COMPANIONS IN ARMS.

The Army of the Potomac Once More At the Front.

A ROUSING REUNION.

The Parade and Excursion---Feasting and Speech-making.

The fourteenth annual Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, which took place in this city on Wednesday and Thursday of last week, was in every respect a great success. The weather, which earlier in the week had been boisterous, was bright and beautiful, and nothing occurred to interrupt the programme of festivities. The hotels, public buildings and many business houses, including the office of THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE, were handsomely decorated in honor of the occasion, and the capital presented quite a martial appearance. During the early hours of Wednesday morning the veterans held impromptu receptions at their several headquarters, but shortly after 11 o'clock they assembled, to the number of some 200, at the Riggs House, where the President of the Society, General A. A. Humphreys, and his staff, consisting of Colonel Geo. Meade, Colonel Harry Humphreys, Captain R. L. Hoxie and General Whittaker, formed them in columns of fours, and they then took position in the procession with which the festivities of the day were to be opened. The escort, which was under command of Brevet Major-General R. B. Ayres, U. S. A., was composed of the various military and veteran organizations of the District, and numbered in all about 2,500 men, the following being the commands in line: Mounted police, two companies United States artillery, (acting as infantry,) Washington Light Infantry Corps, headed by the band of Wilson Post, of Baltimore, battery of light artillery, Regulars, three companies colored militia, National Rifles, Society of the Army of the Potomac, Sons of Veterans, the Veteran Corps, Grand Army Posts of Washington and Baltimore, two companies of Cadets, six bands, including the Marine Band, and as many drum corps, with 150 police, mounted and on foot. A line of carriages carrying disabled veterans also appeared in the line, and was escorted by Meade Post and Sumner (colored) Post of the G. A. R.

The route of the parade was up Fifteenth street, passing the McPherson statue, to Vermont avenue; thence to Massachusetts avenue, passing the Thomas statue; thence to Rhode Island avenue, passing the Scott statue; thence to Connecticut avenue to K street, passing the Farragut statue; thence to Seventeenth street, to west La Fayette square, to Pennsylvania avenue, passing the Executive Mansion, at which point the column was reviewed by the President; thence to Fifteenth street to the Riggs House, where the escort was dismissed. On the pavement opposite the Executive Mansion a grand stand had been erected, and by the time the column reached that point a brilliant company had assembled there. At the front and center of the stand the President stood. On his left were Attorney-General Brewster and Postmaster-General Gresham, while on his right were Secretary Lincoln, Gen. W. T. Sherman, Amiral Porter, and Secretary Teller. There were also present upon the stand Justice Field, ex-Speaker Keifer, Senators Miller, California; Butler, South Carolina; ex-Senator Windom, Representatives McKinley and S. S. Cox; the English, French, Spanish, Brazilian, and Chinese ministers and ladies of their families, W. W. Corcoran, Gen. Sherman's staff, Gen. Hazen, Gen. B. S. Calef, Gen. Livermore, Gen. Ingalls, Gen. Schofield, Admiral Nichols, Admiral Rowan, the Commissioners of the District, ex-Postmasters-General Horatio King and J. A. J. Creswell, Marshal McMichael, and others.

Immediately after the dismissal of the escort the members of the society, without breaking ranks, marched to the White House, and in the Blue room of the Executive Mansion were personally introduced to the President by Marshal McMichael, the reception lasting for an hour or more.

The scenes along the route of the procession recalled the spectacle of eighteen years ago, when the Army of the Potomac, 100,000 strong, returning from its last campaign, passed through the streets of the capital, but the thin line of gray-haired veterans bent under the weight of years, and dressed in plain citizens' clothes, offered a pathetic contrast to the triumphant host that was marshaled here on that occasion.

THE CORPS MEETINGS.

At the conclusion of the President's reception, the veterans scattered to their respective headquarters, and the various corps societies held their annual meetings.

The First Corps elected the following: President, Col. G. G. Benedict; vice president, Col. I. S. Tichenor; secretary and treasurer, Capt. I. N. Burritt.

The Second Corps elected the following officers: President, Gen. James H. Beaver; first vice president, Gen. A. S. Webb; second vice president, Col. T. E. Parsons; third vice president, Gen. Newton M. Brooks; secretary and treasurer, Gen. John D. Billings; executive committee, Gen. Nathan Church, Gen. J. E. Curtis, Gen. J. B. Crit, Col. George F. Hopper, Capt. Benj. A. Child; corps historian, General Francis A. Walker.

The Third Army Corps Union, composed of officers, met at the Arlington and elected the following officers to serve during the ensuing year: President, Major Willard Bullard, of New York; vice-president, Major John Barclay Fassett, of the District; secretary, Colonel Edward L. Welling, of New Jersey; treasurer, Major-General Gershom Mott, of New Jersey. Board of directors, Major William P. Shreve, of Boston; Colonel Rafferty, of New York; General John C. Robinson, of Binghamton, N. Y.; Colonel Clayton Macmichael, of Washington, D. C.; Major A. Judson Clark, of Newark, N. J.; Captain George W. Cooney, of New York City; General Robert McAllister, of Allentown, Pa.; General Levi Burd Duff, of Pittsburg, Pa.; Major William Plimley, of New York City. Trustees, General Bankson T. Morgan, General Charles K. Graham, both of New York.

The Fifth Corps met at the Riggs House and elected the following officers: President, General James McQuade; first vice-president, Major Joseph H. Stine; second vice-president, Major W. Howard Mills; secretary and treasurer, General Frederick T. Lochi; executive committee, General H. A. Barnum, Colonel A. M. Clarke, Private J. W. Webb; vice-president of the Army of the Potomac, Major-General R. B. Ayres, U. S. A. There was a unanimous vote for General Fitz John Porter's restoration, and a resolution of respect to the memory of General Warren was passed. On motion of Major Wm. Howard Mills, the corps determined to present the name of General U. S. Grant as its candidate for President of the General Society.

The Sixth Army Corps met at Willard's Hall, Colonel Manning in the chair. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: President, Thomas N. Hyde, of Maine; vice-presidents, General Thomas Allen, of Wisconsin; Colonel John F. Glenn, of Pennsylvania; Colonel A. S. Tracy, of Vermont; secretary, Captain George B. Fielder, of New Jersey; recording secretary, D. S. Hassinger, Pennsylvania; treasurer, Colonel Samuel Truesdell, New York; vice-president, Society of the Army of the Potomac, General Adam E. King, of Maryland; General Martin McMahon, corps historian; General King, assistant. Among the speakers was General Kinne, of New York, who spoke of the great injustice done the Sixth Corps by those who were not cognizant of the facts.

The Ninth Corps met at the Riggs House and elected the following officers for the ensuing term: President, General John G. Parke, Washington, D. C.; vice-president, R. C. Potter, New York; secretary and treasurer, General C. H. Barney, New York; vice-president, Army of the Potomac, General E. Jardinette.

The Twelfth Corps met at the Arlington, and made the following selections. Captain W. W. Bush, of the Twenty-eighth New York volunteers, president, re-elected; Surgeon John J. H. Love, secretary; General James L. Selfridge, vice-president for the society. Letters were read from Generals Slocum, Andrews and Pardee, Captains Hopkins and Warren and others. President Bush made an address of thanks, after which, on motion of General Slocum, the meeting adjourned with three cheers for their old commanders.

The Nineteenth Corps met at the Ebbitt and elected General W. H. Emery president; General G. L. Beale, vice-president; Captain W. D. James, secretary and treasurer, and General Emery, vice-president of the society.

The Cavalry Corps met at the Riggs House, General William Wells in the chair, and Colonel Charles H. Hatch, secretary. Dissatisfaction being expressed regarding the present badge, a committee was appointed to adopt a new design to be presented at the next meeting. The following were elected officers for the ensuing year: Gen. W. W. Averill, president; Maj. Charles H. Hatch (re elected), secretary; Colonel Gerrard L. Whitehead (re-elected), treasurer; and vice-presidents, Major Marcus A. Reno, Colonel C. J. Wilson, Colonel Charles G. Otis, Major H. C. Myer, Major W. N. Boyd, Colonel J. P. Taylor and Colonel Albert Burnitts. General William Wells was then elected vice-president of the society.

THE BUSINESS MEETING.

Later in the afternoon the annual business meeting of the society was held at the National Theater, the auditorium of which had been tastefully decorated for the occasion by Comrade Frank T. Foster, of Cincinnati, O. The proscenium arch was heavily draped with bunting, and a portrait of General Grant, framed in flags, with the single word "Appomattox" below it and the text "Welcome, Army of the Potomac" above it, occupied the center. At one side of the arch, over the boxes, was suspended a portrait of General Sherman, and at the other side one of General Sheridan, while both tiers of balconies were gracefully festooned with the national colors, and each bore a row of shields on which the names of the battles in which the army participated were inscribed. The stage itself was set with a military scene. At one wing there was an effigy of a soldier on guard, and at the other a figure of a veteran returned to the plow, while two pillars at the center bore the names of the army's generals and corps commanders. At the rear of the stage rose the effigy of a monument, inscribed with the names of the dead of the last year as follows: Major J. B. Atchison, General A. E. Burnside, General S. Burbank, Colonel G. W. Bradley, Captain W. D. Breanan, Colonel Gouverneur Carr, Captain J. Newton Dickson, Colonel Geo. P. Foster, Colonel A. Farnsworth, Florence Bieyler, General J. Kilpatrick, General P. P. Bixby, Captain John H. Brinter. General Humphreys presided at the business meeting, and General Horatio King officiated as secretary. The secretary's and treasurer's reports were first presented. The latter's shows a balance from last year of $734.31; dues received from June 12, 1882, to May 15, 1883, $1,195.35; initiation fees of new members May 16, $765; total, $2,694 66; disbursements for stationery, printing, postage, expenses of the poet, orator, and the stenographer at the last meeting, and incidentals, $1,522.93, leaving a balance on hand of $1,171.73.

ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

The next thing in order was the election of a president for the ensuing year. General S. H. Mann, of North Carolina, on behalf of the Sixth Corps, nominated for president "that grand old soldier," General John Newton. There was a great clamor of applause. Major Joseph Steiner, from the stage, shouted at the top of his his voice, the nomination of the Fifth Corps, General U. S. Grant, which was received with great applause. To the latter nomination it was objected that General Grant was only an honorary member, and therefore not eligible to the presidency. General Humphreys provoked a general laugh by quietly saying, "General Grant served with the Army of the Potomac; I know that." Finally General Mann withdrew the name of General Newton, and then General Barnum withdrew General Grant. Amid boisterous but thoroughly good natured tumult these names were again presented, however, and the ballot resulted as follows: General Newton, 155; General Grant, 117; scattering, 17. General Newton's election was made unanimous. By vote, the secretary was authorized to cast one vote for the re-election of the other officers as follows: Treasurer, General M. T. McMahon; Secretary, General Horatio King; Corresponding Secretary, General George H. Sharpe. The different corps then presented the names of the vice-presidents, one for each corps, as follows: First Corps, W. W. Dudley; Second Corps, General S. S. Carroll; Third Corps, General Dudley L. Davis; Fourth Corps, Colonel McMichael; Fifth Corps, General R. B. Ayres; Sixth Corps, General Adam E. King; Ninth Corps, General Edward Jardinette; Eleventh Corps, Colonel Emil Frye; Twelfth Corps, General Joseph L. Selfridge; Nineteenth Corps; General William H. Everett; staff corps, General George D. Ruggles; cavalry corps, Colonel B. McIntosh; artillery corps, Colonel H. I. Hunt; signal corps, General B. F. Fisher.

The next business was the selection of a place in which to hold the next Reunion. Three cities—Brooklyn, Portland and Harrisburg—were recommended, but after some discussion Brooklyn was unanimously fixed upon.

On motion of Gen. Alexander Webb a resolution was adopted thanking the citizens of Washington for their hospitality, and the meeting adjourned until evening.

THE PUBLIC MEETING.

There was a very large attendance at the evening meeting and many distinguished officers and civilians were present. Secretary Lincoln and Postmaster-General Gresham occupied one of the boxes, and among those on the stage were Generals Webb, Humphreys, Rosecrans, Weaver, MacMahon, Adam King, Wright, Van Vliet, Ayres, McIntosh, McKee Dunn, H. W. Slocum, Green B. Raum, Carmen, H. C. King, Clarke, Zeilin, T. T. Crittenden, Ordway, Barnum, Tyler, Locke, Ruggles, Robinson, Sharpe, Col. Trettle, Col. Truesdell, Capt. Burritt, Capt. Joyce, Maj. Steiner, Hon. M. Maginnis, the orator of the evening; George Alfred Townsend, the poet of the occasion; District Commissioner Edmonds, Capt. Richard Hoxie, Judge MacArthur, Commissioner Loring, Capt. Phelps, H. J. Ramsdell, J. Q. Thompson, Prof. Hilgard, J. B. Carson, Senator Ingalls, General Francis A. Walker, W. H. Trescot, John A. Baker, and Speaker Keifer.

The meeting was called to order by President Humphreys. Commissioner Edmonds then proceeded to deliver a brief address of welcome. At its conclusion Mr. George Alfred Townsend, the poet of the occasion, read the following poem:

THE ANNUAL POEM.

Civil soldiers, reassembled by the river of your fame!
Ye who saved the virgin city bathed in Washington's clear name!
Which of all your past commanders doth this day your memory haunt—
Scott, McDowell, Burnside, Hooker, Meade, McClellan, Halleck, Grant?

There is one too little mentioned when your proud reunions come,
And the thoughtful love of country dies upon the sounding drum:
Let me call him in your muster! Let me wake him in your grief!
Captain by the Constitution, Abraham Lincoln was your chief!

Ever nearest to his person, ye were his defense and shield;
He alone of your commanders died upon the battle-field;
All your generals were his children, leaning on him childish-willed,
And they all were filial mourners round the mighty tomb he filled.

Tender as the harp of David his soft answers now become,
When amid the cares of kingdoms rose and fell some Absalom;
And his humor gilds his memory like a light within a tent,
Or the sunken sun that lingers on the lofty monument.

Like the slave that saw the sunrise with his face toward the west,
As it flashed, while yet 'twas hidden, on a slender steeple's crest;
So while Victory turned her from him, ere the dawn in welcome came,
On his pen Emancipation glittered like an altar flame.*

Feeling for the doomed deserter, feeling for the drafted sire,
For the empty northern hearthstone and the southern home afire,
Mercy kept him grim as Moloch, all the future babes to free,
And eternal peace to garner for the millions yet to be.

Not a soldier of the classics, he could see through learned pretense,
Master of the greatest science, military common sense;
As he watched your marches, comrades, hither, thither, wayward years—
On his map the roads you followed, you can trace them by his tears.

In the rear the people clamored, in the front the generals missed;
In his inner councils harbored critic and antagonist:
But he ruled them by an instinct like the queen's among the bees,
With a health of soul that honeyed publicans and pharisees.

Faint of faith, we looked behind us for a chief of higher tone,
While the voice that drowned the trumpets was the echo of our own.
Ever thus, my old companions! genius has us by the hand,
Walking on the tempest with us, every crisis to command.

Like the bugle blown at evening by some home-sick son of art,
Lincoln's words unearthly quiver in the universal heart,
Not an echo left of malice, scarce of triumph in the strain,
As when summer thunder murmurs in pathetic showers of rain.

Years forever consecrated, here he lived where duties be,
Never crying on the climate or the toil's monotony;
Here his darling boy he buried, and the night in vigil wept
Like his Lord within the garden, when the tired disciples slept.

How his call for men went ringing round the world, a mighty bell!
And the races of creation came the proud revolt to quell!
Standing in the last reaction on the rock of human rights,
Worn and mournful grew his features in the flash of battle lights.

Once, like Moses from the mountain, looked he on the realm he won,
When the slaves in burning Richmond knelt and thought him Washington;
Then an envious bravo snatched him from the theater of things,
To become a saint of nature in the Pantheon of Kings.

Faded are the golden chevrons, vanished in the pride of war;
Mild in heaven his moral glory lingers like the morning star,
And the freeman's zone of cotton his white spirit seems to be,
And the insects in the harvest beat his army's *reveille*.

All around him spoiled or greedy, women vain and honors spent,
Still his faith in human nature lived without discouragement:
For his country, which could raise him, barefoot, to the monarch's height,
Could he mock her, or his mother, though her name she could not write?

Deep the wells of humble childhood, cool the spring beside the hut;
Millions more as poor as Lincoln see the door he has not shut.
Not till wealth has made its canker every poor white's cabin through,
Shall the great republic wither or the infidel subdue.

Stand around your great commander. Lay aside your little fears!
Every Lincoln carries Freedom's car along a hundred years;
And when next the call for soldiers rolls along the golden belt,
Look to see a mightier column rise and march, prevail and melt!

*The people of a city were commanded by the oracle to assemble on a plain outside of the city, and he who first saw the sunrise should be made king. A slave turned his back to the sun and looked up the shaft of a high temple, where the sun's earliest rays flamed, and he cried, "I see it!" He had been told to do so by a wise citizen, who staid at home. This citizen, revealed by the slave, they made king, and he was the wisest that ever reigned there.

Major Martin Maginnis, delegate to Congress from Montana, then delivered the annual oration. [It will be found on our first page.]

Major Maginnis was frequently interrupted by outbursts of applause, and at the close of the oration was warmly congratulated on all sides.

SHERMAN'S BUMMERS.

There were now loud calls for Gen. Sherman, and yielding to the clamor, he finally came forward, and spoke as follows:

FRIENDS AND COMRADES IN A COMMON CAUSE: One of my neighbors, and an old member of the society, said to me to-day: This is a meeting of the Army of the Potomac, and we don't want any 'bummers' around!" [Great laughter.] Now, that was both kind and suggestive [laughter], and I appreciate it. [Laughter.] But the symbols I see around me so beautifully and plentifully decorating these walls, the names of hard battles fought, of great victories won, the flags under which we contended and conquered, are the common property of every soldier, whether of the Army of the Tennessee, of the Cumberland, of the Ohio, or of the Potomac. [Applause.] There was but one flag for us all—but one cause, that of our common country! [Applause.] It is well for you of the Army of the Potomac, and for the soldiers of all our armies, to meet here and elsewhere in friendly reunion, and recall the past, to fight your battles over again, and recount the arduous struggles you have made. For we are getting old, and soon must pass away, and while it is yet time it is right and proper that we should settle these little differences of opinion, of statements of facts, of impressions that exist still—that have existed from the commencement—so that we may transmit to our children the true, unvarnished, unprejudiced recital of the war waged for freedom and for union. And I, for one, am willing to concede what your eloquent and impassioned orator claimed in his speech that the true place of the Army of the Potomac was on "the right flank." I presume he means by this the post of honor. But we belong to a great country, and the full measure of its glory belongs not to one, but to all. Between the extremities of our Nation roll thousands of miles, and its grandeur cannot be measured or monopolized by a section. We, of the West, think the Mississippi is a great stream. The country it runs through is a great and populous one, filled with many and flourishing cities, with the busy hum of industry, with a brave and energetic people. Now, I sincerely believe that when we opened the Mississippi as a Union pathway to the gulf, the war was won. The work was not all finished then, for we made another slice, a pretty large one, too, in another direction, which brought us nearer to you of the East. And I think that every soldier in the Army of the Potomac felt better when he heard that the Army of the Tennessee was coming. For my own part, I am pretty sure I felt I was welcome when I got to Raleigh. [Laughter and applause.]

Now, ladies and gentlemen, the custom of this army and all others, my own included, is to transact their own business, and permit strangers only to show themselves. I have showed myself (great laughter and cheering), and will now leave you to tell your stories and sing your songs around your own camp-fires.

General Sherman's speech was long and loudly cheered, and the entire audience was as one man singing "Marching Through Georgia," with band accompaniment.

Short addresses were also made by Generals Slocum, Webb, and Beaver, and ex-Speaker Keifer, and telegrams of regret were read from Generals Hancock and Sheridan, after which the meeting adjourned.

THE SECOND DAY.

Excursion to Mt. Vernon—The Annual Banquet and Speeches.

Thursday morning dawned with cloudless skies and a bracing temperature, and our veterans were destined to visit Mount Vernon under the most favorable auspices. The hour set for the excursion was 10 o'clock, and about that time the U. S. steamer Tallapoosa, the revenue cutter Ewing, and the large river steamer George Leary left their wharves with some seven hundred passengers. The boats were gaily decorated with bunting and there was an abundance of martial music. The trip down the Potomac was also enlivened by the singing of patriotic songs, and each familiar point as it was reached evoked an exchange of interesting reminiscences. The visitors arrived at Mount Vernon about noon, and passing the tomb of Washington with heads uncovered, were shown through the old mansion and over the beautiful grounds which surround it, while the Marine Band played the national airs on the portico and a male octette rendered "The Soldier's Farewell," and other compositions suitable to the occasion. The visit was entirely informal, and after spending a couple of hours pleasantly under the grand old trees which skirt the bold shores of the river, the party re-embarked and returned to the city, arriving about 4 o'clock.

THE ANNUAL BANQUET.

The closing event of the Reunion was the annual banquet, which took place at Abner's Garden, at 8 o'clock in the evening. The scene was one of bewitching beauty. The balconies which encircle the garden had been lavishly draped with the national colors, countless colored globes shed a warm radiance over the tables, and electric lights imparted an air of splendor to the surroundings. Portraits of Generals Grant, Sheridan and Garfield looked down upon the guests from various points, and wherever one's eyes turned they met a gleaming mass of color. Flowers and tropical plants, artistically grouped, gave the garden the appearance of a fairy bower, and the tables themselves were loaded down with floral devices. The table set apart for the officers of the society and distinguished guests extended entirely across one end of the garden, and at right angles with it were arranged the other tables—ten in number. The balconies were reserved for spectators, and were thronged with ladies and gentlemen.

Among the distinguished persons present at the banquet were the following: Generals Sherman, McClellan, Humphreys, Major Maginnis and George Alfred Townsend (the orator and poet of the Reunion), Generals Schenck, Bingham, Rosecrans, Walker, Miles, Carroll, King, McMahon, Newton (the new president of the society), Miller, Wright, Emory, Ayres, Ruggles, Van Vliet, Schofield, Burdett, Colonel Dudley, Admiral Rodgers, Captain Bromley, Charles Dudley Warner, and General Beaver, of Pennsylvania; General Selden Connor, ex-Governor of Maine; General George L. Beale, Adjutant-General of Maine; Colonel A. M. Benson, of Boston; Colonel Thomas L. Livermore, Commander of the Loyal Legion of Massachusetts; Colonel Benjamin S. Calef, General Thomas W. Hyde, Colonel Stephen W. Manning, formerly Quartermaster of the Sixth Corps; General Hazard Stephens, ex-Governor P. C. Cheney, of New Hampshire; General George W. West, General Charles F. Wolcott, of Boston; General Batchelder, who is preparing the history of Gettysburg; Captain C. C. Cole, Captain Newton Whittier, Captain J. S. Slater, and Captain W. L. Cole.

The banquet itself was admirably served, and at intervals during the courses the Marine band discoursed some delightful music. It was after ten o'clock when the cloth was removed and President Humphreys called the assemblage to order, and announced the first toast of the evening, "The President," which was drunk standing, the band playing "Hail to the Chief."

THE ARMY.

The next toast, "The Army," brought up General Sherman, who was greeted with such tumultuous applause that for some time he was unable to proceed. After setting forth his claim to membership to the society, because he commanded a brigade in the Army of the Potomac at the first battle of Bull Run and believed that he had had something to do toward producing the opportunity for the last grand triumph at Appomattox, General Sherman said:

I believe it would be better if we could consolidate the memories of all our armies into one, and that one the "Army of the Union," leaving to our antagonists to write their own history, which at best can only be an apology. While welcoming into our fraternity all brave and honorable men who will unite with us in the future labor of building up our common country, we can afford to smile at the futile efforts of men like Davis, Toombs and Early, who seem to think that the world is all wrong because they had not the making of it.

He then sketched the history of the army of the United States, and the necessity for its always being in proper condition to aid in the maintenance of peace, whenever threatened for whatever cause. He said he had spoken to this toast very often, and it looked as if each generation was repeating the same follies and same wisdom as the previous; that he took a pride in the army; that he trusted that the men who govern us would not commit the fatal mistake of concluding that the soldier is a thing of the past, because so long as man is man, so long will force enter into the economy of government, and no government on earth can be perfect which cannot enforce by physical power its own laws and decrees promptly and thoroughly; and the army must be that force, action, or passion. He closed by saying:

In this battle between war and peace, we desire to make of the army a body of men worthy to be styled the grand high sheriff of the Nation, and I for one rejoice that so many of our old comrades of the armies of the Union remain in the councils of the Nation, or mingle in assemblages like this which make up public opinion, to bear testimony to the great importance of keeping alive that knowledge of the art of war, and of those habits which become essential and must be repeated whenever an army is called into existence to maintain the honor of the country abroad, or its peace and security at home.

It is also a matter of vital importance to republican America that in our free country, where parties assume such seemingly angry antagonisms, there should be maintained one body at least toward which men may turn with safety, as always true and loyal to the constituted authorities of the Nation.

THE NAVY.

The "Star Spangled Banner" was then sung by a male chorus, after which Admiral C. R. P. Rodgers responded to the third toast, "The Navy." He said:

It was the fortune of the navy to be near the Army of the Potomac in grave emergencies and amid stirring events, and it always gave the earnest and fraternal support that one branch of the profession of arms owes to the other. But, gentlemen, that improvised fleet of steamers of commerce, ferry-boats, and cattle drogers, and every floating thing that would carry a gun, effective as it proved in our civil war, would have availed little against the well-equipped ships of a naval power. Let us take heed, therefore, and be better prepared when we next draw our swords, for we shall find foes swift to strike our undefended ports and coasts heavily and without hesitation or delay. So far as I know, we have now not one very good gun of even moderate caliber on shore or afloat, and, what is worse, I fear we have not the trained artizans and the forges to make them. We have not one large and efficient ship of war, and our few good sloops are not of the best type. In addition to its immense fleet, England is at this moment building twelve great ironclads. France is building sixteen, and the Italians are building two of the largest ironclads in the world, with steel armor nearly nineteen inches thick. We in this rich country, with its enormous sea coast, have been standing still. Our ships and guns are old and bad, but I am glad to say that the personnel of the navy is excellent and full of promise. I have been an officer for fifty years, and in my opinion the personnel of the navy was never so good as it is to-day. Veterans of the Army of the Potomac, I offer you the most cordial greeting of the navy, its hearty thanks for your great example, and its best wishes for your future happiness and for your safe return to your homes."

"Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean," was then sung, and the next toast was to have been "Our Invited Guests," to which the Attorney-General was to respond, but as he was not present, the toast to "The Armies of the West" was read, and Senator Miller, of California, responded in a brief but eloquent speech. He said:

MR. PRESIDENT: My first duty is to thank you, sir, and these gallant knights of the Potomac for the graceful compliment of this toast to the "Armies of the West." Those whom you so kindly remember now, in this hour of festivity, never failed in their sympathy and good will for the Army of the Potomac during its awful trials and dreadful conflicts; and when its brilliant victories came, the shout of triumph rose in mighty volume from every western camp!

Warm and strong and deep was the affection of the men of the West for their compatriots of the East, and to-night, on behalf of those for whom I am authorized to speak, I desire to extend to the survivors and representives of the grandest of America's grand armies the right hand of friendship and give such salutation as shall testify the highest soldierly esteem and imperishable love!

There were six armies in the West, whose organizations were maintained during the greater part of the war, but they so co-operated and were so concentrated with the two grand Armies of the Cumberland and the Tennessee that it is under these two names they are generally grouped as the "Armies of the West." The maximum strength in the field of these armies was not far from three hundred thousand men. They formed, as did the Army of the Potomac, an integrant part of the great Army of the United States of America, an army whose rolls bear the names of more than two millions of men! An army whose martial tread made tremulous the solid earth of half a continent, and whose thunders in action vibrated the atmosphere of the world! It carried one flag, and that was the flag of the Union! Its deeds are registered on the tablets of the Eternal, and its fame is immortal! The marvel is that an army of flesh and blood ever dared to confront it! The highest compliment ever paid to its enemies—now happily enemies no longer, but friends—is the historic and amazing fact that they had the courage, the skill and the fortitude to contend against such an army for four long years. The Armies of the West, like the Armies of the East, were composed mostly of volunteers, men who were conscious of the cause for which they volunteered to fight, and who possessed the intelligence to forecast the effects of victory or of defeat. The cause which they willingly went forth to serve was a cause which has ever inspired the loftiest courage, the steadiest fortitude and the most heroic temper—the sacred cause of liberty!

These armies were declared at first by military critics to be mere armed mobs. In the restricted military sense perhaps they were so, but they were just such mobs as the God of Battles raises up when he bares his mighty arm to work some great good to mankind. If mobs, they were possessed of the true military instinct and in them were the highest military possibilities, and they bore with them the majesty of a grand purpose to fight, to suffer, and to die in defense of free constitutional government and the freedom of man. It was not so much to wound or to kill the enemies of their country that these men, all untrained, went out to battle. Their purpose was to save the Union. It was a strange thing in war, as well as an ethical phenomenon, to see men, equipped with all the instruments of destruction, march against their enemies without hate and slay without the desire to kill, but it was so. It was the spirit of self-sacrifice which animated these armies. It was as if in a Pentecostal fire that spirit had been infused into and had filled the undaunted souls of those marvelous warriors. Ready to die that the Union might be preserved, willing to perish that the Nation might live! With this moral quality they went forth without hate and without fear! And did the men of the West fight? History makes answer. Whoever has read the stories of all the great historic battles will remember from among them all, the story of Donelson; how Grant and his men fought and won and held the Fort! So of Shiloh, so nearly lost, so bravely won! And of the fierce fight on Chaplin Hills, around Perryville! The tales that are told of the bloody field of Stone River, and of the battle-stormed heights of Vicksburg will be repeated through all the ages! And who shall forget dark Chickamauga, where, like a mighty rock in the sea, stood the brave legions of Rosecrans and of Thomas, against which the mad warrior waves dashed themselves into a foam of death? or the great fight on the slopes of Missionary Ridge, or the battle above the clouds, high upon the crest of Lookout Mountain? When shall the hundred days' battle of the Atlanta campaign be forgot, where thirty thousand patriots bleeding fell? or Sherman's wondrous march from Atlanta to the Sea? Men of the Potomac! you remember it all; for these battles and marches were in aid of the mighty work in which you were engaged. True it was, as General Sherman once said, "Every movement we made from the day we left Chattanooga, was an attack upon Richmond." And you know what fighting, what marching, what suffering, what skill and what endurance were required to reach Chattanooga. Let us not omit here, Slocum's victory at Bentonville; nor Schofield's desperate battle at Franklin; nor the first western victory at Mill Springs; nor the last crowning glory of the West and of Thomas on the round hills about Nashville. All these great battles—like yours of the Potomac—have passed into history. Whoever reads shall know how well the Armies of the West fought; how skillfully and ably their generals planned and wrought; and what a galaxy of historic names is here presented! Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas, Rosecrans, Buel, Anderson, Schofield, McPherson, Logan, Blair, Pope, Burnside, Halleck, Crittenden, Stanley, Slocum, Howard, Wood and hundreds more who commanded in the West. How faithfully and loyally they all, officers and soldiers, served and fought, and how grandly many thousands died! What shall we say of our dead? All uncovered we stand and reverently we speak of the heroes who sleep in the silent cities—many in nameless graves. Are they really dead? I do not believe it. They live; for such nobility of soul can never perish! In the abode of the blest; there they live! for no creed can be accepted which does not teach that whosoever freely yields up his life for the good of mankind, his sins are forgiven! There is a soldiers' Paradise and wide are its gates.

Again I thank you, Mr. President and gentlemen, for this high compliment to the Armies of the West.

M'CLELLAN'S SPEECH.

After singing "Marching Thro' Georgia," the next toast was announced as "The Army of the Potomac."

When General McClellan rose to reply three times three cheers were given and the wildest enthusiasm prevailed. It was some minutes before he could be heard, but when silence was restored he said:

It seems to me too cold and stiff and formal to address you simply as Mr. Chairman and gentlemen. Your chairman often brought me information on the field which I needed; aye, and he brought it snatched from the very jaws of death. There can be no formality between him and me, and as for the rest of you, you were with me in this very city when I took command of the raw, undisciplined, inexperienced body of troops which afterward became the great Army of the Potomac. So I will address you as comrades and soldiers. [Cheers.] Standing here on this occasion my thoughts naturally revert to the scenes and incidents in which we both participated, and the memories come crowding upon me. I remember when I came from West Virginia and took command of you, and as if by magic there came order and discipline, because you aided and assisted me by your prompt obedience and hearty co-operation. Then when we threw up those long lines of fortifications for the defense of the capital, how willingly you worked and toiled until they were completed. And then when we left those lines of defense and made our first march down on the Peninsula, we performed some noble achievements. Think of the siege of Yorktown, which we undertook without proper numbers or proper support from the navy, which had been rendered helpless to our assistance by reason of the action of the Merrimac. Then the march up the Peninsula! We were not defeated. We kept back the enemy and we confronted him, and when we stood with our right stretching out at the command from Washington, expecting re-enforcements, which never came, but instead of which the enemy came down upon our right flank. Then that seven days' fight, when we confronted an enemy as brave as ever went upon a field, and our crowning glory was at Malvern Hill. I remember the sadness I felt when I left you and the joy with which you welcomed my return when I led you to Antietam. Many of you I have never seen since the last sad day when I left you shortly after that great battle.

General McClellan then referred in touching terms to those who had formerly been his corps commanders, mentioning Meade, Hooker, Sedgwick, and others, and as each hero's name fell from his lips cheers were given and repeated. He said that during all the long and tedious trials, the forced marches, the battles and skirmishes, there was the greatest confidence between himself and his men. They stood by him and he stood by them. He referred in fitting terms to the changes that had taken place in the national capital since he first took command of it as an armed camp, and also the changed circumstances of life, and closed by saying that the Army of the Potomac was the grandest that ever took the field, and that the proudest thing for a man to say was that he was once a member of it.

THE G. A. R.

Three cheers were given for the first commander of the Army of the Potomac, and after brief speeches by Generals H. H. Bingham and R. C. Schenck—the latter replying to the toast "The Loyal Legion"—General W. W. Dudley, Commissioner of Pensions, was called upon to respond to the toast "The Grand Army of the Republic." He spoke as follows:

MR. PRESIDENT AND COMRADES: Such a theme should, it appears to me, have led the committee to seek out and call upon the most gifted and eloquent of our comrades as respondent. Among our numbers are many whose powers of oratory would have enabled them to do justice to the subject. But as I cannot claim any gift in that direction, I fear I shall fall far short of it. However, I cannot admit that I have lost the step and touch of elbow with that grand throng in whose honor this toast is proposed, and if you will bear with me for a few moments, I will obey the call of the president of the feast as best I may.

Once a year we meet as survivors of the Army of the Potomac to recall the memories and cement the friendships formed in days of war; to look each other in the face; to grasp each other by the hand, and note how time is dealing with those by whose side death has been looked at amid the storm of battle; with whom we have shared haversack and canteen, tramped and slept side by side, and arm in arm returned to the homes and dear ones left behind at the call of duty.

Those only to whom the camps and battlefields of Virginia, Maryland, and Pennsylvania are familiar, who are identified as soldiers with the troops comprising the Army of the Potomac, and who met the enemy at Bull Run, Antietam, Gettysburg, and Appomattox are eligible.

Of the great army of the Union we therefore exclude from membership by far the greater part, as having no local history in common with us.

In the same manner the survivors of the armies of the James, the Tennessee, the Ohio and the Cumberland are banded into societies and enjoy annual Reunions—purely local, however, in character—and while delightfully necessary, are incomplete, incomprehensive, and insufficient to satisfy the full measure of that desire which every true soldier feels welling up in his heart, and which prompts him to seek its expression by some closer bond of union.

But these special assemblies, although necessary, and meeting annually, do not suffice; they do not reach the great rank and file, nor can they serve the purpose of bringing together the soldiers of the various armies into a common camp upon a common footing. Those of us who are fortunate enough to possess the means can enjoy once a year a reunion with comrades; but the thousands who have not been equally fortunate with ourselves, in whom the soldier instinct and feeling is as strong as ever, the brave comrade who fought gallantly on many fields, must stay at home. Fortune has not been as kind to him as to you and me, and his necessities will neither permit him to take a holiday nor to expend the amount necessary to travel to and from our place of meeting. Nor can we extend the aid and sympathy due to those in distress through the medium of societies like this, which necessarily are limited in character and hold short and infrequent meetings. There was required some organization of soldiers broader in its scope and wider in its sphere of usefulness—one that would take itself to the home of the veteran, unite the survivors of the war in local camps, and bring within its folds not alone the fortune favored, but the impoverished and disabled, and afford to them the delights and benefits of companionship and fraternity. Some medium must be established through which the beneficence and charity natural to and characteristic of soldiers might flow out to those who by the fortunes of war were left helpless and forlorn—the widows and orphans of comrades.

ITS OBLIGATIONS.

Such then the field, such the mission, such the necessity which called into being the society, named for its great prototype, the Grand Army of the Republic, to whose ranks are welcomed every honorably discharged soldier and sailor of the Union army and navy, and for which, as an humble member, I am proud to speak to-night. Heaven born, (for to three God-like virtues, fraternity, charity and loyalty, it owes its existence), it will last so long as a soldier of the Union army or a sailor of the Union navy survives. Like all the institutions worthy of life and destined to retain confidence, it has reached its present proud position slowly and gradually. Its first growth being abnormally rapid, it suffered a naturally resulting check, until the sober second thought of its founders placed it upon the bed rock of principles and usages, which insure its permanency; since which it has steadily grown in numbers and in power. Its members are devoted by solemn obligation to the furtherance of three propositions:

1. To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which bind together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion, and to perpetuate the memory and history of the dead.

2. To assist such comrades in arms as need help and protection, and to extend needful aid to the widows and orphans of those who have fallen.

3. To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for, and fidelity to, the national Constitution and laws; to discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty, incites to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or in any manner impairs the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions; and to encourage the spread of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men.

A glance at the field yet open to this great army fraternity—which consists of, and is greater than all its parts—whose recruiting ground is not confined to the limits of one military department, but embraces all—has been an interesting study to me, and I hope may not weary you. I will summarise as briefly as possible the conclusions reached after considerable research.

There were 2,780,178 men enlisted by the United States for the purpose of putting down the rebellion.

It is quite certain that of this number 716,787 were counted more than once by reason of re-enlistment, leaving 2,063,391 individuals who served one or more terms of enlistment, or to state it more clearly, two-fifths of the adult male population of States and Territories furnishing Union troops in 1861, enlisted. Of these, 604,369 are now dead, having either been killed in battle, died in service, or since discharged, by reason of disabilities incurred therein; leaving a present survivorship of 1,459,000, or one-sixth of the total adult male population in 1880 of the same States and Territories. Deduct from this number those disqualified for the Grand Army of the Republic, and there yet remains 1,350,000 who have honorable discharges, and are, by virtue thereof, eligible to membership in this great brotherhood of soldiers.

As near as can be ascertained the society to-day consists of twenty-nine permanent and five provisional, in all thirty-four Departments, with about 2,600 Posts, and a membership of over 160,000 veterans.

There must be now surviving and remaining to be recruited and enrolled in the Grand Army of the Republic about 1,190,000 citizen soldiers, who rendered honorable service to their country and received the Nation's plaudit.

In every hamlet, village and township in the north are scattered the heroes of the war, who either have not had brought home to them the fact that there is such an institution as the Grand Army of the Republic, or, for one reason or another, though entitled to membership, are not affiliated.

The average age of the Union soldier at the average date of enlistment was 26 years; add to this the 20 years which have elapsed, and the average age of the survivors of to-day is 46 years.

Applying to the 1,350,000 eligible survivors the ordinary mortality rates for that average, it will be found that in 1890 there will remain of the old guard in round numbers but 1,200,000, in 1895 but 1,110,000, in 1900 but 945,000, in 1905 but 758,500, and this is only looking forward as many years as we must now look back for the events which called us to arms.

A STARTLING PARADOX.

These figures indicated a startling paradox; for when the Grand Army of the Republic shall have reached its highest point of numerical strength, prosperity, and usefulness, it will have reached its surest point of decadence—a grand crescendo, to be followed by, alas! too rapid diminuendo to vanishing point—thereafter but a reminiscence! Within a short space of forty years from this time, of those who remain, the youngest wearer of a Grand Army of the Republic badge will be eighty years old. Instead of being as now 1 to 6, he will then be but 1 to 1,000 of the adult male population of that time in the States above referred to.

The Grand Army of the Republic, for all the beneficial and kindly purposes of soldierly companionship, for purposes of fraternity, and charity in its truest and broadest sense, for cherishing and enshrining the memories of departed comrades, and holding up to posterity the example which shall inspire our children and children's children to loyalty and devotion to our institutions, is practically the only soldier organization broad enough to encircle all who survived the hardships of war and bear the honorable mark of distinction given by the Nation to its defenders—an honorable discharge; accessible to all, and yet general through its departmental and national organization; and being patterned after the great Republic it saved, is representative of all.

The comrade to whom fortune has been so unkind as to leave him but shelter, scant food, and clothes, and many mouths to feed, may yet meet his fellows around the camp-fire of his Post and live over again his army days, enjoying the companionship of loved and respected comrades, loved and respected by them, and proudly carry that emblem of victory, the G. A. R. star and ribbon.

The Grand Army of the Republic, my comrades, is an institution in this country. Those who carped at and criticised it, like those who have vainly endeavored to warp and twist it to personal and political ends, have ceased to cavil. It is known as the one organization which cannot be used, save for the great purposes that called it into existence; chief among which rising generations will note the inculcation and dissemination of that spirit of loyalty that impelled the great uprising of the North, the endurance of suffering, hardships, wounds, disease, and death that the Nation might live, and the subsidence of that great army into civil life when that object was accomplished.

May this grand society continue to prosper, and bring within its fold all the survivors of the Potomac who can look each other in the face and say I was honorably discharged, so that, with equal fullness of membership for all the other grand departments and divisions of its great original, it may prove indeed what it should be, a complete photograph and copy of the army of the Union.

May it wax rapidly and wane slowly, and may we all meet at our final muster with the proud record, "He was a patriotic citizen, and in war a faithful soldier of the Union."

THE CITY OF WASHINGTON.

At the conclusion of Gen. Dudley's speech, which aroused great enthusiasm, "Tramp, tramp, tramp" was sung, and Mr. Charles Dudley Warner responded to the toast "Sweethearts and Wives," General Francis A. Walker spoke to the toast "The Volunteers," and Capt. Isaac H. Bromley replied to the toast "The Press." The last toast of the evening was "The City of Washington." Commissioner Edmonds, in the course of his response, said:

Surely it is not expected that I will introduce this city to the Army of the Potomac! I understand they are old friends, and, if a little domestic gossip be not too undignified for this occasion, I may add that for some years they have been regarded in the light of accepted lovers. Certainly this fair city has received from that army many gallant attentions. You all remember some years ago when the States were rashly arming for a deadly strife, this border city, just out of her municipal teens, seemed with her dowry a tempting prize for the strongest suitor. Then the Army of the Potomac, more fleet than any suitor of Atalanta, with a dashing courage like that of the lover of Proserpine, came to the front, and placing his standards upon the neighboring heights, sounded the bugle blast of defiance to every foe, and especially to his rival of the James. And never was more earnest battle; not from the walls of Troy did Helen witness such fierce war as was waged before this city. Finally, when this knight of the Potomac unhorsed his adversary at Appomattox, and proudly returned to this city for his well deserved honors, she placed the laurels upon his brow with such blushes and sweet smiles it was evident her admiration was won. And worthy indeed of all attention that chivalry can bestow is this fair daughter of Washington, for as Virginia is his mother, so is this city his daughter, and rightfully bears his great name. I may, with her full approbation, say to you, veterans of the Potomac, that proud as she is of your valor in war she blushes with a still deeper pride to behold your greater magnanimity in peace, to see when the war is ended that you are able to take the hand of your fallen but gallant adversary, and in a friendly spirit welcome him as an honored guest to your feasts. This is the very crown of chivalry, the highest triumph of a Christian civilization.

A Paymasters' Association.

During the Reunion of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, on the 16th inst., about twenty-five ex-army paymasters, who served during the war of the rebellion, met at the Ebbitt House and organized a society, to be called "The Association of Union Army Paymasters," by electing the following officers: General B. W. Brice (late paymaster-general), president; ex-Paymasters Hon. Will Cumback, of Indiana; Governor Fred. Lobie, of Maine; Hon. Wm. O. Stryker, of New Jersey; Hon. Russell Everet, of Pennsylvania, and Stephen A. Walker, of New York City, vice-presidents; Thos. H. Gardner, of Washington, secretary; Wm. Penn Clark, of Washington, corresponding secretary; Geo. Truesdell, of Washington, treasurer. The objects of the association were stated to be social, historical, and patriotic. The first meeting will be held at Cape May, August 6. A circular of invitation was prepared to be sent to those who were not present at the meeting. It was stated that of the total disbursements by paymasters from the first to the last of the war, amounting to $1,120,000,000, the defalcations did not aggregate over $90,000.

THE REYNOLDS MONUMENT

Further Subscriptions Invited to Defray the Cost of the Memorial.

The following communication was received by the treasurer of the Society of the Army of the Potomac, General M. T. McMahon, during the Reunion:

WASHINGTON, May 16, 1883.

General M. T. MCMAHON,
Treasurer, Society of the Army of the Potomac.

GENERAL: As an ex-officer of the Fourteenth regiment of United States infantry, of which Major-General John F. Reynolds was lieutenant-colonel when shot through the head by a sharpshooter at Gettysburg, Pa., July 1st, 1863, in front of and while gallantly holding his own, the First Corps, as a stone wall, before the advancing hosts of Confederates, I have the honor to call attention to the resolutions offered by General Franklin at the meeting of the society, June 8, 1881, and adopted, "approving and inviting subscriptions to a fund for an equestrian statue of General John F. Reynolds."

Whereas, a generous citizen of Philadelphia, Mr. J. E. Temple, offers to subscribe the sum of twenty-five thousand dollars towards an equestrian statue of General John F. Reynolds,

Resolved, That the Society of the Army of the Potomac heartily approve the proposed memorial, and recommend it to its members, to all who served under and with Reynolds, and especially to his own, the First Corps, as well as to the Third and Eleventh Corps and Buford's cavalry division, Reynolds' command when he fell at Gettysburg.

Resolved, That a committee of three, together with the officers of this society, be appointed to co-operate with similar committees from other organizations in taking the requisite steps to raise such additional sum as shall be required to complete the amount needed for the proper execution of the proposed memorial.

Resolved, That this society appeal to the public, as well as to its members and all soldiers, to subscribe to the proposed memorial, that it may suitably record and recall the principal events of Reynolds' long and distinguished military career; his services in the Florida war and the war with Mexico; his gallant leadership of the division of the Pennsylvania reserves through the battles of the Peninsula; his heroism in the battles before Washington; his indomitable perseverance in organizing the militia for the campaign in Maryland; his distinguished ability in leading the First Corps at Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville; his skill in handling the three corps and the cavalry division in the campaign that ended in the battle of Gettysburg; his share in securing that victory, and his heroic death on the battlefield at the head of his brave soldiers in the opening hour of the contest.

In praise of the conduct of General Reynolds at Gettysburg, July 1st, 1863, nothing more need be said. Its record is a brilliant page in our national history. The past and present officers and enlisted men of the Fourteenth United States infantry, the members of this society, the officers and men of the First, Third, and Eleventh Corps, and of Buford's cavalry division, need only to be reminded that subscriptions are necessary to complete the work without further delay. Please find inclosed, as my subscription, the sum of five (5) dollars.

Very respectfully, your friend and comrade,
WM. HOWARD MILLS,
Late captain 14th inf., and brevet-maj., U. S. A.

It was stated, also, at the business meeting, that further funds were needed to complete the monument, and THE TRIBUNE will be happy to forward any subscriptions that our comrades may be disposed to send it for this purpose. During the Reunion the society received large accessions of new members. Major Mills alone reports some fifty from this city.

MEMORIAL DAY POETRY.

Memorial Day.

[*By Kate Brownlee Sherwood.*]

The lowing cattle leave their stalls, the lambs bleat in the wold;
The poplars don their tasseled caps with tips of burnished gold;
The children in the streets are glad, and speed the hoop and ball,
As if no harm from fear or foe could ever on them fall.

The hum of busy wheels is heard, the click of loom and press;
The clearing ax resounds along the opening wilderness;
The air is filled with screaming birds that go from gulf to lake,
And Northern Spring in all the vales is calling: "Rise! Awake!"

The mother sits beside her son, and marks his eager joy,
In reading how from Ghent to Aix rode that brave Flemish boy;
How one by one the Old Guard fell, pierced through at Waterloo,
With England's flaunting flag of truce full fluttering to their view.

She sees him take his father's sword he wore at Monterey,
When wounded in his good right arm, among the dead he lay;
She notes the hot blood flush his cheek, the glitter in his eye,
And says, "Thank God, no duty calls my boy to bleed or die!"

But hark, from out the South there come such strange and sudden cries,
That every lad flings down his hat and stands with frightened eyes;
The mills are hushed, the presses groan, the hammers silent fall,
And fear on all the anxious streets has settled like a pall.

To arms! to arms! to arms! it comes, as when some muttering storm
Along the threatened vale sends first its sullen, slow alarm;
To arms! to arms! to arms! it swells, as when the thunders crash
Among the swaying tree-tops where the lurid lightnings flash.

"God keep my boy!" the mother says, and straps his knapsack down,
And sets the drooping cap of blue upon his golden crown;
"God keep my boy!" and by his side she proudly follows on,
Nor fails, nor faints, till out of sight the volunteers have gone.

Behold! a mighty angel, sifting, sifting as he flies!
The Nation 'tis he sifteth! and behold beneath him rise
Heroic men and women true, whose consecrated prayers
Bring down the heights of victory like links of golden stairs.

March on! march on! the blazing towns are telling where they halt!
March on! march on! the heath their bed, their shelter heaven's vault!
March on! while yet one foe remains to lift up impious hand
And tear the flag of Freedom from one cabin in the land.

Now with the corps of pioneers, the troops a road to hew;
Now leading on the skirmish line, the enemy in view;
Now scaling up the mountain's peak, the foot of man ne'er trod,
The soldiers of the Union wage the battles blessed of God.

Whiz, whiz, the flying minie-balls like leaden rain sweep on;
Crash, crash, the rattling musketry! and rank by rank is gone;
Roar, roar, the cannon thunders, and the air is black as night;
Borne upward with the billows floats our hero's soul from sight.

"Come hither now, my Captain, and tell, and tell me true,
Where is my boy, my good, brave boy, who marched away with you?
O speak that I may find him, that upon his mother's breast
He may in all his agony one little moment rest.

"I've brought him, see, some simple things he always liked at home,
Some grapes from our own garden—he will smile to see me come!
Lead on, the moments hasten, and I must be with my boy!
Dead, dead, your face makes answer! Christ be pitiful!" Deploy

Ye soldiers, for the battle! Martial, march in all your pride,
But, behold, a spirit walketh close by every soldier's side;
And above the peans rising float the murmurs of the dirge,
As the moaning of the ocean drowns the clamor of the surge.

O ye cannot by your marching give the mother back her son,
Give the maiden back her lover, give the wife her dearest one;
Give the little children calling, when the evening draws apace,
"Papa, papa! Come home, papa!" one more glimpse of his dead face.

But ye may rebuild the altars the despoiler has defiled,
And ye may restrain the sacrifice to idol, fierce and wild;
And, as from Carmel's holy height, announce the message grand:
Victoria! Victoria! Freedom shall rule the land!

Now banners wave, and bugles blow, and woods with song be glad!
The house-tops throng with people, and the streets with joy run mad!
The cheers of Boston proudly up to Bunker Hill arise,
And westward roll and mingle as the Golden Gate replies!

Bring out the gray-haired veterans of Harrison and Clay,
And let them swing their hats once more on this eventful day!
Bring out the Buena Vista Guards who stood by Taylor well,
And let them with their gallant cheers the shouts of Freedom swell!

Bring out the little children, clad in fleecy robes of white,
To shout, with all their happy souls, their wild and glad delight!
And don't forget a place for those whose mute lips make no sign,—
Joy's sable guests of sorrow, moving slowly into line!

Time may fill up all the furrows the cannon balls have ploughed;
May set the lark a-singing where the bullets whistled loud!
Time may the passion flower twine o'er rude and ragged grave,
The poppy's flaunting pennons from the prison burrows wave;

Time may set the sirens singing where the good, old ship sails true,—
But their voices wake no echo in the bosoms of the crew;
Our hearts but beat the truer for the terrors we have passed,
And the prophecies of ages live a verity at last.

Bend soft, O skies, above the graves our fallen heroes fill!
In far Potomac marshes, on the heights of Georgia hill,
Where the blue Virginia mountains in their lonely grandeur frown,
Where the tide of Chickamauga flows by fort-invested town!

Blow soft, O winds, around them with your freighted sweets and balm,
And the rythm of your numbers flowing into song and psalm!
Say the Northern heart is keeping in its silent deeps aglow
All the sacred recollections treasured in the long ago!

Smile soft, O flowers, bending low, like friends with saddened eyes,
Moist with the dear remembrances of saintly sacrifice!
Rise, gracious lily! Multiply, O rose, in regal pride!
Fit emblems of the loyal ones who lived, and loved, and died!

And thou, O flag of Freedom, fan their slumbers where they lie!
At morning toss and flutter, and at midnight float and fly!
Keep guard o'er all thy children as upon the walls they stood,
Baptizing for the future all thy folds in crimson blood!

Float on above the living, float on above the dead!
While a hope awaits fruition, while a prayer remains unsaid!
This motto on thy bosom bear to earth's remotest parts:
God keep the Union! Give to all the people loyal hearts!