

# WONDERFUL VISION OF COLONEL ROBERT G. INGERSOLL

ONE OF THE MOST ELOQUENT SPEECHES IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

THE past, as it were, risen before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for National life. We hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boldest drums—the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they

love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places, with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring with brave words spoken in the old tones to drive away the awful fear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe

in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing—at the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever. We see them all as they march proudly away under the fluttering flags, keeping time to the wild grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and to die for the eternal right.

We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the glory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand

guard with them in the wild storm, and under the quiet stars. We are with them in the ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of fort, and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel.

We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured.

We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

The past rises before us, and we see four millions of human beings governed by the lash—we see them bound hand and foot—we hear the strokes of cruel whips—we see the hounds tracking women through tangled swamps. We see babes sold from the breasts of mothers. Cruelly unspokeable! Outrage infinite!

Four million bodies in chains—four million souls in fetters. All the

sacred relations of wife, mother, father and child trampled beneath the brutal feet of night. All this was done under our own beautiful banner of the free.

The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the bursting shell. The broken fetters fall. There heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction-block, the slave-pen, and the whipping-post, and we see homes and firesides and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldier living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead.

## No Heroic Sacrifice Lost

What Was the Motive of the Multitudes of Men Who Fought for the Union?

BY JAMES A. GARFIELD.  
(Extract from an oration delivered at Arlington, Va., May 29, 1863.)

I am oppressed with a sense of the impropriety of uttering words on this occasion. If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of fifteen thousand men whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem, the music of which can never be sung. With words we make promises, plight faith, praise virtue. Promises may not be kept; plighted faith may be broken; and vaunted virtue be only the cunning mask of vice. We do not know one promise these men made, one pledge they gave, one word they spoke, but we do know they summed up and perfected by one supreme act, the highest virtues of men and citizens. For love of country they accepted death, and thus resolved all doubts, and made immortal their patriotism and their virtue. For the noblest man that lives, there still remains a conflict. He must still withstand the assaults of time and fortune, must still be assailed with temptations, before which lofty natures have fallen; but with these the conflict ended, the victory was won, when death stamped on them the great seal of heroic character, and closed a record which years can never blot.

I know of nothing more appropriate on this occasion than to inquire what brought these men here; what high motive led them to condense life into an hour, and to close their hour by joyfully welcoming death? Let us consider.

Eight years ago this was the most unwarlike Nation of the earth. For nearly fifty years no spot in any of these states had seen the scene of battle. Thirty millions of people, an army of almost ten thousand men.

The faith of our people in the stability and permanence of their institutions was like their faith in the eternal course of Nature. Peace, liberty and personal security were blessings as common and universal as sunshine and showers and fruitful seasons; the old American principle that all owe due submission and obedience to the lawfully expressed will of the majority.

This is not one of the doctrines of our political system—it is the system itself. It is our political armament, in which all other truths are set, as stars in heaven. It is the encasing air, the breath of the Nation's life. Against this principle the whole weight of the rebellion was thrown. Its overthrow would have brought such ruin as might follow in the physical universe if the power of gravitation were destroyed, and—Nature's concord broken, and—Among the constellations war were sprung.

Two planets, rushing from aspect malign. Of fierce opposition, in mid-sky Should combat, and their jarring spheres confound.

The Nation was summoned to arms by every high motive which can inspire men. Two centuries of freedom had made its people unfit for despotism. They must save their Government or miserably perish.

As a flash of lightning in a midnight tempest reveals the awful horrors of the sea, so did the flash of the first gun disclose the awful abyss into which rebellion was ready to plunge us. In a moment the fire was lighted in twenty million hearts. In a moment we were the most warlike Nation on the earth. In a moment we were not merely a people with an army—we were a people in arms. The Nation was in column—not at all the front, but all in the array.

I love to believe that no heroic sacrifice is ever lost; that the characters of men are molded and inspired by what their fathers have done; that treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race, from Agincourt to Bunker Hill; that such an influence that led a young Greek, two thousand years ago, when musing on the battle of Marathon, to exclaim "The trophies of Miltiades will not let me sleep!"

Could these men be silent in 1861, these, whose ancestors had felt the inspiration of battle on every field where civilization had fought in the last thousand years? Read their answer in this green turf. Each for himself gathered up the cherished purposes of life—the aims and ambitions, its dearest affections—and flung all, with life itself, into the scale of battle.

And now consider this silent assembly of the dead. What does it represent? Nay, rather, what does it not represent? It is an epitome of the war. Here are sheaves reaped, in the harvest of death, from every battlefield of Virginia. If each grave had a voice to tell us what its silent tenant last saw and heard of earth, we might stand, with uncovered heads, and hear the whole story of the war. We should hear that one perished when the first great drops of the crimson shower began to fall, when the darkness of that first disaster at Manassas fell like an eclipse on the Nation; that another died of disease while warily waiting for winter to end; that this one fell in the field, in sight of the spires of Richmond,

little dreaming that the flag must be carried through three more years of blood before it should be planted in that citadel of treason; and that one fell when the tide of war had swept us back till the roar of rebel guns shook the dome of yonder Capitol, and re-echoed in the chambers of the executive mansion. We should hear mingled voices from the Rappahannock, the Rapidan, the Chickahominy, and the James; solemn voices from the Wilderness, and triumphant shouts from the Shenandoah, from Petersburg and the Five Forks, mingled with the wild acclaim of victory and the sweet chorus of returning peace. The voices of these dead will forever fill the land like holy benedictions.

What other spot so fitting for their last resting-place as this, under the shadow of the Capitol saved by their valor? Here, where the grim edge of battle joined; here where all the hope and fear and agony of their country centered; here let them rest, asleep on the Nation's heart, entombed in the Nation's love!

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD  
BY THEODORE O'HARA.  
(Written on the occasion of removing to their last resting place the remains of Kentuckians who fell in the battle of Buena Vista.)

The muffled drums and roll has beat  
The soldier's last tattoo;  
No more on life's parade shall meet  
The brave and fallen few.  
On Fame's eternal camping ground  
Their silent tents are spread,  
And glory guards, with solemn round,  
The bivouac of the dead.

No rumor of the foe's advance  
Now swells upon the wind;  
No troubled thought at midnight haunts  
Of loved ones left behind;  
No vision of the morrow's strife  
The warrior's dream alarms;  
No braying horn or screaming file  
At dawn shall call to arms.  
Their silvered swords are red with rust,  
Their plumed heads are bowed;  
Their banners, trailed in dust,  
Lie now in their graves.  
And pensive funeral-tears have washed  
The red stains from each brow;  
And proud forms by battle gashed,  
Are free from anguish now.

The neighboring troop, the flashing blade,  
The bugle's stirring blast,  
The charge, the dreadful cannonade,  
The din and shout, are past.  
Nor war's wild notes, nor victory's peal,  
Shall thrill with fierce delight  
Those breasts that never more may feel  
The rapture of the fight.  
Like the fierce northern hurricane  
That sweeps his great plateau,  
Pushed down the triumphal way to gain,  
Comes down the startled foe.  
Who heard the thunder of the fray  
Break over the field beneath,  
Knew well the watchword of that day  
Was "Victory or death!"

Full many a northern breath has swept  
O'er Angostura's plain,  
And long the pitying sky has wept  
Above its moldered slain.  
The raven's scream, or eagle's flight,  
Or shepherd's pensive lay,  
Sole now wakes each solemn night,  
That trodden o'er that dead day.

Boas of the Dark and Bloody Ground,  
Ye must not slumber there,  
Where stranger-sleeps and tongues resound  
Along the heedless air!  
Your war's proud lands' heroic soil  
Shall be your sister grave;  
She claims from War its richest spoils—  
The ashes of her brave.  
Thus, 'neath their parent turf they rest,  
From the gory field,  
Borne to a Spartan mother's breast  
On many a bloody shield.  
The sunshine of their native sky  
Smiles sadly on them here,  
And kindled eyes and hearts watch by  
The heroes' sepulcher.

Rest on, embalm'd and maim'd dead!  
Dear as the blood ye gave,  
No impious footstep here shall tread  
The herbage of your graves.  
Nor shall your glory be forgot!  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where valor proudly sleeps.



Far wandering in a sun-kissed, Western land  
Beside a river flowing to the sea,  
I walked among the graves of soldier dead  
That lay in warred ranks beneath the bloom  
And fragrance springing from the yielding sod,  
And read each record on the marble shafts  
That marked the final, silent bivouac  
Of them that slept. O, peaceful be their rest!  
Each stone was deeply carved with the name  
And home of him that silent lay beneath;  
And some there were that told of noble deed  
Or kindly act in time of danger grave;  
And some that rose above the common ranks  
And told of loyal scars and honors won.

Here lay one on his honored, native soil;  
And here was one that heard the call of arms  
Above the surf that frets the coast of Maine;  
And here were many from the sister states  
Whose names call to the mind the Summer rain—  
The glistering cornfields, awaying in the breeze;  
And here and there was one, who, from the South,  
Had fought beside his brothers from the North.  
I wandered on; and on the further side,  
Grass-grown, and somewhat distant from the rest,  
I saw a lonely grave, and at its head  
A simple, wooden slab, unpainted, rough—  
And, on its face, the single word, "Unknown."

Salem, Or.

Long, long I stood beside the lonely grave  
And pondered of the one that lay beneath.  
How came he there? How were his laurels won?  
What mother bent above his infant bed  
And kissed the soft, damp hair above his brow,  
And strained him to her breast before he went,  
And daily prayed for his returning step?  
Had he a sweetheart? Did she proudly keep  
Within her bosom, through the anxious day,  
His letter, perfumed with the powder smoke  
That told of fearful battle, stern and grim?  
Did his strong arm revive some fainting hope  
And turn the battle's tide against the foe?  
Or did he silent pace his weary round  
With unclosed eyelids, through the stormy night?  
Did he return to home and those he loved,  
With loyal marks of victory dearly won;  
Or did they wait in vain through silent years  
In fear and hope until they passed away?

God knows. Let him the living record keep  
That marks this lonely grave; but this we know:  
He had a mother once; he marched away  
To battle in his country's hour of need!  
Then let us pray this miracle shall be:  
The dead, insensate, weather-beaten slab  
Shall live, and on its face these words appear:  
"Here lies a soldier in an honored grave—  
Unknown to us, but not unknown to God."



## All Now Devoted to Flag

Blessed Is the Country Whose Soldiers Fight and Are Willing to Die for It.

BLESSED is that country whose soldiers fight for it and are willing to give the best they have, the best that any man has, their own lives, to preserve it because they love it. Such an army the United States has always commanded in every crisis of her history. From the War of the Revolution to the late Civil War, the men followed that flag in battle because they loved that flag and believed in what it represented.

That was the stuff of which the volunteer army of '61 was made. Every one of them not only fought, but thought. And many of them did their own thinking and did not always agree with their commander.

A young soldier in the late war was on the battle line ahead with the color-guard, bearing the Stars and Stripes way in front of the line, but the enemy still in front of him. The General called out to the color-bearer, "Bring those colors back to the line," and quicker than any bullet that young soldier answered back, "Bring the line up to the colors." It was the line up to the colors; there was a man behind it, and there was patriotism in his heart. So high is grandeur to our dust; so near is God to man. When duty whispers low, "Thou must," The youth replies, "I can." And so, more than two million brave men thus responded and made up an army grander than any army that ever shook the earth with its tread, and engaged in a holier cause than ever engaged soldiers before. What defenders, my countrymen, have we now? We have the remnant of this old, magnificent, matchless army, of which I have been speaking,

and then, as allies in any future war, we have the brave men who fought against us on Southern battlefields. The army of Grant and the army of Lee are together. They are one now in faith, in hope, in fraternity, in purpose, and in an invincible patriotism. And therefore the country is in no danger, in justice, in peace, secure, and in devotion to the flag all one.

THE OLD MAN AND JIM.  
BY JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.  
Old man never had much to say—  
"Cap'n to Jim—  
And Jim was the wisest boy he had,  
And the old man was wrapped up in him!  
Never heard him speak but once  
When the army broke out, and Jim he went.

The old man back'd him for three months.  
And all 't he heard the old man say  
Was, "Jim, as we turned to start away—  
"Well, good-by, Jim,  
"Take keer of yourself."  
Peared-like he was more satisfied  
And lik'd him all in his heart, he was—  
"Cause he was 'Jim wrapped up in him!  
And over and over I mind the day  
The old man come and wood round in the way.  
While we was drillin', a-watchin' Jim—  
And down at the depot a-berlin' him say  
"Well, good-by, Jim,  
"Take keer of yourself."  
Never was nothin' about the farm  
Disting'ishin' Jim  
The old man 'peared wrapped up in him;  
But when Cap Bagger he with back  
"At Jim was the bravest boy we had  
In the whole dern regiment, white or black,

## Bravery of Confederates

From Address by Senator Daniels, of Virginia, at Confederate Reunion, October 11, 1890.

THE Confederate States of America live only in history. There they will live forever in the dignity of honest purpose and high principle, and in the pathetic grandeur of American self-sacrifice. They are repudiated in the virtues of the people that repudiated them. They are made immortal by the great deeds of men and women done for them. Of all the crimes or falsehoods that the historian is guilty of, there is one crime which history is without power to commit; so does all human nature rebel against it. It can never bring the stigma of contempt or shame upon a people who bravely fought for liberty and for independence. You, my surviving comrades, are but a fragment of the band that did this thing—fought for liberty and for independence. Those who fight for liberty stand upright and alone. No adjective can disturb their firm footing; no adjective can strike them down.

Some say it is better for mankind in the long run that the South failed. God alone can tell. Some say it were wiser that the South should never undertake to set up for itself a separate republic. None but God can tell. Whether for better or whether for worse, had we succeeded in the great enterprise of making a new nation, such is the merit of the thing we fought for, and so glorious and dear to the hearts of all mankind are liberty and independence, that it would condone all errors of judgment if committed, and glorify and consecrate all failures done for their sake. All mankind, including our Northern brethren, honor you for two things. First, because you offered your lives to your country's cause; and second, because you were honest, honorable, chivalrous, humane and brave.

The Confederate soldier lived, moved and had his being within the brief space of four years. These four years flame across the sky of history with the brilliancy of a comet. They were years of undimmed glory. There was no Confederate soldier before 1861, and there was no Confederate soldier after 1865. The Confederate marked its boundaries with your bayonets. It flashed into the family of nations like a sword from its scabbard.

Charles W. Hall in National Magazine. Who marches next Memorial Day? Speak up, brave comrades; let men say—"The poet turns out in force this year!"

Grant's veterans, Sherman's infantry, Sheridan's tireless cavalry, Farquar's sea-dogs without peer; Timeless and fearless in the past, Bear yourselves proudly to the last. Though years fly fast and death draws near.

Who'll bear the dear old flag—the bright, Tricolor'd banner, red and white As sunset's glory, spotless snow, On whose broad field of heavenly blue The golden stars of statehood true Like beacons, show divinely glow? 'Tis but a wisp of silk; the staff Light as a boy's wand. You laugh; They seemed so forty years ago.

Who'll lead us through the crowded streets, While cornets blare and band-rom-brasts Help us to keep unworried hearts To martial strains that give new life, To memories of those years of strife And trial in your southern clime? Wherein we poured out youth's sweet bloom And manhood's strength, like the perfume That censures waste in faces sublime?

Not the old Colonel tried and true, Nor his stout Major; in review Or match they'll lead us no more. Some Captain brave, I dareswain say, Or Sergeant proved in march and fray, Succeeds to the command they bore; When, waking from the spell of peace, In memories proud we felt success Of pain and donned the blue once more.

In memories of brave deeds and men; Of losses bleeding joy and pain; Of gallant lives given to death Lovally, cheerily as rain Falls on the white-hot lava plain To perish in its wedding bath. In charity, to those grief-worn Watching in vain for their return Of whom "Unknown" the record saith.

Who speaks for us Memorial day? Whose burning words shall for us say Something that brings our low youth back to the days of their youth? The hopes and aims of high enterprise That made life nothing in our eyes And finer none than Death or Fear; Who shall interpret for us, new That men to gold and pleasures have, How love of country was most dear?

When shall we mark Memorial day? Well is it that long years ally The burdens of the laboring hand In joy or sorrow for the hat Is long of loved ones we have missed From camp and banquet, field and mart; In ancient story, field or fray, And peaceful destinies passed away. They from our hearts were torn apart, God give them peace Memorial day, Whereas his blessed islands lay In golden light, or purple haze, Where deathless flowers and healing For tired eyes and busy calm

hard. It went back out of the family of nations like a shining sword back into its scabbard, without a gap upon its edge. It was born, it lived, and it died amidst the roll of drums, the blare of bugles, the rattle of musketry and the thunder of cannon. Its constitution was dissolved in the flame of Civil War. Its institutions perished when the sun went down after Appomattox. There was a new heaven and a new earth, and the old South lay upon the battlefield dead in majesty. Far off now among the cypress trees and under its native skies it lies buried with a broken shaft to tell its tragic end. It represented the land of brave American men and tender and modest women.

The Confederate veteran may ask, "What will history say of us and of the Confederate cause? At Appomattox, when General Lee was resolved to save further effusion of blood, one of his attendants passionately exclaimed: "Oh, General, what will history say of the surrender of the army in the field?" "Yes, I know," the answer came, "I know they will say hard things of us. They will not understand how we were overwhelmed by numbers. This is not the question. The question is, is it right to surrender this army and prevent the further effusion of blood? and I take the responsibility, in history say what it may."

History will say, say history has said, that there was no treason in being a Confederate. No more loyal-hearted or devoted people ever trod God's green earth or lifted their eyes towards heaven. Daniel Webster, in vindicating the patriots engaged in the colonial struggle, maintained that after the battle of Bunker Hill they could not be tried and convicted as traitors. If this be the principle when technically all had undoubtedly violated their obligations of allegiance, how must the case stand when the question of allegiance is itself the issue? I am content to give my answer by saying that the Confederate States did not fight only a single battle, but that their flag floated in two thousand battles. Braver and better battles never were fought by the children of men.

## Who Marches Next Memorial Day

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Who'll bear the dear old flag—the bright, Tricolor'd banner, red and white As sunset's glory, spotless snow, On whose broad field of heavenly blue The golden stars of statehood true Like beacons, show divinely glow? 'Tis but a wisp of silk; the staff Light as a boy's wand. You laugh; They seemed so forty years ago.

Who'll lead us through the crowded streets, While cornets blare and band-rom-brasts Help us to keep unworried hearts To martial strains that give new life, To memories of those years of strife And trial in your southern clime? Wherein we poured out youth's sweet bloom And manhood's strength, like the perfume That censures waste in faces sublime?

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