

Logan, the Loyal.

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LOGAN, THE LOYAL.

A Soldier Pays a Fitting Tribute
to the Dead Commander's
Memory.

Loyalty of the Highest Type the Marked
Characteristic of His Entire
Life.

A Man With Views as Boundless as the
Prairies of His Native
State.

ILLINOIS' GREAT SON.

By The Veteran.
Written for The Inter Ocean.

Illinois mourns to-day a foremost son; the
Republican party a fearless leader; the Na-
tion a faithful servant and a brave defender;
the country a model citizen; the world an
honest man!

Lincoln, Grant, and Logan! This was
the matchless trio to whose hands Illinois
trusted her fame—the champions she
tendered to the Nation in the hour of her
supremest peril. Lincoln, the man "match-
less among 40,000,000 for the work he was
called upon to perform"—the great high
priest whose mystic faith prepared him to
lead a new-born Nation in the way of right
—"as God gives us to see the right!" Grant,
the trained soldier, fitted for the captaincy
of that host which, under his lead, was to
take no backward step until, looking over a
reunited land, he uttered the triumphant
benediction, "Let us have peace!" And
Logan the great lieutenant, following
joyfully in the steps of his great
commander, unstaying the hand of the Pres-
ident! Loyal to the land he loved! Loyal to
the principles he espoused! Loyal to the
leader he followed! Loyal to the people
from whom he sprung! Loyal to the home
where he found sanctuary from care! Loyal
to the friend whose hand he grasped! Loyal
to his comrades in arms! Loyal to the mem-
ory of the cause he served! Loyal to his
God, and loyal to himself!

Lincoln was the highest type of faith in
the American ideal; Grant of inflexible devo-
tion to the cause of freedom, and Logan of
unflinching loyalty and unfaltering faithfulness!

Well may the State be honored to do honor
to his memory! Well may the Nation he
served mourn its valiant defender! Well
may his comrades weep above his tomb!
Well may the world exult in the story of his
life!

He was loyal to his State! Allied by early
political affiliation with that school of
thought which magnifies the rights and
interests of the constituent commonwealths,
he never ceased to regard his native State
with a pride and reverence somewhat excep-
tional among the statesmen of the North.
He was never "the" Senator from Illinois in
the arrogant and boastful sense in which
the term has sometimes been applied to
others, but he was one charged, first of all
things, with the interests of the State which
he represented on the floor of the Senate,
not for his own glory or advantage, but in
obedience to the behest of its people. In all
matters of legislation especially affecting
her interests, he was not only active but
foremost. He was never boastful of her
power, her resources, or her destiny.
He was too proud of her growth, her
enterprise, her strength, and her liberty to
soil her escutcheon by arrogant as-
sumption or boastful comparison. Yet the
State which he had watched while it leaped
from the twentieth to the fourth place in the
National galaxy—which had honored him by
preference, approved his service, and
leaned on his rugged manhood like a fond
mother on the arm of a stalwart son—his
State was ever foremost in his thought. He
did not make his allegiance to her para-
mount to his duty to the Nation, because he
could conceive of no clashing of interests be-
tween them. She was to him only a nearer,
dearer part of the land for which his devo-
tion was a consuming flame.

He did not profane the name of Illinois by
too frequent repetition in the councils of the
Nation. He never used it to point a menace
or to warp the judgment of his peers. He
never used it to represent a force that must
be considered. He despised the whimpereer
as much as he hated the braggart. He had
no more sympathy with the supersensitive-
ness of New England than with the arro-
gance of the South. He never made himself
a windy pursuivant flinging with pompous
pride into the National arena, the gage of the
Empire State of the West, or dobbing any
rhetorical foe to pick it up. He despised
boastfulness and declamation. Practical
questions he loved, and the conflict of vital
issues stirred him like the blast of a

trampet. He was a partisan to whom a party name meant something more than mere success at the polls. To him Republicanism was a vital, active principle, opposed in all its essential elements to the tenets of the Democracy. He believed the peace, prosperity, and perpetuity of the Republic attainable only through the predominance and control of those principles.

Of these he counted the individual right of every citizen to his due share in the control of the government, infinitely greater than all the rest, since upon this the maintenance and security of all the rest depends. He regarded no peace as worth preserving, no prosperity worthy of consideration that was not distinctly based on the acknowledgment and practical application of this principle. He was not one of those who first advocated the abolition of slavery, but when the legal estate of bondage was abolished he became easily the leader among those who resisted the re-establishment of its condition without the forms of law. To him the debasement of the freeman's right in defiance of law was a far more serious peril to the National life than the open recognition of a state of society which debarred a specific class from the privilege of self-government. Such a state of affairs in any other State he deemed a constant menace to the right of every freeman of Illinois, which he felt himself first of all things, charged to maintain and defend.

Equality of right and freedom of action to all citizens, guaranteed and enforced by National power, was to his mind, the prime prerequisite of the safety of the Republic. There were many who disagreed with him, who looked upon him as a needless disturber of established harmony; who thought nothing could be seriously out of gear while the balance of trade was in our favor and protestations of peace freighted every breeze; who cried in answer to his fierce demand for right—

When storms be none and virates flee,
Why ring the "Brides of Enderby?"

Perhaps he ought not to have done so; but Illinois can hardly count him blame-worthy. It was only that instinct of justice and jealous fear of any encroachment on personal right, which the free West had implanted in his nature that impelled him thus to repeat the note of warning that fell from Lincoln's lips when he declared that the Nation "must be all free or all slave!"

As an economist, too, he was not unfrequently a stumbling-block to those finely trained theorists who weigh in golden balances the grains of National profit and loss.

HIS BREADTH OF GRASP **BOUNDLESS AS HIS WESTERN PRAIRIES.**

His views were wide as the Western horizon that hung above his cradle. He cared little for the minutiae of the tariff. Whatever tended to the general advantage of the American people that he favored. He hated

little of labor, and rarely insulted the poor man by parading his poverty. The interest of the whole body of the American people was to him the touchstone of policy and the test of what his State's prosperity demanded.

He had no sympathy with the political theory which makes government a mere machine to adjust economic balances. Economy as an incident he revered as the right hand of integrity; economy as an end he hated as a debasement of manhood. He had a scorn that was truly regal for what he termed "chess-board economies." Child of the West, as he was, he felt "cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd" by the narrow Eastern horizon. What was useful to the National prosperity he never admitted extravagance. He knew that a country was never poorer than when its coffers were overflowing with coin and its harbors open to hostile assault or its commerce fettered by monopoly which has no fear of competition.

Strength and security he counted the prime essentials of National prosperity. Un-defended wealth he thought worse than abject poverty. To his mind a nation was pitifully poor that lived in fear of an enemy's assault. To him the most humiliating page in our National history was that which records the pillage of the Capital by a British army. He could hardly refer to it without tears, and more than once declared that he would gladly give his life to blot it out. While the cities of the East were unprotected, he deemed the Nation in hourly peril which no wealth could compensate. Until the great lakes and the great river of the West were made one common highway he felt that the foot-pad was at liberty to levy toll on her prosperity.

To him the interest of the East and the West, the North and the South were one, and he regarded with burning contempt the myopic wisdom which defines statesmanship in a republic to be a mere balancing of interests—a bartering of advantages. As one of the Senators of Illinois, he realized that the heart of the nation felt every chill that touched its extremest member. Conflict of interest between States and sections was to his mind an impossibility. To him the country was indeed a whole composed of many inseparable elements, the good of all being the ultimate good of each. So he served his State loyally and tenderly—proud of her past, exultant in her future—

headst above all things of her devotion to the Union of States, to which he felt all her grandeur to be due, and on which he realized that all her prosperity depended. He loved to boast of Illinois, not as the proud dictator of the National policy or keeper of the National conscience, but as the ever faithful servant of the National will. Whether the East or the West held the scepter of power, he exulted in the thought that Illinois was always the cheerful, loyal upholder of the common purpose and the united destiny. His proudest boast was that "Illinois is never a Kicker!"

He was loyal to his leader! Amid the cold and sneer of Donelson he did not murmur against the adventurous chief whose rash career of conquest was not to be checked by elemental adversity. During the wearisome months about Vicksburg only words of confidence and cheer were heard from the lips of Logan. While others droned of failure, his voice sounded like a clarion note in the ears of the people of Illinois, awakening them to fresh confidence in the destiny of her favorite son whom no obstacle could daunt and no misfortune discourage. In the marvellous campaign that followed in the rear of the Southern Gibraltar, Logan was the hammer that struck always the first blow. No measure of toil, of conflict was enough to wring from his lips even when weakened by wounds and wasted by disease, a word of complaint or a plea for relief. Where his leader commanded there he would go, at whatever cost of peril or privation.

He was loyal to his chief even in the face of injustice. After that memorable day when, with a promptness that was in itself an unerring index of genius, he took the place of the dead McPherson, and by almost superhuman exertion turned back the tide of battle—when he had won the right to lead the Army of the Tennessee by rescuing it from destruction—when not only by achievement but also by date of commission he stood entitled to preferment—when the petty prejudices fostered in that nursery of false ideas at West Point, deprived him of what he had a right to claim both as "an elder and a better soldier"—even in that hour when the ambitious heart is always most sorely wrong, no word of remonstrance against the injustice of his superior was heard; but even with the sting of insult and degradation yet burning on his swarthy cheek, he stood manfully between that superior and public clamor, commended him to the confidence of his countrymen and continued with unabated loyalty to do all in his power to secure that popular support which was at that time far more important to the National cause than the success of any military movement.

He was loyal to his rivals in the race for fame! Authorized to supersede Thomas, who slowly but surely had organized his forces for certain victory, the laurels of which he might have transferred to his own brow, Logan came, saw his opportunity, and fully realizing what a magnificent vista of renown chance had opened before him, without seeking even to share the glory of the triumph already as

sured, he effaced himself, did not even reveal the authority he held, but left the noble old soldier to reap the reward of his patience and hold unsullied his place in history as "the hero of Nashville!"

He was loyal to his comrades. How loyal let his brethren of the Grand Army of the Republic, whose first commander he was, attest. He held this place without clamor, parade, or pretense. Reverence for the veteran was with him a passion, but he never made it a stepping-stone to preferment or a means of manufacturing notability. He never swung around the circles of the States on pretended tours of inspection. He did not sport a staff whose efficiency was measured by their capability as trenchmen. He did not fulminate on every conceivable occasion as if the veterans of a great war were but the body-servants of his personal pleasure.

He was loyal to his comrades as such! Springing from the people, himself truly a volunteer, he appreciated and honored the motives of those who rallied to the support of the flag without either the assignments that drew the professional soldier to the field, or the greed that impels the mercenary to incur the peril of battle. Grant alone of the trained soldiers who became our great commanders, appreciated the volunteers. Even to him they were at first an enigma, and afterwards a miracle. Others learned something of the truth before the war was over, but there were very few of them, however, who had any real feeling of comradeship extending to the rank and file of their commands. It is only as the day of conflict recedes that many of them begin to realize that the petty prejudices of West Point are unworthy of the soldiers of a great republic.

A BORN SOLDIER

UNEXCELLED THOUGH A VOLUNTEER

Logan was the typical volunteer. To an instinct for command which has rarely been excelled, he united a courage, fortitude, alertness, and personal power which elicited the admiration of even the least sympathetic of his regular army superiors. Sherman called it "a passion for War." Grant "a remarkable aptitude for military affairs." In no position was he ever found wanting. From the command of a regiment to the head of an army he approved himself competent and efficient. He was never surprised nor found unprepared for any duty. Surrounded by professional soldiers he excelled them all in alertness and outbraved them in subordination. He felt of the needs of his men, he made no concession over what was unobtainable. His promptness was notable even in an army whose commanders were eminent for celerity of movement.

With all these qualities he was, in whatever position, the comrade of the humblest

of the rank and file. The type of the volunteer, he never forgot the man that underlay the soldier. To him the blue-coated ranks were not mere slaughtering automatons. He knew and appreciated the patriotism and devotion that inspired the volunteer soldiers of the Republic. He understood the impulses that fired them, for they were his own. The fact that a man had imperiled his life for the country gave him a sort of sacredness in his eyes which nothing else could bestow. He had little fondness for the life or sympathy with the view of the professional soldier. But for the patriot warrior, for him who, leaving the plow in the furrow, dares and offers all for liberty, his admiration was intense and his fellow feeling complete. To have fought for the cause he served in any rank or station was to be his comrade, and loyalty to his comrade was as the breath of life to his nostrils.

He was loyal to his principles. Reared in sympathy with those who appealed to arms in support of what they deemed their rights, he was among those who insisted stoutly upon exhausting every means of arbitration and conciliation before meeting force with force. When the issue became inevitable, however, there was no hesitation. He did not espouse the cause of the country with any conditions. Right or wrong, for better or for worse, he gave himself to her service. His future he made dependent on her future. If victory perched itself upon her banners he would so conduct himself as to deserve well of her people. If she was destined to defeat and disruption he would be among the last upholders of her flag and her sovereignty. He gave himself unreservedly to his country to live or to die for her—not unmindful of glory if it comported with her welfare, nor so greedy of fame that he would allow his interest to stand for an instant in the way of her success. He was a soldier from instinct, but a patriot by inspiration.

He was little given to effusive sentimentality. To his mind a spade was a spade, and apt to be so designated in his speech. The East, with its tendency to over-refining, was shocked at his blunt sincerity, and voted him crude and Western in his development of character. He was fond neither of abstruse speculation nor of maundering philanthropy. He was practical to the core, and never indulged in unmeaning platitudes. For the negro, as a slave in the ante-bellum period, he had little sympathy. The problem of the joint occupancy of the country by the African and Caucasian was one, he, in common with many others in early manhood, looked upon with peculiar dread.

He told the story one summer's day to a little group while a colored soldier paced up and down before his quarters. He had never antipathy, he said, for the negro, no

sympathy with wrong, and no desire to perpetrate injustice. He only feared the result of co-occupancy. He dreaded the effect on the white race of the liberation of the black. He had hoped until the last moment that some plan would be devised by which isolation and separation might be secured for the slave, whose liberation he saw to be inevitable. He thought American power ought to have been exercised long before to develop an African nationality which should attract the colored race from our shores to their natural habitat. It was such sentiments that led him so earnestly to oppose all forms of African migration to Illinois and made him the advocate of a rigorous exclusion in the early part of his political career.

This brought him into conflict with a group of political thinkers whose love of liberty, though no more intense than his own, was based on different postulates. He loved his country, her people, and her prosperity above all things. His loyalty was concrete in character. It was American liberty, the prosperity of his country, the glory of the Republic to which he accorded such unlimited devotion. They who disagreed with him worshiped liberty as an abstraction. His country and his people, "right or wrong," was to him a controlling impulse. To those who stood in antagonism with his views a republic tainted with injustice was worse than the most abject despotism. The one worshiped abstract loyalty the other abstract right.

His real anti-type was Garrison. The one would have perpetuated slavery to save the republic; the other would have destroyed the republic to eradicate slavery. They were equally radical, equally intense, and perhaps equally in error. The one worshiped his country and the other his theory. The one believed in the American people; the other in humanity. The one feared for the future of the white race in America; the other bewailed the actual condition of the black. The one was a lover of his country; the other a champion of humanity. To the one equality of rights was an incident of government; to the other its chief end. Born under a monarchy, Logan would have served a king whose rule enhanced the prosperity and glory of the nation; with the same zeal he served the Republic; Garrison would have been an agitator and a revolutionist if he made martyrs by thousands and sufferers by the million. Logan would have been a Bismarck; Garrison a Krapotkin.

Both impulses were noble; both men sincere; both types are essential to healthful progress. In every nature one or the other of these types prevail. In many no doubt, one is dominant at times and then the other. The two if fused might perhaps show the perfect man. The one was a passionate patriot; the other a passionate philanthropist.

When the negro became a soldier, and the slave became a freeman, however, all this was changed, and then the positions of the two contrasted types became almost reversed. Freedom made the negro a constituent part of the Republic and the uniform transformed him into a comrade. No race which was brave enough to fight for

liberty could ever, in Logan's eyes, be accounted unworthy to enjoy it. When first he lifted his hand to his visor in acknowledgment of a negro soldier's salute, he recognized the solemn obligation of comradeship in the cause of liberty and felt committed to the future welfare of the colored man in America by the strongest of patriotic obligations. This impression was intensified not long afterward by the sight of black faces, cold and stark, staring upward at a winter sky from a field of battle where they had fallen in defense of the flag he loved. From that hour John A. Logan never forgot his obligations to the race, and never separated them in thought from the great body of the American people. Their rights, their liberties, their development and advancement were, in his view, inseparably linked with the prosperity, the dignity, and the glory of the American people. His special interest in the American negro began at the very point where that of the mere philanthropist ended—with his emancipation, enfranchisement, and adoption as a constituent part of the Republic.

This phase of his character was as incomprehensible to the contrasted type as the attitude he had formerly maintained toward the institution of slavery. To the abolitionist, pure and simple, enfranchisement was the end of specific duty to the race. From his point of view obligation ended with the concession of equality of right. To Logan's mind the duty of patriotism began at this very point. How one who was opposed to the anti-slavery movement could be earnestly anxious in regard to the rights of colored citizens was a problem the abolitionist was quite unable to solve. Why one who had devoted his powers to the liberation of a race from bondage should cease to cherish the interests and sustain the rights of that race when free, was a question bluff Jack Logan could never answer to his own satisfaction. The result was that each fell in the estimation of the other. Logan's ancient doubt of the sincerity of the anti-slavery propagandists was reawakened, and they sneered at him for "waving the bloody shirt" for political effect. The simple fact is that they stood on different planes. The philanthropist was moved to a divine frenzy at the contemplation of the wrongs perpetrated upon the negro because he was a slave! Logan's wrath burned hot at the wrongs inflicted on the race because they were citizens! The one was moved by the fact that equality of right was denied; the other that the enjoyment of admitted right was debarred.

THE TRUE MAN.

HE BURIED HIS ANIMOSITIES

He was loyal to the lessons of the past! A brave, chivalrous soldier, he felt nothing of personal antagonism toward those with whom he fought. He had no need to lay aside the animosities of the war, for he had never cherished any. While the struggle lasted, those who wore the gray were his country's enemies, and therefore his. He had no sympathy with them and no excuses

to make for them. Their courage, sincerity, and fortitude he admitted as a matter of course. They were Americans, and those were, as he conceived, essential elements of American manhood. When the conflict was over he forgave them, equally as a matter of course. No defeated enemy, public or private, ever suffered from his resentment. The acknowledgement of defeat carried with it for him absolute immunity from taunt or persecution. Pardon asked blotted from his memory the offense. The treaty of peace, express or implied, was a sacred pledge of future amity. He did not deem it a guaranty of special favor, and so transform error into a certificate of merit. He had none of that gushing sensibility that has labored so long to put the "blue" and the "gray" upon the same level. He did not count treason and loyalty as equally meritorious.

To his mind the matter of right and wrong could not be lightly brushed aside. Loyalty to the Nation was a duty incumbent on all her citizens. The man who obeyed its dictates covered himself with honor. The man who sought to destroy his country wrote with his own hand the record of his shame. The one was an act of honor; the other one of dishonor. The distance between them was infinite. It was strewn too with the forms of a million of brave men slain at the unrighteous behest of the enemies of the Nation.

He was willing to forgive—his manliness of nature compelled him to be forgiving—but he would neither forget the wrong nor deprecate the right. He received the upholder of the Confederate cause again into the National fold with gladness. He was willing to give him the fullest opportunity to redeem the past. He would leave him under no disabilities. He never joined in the senseless clamor against "rebel brigadiers." The Nation's amnesty cured the offense, and one whom the law made a legislator was entitled to the courtesy attaching to his place. To his mind, however, the reinstatement was purely conditional and probationary. It did not obliterate error nor make the attempt at dismemberment meritorious. He pitied and commiserated the wearer of "the gray;" he honored and applauded the wearer of "the blue." To his mind this distinction could only be forgotten when "the gray" chose to become "blue" and manifested that desire by accepting in good faith and exemplifying by their acts the principles the blue fought to maintain.

He did not regard courage, sincerity, or capacity as at all affecting these conditions. To be sincerely wrong he admitted to be a valid plea in mitigation of punishment, but not a justification of the wrong nor one which rendered the act in any degree meritorious. The display of courage on the battle-field only made more certain the matter of individual responsibility, and capacity for leadership only enhanced the enormity of the offense.

Yet he would not punish the future for the sins of the past. He urged his brethren of the Grand Army to establish and endow a school free to every indigent soldier's son for all time, and would have committed the government to its maintenance. He did this not as a favor to the veterans nor because he thought they deserved equally well of the Republic, but because he prized the soldier spirit and thought this would constitute another barrier of future revolution. While he never would admit any claim to meritorious consideration founded on services to the Confederacy, any ex-Confederate who could rise to the level of a patriotic consideration of the interests of the whole country and a recognition of the equal rights of all her citizens, was sure to find in John A. Logan a warm and appreciative friend inclined to look hopefully to the future rather than regretfully to the past.

His loyalty to the country was of that intense and passionate character that could not rest while another offered greater sacrifice or faced greater peril than he. No sooner did war become an unavoidable fact than it became certain that John A. Logan must be actively and personally engaged in it if not in one capacity than in another. If he could not have worn a saber he must have carried a musket. He was one of those men who could not sleep in their beds at home while others were fighting for what he enjoyed. When he went to witness the advance at Blackburn's Ford on July 18, 1861, he could not rest in a carriage at the rear, but borrowing a musket and cartridge box—perhaps a dead man's equipment—joined the rank and file-closers, and was with the advance. He left a seat in Congress to take command of a regiment, and, though importuned by his party again and again to resume his seat in the National legislature, he turned always a deaf ear to such solicitation.

It was not that he did not appreciate the opportunities thus offered. He well knew that the place of the volunteer officer was at the best ephemeral. At any instant peace was likely to bring the order for his muster out. Then the avenues of civic preferment might be closed against him. He had illustrious examples. More than one had been recalled from the field to civil positions, and had responded without discredit. Mr. Blaine being offered the command of a regiment about the time that Logan was raising his, formally declined it, preferring the honors of election to Congress instead. To Logan the civic robe in that day would have been a more terrible thing than the shirt of Nessus. The intense and active loyalty of his nature compelled him to share the hardships and perils of the country's defenders, simply because they

were incurred for the country's sake. His fearless spirit not only mocked at the thought of danger but exulted at the idea of self-sacrifice in a noble cause. Who that ever saw him riding down the line of battle, his swarthy face aglow, his black hair tossing in the wind, his eyes flashing fire beneath the overhanging brows and his voice ringing like a claxon, will not always remember him as the very impersonation of "that stern joy that warriors feel!"

This impulse to leap into the vortex of battle, however, did not impel him to engage in conflict for the mere sake of fighting. Considering the life in which he was reared, his vigorous physique and masterful spirit, there are remarkably few instances of personal difficulty in his history. Everybody knew that he would defend himself, but they knew also that he would not intentionally give offense, and if he believed himself in the wrong, would not rest until he had made reparation. So, too, as an officer while waiting to the verge of recklessness, he never went beyond the line of prudence.

He was careful of his men and mindful of their comfort because he appreciated their character and shared their sentiments. To him they were men first and soldiers afterwards. He shielded them from peril; spared them unnecessary fatigue; fought with angry impatience the routine that withheld or delayed supplies, cut the knot of "red-tape" with the sword of authority—in short, did and dared everything to provide for the comfort of his command—not because they were his nor for the mere purpose of having them ready for action, but because he felt for them, sympathized with them, loved them as fellow-citizens and as fellow-soldiers. He felt that he ranked them by accident and not by inherent right; that they were his equals in devotion, self-sacrifice and all that constituted heroic merit. He not only shared their hardships, but felt their sufferings as his own. Yet when the time of need came he spared them no more than himself. No fatigue was too severe, no exposure too exhausting, no peril too great for them to face. Who that saw him while his men climbed the ragged face of Kenesaw would have dreamed that he had protested against it as a useless sacrifice of life and that he knew beforehand that his utmost effort must be in vain? He had done his duty, and his men must do theirs.

His high regard for his soldiers, instead of making him hesitate about exposing them to danger, made him all the more anxious that they should never seem to shrink. His fame was theirs, and both had in trust not only their country's interest but her honor, as well. This unity of feeling between him and his men made Logan the idol not only of his own command, but of the entire volunteer force, especially of the Western armies. He was a volunteer from first to last, and the type and champion of the volunteers. He did not seek nor desire to be a professional soldier. He was simply a citizen armed to meet an emergency, commanding others similarly drawn from peaceful pursuits. He was sometimes jealous of the partiality shown to, and the privileges not intru-

readily assumed by the officers of the regular army—but it was solely as a volunteer and not as an individual that he asserted the rights of his position. He would not allow an equal or even a superior in rank to ignore his rank or authority. This he endeavored him to the whole volunteer force and no doubt inspired him with some of his superiors in the whole citizen soldiery of the United States; therefore, John A. Logan became the type of champion. While a few of the most distinguished volunteer officers were at the close of the struggle transferred to the regular army and others were absorbed again in the unnoted multitudes of civil life, Logan always stood prominently forth as a military man—a leader of the people—a Cincinnatus who had left his plow more than once, and was ready and willing to leave it again, should the country's welfare demand. The earnestness and sincerity of his comradeship singled him out as par excellence the volunteer hero of the war. His services were perhaps no greater, his courage no more notable and his abilities no more signal than others. Certainly, he did not so esteem them. Both in his writing and his conversation he was singularly modest, almost reticent in relation to his own achievements. He never looked upon himself as a central figure and even in a work especially devoted to that period, he subordinates his own story to that of the military movements of which he was a part. Yet he was always afterward "the General"—the blunt, dashing, rugged volunteer commander who never forgot that fact and was always proud of it.

"HONEST BLACK JACK"

SINCERE, CANDID, AND BARNES.

Yet he was no lover of ceremonial. He chose always to be rather than to seem, and his sincerity was equaled only by his candor. What he believed he believed with passionate ardor, and those who questioned his conclusions he accounted enemies to be borne down by every form of intellectual force. He was as positive as he was bold. Doubt was almost an unknown intellectual condition with him. For half-ballet and halting faith and conditional acceptance of theories he had no patience. To his mind truth was indeed "yes, yea and nay, nay." Every proposition had to him two distinct sides, the one true and the other false. Between them there was no middle ground. He stood always upon one side or the other, and stood there firmly and squarely and boldly. If convinced that he was wrong he went over to the other—going always clean over and never stopping half way. For doubters and hesitators for dodgers and wanklers he had a forceful scorn. Anxious always to be right, he was not afraid of being sometimes wrong. He counted hesitation and uncertainty the

extent of moral delinquency, as well as the meanness of political vice. The active advocacy of what he believed, was an essential element of his nature. Consciousness of rectitude gave him respect for the opinions of others, but did not weaken his confidence in his own. He had little respect for authority, so far as conclusions were concerned, but a restless greed for information as to facts.

To a state of society in which doubt is accounted the test of intelligence; in which liberality demands a half-acceptance of conflicting dogma; in which independence means to act first with one party and then with its antipode, Logan's positiveness appeared as crude and inharmonious as Puritan faith would seem in a summer school of philosophy." Such people were greatly disturbed by his terrible earnestness. That one should believe himself so completely right as to think those opposed to him utterly wrong shocked their ideas of toleration, and smacked too much of the unenlightened positiveness when right was right and wrong was wrong. Their cautious self-consciousness would have liked him better if he had always left himself a loophole of retreat. His assertiveness would have been more grateful to their minds if it had always been linked with an "if" or a "but."

From this feeling to a conviction of his gross illiteracy and entire lack of culture was but a step to that constantly increasing class who count appearances more important than truth, and regard no one as at all right who does not proclaim himself half wrong. This absurd estimate of one of the most modest of laborious enemies no doubt was often confirmed by his reserved habits and bold, independent manner. He walked with head erect and a free and easy gait. He liked a soft, wide-brimmed hat, and disliked the conventional silk. He liked to feel the air and sunshine on his hands. He wore his hair long because the woman he loved once expressed preference for that style. He loved a few friends better than many strangers. He preferred to associate with those who had no need to conceal their thoughts, rather than with those who were skillful in hiding their designs. He was kindly to the weak, but not always deferential to the strong. He pitied the poor, and did not always reverence the rich. He was courteous to women, but in love only with his wife. He was not easy to take offense, but did not hesitate to show resentment. He never proposed a truce to an armed foe nor

attack a blow at a prostrate enemy, he would go out of his way to oblige the poorest petitioner for right or charity, but would not hesitate to scold a millionaire. He would listen to the advice of the humblest, but would not submit to dictation from the strongest. He honored the earnest, however much he thought them wrong, but the giddy, goody and pretentious he not only despised, but allowed his contempt to be seen. In all things he accounted the substance greater than the shadow—the matter more important than the form.

If the overrefined bewailed his crudity he despised their weakness. If "the uncorrupted" sneered at his plainness of speech and unpretentiousness of manner, he scourged without mercy their hypocrisy and meanness. With his friends he carried his heart upon his sleeve, and did not fear his enemies enough to resort to dissimulation in their presence. His candor did not imply any lack of craft or discernment. As a politician he was often misappreciated as a strategist because of his excellence as a tactician. In this latter respect he was unequalled by any man of his day. No one could maneuver so boldly and so successfully in the presence of an enemy as he. But on the other hand, few knew so well the popular heart, or could so certainly foretell what its pulsations indicated.

The great open-hearted, open-handed West understood, appreciated and admired this bold, candid friend; this fierce, chivalrous enemy; this loyal, unshrinking patriot; this clean-handed servant; this conscientious statesman; this unpretending man! In token of its high esteem, as a title of honor and not as a mark of familiarity, it enshrined him in its heart with fond and quaint distinctiveness as "Jack" Logan or "Black Jack"—not because he was less a gentleman, but because he was too much a man to be fitly designated by conventional titles. To them he was never "Mr. Logan. When they spoke to him it was as "General" Logan. When they thought of him most tenderly it was as "Honest Black Jack!"

During the last few years his unique and striking personality had begun to make a more general impression on the country. "I was surprised," said one who met him first in Boston little better than a year ago, "to find him such a modest, entertaining gentleman." "General Logan is rising to a higher plane of statesmanship than the country has credited him with the capacity to attain," said a New England journal, commenting on his speech at the banquet given him on that occasion. General Logan grew no doubt until the very last moment of his life. He was a nature of too keen a temper either to rust or deteriorate. Come when the sunlight of his final Christmas night, it was sure to find a soul prepared to begin its eternal development by having carried on the earthly expansion of his faculties until the last hour of his mortal life. There was no marked or sudden ascertainment that provoked these curious comments. It was simply the fact that those who uttered them had come to know something of John A. Logan instead of guessing about the myth.

whose course and tawdry attributes existed chiefly in their imaginations.

His modesty was hardly less notable than that of his great chief, and not a little of the brusqueness of manner he sometimes displayed was only the defense his personality threw up against the vulgarity of the curious or the intrusion of the too familiar. He disliked the theatrical and spectacular, and especially objected to being "haired about the country for a show." His very nature rebelled against that proclivity of his countrymen not only to compel its public men to exhibit themselves, but require them to perform like dancing bears for its amusement. Fond as he was of political conflict, and much as he relished the public discussion of party issues, his antipathy to being focused in the public eye as an interesting monstrosity was intense. He endured—as every public man must—but it was not always done with the best grace.

AS A STATESMAN

HIS LOYALTY AGAIN PRE-EMINENT.

As a statesman he showed the same attributes he displayed as a commander. He made little claim to originality. He was never called upon to exercise independent National leadership, and so achieved little reputation for grand strategy. As a lieutenant, however, he was unsurpassed. Loyal, indefatigable, and always subordinate. In the campaign of 1884 these qualities shone with especial brilliancy. He was recognized and became the especial friend and favorite of the soldier. Wherever he went they crowded to hear his voice, to shake his hand. He had been one of the strongest rivals of his chief, and was anxiously pressed for the second place upon the ticket by the supporters of Mr. Blaine because of the need of just such a record. Few men could have resisted the temptation to magnify their own importance under the circumstances. Yet he neither asked favor, made conditions, shirked labor, nor demanded recognition. During the whole campaign he subordinated himself with a readiness that commanded the admiration of even his enemies. Many of his friends were dissatisfied with the role assigned him, the seeming lack of regard for his wishes and neglect of his opinions, but he hushed them into silence with an angry vehemence that attested the strength of his self-control and the keenness of his sense of honor.

Loyal to his superior even at the risk of losing the approval of his friends, was this dauntless soul and his lieutenant, who in turn was the champion of the cause, the greatest champion of the cause, the un-

swerving friend of Grant, and the faithful defender of Blaine!

More pathetic and noble episodes are not to be found in all history than two incidents in the life of this man, of whom some have dared to speak sneeringly. As a soldier his devotion to duty and the spur of a noble ambition were so strong with him that when offered a leave of absence by the commanding general, without his application or knowledge, on account of his ill health and the dangers incident to the campaign then in contemplation, he refused to accept it, and during all the toils, privations, and hardships of that wonderful campaign below Vicksburg not only continued with his command, but was so distinguished for activity, daring, and unflinching fortitude that he earned for his division the distinguished honor of first entering the captured stronghold. Even then he did not seek to be relieved nor ask for respite from his arduous labors, and the commanding general, in tender consideration of his failing health, was finally compelled to order him to his home until his strength should be restored.

Yes, when he came to this gallant and ambitious soldier who knew not how to spare himself on fields where honor was to be won or duty performed, and said, "The President wishes you to obtain leave of absence—go to the West and take the stump in his behalf—but does not wish to assume the responsibility of having you relieved from duty with the army," he did not hesitate an instant. Before the sun went down his request for leave of absence was filed, and within forty-eight hours he was on his way to his new field of duty.

When the President was dead and the war was over, and he learned for the first time that this very act constituted one of the reasons for promoting another in his stead, he did not murmur nor utter any word of reproach of his dead chief. It was only in violation of his own injunction of secrecy after twenty-three years of silence, and when his own lips were closed in death, that the country learned of his loyalty to the great dead chief whose memory he revered. Only he who realizes how fond a soldier is of fame can understand the grandeur of his self-sacrificial silence!

The other occurred when in the Senate of the United States he reasserted his opposition to the reappointment of General Fitz John Porter, the opinion of General Grant to the contrary notwithstanding.

To one of his character the offense with which Porter was charged was of that doubly damning nature, which required

every patriot to protest against its being covered by the veil of pardon, or obliterated by a sentence of rehabilitation. With him to undertake at all was to do with his might. If his bitterest enemy had been his commanding officer, he would never have dreamed of hesitating, cavilling, or substituting his own discretion for that of his commanding officer. His nature was one of those that hasten toward the sound of the guns, to wait the issue of another's battle before determining his own course. Was to him an act so abhorrent to soldierly instinct and patriotic devotion that he felt as if the future safety of the Republic depended on the seal of National condemnation being irrevocably fixed upon it.

To him it was not a question of charity. He believed his condemnation to be just and its continuance imperatively demanded by public interest. There was no trace of "envy, hatred, or malice" in his single-hearted conviction. The only question he asked himself was whether a general officer of the Union army had failed to exercise due and proper diligence in obeying the command of a lawful superior because of any personal disinclination toward such superior. If so, he judged that no excuse should screen him from perpetual condemnation. Even the subsequent discovery that by such a course greater disaster might have been averted was to his mind no palliation of the offense. Did the accused officer loyally and faithfully endeavor to execute the orders he received and carry out the plans and purposes of his chief? This was the only real inquiry, and when his brain and conscience answered "No," there was no influence or persuasion that could induce him to yield his opposition to a measure which he deemed an insult and a degradation to every loyal soldier of the Republic.

Opposed to this view was a great popular sentiment—the idea that all unpleasant things connected with the war of the rebellion should be not merely forgiven but forgotten—the sentiment that would remember Lee and Johnston and their associates only as American soldiers, and forget that they sought to destroy the American Republic—that would forget Wirtz and Andersonville lest their remembrance should offend those who would have dismembered the Nation—this sentiment, by a curious but not unnatural solemnity, insisted upon applying the rule of oblivion to the friends as well as the enemies of the National cause, making it a universal medicine for all lesions of patriotic duty. To oppose this amiable perversion of the doctrine of charity, was of itself a most unpleasant task to one like Logan, to whose nature resentfulness was an unknown influence. It was made a thousandfold harder when the name of Grant was added to those giving approval and endorsement to the measure of relief.

Logan had followed Grant from Denison to the White House. His admiration had been unstinted and his loyalty unswerving. When the great chief made his stand against those who, envious of his fame, denounced him as a traitor against the safety and perpetuity of the Republic he had redeemed from destruction, Logan stood like a

then at bay, foremost in the ranks of those who would not thus asperse the fame of their great leader. The country knew all this, and the country knew also that the dying chief had repeatedly and openly expressed himself as opposed to the views of his devoted subordinate and friend, and all walked with interest to know what effect Grant's change of sentiment would have on Logan's course. Nobler tribute was never paid to friend or foe than that which Logan uttered when he declared in effect that he would be unworthy of the friendship of Grant could he surrender his conviction of right even to the judgment of the great leader. No wonder that a blow purporting to have come from one so faithfully served and generously extolled should have proved so much for his brave heart in that last moment when he came at length to join battle with the last great foe.

Logan was not one of those public men of whom infallibility was ever predicated by himself or his friends. He counted honest error not half so discreditable as a cowardly fear of blame. He was never a tide-waiter or trimmer. Upon all public questions he had a positive belief which was always frankly and unreservedly declared. No one experienced more lively gratification in the approval of his fellow citizens, but he never surrendered his convictions of duty to secure it. Usually his convictions were in accord with the policy of his party and consequently in harmony with the wishes of his political friends. Occasionally they were at variance. In such cases he resented, as a brave man always must, every hint of insinuation. Right or wrong, he refused to be driven from his position or to be silenced by a threat of disfavor. In a notable case which is yet fresh in the public memory, there is probably a very general conviction among the rank and file of his party that he was wrong, but there is also almost universal sympathy with his angry protest against the unmanly attempt to control his action as a Senator by threatening him with opposition as a Presidential candidate.

When convinced of error, either in a public or private matter, he had no hesitation in making the most unqualified acknowledgment. It was said of him that "no man would go farther to serve a friend or strike an enemy," and it might have been added, "or to right a wrong." It was because of these qualities that he can not be said to have had any personal enemies. Those whom he opposed admired the frankness and sincerity of his antagonism; knew that no dishonorable or unfair means would be resorted to to secure his ends, and that he expected and desired the same earnestness and activity on their part. His friends sometimes felt themselves grievously wronged by his acts, but had no reason to doubt his sincerity or question the honesty of his purposes. He might wrong one in his preference for another, but never to gain a selfish end. Of his whole life it may be said that a treacherous purpose or unmanly act was never laid at his door by friend or foe.

RETROSPECTIVE

THE GRAND LESSON OF A LIFE

Taken as a whole, his career is one of the most remarkable the country has ever produced. Forty years of almost continuous public service—from the 7th day of May, 1847, when he enlisted as a private soldier for the war with Mexico, until the 26th of December, 1886, when he died as a Senator of the United States! And what a wonderful variety of public trusts were during that time committed to his hands! Lieutenant and Quartermaster of the army before the age of 22! The Clerk of his county, Representative in the Legislature, District Attorney, State Senator, Presidential Elector, member of Congress, Colonel, Brigadier and Major General of Volunteers, Commander of the Fifteenth Army Corps of the Army of the Tennessee, and the Grand Army of the Republic! Again the Representative of the State in Congress, and thrice sent by the State of Illinois to the Senate of the United States! In the whole forty years he was hardly twelve consecutive months out of the public service and had yet almost six years of assigned duty before him. Forty years out of sixty—every moment of his active life devoted to the service of his country!

And what a record of faithfulness and zeal! In all these positions he won honor. He discharged the duties of each with credit to himself and to the satisfaction of those who intrusted them to his hands. Both as soldier and statesman he compared favorably with the best of his age. As a politician he was an acknowledged National leader. An earnest partisan, he has always been prominent in advocating or opposing important measures. The student of our history who looks back over the record of his life will be amazed to find how often he has been right and how very rarely wrong; how often he has fixed his party's policy; how often his judgment has been verified by results and how frequently his party's disasters have served but to demonstrate his personal popularity!

With all this he was the most unpretentious of men. It is doubtful if he ever compared himself with others and certain that he never encouraged his friends to do so. In an age when a "literary bureau" is deemed an essential part of a political outfit he left his justification to chance and destiny, he entrusted his fame to those who can yet be fairly comprehended by the masses. But the great lesson which no

... will regret, it seems almost an in-
vite to his memory to recall. To-day, every-
where in his native land he is applauded,
above all things, because he lived an honest
man and died a poor man!

Why should he not have lived honestly?
Why should it be thought a strange thing
that he died a poor man? Is honesty so rare
a virtue in the Republic that he loved? Are
the good and wise and patriotic ones
among us endowed with an abundance of
the world's goods? Does the Nation re-
ward its servants so liberally that penny
never come nigh their doors?

Yes, no! With this will be coupled now
the explanatory statement which
the unpretentiousness of his life makes al-
most unnecessary, that "all his life he lived
frugally."

Why should this constitute the highest
meed of praise?

Truly or falsely, it has come to be the gen-
eral belief that public office is chiefly sought
for private advantage and that only those
may hope to succeed who have the ability
and inclination to purchase the support of
their fellows. Unfortunately, apparent ex-
amples of both are too numerous to permit
the indignant rebuke of such a sentiment.
The ability to contribute liberally to
the expenses of a campaign is
generally accounted the prime ele-
ment of availability. Other qualities—
are not always neglected, but the causes are
not rare where the power to pave the way to
success with gold is the only qualification
the aspirant possesses—the only one that is
even claimed for him by his supporters.
The country is hardly shocked at the idea of
public office being bought and sold. The
voter not infrequently regards his ballot
as a legitimate source of revenue. Delegates
to a nominating convention withhold the
avowal of their preferences until their palms
are crossed with gold—perhaps by more than
one candidate. Legislatures are thought to
be almost invariably corruptible. The fact
that so few men of moderate means succeed
in modern politics; that so many who win
prizes are men who but for their wealth
would never have been thought of in con-
nection with the same; and the fact that so
many incumbents of high position acquire
fortunes entirely incommensurate with the
emoluments of the place they hold or
with the apparent opportunity for in-
vestment and acquisition—all these things
have so impressed the public mind
that hardly anything can be said of a public
man so startling and impressive as the
declaration that he served his party and his
country forty years, in every variety of
position, was always a poor man, and was
never even accused of using any public
position for his private advantage.

In such an epoch, when money was ac-
counted the measure of all success and
office but an opportunity for plunder, John

A. Logan held his place as a party leader, occupied the highest official positions, enjoyed untroubled opportunity for self-enrichment, exercised a generosity so marked as to be notable throughout the land, lived plainly in the midst of luxury, walked because he could not afford to ride, faced penury and still maintained his dignity, soothed his soul, gained his love and overworked his brain, and yet remained to the last—"Honest John Logan!"

It is not the highest type of merit, but in popular estimation it is fast becoming the rarest, and the fact should by no means pass unnoted that a poor man served the people by the people's choice for forty years, died with clean hands, and left his loved ones to his country's care. It is an example which the future may recall with wonder as an indication of a popular purity as well as personal uprightness which it may soon be difficult to comprehend.

THE DEAD LEADER.

WHO SHALL TAKE HIS PLACE?

Dear, dead leader! Honored alike by friend and foe! Noble representative of the Nation's truest life! Valorous son of the great Northwest! What we say to-day in sorrow above thy bier, we had hoped to utter in great exultation as we followed thee once more to victory—thy party's chosen champion for the Nation's highest honor! We mourn thy death—the country mourns irreparable loss—but most of all we grieve that thy brave spirit should have gone to the eternal world without assurance of your country's full appreciation of your rugged virtue and patriotic manhood! Who is there to take thy place? To bear the banner of the party you loved because of its devotion to the Union you so loyally served? Who shall unite the traditions of the soldier, the skill of the leader, the honesty, the unpretentiousness, the devotion, and above all the loyalty to the people he loved—that dwelt in the heart of the dead comrade, friend, and leader? Is there one?

The scepter has departed from the East. The South rules to-day by virtue of alliance with the corruption and depravity of the great metropolis that sits at the gateway of the sea and feeds on the Nation's life. The

West, which is the child of the East, while it was yet free and undebased—the West where the problems of the future are already being solved—the West which yet counts freedom above profit and does not tear its girdle with evil—the West must furnish the leader in the great conflict that impends, because only the spirit and influences of the West can reach the Nation's need and show the path of safety. Who shall it be?

New England was the pioneer of our liberty. Hancock, Adams, and their gallant compeers lighted the torch of freedom in the Western world. Virginia furnished us Jefferson and Madison the great formulators of Democratic principles, and by the hand of Washington shaped them into practical form. The great middle States have been the calm conservators, who, if they have not often led, have always controlled the counsels of all parties and so shaped the destinies of the Nation. The West gave Lincoln and Grant, the brain and hand of the epoch of the Nation's second birth, and Logan, the type of the redeemed and regenerate land!

The East, the South, and the West! Whence shall the next great leader of the people come?

The East is no longer the type of our life; the South is barred by the woful consequences of its predominance; the West alone can furnish a true leader! And such a leader she will furnish—shaped by the same influences, marked by the same characteristics—inspired by the same impulses—loved and trusted by the same people—a child of the same State!

Standing beside the grave of Logan, with words of eulogy made weak by his desert, in obedience to what we believe would have been his dearest wish; inspired only by the same feeling of devotion to the Nation's welfare that animated his every thought, we lift into the place he has left vacant, the younger indeed, but no less true, and in the same devotion to our dead leader, transfer such assistance as he would have rendered to the son of Lincoln, the aide-de-camp of Grant, and chivalrous heir of Logan's glory! His lips were the first to break the words of our National Oath, and his hands that his dear father's mantle should rest on his shoulders.

Among the many memorial productions called out by the death of the lamented Logan, none will attract more attention from the political student or the man of letters than the one we publish to-day from the pen of an able and accomplished gentleman, "The Veteran." It is not merely a eulogy on the dead soldier and statesman, but a careful analysis of his life, holding up before the people the virtues of the man they mourn, making the lessons of his life plain to every mind. With the life and character of the man growing on him as he studied them, the writer became more intense as he moved along, and, while not losing sight of his hero's defects, he puts before the reader a most vivid portrayal of those traits of character which made him beloved of the people. Had Logan retained his health sixty days longer the same pen that is now so eloquent in commending his virtues would have presented his name to the American people as the Western candidate for the highest office in their gift. The study of the subject with that object in view made this "in memoriam" almost a necessity. There is strength and virility about the whole article, yet at times it is tender almost to tears. How many thousands will echo this regret, and repeat the question, hopeless of an answer, "But most of all we grieve that thy brave spirit should have gone to the eternal world without assurance of your country's full appreciation of your rugged virtue and patriotic manhood! Who is there to take thy place?"