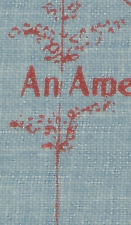


Sir True Blue,

His Comrades and his Songs.



An American Sketch.

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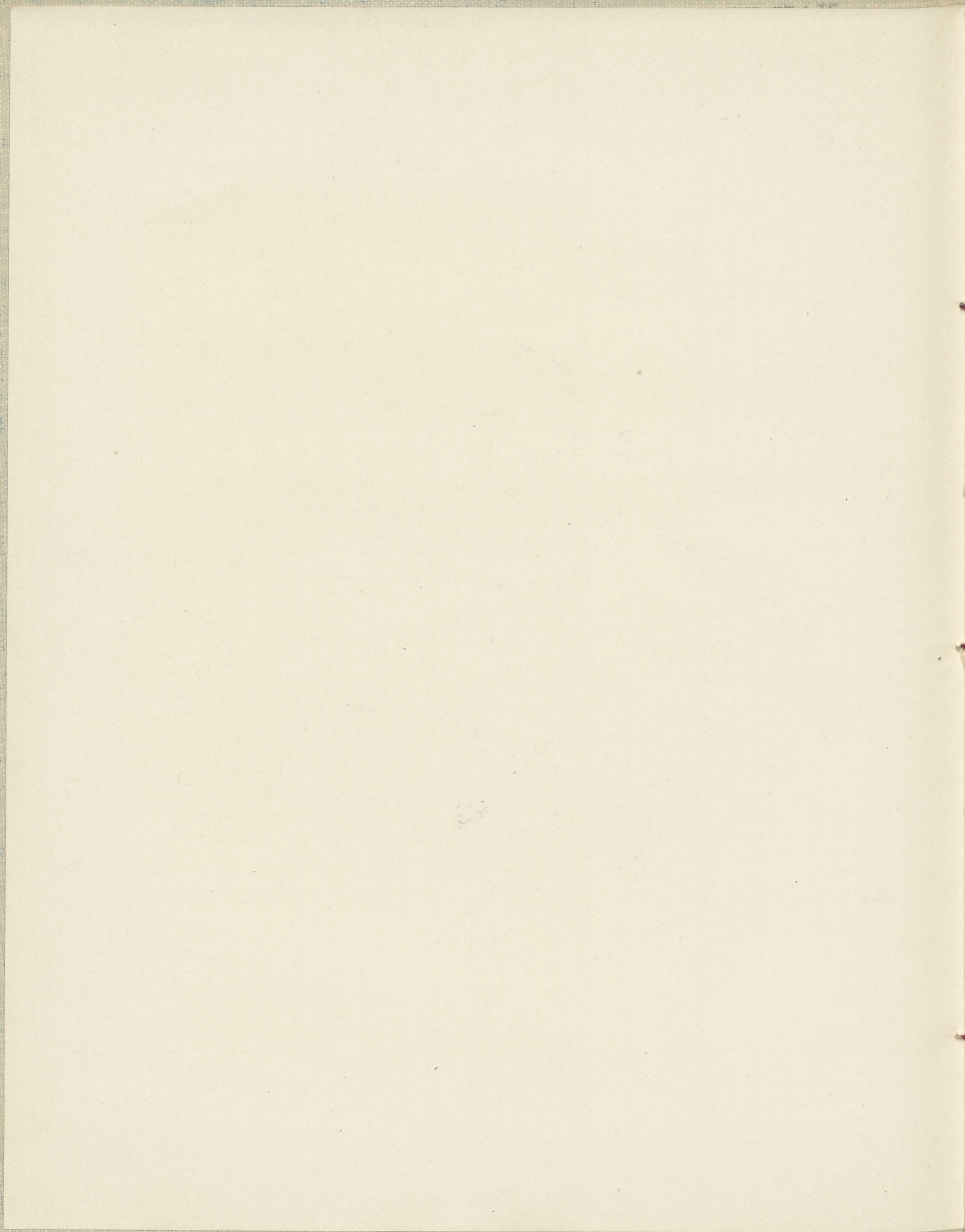
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GEN. JOHN C. BLACK



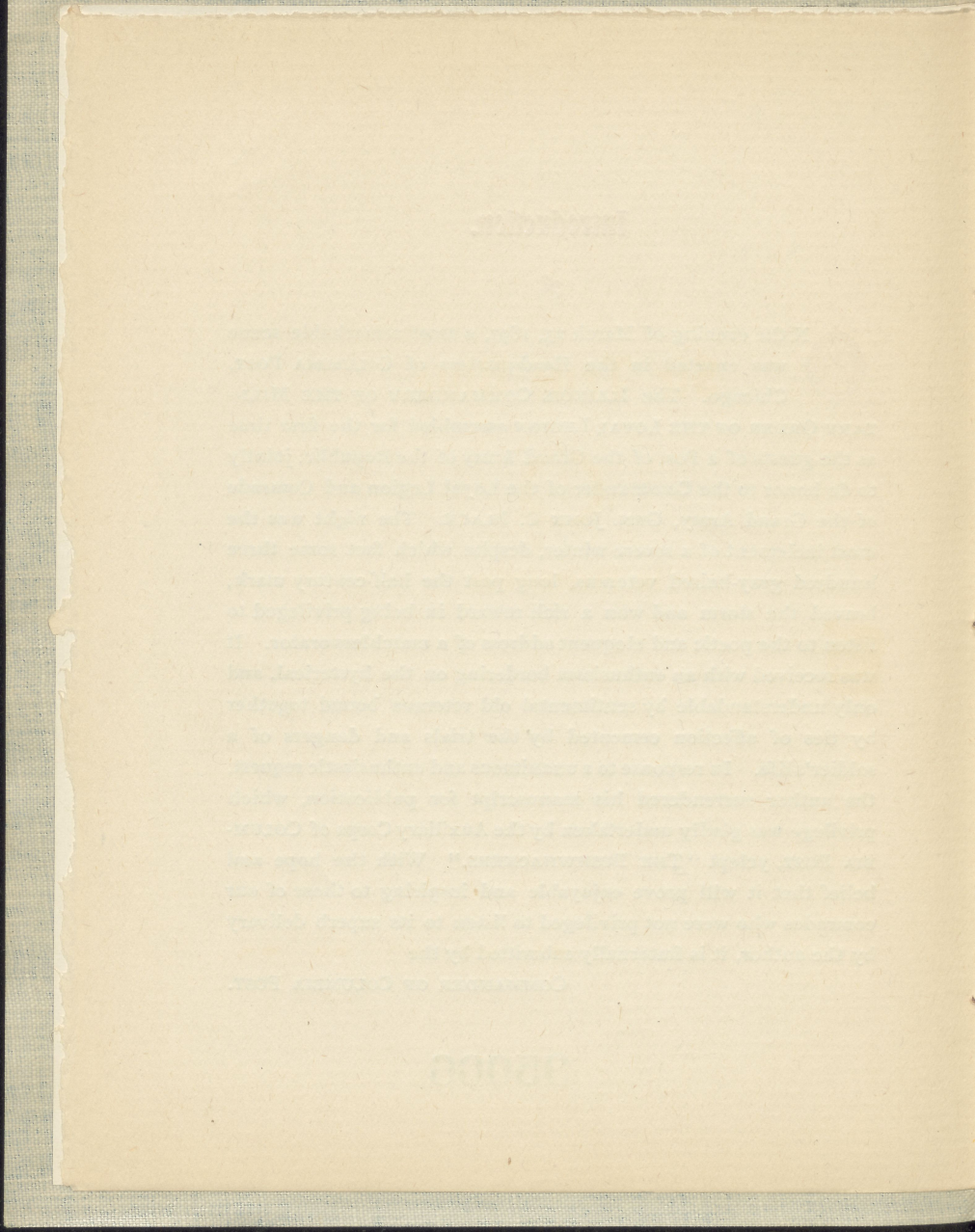
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Introduction.

 ON the evening of March 23, 1897, a most remarkable scene was enacted in the Headquarters of COLUMBIA POST, Chicago. The ILLINOIS COMMANDERY OF THE MILITARY ORDER OF THE LOYAL LEGION assembled for the first time as the guests of a Post of the Grand Army of the Republic, jointly to do honor to the Commander of the Loyal Legion and Comrade of the Grand Army, GEN. JOHN C. BLACK. The night was the most inclement of a severe winter, despite which fact some three hundred gray-haired veterans, long past the half-century mark, braved the storm and won a rich reward in being privileged to listen to the poetic and eloquent address of a matchless orator. It was received with an enthusiasm bordering on the hysterical, and only understandable by sentimental old veterans bound together by ties of affection cemented by the trials and dangers of a soldier's life. In response to a unanimous and enthusiastic request, the author surrendered his manuscript for publication, which privilege was gladly undertaken by the Auxiliary Corps of COLUMBIA POST, yecept "THE BUSHWHACKERS." With the hope and belief that it will prove enjoyable and inspiring to those of our comrades who were not privileged to listen to its superb delivery by the author, it is fraternally submitted by the

COMMANDER OF COLUMBIA POST.


95006






Sir True Blue.















In Presentation.

THOUSANDS of years ago the fancy of the Greek linked Mars and Music together. Ulysses tarried through nine changing seasons on Calypso's charmed isle, lulled by the Lydian flute breathing the Ægean's soft and soothing sounds. The fierce bursts of war are ever followed by the sweetness of song. When Alexander rioted in Babylon, after his conquest of the eastern world, the inspired son and priest of the muse, Timotheus, ministering to his moods, sang now his triumphs and now his sorrows, until "pleased with the sound the king grew vain, fought all his battles o'er again, and thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain." 

We who have read the story of the Lion Heart, recall how back of that King of Knights, under the protection of his shield and the ward of his sword, rode Blondel; when disaster came, his lute at last gaining the ear of his captive sovereign, enlightened

his despair and bade him know that he was not forsaken. Saul's gloomy soul was soothed by song and David's music often rings out the triumphs of Israel and the God of Nations and of war. The *Neibelungen Lied*, that chronicle of the forest lords of the old North, their stormy passions and their crimson strifes, shows how ever Sword and Song have been united.   

I, to-night, seek to show the growth and development of a character that will be very dear to history: *the cavalier of the Union*; and to show how his needs and deeds evoked his songs; how they in turn inspired and upbore him and so chronicled his progress and feelings, that if every word of what is called History of the War of the Rebellion was blotted out, the whole majestic progress of that wondrous time would still live in the songs of the people, the soldiers and the camps. I cannot use them all, only those types that in my judgment best expressed the growth of a great military power from the scattered and un-united individual patriots.        

By the *cavalier of the Union*, whom I call TRUE BLUE, I do not mean any particular man, but all the young heroes of our war: the noble composite who will yet stand in historic relief as the exemplar of his age. Nor can I hope to delineate the varied classes and occupations who furnished forth their best and bravest—they were all “our boys,” whether of the farm, the city, or drawn to Freedom's ranks from foreign shores, because they loved liberty and recognized her great cause.    





I WONDER IF HE WILL FIGHT?





HIS was the question that the world was asking in 1860. The “he” in question was a shy, backward youth, perhaps a little overgrown for his years, who had passed the most of his time upon a farm, had been educated at the country school;


who had never been further away from home than the borders of the county in which he was born; who had gone regularly to church and Sunday school, learning there reverence for the Almighty, and obedience to that Divine law which had spoken peace on earth and good will towards mankind; who had never seen a greater excitement than that afforded by a camp-meeting, nor indulged in any more extravagant folly than a husking-bee; whose wildest dissipation had been a furtive visit to a horse-race or a circus; who had never seen the glint of a gun-barrel in a hostile hand, nor thought of other slaughter than the game in the woods and on the prairies, and whose home had been guarded from want, or hardships, by the loving toil of the father, and whose young life had been filled by the gentle affection and regard of the loving mother.



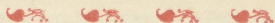
HERS of his age, more fortunate in their careers as it seemed, had been reared in the villages; some of them were store-keepers' clerks, some were teamsters, some were millers' boys, some college fellows; some had heard how the railroad being pushed toward their region was giving occupation to young men, and were thus tempted into other spheres of activity. The highest ambition of any of these youngsters was that they might shine in debate, become orators, lawyers, doctors, ministers. The civilization to which they belonged, the circumstances that surrounded them, made them intensely and practically men of peace. He who so far separated himself from these influences as to crave a military life, or devote himself to the sports of the chase, was looked upon as a rather worthless member of society, whose usefulness was canceled, whose future was a doubtful blank, and whose example was to be shunned by all the rising generation.



IT is true that a generation earlier the sudden splendor of foreign war had burst upon the eyes of the fathers of these boys. There had been a call to arms; there had been fervid appeals to the patriot that he should serve in lands far off on the southern border; there had been a slender column of men moving from the shores of the Rio Grande, another column moving from Vera Cruz as a base, each marching in triumph and both uniting in the capital of Mexico. This had been the only pretense at war, except Indian disturbances, in which for half a century the Republic had been involved. A few of the heroes of that war, scattered about in various places, had told their soldier stories tinged with the romance of that remarkable episode, and had inflamed the curiosity and touched the romanticism of their hearers. Yet but few of these hearers had ever seen a squadron in motion or a company of infantry afoot; and those so seen by them had been the gorgeous militia of the small cities summoned for holiday purposes, and whose greatest rivalry was in the excellence and beauty of their uniforms. War was unknown. Its arts had never been learned; its results were discredited; and its horrors, multiplied in recitation, and deepened, if possible, by imagination, cast shadowy fears upon the souls of men. 

INSTEAD of war were all the opportunities and incitants to peace. At home—peaceful fields full of the ripening grain that bowed to labor's stroke; chiming voices of school and church. Abroad—sunny stretches of the continent, the mysteries of the far mountains, the adventures of the west, all of peace—allured and occupied. The business of fighting was confided to the few regular troops, and that business was reduced to a minimum. The great occupations of life were to spread the civilization of the Republic, to pass honorable days under its protection, and to see that no harm befell it. 

Some there were who went down to the great sea in ships, but already steam was taking the place of the winds, and the typical sailor of a thousand years was disappearing before the servant of the engine. The white sails, the throbbing-hearted steamers, were the carriers of peace. Again and again, loaded with humanity's offering to the starving, they had broken famine's bony clutch on wasted throats, while war's thunders slept upon the ocean way. The gates of the Temple of War were closed, bolts and hinges rusting from long rest, and a generation was at the front who knew not strife or martial ardor.



HO shall determine the influence of sentiment? Sentiment has always been the ruler of our race in the fierce final crises of history. Sentiment filled the breasts of the Long Parliament when it stood for Englishmen's rights; it was Cromwell's inspiration when that gloomy soul, lifted from its shadows, saw the blood of the saints on the Alpine Heights, and made him declare that to preserve their rights he would if necessary sail the ships of England over the craigs of Mont Blanc. Sentiment held Nelson, and the Vanguard, to his task at that battle which drove Napoleon from the seas; sentiment held the thin red line at Balaklava, and charged with Cardigan and the Six Hundred; sentiment held the Continental Congress to its work until the sun of Independence, bursting over the eastern heavens, flooded the world with its still growing glory; sentiment was with Jackson at New Orleans and in the breasts of his braves, when they stood at the gates of the Mississippi, and knowing they were the keepers of an empire, barred the way of the heroes of the Peninsula, the conquerors of the World's Conqueror.



Sentiment was with Worden when on the Monitor he steered her against the tradition of ages and the greatest naval enginery

of the olden time. Death hunted him in the turret, it glared with lightning flashes through the observation apertures, it pounded and thundered on his iron shield, but above that iron shield was the flag of his country, and he held her on her course of glory. Sentiment was in the breast of every man who turned from peace and the pleasures of home to face, in behalf of that great flag, the unknown perils of the coming years, and there never was or will be an army so dominated by sentiment as that which took the front in the early years of the great Rebellion; the son of the preacher, the widow, the banker, the lawyer, the farmer, the struggling beginner and the millionaire, marched, suffered, fought and died on equal terms, before the same perils and through the same pains, without care for reward or pay, with but the one purpose and the one great love. Call their action duty, patriotism, what you will, it was a sentiment so noble that their deeds are sweet in the Nation's memory!



ONG, I repeat, is the voice of sentiment!

The boys of 1860 were listening to the voices singing, some of them the songs of the Southland, and teaching the men of all sections an affectionate regard for that part of the Republic which should be the theatre of warlike actions. The notes of "Suwanee River" were early sounded in the nation's ears, and "Home, Sweet Home" told its beauties to the heart. And ringing true, the chorused thousands at the Sunday schools and in patriotic celebrations sang—

When our fathers long ago
Fled from persecution's flame
O'er the dark, tempestuous sea,
Little children with them came;
Little children knelt and prayed,
With their sires on Freedom's shore
Rose the loud triumphant tone
Wider than the ocean's roar.








And as the generation approached young manhood there were the tender tones of "Bonnie Eloise," the sentimental notes of "Lily Dale," and all those charming words which speak the flower and beauty of youth; and then, embracing all, stirring all, concluding all, the wide and sonorous tones of "AMERICA":

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where our fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let Freedom ring.





And as the tones of some vast organ bear up and embrace all the many voices of the worshipping audience, so this great song united all the sentiment, all the passion, and all the patriotism of the land; it enriched, strengthened and tempered the hearts of "the boys," fitting them thereafter for the proper duties of patriots, and stimulating all their better and stronger natures, as sunshine steals into the heart of earth and sends the sap into the limbs and leaves of the waking tree.

EXPECT you all, or nearly all, remember the sleigh-bell and its merry music, the school bell calling to happy tasks, the church bell summoning to worship. I expect you all remember how the ringing anvil wakened the world on the Fourth day of July; how you never had beheld an actual cannon; how the most dangerous implement of war that you had ever reverently touched was a flint-lock musket from the war of 1812, or the Revolutionary War, or perchance a percussion musket, broad of bore, deep in barrel, big in butt, hanging like a trophy over some fireplace otherwise crowned with the emblems of peace. And what was true of you was true of most of the youth of the United States in 1860.


And so, I say, the question was asked by the world: Would this peaceful boy, reared under such influences, endure the perils

and privations of the march, the battle field, the siege? Could he stand the grind of daily long-drawn hardship? Could he make companions of danger and disaster and death? And to all of these inquiries TRUE BLUE, yet untested, was to make his own heroic answer.       








The Opening.

IN through the chiming of the bells, in through the magic songs of love, in through the opening softness of the tender year, there came slowly, solemnly, awfully, the grumble and roar of far-away contest. Onto the horizon of peaceful life there flashed a red illumination; borne on the lightning's wings there came the dreadful whisperings of strife; and TRUE BLUE, listening, heard that Sumpter had been fired upon and the flag of the Union, there, torn out of the sky?    







Do you remember the benumbed feeling of the time? Do you remember how men looked into each others' faces, and up to Heaven, and around on the wide earth, and stretched their sinewy arms, and hands that were empty of weapons, and wondered what they could do? Do you remember how the call for men gave instant direction to the seething people? Do you remember how TRUE BLUES, starting from every region in the land, began to move toward the little gathering places, then toward the camps of formation, and from them, clad for the first time in the uniform of the country, and with such weapons as haste could find and patriotic wealth could buy, began hurried march toward the front? In the passing of a day TRUE BLUE had ceased to be a boy and had become a recruit in the cause of his country, and as he marched away song again surrounded him, sounded from his lips on the march and by the camp-fire; the tender songs of him who parts from home and love. Then at night, when the stars came out that shone on that home as well as








on the canvas tent, when the young heart was full with its mysteries, "Annie Laurie" was the song; and when the night had passed and some brighter, gayer theme must greet the day, he sang "The Girl I Left Behind Me," and yet not far behind, for like a guiding presence, like a teaching spirit, like a lovely inspiration, the girl—TRUE BLUE'S girl—was ever in his heart. 

Her brow is like the snowdrift,
Her throat is like the swan;
Her face it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on.

IN truth, TRUE BLUE was a sentimental young fellow, who carried a picture of a girl (name not given) tucked away in the depths of his big back-breaking knapsack, or in the warm recesses of his inside left blouse pocket. It may be well to say that when the knapsack went the picture stayed and was in at the end.       

Sentimental and untried he marched away; for the first time in his life the voice of discipline fell on his ear; the clothes that his own taste or that of a parent had chosen, were sent back by express or by a neighbor's hand to the old home; he would need them again in ninety days!—and in the meantime he must be uniformed. Not but that his personal prowess would mark him to all eyes, but it was a requirement of his station, and he would observe it rather than have a row with the captain or a misunderstanding with that fop, the colonel. So, too, those long locks, the pride of mother's heart, so often kissed and fondled by her, he would sacrifice to the regimental barber, saving only a few curly knots, to go in a letter to *some one else*. As for his gun, it wasn't all his fancy had pictured; it wasn't equal to a hunting rifle, and Jove's rude thunders only faintly would it counterfeit; but it was as good as the other fellows had, and he'd try it and what it lacked in excellence he'd make up in strategy.

The hard tack and the coffee weren't up to the home standard; as a matter of fact, he preferred biscuit and pie—until he tried them!—and thenceforth, well, thenceforth he was a friend of the commissary; he found that nothing else so stuck to his ribs, and so made into muscle and brawn, as those same B. C. squares and that salty side meat. Now shorn and clothed and armed and fed, he took the road to the front.      

YOU all remember the box cars and the groaning wheels; the panoramic passing through the country; the stops in villages where the pretty maidens in red, white and blue waved the tiny colors, while the matrons came with loaded baskets, the good things covered with flowers tossed to eager hands, put into the musket tops or fastened on the breasts of the boys; while the voice of the orator cheered with strong appeal, and the prayer of the pastor invoked the divine protection and favor to the good cause. You recall the nights on the sleepless cars that joggled and jostled and tossed their living freight, until at last, after nights and days of travel, the broad river was passed and foot was set on Dixie's shores; you recall the first camps with their long rows of snowy tents, the enclosing guard lines, the countersign and the mysterious parole (what did it mean? and why should those stuck-up officers have it and not the whole command? What was the use of such discrimination? Wasn't each man as good as another and often a sight better? Such gross partiality was not becoming in an army of equal freemen. Those shoulder-strapped fellows put on a good many airs and after a while these things should be corrected.)       

AND so, gradually but certainly, the transformation was in progress and drill was doing its great work. The multitude was giving place to the mass, the man to the unit; learning to rise up by the bugle, to eat by order, to move with

cadenced step, to halt, to advance, fall back, lie down, fire, load—
all at the voice of command; to become a cog on a great wheel
moved by some central force, a vital part of the mighty machine
of War. And round the camps rose and swelled the voices of hope
and devotion.

Yes, we'll rally round the flag, boys,
We'll rally once again,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.
We'll rally from the hill side,
We'll gather from the plain,
Shouting the battle cry of Freedom.

Not yet was the fire felt, not yet was the ordeal passed. Not
yet answer made to the insolent question put by a doubting world.

IN midsummer of 1861 came the first strong engagement of the
war. There had been a few skirmishes here and there, but
no determined combat, until, through Manassas' fatal gap,
defeat fell upon our battalions. As the wild rout rolled from that
sad field back to the capital, the cynic and the scoffer beside every
throne in the world rose, and pointing with scornful finger toward
TRUE BLUE, yelled the first answer, and said:

“HE WILL NOT FIGHT.”

I will not dwell upon the exultation with which tyrant
power viewed that bloody day. I will not try to picture the
humiliation and wrath of TRUE BLUE as he saw his flag in retreat,
his nation in an agony of despair, his cause in manifest peril.

The emergencies of history are the occasions from which
greatness springs. TRUE BLUE fled on that sad July day—broken,
humiliated, not, thank God, not dishonored; and while he strug-
gled with his shame and pain and doubt there swelled about him
from the far-away lips of the great people—

We are coming, Father Abraham,
Three hundred thousand more,
From Mississippi's winding stream
And from Potomac's shore.

And to him, listening, there came the certainty that the skirmish of yesterday had become the war of to-morrow; that the mighty forces of adverse civilization were stripping for a final battle in the presence of the centuries, and that he was ordained to bear the cause and hold the buckler of righteousness and liberty and union to the end.

Not yet, not for many weary months, did TRUE BLUE stand revealed for all he was. He waited; he fought; he fell wounded; the fire of the hospital burned in his brain; the agony of imprisonment abode with him; alternating victory and awful disaster sobered him; he slowed the first mad pulse of rage and anger, stopped the wild dashes, curbed the fiery spirit, and harnessed the high-beating heart to do the steadfast, unceasing, irresistible work of destiny. Whether on land or sea, in camp or prison, in victory or defeat, there was being developed a new and greater character on the American continent.

AND again song pictures the changing time and the changing man, and tells how at last, after two bloody and apparently unfruitful years, the awakened power of the nation, speaking through the lips of its president, recognized and challenged the real situation; looked with unflinching eye into the unmasked face of rebellion; tore the veil from the hideous features of slavery; united the two in the anathema of freedom; bound their two fates indissolubly together; and swore upon the altars of the country that both should perish! Then through the camp, down all the lines of the marching men, rolled, fresh from the heart and lips of all, but voiced by the women at home, that great song whose echoes shall go on through the ages, whose impulses shall be felt while the American nation is worth keeping, while armies are afoot and while God in Heaven rules the affairs of the world:

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord;
He is trampling out the vintage where his grapes of wrath are stored;
He hath loosed the fateful lightnings of his terrible swift sword,
God's truth is marching on.

And so, hearing that mighty chorus, and so, joining in that great song, TRUE BLUE pierced the wilderness and saw the clouds part and knew the end was in view; liberty the purpose and certain union the goal. From the time, my comrades, that the steps of the army stirred to the Battle Hymn of the Republic, there was never faltering, never halting, never doubting; sentiment and justice had struck hands, and we knew that when the war should close ours would be indeed "the land of the free and the home of the brave."



TRAVELERS who pass mountain barriers know that through their low gaps the winding way comes to a point where a step hides all that is passed and reveals a new landscape. And so it happened that in 1863 the landscape of defeat and disaster, of past complication, was hidden by the passing of a single day! And from the Fourth of July on there was a steady and resistless advance of increasing armies with their triumphant tread. The recruit was gone; the veteran was in place; the courtly knight succeeded the untrained youth, and








SIR TRUE BLUE,




with the down of boyhood on cheek and chin replaced by the sturdier growth of young manhood, with his disasters behind him, stood ready at the opening of his new career.









I will not trace it in detail, but let us note this fact, that the cynic and the scoffer slunk back into the shadows of the throne, and laying their lips in the dust began to whisper to each other:




"PERHAPS HE WILL FIGHT."

IT is with scant patience that we review the sentiment of the fifteen years that preceded the epoch of 1863. There is something of shame that a brave man must tell how once his bravery was doubted, and how all over the world it was said: He is a shop-keeper; he is a country clown; he is an enervated fopling; there is no merit in his blood; he will be overridden by his fierce adversary; he is but the fifth of a man. To-day the dull echoes of those shameful cries are still heard, distant and all but drowned out by the echoes of our bugles and the fierce roll of our war drums, but still alive. Yet, beginning with 1863 and to the end, came that courtly character whom I have named and striven to depict in his development, SIR TRUE BLUE, as courtly and gallant a figure as ever rode in the light of history! Gentle, chivalrous, sentimental, splendid, resolute, unconquerable! To him the damp of the prison and the noisome crust were nectar and ambrosia while liberty sat at his starving board. To him the delirium of the hospital was the vision of paradise when the country filled the horizon. Before his wide and wasting guns opposition went down on two thousand miles of battle lines.     




His adventurous feet clouded mountain tops were but the uplifted footholds whence with clear eye he might further observe and more fiercely strike the embattled foe. By his eager tread the distance was continually shortened between him and the gallant foe and certain victory. The forest only veiled the eagerness of his advance. Rushing rivers on their broad bosoms bore his launched columns from the hither to the yonder shore, always toward victory. No expanse was so wide, no exposure so severe, no danger so great that SIR TRUE BLUE, with plumed head, with unmailed hand, with unarmored breast, would not march, that victory might be established.   








And victory came; wide, magnificent, fruitful victory, that was to last for the ages; and at the instant that a prostrate foe lay

in the dust, spent from struggle, gasping from the bloody fight, exhausted in resources, hopeless, helpless, SIR TRUE BLUE lifted his sword and gave that foeman life and welcomed him back into the dear old home.      








And the cynic and the scoffer, fleeing from the blazing, luminous record, heard the world-wide shout:   

“HE WILL FIGHT! HE WILL FIGHT!”

PERHAPS the most romantic struggles that the world had chronicled were those of the crusades, when the chivalry of Europe marched away past the ruins of Asia Minor, beyond the blue depths of the Mediterranean, to find the holy sepulchre of the buried Lord. And yet, and yet, all that poetry and romance and tradition have saved of the deeds of those legions of chevaliers does not equal the wondrous story of the achievements and high gallantry of SIR TRUE BLUE. You who are about me can each of you give some instance that would support this general assertion. Did men ever face a more valiant foe? Had a greater country ever been conquered?   

Greeks sat “combing their yellow hair” before the fight at Thermopylæ, that in death they should be well favored. Americans on the evening before Cold Harbor’s awful struggle sewed their names, which they had written on pieces of white cloth, onto their uniforms, that they might, when dead, be identified by friends and mourned by the beloved—and then laid down for their last living sleep, before the eternal rest. Beloved of liberty, ye sleep in glory!       


HERE you with the Monitor at Hampton Roads? Were you with the Hartford when Farragut, lashed in its rigging, steered straight upon the foe, and made the world know that hearts of oak on the broad seas were equal to

hulls of iron! Were you with Cravens when that Chevalier saluted death in the name of humanity and for the honor of his profession? Were you with Foote when he laid his tin-clad up against the thunders of Fort Henry and Donaldson, and cleaved a continent on the current of the Mississippi? Were you with Grant at Vicksburg when he thrust his army, like a bolt of steel, between contending forces, each greater than his own, striking now to the front and now to the rear, cut his adversaries through, piercing thus the heart of the confederacy, and held his purpose until the unvexed Mississippi flowed to the sea? Were you with Thomas at Nashville when the surging waves of the last high tide of rebellion broke in bloody foam again at the foot of the Rock of Chickamauga?       




ERE you with Meade and Hancock on those heights at Gettysburg where fame's sunshine gathers and glows and will forever? Were you with Ellsworth when he died to save his country's emblem from pollution, his country's sky from the shame of an alien flag? Were you with Cushing when he drove his little launch against the navy of slavery gathered in the inlets of the southeastern sea? Were you with Sheridan when he rode at the head of the charging thousands of cavalry, or with fair-haired Custer, or with Pleasonton, or Averill, or Merritt, or Gregg, when they gathered their tramping hosts and launched them like lightning on their paths? Were you with Oglesby at Donaldson, or Logan and Blair in the march to Atlanta, or Slocum on the march to the sea, or fiery Sherman parting the very vitals of the confederacy? Were you with the picket where his eyes peered through the darkness and met the eyes of death? Were you with the advance guard watching the whole horizon, fighting its ten thousand duels of individual prowess, moving ever toward the front? Were you with those slower resistless battalions of blue, which moved over all distances, crossings all barriers, ascending

all heights, passing all depths, launched with thunder upon every obstacle and fortification, and overwhelmed them and possessed them? Were you with those wonderful columns which, starting from the Potomac and the Ohio and the banks of the Mississippi, cleaved and fought and struggled and kept the flag to the fore?

Were you with those myriads of rankless men who gladly died that one country might hold their nameless graves? Or with those thousands who, when scurvy had gnawed them, and disease had polluted their blood, and famine and awful thirst starved them, proudly refused release and plenty, food and drink and safety, that the Union might endure? If so, you know, as I know and as the world will know, that greater sacrifices were never borne, that more chivalric deeds, more splendid campaigns, more successful war, never was fought than by that SIR TRUE BLUE, who at the end laid his wreathed sword at the feet of his country, melted into the mass of citizenship, disappeared from history, save as his fragrant and eternal memory will shine like a lifted constellation amid the heaven of men's memory, of men's greatest deeds and highest glory. 

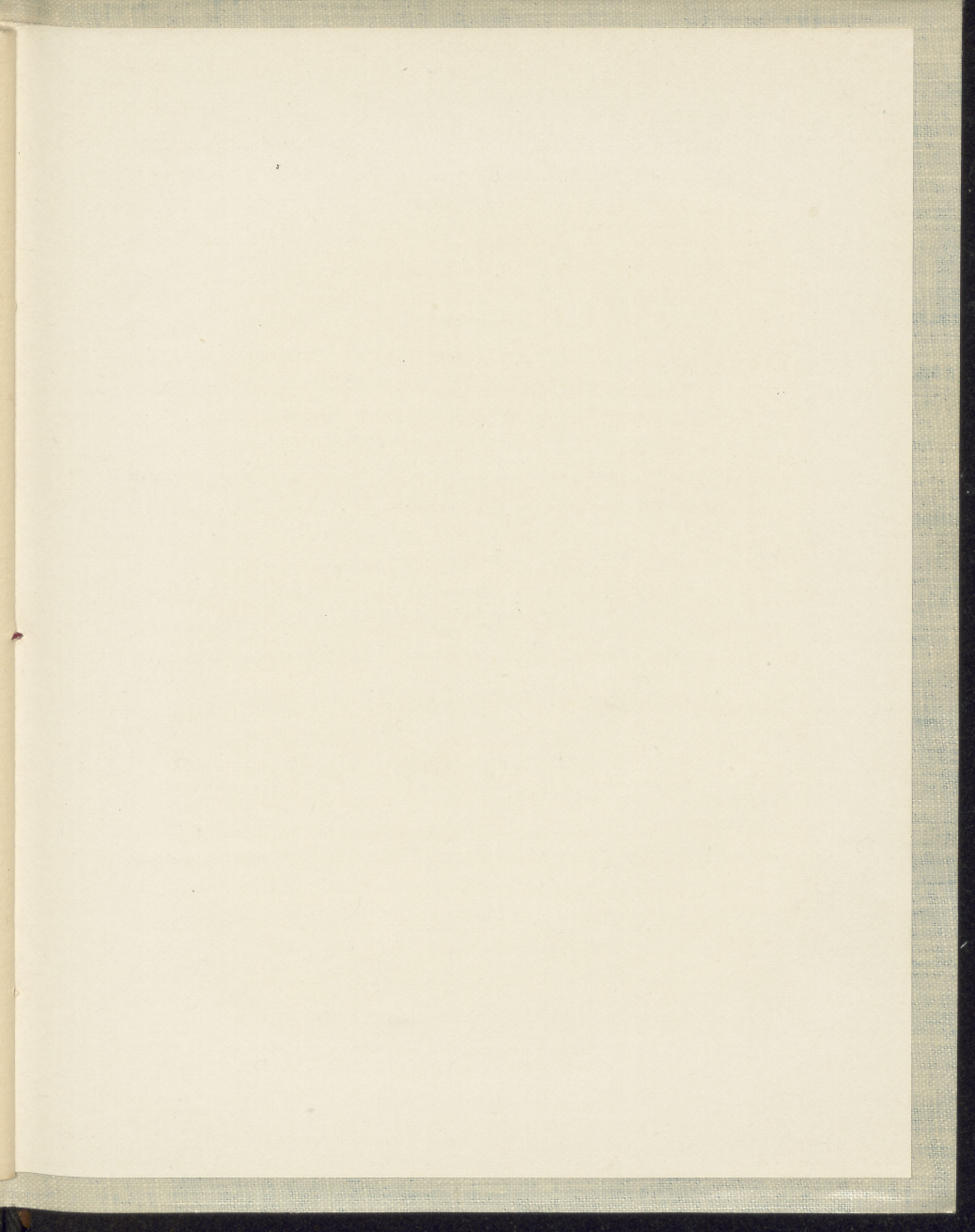


S about a catafalque of a fallen chieftain, while the plumes nod, the hearse moves slow, and gaping multitudes stand bareheaded in their reverence, there breathes the solemn pomp of farewell music, so around the vanishing figure of SIR TRUE BLUE, from the choruses of victory and liberty and uplifted humanity, there rolls and pours a song set to the eternal music of destiny, a song which may cheer the hearts of future myriads when in some hour of apparent gloom doubt may assail. 

What though the clouds one little moment
Hide the blue sky when morn appears,
When the bright sun that tints them crimson
Rises to shine a thousand years.

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen,
Fling to the winds your idle fears,
He who unfurled your beauteous banner
Says it shall wave a thousand years.





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