

On Union Soldiers (about 1895)

Every age is the servant of its past and the trustee of its future. Every generation is charged with duties and responsibilities arising out of past conditions and inseparably connected with the character and environment of succeeding ones. Collectively as well as individually, the value of a life depends on the lesson it teaches--the message it transmits to those that come after it and the character of this lesson depends on the faithfulness with which it performs the duty with which it has been charged by the past. What was the duty of that Yesterday which was our Today, and how was it done? What was the message it transmits to all the tomorrows and its relations to the conditions of to-day?

Nations like volcanoes, after long periods of inaction often burst forth apparently unaccountable eruption. The atmosphere long balmy, all at once becomes charged with noxious vapors; the heavens are overcast and the earth is rent with echoing thunder. By and bye the clouds pass away, the sun shines, the earth smiles and nature with patient heart, takes up the task of healing the scath that has been wrought and hiding paths of consuming lava-tides beneath a ne

new carpet of verdure. So war startles the world out of peaceful slumber;rends states and nations;destroys life and weath and leaves the world sometimes better and sometimes worse than it was before. If the right triumphs,it is better;if the wrong triumphs,it is worse

The past devolves on every Today the duty of righting the wron wrongs it has done or doing that which it has left undone. Progress and civilization depend on the performance of this duty. Genertions may pass with little change in human relations or conditions. Then there comes an eruption and when the smoke of conflict clears away we see that the pent-up forces of ages have burst their bounds and in an hour have wrought the work of centuries.

Such an epoch was our Today. Peaceful in its dawn;tumultuous in its noontide;glorious in its decline. What is its message,--tha Today which is our Tomorrow.

Three centuries and a half before there had come a double crisis in human affairs. A monk of Wittenburg had proclaimed liberty of thought and equality of right among men in things spiritual. It

was a torch thrust into the structure of society civil and religion. In an instant the world was aflame: the tramp of armed legions echoed throughout Europe. The war of words and the war of swords went on side by side throughout the Christian world. Bigotry and tyranny joined hands to oppress. The sword and the stake were their instruments. In this wild tumult, liberty of thought and speech were born and the seed of equal right for all was sown and watered with the blood of martyrs.

No student of history can fail to see the hand of God in the affairs of men. At the very outset of this bloody strife, the curtain that had hid the ^{western} ~~western~~ world since the dawn of creation, was rolled aside and a continent revealed, whose wooded slopes bosky glens, impenetrable forests, fertile plains, vast lakes, mighty rivers, virgin soil and fecund waters, made it a perfect refuge from oppression whose hand grew weak and whose shadow seemed less terrible when three thousand miles of stormy main intervened between the seats of power and the hiding-place of its victims. Here was built a new empire, consecrated in its very birth to liberty--not perfect and com-

plete--but such as they who laid its conner-stones were able to apprehend. The bloody tide swept back and forth over the plains of Europe. Sometimes the right triumphed and again the wrong. With each overthrow of liberal aspiration in the Old World, the shores of the New World received a fresh seeding of liberty. Puritans, Luther- and, Quakers, Huguenots, Catholics--Englishmen, Dutchmen, Frenchmen-- what a glorious instance of natural selection! The best individuals had of the best types the world ever known! Some crushed and sore with the stripes of oppression, but all resolute, trustful and determined.

Yet with the sunshine came the shadow. Not all the victims of oppression were willing refugees from tyranny. Not only the best types of manhood but the weakest came also. Africa as well as Europe was represented in the new medley of humanity. While freemen offered freed from tyranny, a new tyranny brought slaves to serve the lust of greed. The victims of tyranny became themselves oppressors.

~~Altho~~ Almost in the very hour the Puritans landed at Plymouth, the negro slave was put ashore at Jamestown. Slavery took root in the new world as well as freedom.

For a hundred and fifty years, the seeds of a new social order grew and interlaced, slavery clinging close to the stock of liberty. In that time, "the village-fringed forest-land" grew into a nation. There was a generation of murmuring and discontent and then the young giant threw off its chains and claimed a place among the family of nations. There were seven years of warfare and a new people was born--a new monarch crowned--with the dazzling coronal of equal right. For the first time the declaration became a part of national life, that "all men are born equal and are endowed by their creator with unalienable rights--life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

For the first time a people decreed that "governments exist among men solely to secure to all the free and full enjoyment of these rights."

It was a glorious avowal. The beacon-light of liberty set up on the shore of the new world, upheld by bloody hands and hero-lives

But when the struggle was over and independence achieved, these children of oppression turned their backs on the proud declaration

by which they had triumphed, and organized a Republic, half-free and half-slave, on whose brow they wrote as if in mockery the blazon it belied.

For eighty-five years the strangely contrasted stocks grew in unprecedented luxuriance--white freedom and colored bondage. Both were nurtured by religion and the blood of Him who died for Man was proclaimed the divine source of both.

It was a terrible mockery of God! A brazen denial of human right. A blight on the moral stamina of civilization. Yet both flourished. Freemen and slaves multiplied an hundred fold. The territory of the Republic stretched from ocean to ocean. The wealth of the nation increased. God smiled on us, we said, and we called ourselves His chosen people. Yet the slave was still a slave whose fetters each year made stronger and more galling. But liberty grew faster than slavery. There were mutterings of discontent. The children of liberty became restive under the scorn and derision of a world which mocked at our hypocrisy and jeered our high professions

Bound by the fetters of the Constitution which Garrison had fiercely denounced as a "league with hell," it was thought that nothing

could be done toward liberating the bondman. There was very little it was possible to do, but that little the people of the "free state" determined should be done to weaken the power of the ogre which had come to dominate the Republic. Then slavery became alarmed and demanded either that new constitutional guarantees of perpetuity be given or that the domain of the Republic be parcelled out between freedom and slavery.

Seeing no likelihood of the former, the states of the South attempted to secure the latter by withdrawing from the Union. Then came the final struggle--the Armageddon in the world's history--between the right of every man to be free and the right of any man to deprive another of life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness for his own advantage and without the other's consent.

It is one of the strangest things in history that the North should have refused to accede to the demand of slavery.

So far as the personal rights or interests of the people of the North were concerned, they were not in the least degree affected

by the continuance of slavery, except by the fact that slavery added somewhat to the power of the Southern man as a voter in any national election.

Why was it then that on that morning of the early spring when the challenge to conflict came, the whole North sprang to arms, and when 75,000 men were called, for proffered as many more?

There is no way to explain it except to say that God acting through our past had prepared us to do the work our fathers' had left undone.

There was no greed of conquest, no lust for fame or hope of gain--only a poor weak people despised of men, cursed by God with black skins, who stretched out to us fettered hands. The South asked to have their bondage made perpetual, and demanded half the national domain that she might therein work her will upon the slave without let or hindrance. The question of granting these demands was hardly seriously considered. From farm and workshop, from factory and store, from homes and schools, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, men stepped forth and offered their lives freely and gladly, rath-

er than this demand of slavery should be granted.

That was all there was of it. The Union might have been saved without the loss of a drop of blood if we had consented to permit the shackles of the slave to be riveted more securely by constitutional enactment. But that we would not do--that we could not do. The past whose power we had hardly realized, was pushing, driving, labing us to refuse.

So we offered our lives--shed our blood--suffered all hardships--that a despised and alien race might not be forever held to bondage. By and bye the question came to be whether they should be held any longer subject to a master's will and we answered with our blood for his liberty.

Never in the history of man has there been so memorable a sacrifice. Men have fought for the liberty of their own people; for the preservation of the national domain, even for conquest and plunder--but never before did a rich, prosperous, peaceful people accept the gage of battle to save a weak and despised race, not linked with

them in blood or sympathy, from farther bondage.

Well did the Boston poetess when her eyes first beheld the camps of the great host bent on this wondrous mission, voice the sentiment in the song we sang in every bivouac from the Potomac to the Rio grande:

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

In memory we still hear it echo from mountain to sea; in the camps on the Potomac; along the banks of the Mississippi; in front of Vicksburg and Petersburg; on the land and on the sea, among the rafters of Libby Prison and in the noisome pen of Andersonville!

The glory in the bosom of the risen Christ--the inspiration of achieving liberty for others--did indeed, transform us, making the weak strong, the doubting firm and the clod a hero. After thirty years there are men who condemn those who fought in that great conflict. They think the soldier not the highest of man. To many he is merely a "bummer" and a "beggar." He may have been a very humble

man, who like "Old Willey"

"Never could lecture and didn't speak

The best of grammar nor even read Greek."

But judged by the highest standards, human and divine, the man who took his life in his hand and stood in the red center of battle offering himself for the preservation of the country, the welfare of a nation and the liberties of a people, has done more for humanity than he who did not share his danger and his toil. No man has any right to taunt or depreciate him who cannot show a like self-sacrifice for the good of others--even though he be the president of Harvard University.

Self-sacrifice for the good of others, is the highest test of manhood. It is the Christ-test, and he who offers his life for others whether the sacrifice is completed or not, has stood for one hour at least, on Calvary.

What did we do? Only our duty, but it was a duty more than one heroic generation had shirked and a whole people had spent not forty years but eighty, in the wilderness of preparation, before one came which was willing to enter in and possess the Canaan of liberty that was the heritage of their fathers. It was a plain duty but

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a hard one. You felt how plain it was and how hard when in the first great conflict--the battle of Bull Run, perhaps--you tasted not only danger but the bitterness of defeat. You felt it at Fredericksburg, at Gettysburg; in the Wilderness, at Petersburg. It was in the hearts of those who drove across a continent from Belmont and Shiloh and Perryville and Stones' River to the Sea. We knew it when in the wilderness of Chickamauga; clambering up Lookout Mountain and Mission Ridge; at Resaca and Kenesaw on our victorious way to join our flank with the Army of the Potomac, which had fought and retreated until the soil of two states was red with their blood.

We did our duty simply and truly. That duty was two-fold; the liberation of the slave and the preservation of the Union. Both were mighty tasks laid on our shoulders by the past and faithfully performed for the sake of the future. To-day is what it is because our Yesterday was what it was.

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There is a curious inclination on the part of the rising generation to depreciate the "old soldier." It is not strange. Belisarius is a universal type. Nations like men grow restive of obliga-

tions. It is just as true of peoples as of individuals, that

"When the devil was sick, the devil a saint would be:

When the devil was well, the devil a saint was he!"

We must remember, too, that not all our contemporaries were pa-

triot, and there is nothing stirs a man to envy so readily as the

knowledge that another has better deserved approval. *Sometimes you will* Every man who

find the man who was not a soldier, and had no good excuse for failure to enlist, and

even some who had, ~~you will often find~~ a little soured upon the "old

of today. soldier." Especially will you find this true of the son whose fath-

er was not quite ready to die for his country. Who can blame them?

You and I may have gained neither rank nor fame, nor opportunity by

the part we took in the struggle. The pay was no inducement, for the

laboring man who stayed at home, received from two to five times as

much and three meals a day and a soft bed besides. Pensions? There

are men to whom the pension they receive means all the difference

between want and sufficiency; but there are not many who would not

gladly swap the pension for lost opportunity and wasted strength.

Pecuniarily, the men who enlisted in any position under the rank of

a field officer, made a hard bargain in nine cases out of ten. But

who can blame the men who stayed at home and made money and gave us

advice, from envying the soldier and desiring to stint his reward?

Who would exchange the memories of battle, march, and bivouac--aye, even of prison and hospital--for all he lost?

And who would miss the privilege of handing down to our descendants the rich legacy of a nation saved and redeemed--a race liberated from bondage--with the proud avouchment--"All this I helped to do!" Ah! The soiled discharge, the old army photograph, the mention in General Orders, the approval of some loved commander, the letter that told of gallant deeds--how precious beyond rubies any such certificates of duty done in that hour of the nation's second birthday. Aye, we are "old soldiers," growing older and fewer year by year, but we can never grow old enough or weak enough to visit those who would disparage us or our day with anything but pity!

Yet there are those who have forgotten and mayhap some among the younger ones, who never realized, how great is the debt the American people owe to those who saved the Union. Let us see if we can strike a trial-balance and make a guess at the sum total.

Leaving aside for the nonce, all considerations of sentiment, we set down as the first item in the long account the simple fact that

we saved to the United States over 750,000 square miles of territory embraced in the seceding states and those which would have gone with them had they not been restrained by force.

This amounts to about 600,000,000 acres with all the cities and towns, the improvements and hereditaments pertaining thereto.

The assessed valuation of these ^{States} ~~cities~~ in 1890 was over five billion dollars, or more than one-fifth of the entire valuation of the United States. These states are inhabited by about twenty millions of people. This portion of the country which we re-conquered and handed over to the United States, produces all the cotton and cotton-seed, nearly all the tobacco and all the naval stores of the country. In the year 1890, it furnished 330 million dollars of our exports out of a total of 345 millions, or more than one-third of all our merchandise exports. Even from a speculative standpoint, the war was worth infinitely more than it cost, pensions and all. No nation ever made a better investment than the United States when the *since a queen hummed her jewels to gratify the discovery of a* people compelled her to deny the demands of slavery. Five billion *Contributed* dollars of assessed valuation, yielding three hundred and thirty

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millions of export production yearly, and paying, about one-fourth of the internal revenue tax of the country, or \$40,000,000 a year--this constitutes an investment which when the last bond representing the war-debt is paid off and the last pension payment made to ~~discharged~~ soldier and dependent of the war of the Rebellion, will have discharged many times even these immense obligations.

This is a very low view to take of the soldier's relation to liberty and national prosperity, but it is the view which is insisted on by those who are constantly deploring the cost of this struggle especially in its resultant form of pensions. I do not care to discuss the pension system. It has become so popular to decry it that it is counted almost ⁱⁿ⁻decorous to mention it on such a day. It is claimed that the soldier should be content with honor and not expect earthly reward. Why not ask the merchant and lawyer, ^{the} and farmer and ^{the} mechanic to apply the same rules and give four years of toil, exposure, want and hardship for humanity? "The laborer is worthy of his hire," and when a nation receives the material advantage of the

soldier's toil; when he gives his services at half their value rated in the productive wage-market of that day; when he makes every promise to pay which the government issues better than gold by enabling the government to pay principal and interest in gold, while himself receiving in payment of his service a currency ~~which~~ much of the time worth less than half its face value, -- when all these things are undeniably true, it is beyond question that the pension is not a "gratuity" but merely a deferred payment for services rendered. Any sort of man was worth two dollars a day at that time on the farm or in the shop; why not in the field where only selected lives could endure the strain? Suppose the soldier had been paid in gold or gold-interest-bearing bonds at fifty dollars a month, how much less would the aggregate have been than the sum total of the pension list?

But we will not dwell upon it. It is true that the soldier did not fight for money, but it is none the less true that he whose ~~own~~ blood made the little red circlet which we call the seal of the United States, a perpetual guaranty on every bond and every promise

| of the nation, is entitled to have both sides of the ledger considered--its credit as well as its debit entries.

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But leaving the field of gross materialities, let us consider what else this army in blue achieved during those four years.

And first, let it always be remembered, that it saved the government of the United States, and the idea of Republican government from destruction.

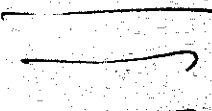
The old-world ^{monarchism} anticipated with glee the failure of free institutions. An English historian of the highest rank, prepared to write the story of ^{their} downfall. "The History of ^{Democracy} republican ~~government~~ government from the earliest times, until the overthrow of the government of the United States," was the task Mr Freeman set himself as his ripest achievement. Before he could get the work in print the Army of the Republic, with sword and bayonet, with rifle and cannon, had dictated its eternal refutation. The monuments on a hundred battlefields are a perpetual memorial of this triumphant reply to the claim of the old world monarchy that republican institutions cannot endure.

France had set the standards of the second Empire in the South.

England had sent her greatest living soldier to command in Canada.

The hope of the allied monarchies was to parcel out between them

the territory of the Republic. But Appomattox came too soon. With Sheridan on the Rio Grande and Grant in the White House, the hope of the failure of republican institutions came to naught. The French legions, shattered and broken, fled from Mexico and the British lion, sullenly ceased his preparations and weakly denied his aggressive purpose. But if the union had been destroyed, the two weak ^{republics} would ere this have fallen and the hope of self-government have been quenched throughout the world. Now, France is a Republic: Brazil the last of American monarchies has fallen, and Great Britain is searching anxiously for means to hold its dependencies, as integral parts of its great empire and dare not pursue its purpose to despoil Venezuela, when the Great Republic bids it stay its hand and submit its claims to arbitration.



Not only did we save the Union but we gave the United States a foremost place among the nations of the earth as a military power. Warfare is a thing always to be deplored; but the ability to carry ^{successful} on ~~warfare~~ is the only reliable guaranty of peace. No nation which is not willing and able to maintain the rights of its people, on the sea and on the land, can ever give security to its citizens or dignity to its demands. Arbitration, which is now so much vaunted as the method of adjusting international disputes, ~~has become~~ became a popular doctrine because its first notable application was a demand backed up by the ^{victories} army and navy of the United States, ~~the the finest in the~~ world. The victories we won had authorized the use of emphatic language in our demand for compensation for the "Alabama" spoliation and because we were able to enforce the demand was its adjustment by arbitration possible. A strong nation does not need to fight; a weak one can only submit. We lifted the United States above the level of submission. Only in Turkey is the American citizen subject to insult and danger and violence--and the fact that he is there ~~despoiled~~ ^{de-}spoiled at will, is not the fault of the American people. American

warships in the Bosphorus would make American citizens safe in Bagdad. Christian massacres abound in Turkey not because the United States are not able to put an end to them, but because reasons of state incline England to submit to the same, and the new post-bellum theory of American destiny is to play second fiddle to England's initiative. If the soldiers of the Republic controlled her power to-day a new canon of international law would soon be adopted and enforced; and that canon would be that ~~nowhere~~ ^{nowhere and wherever} throughout the known world should be slain or tortured or driven forth to perish of want because they believe in the religion of Jesus Christ. The time has ^{when} ~~come that~~ persecution for religious belief must cease ~~throughout~~ the whole world. And the American republic is the nation to lead in the establishment of that rule. By our toils, our wounds, our hardships, and our triumphs we lifted her to so proud a height as to enable her to lead and direct the policy of Christendom in the assertion and defence of Christian rights throughout the world.

But of infinitely more importance than ~~all~~ ^{even} of these, is that glorious achievement which made our day an epoch -

"Whose echo is the glad refrain
Of rended bolt and falling chain."

Nations may come and go. The map of the world may be made over and over again. The United States of America may disappear from the list of nations of the earth. But through all ages our day will be remembered as the Epoch of liberation.

For thousands of years slavery had ruled the world. Sometimes it was called slavery, sometimes villenage, sometimes serfdom. It was of varying degrees and changeful character. Sometimes it attached to the person, sometimes to the soil. In all forms it had two essential elements:

1--Caste, or the subjection of one class to the control and domination of another class, --the division of society into two marked and specific classes, a ruling class and a dependent class.

2--Involuntary servitude--or the recognition of a right inhering in one man to compel the service of another without his consent and without remuneration.

Like all institutions as it grew more complex and organic with civilization, it became also more hopeless and oppressive. The ingenuity of man makes fetters as well as weapons more complete than barbarism could forge. Slavery from first to last was merely the tool of selfishness and greed. The law which is the shield of liberty in the freeman's hand, in the oppressor's comes to be the most exquisite and perfect tool of tyranny. We hardly realize to-day what that slavery was which we destroyed. Let us for a moment consider what it meant.

The mart and the lash were not its worst emblems. Its soul-blight was infinitely worse than its physical bondage. What did it do?

It denied the slave all rights, all hope

He could not defend his person or his life against the master.

He had no self-control, no volition; no right to buy or sell; no power to possess; no opportunity to achieve; no hope, no life of his own; no destiny--no tomorrow.

He had no name, except that epithet called in mockery, a Christian name.

He had no family; in all the four millions of American slaves set free by our arms, there was not a father who could claim paternity, not a mother who had a legitimate child, *not one who had a family, none tree.*

In one thing slavery was like heaven, -- there was "no marriage nor giving in marriage," in its dark shadow. It obliterated the words husband and wife, father and mother, son and daughter from the slave's vocabulary.

It did not permit its victims to learn to read or write; *but* shut the door of hope and opportunity, forever, in the slave's face. Of all the hopeless, foul and horrible institutions ever known upon the earth, American slavery, refined by civilization and sanctified by Christian approval, was the most horrible to which a race or people was ever subjected.

This monster we destroyed. Through all the ages this shall be our highest glory.

We gave the colored man a right to defend his life, a right to marry the woman of his choice; a right to rear children who should bear his name; a right to home, family, knowledge and opportunity.

Not only did we do this in our own country, but our example brought an end to the clank of chains in other lands,--Spain, Russia, Brazil, Cuba--until today, in all the Christian world, there is not a single nation in which opporssion ~~date~~ ~~assumes~~ the form of slavery. We tore the word "slave" out of the lexicons of ~~all~~ the world. For thousands of years the struggle for equality of personal right had dragged slowly on to reach ^{its} culmination in our day. Now, ~~the~~ word is obsolete; needed only by the historian to explain historical facts--a condition that no longer exists. This was our duty, the task our past imposed on us and which we performed to the eternal betterment of all mankind. Because of this, the ~~yesterday~~ we celebrate shall live ^{forever} in history as the Great Day of Liberation.

In doing these great things we achieved others, incidental in character but ever memorable in results. Among them, is the fact that we dotted ~~the~~ land all over with names which will forever be incentives to glorious deeds. How we studded Virginia with names whose luster eclipses all else in her history, ^{where the brave grow} ~~fields~~ ^{where the brave grow} where American

armies met in deadly conflict, year after year; some of them fields of victory for us, some of defeat, but all memorable for displays of American valor. From the first Bull Run where we tasted defeat; through the long-drawn agony of the Peninsula with its tale of useless blood and agony; Antietam, with its lost opportunity; Fredericksburg with its heights red with sheeted flame and the blood of baffled heroes; Chancellorsville with swift defeat coming in the ^{very} hour of victory; the second Bull Run, reconsecrating a field already red with hero-blood; Gettysburg, where the tide of Confederate power reached its highest mark only to sink in ever-receding ebb; the Wilderness with its hecatombs; Petersburg with its weary months of toil and strife. *What priceless memories of heroic endurance!*

From the Ohio to the Gulf and from Mississippi to the Sea we left also a chain of glorious memories. Donelson, where our great Captain won for us the first great victory, capturing a fortress ~~man~~ ^{held} held by more men than the army he commanded when he sat down under its walls; Shiloh, where the "flower of the Confederacy" fell in a vain attempt to break the dogged resolution of one great in defeat as he afterwards showed himself in victory; Vicksburg where more men and

guns were captured than had ever before ~~that time~~ fallen into the hands of any victor!

Perryville and Murfreesboro and Chickmauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge, Resaca, Kenesaw and Atlanta, New Orleans and Mobile Bay--Savannah and Charleston!

And at the end, when the armies of the East and the west had at closing most joined hands--that glorious scene of Five Forks and Appomattox!

Scores of cemeteries in which rest the known and unknown dead--our comrades--and a half dozen monumental parks, studded with the statues of contending heroes, commemorating the valor of victors and vanquished alike, these are a glorious part of the rich legacy we left to the future of the land for which we fought.

And what a category of ^{new} glorious names!

Grant and Sherman, Hancock and Meade. Thomas and Sheridan.

These and thousands of others who will grace history's page through all future time?

And with them less happy in the cause they espoused, but equal

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in valor--the knightly champions of slavery in her last great struggle with liberty--Lee and Jackson, Longstreet and Johnson, Bragg and Beauregard, and scores of others names whom the South worships, the North honors and all time will remember with admiration and the glory of ^{that} pity which always attends the fame of those who bravely fight for a cause that fails.

And ^{Towering} over all, greater than all, beloved of all--of all the men of all the ages, the first in his devotion to liberty in patience, in wisdom and never-failing sagacity--the Liberator who fell in the hour of victory "with malice toward none and charity for all--Abraham Lincoln! The perfect product and noblest type of American freedom, the grand example which the New World has set before the ages as justification for self-government and the complete vindication of the fundamental truth on which the Republic was founded.

Another rich legacy was left--nobler even than the long array of historic fields and heroic names--the spirit of obedience to law which marked the close of strife and ^{the} "charity for all" which followed on its close.

Through all the long years of strife there was in the Union soldier--little of rancor and nothing of malice. We hated slavery because we loved liberty; we hated secession because we loved the union bequeathed to us by our fathers. But there was little--wonderfully little of rancor against ^{with} those whom we fought. One may turn back his memory now to those days of conflict and recall the conversation of his comrades and he will find pity and admiration for our enemies mingled in their words but little of denunciation and hardly a trace of hate. Even in the prisons where men suffered needless hardship, the same was true. I speak advisedly upon this subject for I took my turn in three or four Southern prisons and can recall but two or three exceptions to this rule. In preparing a recent work up--on that time, I had occasion to read some hundreds of letters written by our comrades to their dear ones at home, and a score or so of journals kept from day to day for the eyes of the writer ^{themselves} himself. In all these, I found not half a dozen lines which showed anything like ill-will to those who stood in battle array against us. He who of all men was nearest to our hearts, uttered only the

common thought of our soldiery when he declared the conflict inspired by an abiding purpose to uphold "the right as God gives us to see the right, with malice toward none and with charity for all."

One other thing: we left to all succeeding generations a love of liberty and country, which blossoms in these yearly jubilees of flowers and flags displayed in memory of our hero-dead.

But let them not be misconstrued. We meet to honor not to mourn *Not to deplore their fate, but* the dead, ~~but~~ to exult in the fact that they lived at a time when duty and inclination went hand in hand, both leading up to a refulgent immortality. We rejoice in their lives, their valor, their manhood! We exult in their achievements, the ~~mothers~~ that inspired, the hardships they endured, the sacrifices they made and the example they bequeathed.

We have no fear of the future. Liberty and union, equal right and opportunity for all, are too firmly implanted in the hearts of the American people to be uprooted by any wind of greed or selfishness that may blow from any quarter. Caste--the worst element of slavery--the legal subjection of one class to the domination and

control of another still exists and under the protection of a Supreme Court which has always been the consistent enemy of personal liberty and equal right, may for a time prevail. But this nation can no more endure a caste-republic than ^{it could remain} a slave-republic, ~~but~~ the blood of yesterday flows too strong in the hearts of to-day to permit injustice long to prevail. Caste must die as slavery died--accursed of God and despised of man. ~~Waxafxxaxkardayxxaxaxxxaxxxingxanax~~

We of Yesterday are passing away--a swift and silent procession to the grave--crowned with the ^{laurels} knowledge of duty well-performed and the confident hope ^{christening} that the lessons of our Day will be the guiding ^{star} of that Tomorrow which comes, an unnumbered host fresh from that citadel of liberty and right, the public school above which floats from sea to sea, the emblem of ^{our} national life, ^{the bright and beautiful banner} on which no eye can gaze without bringing inspiration to the heart of the beholder by the lesson it teaches.

Under its guardianship and that of the Supreme Beneficence which rules the destinies of men and nations, we yield the helm of fate into those hands of those whom our example binds to like achievement--an endless procession which is the earthly form of destiny

and on which rests always the secure hope of a better Tomorrow.

Gladly we go to join our comrades in the tomb on which the halo of glory must forever rest, and answer to our names in the great roll-call upon the other side, where friends and foes will be no more divided in thought or purpose, and where eternal justice will satisfy the hope of all, content to know that the flag of liberty and union floats lovingly above our dust!

So through the length and breadth of the land on this glorious anniversary, a glad Today shall long commemorate a faithful Yesterday.

Bring flowers! Spring flowers all fragrant to wave,
O'er the dew-sprinkled couch of the undying brave!
Unloose the shoes' latchet! The blood-sprinkled sod
Is holy as that by the Holiest trod!