

# JEFFERSON DAVIS.

Taking it for granted that the release of Mr. Davis implies that his enemies no longer thirst for his blood, we may now indulge in those reflections which a contemplation of his character suggests.

Without discussing his political faults, we may now call to notice his personal virtues. Without questioning the justice of the censure of his enemies, we may criticize the eulogium of his friends. Without apologizing for his blunders, we may now ask how far he has been culpable. What part had he in causing the strife which lately swept over our country? How far was he personally responsible for the violence that shook the continent, and left the lava of civil eruption scattered abroad over wasted fields and desolated homes? Since his farewell speech in the United States, when he implored its fanatical majority with pathetic eloquence not to attempt the subjugation of the South, he has acted for "his people"—not for himself. They, not he, in stigated resistance to abolition encroachment. His unshaken confidence in the courage, endurance and invincible determination of the Southern people may be said to be the basis of every error he has made as a politician. He believed they could never be conquered. He acted on that belief until it became infatuation. He did not call them into strife. His people acted first; Mississippi called him. As a courageous son of her soil, he responded to her call. He was twice chosen President of the Government of the Southern States, set up by the free will of the people of these States—not by any political demagoguery of his own. He did not seek the office. It sought him. What he did while in the exercise of the duties of that office belongs to the history—but not to the secret history of those times. Whatever he has done has been done in broad day light; and not all the suborned and perjured Conovers and Stantons and Holts on earth could ever cause one word of infamy to attach to his name. He was as conscientious and scrupulous in his administration as Regulus. He did not seek to overthrow the liberties, or invade the territory of other States. He moderated his ambition to the defense of his own. He did not seek to impose his government on a people who did not want it. He merely asked that the Southern States might be "let alone." In no instance did he transcend the power confided to him by the Congress and Constitution of the Confederacy, no matter how tempting the expediency. Had he possessed sufficient personal influence at the outstart, to be the sole mover, to summon up the evil passions of men, and to lead the white and black warriors of the South into the Northern States, to crush out their liberties and destroy their State Governments, to desolate their fields, outrage helplessness and establish military rule over them, against their will, he would merit the odium which his enemies endeavor to attach to him. He did nothing of the kind. He refused to order Confederate troops into Missouri until her Legislature passed an ordinance of secession. This reluctance to give the military precedence over civil authority cost dearly—perhaps involved the existence of the short-lived government of which he stood at the head.

His State documents will defy comparison with those of any statesman who ever lived. Chaste as the orations of Cicero; as polished as the periods of Tacitus; manly as the battle watch-words of Brutus, or Bruce, Tell or Washington; there they stand, to be admired when the tumultuous multitude that triumphed over them shall have passed away and been forgotten.

As a measure of policy, his release will be pacificatory. Had he been condemned to death, his blood would have stained the hands that shed it; but the imperishable renown of his abilities would have remained untarnished. Even had he been the only man at the South who advocated resistance to Northern domination and aggression, the worst that could have befallen him, after what his people accomplished, would only have rendered more interestingly melancholy the cause to which he would have fallen a martyr.

But we lose sight of his political faults in our respect for the absolute greatness of the man. There is a colossal grandeur in his character. All the scrutiny of espionage; all the willing and swift witnesses of treachery; all the pliant suggestions of cupidity have been invoked, in vain, to show that he ever did a corrupt thing while in power; and never was human frailty more severely tested, or more heroically triumphant, than in this same man, stripped of all his "glittering guards," as helplessly at the mercy of his persecutors as ever was Napoleon himself; feeble in health; imprisoned; calumniated; impoverished; denied trial; refused vindication; insulted; handcuffed; CHAINED; yet sublime and majestic in his adversity. He asked no favor of his tormentors. He protested with Roman dignity, and in the name of "an American," against what he considered a degradation, but never a nerve in his body would his proud soul allow to tremble with fear?

And out of all these trials—all these romantic vicissitudes of good and evil fortune, he steps forth upon the bail of men who vouch for his honor, although for thirty years they have agitated opposite political principles. His old family servants scorning their enforced enfranchisement, are among the first to rush forward and bathe the hand of their master with tears of joy. Eight millions of people who have felt that his sufferings were their own, lift up their heads with a sigh of relief, and wonder if the measure of abolition vindictiveness be full.

Whatever moral the future historian may derive from the life of Mr. Davis, his renown will be imperishable, and then those who may think the South had no rights the North were bound to respect, will be compelled to admit that the Confederate President has at least taught the country by a terrible lesson that they cannot forget, how dangerous it is to invade even the supposed rights of American citizens, and how one resolute man can punish an infringement upon the constitutional rights of the few, no matter how formidable may be the power that sustains the usurpation. In this light, his career has been a benefaction to mankind—even to those who hate him.

Answer—The Baptist church has the largest membership of any Evangelical denomination in the United States, having about 2,250,000 members. The Methodist has about 1,700,000; the Lutheran, 950,000; the Presbyterian, 600,000; the Christian, 591,000; the Congregational, 385,000; the Protestant Episcopal, 315,000; the Universalist, 27,000; the Unitarian, 18,000. The Roman Catholic church claims 6,800,000 adherents.

## Memorial Day.

BY FATHER RYAN.

Gather the sacred dust  
Of the warriors tried and true;  
Who bore the flag of our nation's trust  
And fell in the cause, though lost, still  
just,  
And died for me and you.

Gather them, each and all,  
From the private to the chief;  
Come they from hovel or princely hall,  
They fell for us, and for them should fall  
The tears of a nation's grief.

Gather the corpses strewn  
O'er many a battle-plain,  
From many a grave that lies so lone,  
Without a name and without a stone,  
Gather the Southern slain.

We care not whence they came,  
Dear is their lifeless clay!  
Whether unknown or known to fame,  
Their cause and country still the same—  
They died—and wore the gray.

Wherever the brave have died,  
They should not rest apart;  
Living, they struggled side by side;  
Why should the hand of death divide  
A single heart from heart?

Gather their scattered clay,  
Wherever it may rest;  
Just as they marched to the bloody fray,  
Just as they fell on the battle day,  
Bury them breast to breast.

The foeman need not dread  
This gathering of the brave;  
Without sword or flag and with sound-  
less tread,  
We muster once more our deathless dead,  
Out of each lonely grave.

The foeman need not frown,  
They all are powerless now;  
We gather them here and we lay them  
down,  
And tears and prayers are the only crown.  
We bring to wreathe each brow.

And the dead must meet the dead,  
While the living o'er them weep,  
And the men whom Lee and Stonewall led  
And the hearts that once together bled,  
Together still shall sleep!

## RING THE BELL SOFTLY

Some one has gone from this strange world of  
ours;  
No more to gather its thorns with its flowers;  
No more to linger where sunbeams must fade;  
Where, on all beauty, death's finger's are laid;  
Weary with mingling life's bitter and sweet,  
Weary with parting and never to meet,  
Some one has gone to the bright golden shore,  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Some one is resting from sorrow and sin,  
Happy where earth's conflicts enter no in;  
Joyous as birds, when the morning is bright,  
When the sweet sunbeams have brought us  
their light;  
Weary of sowing and never to reap,  
Weary with labor and welcoming sleep—  
Some one's departed to heaven's bright shore,  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

Angels were anxiously longing to meet  
One who walks with them in Heaven's bright  
street;  
Loved ones have whispered that some one is  
blest;

Free from earth's trial, and taking sweet rest,  
Yes! there is one more in angelic bliss—  
One less to cherish, and one less to kiss;  
One more departed to Heaven's bright shore,  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!  
Ring the bell softly, there's crape on the door!

LOUISVILLE, June 17, 1882.—Kindly inform me  
who the author is of the enclosed lines, and if  
they are quoted correctly.

"The night has a thousand eyes  
And the day but one,  
Yet the light of the bright world dies  
With the dying sun.  
The mind has a thousand eyes  
And the heart but one,  
Yet the light of a whole life dies  
When its day is done." INQUIRER.

Answer—Those eight lines, entitled "Light,"  
founded the reputation of Francis W. Bourdillon.  
He wrote them when he was an undergraduate of  
Worcester College, Oxford. They were speedily  
translated into the principal languages of Europe.  
Sargent says: "Rarely has a poet won his spurs  
on so small a venture in verse." Bourdillon is  
the author of "Among the Flowers and Other  
Poems," a volume of 176 pages, published in  
London, in 1878, by Marcus Ward & Co. He is a  
native of Woolbeding, in Sussex, and dedicates  
his poems to it as embracing "the influences,  
memories and affections, that for all men haunt  
the name of home."