

FROM MENTOR TO ELBERON.*

THE presidential episode in the life of James A. Garfield was one "crowded with perils, but crowned with triumphs." Its tragical ending has made a story of unmatched pathos, which has become a household word. His memory has taken a lasting and sacred place in human hearts, wherever they can be touched by the recital of great sufferings heroically borne. Of the story of his later life, much has been written and told by friends and admirers,—much that is true, and more that is fanciful. It has been my singular fortune and happiness to have enjoyed the confidence and friendship of him whom everybody is mourning; a friendship of a life-time, which has known "no shadow of turning." In the light of that friendship, I make record here of some recollections of General Garfield, with no purpose of adding to his fame, for that is secure; but by way of illustration of those great qualities of head and heart which have served to endear him to his countrymen.

The meeting of the Chicago Convention found General Garfield a member of the House of Representatives, and the acknowledged leader of his party in that body; a Senator-elect, chosen under the most happy auspices, and a delegate-at-large to the Convention from his native State. Indications were not wanting that his name might be brought before the Convention as a candidate; and there were not a few friends who looked with great confidence to his nomination. He did not share this confidence; and, in the light of past events, we may now emphasize the sincerity and earnestness of his wish first to round out his legislative career in the Senate. Whenever I referred to the probability or possibility of his nomination, while he looked forward with an honest ambition to the highest honor to be conferred by his fellow-citizens, he would say: "Not yet; I must make my record in the Senate." I shall not soon forget my last interview with him in his library, before his departure for Chicago. While he was fully alive to the important results of the great convention, and his first thoughts were in the direction of the welfare of his party and the country, with the spirit of the gladiator he longed for the conflict of debate. Rising from his chair, he said, slowly and musingly: "Well, I go to

Chicago!" Then, drawing himself up, he added,—“And if any one attempts to bulldoze that convention, I purpose measuring lances with him!”

The following incident further uncovers his own views and feelings regarding his candidacy. On the return from Chicago, some one on the train observed that "Garfield would now be common property, and the target for all kinds of abuse." Overhearing the remark, he turned to an intimate friend, saying:

"Do you hear how I am to be handled? I am afraid that will wear on me harder than the work of the campaign. You know how nearly the outrageous slanders and lies so cruelly hurled at me a few years ago wearied me with political life before the country got to understand that I was entirely clean-handed. If my position then invoked such abuse, what must I expect with a heated presidential campaign before me? I earnestly wish they had taken my advice and let me wait for the future. But this world does not seem to be the place to carry out one's wishes."

After some further conversation on the subject, which was followed by a period of thought and silence, he looked up and said:

"You have a great deal of practical sense. What is the remedy?"

"Don't listen to it," was the reply.

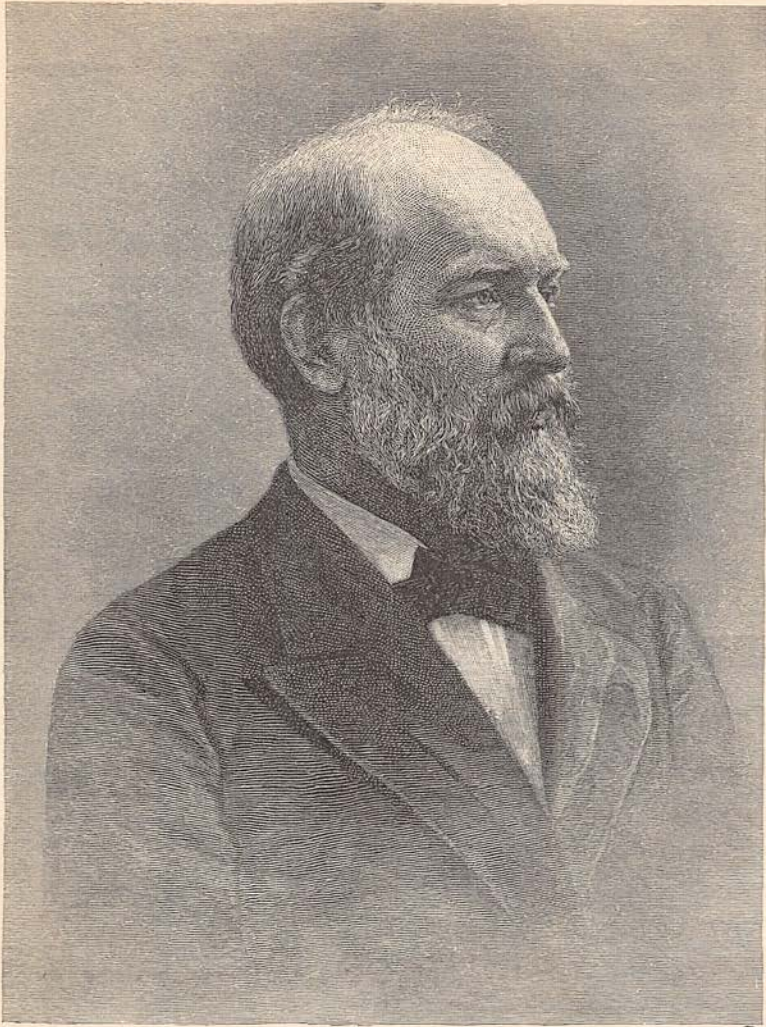
"That is," rejoined he, "don't *hear* it. That can be done in one way. Why can't I set up Garfield the Candidate, to receive all this fire, which, after all, will be aimed at the candidate, and keep myself near enough to advise him what to do and say. Then can I give him the benefit of my best judgment. What do you think of the idea?"

"It looks well," was the reply, "and *you* can carry it into execution, if it is possible to be done by any man."

"Very well," he responded, "I'll try it."

I recount this detailed conversation for its importance as furnishing the key to his bearing throughout his brief presidential career. Garfield the man was always greater than Garfield the candidate or the President. One of his campaign biographers, who knew him well, remarked, sententiously, that his nomination was simply an incident in his life.

* This paper by Colonel Rockwell was written to form part of the new edition of Major J. M. Bundy's "Life of Garfield" (published by A. S. Barnes & Co.), in which it will shortly appear.



JAMES A. GARFIELD. (FROM AN ARTOTYPE BY EDWARD BIERSTADT. N. Y.)*

To his intimate friends, who understood the beauty, serenity, and philosophical calmness of his inner life, his various public honors were insignificant when compared with the real merit of his individuality. This abstraction of self stood him in good stead. It explains a thousand touches of character. His long residence in Washington had made him familiarly known to thousands, and when, the enthusiasms and congratulations incident to the nomination having somewhat subsided, he returned to the capital, he had for all a cordial greeting, and a hearty grasp of the hand. The same unaffected, boyish manner marked the poise

of the man, unshaken by elevation. During this visit, I read to him a letter to me from an old college friend of ours, in which there were affectionate remembrances, coupled with exultation over his achievements, and the pathetic suggestion of the writer, that Garfield "was now likely to swing out of his horizon." Throwing his arm about me, the General exclaimed, feelingly: "Give my love to the dear old fellow, and say I have no horizon for him." When told that another friend regarded him as one gone far away, he said, in his whole-hearted, sunny way: "Wait till we meet, and see." He specially enjoyed the greeting and banquet given him by his old

* This portrait is here printed as giving a somewhat different phase of the late President's character from that presented in Mr. Cole's engraving in the December number.

Cumberland army friends. At his meeting with two or three of them later, for a little needed recreation, they will always remember the hearty zest and joyousness with which he said, "Boys, isn't this royal?"

Returning to Mentor, he began the work of the campaign, the unwritten history of which will show a thoroughness, a mastery of detail, a wise management, and, above all, a supremacy of direction and command, that are known to few. With his bearing during this trying period the country is fully acquainted, and the wisdom and moderation which he exhibited were daily apparent in his acts and words. It was clearly evident that the "candidate" was in the hands of a cool, well-balanced manager. In no way were these qualities more conspicuously shown than in the often repeated ordeal of off-hand speeches. An eminent public man, in a recent letter to me, referring to the extraordinary success of these impromptu speeches, when the speaker's mind was filled with the anxieties and weariments of the canvass, states that, in a conversation of Democratic leaders, just before the election, one of the most distinguished of their number said to them:

"When Garfield began making speeches every day to the committees of all kinds calling upon him, I felt sure he would blunder into saying something that would be a dead-weight for him and an advantage for us. But, watching every word he has said, I am astonished that he has not made a single mistake in all of these talks out of which any capital could be made against him."

Connected with one of these little speeches is an incident which I recall as throwing a side light on one phase of his character—a philosophical independence—which often absolved him from strict partisan allegiance. One day, the colored Jubilee Singers made him a visit. They were received with that hearty and unaffected cordiality which was given to all who came. At his request, they sang some of their weird and characteristic songs, concluding with a pathetic benediction, which touched the hearts of the listeners. For a moment there was a silence, which was broken at last by his thanks, in the name of his family and himself. Then, in the midst of eloquent words of cheer and encouragement, he reminded them that they "were fighting for light and the freedom it brings, and," said he, "in that contest I would rather be with you and defeated, than against you and victorious";—then, after a brief pause, with a sudden energy—"and let the politicians make the most of it!"

Through all these occasional utterances the man may be continually seen, to the

exclusion of the candidate. Considerations of personal success were set aside in the presence of the "eternal verities." If a thing was right, it was "everlastingly" right. It is safe to say that few men in his position would have had the moral courage of his words to a delegation of colored men that called upon him. "I will not," said he, "affect to be your friend any more than thousands of others; I do not pretend even to be particularly your friend; but your friend only with all other just men." Replying to a remark of mine to the effect that his words were novel and unusual, but in the direction of justice and truth, whatever they might be politically, he said: "I am glad you like the speech; I thought it was time to do some plain talking." The same courageous expression of his convictions of what was right, rather than expedient, cropped out at Chataqua, when he said: "I would rather be defeated than make capital out of my religion."

During the campaign, with its cares and anxieties, its labors and fatigues, its slanders and assaults, there was for him one perpetual fountain of sunshine and comfort in the love and endearments of home and friends. The domestic life of General Garfield has been laid bare to the world, only to be admired for its beauty and simplicity, and for the wealth of affection lavished by him upon his family. They were his veritable household gods. Every member had his or her special place in his heart. His imagination, with a quaint invention, gave them many grotesque names. One boy was "The Dutch Brig," another, with Garfield's old and ever-present love of the sea, was his "Little Yacht." From the ashes of the "Squirrel" sprang the nondescript phoenix "Scutifer." A chance word, a trait of character, a pun, any unusual incident, would furnish the pretext for a new prenom. "Chickamauga," "Burton," "Little Whack," "Burling," and many another pet name resounded through the house from his cheery lips. Even the telegraph-operator was the "Hurler of Lightning," familiarly abbreviated in conversation to "Hurler"; and the big Newfoundland dog, in memory of the numerous bills killed in 1879 by the executive disapproval, was called by the suggestive name of "Veto." The home life seemed to be a mighty fortress and defense against everything connected with the campaign, which was continually relegated to the little office, a building appropriately detached from the house. At all other times and places, one was reminded only of a quiet, simple, happy country home. At the table, the master of the house was the ruling spirit. Fun, fact, fancy,

reminiscence, quotation, anecdote, flowed from his lips in variety and profusion.

It was during this period that an incident occurred which I recall with no ordinary interest, precluding, as it did, the great tragedy so soon to be enacted. A prominent gentleman of Cleveland had been so greatly impressed with the circumstantial details of an organized plan for the assassination of General Garfield, that he had driven out to Mentor, by night, to acquaint him with the facts. As the result of the interview, it was arranged that the man who had made known the existence of the alleged plot should visit the general the next day, that he might examine and cross-question him. Pending his arrival, General Swaim and myself were made acquainted with the case, and were advised to watch the manner and bearing of the man, with a view to the detection of indications of insanity. In the course of the conversation, the probability of the story and the necessity of action were discussed. Finally, after musing awhile, Garfield said, somewhat sadly and impressively: "Well, if assassination is to play its part in the campaign, and I must be the sacrifice, perhaps it is best. I think I am ready." The examination of the following day disclosed enough of mental wryness in the informer to satisfy us that the plot was an hallucination, and the subject was dropped.

As the time for the election approached, it became more and more apparent to his friends that the mere question of his personal success or failure was insignificant to him, as a factor in the contest. He wished for success infinitely more for the sake of the gratification it would give to his friends than for any power, emolument, or honor that should come to him. Bidding a near friend good-bye, only a few days before the election, he said, with a touch of almost boyish humor:

"You will not think any the less of me if I am not elected, will you?"

To inquiries as to the probable result, he would say:

"I never allow myself to be too much elated or cast down, no matter what happens."

Soon after the election, General Garfield announced his purpose to be "a first-class listener," and patiently and philosophically received the advice and suggestions of his party friends concerning the shaping of his cabinet and policy; reserving his own counsel. Even yet, in the midst of the cares, anxieties, and responsibilities that pressed upon him, the first thought was always of those who were nearest and dearest. Drawing his daughter to him one evening, in his hearty, impulsive way, he exclaimed:

"You are worth to me a dozen presidencies."

The immediate educational future of his elder sons enlisted his careful and earnest attention. He fully realized the difficulties, the temptations, and the unusual surroundings that might interfere with their good. With a view to their careful and thorough preparation for admission to college, it was arranged that they should precede his coming to Washington, and prosecute their studies under a private tutor, at my house. I cannot better indicate his solicitude and interest in the best welfare of his boys, than by his remark to me, prior to their coming:

"Whatever fate may await me," said he, "I am resolved, if possible, to save my children from being injured by my presidency. '*Hoc opus, hic labor est.*' Every attempt, therefore, to flatter them, or to make more of them than they deserve, I shall do all I can to prevent, and to arm them against."

During the winter, the quiet little town of Mentor became the object of national interest. Each day brought its deputations and committees, its speeches and congratulations; and the home life, with its beauties and comforts, was broken up. There was a longing for the old ways; a feeling that something very dear and necessary to the happiness of daily life was slipping away. With some members of the family, vague apprehensions of impending trouble became, to a remarkable degree, almost convictions. One near to General Garfield wrote thus, in January: "I am not sorry that the cold winter is passing so rapidly; although the events of the next two months rise up before us, until I am overwhelmed in advance. I scarcely dare to think; I only feel the desire to hurry through it all. But, perhaps, our trials will then only have begun."

I visited General Garfield late in February. Everything that was best was unchanged. He was still the reticent, self-contained, self-counseling listener; in all else frank, open, boyish. Yet, behind all, was something indefinable that suggested a change in his mental habits. In the course of conversation, I spoke of the supreme solitude in which every human soul, despite the most affectionate social ties, must necessarily dwell, coupling my remark with an allusion to an unusual loneliness which his new position would bring. The thought seemed to strike him with special force, and he referred to this cause many regrets that new and unexpected relations would inevitably arise with scores of old friends,—relations that the highest considerations of public duty would dictate, compelling the ruthless setting aside of old and tender ties, in the interest of public necessities. Dwelling upon this point with special force of word and manner,

his nature seemed at last to concentrate itself into an intensity of feeling, as he said, with the deepest fervor: "I fear it remains for me to make my pathway over the wrecks of human hearts!"

Through all the enthusiasms and ceremonial of the inauguration there was still the same calm intellectual poise, the same perfect self-control and mastery. I think all who enjoyed his personal acquaintance or friendship will agree with me that it was the man rather than the President whom they met, greeted, and congratulated. In the midst of the excitements and distractions of those days, when there was an occasional moment of quiet, and he could open his heart without restraint, the touches of regret over the fate that had hurried his career and broken in upon that symmetry which he had planned, would assert themselves. With two or three friends, I accompanied him to Mr. Chittenden's reception, on the evening after his arrival. The conversation naturally drifted to the personal relations of General Garfield to the presidency; its bearing upon his future, and the bright promises for the public good that would come from his administration. The glories of the present were brilliant and attractive enough: but to him the future brought a sobering, saddening prospect. "Four years hence," said he, "I shall leave the presidency, still a young man, with no future before me; to become a political reminiscence—a squeezed lemon, to be thrown away."

This feeling was expressed on the following evening at the reunion of his college classmates, where he said, with intense feeling and emphasis: "This honor comes to me unsought. I have never had the presidential fever, not even for a day; nor have I it to-night. I have no feeling of elation in view of the position I am called upon to fill. I would thank God were I to-day a free lance in the House or the Senate."

Perhaps no better illustration of General Garfield's mighty endurance and capacity for work can be given than that contained in the history of the 3d and 4th of March. The 3d was passed in a continuous round of receptions of friends, and the important conferences relating to his cabinet; the close of the day bringing unwonted weariness, only to be followed by a banquet at the White House, and the reunion of his classmates. Returning late to his hotel, some time after midnight, he re-drafted nearly three-fourths of his inaugural address; his faithful and devoted secretary, Mr. Brown, assisting him in his toil. The rough sheets of this important paper, now in my possession, bear testimony to his indomi-

table perseverance and will, and his fastidious and scholarly tastes. These manuscripts are voluminous, and exhibit in a remarkable way his habits of thought and work, his fund of knowledge, and his versatility and reach in the handling of the great problems of statesmanship. There are no less than a half-dozen separate and distinct drafts of the address in whole or in part, each profusely adorned with notes, interlineations, and marginalia. The mass of rejected material is valuable and suggestive, and, if appropriately arranged, would make a paper of no small worth and proportion. When, at the reading of one of these tentative drafts to me in February last, I had expressed to him my desire to possess it, he exclaimed, in his characteristic and original way: "What! you would not wish the staggerings of my mind, would you?"

Of the great strain and demand made upon his physical and intellectual forces on the 4th of March, it is not necessary that I should record details. No incident among the many of that eventful day gave him greater gratification than the visit of the alumni of Williams College, headed by his old instructor, ex-President Hopkins. The words of congratulation of the "dear old doctor" were so solemn and impressive that they seemed to be the messengers of a benediction. With his head bowed, and his heart full of love and reverence, the new President spoke of the greetings that had been given him "by that venerable and venerated man who was, in college days, and will always be, *our* President." Continuing, he said: "I hope he will pardon me for a more personal reference. For a quarter of a century Dr. Hopkins has seemed to me a man apart from other men; standing on a mountain peak, embodying in himself much of the majesty of earth, and reflecting in his life something of the sunlight and glory of heaven. His presence here is a benediction."

Probably no administration ever opened its existence under brighter auspices than that of President Garfield, but it was not long before his great vitality showed visible signs of yielding to the dragging wear of the never-ending demands and importunities for place. Each day brought its exhausting physical fatigue and intellectual weariness—the result of a continual din of selfish talk. Fairly staggering into the library at the close of a specially exhausting day, he said to me: "I cannot endure this much longer; no man, who has passed his prime, can succeed me here, to wrestle with the people as I have done, without its killing him." Yet through it all he was cheerful. As throughout his life, so, even now, his great heart held

its accustomed sway: the playful, almost boyish, humor illuminating all. Leaving behind him the stress of work and the cares of his office, he would often say: "Now the fun is over, let us go to business!"—referring to some proposed recreation. These annoyances were all the more harassing on account of the domestic trials and afflictions which followed, beginning with the illness of his mother. Upon her recovery, with the affectionate solicitude that marked his care for her, he made the necessary arrangements for the change of air and scene which her precarious health demanded. He accompanied her to the train, with the friend who was to be her escort. Her last remark to him, as he was about bidding her farewell, acquires, in the light of his fate, a new and startling significance, as another of those inexplicable premonitions of evil to which I have before referred. With great earnestness, she said:

"James, I wish you to take good care of yourself, for I am afraid somebody will shoot you!"

"Why, mother," he asked, in astonishment, "who would wish to shoot me?"

When asked recently, by a friend, why she had addressed this caution to her son, she said, "I do not understand: I only know I felt that I must." This incident possesses an added interest when it is remembered that several months before the meeting of the Chicago Convention, without previous allusion to the subject, she suddenly and bluntly said to her son: "James, you will be nominated at Chicago next June!"

The President was scarcely free from the anxiety of his mother's illness before she whose light and comfort had done more to make his life happy than all his achievements and triumphs, was prostrated by a dangerous illness. Dividing his time between the cares of his office and her chamber, he gave her that devotion which was to be so soon, so amply, and so heroically repaid. He was specially touched by the delicate and sympathetic expressions which came to him through the press, in reference to his affliction. On one occasion, reading a sympathetic paragraph in one of the local papers, he requested me to inquire the name of the writer, that I might impart to him his thanks and appreciation.

With Mrs. Garfield's convalescence began the President's anxiety for her departure to Elberon—the spot that was to be the scene of a few brief days of rest, and, finally, where his great soul was to be unimprisoned. Under the bracing and invigorating salt air, Mrs. Garfield was rapidly regaining her health and strength; while the President, freed from the tread-mill life of the White House, enjoyed,

in fullest measure, the quiet of the charming cottage life by the sea. He was looking forward with great interest to the reunion of his college classmates, at the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation, and to his New England trip, and his leisure moments were spent in giving his personal attention to the details of the journey. But now came a new token of disaster: one evening the telegraph-operator placed in my hand a dispatch to the President, announcing the sudden death of one relative, and the fatal injury of another by a railway accident. From my room, where he was engaged in an important conversation with two or three gentlemen, I called him into the hall, and handed him the dispatch. He read it, crushed it in his hand, saying: "Keep this from Crete," and, going back, resumed his conversation. Afterward, he told me that it was with great effort that he retained his composure until the interview was concluded.

Leaving Mrs. Garfield at Elberon, the President returned to Washington in the latter part of June, rested and refreshed by his little vacation. The closing days of the month he devoted to that careful arrangement and disposition of affairs that was habitual with him, looking after minute details with the thoughtfulness that was characteristic of his treatment of public duties. I passed a portion of the evening of July 1st with him, receiving his final instructions regarding his journey, and bade him good-night.

With the startling events of the fateful second of July, and the incidents of the memorable eighty days, the reader is almost as familiar as if he had stood in the place of those whose privilege it was to minister to him. To some of us, who had intimately known President Garfield, his gallant and plucky bearing in the face of the "one chance" which he outwardly accepted—though, as I now believe, he inwardly rejected it from the first—was not unexpected. It was, after all, but the continuance of that marvelous poise and self-control which were the "granite foundation" of his greatness. These, from the instant of returning consciousness, which was lost for a moment after the "fatal blow" (as he himself called it that morning), instantly marshaled themselves into place, and never deserted him to the last.

Throughout his long illness, I was most forcibly impressed with the manner in which those traits of his character which were most winning in health became intensified. His perfect courtesy, his consideration and thoughtfulness, his keen appreciation and thankfulness, his unmeasured affection, were continually exhibiting themselves in a thousand ways. His

medical attendants will not forget, after the long and painful dressings, his frequent and hearty: "Thank you, gentlemen." He whose duty it was, through so many anxious days, to take the pulse, temperature, and respiration, will remember pleasantly the President's oft-repeated question to his attendants, as the hours dragged wearily on: "Isn't it time for 'Old Temperature' to put in an appearance?" Nor will another regret that the monotony of a long agony should give him the appellation of "the beneficent bore!" His thankfulness and appreciation of the care and devotion given him by his physicians and attendants were measureless. Placing his hand on the head of one of them, a day or two before his death, he said, with much emotion: "You have been always faithful and forbearing." It has been remarked that the President scarcely referred to his assassin. He seems to have foreshadowed his feelings in one of his little speeches during the campaign, in which he said: "If a man murders you without provocation, your soul bears no burden of the wrong; but all the angels of the universe will weep for the misguided man who committed the murder." For his enemies, or those who may have chosen thus to regard themselves, he had no enmity,—naught but magnanimity.

Probably there were never eighty days of illness so full of incident, and yet there is much that cannot be told and can only be felt. To one, it seems now that for that life every hour was a struggle so intense that all else has been swallowed up in it. "There was never a moment that the dear General was left alone, and yet, when one thinks of the loneliness in which his great spirit lived, the heart is almost ready to break." When Mrs. Garfield thinks of the seriousness with which he would send her away from him, when he would say: "Yes, go and ride; I want you to;" "You must go to bed now; I can't let you sit up any longer;" or "Go down to the table; you must preside there;" she wonders that she dared to leave him, even for a moment; yet his gentle firmness compelled obedience, and went far to encourage the hope in which she lived. Even that first night, when he said to her; "Go, now, and rest; I shall want you near me when the crisis comes," she did not, or *would* not, think that he referred to his death; although she afterward knew he did. The tenderness with which he withheld from her what she now believes he felt would be his fate, deluges her heart with tears.

The long, hot, weary days of July and August dragged on. The President was still master of himself, and by his magnificent

bearing was teaching the country and the world the noblest of human lessons: how to live grandly in the daily clutch of death. Whatever flaws fallible human nature may have charged against him in the days of sturdy health, let it never be forgotten that during these eighty days, when he was subjected to the supremest tests, he was uniformly great.

From one apprehension I am thankful that I was freed, with the beginning of his silence. To his son, as will be remembered, a few days after his hurt, he had said, with a touch of the never-failing humor: "It is only the hull that is staved in: the upper works are unharmed." As the days wore on, and, with a sad reluctance, we noted the failing strength, the emaciation, the weakening voice, and the gradual physical decline, I could not bear to think of witnessing a possible decay of those rare intellectual forces. And here let it be recorded that to the last day his eye was undimmed, and the splendid vigor of brain was unimpaired.

Some weeks after his hurt, there came to the President by the delicate remembrance of his old friend Mr. Evarts, then in Paris, a superb copy of his favorite Latin poet, Horace. It was, I think, a royal subscription edition; luxurious in its heavy laid paper, its illustrations and text (alike engraved), and its sumptuous binding. The old scholarly love flashed from his eyes as they wandered over the familiar pages, catching glimpses of oft-repeated verses. Perhaps they rested on the "Integer vitæ," or the "Cras ingens." Turning to the fly-leaf, he asked me to translate the two following lines:

*"Doctrina, sed, vim promovet insitam,
Rectique cultus pectora roborant."*

Book IV., Ode IV.

which his friend had appropriately appended to his name; and the old habits of thoroughness came back, as he playfully chided me for my infelicitous rendering of one of the words.

One day there came from some friend a large and very faithful portrait of his venerable mother. Quietly, and while he was sleeping, it was placed on an easel at the foot of his bed, where it should greet him on waking. Opening his eyes not long after, he gazed upon the familiar features intently for some moments. Then, raising his fingers to his lips, he waved his hand toward the picture with the filial salutation: "Dear soul!"

I have been asked by several correspondents how far he was made acquainted with the feeling of his countrymen toward himself during his illness. I think the impression is quite general that he knew but little of

it. This is a mistake. Many letters from strangers, acquaintances, and friends were read to him at intervals during his illness. These, with the not infrequent reading of short items from the newspapers, gave him an intelligent idea of the general feeling. For all this his heart was unutterably thankful, and, wherever it was possible, he would send some expression of his gratitude.

The time came at last when even the hope under which the President, his attendants, and the country had lived was fading away with his stay at the capital. The details of the remarkable journey to Elberon and of the last fortnight are too well known for me to recount them here. With the reaction from the fatigue of a journey which was made almost literally through the valley of the shadow of death, returned the hope in which we all lived.

As September wore away, the days brought new premonitions of the end. It came appropriately on "Chickamauga day," when, eighteen years before, he had faced death on the battle-field. How fitting was his last utterance: "Oh, Swaim!" to that devoted friend, who had stood shoulder to shoulder to him in many a desperate situation, and with whom he had shared the same blanket and

"Drunk from the same canteen!"

For many years it has been my habit to send to him, of whom I have written, words of congratulation with each accession of unsought honors. They were prophetic and descriptive of the illustrious journey he was making. Its earthly part is ended; but I send him once again the old salutation: "*Sic itur ad astra!*"

THE HORSEMAN.

Who is it rides with whip and spur—
Or madman, or king's messenger?

The night is near, the lights begin
To glimmer from the road-side inn,

And o'er the moor-land, waste and wide,
The mists behind the horseman ride.

"Ho, there within—a stirrup-cup!
No time have I to sleep or sup.

"An honest cup!—and mingle well
The juices that have still the spell

"To banish doubt and care, and slay
The ghosts that prowl the king's highway."

"And whither dost thou ride, my friend?"
"My friend, to find the road-way's end."

His eyeballs shone: he caught and quaffed,
With scornful lips, the burning draught.

"Yea, friend, I ride to prove my life;
If there be guerdon worth the strife—

"If after loss, and after gain,
And after bliss, and after pain,

"There be no deeper draught than this—
No sharper pain—no sweeter bliss—

"Nor anything which yet I crave
This side, or yet beyond the grave—

"All this, all this I ride to know;
So pledge me, Gray-beard, ere I go."

"But gold thou hast: and youth is thine,
And on thy breast the blazoned sign

"Of honor—yea, and Love hath bound,
With rose and leaf, thy temples round.

"With youth, and name, and wealth in store,
And woman's love, what wilt thou more?"

"'What more?' 'what more?' thou gray-
beard wight?
That something yet—that one delight—

"To know! to know!—although it be
To know but endless misery!

"The something that doth beckon still,
Beyond the plain, beyond the hill,

"Beyond the moon, beyond the sun,
Where yonder shining coursers run.

"Farewell! Where'er the pathway trend,
I ride, I ride, to find the end!"