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GEN. MATTHEW MARK TRUMBULL

IN MEMORIAM.

THE FAREWELL AT THE HOUSE.

We are assembled here to pay our last tribute to thee, my dear friend; but we take leave from thy body only, not from thy soul. We bid farewell to the sympathetic features of thy face, but not to thy love, thy spiritual being, to thine own self and innermost nature. Thou thyself, thy transfigured self, wilt remain with us to live in our hearts in an inseparable communion with our souls as a living presence to enhance, elevate, and sanctify our lives.

ADDRESSES AT UNITY CHURCH.

THE SERMON.

WHAT is more momentous, more soul-stirring, more mysterious than Death?

Death is constantly hovering over us: like the sword of Damocles, suspended by a hair, at any moment it threatens to come down upon us and destroy us.

None so great, none so powerful, none so strong and healthy but are doomed at last to die and pass away from the joyous light of the sun and the loving circle of family and friends.

What is Death? Is it the doom that seals the vanity of life? Is it nature's verdict that we are not entitled to an eternal individual existence? Is it the bringer of peace which after a life full of struggles bids us rest from our labors?

Verily, Death is all this and more! Death is the great teacher of man, and the lesson which he teaches cannot be learned to the end: it is always new whenever we are again confronted with the loss of one of our beloved ones.

Like the hierophant in the ancient mysteries of Eleusis, Death reveals to us the secrets of a higher life, teaching the thoughtless to reflect and the frivolous to become sober. Leaving no hope to him who lives for himself alone, Death advises the selfish to surrender their selfishness. The imminence of death reminds us to seek for that which will abide. Death opens our eyes to spiritual truths pointing out to us

the way of salvation. Thus Death rouses us to noble aims and imparts to us the bliss of a superindividual life which is attainable only through love and by ideal aspirations.

Death has stepped into our midst and has led away a hero from the ranks of brave fighters, a leader in battle, not only in the battles of war for the union of our country and the emancipation of the slave, but even more so in the spiritual battles for liberty, justice, and progress.

Gen. Matthew Mark Trumbull was born in London, England, 1826, and came to America in his youth where he began his career as a day-laborer working with pickaxe, shovel, and wheelbarrow. He then taught school and studied law. He served as a soldier in the Mexican and in the civil war, and rising in rank was finally made brigadier-general for bravery on the battle-field. Under General Grant he held the office of Collector of Internal Revenue in Iowa and devoted the rest of his life to literary work. He died in the sixty-ninth year of his active life after a wearisome and in the end most painful illness, which he bore with remarkable endurance and patience. His death is a sacrifice upon the altar of patriotism, for the cause of his troubles was a severe wound received in the battle of Shiloh.

General Trumbull was strong in his convictions, but he was not a fanatic partisan. His allegiance was always to the broad cause of humanity. He was an enthusiastic Republican, because the Republican party freed the slave. Nevertheless he was a free-trader because he regarded the protective tariff as a restriction and a self-imposed shackle that prevented our people from displaying their full energy in the competition with other nations. He was a friend of the laborer because the laborer is a toiler, and he knew from experience what toil means. He was always willing to extend his helpful services whenever needed, even at a sacrifice of his strength and health; and every one in trouble was his friend.

General Trumbull has often been misunderstood and misrepresented, but nothing could alter the disposition of his heart or make him swerve from his course to defend what he regarded as the cause of justice. Because he worked for the improvement of the conditions of the laboring classes, he was branded as a demagogue and a sower of discontent. How little this is true those know who have read his writings. The spirit of his books is well characterised by the following remark in his "Wheelbarrow":

"Coming out of the labor struggles of my childhood, youth, and early manhood, covered all over with bruises and scars, and with some wounds that will never be healed either in this world or in the world to come, I may have written some words in bitterness, but I do not wish to antagonise classes, nor to excite animosity and revenge. I desire to harmonise all the orders of society on the broad platform of mutual charity and justice. I have had no other object in writing these essays."

Because General Trumbull objected to creeds and dogmas, he has been called an infidel and an atheist. Certainly he was ready to take the odium of these names upon him, and it is true that he did not believe in a God who would be pleased with the flattery of his worshippers or alter the order of nature as a special favor to supplicants; but he did believe in the God of righteousness, charity, and love. General Trumbull rejected the creeds of sectarianism because to his mind they contained no religious truth, but he was confident that mankind would gradually adopt a broad cosmic religion which could stand the criticism of the infidel. His religious denomination was a faith in the religion of the future. He saw in the Parliament of Religions "the dawn of a new religious era, containing less myth and more truth, less creed and more deed, less dogma and more proof," and sums up his opinion concerning it in these words:

"The Parliament provided a sort of intellectual crucible in which all the creeds will be tested and purified as by fire. That sectarians of a hundred theologies have brought them to the furnace is a sign of social progress, and a promise of larger toleration. He who fears the fire has no faith, for whatsoever is true in his religion will come out of the furnace as pure metal, leaving the dross to be thrown away."

It can truly be said of General Trumbull that he remained a youth as long as he lived, youthful in his enthusiasm for the ideals of humanity, youthful in his combative disposition, and youthful in the spirit with which he wielded his pen, always sprightly, always buoyant, always brisk and quick in his thrusts and repartees. He did not shrink from sarcastic expressions, and his strictures were the more telling as he made them with good grace and often jokingly, for he always saw at once the comical side of his adversary's weakness. But back of the sarcasm of his caustic pen there was always the good heart of a sympathetic nature and an unshaken confidence in the final victory of truth and justice.

The loss of our departed friend is irreparable to his family, to his now widowed wife who was the faithful companion and indispensable helpmate of his life; to his daughters, his sons, and his grandchildren. His loss is irreparable to his friends who loved him for the kindness of his heart and the brilliancy of his genius. His loss is irreparable also to me. I shall miss him and not find his like again. He was my most valuable and intimate coworker, always ready to aid me with his pen, or his advice whenever I needed it. The readers of *The Open Court* will no longer have the benefit of enjoying the flashes of his inexhaustible wit with which he good-humoredly pilloried the follies of our time.

The worth of the man shows the greatness of our loss, and we stand here as mourners complaining of the curtailment of his usefulness to mankind and bewailing our bereavement.

The personality of the dead, of our beloved husband, father, and friend seems to have vanished as an air-bubble that breaks up, because we observe the decay of the body and bury the remains; we write upon the tombstone his name as if he himself rested there and visit the grave as if we visited him. Let us open our eyes to spiritual facts and remember the significant words spoken at the grave of him whose name has become the religious symbol of resurrection: "Why seek ye the living among the dead?" Let us not forget in our grief that Death is not a dissolution into nothingness; the discontinuance of life is all that we have a right to murmur against, for the soul abideth and cannot be annihilated.

Man's real being is his soul and not the dust of which his body consists. We bury the body and not the soul; and the soul of our beloved, departed friend is wherever his thoughts and sentiments have taken root. The soul remains with the living in life; it is preserved in its entire individuality with all its beauties and preferences.

As a stone that is built into a building loses nothing of its own being, so the souls of our ancestors are preserved in the living temple of humanity forming the foundation of a nobler future. When our life is ended, we find a home in that great empire of soul-life in which have been gathered all our fathers and the fathers of our fathers since the beginning of life upon earth.

[Here a psalm was sung by the Lotus Quartette, under the direction of Mr. McGaffey.]

THE LION AND THE LAMB BLENDED.

BY GEORGE A. SCHILLING.

WHAT can I, feeble man, say that is a fitting tribute to the worth and character of our departed comrade whose life was an intense struggle from the cradle to

the grave. From early life to manhood, against poverty with all the disadvantages it entails; from early manhood until he closed his eyes in death, against social wrong and for the higher recognition of the equality of rights for all men. Born amidst the lowly people of England, "where," he says, "pictures of human life are seen in strongest light and shade, where opposite extremes menace each other forever, and where Dives and Lazarus exhibit the most glaring antithesis in this world"; he was driven by necessity to seek work at a tender age, so that he could aid in the support of the family. Whatever may have been the pangs of physical hunger from which he suffered in his youth, that which pained him most was the hunger of the mind; the desire for education and knowledge. When, therefore, the Chartist movement of England, with its gospel of social and industrial equality developed, with its promise for a higher intellectual life to all those who live by toil, it was not strange that our friend should become entangled in its magic circle and be one of its most enthusiastic votaries. Coming to this country with such ideas as the Chartist movement inculcated, we need not be surprised to learn that his conscience was tortured beyond expression, when he came face to face with the institution of chattel slavery. In my whole life I never knew a man in whose character the lion and the lamb were so thoroughly blended. He was as meek and gentle as a child. He loved peace and the arts of peace. His tongue and pen was ever busy advocating the principle of commercial freedom, which, aside from its industrial advantages and equities, he believed would tend to cultivate a fraternal feeling among all the nations of the earth, and thereby lessen and ultimately destroy the warlike spirit of mankind. He disliked wars with their brutalising effects, their devastations, their blood and carnage, yet, when entrenched wrong, intoxicated and arrogant, refused to recede, and grew even aggressive, he was ever ready to buckle on the armor and with his life in his hands fight for what he believed to be right. When therefore in 1860 our Southern slave-holders sought to perpetuate their peculiar institution by dismembering the Union, he was one of the first to come forward and sign the roll in defense of his country. Some may have joined the army in those days simply to preserve the union of States—not so General Trumbull. He joined the army and participated in that great conflict for the purpose of freeing the negro. No matter how loud the cannons boomed, or how fast and thick the shot and shell flew on the field of battle; it was all sweet music to him, because he felt that the end of the war would simultaneously be the end of slavery. Sitting by his fire-side in latter years, conversing with friends, repeating his reminiscences of the war, he frequently expressed

the joy he felt in his old days because of the fact that no negro ever came to his camp and left it a slave.

One cold morning, while stationed at St. Louis in the early part of the war, he boarded a street-car in which there was seated a colored woman, poorly clad. As the car glided along it soon filled up with passengers, the space becoming limited; the conductor "hustled" the colored woman out of the car on to the front platform. General Trumbull discerning the meaning of this was overcome with indignation. Going out after the woman, he brought her back into the car and commanded her to take her seat. To this the conductor remonstrated, saying that it was against the rules of the company for any colored person to ride on the inside of the car. General Trumbull exclaimed: "I don't care about your rules; if you attempt to eject this woman again, you will have to fight." To this the conductor replied: "Well, what am I to do? If I do not enforce the rules I will be discharged." "Well," said General Trumbull, "who is the president of your road?" To this the conductor replied: "It is B. Gratz Brown." Then said he: "Tell B. Gratz Brown that you were interfered with in the discharge of your duty in enforcing this rule by Captain Trumbull of the United States Army." This act on the part of our dead hero ended this discrimination which prevented colored people from riding on the inside of cars.

One day, from headquarters, he spied an excitement in his camp. Hurrying to the scene, he learned that a slave-holder wished to reclaim his slave—a negro girl, dressed in men's clothes, engaged in the camp cooking for a mess of the Union soldiers. The General, discovering the cause of the trouble, ordered the slave-holder to leave the camp, refusing to surrender the colored girl. The next day the slave-holder returned with an order from General Sherman asking General Trumbull to surrender the slave. After reading the order he tore it into strips, exclaiming: "I don't care about the orders of General Sherman; get out of this camp—*git, git, git.*" And he got.

He loved to tell of a character connected with his regiment who considered it his special duty to free all the negroes along the line of march. He would take the negroes by the ear, spin them around the circle three times, and repeat the following ceremony:

"By the authority of the Constitution and the power in me vested by the President of the United States, I declare that you are as free as the water that runs, the birds that sing, and the wind that blows."

Whether pleading for the liberty of the slave on the stump, or striking at the shackles that bound his limbs on the field of battle, or whether in the quiet recesses of his home with pen in hand, sending forth the message of his conscience to mankind; in any and

all of these stations he was always the soldier of liberty, hurling thunderbolts of defiance at the tyrants of the earth. No man feared death less than he, yet no man desired life more. The great social and industrial questions of our day, which cause many to look into the future with doubt, and which tax the minds of the wisest of our men and women, excited his highest interest. He saw new issues developing, and he wished to remain with us, so that in their proper settlement his pen and tongue might be a helpful aid to the world.

If he did not leave his family full in pocket, he left them the wealth and legacy of a rich and honorable life. Would that all wives and all children could feel that ineffable blessing, while standing at the bier of their departed husband or father, that his wife and children can feel to-day. I am sure we can all join with the poet and say :

"An honest man has gone to rest,
To rise or sleep on nature's breast,
The friend of man, the friend of truth,
The staff of age and guide of youth ;
Your head with knowledge well informed,
Your heart with tenderness was warmed ;
If there's another world, you live in bliss,
If there is none, you made the best of this."

And now, is this final farewell on earth an eternal good night? Shall we never meet again? I think we shall. I cherish the hope that when my own soul crosses the river Styx the General will be on the opposite bank extending a welcome hand with a "Good morning" on his lips.

MORAL COURAGE RARER THAN PHYSICAL BRAVERY.

BY CLARENCE S. DARROW.

IT IS A solemn privilege to speak a few last words above this friend I knew and loved so well. He was a gentle, brave, and noble man, and had a heart so large and mind so broad that no family, state, or nation could claim him for its own, but he belonged to all the world.

One man in the great mass of human life is like a drop of water in the sea, but when this light went out we lost a true and faithful friend to whom we never needed to explain, but who viewed our every act as if born of the high motives which always moved his soul.

He was a soldier in our civil war, and bravely faced the shot and shell to liberate the poor and weak, but the battle-fields of our great rebellion were not the only ones on which our brave friend fought. He was not "mustered in," in sixty-one, or "mustered out," in sixty-five, but when his great, young heart first learned to beat for all the poor and weak, he became a soldier in humanity's great cause, and with undaunted courage and a heart that never quailed he served that cause until the last message came which bade our weary soldier leave his post for an eternal rest.

How often have I heard him say that moral courage is far rarer and finer than physical bravery, and were he to speak to us to-day, he would say with me that his greatest victories were not won with sabre and with gun, but in those dark moments which here and there are scattered through our lives where a few brave and loyal souls are gathered close together, to feel the beating of each other's hearts, gain courage from each other's lives, and bravely stand within the citadel of truth to resist the angry, surging sea of wrong which comes to overwhelm and to destroy. Whatever the occasion, however few the comrades, however desperate the struggle, however threatening the tide and irresistible the onslaught this dead hero was ever firm and ready, ever brave and powerful to defend the right. Let no one think that because we hear no cannons roar and see no sabres flash that these are days of peace, for the old, old strife between the right and wrong, the oppressor and oppressed, is raging fierce and desperate now, and we who loved the dead and what he loved, feel that we leave upon the field of battle a comrade brave and true, whom we will surely miss and sadly need in the great conflicts that are sure to come ; but when the battle rages fierce and strong we will not fail to hear his old heroic words ringing bravely to inspire our souls.

The dead believed in no narrow dogmas or creeds ; he was often called an infidel and an atheist, and while he took no exception to these terms, those who knew him best were well aware that they did not define his religious views. I think I know what he believed and can say that he was not an atheist. He looked on nature in all her countless forms of life ; he could not understand the power that makes a blade of grass to grow, that holds the planets in their place, and that forms a human brain ; he did not know and would not guess. He listened to the creeds and dogmas of the world which assume to speak for the great heart of the universe itself, and he believed that it was little less than blasphemy for a finite mind to seek to limit, define, and understand the great source of life that pervades the smallest portion of the mighty whole.

It seems to me that could he know my thoughts he would wish that I should say of him as I would hope that he would speak of me, were I beneath his coffin-lid and he standing by my side. That as to the great questions of a deity and immortal life he meekly and reverently bowed his head in the presence of this infinite mystery and admitted that the wisdom of the sages was no more than the foolishness of babes ; to these old questions he could answer neither yes nor no, but confessing his ignorance of the great problem of the ages he refused to guess where he could not know.

But religion is not made of creeds and dogmas, but

of thoughts and deeds, and his great mind and heart knew and understood full well that the highest worship is to lay the richest treasures of the soul upon the altar built in humanity's great cause; and all the strength of his frame and the treasures of his mind from his earliest youth until his last hour on earth, were lavishly given to this noble cause.

His was a soul so great and true that no ignoble motives ever influenced his conduct or shaped his acts; he needed no hell to threaten, no heaven to coax, but seeing where his duty lay he never dreamed that there was any other path his feet could tread.

And now good-bye, my dear, dead friend, good-bye, we leave you at the open grave where all the living part from all the dead. 'Tis hard to say farewell, to feel that those lips which never spoke to defend the wrong or strong, must be silent ever more, to know that your brave hand, that was ever quick to write and fight for the oppressed and poor, is now withering into dust; to know that for us you can live only in the memories that your grand life has made a portion of our own.

We give you back to the elements which lent the life and clay which you used so wisely and so well; it may be that in nature's wondrous laboratory this dust may go to make another human form, but no miracle or chance will ever mould this clay again into another man like this we sadly cover over with earth and flowers.

THE SAXON.

BY GEORGE E. GOOCH.

WE ARE assembled to-day to do homage, to pay a last tribute of respect to all that is mortal of our late President-elect of the Saint George's Benevolent Association of Chicago, Gen. Matthew M. Trumbull. He belonged to a race that has girdled the earth with its sons, and in whatever longitude that race governs, whether they be native born or the descendants of Britons there is true liberty. The sons of the old land, the land so dearly loved by our departed General and President, meet here to-day with the soldiers and sons of England's greatest daughter, Columbia, to say a last and sad farewell to him whose daily life and gentle nature were an example to us all. Brave as the lion, the emblem of Britain, his native land, he fought like a true soldier for the land of his adoption. He fought to burst asunder the shackles of the slave, and that this great country, the land of his and our adoption, might be and remain a nation.

There are times and occurrences, doubts and fears, in the life of every man that we cannot fathom; our lights are dim, and we seek for a greater knowledge, a greater light; but who is there of his fellow countrymen present on this solemn occasion who knew intimately our departed friend and does not believe that

he practised during his daily walks through life the great teachings and precepts of the lowly Nazarene, "Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy." Are there not men with us to-day who can tell us that this departed philanthropist believed in the doctrine, and shall not the family of our late friend have the consolation of another promise, "Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake, for theirs is the Kingdom of Heaven"? Yes, thrice yes! A great man has gone from our midst, but his works shall be remembered by us forever:

"The sun is but a spark of fire,
A transient meteor in the sky;
The soul immortal as its sire,
Shall never die."

And now, in the presence of this great congregation and his sorrowing family, I proclaim with reverence and with love on behalf of my fellow-countrymen, whose representative I am this day, the final words of tribute to our departed associate. He was a devoted husband and father, a true and steadfast friend, a brave and loyal soldier, a child of God. Farewell! and may we who are left on this earthly pilgrimage emulate thy virtues and thy example, and may thy love of right, thy love of justice to every man, remain with us to guide our daily lives and actions as God in his wisdom may give us the light.

WHEELBARROW.

IN the name of Gen. M. M. Trumbull's admirers we place upon his coffin a copy of "Wheelbarrow," the matured fruit of his literary work; and this is the envoy written on the fly leaf:

"The body of our dear, beloved friend has become a prey of death; the dust is given back to the dust. But his never-dying soul is not buried with the body. Let us not seek the living among the dead. His soul still lives with us as an immortal presence, and even those who have never seen his face, will find him in his works. The most valuable bequest of Gen. M. M. Trumbull to mankind is his book 'Wheelbarrow.' Every page of it is aglow with his youthful zeal for liberty, justice, and progress."

INTEGER VITAE.

(Horace, I, 22.) Adapted Version Sung by the Lotus Quartette.

He who is upright, kind, and free from error
Needs not the aid of arms or men to guard him;
Safely he moves, a child to guilty terror,
Strong in his virtues.

What though he journey o'er the burning desert,
What though alone on raging billows tossing,
All aid, all succor of his kind shall fail him,
God will attend him.

So when cometh the evening of his days,
Fearless and glad shall he pass the dark portal,
Sure as he treadeth the valley of the shadow—
God will attend him.

RITUAL OF G. A. R.

COMMANDER, taking his position at the head of the coffin: "Assembled to pay our last tribute of respect to this dead soldier of our Republic, let us unite in prayer. The Chaplain will invoke the Divine blessing."

CHAPLAIN, standing at the foot of the coffin: "God of battles! Father of all! amid these monuments of the dead we seek Thee, with Whom there is no death. Open every eye to behold Him who changed the night of death into morning. In the depths of our hearts we would hear the celestial word, 'I am the Resurrection and the Life; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.' As comrade after comrade departs, and we march on with ranks broken, help us to be faithful unto Thee and to each other. We beseech Thee, look in mercy on the widows and children of deceased comrades, and with Thine own tenderness console and comfort those bereaved by this event which calls us here. Give them 'the oil of joy for mourning, the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness.' Heavenly Father! bless and save our country with the freedom and peace of righteousness, and, through Thy great mercy, a Saviour's grace and Thy Holy Spirit's favor, may we all meet at last in joy before Thy throne in heaven. And to Thy great name shall be praise for ever and ever."

ALL COMRADES, standing in the rear of the chaplain: "Amen!"

COMMANDER: "One by one, as the years roll on, we are called together to fulfil these last sad duties of respect to our comrades of the war. The present, full of the cares and pleasures of civil life, fades away, and we look back to the time when, shoulder to shoulder on bloody battle-fields, or around the guns of our men-of-war, we fought for our dear old flag. We may indulge the hope that the spirit with which, on land and sea, hardship, privation, dangers were encountered by our dead heroes—a spirit uncomplaining, nobly, manfully obedient to the behest of duty, whereby to-day our homes are secure, and our loved ones rest in peace under the ægis of the flag, will prove a glorious incentive to the youth who, in the ages to come, may be called to uphold the destinies of our country. As the years roll on, we, too, shall have fought our battles through, and be laid to rest, our souls following the long column to the realms above, as grim death, hour by hour, shall mark its victim. Let us so live that when that time shall come those we leave behind may say above our graves, 'Here lies the body of a true-hearted, brave, and earnest defender of the Republic.'"

FIRST COMRADE (*laying a wreath of evergreen upon the coffin*): "In behalf of the Post, I give this tribute, a symbol of an undying love for comrades of the war."

SECOND COMRADE (*laying a white rose upon the coffin*): "Symbol of purity, we offer at this lowly grave a rose. May future generations emulate the unselfish devotion of even the lowliest of our heroes."

THIRD COMRADE (*laying a laurel leaf upon the coffin*): "Last token of affection from comrades in arms, we crown these remains with a symbol of victory."

MRS. NETTIE E. GUNLOCK (*placing a flag upon the breast of the deceased*): "In grateful remembrance of the time when he offered his life, if need be, that this flag should wave forever, we, the mothers and wives of his comrades, now lovingly and reverently place it on his breast."

A TRIBUTE TO THE OLD SOLDIER.

BY COL. JAMES A. SEXTON.

M. M. TRUMBULL is dead. Our genial, light-hearted, buoyant, and companionable friend is gone. He was honest, capable, and faithful, possessing an attractive personality, making innumerable steadfast friends. The taste he acquired in the army for mili-

tary drill and discipline remained with and grew upon him until the end of his life; for he was always deeply interested in military affairs.

Another name has been added to our roll of honor; and Post 28 not only numbers one less in membership, but also sustains the loss of one of its most earnest and devoted comrades.

Gen. Matthew M. Trumbull, was one of those men whose work and influence will scarcely be appreciated until after his death. He was a strong, original thinker, a constant advocate of what he believed to be right and an enemy of wrong, in any shape or form, either social or political. An abolitionist in the days when abolition principles were not only unpopular, but positively dangerous to the men who advocated them, he lived to see the evil and folly of slavery admitted by every one. He was equally sincere in his opposition to wrong and the inequalities of our economic system, and his voice and pen were never idle in his endeavors to remedy these evils.

He was a patriot without being a politician, a reformer for reform's sake only. He served the country of his adoption in two wars enlisting originally as a private soldier, and by intelligence, faithfulness, courage, and earnest endeavor wherever duty called, he rose step by step, until he won the star of a brigadier general, which he proudly wore, discharging all the responsibilities thereof to the satisfaction of himself and his superiors. His death is a distinct loss to the country.

Comrades, he was our friend, loyal and true, and we loved him dearly, and all his old soldier associates honored and respected him.

We shall cherish the memories of our comrades dead, we will be loyal to our comrades living. We cannot forget our dead, they will live in our hearts forever; we will not desert our living. We shall, indeed, never again feel the warm hand-grasp of our noble friend, nor be glad in his sunny smile, nor drink in the deep delights of his discourse; but sweet memories of his generous nature, of his chivalrous bearing, of his devotion to principle, of his boundless love for his country, of his fidelity to his home, will survive. He was his own biographer, his own sculptor, for he made his life a part of the undying history of his country and engraved his image on the hearts of his countrymen.

From an intimate acquaintance and association with him I learned to know of his kindly disposition and his earnest sympathy for his fellow-men, and a sincere desire to inculcate loving kindness in all. His creed was in sentiment about as follows; and he delighted in saying: "Do not keep the alabaster boxes of your love and tenderness sealed up until your friends are dead, but fill their lives with sweetness. Now—

Speak approving and cheering words while their ears can hear them, and while their hearts can be thrilled and made happier by them. The kind things you will say after they are gone, *say before they go*. The flower you mean to send for their coffins *bestow now*, and so brighten and sweeten their earthly homes before they leave them. If my friends have alabaster boxes laid away, full of fragrant perfumes of sympathy and affection, which they intend to break over my dead body, I would rather they would bring them out in my wearied and troubled hours, and open them, that I may be refreshed and cheered by them while I need them. I would rather have a plain coffin without a flower, and a funeral without an eulogy, than a life without the sweetness of love and sympathy. Comrades, let us learn to anoint our friends beforehand for their burial; post-mortem kindness does not cheer the hardened spirit. Flowers upon the coffin shed no fragrance backward over the weary way by which loved ones have travelled."

And now, at the grave of this, our comrade and friend, let us highly resolve, through evil and good report, to touch elbows with the deserving veterans, though old, worn, broken, and in rags, and with them again drink from the same canteen.

When the spirit of this grand, good man and once intrepid warrior wings its flight to the land beyond the river, ready and willing to give an account of his stewardship, I can imagine that I can see St. Peter standing at the Golden Gate, watching and waiting for the mighty concourse of his elect, and when he beholds the image of our dear friend, he will repeat the orders as were given in Hardee's old tactics :

"Turn out the Guard!
Parade the Colors!
Beat the Drums!
Another Comrade Comes!"

FAREWELL, COMRADE.

RECITED BY CHARLES E. ST. CLAIR.

Silent comrade, gently sleeping,
We meet here to honor you,
As our retrospection takes us
Where the scenes of strife we view;
Then you faced the cannon's belching,
Elbows touched with comrades there
While the earth was sadly quaking,
Still our flag waved proud and fair.

In the hour of greatest danger,
When your ranks were thinning fast,
How your comrades closed around you
For the final charge at last.
We will ne'er forget your valor
Shown upon the battle-field,
Though opposed by fiercest traitors,
Never, comrade, would you yield.

On and on, through years of battle,
Weary march in scorching sun,
Sleet, and snow, 'mid musket's rattle,
Still you pressed, and victory won.
Thus you tarried, under orders,
Many long and dreadful years,
Victory perched upon your banner,
Thankful hearts give honored cheers.

By our comrade's zeal our nation
Is cemented to the core;
Country, flag, and Constitution
Stands revered as ne'er before:
Rest, then, comrade, in your glory,
As a grateful nation's praise
Ever weaves, in song and story,
Victors' chaplets for her braves.

Glad hearts bow in admiration,
Loyal souls exult with pride,
You with others saved this nation
From a vortex dark and wide.
Rest, proud hero, ever living
In the hearts of patriots true,
And your mem'ry ever bringing
Glad thoughts of the boys in blue.

Farewell, comrade, gently sleeping
'Till the angel trumpet strain
Wakes again the loyal millions
Evermore to live again.

TENTING ON THE OLD CAMP-GROUND.

Sung by the Lotus Quartette.

"We're tenting to-night on the old camp-ground;
Give us a song to cheer
Our weary hearts, a song of home,
And friends we love so dear.

CHORUS: Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.

We've been tenting to-night on the old camp-ground,
Thinking of days gone by,
Of the lov'd ones at home that gave us the hand,
And the tear that said 'Good-by!'

CHORUS: Many are the hearts that are weary to-night,
Wishing for the war to cease;
Many are the hearts looking for the right,
To see the dawn of peace.

We've been fighting to-day on the old camp-ground,
Many are lying near;
Some are dead, and some are dying,
Many are in tears.

CHORUS: Dying to-night,
Dying to-night,
Dying on the old camp-ground."

[The interment took place at Roschill Cemetery.]

FIR BRANCHES ON THE OPEN GRAVE.

"Howl, fir tree, for the cedar is fallen."—
Zech., ii, 2.

THE FIR is the prophet among the trees, for it remains green in winter and serves us during the time of the longest nights in the year as a light-bearer, a

bringer of joy, and as a symbol of life. Remembering the meaning of the fir, we understand the message of its prophecy and in this sense cover the open grave with its branches. We are surrounded by darkness but the night will give way to a brighter morn, we are visited with grief, but our affliction will only serve to chasten the cheer of our joy; we stand before the portal of Death, but out of the seeds which we bury in the ground a new spring will burst forth promising a rich harvest.

We have accompanied the slumbering body of the departed to its final resting-place, and now bid it a last farewell.

Peace be with these ashes! May their rest be sweet and undisturbed like a dreamless sleep. We part from them as from the bed of a beloved child whom we have lulled to sleep.

The body slumbers, but as there is no sunset to the sun, so there is no death to the soul. The day is gone when the evening sinks down, but the light continues to illumine the world.

While dust returns to dust, the soul finds its sphere of being among souls. There it is cherished and kept as a sacred memory; there it lives and breathes the air of immortality.

GENERAL TRUMBULL'S CONNEXION WITH "THE OPEN COURT."

GENERAL TRUMBULL'S connexion with *The Open Court* dates from the first year of the existence of this magazine, when the well-known series of articles on the Labor Question, with the discussions to which they gave rise, began. Our early readers will all remember the powerful controversial abilities which General Trumbull there displayed, and the delightful humor and merriment which pervaded all his thrusts and parries. These articles, together with three splendid essays of the highest literary character on the Poets of Liberty and Labor, Gerald Massey, Robert Burns, and Thomas Hood, were afterwards published in book-form under the title of "Wheelbarrow." To this book he added his Autobiography, which in its frank, beautiful simplicity will justly bear comparison with the famous masterpiece of David Hume, which he so much admired.

His best known work, perhaps, is "The Free Trade Struggle in England," the second edition of which was also published by The Open Court Publishing Co. This book was dedicated to John Bright, who prefaces the work with an interesting and highly commendatory letter.

General Trumbull also contributed to several prominent magazines, among them to the *Nineteenth Century* and *The Monist*. But the journal with which his name is last and perhaps most intimately associated

is *The Open Court*, in which his "Current Topics" began with No. 141 on May 8, 1890, under the modest designation of "Notes." Here he applied those powers of wit, humor, and sarcasm which were his richest patrimony, to the castigation of snobbery, vice, and hypocrisy in every form, drawing from an inexhaustible wealth of anecdote, which only such a life could have gathered, the illustrations which gave force, light, and beauty to all that he said. He furnished, too,—what must never be forgotten,—one of the first noteworthy examples of that rarest of national qualities which Matthew Arnold said our country so sadly lacked, fearless and searching self-criticism. His discernment for national conceits and Chauvinistic illusions was unexampled, and his lash, when once he caught a lurking vanity or folly, was merciless. His utterances were read and quoted from one end of this country to the other. Many in authority have acted more wisely because of his sayings, and many of us not in authority have learned to think more justly and unselfishly of our national and social conditions. In this respect, at a time when such work is so much needed, his death must be mourned as a public loss, reaching far beyond the gap which the silence of his pen will leave in the hearts of the readers of *The Open Court*.

THOMAS J. McCORMACK.

THE OPEN COURT.

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