

of drill, we had little to do except spin yarns and play cards. You can easily imagine that we became very neglectful of our religious duties. 'Tis true, we had a chaplain. His name was Voltaire Perfectos (out of respect to the cloth the writer does not wish to reveal the chaplain's real name.) Strange to say, the chaplain was no Catholic, indeed, it is hard to say if he had any religion, while most of the company were Catholics. One of the privates told me that Perfectos had been a cigar-maker, and times being dull, he looked around for a more paying occupation. One day he was inspired to send a box of his namesakes to President Grant, and one fine morning he woke up to find himself a United States army chaplain, and thus got a new handle to his superlative name in the shape of "Reverend." Perfectos was a harmless sort of a fellow, but now and then he gave vent to a little bigotry, mistaking it for religious zeal, which he thought he was bound to practice occasionally in order to keep his hand in, especially when the paymaster was around, and to show that 'the servant is worthy of his hire.' However, Perfectos didn't make much use of his religious ammunition, since the boys were always ready to reply with a well-directed volley of words. Sometimes, though for

fun's sake, they made the chaplain pull his trigger at someone else's expense. I was the target at times.

"One day we heard that a black-gown (as the Indians call the priests) would soon be in the neighborhood. Finally it was announced that the missionary would be on hand the next Sunday. I think it was about the middle of May. Of course we all asked to go to the settlement, except Perfectos, who couldn't go on principle. So the captain announced that 'Corporal Gunn (myself of course) is detailed to bring the company to the church,' or, what served for such. Everyone went, some for duty's sake, some through curiosity, some to do a little flirting, and others—especially myself—to square up their conscience.

"I ought to say here, that only a week before, in a brush with the Indians, a bullet had whizzed too uncomfortably near my head, and I came near being mustered out of service for good. I wasn't yet quite prepared to let any sing over me:

*All honor to our soldier dead—
Who nobly fought to save this land."

so I thought it was safer not to delay in coming to terms with the heavenly Paymaster."

TO BE CONTINUED.

THE DEATH OF MARTIN LUTHER.

BY CHARLES WARREN CURRIER.



ARDLY anyone in the history of the world has been, at the same time, the object of such admiration and such contempt, such praise and such blame, as the man whose name stands inscribed in the title of this essay.

From his fiery youth, when crowned with honors, to old age he possessed a host of admirers and friends as well as numerous enemies who abhorred his very name. Both admiration and contempt survived him, and they have been handed down from generation to generation to the present

day. Of all the moments of his eventful life that which must appear most interesting as well to those in whose minds Martin Luther is enshrined as a saint, as to those who look upon him as a miserable heresiarch, is the moment of his death. If it is true that death is the echo of life, then ought that of Martin Luther to re-echo his career, as death does the lives of most mortals. If he was the saint his followers have represented him to be, then ought his death to have been that of the saint, the death of the just. If, on the other hand, he led the life of a sinner, as others believed, it will not be astonishing to learn that he died the death of the