

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE LAST TATTOO.

'Tis written that the dead shall rise at last
From their forgotten places and find life :
But he who loved the people in their need,
Though given back to nature, dieth not ;
He shall continue with us to that day.

Great soldier who didst never break our trust
But kept it well,—if that strong hand of thine
Which led the nation upward into peace
May draw the darkness fall'n twixt us and thee,—
View these sad hosts here gathered from thy fields
To watch thy bringing home. Pass into rest :
For thou from that high place thy worth has wrought
Above the troubles of dead time, hast seen
The last red ember of the camp-fire quenched,
The battle-cloud blown seaward, and the land,
Whose once dividing furrows thou didst smooth,
Quiet in harvest.

Sound the last tattoo :

Roll, war drums ; colors, dip ; and ye grim throats
That spoke his iron menace, wake again
To chant a requiem to the answering hills :
Our captain sleeps.

The day broke heavy and sullen, as though the smoke
of his battles yet hung in the sky. There was a city
of black, and through a hundred miles of thoroughfare
the symbols of death fluttered and swayed. Here the
portals of a millionaire, sable and gold, with cashmere
and precious lace ; there a bit of dingy cambric dangling
from a tenement window ; arch, cornice and pillar of
great buildings veiled ; spires of marble scarfed and
hidden ; the doorways of the temple shrouded ; shops
stripped of their tinsel and thick with shadows ; the
avenue heavy with streamers of gloom ; on ten thousand