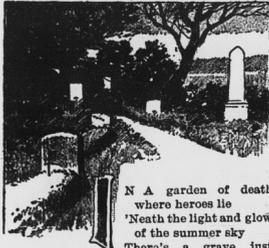


A SOLDIER'S GRAVE.



In a garden of death
There here lies
'Neath the light and glow
Of the summer sky
There's a grave just
marked by a plain gray stone
That's inscribed with a name to fame unknown.
But green is the grass
And fresh are the flowers
Which garnish this grave
That lovels hand embowers.

And the wind sighs o'er it on summer eves
And with the refrain comes a softer sigh
From the heart of a love that cannot die,
For true love survives
The lapse of the years,
Though of hope bereft,
Though its fruit be tears.

And on summer days by this grave so green
In somber array may a form be seen,
Or when o'er it is cast a shroud of snow,
There undying love by this grave mows low.
What does she wish for,
For what does she pray
In the garden of death
Both winter and May?

In sad communings her thoughts backward fly
To the day he bade her a last goodby,
To that sadder day when he, fighting, fell
For the cause he loved and she loved so well.
She, a Spartan bride,
Would not say him nay,
Though it broke her heart
When he went away.

Others there be in that garden of death
Who the loved ones recall with bated breath,
Who strew bright flowers o'er their graves
With a sigh
For love that lived, for the love that could die.
But she, robed in black,
With the pale, sad face,
Defied the long years
Her love to erase.

Not wedded to death, though her love lies low
And her heart feels cold in the Maytime glow,
But wedded to love which lives in the past,
Sustained by a hope that they'll meet at last—
She and her lover,
He conqueror where
Death cannot enter
Nor partings be there.

A TORN STAMP.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]
When the Army of the Potomac started on the Wilderness campaign in the spring of 1864, there was a hasty rally of scattered commands, and men of all ranks and stations who were on furloughs, detached service and the like turned from their temporary occupations or pastimes, as do border settlers in time of Indian alarm, and rushed to the field of danger. I reached the Wilderness battleground after an air line run to Washington and a forced march across Virginia, and that, too, without an ounce of personal baggage, without money, with nothing but a soldier's regulation equipments and a scribbler's anevitable portfolio. I was a veteran campaigner, and after that fight the myriad dead whose dumb, cold forms would never again utter love messages reminded me that the dear ones left behind me would anxiously await tidings by every northern mail. A volunteer soon learned that patriot fire must be fed by dear home ties; that in order to fight well the soldier must love well, and so mother and sister and cousin and sweetheart must share the warrior's thought and affection. I wrote the usual home letters and hastily put on stamps, letting the other remain so that I might use every second of time before the bug would close. When the call sounded and the mail courier was gathering his burden, I added "just another word," closed it and reached for a stamp, but found nothing but a fragment of a 3 cent issue. "Has any one a spare stamp?" I called out. The answer from all over camp by mocking laughs and catcalls told me that I had echoed a query already ancient.

In my absorption I had been oblivious of the stamp famine raging around me. The agents of the friendly commissions who sometimes forward army letters were not at hand, so I scribbled across the edge of the envelope. "A soldier's battlefield letter to his sweetheart; no stamp," and tossed it into the mail bag, returning the torn stamp to my portfolio quite carelessly. For a fact the kindly countenance of the Father of His Country seemed to smile on me from that stamp as I glanced at it. I recalled some of the stories of the young British Lieutenant and his friendly ardor until I fancied he was my amatory whispering to me each time that I thought about my wandering mistress. "It is all right, my boy; that Wilderness letter is going to Lucy," the whisper would say. We went

into battle after battle, and our marching and fighting postponed all letter writing. We shouldered our way to Richmond, and I was one of the 10,000 who crawled away from Cold Harbor, maimed and bleeding, with a stinging hurt to carry for life. We were soon en route to Washington, and the river and railway conveyances were weighted with crushed and groaning humanity. About three days after I left the field I received from the sanitary people two Boston crackers and a gill of milk punch. When I saw Washington at the end of a week, I was burning and thirsting and longing madly for something to cool the fever of lip and head and coursing veins. All about the wharfs where our steamer put in there were hucksters of every sort of repulsive trash—pies, black cakes, fat-soaked doughnuts—just the sights to derange still more the famished stomach and unfit it for the coarse hospital fare which was now to follow. When we reached the new diet, it was rough, raw and tasteless and in every way unsuited to the palates of suffering men. Finally, within two or three days, we were put on board box freight cars on bare floors and hauled, with much jolting and spasmodic shakings, to Baltimore.

The arrival of a new detachment of men from the front attracted the basket peddlers of the streets, and they quickly surrounded the parade ground, crying out their stock with a gibbness that was extremely tantalizing. "Nice fresh oranges, ten for a quarter!" A stoical warrior without a cent could repel that, but the musical throat of one young girl in the crowd had a decided charm. There was a rush to the spot by all who were able to use crutches, although there was not a dime in the entire party.

Some one called out, "Do you take stamps?" Of course the answer was "Yes" as soon as the money panic was known to the hawkers. Some of the liveliest of the crippled ones then hustled into the barrack, and one by one they returned and counted out their last fiscal symbols and laid them down on the grass to be counted. Those who could not join certainly felt no better for looking on. Among the latter was a famishing lad whose wits had been turned by his suffering, and when he saw some of the men eating oranges he reached out and seized one from a basket and began to devour it, and that without question or bargain or pay. The girl with the musical throat looked startled at the bold act, but soon smiled and continued her cry, "Nice fresh oranges!" But the girl was only a helper of the real owner, and now a swarthy, hard looking Hun stepped forward and held his hand out to get the proceeds of the sale. He counted the money and then the oranges in the hands of the men, and as he saw there was a difference he demanded something from the girl in a jargon we could not interpret. The girl began to weep, and just then the famished boy, unconscious of anything but his desperate craving for food, reached for another orange. He secured one, but the old Hun grabbed the basket, gave the girl a rough shaking, and then, after placing his goods beyond reach of the soldiers, returned and attacked the boy. The lad was too weak to stand, but he clung to his prize, and the brutal hawkers wrung the slender wrists to make him let go.

There were some strong, cool men there who could not endure this sight, and before I could see just how the melee opened the soldiers had raided the whole pack of gypsy peddlers and gathered up every scrap of edibles, overturning the baskets and beating off the owners, some of the fiercest time that I had no current values about me, ran over the pile carefully. The torn stamp was in the lot and caught my attention, and, with a flood of memories, it bore my thought away from the present scene. First, Lucy's letter and what was she thinking now of me. There were two heads bending over it now, for a wounded comrade stood so close that he could look into my hand and was studying me as intently as I studied the stamp. What his thoughts were I never knew, but they were equally distracting with mine, for we two had not yielded to the passionate drift of the crowd, and when these broke out upon peddlers we alone were cool. We vainly begged them to stop, but their slogan was unanswerable in words: "Down with the foreigners! They have

no right here! We don't fight just to keep up the country for them!" The men were mad, and the rage must work itself out. More than one badly wounded man had his hurt opened afresh in the rough and tumble encounter, and all of them retired shamefaced from their ignoble triumph.

I said to my strange mate as I held out the torn stamp, "Had this been good I would have paid for the boy's orange and prevented this trouble." Tears were in his eyes, and I saw that he was a man of sensibilities. He turned away, and the figures on his cap, which I had not noticed before, gleamed in the sunshine, and at once branded themselves upon my vision—"142nd Vols."

I left the scene with my companion, and the quicker to drop the unpleasant affair from mind, proposed that we exchange one of our crutches. Such things are relics, and mine had come from Washington's old home, White House, Va., and my acquaintance's from Winchester, in the valley. We tried them, and were both suited, but he had carved his very neatly with several designs and with his full name in old English—"Joseph Pennington." This, too, was transferred mystically to a place in my memory and stood out boldly beside those characters I had seen on his cap, so that the legend now fixed there was, "Joseph Pennington, 142nd Vols." That evening my furlough reached me, and I was en route for my home in the Empire State before midnight.

My first act upon reaching an abiding place was to write to Lucy in New England, and then I began to count the hours until time for reply. Days went by and an into weeks, yet none came. A second letter was written to explain the Wilderness case and my inability to dispatch another until I reached home. All this was to no effect, and finally gossip reached me in a roundabout way that Lucy had taken up with a dashing young fellow, an adventurer who had sent a substitute to battle to fight in his stead. The sequel to this gossip came just before I left home again for the front. This was a package of letters returned—my glowing camp letters of 1861-3. And the first to meet my sight, intentionally so, was the Wilderness letter, with a heavy line traced about my ingenious and ingenious frank, thus:

A SOLDIER'S BATTLEFIELD LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.
Lucy aimed to be reckoned in the New England caste of Vere de Vere, and a romantic impulse born on the treacherous field of death found no vulnerable place in her armor of propriety. I was confused, to state it mildly, almost desperate, but when the field of war was reached again devotion to the fighting offered a good antidote, and the exciting work which followed helped to turn that affection most speedily from an object so unworthy.

In this great campaign came the climax of interest concerning this stamp. It had now come to be prized with something of that personal veneration we give to charms. A week before Richmond and Petersburg fell into the Union hands I was aroused from a sleep on the outpost bivouac in front of the latter city by a rough shaking and felt myself hurried off by force toward Lee's lines. Our men had been surprised. It was very dark, and the Confederates found such heavy fighting ahead of them when our forces received the alarm that they had to disregard the handful of prisoners taken, and so before daylight I found an opportunity to steal away from the presence of the troops. Some greenbacks concealed on me purchased seclusion for the time and also a good suit of Confederate clothing. An old negro in a hut between the forts and the city helped me to these, and I found him a shrewd adviser besides. He told me to go into the interior of Dixie. He said that all about the army lines orders were strict and a close watch was

kept, but away from the lines men came and went pretty much at pleasure. One circumstance favored me and controlled all my subsequent experiences. Although I was an old campaigner, I was a beardless boy, with fair skin, and actually appeared like a schoolboy rather than a soldier in the field. Weather bronze and battle grime had not taken hold in my case, and this old man raised my hopes many degrees when he declared contemptuously at our leave taking, "Nobody gwine to bother wiv sich baby trash like yo'."

In ten days I made the circuit of the

whole army of Lee and reached well known ground on the Rappahannock, near Fredericksburg. I found that Federal cavalry was posted on the north bank opposite, and concluded to join it at once and trust for a welcome despite my suit of gray. I slipped out my route in the morning, and then went to sleep away the day in an isolated barn. At dusk that day I was determined to cross the stream to the cavalry camp. But during the day, while I slept, the scouts of the camp raided the whole region along that bank of the river, and I was made prisoner to my own men. Everything was against me, and my treatment was rough, for the story I told was declared a lie. "We have too much of that," said the leader. It appeared that some of the river patrol had been fully murdered shortly before by treacherous citizens or guerrillas, and the comrades of the victims were bent on speedy revenge. They had secured nine other stragglers like myself, some in civilian and some in Confederate army dress. These unfortunate were hidden in a wooded vale beyond reach of discovery and rescue, and here they were pleading for a chance of life by military trial under the authorities at Washington. To their petitions I now added mine. But the majority of the guard advocated summary measures. My situation was a trying one. There was not a scrap of documentary evidence about me for identification. When taken by the enemy, I wore an overcoat, in the pocket of which always rested my Bible. The fly leaf was missing, and hence bore no record. I kept it wrapped in a gun cover to preserve it, and between its leaves, incased in a folded strip of blue tissue, was the torn postage stamp, the contrivance serving as a place mark and a memento as well. In the transformation made at the time of capture and escape I had parted with all else that belonged to me as a Union soldier, even my United States Army clothing, shoes and stockings. The patrol which now had us in charge was an outpost guard for a large camp composed of all arms which lay back on Stafford hills. We were to die the death of outlaws at sundown, and on this day of doom I chanced

to see an infantryman from the main camp coming to the cavalry bivouac with dispatches. His cap bore the characters, "142nd—Vols."

There was a rift in the cloud at once. Fortunately two of our guard were strong willed and humane and ready to favor us with kindly offices. They fed us and took our last messages for friends and directions for my identification, and from them I learned that the One Hundred and Forty-second regiment was all in the camp five miles distant. I asked to be conducted there, but the acquaintance which I claimed was so slight that the commander demurred and declared it was simply another trick to gain time. Our kind advocates then took it up and offered to investigate the case and soon Joseph Pennington was brought to our prison pen. Pennington, too, shook his head. When he last saw me, the pallor caused by pain and the blight of wound and fever were upon me. My recounting that affair with the hucksters in Baltimore shook him a little, but one of the guard who was zealous for our destruction broke the force of its influence most skillfully. He said: "Oh, this fellow may be only a Baltimore secesh who was hanging around that time. Come to think, I have seen him sneaking about the depots and wharfs in Baltimore and Alexandria, spying out the movements of our troops. Settled fellows are hard to spot. Pennington quit the scene, and we were glad to get ready. Some prayed, some cried. I paced the ground like a caged tiger. There was not a guilty one in the party—that is, guilty of the crime, charged or anything like it, although there were some night riders in the crowd—some of Mosby's rangers could see 'innocent' written on every pallid countenance, and emotions stirred by my own grief and my sympathy for my fellows, as I thought of this useless and cruel execution, moved me beyond control. I burst into a tornado of vehement appeals aimed at any who would listen. Some ears were open. I pleaded against the shedding of innocent blood, pictured the calamity to be visited on so many homes, foretold the harrowing thoughts to arise some day in the minds of our beloved friends when they should learn the story of our vain and shameful deaths, and at last came to the point of fastening upon the would be perpetrators a lifelong remorse.

My eloquence—for who could not be fired with logic at such a crisis?—commanded attention and several of the guard withdrew from the sound of it. The leader stood near gloomy and cold. All this time my Bible in its close wrapper had remained in my hand, pressed instinctively to my heart, and as a last argument I turned to it to try if I could not move those obdurate hearts by reading from God's own word. As I turned the covers nervously the blue inclosure fell out, and a pregnant thought—"that stamp and Pennington"—rushed to my mind. Here is proof!" cried, "Let me see Joseph Pennington against the hour was up, but a respite was allowed and Pennington came sullenly back. My game was desperate. I showed him that fragment stamp and told the whole story without a break. He scanned me, still skeptical, but I had put in a wedge. Doubts had arisen. After a hasty consultation the execution was deferred until daylight, and my own was then to be subject to approval of a council from the main camp. Of course I was a hero among the doomed men. About midnight word came that Lee had surrendered his army. The startling tidings instantly disarmed the passions that had kindled the fratricidal strife. The stern judgments and fatal verdicts of martial courts were of forever, and every man of us went free, filled with a gratitude words failed to express.

The little faded fragment of a stamp is now mounted on blue silk, framed, and hangs over my cabinet. I prize it as the choicest of my collection of relics of the war.

They were not even well paid by the newspapers for which they performed so excellent service. They were as a body most loyal, faithful, energetic, courageous, the trustworthy medium between the army and the people, but were not recompensed, unless by the consciousness of duty done. If we should have another war, either at home or abroad, the correspondents will be on a totally different footing.

Many of the survivors are very well known outside of their war record. They continue to be very active, very capable, none of them old. Some of them, still writers, have won high reputation. To mention a few in alphabetic order, there are H. V. Boynton, Junius Henri Browne, William C. Church, Richard T. Colburn, John Hay, Edward H. House, Whitelaw Reid, William F. G. Shanks, George W. Smalley, Edmund Clarence Stedman, George Alfred Townsend, Henry Villard,

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John Hay is wealthy, but became so by marrying an heiress, the daughter of a Cleveland millionaire. He may have remembered what Major Pendennis so frequently declared to Arthur, "It is just as easy, my dear boy, to marry a rich girl as a poor girl." But Hay's intimates say that he sincerely loves his wife, and that he has offered himself had been without financial prospects. Is there any sound argument in favor of a man relinquishing a woman he has set his heart on because she has a fortune?

WRITERS IN THE WAR

THEIR MEMORIAL AT CRAMPTON'S GAP AND ITS RECORDS.

The Surviving War Correspondents and What Some of Them Are Doing—Their Valuable but Unappreciated Service. Only One Who Has Made a Fortune.

[Copyright, 1897, by the Author.]
Not many Americans of the present generation—counting a generation at 40 years—know anything personally of war correspondents. Our great civil war began 36 years ago. It is 32 since it closed. The majority of the correspondents in the field are now dead. Of about 150, or more, who described the events of the struggle with pen and pencil, only 30 or 40 are alive. This shows how active death ever is among all classes at all ages. Not even so many would have survived had not nearly all of them embraced the calling while they were in the early twenties—little more than boys indeed. The war for the preservation of the Union was fought by very young men. They were styled veterans at its termination, though many were not then 30.

The average duration of human life after maturity is much shorter than is commonly believed. Almost any one of good constitution and in fair health will, it is thought, on reaching 21 continue until 60, or beyond. But it is not so. Accidents and acute diseases, which are not and cannot be taken into account beforehand, add greatly to the average mortality. We do not, it is generally held, begin to miss vacancies in the ranks with which we set out on our world march until we have passed our sixth decade at least. But the vacancies are really forced on our attention before 50, often even before 40. Let any man of 40 or thereabout recall, if he can, how many of the associates of his early boyhood are still among his contemporaries, and he will realize the truth of what has been said.

The correspondents north and south of the war, most of whom were almost forgotten by the multitude, have recently been commemorated. A memorial was completed and dedicated to them last autumn at Garland, or Crampton's Gap, a pass in the South Mountain range near Burkittsville, Frederick county, Md. The scene of the battle of South Mountain, which occurred Sept. 14, 1862, it is on a branch of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. It is also in the vicinity of Harper's Ferry, Cedar Creek, Antietam, Gettysburg and other fields famous in the four years' contest between the north and south. It has been to people at large an obscure place. The erection, however, of the memorial—a double feudal, picturesque gateway, mainly of granite and rubble stone, some 60 feet high, having a large arch at the base, three smaller arches above and a solid, picturesque tower on one side—tends to make the Gap noted and keep the memory of the correspondents green.

The names of about 130 of them are engraved on tablets inserted in the memorial. Some of the names, as those of Henry M. Stanley, Henry J. Raymond, John A. Cockerill, David B. Strother (Parte Crayon) and the Comte de Paris, are not those of the war correspondents. They were inscribed on the memorial for causes indirectly connected with the struggle. Not a few of the men recorded gained little prominence; others may not deserve to be there; others, again, who were conspicuous in the field have been omitted in the list. George Alfred Townsend, who originated the idea of the monument, who collected the money for its building, about \$6,000, and who supervised the entire work, did his utmost to select the proper names, but naturally had great difficulty in deciding among the conflicting claims. He certainly did what he undertook to do very well, did it occasionally, conscientiously, wholly without personal recompense. But for him the memorial would not in all probability have been erected at all.

The northern war correspondents surely merit remembrance by the republic. They endured, they suffered much in its behalf and had no recognition either from their country or the community. They were in the army, but not of it. They shared all its discomforts and dangers and none of its rewards. They were imprisoned, some of them sent up for one and two years; they were wounded, even killed, but none of the glory so bountifully extended to the regular soldiers was theirs. Many of their deeds, brilliant daring in the extreme,



passed unnoticed. They were not even well paid by the newspapers for which they performed so excellent service. They were as a body most loyal, faithful, energetic, courageous, the trustworthy medium between the army and the people, but were not recompensed, unless by the consciousness of duty done. If we should have another war, either at home or abroad, the correspondents will be on a totally different footing.

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Whitelaw Reid is another correspondent who has the name of having grown opulent through marriage. It is not often that any man has the chance of securing a father-in-law worth \$40,000,000 to \$50,000,000 by winning his sole daughter. Reid is said to have acquired a handsome independence before marriage by his business talents. His wife's dowry is asserted to have enabled him to get rid of the Old Man of the Sea (known here as Jay Gould) while nominally proprietor of The Tribune, and thus to have become actually what he had long only assumed to be.

Henry Villard is almost the sole man who, beginning life in his early teens as a journalist and continuing to be such for years, has made himself wealthy, and in Wall street too. He must have been a congenial financier, and remained ignorant of the fact until his opportunity came. Long a leader of the street, he had his reverses—lost millions and recovered them. He retired two years ago. He made enemies naturally by his success. They accused him of various kinds of wrongdoing, and brought suits for misappropriating large amounts of money. But he has been vindicated by time. The suits have been withdrawn. He retains many warm, devoted friends, who consider him one of the kindest, most upright, most generous, most conscientious of men.

PAUL R. CLEVELAND.

MEMORIAL DAY AT ATHENS.

Of course it cannot be known when civilized nations first began to fix certain days for the annual commemoration of the acts of their dead heroes, but so natural is the custom that it must have arisen among the oldest nations. By a rare combination of circumstances, however, we have a verbatim report of one Memorial day address, delivered 2,329 years ago by the greatest man of his age.

We know, moreover, that, unlike many so called orations reported in ancient history, this one was delivered very nearly as reported, for it was a written address, and the report comes to us by Thucydides, an enemy of the orator. The great war of Sparta and her allies against Athens and her allies had been in progress a year when the Greeks who had fallen in the first battles were honored with a magnificent funeral, and Pericles, then ruler of Athens, made the speech.

It is really wonderful to note how much of it could be adopted word for word in a Memorial day address of today. He began by an eulogy of their ancestors who had founded Athens, and of their successors who had defended her against Persia and made her free. He then told why these brave young men had died—to preserve that glorious liberty—and thus continued: "For we enjoy a form of government which does not copy the laws of our neighbors, but we are ourselves rather a pattern to others than imitators of them. In name, from its not being administered for the benefit of the few, but of the many, it is called a democracy, but with regard to its laws all are equally as concerned private affairs while with regard to public rank each man, according as he has reputation for anything, is preferred for public honors, not so much from consideration of party as of merit. Nor, again, on the ground of poverty, if he be able to do the state any service, is he prevented by the obscurity of his position."

This was not sarcasm. He really meant it. We are at liberty, however, to surmise that Pericles meant to set forth what the object of their government was rather than what it really accomplished, for he goes on to relate how carefully they observe the laws, because they are of their own choosing, how recreating a form of government classes of men and equally in their enjoyment, how the freedom of Athens is the envy of mankind, and is so highly regarded by Athenians that every one would rather die fighting than lose it. Indeed, if he spoke exact truth, it is much to be feared that no modern state is equal to it. His closing paragraph might appropriately be recited to any American audience on this Memorial day of 1897. It ran thus: "Wherefore to the parents of these dead I will not offer condolence so much as consolation, for they know that they lived subject to misfortunes, but that happy is their lot who have gained the most glorious death as these have, and their whose sorrow is as yours; their life so measured that it ended in honor, and even so your sorrow. Difficult indeed I know it is to persuade you of this, as you must be reminded of your loss by the good fortune of others, and sorrow is most keenly felt, not for the loss of that which you have without much experience, but of that which you lose after being accustomed to it. But bear up in hope of your other children, who have them, and you who are old consider that the long period before was so much clear gain, that your time of grief is but short while the fame of you lost ones is long; for the love of honor is the only feeling that never grows old, and as age advances it is not the gain of treasure, as some assert, that can cheer the heart, but only the enjoyment of honor."

Such were the golden words of this the oldest Memorial day address recorded. But it is a pain to complete the story. Soon after the city was crowded by fugitives, the dreadful plague came, and Pericles and all his family died of it. Deprived of his clear leadership, the Athenians wasted their resources, and at the end of a long war were thoroughly subjugated and put under the sway of the infamous "thirty tyrants." Yet it is wonderful what a clear idea this man, 430 B. C., had of what a republic ought to be.

JOHN HENRY BEALE.