

The man who wrote the above signed himself "Junius Brutus Booth," Citizen of the United States." Thirty-nine years later his son fires a pistol-shot in a theatre in Washington, and a continent is shaken to its centre.

There is a strange equality in war. That bit of lead we call a bullet is a sad leveller; it knows no distinction between peer and peasant, but is the same grim life-taker to either. Brunswick goes down before it at Quatre Bras—Turenne at Sasbach—Moore at Corunna—Berwick at Philipsburg—Charles at Fredericks-huld—Sydney at Zutphen—as easily as any poor conscript from the Rhineland.

No where does man pay the penalty of life so readily as on the battle field. Nay, there that penalty seems even to wear a strange charm of its own.

Death is abroad and men go to meet him—smoke hides his fleshless arms—roar of cannon deadens his hoarse rattle—the strong fall before him, not the weak—the sword and not the sheet is in his victim's grasp—men run not from but to him, and his sight makes bolder instead of terrifying. Then comes the morrow—the trench dug, perhaps, for the cannon holds the dead; all alike, too, for the battle's graveyard knows no pauper's corner.

Far away in dim cathedrals, and amidst the hum of cities, they build, perchance, great monuments to soldier-princes, but the proudest grave that earth can give to soldier-prince or soldier-private, is the grave beneath the turf whereon he fell. The plough may turn the sod above it, the grain may grow and ripen, the lark sing, the reaper, in summer, work his sickle, and the winter snow lie deep upon it—what of all that? These men did their work and went to sleep at tattoo of the battle-drum, nor will they wake until the last great trumpet is sounding forth its vast *réveillée*.