

foe were with him again, but the eye saw only that reverent blackness which bore him as a cloud. In softest music that went and came in whispers, the grief of the nation was voiced, and the folds of the flag he loved so well were above and around him, and so onward into the valley of the shadow he went, with the last gaze of the peoples following till distance shut her gates upon the view.

Now the rattle of many wheels as the carriages of delegates and ambassadors, ministers and companions joined the line. Then strode the comrades of his camps and battles.

From every field of the nation's glory came these to honor him. That gray sergeant loaded the howitzer which the young lieutenant trained from the belfry at Chapultepec; that sleeve had been empty since the recoil of the gray billows hurled upon Thomas at Chickamauga; yonder a red scar burns in proud memory of that hour at Aldie when Kilpatrick rode down with a whirlwind of death; that veteran limps still from Hugér's last shell at Manasses; his companion pulled the lanyard of Rickett's first gun; that proud-eyed giant planted the color on the summit at Mission Ridge; that drummer beat the rally on the river bank at Shiloh. All heroes, all worthy the man.

And thus to every mind again, after many years and for the last time, came the great war as a dream. Again the restless contention of orators and statesmen, the bitterness and insult, the rebuke and injury, the hot spirit of trouble fanning the land to a blaze. Then the lowering of the storm, the stealthy hum of preparation, and the echoes and shock of Moultrie's first gun. Again the ranks of resolute men, shoulder to shoulder, with steadfast pace to the front. Again the wild drums beat down the sobbing and moan of desolate homes, and the trumpet's fierce blare directed the charge. The dust and grime rising and shrouding the murder beneath, the trample of hoofs, the hissing of the hail of death, the rush to the color, the yells of the pursuer and the cries