors. Let us write his virtues "on brass for man's example; let his faults, whatever they may have been, be written in water." The satirist has said how well it would have been for Marius if he had died as he stepped from the chariot of his Cimbric victory; for Pompeius, if he had died after his Mithridatic war. And some may think how much happier it would have been for General Grant had he died in 1865, when steeples clashed and cities were illuminated, and congregations rose in his honor. Many and dark clouds overshadowed the evening of his days—the blow of financial ruin, the dread of a tarnished reputation, the terrible agony of an incurable disease. To bear that sudden ruin and that speechless agony required a courage nobler and greater than that of the battlefield, and human courage rose to the height of human calamity. In ruin, in sorrow, on the lingering death-bed, Grant showed himself every inch a hero, bearing his agonies and trials without a murmur, with rugged stoicism, and unflinching fortitude, and we believe with a Christian prayer and peace. Which of us can tell whether those hours of torture and misery may not have been blessings in disguise?

We are gathered here to do honor to his memory. Could we be gathered in a more fitting place? We do not lack here memorials to recall the history of your country. There is the grave of André; there is the monument raised by grateful Massachusetts to the gallant Howe; there is the temporary resting-place of George Peabody; there is the bust of Longfellow; over the Dean's grave there is the faint semblance of Boston Harbor. We add another memory to-day. Whatever there be between the two nations to forget and to forgive, it is forgotten and it is forgiven. "I will not speak of them as two peoples," said General Grant in 1877, "because in fact we are one people with a common destiny, and that destiny will be brilliant in proportion to the friendship and co-operation of the brethren dwelling on each side of the Atlantic." If the two peoples which are one people be true to their duty, true to their God, who can doubt that in their hands are the destinies of the world? Can anything short of utter dementation ever thwart a destiny so manifest? Your founders

were our sons. It was from our past that your present grew. The monument of Sir Walter Raleigh is not that nameless grave in St. Margaret's; it is the State of Virginia. Yours alike and ours are the memories of Captain John Smith and Pocahontas, of the Pilgrim Fathers, of General Oglethorpe's strong benevolence of soul, of the mission labors of Eliot and Brainerd, of the apostolic holiness of Berkeley, and the burning zeal of Wesley and Whitefield. Yours alike and ours are the plays of Shakespeare and the poems of Milton; ours alike and yours all that you have accomplished in literature or in history — the wisdom of Franklin and Adams, the eloquence of Webster, the song of Longfellow and Bryant, the genius of Hawthorne and Irving, the fame of Washington, Lee, and Grant. But great memories imply great responsibilities. It was not for nothing that God has made England what she is; not for nothing that the "free individualism of a busy multitude, the humble traders of a fugitive people," snatched the New World from feudalism and from bigotry — from Philip II. and Louis XIV.; from Menendez and Montcalm; from the Jesuit and the Inquisition; from Torquemada and from Richelieu — to make it the land of the Reformation and the Republic, of prosperity and of peace. "Let us auspicate all our proceedings on America," said Edmund Burke, "with the old Church cry, *sursum corda.*" It is for America to live up to the spirit of such words. We have heard of

"New times, new climes, new lands, new men; but still  
The same old tears, old crimes, and oldest ill."

It is for America to falsify the cynical foreboding. Let her take her place side by side with England in the very van of freedom and of progress. United by a common language, by common blood, by common memories, by a common history, by common interests, by common hopes, united by the common glory of great men, of which this temple of silence and reconciliation is the richest shrine, be it the steadfast purpose of the two peoples who are one people to show to all the world not only the magnificent spectacle of human happiness, but the still more magnificent spectacle of two peoples who are one people loving righteousness and hating iniquity, inflexibly faithful to the principles of eternal justice, which are the unchanging law of God.

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Two anthems were sung, Spohr's

"Blest are the departed,"

and Handel's

"His body is buried in peace."

The two concluding prayers of the burial service were then read by Canon Prothero, and the Dean pronounced the blessing. The con-



gregation did not begin to disperse until fully five minutes afterwards, all remaining to hear the "Dead March" in *Saul*, which at the commanding touch of the organist pealed in alternate pathos and solemn echoings of the muffled drum through the vaulted space. It was long before all the Americans, deeply interested in the historical associations of the Abbey, had left its precincts.







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