

up. We were not a whit less chastened, but every man felt lighter. We came with a sigh of shame: we went away with a sigh of relief. The long-delayed duty was done. The bones of our countrymen were⁵ shattered and scattered abroad, and no man knows their place; none the less Gordon had his due burial at last. So we steamed away to the roaring camp and left him alone again. Yet not one nor two looked back at the mouldering palace and the tangled garden¹⁰ with a new and a great contentment. We left Gordon alone—but alone in majesty under the conquering ensign of his own people.

GEORGE WARRINGTON STEEVENS [1870-1900].