

My dear Fairchild:

I am heartily sorry I cannot come to greet ^{our} ~~my~~ old comrades once more. I had fully designed to attend the re-union this ^{fall} year, but for the first time in almost a score of years have ventured on a vacation this summer from which I have returned to find so many things that must be done, that I cannot now spare ~~a single~~ even a day. So you must be my proxy, and in my name extend the heartiest of greetings to our sometime fellow-sufferers, the survivors of the 27th.

I especially regret that I shall not be able to take by the hand the dear

old commander ~~whose~~ ^{the} memory
of whose modest worth, I am sure
grows brighter every year in the
hearts of his soldiers. I used to hope
that the state and nation whom
he served so faithfully would yet
testify with new honors their appre-
ciation of his worth. Indeed, I have
not yet ^{quite} lost hope that such recogni-
tion may come. Now that Georgia
has with such gratifying unanimity
made the birthday of Robert E. Lee, a
legal holiday, I am especially en-
couraged. Leaving out the Sundays, there
are 812 days left and after exhaus-
ting the roster of Confederate heroes
we ought to be able to capture
at least ~~half~~ ^{to} ~~have~~ a half-holiday.

for one of the "bummers" of the Federal Army! The Southern papers declare that the canonization of Lee is not on account of his treason but "because of his christian graces." He must indeed have ~~had~~ ^{required} a large supply of grace to bear his due proportion of blame for the terrible slaughter he might have done so much to prevent and if his name day is to be made a saint's day why would it not be well to have some worthy mementos of the ^{second} loyal graduate of West Point to shed his blood in the Nation's cause in the war of Rebellion?

I think I should be tempted to

propose that his portrait be painted for
the Capitol at Albany but it would
be a shame to put an honest
man's face on the walls of that
den of thieves, ~~with~~ the decorations of
which is as mercenary as the ~~as the~~
Only Cobbler's and boxer faces should be displayed there.
swords of its builders were false. ~~It~~
~~would~~ ^{might even} propose for him a statue
in ~~the great~~ ^a park of the great
metropolis whose prosperity he did
so much to shield, but I remem-
ber that her millionaires would
for the children of the country to
prepare a pedestal for the chief
ornament of her harbor and

that Grant's tomb is yet ~~unadorned~~
unmarked with any commemora-
tion shaft. ~~Get it~~

Get it seems to me that if
Georgia can afford to ^{dedicate} ~~give~~ one
day's labor, ^{a year of work of her} ~~of~~ million and
a half of people, in not for a
term of years but forever, to the mem-
ory of the military ^{leader} ~~hero~~ of the
Confederacy, the ~~old~~ & great state
of New York might at least
erect a modest shaft to mark
the spot upon the battle-field
of Bull Run where one of the

worthiest of her sons fell beneath
the fire of Bee's Georgians. Perhaps I
am wrong: probably I am. Somehow
I am very apt to be wrong upon
these matters. I do not believe that
any statute of limitations runs
against the wrong done to liber-
fallen comrades
ty. Our ~~dear~~ ^{fallen comrades} brothers were fortu-
nate in dying in the belief that
soothed their ~~last~~ ^{last moments} ~~breasts~~, that they
died for the right; that the future
would recognize and commem-
orate their devotion. What ~~to~~
incredulous bitterness would

have crowded their last hours
had they known ~~that~~ ^{it} had been assured
ed. that within twenty-five years
after the triumphs of our arms
a state of the American Union
would be by unanimous action of
her legislature ~~tender~~ offer to
the memory of the military
heads of the Rebellion and honor
given by the nation only to ~~brush~~
~~and~~ ~~over~~ the Father of his Country
and by ~~and~~ only granted
by one other state to an income

farable cow! But if the nation is
slow to honor its heroes, we
are consoled with the belief that they
can wait. They upheld a cause that
needs no column to give it immor-
tality against ~~an~~ ~~as~~ for an es-
sential which no devotion on the
part of ~~such~~ misguided adherents
can ever redeem from ~~you~~ the stain
of needless bloodshed and a
purpose that will grow more
and more ignominious as the
light of liberty grows brighter.

Other peoples have fought
for liberty and won immortality.
Other nations have resisted dismem-
berment and won renown in
history for their sagacity and firm-
titude. But the Union soldiers of
the war of rebellion ~~felt~~ owned
a nobler motive - suffered and
died in a more glorious cause
than ever ^{before} animated the hearts of
a ~~nation's~~ popular thought of a
great nation. We fought for liberty -
not our own nor that of our
children: there was not imperiled
Nor were the liberties of our friends.

and kinsmen. We fought for the
freedom of a race alien, despised
wronged beyond comparison with
any other — and their liberty is the
imperishable monument of every hero
who purchased with one moment of
peril a part in this undying best
age of fame. Well has our Miri-
am, in words as much grander
than the vengeful utterances which
fell from the lips of the ancient
prophets, as Christianity, ^{today} is more
glorious in ^{its, universal} sentiment than the
~~Jewish~~ religious thought of infant
Judaism, portrayed in this

the
~~sentiment~~ of matchless beauty
splendor of this notice:

"In the beauty of the lilies, Christ
was born across the sea
with a glory in this home that
transfigures you and me:

As he died to make men holy
let us die to make men

free."

Every ~~one~~ ^{man} who gave life or
health or strength or aid of
any sort; ~~to this holy cause~~; every
woman who suffered and wept
and prayed all who gave to this
holiest cause that ever existed

as people's heroic sacrifice, from
the matchless Lincoln down to the
humblest soldier here that fills a pan-
per's grave, — of all should it be
said and sung as ~~it well as~~
~~it was of~~ ^{our great chieftain} when the bugle
sounded over his new ~~under~~
grave — "To him, in ~~sons~~ ^{sons} yet to be
born

"~~And in the~~ ^{The man} his mailed hands made
Dark, younger sons of liberty,
Shall ~~and~~ ^{ceaseless} tribute pay!"

¶ We can wait, comrades, and
need feel no envy of the re-
nown of our ^{contingent} ~~opponents~~. Fate
is inflexible. The power of there

that upheld the right must increase
and the wrong of them that are
turned the wrong must decrease!
The law is of God, written in the
hearts of men and unchangeable by any
human power. Let us be content! Even
our loved leader may well deem
it enough that his name is inscrib-
ed so high among those who wrought
the grandest fact of human history!
The ~~largest~~ ^{largest} ~~braves~~ ^{braves} of all the states
of the states ~~rebellion~~ ^{rebellion}
which composed the
late Confederacy may ~~be~~ ^{be} dedicated
all the days in the calendar to the
memory of their heroes but so surely
as right is right their fame must
wither and ours shall grow. Their

may wipe away reproach with patriotic
deeds, but they cannot ~~the record~~
~~nor blot out the fact~~ ~~obscure~~
sons) and daughters ~~may blot out~~
~~the record with tears~~ but they can-
~~not wash away the fact that~~
those for whom they ^{delight to honor} ~~have~~ fought
for the wrong! We may bridge
the abyss ^{that lies between yesterday's night} ~~with a~~ ~~single~~ ~~foot~~ ~~cross~~.
and copy ^{with protestations of pardon} ~~with~~ ~~prayers~~ ~~and~~ ~~tearful~~ ~~eyes~~ ~~in~~
We may shut our eyes ^{and} ~~with~~ ~~in~~
and testimonials of honor;
vehement exhortation to forgive;
but we cannot ~~hide~~ ^{hide} it from
the future ~~through~~ ~~us~~ ~~men~~ ~~to~~
~~should fill it full of pardon-~~
~~ing tears~~ the sleepless eye of history
will blot it out of the eternal rec-
ord of human act and human
purpose. They fought for the perpetuation
of slavery — to add another chapter
to the woe-filled tale of human woe

and degradation! Occurs of Jews
cannot ~~wash out~~ ^{away} the ~~fact~~ ^{truth}; nor =
tuns of asseveration cannot hide
it! Between the fame of our fallen
courage and that of our noblest
foes must ~~ever~~ ^{abide} the contrast
which ~~appears~~ ^{obtains} between the sunlit
crest of the Alp and the shadow that
rests upon its base. Both may be
grand and ~~massive~~ ^{impressive} facts
of history but on one must shine
further the glorifying radiance of a
purpose to ennoble and uplift the
~~the~~ ^{the} humanity, while on the other
must ever ^{lie} rest the shadow of
a purpose to oppress and debase.

~~As we ascend from the clouds~~

This difference will grow more and more apparent as the ~~event~~ ^{of yesterday} ~~of yesterday~~ ^{as time elapses}. ~~The clouds~~ ^{ascend from view.}

~~As we ascend from the clouds~~ To him who climbs the height the line between sunshine and shadow may be indistinct, ~~to~~ while to the distant beholder it is sharp and clear. In the crucible of time only the heroism that is impermeated with the noblest purpose stands the test; all else, however brilliant is but delusive alloy.

~~In the arid plain surfaces, not the beggarly prize;~~
~~The spirit that lives; the base garden that dies!~~

soldier of the Union.

The record of the ~~war~~ needs no amendment; the story of the other must always begin with confession and excuse. The white people of Georgia may canonize the Confederate leader, but an equal number of her sons, the slow toilers, to whom her wealth and prosperity is due, will lift up their hearts with ever increasing fervor as they give thanks for the breathe the names of Lincoln and Grant and think of that sturdy host of freemen the echo of whose footsteps was the song of Jubilee to ^{the} millions who sat in ^{even} bondage! One half her people may dedicate one day by statute to ~~his~~ ^{the} ~~memory~~ ^{the memory} of her and the cause his sword ^{upheld} ~~and~~ the other half will consecrate each day in all the years to come ^{to} to grateful memory of the ~~hero~~ ^{great} ~~leader~~ ^{hero}.

who put the seal of his blood upon
the title: deed of a race's liberty!

Today more clearly than ever
before we are beginning to realize
this truth: before the gray hairs of the
last survivors of our rank are hidden
in the tomb, the world will wonder
that it was not always admitted
and apparent. Let us be content, con-
quered! Our triumph was not a har-
vest merely but a seeding whose
^{ever ripening} ~~ripe~~ fruits the ages shall gather
with grateful memories hearts.