



MILITARY ESSAYS AND RECOLLECTIONS

OF THE
PENNSYLVANIA COMMANDERY
MILITARY ORDER
OF THE
LOYAL LEGION
OF THE
UNITED STATES

Compiled by
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— Volume I —

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The soldier bade his fancy roam
 Far from the foe's battalions proud—
 From camps, and hot steeds' champing foam,
 And fondly on your breast at home
 The forehead of his spirit bowed!

Teach those who toil in gilded seats,
 With nodding plume and jewelled gown,
 Boasting a pedigree that dates
 Back to the men who swayed the fates
 When Thou wert battling Britain's crown,
 That ere the world a century swims
 Through time—this poor, blue-coated host,
 With brevet-rank of shattered limbs,
 Will swell the fame in choral hymns
 And be of pride the proudest boast!

LOYALTY

BY COMPANION JOSHUA L. CHAMBERLAIN

[Read February 22, 1866]

COMPANIONS OF THE LOYAL LEGION:

My salutation is for all this great assembly—august with the characters of dignity and power; resplendent with the symbols of generous culture; endeared by tokens of constancy and sacrifice, and of love, which is supreme strength.

Our English tongue is not prone to flatter; otherwise I might seem to pay more pointed honor by repeating my salutation in a feminine form. But there would be no more worthy tribute in that distinction. That would differentiate, when our ruling sentiment to-night is that of unity. In moments of deepest thought, as in great action which carries the soul to its heights—both being also truest revelations—the tendency of our spirits is not towards classifications and specific differences. It grasps in one overmastering sense of wholeness and identity what there is of noblest in human personality, and presents it without qualification under its supreme title, by divine right of that common lineage which makes us one in name as in interest and inheritance.

And yet, the presence of womanhood here in companionship with this military order I cannot but note with seriousness deeper than chivalry. It makes this an hour of "the better soul." It is as if there stood before us the angel of the whole human tragedy; symbol of all sanctities; inspiration and answer of both sacrifice and achievement; in the long, sharp struggle for the deliverance from evil, witness in the sense of martyr;

and in the realization of the complete spiritual manhood, the divinest element and heavenly hostage.

Right and fitting, then, is this simple, comprehensive greeting—Companions of loyalty.

The happy auspices of this service reach to us from wide ways—breathe upon us far-drawn benedictions.

The place—this city, where ninety years ago was voiced that Declaration of the birth of a new People out of the deep heart of man working in God's mysterious ways; having its name and title yet to vindicate, but in the strength of unconquerable truth daring the momentous essay. The day—ever to be held in honoring memory, returning birth-time of that providential man without whose steadfast heart, unselfish purpose and high equipoise of soul, the perturbed and particularized local elements of this people would miss the fruits and even the meaning of their great common struggle, and lost we know not what of time, and toil and heroic endeavor by failing of prompt embodiment in coherent form. The occasion—this institution of an Order of Honor, to cherish memories of loyal and costly devotion; to pledge hearts anew to the faith of freedom under law; to perpetuate the ascendancy of immortal ideas over temporal interests and passions; to celebrate the enfranchisement of the People; to salute the dear old flag, purged of untruth or doubt, supreme in honor as in power over all the land.

This assembly—vast, magnificent in representative character; these most welcome and distinguished guests, ambassadors from splendid courts and people older far than we; honoring us with their favor; nearer yet this representation of our people in every branch and rank of their authority, honor, power and office; the President of these United States with his high commissioned Cabinet, executing supreme trusts for the great well-being and life; Judges of the Supreme Court interpreting by their principles the ordinances of the Constitution; Senators and Representatives in Congress, directing the practical ways of justice and right for the movement of these free

powers; Officers of the Army and Navy, standing for the great defence and vindication and identity, Governors of States representing that care for local interests vital to self government; Masters in our Universities and Schools of learning, enlightening the path onward and the minds that seek it; Ministers of the Gospel of Good Will showing the law of love by which man is brother; these also, potent in all other offices and spheres of influence, makers, movers, transformers and exchangers of goods among men; builders of this mighty composite nation; an assembly of the people, in whose behalf this great defence was undertaken, upon whom also the cost fell, and was nobly borne; themselves united by high faiths and memories and hopes—and now by sacrifices not to be fathomed. For I see along these balconies shadows and veils of mourning. The divineness of sorrow permeates this regenerated life, wherein the love and strength of each being given for all, the love and strength of all should return to each. For it is such high cause that he who shall lose even his life, finds it again in other lives made blessed; and this is unto the life eternal.

These are the powers and benedictions that surround this service. An awe falls on the lips of one who ventures to address you.

There are periods which we call days of small things. These may perhaps be of more account than we name them. If thought and feeling are true, they may be times of brooding, forming, ripening. But there strikes an hour when these slumbering forces burst into bloom, shoot into crystal, blaze into deed. So it was for our Country. So it was with us. Knowing not what should be for us to do or suffer in the fulfilling of our days, we were holding ourselves true to such ideals as we saw, striving to be building up that steadfastness of soul which meets with level eyes whatever assails our honor or our peace, ready for what duty should summon, or fate unroll. We were studying patriotism and loyalty as best we could, unconscious

that we were preparing to take part in completing their definition.

Suddenly came upon us the crisis; forcing the issue before held in doubt or unclearness, or left to the arbitrament of words. Now came the test, the searching of hearts, the obedience, the revelation. We have learned what manhood is, what cost is in everything held of worth; we know now what we are, and what we belong to, and what character is under this name of Country.

So we meet to-day, having passed the storm and struggle, the trial and vindication—not self-glorying, but self-contained; more in our thoughts, more in our hearts, than before; looking backward, but looking forward. Still in our eyes the spectacle of momentous hazard, of tremendous forces at utmost tension, surges of armies, dismal wastes of death, unspeakable sacrifices costlier yet, for the sake of higher things not seen—experiences which give terrible weight to the very names that stand for them, even in contemplation.

Looking back a little, all around us and we ourselves seem lifted out of due place and proportion—make part of some phantasmagoria of infernal forces mocking our common life. The sky is still aglow, as with dying conflagration. Yet beyond it rises the dawn, diffusing the phantoms, broadening into the broad truth of day. Under it, things will take on their right form and relation. What all this was for will be made manifest; what we shall be will appear. These are the days of great things. After the slow travail of the centuries we celebrate the deliverance of the Nation.

We are summoned here in the warrant of strong words—Roman words, charged with Roman ideas, that conquered the world; force, form, unity, law, fidelity. The very phrase of your official title shows in every word not only a potent thought, but a veritable fact of history. The Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States! Monumental, presageful words! By the military has come order, and because a legion has been loyal, the States are still united.

The words gather to their climax—The United States—the reason, the justification, the aim and end of all—the potent name which tested loyalty, and summoned it, to make good its meaning.

We have made Loyalty the characteristic and inspiring principle of this Military Order. We set it high in honor, and regard ourselves as honored by it in turn, prizing its insignia as the Cross of Knighthood. Surely then we have some thought about it, deep and commanding. But is its object definite and clear? Can we say exactly what it was we held dearer than all things our individual life holds dear? Nothing would seem more befitting this occasion than to turn our thoughts upon this question. Not as if immature years and limited range of studies permitted one to pronounce upon the nature of the political life of the people of the United States—the law of this being and well-being. But we can look for the reasons for the faith that was in us, and find how we were justified in the responsibility we accept, and in the cost with which it was so strenuously exercised. We said our cause was that of Country, and the Old Flag. For a motive and spring of action, that was sufficient. For first we must have a Country before we can raise the question whether it is right or wrong, or whether we are right or wrong in our action towards it. We may ask the question What is Country? And may answer it in a word by saying it is the highest organization of the human forces for widest human ends. We held ourselves loyal to Country. But now certainly we may ask what was the law that marked the line of loyalty. What were the interests, of content or intent, which warranted such costly defence? Where was the moral authority which made it a just cause? Whence was that thunder-voice which flashed its will into deeds that shook the earth and heaven, and proclaimed to the will of man a law above its own?

But this sentiment of loyalty itself—what is it? The word is closely related in its origin to those other great words, law and legion—all Roman words, full of force—of will and hand. They all reach back to the idea of the chosen, the holder and

holding. All carry the acknowledgment of a present authority, laying down law; a consent collected, a course elected, a chief or champion selected—these all flowing from or towards some sense of right. The word itself is living witness of this perpetual cognizance in man. Its history makes the phases of the political history of medieval and modern Europe. Blazoned on the banners of so many causes, enlisting now the best, and now perchance the worst of measures; test of tyrants; fiction of pretenders; watchword of patriots; battle-cry of heroes; proud legend over the tombs of extinguished armies, lost empires and dethroned kings: word of faith which wings the prayer and kindles the face of martyrs; saving grace of fields where all is lost but honor—this potent, ever present word, constant amidst the inconstancy of things, attests that instinct in man of allegiance, inextinguishable recognition of an excellence somewhere with which he is mysteriously interlinked—belonging to it, as it to him; a principle, or right, or power—for him, yet over him—supreme above all individual self, in the sacrifice of which it commands, justifies, and recompenses all.

Loyalty then, is not mere conformity. It is fidelity; truth to faith; constancy of soul. Its true action is not constrained obedience to a superior, but the keeping of a covenant; free forthgiving to an answering ideal of right and good, to which one is spiritually bound. But being so bound, men are not free to forsake it. Viewed objectively, as an element in practical matters of human society, there is in it warrant of compulsion. Those of whom it might justly be expected are held to it as by an iron legion. Dereliction from it in times of general peril is punished as crime. Indeed, it holds by such high tenure that recreancy to it is deemed not only criminal but dishonorable—not only a sin of the will, but a shame of the soul.

Now this is a great word to use in our title; a great claim to set up for our conduct. The rank and merit of it must be measured by the value of the object upon which it is engaged. We wish to know, then, what is the value of that sentiment in us, which has borne so many noble spirits to highest passages

of life and death, and to which in the aftercalm of peace with devout mood as on bended knee, we pledge ourselves anew and forever. The issue was in its outward aspect as to our form of government; reaching deeper, it was as to the nature of the political life and organization of our people, and further, perhaps, as to the intent and purpose of the people in these expressions by which as well as by the letter of them we must construe the Constitution and laws. Only the simplest of these questions shall we presume to consider.

I am well aware that the rules of this Order do not permit at its meetings the discussion of political topics. Yet, curiously enough, the matters of chief concernment recognized in this Order of Loyalty are precisely political. The national life, the spiritual forces of a people and their material organization in laws, constitutions and institutions, are the domain of politics. These are what this Loyal Legion charges itself with defending. But I trust I shall not deserve the mortification of being called to order by our honored Commander. There are two aspects and spheres of politics: one is that of practical detail, the minor tactics of particular policies, the machinery of methods and measures—questions upon which opinions may naturally differ, parties arise, sharp discussions and perhaps serious dissensions ensue; the other is that of the great whole, the vital principles, the moral convictions and purposes, the guiding ideals of a peoples' life and movement.

Surely the spirit of this Order or this day does not permit a descent into the arena of party questions, or local or personal contests for place and power. But we can hold ourselves on higher wing, and in an atmosphere of calm survey the path we have trod, and seek the all-compelling thought which gave us courage and strength to follow it, through bitter cost, to the triumphant end. For I think we must confess that while the interests which controlled our antagonists were concrete and tangible, the object of our loyalty had not so clear a form, so definite a content. Yet so intense was it, that there must have

been something most deep-reaching and vital as its animating principle.

We said we were fighting for the old flag, and for whatever it fairly meant. The flag was concrete enough for us, but was this meaning fully unfolded? We were fighting too, for the Union, we said; but was it the Union as it had been, or as it should be? as it was, or was to be? For the moods and tenses of verbs, sometimes, tell of the passage of deep waters—almost from one world to another. Later we came to say we were fighting the battle for the people. We thought there was something definite in that. But who were the people? All the inhabitants in mass? Or was it the political people, responsible agents of sovereignty, who make and unmake governments? The people of the states, or the people of the United States—that is to say—of the States united? And if disunited, where then was the supreme and indivisible sovereignty we had been taught to believe in? Was our loyalty to a dream, or prophecy, or to a living truth, which is living fact—concrete enough, whether we see it or not? We had not time for reflection; we went into that cause not asking ourselves for all its meaning; but the meaning was there; we seek to know it now.

Doubtless our loyalty acknowledged many symbols; but that which gave value to them, the thing itself for which they all stood—what was that?

I. And first I would venture to say it was not the Government—the persons then exercising executive powers under the constitution—whose vindication was the last thought of this uprising. It had some place in the first thought, no doubt; and I do not mean to intimate that such would be an unnatural or unworthy end. English history, early and late, has familiarized us with this application of the sentiment. Often nothing else has been in question. Wars of "succession" have rested on this, with perhaps some reference to beliefs about rights of inheritance in kingships. The white rose of York and red rose of Lancaster were the strange symbols of loyalty to rival per-

sonal interests which cost the noblest blood of England. The influence of this conventional "right" has been sometimes of singular power. We wonder how so many noble souls in the Netherlands in the 16th century could have so long remained loyal to the dark-minded Philip II of Spain, famous for infamies, even when with unspeakable cruelty and treachery he was slaughtering a people to crush a well established system of self-government, and free institutions, of which they were for themselves and for us their near kinsmen, pioneers and protomartyrs. Something of the same potency of words and habits of thought gave the supporters of the Royal policy against the freedom of American and Englishman alike, the name of "Loyalists of the Revolution."

Strictly from this point of view it might be said we were fighting for an existing fact, and our opponents for an idea; whereas in the last analysis it is the converse which is true. No doubt that in our great struggle the feeling that Lincoln was of right president carried with it a great prestige, and drew large numbers of those who had not voted for him, to sustain him in his rightful place. Among honorable soldiers there was doubtless the commanding sense of duty and habit of obedience to authority. The fact, moreover, that the President was the exponent of a great cause—that on him was laid the responsibility for the maintenance of that to which their duty was devoted and their lives pledged, held many to him in reverence and fidelity. To many his personality appealed. That strangely composed character—body and mind—that said, solitary, patient, large and loving soul—struck the imagination, which belongs to the "better soul" of every man, and woke a train of vague sentiments which are a mighty force when they get astir in men's hearts. Who of the Army of the Potomac can ever forget that sorrowful face that was wont to appear before them drawn up for review after each great disaster, to cheer them with almost heartbroken words, or testify his helpless sympathy—those upon whose steadfastness and sacrifice he must rely to carry out his great commission—as he rode with

compressed lips and far inward-looking eyes, along the shattered ranks. It was an exchange of pitying love. They would have cheerfully gone to their death for him—every man of them left.

This personal loyalty was no uncommon thing in our armies; and it was no unworthy thing. Not the less when overruled by some other sentiment held higher. Remarkable was the manner in which our soldiers bore themselves when some loved commander was suddenly removed by others from his place before their eyes. No reasons apparent to them; yet the order acquiesced in, patiently, trustingly, because perhaps required by some great interest or ends that as yet lay out of sight. Loyal, even in darkness, to some high thought—they scarcely knew what.

And when the President himself was stricken down by the blind, stultifying spirit of hate that lurked even in the Capital, some mightier thought than that of vengeance drew other thoughts up into it. As at the surrender at Appomattox an over-ruling spirit as arbiter of human destinies hushed all thought of hate and petty vengeance, so here, amidst deeper grief and indignation stood in men's hearts the august presence of a mightier master, who would carry through victory to its consummation in the enfranchised life of our Country, and its ministry of peace and good will to man. This was for object of our loyalty a personality that should be abiding whatever else should be passing. Although then the concrete results of untold sacrifice could not be seen, although even the creed for the new order of things was not completely defined, we were sure that the great saved life was there, and that whosoever of the brave and trusted, whether in lofty or lowly place, were called to give their lives for it, the great life would move on, and in its demonstration all high endeavor, being built into human good all loss would therein be recompensed. Such was the personality of government to which our loyalty was wedded.

2. Nor was this loyalty to be construed in its literal sense—conformity to law, or trust in law—if we mean by that statutes and fixed rules of action. We are law-abiding citizens, and we mean the laws to be obeyed. These things are subject to change; by slow growth, by advance in the development of vital energies, or it may be by sudden stroke when proved unserviceable or obstructive to the purposed end. With us, law is supposed to be given in the name of what is apprehended as fight. And when it is laid down by the best moral sense of a people to restrain the willfulness of its members, and hold all true to its best ideals, such law is the only practical human rule. It recognized some higher sanction than the actor's momentary will. Obedience becomes sublime because of this. The three-hundred Spartans who blocked with their bodies the pass at Thermopylae before the Persian hosts, are held in perpetual honor by their epitaph; "Stranger, go tell to Sparta that we lie here obedient to her laws." This was the moral support of that severe system of military discipline which has made the Spartan ability famous. So the power and glory of Rome was built on a well-ordered system and rigorous enforcement of law. Its influence is felt to-day the world over, long after her dissolving empire proved the laws were not enough to save her.

But laws sometimes stand not as perfect exponents of righteousness but decrees of custom or of power. We are told from olden times of the throne of iniquity that frameth mischief by a law. Socrates was put to death because he taught better principles of morals than the laws of Athens. And Christ himself went to the cross because he laid down a more searching law of right living than that taught and followed by the religionists of his day.

But there is something behind law, and above it—which makes it, and is ever changing it to conform more and more to highest needs of man, and to the moral order of the world. It is the apprehension of this which is the guide of legislation and government, and the acceptance of it which is the justification

of force. In the light of this, we read the true meaning of certain maxims of public action, greatly liable to be abused in application. "*Inter arma, silent leges*"—"war silences law"—means far more than the mere confession that the laws cannot be enforced in time of war; it implies that, in this, appeal is taken to the ultimate, the law-making power itself, which appoints successive agencies for its ends; it implies that the moral forces of the community despairing of the mild machinery of persuasion through legal procedure have summoned to their vindication by physical forces, which are also part of manhood—that the powers of life and death are to be law-givers now. So that other maxim, "*Salus populi, suprema lex*," does not mean that any mob majority may rightly make its frenzied will the supreme law; it means that in grave perils and critical conjunctures, the deep consciousness and solemn moral conviction of a people must have way—that their spirit must not be paralyzed by lack of fitting forms, or presence of some dead letter of law which no longer witnessed for the truth; but that the conscience and right reason, the tested moral purpose of a people, must rule the hour; that the spirit of life must move forward, making its law as it goes. Not the aggregate of individual self-will, but that deep law written in the heart of the people, looking to the common good facility afforded all for the exercise of their best powers, and security in enjoying the rewards of it. In this is the true sense of that other maxim, "The voice of the people is the voice of God."

For neither law nor life is the end; the realization of human worth, that is the end, and the justification of life and of law. By no other law than this was our loyalty bounded and bound.

3. Nor was it to the Constitution as a literal form fixed once for all "hard and fast," that our loyalty was linked. The spirit of our thought was in it, as was that of the fathers in their time. But the Constitution was not for us nor for them the source of loyalty, nor its content, nor its end. In redressing the wrong done to it, it was the justification of our starting,

but not the bar to our goal. It was the bond by whose warrant we sprung to vindicate the nation's right to live, but not the bound to check the struggle for life. Constitutions do not make a people; they are made by a people. They are called organic law—that is to say, they are the reflection of its interior life, but not a mere creation of its will as law. Our fathers did not vote themselves into a people; they recognized and declared that they were a people. Not full-grown from the first hour; but formed for life in organism and function—able to learn from experience, and to profit by opportunity, and to transmute and assimilate all elements that properly belonged to it, being within its sphere and in harmony with its nature. Not that in every recognition of then existing circumstance the Constitution was to remain fixed and unchangeable forever; from time to time it would eliminate what proved to be alien or fettering to its spirit, and take on what should prove itself to have a rightful place in it. The people was to grow up into a nation, under natural laws—including the nature of man, and in this, his best of thought, of aspiration, of possibility, including also, such elements as in the course of things should be offered to it for nutriment, for increasing substance, and such room and vantage-ground as were necessary for its expanding life and work.

It is natural that a people should grow faster in capacities and needs than in its exterior forms. Laws and constitutions are creations of its advancing life—afterthoughts, not prototypes. It is natural, too, that a people should not at all periods be fully conscious of what in fact it has come to be, and is. Our fathers' great uprising was for the rights of Englishmen; they did not at first dream of independence. We have the express declaration to this effect. Benjamin Franklin, George Washington, the Adamses, are among these patriots not at first fully discerning the signs of the times. It was no sudden thought, but the logic of events which disclosed the great fact that there was already a new people. There was an American People which unconsciously at first was shaping the Declara-

tion, the Revolution, the Constitution. "What do we mean by the American Revolution?" asks John Adams, "Do we mean the American war? The Revolution was effected before the war was commenced. The revolution was in the minds and hearts of the people—a change in their religious sentiments of their duties and obligations."

This consciousness came slowly to our people. In an immature experience they accepted the "Articles of Confederation" as the form of their organic life. But a short trial of it showed how ill-fitting it was to the real being of the people—false to the facts of their existing life, alien to their spirit, destructive rather than constructive of their political freedom of career. Then came the Constitution, in which experience had fashioned a preamble in terms more explicit, specific, concrete and tangible than the preamble to the Declaration, the motives, objects and aims which entered into the organic embodiment of that new life-force asserting itself as one of the nations of the earth. And even this constitution would have come to grief long ago had it not been for John Marshall's saving rule of construction—that it implied the powers necessary to carry into effect its express provisions. Had it not been for this rule of interpretation, the letter of it might have been used to kill the life it professed to cherish.

Many things were possible in this new experience, this rapidly opening and advancing career, for which the constitution did not provide specifically, and could not. It declared the form and organization of the body politic, but could not prescribe beforehand for all contingencies in the national life—abnormal conditions, unforeseen situations, undreamed of exigencies, such as threatened destruction by violence from within. In order to save the constitution itself and what it stands for, it may be necessary at some time to act without plain guides, but according to its spirit and intent, trusting to the right reason and sober thought of the people to judge of it. Only the actor at his peril must read rightly that character and spirit. In the solemn crisis we have passed, those who were

charged with the supreme trusts of the people had to act without appropriate provisions of the constitution to save the life it embodied. This was the application of its profoundest meaning in a supreme crisis. It does not warrant such departure in ordinary times, nor rash judgments, as to what are extraordinary times.

I am saying that our loyalty, true to the spirit of the constitution, does not end in the letter of it. It is the word of the people, but not the final word. Its spirit is witness and interpreter of it. So construed, it is the law of life and prophecy of the coming years. That way it will stand—nay, will go forward; and with it our loyal hearts.

4. Nor was it the protection of our cherished institutions which define loyalty for us—certainly not in any narrow view of them. Institutions are the expressions of the interior life of a community; and growing up spontaneously, without discussion or predetermination, more likely to be a true reflex of the character of a community than are its written laws, sometimes setting up an unattainable ideal, and on the other hand, so easy to change by chance majority. Institutions are the visible forms of our profoundest sentiments. They become formative of character; they preserve the continuity of character. They are the practical exponent of social ethics. In the languages of early times there is one and the same word for manners and morals. What the accepted custom is, that is valid law; that is "right." These familiar institutions become very dear. Men will fight for them; will die for them. Marriage, home, sabbath, church, school, ballot, courts of justice, the army, the processes of charity, the organization of industry—what is there that comes nearer to men than these? Indeed, laws are made to protect these very things, when society becomes complex. This is where all gains come to be "goods." Whatever is won of means of growth, of freedom, of cherished possibilities made fact—what comes from combination, movements of masses; what is won by great national victories, or held by national prestige and power, is practically realizable only in the

personal life—finds its consummation, its highest expression and enjoyment, in the home—which is the unit of human society.

But our homes were not invaded, nor our domestic prosperity assailed. None of these interests of ours in the free States were imperilled even though secessions broke the Country in two. We could stand alone.

What was it then, that touched us so nearly in a movement so distant. Why did we act as if we had a right to coerce those who proposed only to withdraw and let us alone?

Because we were one people, with an avowed faith; and we resolved that that faith should be kept wherever the flag that was its symbol floats; and that that flag should float over the Country that belonged to us all, as we to it; and that nothing that was alien to its spirit and faltering or lowering its life should be permitted to dominate over it.

But one might say this did not entitle us to do violence to an institution of the South; that our idea was not warrant for overthrow of a positive institution recognized in our political system. The slavery element was intimately involved in the home life of that people; a part of their social and industrial order. We did not wonder that they were attached to it. We did not intend to disturb it where it was; but only to keep the power of the Republic uppermost. But they made the attack, and circumstances gave them an advantage. In order to restore the properties and jurisdictions of the United States, we were forced to enter upon portions of its territory covered by the rebellious States. The battle had to be fought where it had been offered. This gave opportunity for the assailants to proclaim that their soil was invaded, that they were fighting for their homes and altars, their wives and children, and their fathers' graves. As if there were a shadow in our wish, or a drop of blood in our hearts that could assail such sanctities! No! We would have protected them, and did protect them, even then and there. It was a part of our very duty and ideal to protect homes everywhere over the land, to clarify and estab-

lish the rights of children and wives, and to vindicate the honor of the fathers slandered in their graves by this disloyalty to the spirit of the Union.

One of the compromises we were carrying along with us was a contradiction. The fathers of the Republic found slavery an existing fact, and had to deal with it. Some long recognized property rights were involved in it, and relative wrong would be done by its immediate abolition. There can be no doubt that the sentiment and intent of the whole Country was that a system so repugnant to justice and freedom as that of slavery should be limited, not extended—repressed, not encouraged; and that some way should be found to satisfy equitable rights of property, and wipe that blot off from our escutcheon.

But that sentiment came to be overborne by—what shall I say?—not love of such poor mastery over human helplessness, surely—none of us were so base as that; but by political ambition—the larger passion of rule. The slave-holding spirit was not contented with toleration; it demanded the mastery of the Country. And it got it. But the people of the free States were unwilling to see slavery established in the territories of the Union, and so made national; it tried their temper to be summoned from their homes to aid in capturing fugitive slaves—in sending men and women however humble back to be outraged in every sensibility left in their natures. And when this true feeling of the Country found expression at last in an election of President where this was a distinct issue, the slave States threatened secession and resistance. Ever at this crisis, humiliating as it was, both Houses of Congress and the President himself declared that they had not the power, the right nor the intention to meddle with slavery where it was. We would not right the wrong at the cost of Country. Loyalty to freedom was held in abeyance by loyalty to the Union.

But when slavery was put above the Union—when the energies of war were turned against the defences of the Country; when the flag was shot down and trampled on, which stood not only for what had been done under it for man, but

what should be done—then in a miracle of might rose that spirit which slow to wrath, does not stop till its work is done—does not rest till the cause, which is the evil, is purged from the heart.

What a century of concession could not do, secession did—with marvellous demonstration, its own weapons turned to its destruction. It pleased its maddened mood to invoke war; and the very laws of war gave the President power to knell its doom; it proclaimed a Confederacy built on the corner-stone of slavery—and lo! the corner-stone itself was overturned; it set slavery across the nation's way, and God—in his wrath, in his justice, in his mercy, in his love, in his far purpose for man and earth—swept slavery from the path, as the mighty pageant of the free people passed on to its glory.

So if one asks why we did not leave the Slave States in the enjoyment of their institution, I answer—it is because we were not allowed to leave them. We must rescue them too. It was not hate; it was not revenge; it was not self-will. It was because we were called to act by a warrant higher than our will; because we were summoned to account as holders of a great trust; because this was one Country and our Country, and we in our measure of ability were responsible for it; because the flag that stood for our public faith promised for all the people under it that right should be enthroned in her laws and defended by her arms; because the covenants of the Constitution were mightier than its compromises.

Through this view we can see some bearings for this loyalty of ours. It was bound to certain ideas, convictions, aspirations—call them all ideals, if you will—around which the people of this Country built up their life, and to which they have sought to bring ever nearer its bodily form and manifestation; each epoch in its history being a step towards the goal, even though this was dimly seen at times, even though distant at all times; believed in as possible, even if fully realizable only in the consummation of human history.

Lest this be thought too vague, let us say these ideas are such as the fathers in the preamble to the Declaration, laid down as self-evident truths—self-evident, because not to be proved by outside evidence by induction from examples of actual conditions as yet on the earth; but declared by intuition of the best minds, in the best moments of the soul; not discoverably by inspection of political systems, but by inspection of the nature of man, and this in the examples of his highest and best. Certain excellences are possible to man; hence intended by his maker; hence rightfully his to attain. Such things as each man's freedom and fair chance; life, liberty, unrestricted enjoyment of his powers and possessions—which I understand to be the meaning of the "pursuit of happiness" there mentioned; justice to be administered according to the convictions of the governed, because then for the benefit of the governed.

Such ideas entered into the composition and constitution of the people of the United States. Though not yet perfectly embodied in positive form, they are not therefore vague or visionary. They had taken very strong hold on the minds of the people; they lay very deep in their hearts; they have been the animating principles, the guiding ideals in our advancing life.

But we must not leave out of consideration the claim of some better minds among those opposing us that they were fighting for their rights under the constitution, and hence repudiate the odious epithet of traitors. Some at Appomattox expressed the regret that they had not carried the old flag into the field. But it was a wild way off to express this sentiment by attacking the means of the Country's defence, striking down by violence and insult the flag which was the symbol of what was most dear in our history and hopes, simply on the ground that a president had been elected—and clearly in accordance with the constitution, by the voice of a majority of the people of the States, not to say of the United States—a president who was presumed to be opposed to the further extension of slavery

in the territory of the United States. No. They carried the right flag—the leaden cross upon a field of blood.

Probably we are not justified in calling them traitors, because the magnitude of the rebellion compelled the transfer of our procedure from the laws of peace to the laws of war—from a municipal code to an international code. It was a concession greatly confusing our contention as to the character of the Rebellion; but it was justified by the exigencies and the humanities of a great war. But this did not change its essential character. It was no peaceable separation; it was war upon the Union; and that meant the destruction of the United States—body, life, and being; of all which the flag stood for, whether as material fact or cherished purpose.

It required perhaps a war like this to disclose the nation to itself; to reveal the deep heart of the people; to demonstrate its self-sustaining power. The war has brought out also another thing, not much thought of before; the august character of sovereignty, and the mighty armory of defence in the war-powers of the President, as executive of that trust for the people; powers impossible to list in an enumeration; not to be limited by presence or absence of express grants; not to be writing down at all before-hand, but only to be disclosed by great impending peril, and to be judged of and put in force as the exigency shall demand. An awful power; stretching into the unmeasured and unknown—wherever a peoples sovereignty and need may reach. This will serve as wholesome check for wanton revolutionists who presuming on the absence of express prohibitions, in statutes and constitutions, would rashly assail the peoples' ideals and deep intent. God grant us therefore, loyal, wise, and brave Presidents.

Then as to the claim that our adversaries were contending for the same great principles that we were, which had been the ruling ideas of the Country's history; it must be said, at least, that they emphasized what was accidental and persisted in what was transitory in the conditions of the Country's first great common covenant. The principle of local self government is

no less dear to the people of the north than to the people of the south—to the new States of the Pacific than the old of the Atlantic. All our history shows that. Indeed, it is the very conservative element which makes government by a people possible. But when this is made a war-cry only to warrant the right of slave-holding, alien to our convictions and contrary to our declarations as a people, and this set above the life-law of the whole Country, then there is a disturbance of equilibrium which is fatal to all in its results.

But I can see how this claim of a common faith may now be ground of hope. Now that the stumbling-block of slavery is removed, I can see how these vital principles at the center of our life will at no very far-off day, bring us into a closer union than ever before—closer, perhaps, than ever could have been without that terrible ultimate appeal. When the bitterness of the evils attendant upon war has been assuaged, and the immediate consequences of the overturn of industrial and social systems have been adjusted, as in the interchanges of a renewed common life must come to pass, the whole Country will be drawn together under the law of its larger life, its deepest convictions, its highest aims. Mutual regard and sympathy, and even the memories of sorrow and sacrifice nobly borne, will mould the differences of local interest into a stronger composite

I may say more. Slavery and slaves out, the people of the Southern States are a more homogeneous people than we of the North—represent more purely the blood of the original stock. They should be better Americans. To the great ideals, principles and purposes animating this great people, I cannot but believe them loyal. This is not to forget our late antagonism and struggle; not to ignore the difference between our Country's defenders and its assailants. But it is to hold in view, and believe in making real, the very object we strove for—the American Union—a free people by the strength of righteous law; one people with the brotherhood of man its living bond. If we do not reach that end, then is our victory vain.

I have said this is the triumphant end. But the duty is not ended, nor the triumph fulfilled in all its reach and meaning. Our purpose was not exhausted in victory. We have a Country before us now. We move forward.

There are many things to be forgiven—to be passed over in speech and thought. We must be charitable towards those who did not see as we did whither the old flag led. Coming together now under the peace it brings, we may better learn its leading. We must be "kindly affectioned one towards another," we who are to live and work together for the good of all. Those who erred through ignorance or imperfect vision of the deep issues pending, or ill-grounded though honest conviction of duty, or in the spirit of a splendid but misdirected chivalry, we will walk with heartily under the light that reveals our onward way, which shadows of the past make sacred. Still there are things we cannot quite forget. Where shall our sober thought hold those who precipitated upon our Country that direful war? Those who should have known the law of the Country's unfolding, and read the signs of the times; who willfully shut out the light they should have seen, and led manly souls to blind rage against what was in reality the best in themselves. Leaders of men are deeply charged. For the old word of Wisdom says: "The man of low estate may be pardoned in mercy; but mighty men shall be searched out mightily." The men that challenged the loyalty of this Country to redeem its life, through measureless offering of precious blood and stricken homes have had their way. And the innocent have suffered more than the guilty. Such is the strange relationship of sin and sorrow. That account is not for us to settle. It stands for another tribunal.

We do not sit in judgment wholly to condemn; nor celebrate victory in self-glorying. We were appointed agencies to correct a great disharmony in the people's life. It was a work that does not tell its tale in boasting. It strikes too deeply into our sympathies. Each of us finds his own nature full of disharmonies—instincts at variance with each other—"laws,"

as the apostle calls them, warring one against another. This is the mystery of life. And to bring these warring instincts into unity with life's whole plan, this is the probation of character on life's arena. Tenderly, therefore; pityingly; with loving sorrow, we look upon these wrecks and graves, and rendings of the nation's breast; on those tumultuous scenes where we, too, were the appointed instruments and sufferers, when in one mighty moment of the portentous years were to be overborne the dissonances in the nation's life. We had to deal with the dire energies of destruction, and be dealt with by them, almost craving pardon for the hurts we were forced to give, as to receive. Greeting give we now to those on whom shall fall the better, greater work of reconstruction. God's blessing be with them, as His forgiveness is with us. The glory—no, not unto us, but for the coming times.

And momentous things are in that coming. A great and difficult duty is laid upon us all to help the poor, surprised race among us, whose enfranchisement was the signal incident of the war, to make themselves truly free. Still greater and more difficult is the task for the States now restored to their place in the Union, having on them a double burden; of dealing with this multitude among them suddenly let loose from slavery; and of settling in a new order civil, social and industrial relations which have been shaken to their very foundations. A work which can effectually be done through the best minds of the South, although lately swept into the ranks of the Rebellion. Surely they need our truest sympathy and assistance, in working out this revelation of the new life. The nation must make her heart ready to receive her lessons; that she be able to do her work. She must cherish reverence, honor, truth, justice and brotherly love, that she may be able to fulfill the part for which she has been ordained by so mighty a hand.

What broader work shall be for her to do—sharing her dear-bought blessings with other people far off and waiting for the light, we can not foresee. That some high behest is in her calling we cannot doubt. Be it ours still to keep faithful watch

against wrong or weakness, within or without; with our loins girded, ready for the summons. Loyal to great memories; loyal to our new-plighted faith; loyal to the greater hope that this world's advancing edge shall touch the better one.

Not unto us; but to that Coming.