



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

6272

58

65. 179. 578

Harvard College Library



FROM THE

BRIGHT LEGACY.

One half the income from this Legacy, which was received in 1880 under the will of

JONATHAN BROWN BRIGHT

of Waltham, Massachusetts, is to be expended for books for the College Library. The other half of the income is devoted to scholarships in Harvard University for the benefit of descendants of

HENRY BRIGHT, JR.,

who died at Watertown, Massachusetts, in 1686. In the absence of such descendants, other persons are eligible to the scholarships. The will requires that this announcement shall be made in every book added to the Library under its provisions.

Book of John Merriam
Second price.

Nov 1864.

From S. M. P.









Edward H. Greves

THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

PHYSICS DEPARTMENT

REPORT OF THE

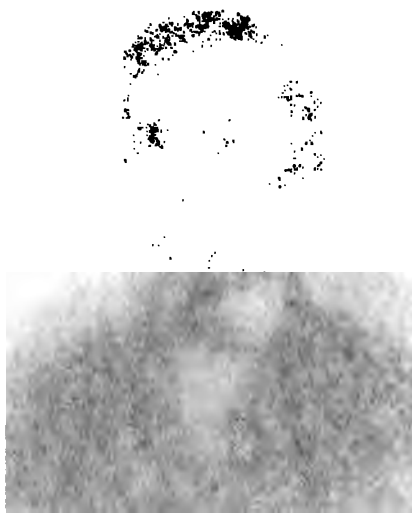
COMMISSION ON THE

REVISION OF THE

UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO

1999.





The Sacrifice Consumed.

L I F E

O F

ARD HAMILTON BREWER,

LATELY

LDIER IN THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

B Y

JEREMIAH TAYLOR, D. D.

Honor is the reward of action.

BOSTON:
H E N R Y H O Y T,
N O. 9 C O R N H I L L.
1863.

u s 6272.58



Bright fund

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by

HENRY HOYT,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the District of Massachusetts.

GEO. C. BARD & AVERY,
STEREOTYPERS AND PRINTERS.

To the
Officers, Teachers, and Scholars
of the
Sabbath School of the First Congregational Church,
Middletown, Conn.,

This Memoir of one of their number

is affectionately inscribed.

P R E F A C E .



CIRCUMSTANCES occurring in life often give prominence and importance to characters and individuals that might not otherwise have been brought to the public notice.

Strength of purpose, finished beauty of character, is an important part of the compensation derived from what is severe in trial and rigid in the discipline of earth. Hence, it is times of marked severity which not only *create*, but

reveal for admiration the best features of manhood.

In nature, the rainbow is not photographed, except there be first the background of storm and cloud.

“And darkness shows us worlds of light
We never saw by day.”

The appalling scenes of civil war through which this nation is now drifting afford a rare opportunity for perfecting some of the divine forms of individual life, as well as for exhibiting to the world the wisdom and strength combined in our free institutions.

By-gone ages, which we have been wont to view only through the hazy atmosphere of historic record, have rolled back upon us. And

we are struggling in the midst of all that is heroic, grand, self-denying, enduring, to conserve our priceless inheritance, as our fathers did to purchase and transmit it to us.

And so the names and deeds of thousands are passing into materials for future history, which times of peace had left to a humbler sphere of light and influence.

The life delineated in the following pages is chiefly valuable to intimate friends.

If, outside of the circle of partial friendship, the volume shall seem to have merit, it will be due, in the main, to the fact, that it is the story of a Christian soldier,—one who found it sweet to die for his country.

One whose example may stimulate others to

feel that it is better to be sacrificed in the cause of the right in youth than to come to the grave of years through the hidden path of neglected duty and cowardly invirility.

CONTENTS.



CHAPTER I.

HIS PLACE OF BIRTH—EARLY YEARS, 11

CHAPTER II.

HIS GREAT BEREAVEMENT—THE DEATH OF HIS
FATHER, 19

CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL DAYS—ENTERS COLLEGE, 29

CHAPTER IV.

BUSINESS LIFE, 31

CHAPTER V.**RELIGIOUS CHARACTER, 44****CHAPTER VI.****ENLISTS AS A SOLDIER, 59****CHAPTER VII.****WOMAN AND DUTY — HIS MOTHER'S SACRIFICE, . 65****CHAPTER VIII.****DEPARTURE FOR THE SEAT OF WAR — CAMP LIFE, . 80****CHAPTER IX.****CLOSING SCENES OF LIFE, 115****CHAPTER X.****BURIAL, 135**

LIFE AND CHARACTER
OF
EDWARD HAMILTON BREWER.

CHAPTER I.

HIS PLACE OF BIRTH — EARLY
YEARS.



NATURAL scenery has much to do in the formation of individual character. The grand and imposing in the outer world stimulate to the bold and elevated in thought, while the beautiful and the tranquil serve to chasten the spirit, and adorn the life with the amiable and quiet virtues.

The classic story informs us, that Her-

cules, the old prodigy of strength, engaged in his first successful battle for life, while the occupant of his cradle.

It is no fable, to say, that ordinarily, the influences which wait upon the opening period of life are potent for good or ill, and serve not a little to give tone and color to the future. There is such a happy combination of the grand and the less imposing in much of our American scenery as tends to produce the most favorable results upon the body and mind of the inhabitants. There is both strength and aspiration, and also the graceful and the pure. Among the more favored portions of New England, in these happy combinations, may be ranked the valley of the Connecticut; and in this highly-favored section, few places will care to dispute the palm of precedence with the old

town of Middletown, in the centre of the State of Connecticut.

The small city, which retains the name of the town, nestles closely upon the river, just where it makes its graceful sweep, and turns aside from the pleasant dales, where it has so long proudly borne its course, to make its way more directly through a garrison of hills for the waters of the great deep, and becomes the open channel of commerce to and from the national metropolis. Ascending from the river a few hundred yards in this city, we reach High Street, distinguished for its elegant residences, inviting lawns, gardens, and flowering shrubs. The street is so thickly set with shade and ornamental trees on either side, that when the foliage is in perfection, the rays of the sun strive in vain to impinge on the ground. These prem-

ises, being guarded carefully from the intrusion of the sportsman, have become the elysium of various kinds of birds, where, at certain seasons, they pour forth their full flow of song, and add the *finish* to a scene of such attractive beauty. Midway in this street, which runs north and south, just where the curve of the rolling surface rises highest, stands the massive stone mansion erected by the late Nathan Starr, the maternal grandparent of Edward. Fronting on College Street, which descends the hill, just south of the spacious grounds which belong to this edifice, at the lower extremity of the orchard, stands the house where he was born, April 15, 1842. Here his mother and two sisters still reside. His mother had been married to Hamilton Brewer, a young physician just established in

his profession here, in the month of May of the previous year. The parents took this their first-born child to the sanctuary, where he received baptism, September first of the same year. Parental love of the most thoughtful and watchful kind guarded the child from the moment his being began. His infancy and childhood unfolded happily as a flower that enjoys continually the influence of a healthful atmosphere, sunshine, and rain; and which is carefully protected from the sting of the hurtful insect.

The most gratifying results of parental fidelity early appeared in the character and conduct of the child. He learned to shun the evil, and cleave firmly to the good. The defects and vices in character against which he had been warned at home, were quickly seen in others abroad, and received


the earnest expressions of his disapprobation. It is told of him, that he had a companion whom he tenderly loved, and in whose society he found much of his pastime in one of his early summers. His ear caught from his lips one day the wicked word. The sport was at an end in a moment, as Eddie turned sorrowfully away, saying, "I shall not play with you, if you use such naughty words!" At first, the transgressor was disposed to brave it out, and sacrifice his companion rather than to correct the vice in his conduct; but better judgment ruled his final purpose, and he gave the pledge of reform, and cemented more firmly than ever their friendship. The young hero had that day the triumph of a double victory: he ruled his own spirit, and taught another how to conquer himself.

Life thus well begun can hardly fail to expend itself in some broad field of usefulness.

The home of Edward was ever a place of his cherished delights. The house was fashioned after an architectural model very common in the earlier periods of the country,—double in front, with two stories surmounted with a gambrel roof. It holds an eligible position affording an extended view of the surrounding country. On the east, rise conspicuous in the distance the Cobalt Hills, at the foot of which, through the Narrows, the river forces its way, on the opposite bank of which are the silver mines, which were opened in the period previous to the Revolution. Thence, a little way south, stands prominent to view, White Rock, a favorite resort, and the Feld-Spar Quarries, from which have been gathered

several choice minerals, besides the large exports which are annually made of the feld-spar itself for manufacturing purposes. On the west, within a minute's walk, at the head of the street, is the Wesleyan University; while a short distance below, arise the spires and towers of the various churches. Hedges and fruit-trees, vines, flowering and sweet-scented shrubs fill the yard and climb upon the building, and extend to the birds an invitation to make their home and repeat their songs there, which they freely accept. Here the boyhood of the child flowed on delightfully to himself, and free from any great sorrow, until he had just entered his fourteenth year; then there settled a cloud over the home circle, which would never be fully removed. The young heart had come to the scene of its first great trial.

CHAPTER II.

HIS BEREAVEMENT — DEATH OF HIS
FATHER.

THE Christian home! What spot so choice on earth? It is the fragment of a lost paradise, which has come down to us through the ages. As the world now is, it seems impossible that any institution could be substituted in its place, fraught with so benign influences for individual man or society at large. It is virtue's garden; the abode of purest love; the sanctuary of hallowed sentiments. Sweet har-

mony of soul is there. God is there in covenant with man.

How well adapted, too, the parental relation, which exists in such a connection, to the necessities of childhood and forming youth. A double love, a twofold guardianship is placed about the morning of life, that nothing may check its healthful growth. Father and mother are there,—one to nourish and train the plant at home, the other to guide and protect it when borne forth into the atmosphere of the busy world. Man never appears more depraved in himself, more cruel to his fellow-men, than when attempting to obliterate the family, or to weaken its influence, and to break down the towers of its strength. Death never seems more cruel than when he stalks boldly into such a sacred enclos-

ure and lays his chosen victim low. Especially is the scene one of gloom and mystery when the family is young. When "parents are leading forth their little ones like a flock," how agonizing the hour, when the destroyer comes and bears one away! And the parent,— must he die? What will become of those who need his care? A few mornings since, I stood by a bereaved one as he struggled with his great sorrow. His wife was sleeping her last sleep by his side. His children were motherless. The sweet babe had been but a few hours on her bosom when her heart became cold and dead, and her tender care was evermore denied it. There was a cloud on the divine throne that hour, overshadowing that dwelling,— one we have often seen elsewhere. We could only bow the head and weep, saying,

“Thy will be done,” as the voice of speaking Love was heard through the gloom, “What I do thou knowest not now, but thou shalt know hereafter.”

At the period to which our narrative had come in the previous chapter, Dr. Brewer's family consisted of three children,—Edward and two younger sisters; and the picture of home-life there enjoyed was such as might challenge the admiration of the beholder. The father was exerting a widening influence in his profession, and eliciting the warm esteem of all whom he met in the other walks and business relations of life.

When in vigorous health, he was prostrated by a fatal disease which terminated life after a few hours of intense suffering. His wife was a widow, his children father-

less! Were not such scenes so common, we should say they could not be endured. What a change for a young, buoyant life to pass through! Just when needing a father's hand most, to have it relinquish its hold evermore! Life is made up of periods or chapters; scenes of pleasure now and here; times of trial then and there. Many a poor child has come to his first great trial, and been crushed by it; the young heart had not strength to endure. It is not every sapling that bows gracefully before the sweeping tornado, and comes up erect again in the wake of the tempest. To most persons, great sorrows are eras from which marked changes in personal character begin. Life is set forward, henceforth, more vigorously in the right direction, or it then takes a sudden turn downward to ruin. If

the heart opens aright, as the barbed arrow enters it, truth leaves her healing balm there, and the blessing is sure. "I am fatherless; my mother a widow!" must have been the sorrowful reflection in the mind of Edward, as they returned from the grave to their desolate home, and sat musing in the evening twilight. These two facts were to him like two well-set eyes opening vivid visions of the future. His home, his heart, the world everywhere seemed sad, gloomy under the shadows they revealed. A child differently trained might have debated with himself whether he should not assume an air of independence, reject maternal advice and authority, and mark out for himself such a course for the future as would acknowledge no restraints but what might be self-imposed. How many a son has struck



the rock of his destruction by rejecting the counsels of his mother at such a turn in life! but not so was the decision in the instance before us. The noble, right-spirited boy finds two grand, governing purposes formed within him in that serious hour. I will do all that I can to bless and comfort my sorrowing parent. I will reflect the virtues of my father in my own life. Those purposes were like two loving, powerful guardian angels, and they kept the lad henceforth in the way he should go.

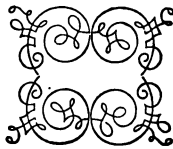
As daily he looked upon the face of his bereaved mother, struggling between the cheerfulness it would bear towards her children, and the shadows of her deep sorrow, which were continually gathering there, his heart became brave for her sake, and his bearing was manly, dignified, under

the thought that so holy a mission had been intrusted to him, — that he was to comfort the distressed, bear the burden of the heavy-laden. Sometimes there is a painful maturity created by these great changes in the outward circumstances of a young life. Childhood, with its imposed cares, its disturbed sources of joy, overleaps youth. Manhood goes down to embrace the child and aid in bearing its cares, and leaves its thoughtful impress on the plastic nature, and the child is no more young. Life thus forced to maturity by the discipline of adversity, does not ordinarily present the most pleasing picture for contemplation. The natural formation of a free, outgushing youth, with the healthy glow of innocent glee, is better, led, indeed, in wisdom's ways, and instructed by the counsels of unerring

truth. Dwarfs in body, or very marked precocity of mind, are sources of pain rather than enjoyment to one who delights in the harmonies of a beautiful creation.

Edward was truly a thoughtful boy. He was not likely to do things rashly. No gross transgressions in conduct are registered against him; yet his life was cheerful, and the yoke he was bearing seemed not too heavy, but like that which the wise man says it is good for one to bear in his youth. While he remembered the joys that had been tasted and were gone, he did not forget that others, and perhaps more precious, might return. The world was still bright, though the sun had once been eclipsed. Much of the grief that would otherwise have remained in the home circle passed away in the charm of his presence

and the promises of his life. And so the father slept; the grave was closed; and the family looked out upon the future with a new hand pointing onward! The bow was in the cloud.



CHAPTER III.

SCHOOL DAYS — ENTERS COLLEGE.



ONE who afterward became eminent as a scholar is said to have been greatly incited in his purpose to obtain a liberal education by the sight of a school academy, and the daily ringing of the bell from its tower, in his hearing, as he was laboring, when a boy, in a neighboring field.

Nothing was wanting to the educational surroundings of young Brewer's home to incite him in the same direction. The city high school was nearly opposite his

mother's door, where hundreds of children assembled daily for their studies. The students of the college, located hard by, he met in all his walks. The house and grounds of his maternal parent were now converted into a classical boarding-school: other schools and seminaries of a high order were but a little more removed: so that it would hardly be possible for him not to cherish the thought of pursuing a regular course of classical study. Add to these the fact that his father had been a graduate of the university, and a member of one of the learned professions, and his course for life seemed plainly indicated. The spirit of the boy was certainly not wanting in that direction. He pursued the studies constituting the course preparatory to college, at the high school, and at the boarding-school

of Rev. H. M. Colton, and entered the Freshman class in the Wesleyan University, in the autumn of 1859, when seventeen years old.

After a few months of trial in the classroom, he became convinced that he could not pursue the prescribed course either with comfort or success. Distressing pains afflicted his head; he was also at times troubled with discouraging weakness of the eyes. It was a terrible trial to abandon his cherished plans by taking up his connection with college. He was goaded to the quick when friends intimated that he was fickle, and lacked decision of purpose and energy in prosecution. He struggled long, before reaching a final conclusion as to what he ought to do; but the disease still remained like a bitter foe, forbidding literary pursuits,

and he at length turned sorrowfully and finally away from the bright vision which had tempted him onward. Some one has said, "The setting of a great hope is like the setting of the sun,—darkness comes on, and then the stars begin to shine." So serious a matter as the change of all his plans for life did not leave the young student devoid of a purpose to accomplish something. He had no patrimony to tempt him to idleness and dissipation. He must toil somewhere,—make the world feel his influence for good in some department of honorable industry. Life was too precious to be wasted. Surely the Lord had need of him, and he would work.

He derived much pleasure and strength, during all these days of his second great trial, from the thought that his mother sanc-

tioned his course by her counsel; and he could but believe that prosperity would, in the end, follow the fortune of that child who acted in accordance with parental wisdom. Too many eminent men had attributed their success in life to fidelity to maternal-influence to leave a doubt in that matter. The teachings of the sacred Word were too plain for him to cherish a feeling of uncertainty on this point. He had learned the words, "Honor thy father and mother," — which is the first commandment with promise, — "that it may be well with thee, and that thou mayest live long on the earth."

CHAPTER IV.

BUSINESS LIFE.



IN former years, Middletown was quite extensively engaged in the manufacture of fire-arms for government service. The various streams that flowed through the valleys offered, at limited expense, the requisite power for running machinery, and held out inducements for capitalists to erect capacious buildings, which were converted to other uses in later periods, but, now that war is upon the nation, are more or less devoted again to their original service. The

sound of the forge, the glare of the furnace, and the hum of the machinery do not cease now during the livelong week, telling the terrible haste there is in this work of death! It is our good fortune here in New England, to learn the magnitude of the national struggle through indirect channels, rather than under the immediate blighting influence of marching and contending embattled hosts. The amount of labor and capital employed in constructing the implements of war is no unmeaning witness on the subject. It makes the heart sicken when we pause to inquire, Where is flowing the strength of our young men, our arms and our treasures? If it were an enemy that had done this, how easy, comparatively, to be borne! but when our foes are those of our own household, the sacrifice which we are called to

make, by the fierce passions and unhallowed ambition of those who have taken the sword to destroy us, in defence of our sacred honor and blood-purchased rights, is greater than heaven is wont to claim of any people. "Oh, thou sword of the Lord, how long will it be ere thou be quiet?"

In this earlier government service, the maternal grand-parent of Edward was long and successfully employed; and in later labors for furnishing the nation with arms, two brothers of his mother were extensively engaged. It seemed natural for the youth, now that his thought was turned to business pursuits, to look in the direction where so many of his friends and relatives had found their calling. An opportunity every way favorable was offered him by his uncles in their large factory in Binghamton, New

York. He acceded to their proposal, determined to master the business in all its details, so as to secure for himself the best possible position. To this end, believing that he who would ultimately be master must begin at the very lowest part and ascend, he entered the manufactory as a careful learner. It was a severe trial to leave his home for this new start; but not more so to him than to those he left behind. How deeply he cherished the desire that all should go well with the family of his love, is revealed by a letter he sent his eldest sister while at Binghamton. Referring to an invitation which had been extended to her by her aunt to pass some time with her in New Haven, and expressing the hope that her visit would be every way agreeable and profitable to her, he adds:

“But while you are at home, remember that you are mother’s oldest daughter; *and that you ought to help her as much as you can.* I wish you to break yourself of the very bad habit you are indulging in,—of *hugging* the pillow in the morning, and thus robbing yourself of the best hours of the day for doing anything. As mother has taught us, and as I just begin to appreciate, remember the old and familiar maxim,—‘Early to bed and early to rise is the way to be healthy, wealthy, and wise.’

“So rouse up, and do all you can to help mother bear her already too heavy burdens. By pursuing such a course, you will not only have her warmest love, but what presents a far better and stronger motive than any earthly love, however pure,—you will have the approval of God. With his love

in your heart, all will go well with you. Remember that this life is but a place of discipline, where we must all be tried, as silver is tried; and if we take a correct view of our trials, we shall not only, by them, be made better in this world, but under their influence ripen for our heavenly home."

If in the change of pursuits he had expected to find deliverance from his disease in the head, he was doomed to disappointment. The trouble was aggravated rather than diminished, by the noise and confusion of the workshop; so that he felt obliged, after a few months' experiment, to return to his home to find rest. He came to us greatly depressed in spirit, sadly disappointed, expecting to hear the old suggestion, want of stability. He mingled but little in society; and, contrary to his better judgment,

he determined to return to the trial at some day not far in the future. We recall with sadness these days, because his spirit was so overwhelmed within him; and he did not care to have it known that he was again beneath the paternal roof. There was a voice which he heard even then, speaking to his secret soul, as the notes of the friendly bell sound on the ear of the doubtful mariner, through fog and tempest, guiding him in the course he should go: "Commit thy works unto the Lord, and thy thoughts shall be established. In all thy way acknowledge him, and he shall direct thy paths." Important changes in the business of his employers caused his stay at home to be protracted beyond what had at first been contemplated. In the mean time an opening occurred for the services of a young

man in one of the banking-houses of the city. The position seemed so desirable, that a large number made application for it. Edward came to me one morning, exhibiting more than usual excitement and solicitude in his words and manner. He would not divulge the important secret in full, but desired such testimonials to his personal merit as might aid him in securing a business position on which his heart was set. A few days afterward we met; he was clerk in the Middlesex County Bank. The joy of his heart was full. The limited business hours presented ample opportunities for open-air exercise. The little garden where he had strayed when a child would feel his hand of cultivation. He could again launch his boat on the river, where in boyhood he had whiled away so many leisure hours.

But the grand charm of the arrangement was found in being at home. Familiar skies were overhead; the Lord's house, the home of his religious affections, was open there to receive him on the sacred day of rest; the social meeting, where his feet had been wont to go of an evening hour, invited his attendance. Here, too, he could be in the family, where his presence, counsel, and love to mother and sisters contributed more and more to their essential comfort. Beyond the present, there opened to view an honorable and successful business, should he be faithful to his trust. Many, beside the youth and his relatives, thought they saw in all this the hand of Him who pities them that fear him, like as a father pitieth his son. It seemed to those who were familiar with his great personal merit, that

nowhere else could he be more useful, by his example and efforts, than where he had been brought up. He had no need to go among strangers to have honor, or to measure the strength of his influence. We leave him now, to attend to the calls and the routine of daily duty in the banking-house, to turn back a little and delineate his character as light falls upon it from another source.



CHAPTER V.

RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.



THE high school, of which Edward was a member in 1858, engaged in one of its departments the services of a young lady, as teacher, who thought not less of the moral and spiritual condition of her pupils, than of their literary attainments.

She possessed to an eminent degree the faculty of enlisting the thought of the young in the subject of their personal relations to Christ, and their individual obligations to "Remember their Creator in the days of

their youth." After the fatiguing labors of the class-room were over, she was accustomed to meet those of her classes who wished to spend an hour for religious conversation at her own apartments, and, in a familiar manner, speak to them of God, and the way of life.

The interest awakened in these twilight-hour gatherings became very great. The service was rendered so attractive under the chastened spirit of devotion which prevailed, that the place of audience was often crowded; those who went once were attracted thither again. In that room, under the eye of that faithful friend, a number of young persons, for the first time, expressed religious hope. In these evening conventions our young friend was constantly found; and there, for the first time, he

spoke openly of the love of the Saviour in his soul. I remember the hour well. He solicited me to accompany him, as his pastor, that I might aid in giving direction to the thought of the inquiring. The sight was beautiful; the scene one of great tenderness, — such as our Saviour would have found the highest pleasure in beholding, had it met his eye when on the earth. It was like that in the temple, where the children sang their sweet hosannas. As the question went round, asking from each one an expression of his religious exercises, Edward, in a few brief words, signified his deep interest in the subject of his salvation. There was no heated emotion, — no unusual excitement apparent, but a fixed, solemn determination to lead henceforth a life of devotion to God. There was a feel-

ing of distrust in my mind at the time. I had hoped to witness greater pungency of conviction for sin,—more overpowering joy in view of forgiveness received. This feeling led to a more careful watch of the young converts, to see if their future life and conduct were such as to indorse the change as genuine. Most of the children and youth that constituted those meetings belonged to other congregations on the Sabbath; and what the result was to them cannot be stated. Some made a public profession,—that is all I know of their religious life. The precious lamb that belonged to my own fold never gave occasion for a doubt to exist but that he was indeed all that he had expressed a desire to be. He came freely to me with an open heart, seeking counsel in respect to all the more

important affairs of his life. He seemed ever like a disciple in intimate, daily communion with the Saviour. With no high-wrought ecstasy, no remarkable zeal, there was sincere love to the truth, delight in the service of religion, and marked consistency in his daily walk and conversation. In a word, his whole character and conduct seemed to reflect the thought which formed the basis of all his actions,—that it was his most reasonable service to yield heartily to the claims of our holy religion. The impression remains now, as his life is reviewed, that he was one of those who, at a very early period, was brought to know the Lord. His great bereavement—the loss of his father—may have been sanctified to him to that degree as to wean his affections from earth and sin and place them on holi-

ness and heaven. How well fitted such a scene to such an end! As he looked upon the lifeless form of one whom he had so tenderly loved, prostrated by a fatal blow, unwarned, the lesson of holy Writ must have been furrowed deeply into his tender heart,—“Man that is born of a woman is of few days, and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down; he fleeth also as a shadow, and continueth not.” It has been said that the source of powerful controlling influences is often hid, like the obscure fountains which feed mighty rivers,—so here, beneath death’s own dark shadows, may have been the silent agencies which controlled evermore that young life. There is great pleasure in tracing these evidences of a life of faith thus early begun in the heart of this youth, because

the temptation is entirely taken away to set up a claim to a religious character for him, on the part of his friends, for less substantial reasons. One of the most unhappy influences flowing from the present state of our country is the feeling in the mind of so many,—that every man who sacrifices his life in this war for the Union dies a martyr, and goes to heaven, as a matter of course. Many of the patriotic songs which this state of the times has made popular, many of the addresses over the remains of our slain have embodied this pernicious sentiment. Patriotism is not piety. Man may love his country, but have no love to God who has enriched him with such a goodly heritage. Thousands are dying by the sword in the service of the United States, in as righteous a cause as

the sun ever looked down upon, over whose grave no star of hope for future blessedness ever shines; for they never came to Christ, and received his great salvation. It is as true of the soldier as of men in the other pursuits of life: "He that believeth on the Son of God hath everlasting life; and he that believeth not the Son shall not see life, but the wrath of God abideth on him." It is too late in the centuries to revive the old doctrine of the crusaders. The Word of God sheds too clear a light to forsake it for the wild vagaries of Mohammed, or the fooleries of the Book of Mormon. The sins of no individual, or no class of individuals, are so heinous in the sight of Heaven that God gives eternal life as a reward for exterminating them by the weapons of war. Away with this soul-destroying doctrine!

On New-Year's morning, 1860, it being the Sabbath-day, Edward brought his gift to Christ. It was himself, in those new forms of a holy consecration, connected with a public profession of his faith in the merit of the Redeemer. The scene in the house of God will not soon pass from the memory of those who witnessed it. He stood there in the great congregation, all alone, to perform his vow. He was not yet eighteen years old, as in the presence of the great Searcher of hearts, angels, and men, he solemnly affirmed,—“I dedicate myself to God in Christ; humbly confessing and repenting of my sins.” There was one sitting near him on that occasion, whose cup of blessing was foaming to the brim. It was she who bore him an infant to the sacred font, and who now witnesses the fulfilment

of the promise, and the keeping of the covenant: "I will establish my covenant between me and thee and thy seed after thee in their generations, for an everlasting covenant, to be a God unto thee, and to thy seed after thee." With Hannah she can say, "My heart rejoiceth in the Lord;" as the child she lent to the Lord as long as he should live, gratefully accepts her sacred act as his own, now that he with his own hand subscribes unto the Lord. The child rises up before her and calls her blessed, as he takes her by the hand, as it were, and leads her to the footstool of Sovereign mercy, saying, "Behold, O Heavenly Father, my mother and the son of her consecration. I come to redeem her vows, and to praise thee for the covenant which has held and blessed me unto this hour."

“ 'Tis done, the great transaction's done,
I am my Lord's and he is mine;
He drew me and I followed on,
Rejoiced to own the call divine.”

The piety that is loving, healthful, needs to be employed in active service for God. The faith that justifies the soul by appropriating the merit of Christ, brings the believer into sympathy with the Saviour, so that, like him, he goes about doing good. To obey is the life of holiness. — The sun shines, — a good tree yields good fruit.

The young Christian has a mind to work. He takes a place in the Sabbath school. Becomes an officer, where he had long been a scholar. His presence is all the more prized because there seems to rest upon him the mantle of one who had long cheered us by his mild and gentle life of

goodness, but had now passed into the vale of eternal being.

During the warm season, the young men and others of our city are accustomed to form small parties for a few days' excursion to sea, or for recreations with the hook and line along the shore; going out during the day, and coming in to shore for the night. Many a one, exhausted by close application to business, becomes invigorated by an *episode* of this kind. While in the bank, feeling a brief respite from daily toil would afford him much pleasure and profit, Edward joined a company of his associates in one of these excursions. They were absent several days. Since his death, a friend who was with him has communicated an incident which came to his knowledge on that occasion, illustrating his thoughtfulness for

the good of others. At night they occupied an old building,—the common resort of fishermen who might frequent those parts. In this old tenement, in one of the most retired parts of it, where one who wished to be in secret with his God would be likely to resort, is found, after they have taken up their connection with the place, a copy of the Sacred Word, bearing the name of "Brewer," but underneath it, a line in his own hand, dedicating it to the use of those who in future might resort there. Trivial as the circumstance may seem to the thoughtless, it speaks volumes to those who know the worth of the soul, and the dangers of final ruin which constantly attend it. He who leaves a Bible where the sailor may read it has placed a lighthouse on the shore, just where dangers lie thick-

est. A circumstance of this kind gains in importance when it is remembered that many persons, while going from home for summer recreation, leave their Bibles and religion behind them. Our watering-places are not generally pools of Bethesda to the soul, whatever may be their healing virtues to the body. The country village which is so unfortunate as to furnish attractions for city boarders, does not generally improve in morals or religious influence, during the summer months. Religion and the restraints of holy living are too often of secondary importance abroad, whatever may be the profession and spirit of devotion at home; the sight cheers us the more, therefore, to see a young man go to his recreations with Bible in hand, not only that he may keep his own soul in the light, but may

also give right guiding influences to others. The voice of the sea, as the waves break on the shore near that old shanty where the young Christian prayed and left his precious legacy to others, seems to swell with the song, —

**“ There’s a light in the window for thee, brother,
There’s a light in the window for thee;
A dear one has moved to the mansions above,
There’s a light in the window for thee.”**



CHAPTER VI.

ENLISTS AS A SOLDIER.



IN the latter part of July, of the last year, Captain Elijah W. Gibbons, a resident of Middletown, who went into the service of the United States under the first call of the President for volunteers, and who subsequently lost his life in the defence of his country, returned home from the army with a commission for raising new recruits. He opened his office in Main Street, only a brief distance from the banking house where Edward was employed, and where

the call for men was perpetually saluting his ears. The political horizon was overcast with deep gloom. The splendid army of the Potomac had disappointed the hopes so long cherished in respect to it, and was melting away under the influence of discouragement and disease, on the plains of the Chickahominy. A draft had been ordered to fill up the ranks of the national army, suffering everywhere from a rapid and extensive depletion.

The order for the draft in the different States was withheld for a time, in the hope that volunteers would come forward in such numbers as to supersede entirely the necessity for a resort to it. Towns and States offered munificent bounties to urge on the work of enlistment. The feeling everywhere prevailed, that, in such a cause, coer-

cion should be avoided if in the bounds of possibility. The moral impression needed to be kept up at home and abroad, in the army and among the States in rebellion, which had been created in the beginning of the struggle, from the *spontaneous* arising of the North to defend and preserve her sacred interests. Many men enlisted under the influence of those stirring appeals which were made to their patriotism, backed by such a consideration, who would have felt themselves justified for not entering the Government service from any other consideration.

Young Brewer belonged to this class. There were peculiar reasons in his case which would seem to warrant his exemption from military service. I do not think among all who knew him a single one

would have said his duty lay in that direction. But his own impressions were clear in the premises, and his name was placed on the muster roll of the Fourteenth Regiment of Connecticut Volunteers. He was not a stranger entirely to military drill. He had been a member of the Home Guard, and enjoyed the tuition of his uncle, Col. E. W. N. Starr, who has the well-earned reputation of an accomplished officer. There was much, also, in the associations connected with his native town, that might serve to awaken his patriotic ardor, and inflame him with desire to bear the sword in his country's cause. Here was the honored grave of McDonough. Here Tatnall, bearing a fame once so bright, but now so inglorious, returned to the bosom of his family from the brave wounds and the brave deeds of

Peiho. Here was the cherished home of Mansfield.

An inspiration which he could not resist pervaded his soul. Its words, stirring as the bugle-notes, were,—

“Strike for your altars and your fires,
God, and your native land.”

A charm was thrown over this act of enlisting as a soldier from the fact that so many of the choice youth of his acquaintance were to be enrolled in the same company with him.

The pledge had indeed passed between himself and his dearest earthly friend outside the home circle, that they would stand shoulder to shoulder. Those who subsequently saw the company on parade, and as it moved to its encampment and then to the

seat of war, will not soon forget the
and features of Brewer and Fairchild
lovely and pleasant in their lives, an
death not now divided.

But there is another hardly less inte
ed in this question of enlistment than
boy himself. We must leave the chil
see how this new phase of life reflects
mother.

To thine heart, O widowed one, t
comes a word,—a joy and yet a k
Thou hast a son to give; but given,
altar-fires shall consume him quite.



CHAPTER VII.

WOMAN AND DUTY—HIS MOTHER'S
SACRIFICE.

HOEVER has moved his thought of lawful inquiry along the theatre of stirring events among men, where great characters have been fashioned, noble deeds have been done, and a lofty, divine-like purpose has been imparted to the human will, and all the elements which underline and mould society have been so moved as to advance everything that is good to a higher plane of existence, has there found *woman*, by her untiring, unde-

training, not only to the right imparting to her character a just idealism.

It is quite obvious that those who have been engaged in the vain debates of our time in reference to the "proper sphere of woman" are wholly incapable of appreciating her true position, or of discovering the majestic power of her influence as she moves onward in the silent orbit of her duty devoted to truth and duty.

Why not ask as well, "Where should the angels of light find their appropriate field of labor?" and bring them down from those invincible forms of love and toil in which they are sent forth "to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation," to the ugly, polluting contests of earth?

The proper sphere of woman! What has she done? Read her history. Mark her

spirit of devotion, in the past, to all that is good and commendable. Surely, she has not been living through all the period of the centuries, constituting so important an agent, as she has done, in every field of action, and not yet have come to her proper place! We shall find that her name and merit have not been wanting entire even where men have earned the meed of their proudest achievements by personal daring or profound wisdom. Miriam and Deborah were quite worthy of a place beside Moses and Barak in the camp or council-chamber. Palmyra and Babylon were rendered as illustrious under the royal rule of Zenobia and Semiramis as when the sceptre was held by any other hand. When has England been more illustrious than in the days of Elizabeth, or now, with Victoria on her

throne? When has Spain sent her power and fame afar more extensively than when Isabella was a partner on the throne and the *glory* of the nation? These are exceptions to a general rule, and it is no matter for regret that they are so, for the merit of woman appears more conspicuous elsewhere. In the arts and sciences, too, she has an honorable place. Her hand has skilfully plied the chisel and given speaking forms to dead matter. She has touched the canvas with the pencil, and beauty has appeared there in her loveliest forms. She has moved the telescope along the paths of the heavens, and guided to the fixed abode of the stars which was before unknown. But all these things may pass as the simple recreations of her leisure hours, her appropriate work is so much more sublime and heroic.

Her sphere is preëminently one of endurance. The gate of life is through her agonies. The blood of the saints, which has so often constituted the seed of the church, has flowed as freely from her veins as from others; and she has never been found wanting when suffering was needful for the good of others. With Mary she she has stood by the cross when a sword has pierced through her own soul, "that the thoughts of many hearts might be revealed." It is an unshaken faith in the power of virtue and truth ultimately to win the day and gain the conquest, and boldly to follow where it leads, that arms the soul with a true courage;—and such a faith has not been wanting as an overcoming power in the life of woman. Our Lord said of one whose name and praise have trav-

elled down through many centuries without losing a single ray from their original brightness, "She hath done what she could." The world was against her; yet she saw the future and believed in it. And like her, in all time, there have been many of her sisterhood who have been moved and controlled by the same spirit of faith.

The measure of the truly heroic is the amount of sacrifice which love is ready to make in accomplishing the end proposed.

Correct estimates are not generally obtained in measuring the actual suffering among mankind. It is an established truth that the mere physical in suffering is light when compared with mental anguish. The criminal in the cell, tortured by thought, is more wretched than if bound to the severest bodily service, where his mind may

be relieved of preying upon itself. The time of intense suffering to the soldier is when he meets the enemy for his first encounter. Beyond that, danger *seems* past, however great in fact the toil and exposure. Without detracting in the least from the honor due the self-sacrificing soldier,—his need of praise cannot be too widely sounded,—there is yet reason to believe that the real suffering, the agony of the sacrifice is at home, where remain the mothers, the wives, and the lovers of the noble brave, — they are the ones who look on and view the strife, without the relief afforded by actual engagement. To them it appertains to see the face of the dead when the strife is over; or to spell out the name of the loved and lost where no farewell sound comes from his dying lips, and no index

guides to the place of his sleeping ;
the heart must bear the heavy thought

“ He is missing, evermore ! ”

From what has been derived from
gling with those thus bereaved, — so
ing, — my own election would be, so fi
the matter of suffering is involved, to fi
the action which defends the right, ra
than be doomed to stand where the de
ing wave should lave my feet while re
up to view the mangled forms of my
est earthly friends, thus fallen. Ah !
many a mother has felt, in such an
Would God I had died for thee, my
my son ! The suffering, to a sympath
nature, in the person of another is ha
to be borne than in one’s own person.
mother, to save her babe, robs her

breast of its warm covering, and freely lets the chill of death enter her soul. Damon prefers death in the place of his friend to life without him.

In this department of suffering for others woman has ever been eminent. What action more heroic than that which, in the beginning of the missionary work among the heathen, bound sons and daughters to the altar of holy consecration. And were not a mother's faith and a mother's love the cords that held the victim there?

As faithful to the claims of a noble self-sacrificing patriotism as to her saving faith, she has freely brought of her choicest treasures when her country has so demanded. How the old Spartan mother has taught this lesson of fidelity to our country's weal. Die, my boy, rather than disgrace yourself

while bearing the arms of your c
Such was the spirit she breathed i
soldier son.

The same holy ardor inflamed the
of the American women in the pe
the Revolutiop. The sentiment ex
by the wife of the elder Adams v
one that ruled that anxious hour:
a pleasure in sacrificing my selfish
to the general good, and in imitat
example which has taught me to c
myself and family but as the small
the balance when compared to th
community."

In this department of patriotic d
the spirit of woman partakes more
morally sublime, the exalted heroic,
it is so disinterested, and expends
such unobtrusive forms.



Man may seek honor on the battle-field. He may there be placed in a situation to exalt himself, to earn and receive the adulation of admiring thousands. But the mother, as she bids her son go; the wife, as she cheerfully yields her husband to what seem to her claims prior to her own yearning heart,—what is to be her gain personally? She never stops to inquire. She may be a widow; she may be sonless. Be it so; the sacrifice shall be made, if God and duty so demand.

Noble, disinterested, self-sacrificing woman! I see thee, the admiration of men and angels, in the person of Mary, standing by the cross of thy son, dying to save a world! I see thee shedding rays of a divine light in our primitive forests, as, in the person of Pocahontas, the red man's

daughter, thou dost interpose thine own life to save a stranger from the merciless tomahawk.

I see thee rise on the wings of angelic loveliness and holy devotion, in the person of Florence Nightingale, as thou dost hasten from affluence and ease to the tented field of the dying soldier, to bind up his wounds and comfort his despairing spirit.

Yes, nearer still, I see thee in thy labors of holy love this day all through the loyal states, with toiling hand providing freely for those who, in camp and hospital, lie wounded, dying, for their country's sake. Has not thy mission been well defined, then? What cause has flourished to which thy hand has not given strength? Who has suffered, and thou hast not been in agony with him? Hast thou not been sent, like

who bowed the heavens and came
to heal the broken-hearted, to give
cort, hope, salvation, to die, if need be,
ess the world?

as there ever a time since the memory
an when woman more heroically filled
her sphere of self-denial and endur-
than just now when she offers so
y her sons, brothers, husband, for the
n's salvation!

uly the heroic age is upon us. The
tan mother, the old Roman matron, the
en of the times of Washington and
cer's Hill, are with us in these days
ial. Whatever else has deteriorated in
low of time, surely not devotion to the
,— a pure patriotic ardor, the proudly
c in the life and devotion of woman.
, bright, cheering hope, meets us here,

right here. When the mother of Augustine entreated her bishop to labor for the conversion of her wayward son, at first he repelled her entreaty; "but seeing her tears, and marking the patience of her importunity, he said, 'Begone, good woman; it is impossible that the child of such tears should perish.'"

As there meets us this view of hearty devotion to their country's weal from our mothers and daughters, while the national struggle moves on, we are certain that our government cannot be destroyed, or ultimately weakened seriously in the arm of its power. If *men* are derelict in duty, the enemy shall be sold into the hand of *women*. If Barak is wanting, Deborah will not be; and Sisera, if need be, shall die, smitten by the brave arm of Jacl, and his

mother shall look in vain for his return with the spoils of victory in his hand.

It was to a mother who belonged to this class of self-sacrificing ones, one who was alive to the magnitude of the struggle through which the nation was passing, and who felt that nothing was too sacred for her to give to aid in turning back the scene of peril, that the young soldier whose story of life I am telling presented his request for permission to go to the battles of his country. Doubtless, the thought was not new to her. She had witnessed the young men all around her passing away on a like holy mission, and had been long praying for grace and strength for this hour, should it come. Her noble boy! can she give him up? He is her only son, her first-born. In him she sees the form and

features of her departed husband, rendering him doubly dear. There is a strange, startling premonition that if he goes, he will return to her no more. His assent will be his death-warrant. She knows well that he who has never gone counter to her approval leaves the decision with her. Yes; go and bear thy part in thy country's agony.

The maternal sacrifice was laid up
duty's altar, that day,

—“in tears and pain.”



CHAPTER VIII.

DEPARTURE FOR THE SEAT OF WAR—LIFE IN
CAMP.

A RIGHT decision in duty is a central power which brings into vigorous exercise and appropriate bearing all the energies of life in man. Hence a youth, often, no sooner settles the question of his future course of action than he seems to have a new existence imparted to him. His soul is all on fire to reach the appointed goal, so that ordinary discouragements are powerless to check his progress. One who long observed young men during

their college course remarked, that, when a student had decided to be a foreign missionary, everything he undertook in the routine of daily labors was prosecuted far more successfully than before. Let the goal be set aright and it gives speed to the race.

Persons of eminent success in some one department are often decried, because they pursue a single idea. But is it not the single aim that always leads when grand results are reached? The man who has determined to do one thing well has *started* on the road he must take to greatness if he ever gets there. It is truly refreshing, in this world of so much misdirected energy, to mark the course of one whose life flows on under the guidance of a single aim, whose very being says, "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" "For

me to live is Christ." "The age in which I live must feel the elevating power of my influence." These men of one idea are the sharpshooters who so skilfully disarm the foe and render useless their heavy artillery! God bless them!

Edward was at my door as he returned from this interview with his mother. I met him as his foot rested on the threshold. He declined to come in, but extended his hand, as he bade me good-by. There was an earnestness in his word and manner, which had not appeared before. A great thought was urging him on. He was dedicated to the service of his country. He was to become an actor in the gloomy tragedy. His courage was up, his arm was nerved. He might not be hindered. The word of benediction was spoken. We did

not exchange salutations again. The Fourteenth Regiment, into which his company was enrolled, as Company B, was encamped for a few days at Hartford, Col. Dwight Morris, commanding. August 25th, they embarked for New York on board of one of the propellers that ply between the two cities, hastening on their way to the scene of strife. On that day, as they sailed down the river, many a son of Middletown took his final look of the delightful city of his home and cherished affection, where the sunny past seemed more bright, as it was fading so rapidly from view, and sunset hues in the horizon of joys that might never return were whispering with the closing eye of day, —

“ Good-night, good-night.”

In the first letter received from young

Brewer after their departure, he says to his mother, "As we passed Middletown, I saw you on Fisk's Dock and took off my hat and waved it. I tried hard to have you see me." Had they mutually seen the near future, how their eyes would have flowed into each other, treasuring up more sacredly than ever, each, the loved features of the other!

At no time in our great national struggle has the excited state of public feeling been at a greater height than when this regiment was *en route* for the seat of war. Gen. Pope's campaign in Virginia had proved a most disastrous and humiliating failure. The second defeat of Bull Run had sent a panic not only through the army, but the entire North, as the forces of the enemy, emboldened by success, were pressing their

way by rapid movements into territory deemed hitherto safe from their incursions. The dangers of the hour forced into service where battles raged hot and fierce those who had just enlisted from the field and workshop, store and bank, and who were totally unprepared by previous training for the hard work in hand.

We have reached now a period in our narrative when the letters of the soldier become the light of his life. As they were, with only two or three exceptions, addressed to his mother, the substance will be taken by extracts without preserving the formal address.

His first letter is dated "Fort Ethan Allen, Va., August 3d.," and gives us a vivid insight into the intense earnestness of the business upon which they had been sent.

“We crossed Long Bridge, Washington, Thursday noon, and arrived at our campground, near Fort Richardson, late in the afternoon. We went to bed early, and, at three o'clock, Friday morning, were hustled out, and made a forced march of twelve miles to Fort Ethan Allen. Last night we slept on our arms, expecting an attack; and now, while I am writing, the guns are booming in the distance. I am well and in good spirits, awaiting the enemy in the rifle-pits of the fort.” This letter was written the sixth day after the regiment sailed from Hartford, and yet there they are in the very den of death, awaiting his terrific approach! It is no marvel that the son finds occasion to caution his mother not to indulge in anxiety on his account, with the assurance “I am right.” Still his heart has undergone an

amazing change if he really supposes she can fail to be exceedingly anxious when he presents to her view such a picture of his own exposure. Her boy in the rifle-pits, awaiting the enemy, and the mother not anxious!

The division of the army to which his regiment belonged was moved forward as rapidly as the operations of the enemy and their own circumstances would permit, toward the section of the State of Maryland to which the invasion was directed. On the 11th of September, he writes from Clarksburg, Md., "We have been put through so fast since leaving Fort Ethan Allen that I could not write you at an earlier date. Last Saturday we were ordered to pack our duds and be ready to march at a moment's warning. But evening came and

found us still in our encampment. Orders were then given for us to sleep on our arms. Sunday morn the command was, to march as quickly as possible. At two o'clock we were under way. The section of country through which our line of march lay looked fresh and nice; for war had not desolated it. Our route was through several small towns; and Saturday night we encamped just outside of Frederick, where I expected to enjoy a quiet Sabbath, and refresh myself by going to church. But war allows no Sunday. At three o'clock we were ordered out, and told to be ready to march again as soon as possible. We were pretty tired, but that made no difference; go we must. For several days we could hear the roar of the cannon of our advance, following up and harassing the retreating

ranks of the enemy. Our division did not arrive in time to take part in the engagement at Middletown Heights, but we crossed the ground after it was over."

Edward's superior officers early discovered that he was qualified for some service than that of a mere private in the ranks. He might be more useful with the pen than the sword. While on their march from Virginia into Maryland, he was appointed as clerk to Gen. French's headquarters. His new office was by no means sinecure. He gives us an outline of his work:—

"The first thing in the morning is to get up and prepare my breakfast. Mind you do not sit down to a table all made ready for my hand, as when with you. But I have to get my own breakfast. Washing face

hands is entirely superfluous; and I don't indulge in that operation *except when I have a chance*, which is not every day, by any means. Water is a precious article here, and I know how to prize it now, if never before.

“About eight o'clock in the morning my duties as clerk begin. I first make out the countersign papers for the day, of which there are seven. Next are the orders detailing regiments for picket duty, and for the outer lines, and one for the inside picket reserves; making in all ten orders to begin with. *This I call my play work*, and always have it off my hands at ten o'clock; then commences the hard work, in the shape of orders, reports, &c., from different generals in the division, and from Gen. McClellan's headquarters, of each of which there must

be five copies, when I make any; and sometimes one order occupies three pages, and sometimes an entire sheet of large size letter-paper." So much did his hands find to do in those wearisome days that he says, "Out of seventeen days we have been at Harper's Ferry, there have been but five when I could find time to cook my regular meals, and I have often been under the necessity of getting along with one meal, and several times have written until after eleven o'clock at night." He breathes this story of his over-work into the ear of his tender parent, not to complain of his lot, nor to intimate a single regret that he has gone forth to the toil and exposure, but simply as his apology for not having written her more frequently. It is not difficult to believe the tale of his complete exhaustion, when he

have been so tired of writing, that, had time to send you a few lines, detached so, that I had not energy to make the attempt."

terrible battle of Antietam, Md., of the 17th of September, 1862, has already enrolled in the bloody annals of his-
The earth has been far richer in gore and precious dust since that though triumphant day. The Four-
Connecticut Regiment, undisciplined as in the art of war, and most of the
so composed it only a few days out some circle, was brought into the
that engagement. Edward, being in k's department, was detained by his
n the rear of the army, and was con-ly not exposed to the raking fire of
my. Report came to his ears that

many of his companions were cut down. Two days after the battle, still uncertain of the actual facts in the case, he writes, "Our company lost a good many men, but here it is Friday, and I have not seen any one to inform me how the matter stands. I am in a perfect fever of anxiety to know who are killed, wounded, and missing." The startling report came to his home, that he himself was among the number of the slain. But the hour for him had not yet come. It proved subsequently that only one of Company B was killed in that engagement,—that a townsman of Edward's, a member of the same Sabbath congregation and Sabbath school. Robert Hubbard was the shining mark at which the cruel, "insatiate archer" aimed his fatal dart on that day. It would seem as if the fell de-

stroyer might have spared even him, for our own noble Mansfield had already fallen. Holding a commanding position upon an eminence overlooking the battle-field, as the fight went on, the general's clerk "had a full view of the thrilling scene, and heard the not very pleasant music of whizzing and bursting shells." Gen. Mansfield, who fell early in that day's work, had known the young soldier from Middletown from his early life. They met just before the engagement began. The youth was overjoyed to see the veteran, his own friend and his mother's friend. And the heart of the general was moved with tenderness as he grasped the hand of inexperienced youth and contemplated the fearful struggle that was opening immediately before them. "He looked well, but seemed sad, as he pro-

nounced his benediction, "God bless and keep you. Take good care of yourself. I hope in due time you will be restored to your home and friends." As the words flowed from his lips, he put spurs to his horse and was quickly at the head of his division, in the very jaws of death. The old and the young are now both alike at rest. Sweet spring-time has already shed her beauty and fragrance over the graves where we have laid them.

The horrors of war, in the more aggravated forms of its appalling features, come after the struggle is over, when the ploughed, gory field is left to the dead and dying. Our young friend embraced an opportunity which offered, to survey the field of the slain. "The second day after the battle, I went over a part of the field, some

ways to the right of the position held by our division. Not that I really have a relish for such scenes, but just to satisfy my curiosity for once, in the survey of such a scene. And I then saw enough to check all further desires of a like kind. The position held by the enemy, covering a distance as far as from the college to Main Street, about one-fourth of a mile, was strewn with their dead. In some instances, piled one upon another, with limbs broken, and doubled under the body of the slain, they were lying as they fell in the engagement, in every conceivable posture. Back of these lay scattered those who fell during the retreat to a position behind the fence, while behind the fence the dead were piled up three or four deep. In a clover-field about two hundred feet wide, the entire space

was strewn with guns, knapsacks, blankets, canteens, dead horses, men, belts, cartridge-boxes, &c. &c. Crossing this lot, I entered the woods to note the destruction caused there. Trees nine inches in diameter were cut completely off by the shells, and others of larger growth were so shivered that a heavy wind would prostrate them. Shot and shell thickly covered the ground in all directions. In an open space, there stood a building which in days of peace must have been used "to teach the young *ideas how to shoot*," but judging from present appearances, it had just now been taken as a target for *artillery practice*. It was literally riddled from floor to ceiling, and here, too, stretched in death, were a lot more of those miserable fanatics, known as rebels. I went through the hospitals. The

view which met me there was revolting. To see the wounded, hear their groans, witness the physicians at their duties, surgeons amputating limbs, — here an arm, and there a leg, — it has made me sick at heart.”

As might naturally be expected, the sudden transition from all the comfort and care of home to the exposures and personal neglect of the camp, together with the intense excitement of mind, and the close application to his appointed duties at headquarters, induced disease of body, followed ultimately by great prostration of strength, from which he was never afterward fully able to rally. The malaria of the camp generally is more fatal to life than the weapons of war. Harper's Ferry, at the time the Fourteenth Regiment was there, seemed totally abandoned to pestilential influences,

and it was next to certain death for one to sicken there.

The poor boy, who had never lacked a gentle and skilful hand to nurse him before, presents a discouraging picture of himself in a letter written September 30th.

“I have had the diarrhoea almost ever since I came out, and I cannot get rid of it. It makes me so weak, that it is not pleasant, to say the least. I wish you would tell me what is good for it,—that is, what herbs or barks that I can get and administer to myself.” Still he is disposed to take a hopeful and even mirthful view of things though depressed and enfeebled. “Give my love to ‘Cretia,’ and tell her I wish I were as fat as her rabbits, but assure her I am about as fat as the match Uncle H. tells about.” A life so valuable ought to have been cared for at

this stage of wasting disease ; and if the young soldier could not get well in camp or hospital, why not send him where the only chance of recovery presented itself,—to his home ?

Pleasant as Edward found it on many accounts to be clerk at headquarters rather than retain his place in the ranks, there were some considerations which rendered it more desirable to be with his company. His unselfish nature wished for no indulgence denied his companions in arms.

“I am hardly willing,” he says, “to stay here at headquarters, and take things so comparatively easy, when the boys in the company are having it tougher than myself. I started out with them, expecting to share in their hardships and participate in their joys. But I was ordered here, and

here I have been. So that I have the satisfaction, at least, of knowing that I have *obeyed orders*, and I think it would have been just the same if I had been ordered to charge with the rest up to the cannon's mouth, because I made up my mind when I left home to forswear ease and comfort, and take up with the lot of a soldier, whatever it might be, and, 'God helping me,' to go wherever ordered, and spill my blood, if need be, for my country's cause. But now that I am in a place of comparative safety, it seems as if I deserved little or no credit for coming, and what you say of the commendation of friends, on account of the step I have taken, makes me blush. But I am glad for your sake, dear mother, that I am so favorably situated. Were it not for you, I should leave for the company instanter."

•

A most serious part of the trial connected with the separation from his company was the loss of the society of his bosom friend, Fairchild, who had been his intimate associate in all the pastime of home-life from early years. Those were precious hours of joy when they met in tent or camp.

“Amos was here last evening and spent the night with me, and a pleasant time we had. He was not feeling very well. I do not see him very often, nowadays, as he is some distance from my quarters, and I am so busy writing that I cannot get away.”

When a dear friend has gone forever from sight, many little incidents are often recalled, which made no very deep impression at the time of their occurrence, but which in review reveal the fact, that an invisible hand of love was shaping things for

the final separation, in those delicate arrangements which might prevent the full force of the crushing blow in its final descent. We know not how it is, but when the terrible event is announced, we seem to see many an index which had pointed in that direction and which whispered, "It may come."

Mrs. Brewer remembers now that there came to her home from her son one day a letter, containing pictures, hair, a ring, &c. She was startled when she broke the envelope and noted the contents. What! is the dear one already gone, that these mementos are sent home? No, not that; still, they may be but the precursor of such a result. She reads, "I sent my pictures home because I wanted to be rid of the trouble of taking care of them, that is all. You will also find a lock of Amos's and my hair. We

reserved the hair for you when we were barbered *fighting style*, but I forgot to send it until now. My finger has become so emaciated that my ring will not stay on ; so I return it to you for safe keeping." Was not God lifting the veil which conceals the future, little by little, to that parent's eye, so that the shadow of the hastening ill may fall across her path before all is night ?

His division of the army was at Warrenton, Va., when a change was made in the department of Commander-in-Chief. Gen. McClellan was removed from that position, and Gen. Burnside temporarily occupied the place. Nov. 10th was the day when the change took place, in presence of the army. The " soldier-son " embraces the opportunity, " when the general and staff are away," to forward a letter home. The cold

season has now set in, and a winter in camp is the opening prospect. If he may not pass the season of cold and storm in the home circle, they must do something for his comfort abroad; and so he sets down various articles that he wishes to have forwarded to him. He displays excellent judgment and a careful economy in all matters of this kind. The useful and the good alone had attractions for him.

He is very favorably impressed with the appearance of Burnside when at the head of the army, because he detects in him a taste like his own in the matter of dress. "I have seen him a number of times before," he writes, Nov. 14th, "but never had so good a view of him as to-day. He is a fine-looking man. Dresses very plain; wears no insignia of rank whatever. Just the

kind of officer for me. I have had about enough of *goldlace* officers, who seem to care more about their traps than for a faithful discharge of the duties assigned them."

There is one day in the year, if no more, when every son of New England lays his plans, if possible, to be at home. What a social bond has been created by the careful observance of our time-honored Thanksgiving! How it holds the child, roam where he may, to the cot that gave him birth,—

"Where blend the ties that strengthen
Our hearts in hours of grief,
The silver links that lengthen
Joy's visits when most brief."

"I was away from home," writes the absent son, "on last Thanksgiving-day, and I then thought nothing would keep me away this year; but I little thought then that I

should be in my present business." We seem to see the tears gushing from his eyes as the old festivo board, laden with its rich viands and surrounded by happy, smiling faces, passes in review, and he remembers it will be far, far away from him; but he dashes them away and summons up his brave heart to cheer one who needs words of comfort more than himself.

"Never mind; I hope I shall see home again sometime, when war is over and peace once more reigns. It does seem, in any view, that this state of things must terminate before long. But if you could be out here at the 'seat of war,' where I am, and see the poor fellows around you dying, worn out by marches and disease, and thus measure the misery brought upon us by this awful war, then you would be yet more

anxious to have it ended, and the soldiers sent back to their own homes. I am very thankful that these scenes of war are so far removed from you, and that while fearful carnage devastates this part of the country, 'our home,' with its pleasant memories, is safe from destruction at the hands of soldiers."

Thanksgiving-day, as noted on the calendar, came, but not the visit home. Nor did the box of good things, the tokens of home-love, so much expected, so earnestly desired, reach the absent one in camp. The encampment of Edward's division was at Bell Plains, Va., on this day. If his hand could not partake of good cheer, his heart was as a sunny land when he pictured the scene in camp for the eyes at home.

"Yesterday was Thanksgiving-day, and

the regiment' was favored with speeches from several officers, songs were sung, and the governor's proclamation read. I made my dinner from 'salt-horse' and 'hard-tack,' and it tasted first-rate. I was very hungry, and that is a pretty good sauce. I hope you at home had a pleasant time, but I flatter myself you would like to have seen the *missing* one in his place."

At length, disease has so impaired his health and strength that he is disabled longer to discharge the duties of the clerkship, and he is released from his position at headquarters, under the expectation of being sent to the army hospital at Washington, to receive proper medical treatment and quiet. But his regiment being detailed from the regular service to guard supplies at Bell Plains, he joined his company there,

and found his health so much improved, in connection with lighter labors and old companions, that he preferred the camp and friends to the hospital and strangers, and so remained at his post.

The Army of the Potomac is at length in position for the winter, and we have a view of tent-life at Falmouth, where Edward passed the last months of his life. It is said by those familiar with the two cities, Middletown, Ct., and Fredericksburg, Va., that there is a striking similarity between them in many particulars, but especially in location. The latter lies delightfully upon the Rappahannock, with hill and dale, as the former does on the peaceful waters of the Connecticut. It may have afforded some consolation to the soldiers from this place, to trace the resemblances to their "home

land" in that, as they lay in sight of it during the long days of winter inaction. Better thoughts than these may have come to the mind of one who was gradually, though unconsciously to himself, passing down to the grave. As he daily sent his vision across the river to the city whose towers and spires greeted the eye, and from which strains of music came floating on the night air, he may have wandered in imagination in the streets of that city built upon the river of divine pleasure, where shall be no "battle of the warrior with confused noise and garments rolled in blood," but whose walls are salvation and whose gates praise. Early in February, 1863, he writes, "I lived in a Shelten tent part of November and all of December, but now occupy a Sibley tent, which is rather more comfortable, though

for the last two or three days it has been so cold that it is wellnigh impossible to keep warm anywhere. It has been snowing quite hard to-day and feels very wintry. I am quite comfortable just now, however, sitting in the hospital by the fire while writing you. There is nothing of interest going on here, and if there were, I am too feeble to be much excited by it. For some cause I cannot get strength, and find it very laborious to keep about. But I trust in God, and hope to be better soon."

Oh, how hope leads on the captive of disease, but only promises to deceive!

"Hopes, what are they? Beads of morning
Strung on slender blades of grass, .
Or a spider's web adorning
In a straight and treacherous path."

CHAPTER IX.

CLOSING SCENES OF LIFE.



WHEN General Hooker took command of the Army of the Potomac, he awoke the gratitude and inspired the confidence of the soldiery by his prompt and vigorous measures to improve the comfort and health of his men. Important changes were made in the quality and variety of the provisions. Edward cheered greatly the heart of his mother and friends when he wrote, March 8th, "I am beginning to improve under the influence of the good

rations provided since the advent of Gen. Hooker. To a certain degree, at least, the improvement is attributable to this source. Our food now is the best we have had since we left home. We have plenty of *salt* also, for the want of which we have really suffered. When I speak of improving in flesh, if you could see me, I guess you would think there was room for improvement in that direction. The calf of my leg is about the size of my arm when I left home. *Thus I am rendered rather weak in the understanding.* Never mind; if you can count my ribs now, I hope to be of some service yet to my country, and also live to see home and friends once more. But God rules and reigns, and he will do with me as seemeth to him good, and it is our wisdom to commit ourselves to his care. In his

own good time we shall meet again; if not in this world, we trust it will be in a better, where wars and rumors of wars never come, and where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest."

His tender heart was pierced as it had not been since the death of his father, when the intelligence came into camp that Fairchild was dead. He had been sick in the hospital at Washington for a long time, but it was generally supposed his recovery was only a question of time, when his disease came suddenly to a fatal termination. He breathes his grief to his eldest sister: "I do not write in so cheerful a strain as I had been wont when addressing you. I was very sorry last night to hear of the death of Amos. He was as dear to me as a brother. In fact, I called him such. The news of his

death came so unexpectedly that I was not at all prepared for it. This, taken in connection with an unfeeling remark made by the physician,—‘that he knew he was very sick and he had sent him off to get rid of him,’—so affected me I could not stay in the tent, where I had gone to make inquiry. I went to my own lodgings and mused a while in quiet, and then read in my Testament, and went to bed. But I could not sleep for a long, long time. Little did I think when he left the regiment that I should never see his face again on earth. But I trust we shall meet again in heaven.” In the picture-gallery of their native city, there is a full-length likeness of these two youths, on the same card, in the full uniform of the soldier. We think of them now, as, in robes of light,—the righteousness of

saints,— they stand together in the great army of the blessed above; the union restored for which the weary, lonely one lay sighing in his tent at Falmouth.

His words again to Mary are, "I don't feel right in health yet; but as warm weather comes on, and genial breezes fan the brow and quicken the blood, I hope to be well again. Enclosed is a card, containing the Lord's Prayer. It was written by Lieutenant Heath, under my own eye, and is about as fine a specimen of penmanship as I ever saw. Thinking it would please you, I bought it. Kiss Emma (his youngest sister), and tell her I am looking for that promised letter from her. When I next write home, I will try to send her a sort of a curiosity that I am going to make for her."

One of the last letters ever penned by him was addressed to his great-uncle, who had watched over him from childhood with the most tender interest and affection. His home was just across the fields from his mother's, and the two families are wont to flow together almost daily. It gives some glimpses of his tent-life not before imparted. The disease which has been upon him for so many months, requiring unwearied attention by night and day until it would seem that the strongest and most robust constitution must succumb to it, though in a measure checked, is still exceedingly troublesome, precluding all possibility of undisturbed repose at night. To meet this insidious foe, he must be perpetually on the alert. He must be armed *cap-a-pie* at all hours. "You would laugh, I think, to see me go to bed,

for I have to get in boots and all, which is not quite so comfortable a method of sleeping as I have been used to, but for the past two months I have not dared take them off. It does not strike me as the most healthy way of sleeping, and I would sacrifice a good deal to be able to take off my clothes and jump into a good bed. I hope sometime in the future to enjoy again the comforts of home and the society of friends. I feel almost alone here now, so far as 'old friends' are concerned. One by one, those who enlisted in the company with me have gone. Some have been discharged, some sent to the hospital; out of the number only one has died, but he to me was more than a brother. Had I dreamed when we last met that I was looking upon his well-known features for the last time on earth,

how different would have been the parting scene! But a wise Providence closes the veil which conceals from us the future, and I thank God it is so; for how often would life itself be embittered if we knew beforehand what was going to happen to our friends. Why, it seems to me, of all torture that would be the worst. During an intercourse of many years, Fairchild and I have never, to my knowledge, had an angry word pass between us. He was always the same even-tempered boy. I had hoped we should enjoy each other's society for years to come, but God wills it otherwise, and, hard as is the blow, I try to submit in patience, trusting that, in that better world to which I believe he has gone, we, together with 'loved ones' gone before, shall walk the golden streets and never more be parted."

In paying this tribute to his friend, Edward was unconsciously delineating some of the most amiable traits of his own character. If two youths associate together for a long term of years, and during that period when the young blood is quickest up, without "an angry word passing between them," it is quite evident that the amiability is not entirely on one side. Had Amos lived to speak of his deceased friend, his words would have been no less earnest, mournful, tender. It may be added, appropriately, in respect to him, that he too was the son of a widowed mother. He died in the hospital at Washington. His remains were sent on to Middletown for interment. The funeral was attended by a very large concourse from the Methodist church, of which he was a member, and then his body was fol-

lowed with military honors to the family burying-ground, commanding a view of his childhood's home and the flowing waters of the Connecticut. The sermon preached by his pastor, giving a brief sketch of his life and character, was published, and has been read with interest by many.

One more communication closes the series of letters from the absent son to his friends at home:—

“CAMP FOURTEENTH REGIMENT, CONN. VOLS., }
March 22d, 1863. }

“DEAR MOTHER:—Yours of the 17th has just reached me, and I should think mine of the 8th *was about long enough* in reaching you. Enclosed is a tract for ‘Cretia,’ which I hope will suit her; also please find enclosed a little ring for Emmie. I shall not tell you now of what it is made, because

I wish to have you guess and see if you can tell. I hope it will fit her. She is such a little body that I could not easily decide how large it ought to be. Tell her I received her letter. It was very interesting indeed to me. I hope she will write me many more. Kiss her and Mamie for me. I am growing fat, and begin to look like myself again. I think I shall be quite well before long. I am deeply thankful to our heavenly Father that it is so—that he is restoring me to health. I dread the idea of marching again, though. There was a skirmish up the Rappahannock a few days ago, and the troops here were all put under arms, with orders to be ready to march at a moment's warning, as a rebel raid was constantly expected.

“The troops were not brought into ser-

vice, however. The next day we saw forty prisoners go by our camp, clothed in garments of as many colors as the famous coat of Joseph. These were taken in the fight referred to. The weather here is becoming quite mild, and every morning as I awake my ears are greeted by quite an orchestra of the feathered songsters congregated in the neighboring bushes. The robins have been seen for about a month. Their presence and their singing remind me quite forcibly of the notes they have been wont to carol from the trees around my own pleasant home, and which home I shall hope to see next summer if I live. From all accounts, I judge the rebels themselves to be sick of this war and nearly starved out. They told our pickets, the other day, that they were subsisting on half-rations.

"I have not written the kind of letter which was intended when I began. But no time is left me for expressing regrets. The mail is about closing. I shall write you again in a few days, however. With much love to all, I remain,

"Your affectionate son,

"EDDIE."

More than two months have already elapsed, and that pledge to "write again soon" has not been redeemed. The lone mother looks in vain for the letter addressed in that familiar hand, breathing its words of thoughtful care and tender love. Other letters in the mean time have been received, which solve this problem of silence.

In fact, this letter had hardly come under the eye of the one to whom it was ad-

dressed, when a telegram was handed in to the family, from the chaplain of the Fourteenth Regiment, bearing the astounding intelligence, that Edward would not probably survive the day. New forms of disease had set in, and such as precluded all hope of recovery. The shock was terrible, even like the bolt of heaven which prostrates a friend lifeless at our feet. It was plain to be seen, however, that strength was given to the stricken parent from Him who says, "Cast thy burdens on the Lord and he shall sustain thee." The mother determines to hasten to her sick son the ensuing morning if the next message informs her he still lives. But with the evening hour came a letter saying all was over. April 2d, 1863, at half past one, noonday, the spirit of Edward Hamilton Brewer, let loose from the

bonds of flesh, went home to God. Epilepsy of the severest kind was the immediate cause of his death. He was at his dinner, better in health, apparently, than he had been for many months, when the paralyzing blow fell upon him. Spasm after spasm followed in quick succession, throwing his body into terrible contortions, and painting fearful agony on the features of his benignant face until they reached the number of twenty-six, when the silver cord was loosed, and the golden bowl was broken. The evening previous to his death, he sat till midnight conversing with one who had nursed him during all his sickness most tenderly. In full confidence of returning health, he expressed the desire to remain in the army until the great questions at issue were honorably adjusted. Not for a mo-

ment would he indulge the thought that his country could be dismembered. The Union must be restored, at whatsoever expense of treasure and blood. In the converse of that night, religion, a theme ever so precious to him, became a familiar topic. He spoke of his hope of the future, and the prospect opening before him beyond the dark river, should his life be cut short, through the merit of a risen Saviour, in whom alone he trusted for life and salvation. Then, as there came floating by the cherished visions of other days and home-life, he told of his love for the Sabbath and the sanctuary where he had been wont to worship. The Sunday school also shares largely in his warm attachment, and then there comes up that brightest scene in all the week, when in the closing hours of the holy day his

mother was wont to sit with him and the other members of the family, making the Word of Life their study and the precepts of the gospel the lessons of the occasion.

“Season of rest! the tranquil soul
Feels the sweet calm, and melts to love;
And while these sacred moments roll,
Faith sees a smiling heaven above.”

Had he been aware that the end of earth was so near to him, he could hardly have spent those hours more profitably to himself, or in a way more grateful to surviving friendship.

He is found at his post of duty the ensuing morning, and passed the forenoon entire as usual. The blow which prostrated and killed was so powerful in its descent that he was thought to be unconscious of suffering after two or three of the earlier attacks.

He did not speak, or seem to observe what was passing about him, until a few moments before he breathed his last, "when he opened his large eyes, and, with a bright, pleasant smile, such as lights up the Christian's waning life," as it reflects the visions of coming glories, *looked* his farewell greetings on those about him, then closed them in the long tranquil sleep of death, and so is "evermore with the Lord."

“Oh! 'tis a placid rest,
Who should deplore it?
Trance of the pure and blest,
Angels watch o'er it!
Sleep of his mortal night,
Sorrow can't break it;
Heaven's own morning light
Alone shall wake it.”

The chaplain of the Fourteenth Regiment is a native of Middletown. He had, from

his first connection with the army, evinced a lively interest in the condition both spiritual and temporal, of the men under his charge. With young Brewer he had been intimate; drawn to him because he was sick, and because he was good. Immediately upon his death, he wrote the afflicted parent a letter full of the details of the closing scene, and of tender consolation to her wounded heart, in which he says, —

“I had the fullest confidence in his religious hope. The nature of his brief illness precluded the possibility of obtaining an expression of his feelings in the trying scene of death. But a dying testimony was not needed from him. He undoubtedly loved his Saviour and abhorred impurity and wrong. He shuddered at the exhibitions of profanity and sin which he was

compelled to witness daily, and grew more and more anxious to become spiritual-minded, and Christ-like. He conversed with me freely on religious topics as opportunity presented, and evidently enjoyed such themes.

“I looked upon him as one on whom I could rely for good example before the ungodly, and as a sympathizing, Christian brother. Last Sabbath evening, as he sat beside me, he gave an account of the method in which he was accustomed to spend the evening of the holy day when at home, and spoke with heightened emotion of the delight he should experience when the old privilege should be again renewed.”

The surgeon, too, who had long had him under his care, adds his testimony to the great worth of his character as he offers

his sympathy to the sorrowing. He thus writes:—

“While I deeply sympathize with you in your affliction, I can look back upon his exemplary life during the time I have known him,—and for a long period previous to his death, he had been employed in my department as a clerk,—and see many things to praise, but nothing to censure or condemn. I believe he was a sincere and true Christian, and our loss has been his immeasurable gain.

“Many more must fall, smitten by disease and the bullets of the enemy; many more mothers' hearts will be torn by the sad news of their fall, before this wicked war is ended; but they die in a noble cause, and I hope their sufferings and death will not be in vain.”

CHAPTER X.

BURIAL.



OUR holy religion presents the doctrine of the resurrection as one of those animating truths which spread gleams of light and joy amid the darkness and gloom of the battle-field. Thousands have fallen who will never be gathered in burial to the sepulchres of their fathers, where affection can adorn and bedew with its tears the hallowed spot of their repose, yet they are safe under the eye of God. Home-love follows in vain the path of the warrior to gather up its slain on many a gloomy plain, where the living have plucked the glory of high achievement.

It was as a precious balm to a broken heart that the friends of Edward were spared such a sequel. Death had no sooner fixed his features in that placid, happy expression which they had been wont to bear when he slept calmly in his own room at home, than the embalmer set them firmly there for the eye of love to contemplate. Though the gem had been taken, the casket remained most precious. It was a beautiful afternoon on the first of April, that I was conducted to the room where the body of my young friend lay in this its last repose. There he was, surely, the only son once more in the endeared home of his childhood. Those that so fondly loved him were about him. We forgot for a moment that the scene was Death's own. It seemed rather a tableaux of one who had lain down

for pleasant dreams. The sleeping soldier. The soft radiance of the setting sun flowed in through the window, playing about the pillowed head of the prostrate youth, as often the beams of the morning enter the room of the tired child, not to disturb, but to lull him yet longer to repose. His parted lips were just as when in childhood he slept well. The scene held us as by enchantment. We saw the face which for months had been veiled from sight. We only needed now the look from the speaking eye, the warm grasp of the hand, and the word of salutation, and the scene of joy would have been complete. The night passed away, and another morning came, but alas! he waked not.

We bore him then to the house of God, just where, an infant, he was carried by his

parents, when in faith he was consecrated to Jehovah; just where, a youth, he had made a public profession of his faith in Christ; just where his measured steps had trod the hallowed floor as a devout worshipper. Our prayers were offered at the mercy-seat. Our words were spoken. Our requiem sung mid tears and sad regrets that one so good and true should die ere yet manhood had placed her crown of age and privilege fairly on his brow. But, while the heart was heavy and the head sunken low in grief, the trusting spirit said, "Thy will, O God, be done."

Thence to the grave we bore him, passing by the Bank where his form had so often been seen entering the door-way, or as he stood looking from the window or busily engaged with the daily duties at his

desk. At the grave, we lowered him gently down, sorrowing not as others who have no hope, for there fell on the ear the words of the Lord Jesus:—

“I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live.”

With such light of immortal life flowing into the narrow house, we could not say farewell to him whom we must leave there, but only this,—“Good-night. We shall greet each other again in the morning.”

Wordsworth’s hymn of the child, “We are seven,” has melted many a heart.

Often, as the summer-day comes to its decline, the mother and sisters of Edward resort to his grave, embowered beneath the evergreen tree in the old cemetery at the head of Washington Street.

As they stand there weeping, or planting flowers, the simple thought of that child presents the picture of a united family, though the father, two sons, and a daughter are with the dead, and the mother and two daughters alone survive.

The thought, too, is more than poetical. It is a divine truth. The family which on earth has been bound together in saving Christian love can never be permanently separated. The pious dead are not lost, but gone before.

Let then the transient love of earth partake of the holy and heavenly in its character; and though death cause grief in the present, the future restored joy to which it leads shall be everlasting.

“The Christian dies to go home.”

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS

PUBLISHED AND FOR SALE BY

HENRY HOYT,

No. 9 Cornhill, Boston.

- PICTORIAL CONCORDANCE of the Holy Scriptures, with Chronological Tables, etc. By Rev. John Brown 1 00
- MILLENNIAL EXPERIENCE, or the Will of God known and done from moment to moment. Illustrated from the Bible and the lives of eminent Christians 1 25
- THE HIGHER CHRISTIAN LIFE. A volume of religious experience. Illustrated by sketches from history and from life..... 1 25
- THE HARVEST WORK OF THE HOLY SPIRIT, Illustrated in the Evangelist Labors of Rev. Edw. Payson Hammond, in Great Britain and America. By Rev. P. C. Headley..... 1 00

SONGS, for Social and Public Worship ; containing over 300 choice tunes, and 1039 hymns—the best work extant.....	1 00
THE STORY OF A POCKET BIBLE. An autobiography of the book itself, with ten splendid Illustrations.....	95
THE OLD RED HOUSE. By the author of Capt. Russel's Watchword, Ellen Dacre, etc. One of the ablest productions of this popular writer. Illust.	95
BERNICE, The Farmer's Daughter.....	85
THE MODEL MOTHER, Or, THE MOTHER'S MISSION. A Narrative Work of uncommon interest and power. 12mo Illustrated.....	80
ONLY A PAUPER. A work of graphic interest. Illustrated.....	80
OPPOSITE THE JAIL. By the author of the Child Angel, etc. A narrative work of great power and interest. 12mo. Illustrated.....	80
PALISSY, THE HUGUENOT POTTER. A Historic Tale. 12mo. Illustrated.....	80
CAPT. RUSSEL'S WATCHWORD. Combining rare elements of interest and power. A book for boys. Fully illustrated. 12mo.....	80
STRAIGHT FORWARD, or Walking in the Light. By Lucy E. Guernsey, author of Irish Amy, Ready Work, etc. Illustrated.....	80

WORKING AND WINNING, or the Deaf Boy's Triumph	80
CLIMBING THE MOUNTAIN, or how I rose in the world. By the author of <i>Old Red House</i> , <i>Capt. Russel's Watchword</i> , <i>Ellen Dacre</i> , etc. Illustrated.	80
ELLEN DACRE, or Life at Aunt Hester's. By the author of <i>Capt. Russel's Watchword</i> . Fully illust.	80
SEQUEL TO TIM, THE SCISSORS-GRINDER. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie. Beautifully illustrated....	80
TALES FROM THE BIBLE. First Series. By Rev. Wm. M. Thayer, author of <i>Poor House to the Pulpit</i> , <i>Poor Boy</i> and <i>Merchant Prince</i> . Beautifully illustrated.....	80
THE LOST WILL. By Mrs. A. E. Porter. This work had its origin in facts which took place in New England. Illustrated.....	80
NOONDAY. By the author of <i>Capt. Russel's Watchword</i> , and the <i>Old Red House</i>	75
TIM THE SCISSOR-GRINDER, or Loving Christ and Serving Him. Illustrated.....	75
PIETY AND PRIDE. An historic tale. Illustrated.	75
WILL COLLINS, or the Way to the Pit. By Miss H. B. McKeever, author of <i>Edith's Ministry</i> , <i>Sunshine</i> , etc. Illustrated.....	75
THE ORGAN GRINDER, or Struggles after Holiness. By Mrs. Madeline Leslie, author of <i>Tim the Scissors-Grinder</i> , <i>Sequel to Tim</i> , &c. Illustrated.	75

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN. Illus.....	70
ANTOINETTE. The original of the Child Angel. By the author of Opposite the Jail. Illustrated...	75
THE DRUNKARD'S DAUGHTER. By the author of Ellen Dacre, Capt. Russel's Watchword, Old Red House, Blind Ethan, etc. Illustrated	70
LELIA AMONG THE MOUNTAINS. A splendid Juvenile, with ninety-four illustrations.....	65
DAISEY DEANE. By the author of Grace Hale. Il- lustrated.....	65
GUYON'S LETTERS. Translated by Mrs. Prof. Upham. 16mo. Illust.....	60
THE FLOUNCED ROBE AND WHAT IT COST. By Miss H. B. McKeever, authoress of Will Col- lins, etc. A book of surpassing interest and power. 12mo. 184 pp. Illust.....	60
THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN GUIDE, or How to be Happy. 18mo. Illustrated.....	50
THE GOLDEN MUSHROOM. By the author of the Watercress Sellers. Illustrated.....	50
THE SUNBEAM, and other Stories. Beautifully il- lustrated.....	50
UNCLE JABEZ, or the History of a Man whose Boy- hood was spent in the School of Adversity. Six illustrations.....	50
HANNAH LEE, or Walking in the Light. Illust....	50

CATALOGUE OF BOOKS.

5

LIEUTENANT MESSINGER. Illus.....	50
LITTLE ONES IN THE FOLD. By Rev. Edward Pajson Hammond.....	50
SIMILITUDES. By Miss Lucy Laroom, a writer of rare excellence. Illustrated.....	50
THE CONQUERED HEART. By the author of Hemlock Ridge, Robert Walton, etc. Illustrated...	45
JOHNNY MCKAY, or the Sovereign. 18mo. Illust.	45
SOPHIE DE BRENTZ, or the Sword of Truth. By the author of Hillside Farm. Illust.....	45
LITTLE MAY, or of What Use am I? Illustrated.	45
ROBERT WALTON, or the Great Idea. Illustrated.	45
THE FACTORY GIRLS. A touching narrative. Fully illustrated.....	45
MOORCROFT HATCH. By A. L. O. E., one of the most gifted writers of the age.....	45
PETE, THE CUNNER BOY. By Grandmother Hope. Illustrated.....	45
CHARLEY ADAMS, the Morning Laborer. Illus.	40
THE BEGGAR'S CLOSET, and What it Contained. Illustrated.....	40
ADDIE ANSLEY, or How to Make Others Happy. A charming juvenile. Illust.....	40
HILLSIDE FARM, or Home Influences Illustrated. A book for the family. Illus.....	40

THE FAITHFUL PROMISER , in large type. A devotional work of great excellence.....	40
GRACE HALE . A book for girls. Fully illustrated	40
HEMLOCK RIDGE , or only Dan. White's Son. 18mo Illustrated.....	40
MACKEREL WILL , The Thieving Fisher-boy. Illus.	40
THE BOUND BOY . By the author of Tim, Sequel to Tim, Prairie Flower, etc. Illus.....	40
THE BOUND GIRL . By Mrs. Madeline Leslie, author of Tim, etc. Illus.....	40
VIRGINIA, OR THE POWER OF GRACE . A touching narrative of a friendless orphan rescued from the streets of New York. By the author of Tim. Illus.....	40
JOE CARTON , or the Lost Key. A book for boys. Illus.....	35
ROSE COTTAGE . A beautiful juvenile. Illus....	35
MILES LAWSON , or the Yews. Illus.....	35
ROSE DARLING , or the Path of Truth. By the author of Joe Carton, Hop-Pickers, etc. Beautifully illustrated.....	35
HENRY MINTURN , or my Dark Days. Beautifully written and fully illustrated.....	35
MATTY FROST . A story for girls. By the author of Grace Hale, Carrie Allison, Our Father's House, etc. Illus.....	35

LITTLE APPLE BLOSSOM. By the author of <i>Carrie Allison, &c.</i> Illus.....	35
HENRY LANGDON. By Louisa Payson Hopkins. Illus.....	35
THE PRAIRIE FLOWER. By the author of <i>Tim, the Scissors-Grinder.</i> A narrative of the tenderest interest. Illust.....	35
PLEASANT SURPRISES. A charming juvenile. Illustrated	35
THE LITTLE DRUMMER BOY. The Child of the Thirteenth Regiment N. Y. S. M. : his character as a Christian boy, and untimely death. Illus.....	35
STELLA, OR THE PATHWAY HEAVENWARD. By the author of <i>Opposite the Jail, Young Sergeant, etc.</i> Illus.....	30
SUNDAY SCHOOL SPEAKER, or, Children's Concert. Twelve numbers—one for every month. Each.....	30
PAPA'S LITTLE SOLDIERS. By C. E. K., author of <i>Grace Hale, Conquered Heart, Daisey Deane, etc.</i> Illus.....	30
CARRIE ALLISON, or in the Vineyard. By the author of <i>Grace Hale</i>	30
WHY THE MILL WAS STOPPED, or Overcoming Evil with Good. Illus.....	30
FRANK TALBOT, or Unstable as Water. Illus.....	30
GEORGE ROWLAND, The Servant Boy. Illus..	30

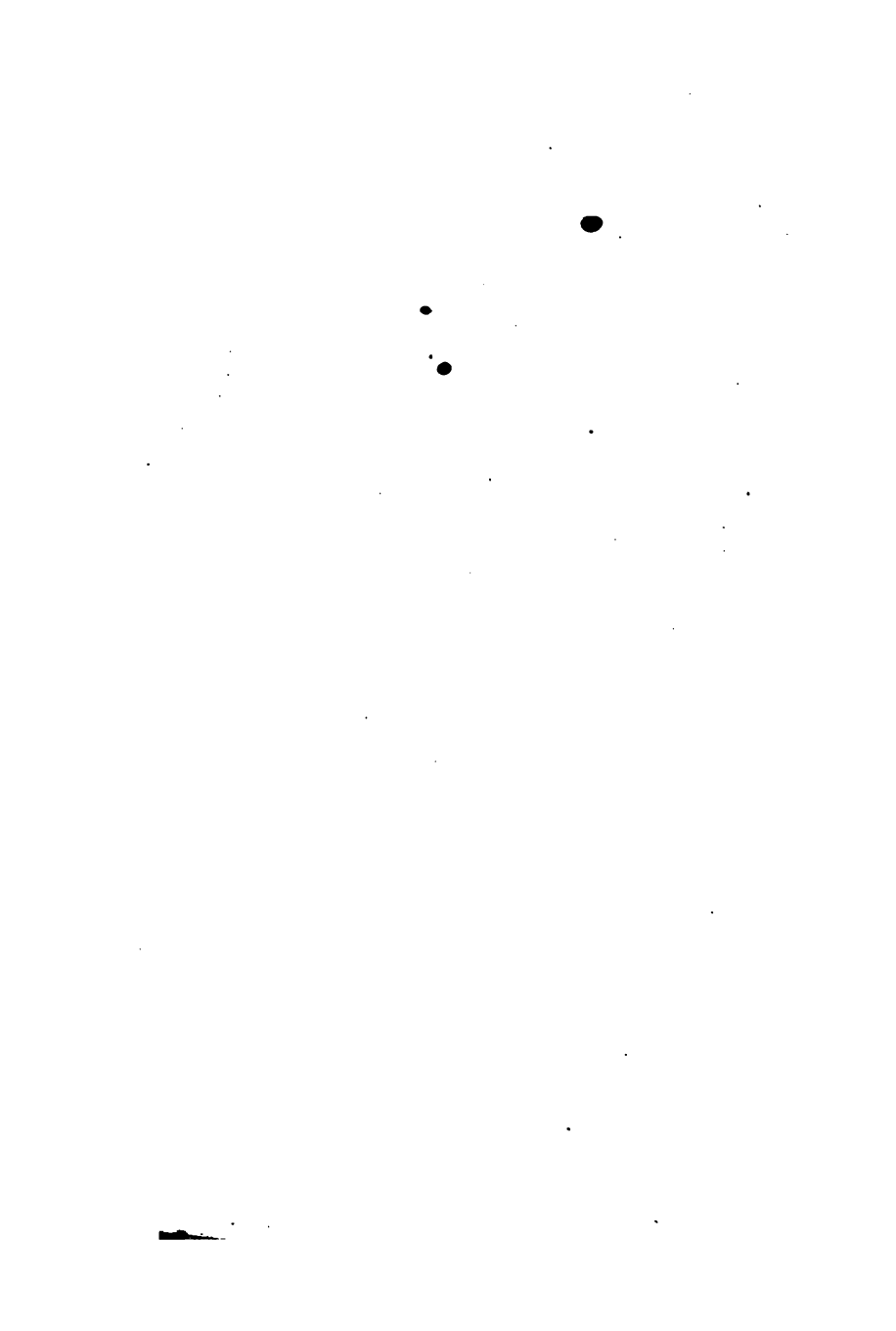
THE PARISH HALL, and What Was Done There. Fully illustrated.....	30
GRANDMOTHER TRUE, or When I was a Little Girl. Illus.....	30
TEDDY WHITE, or the little Orange Sellers. Illus..	30
OUR DEAR EDDIE. A rare example of piety in a Sabbath School Scholar. Illus.....	30
LOSS OF THE SHIP KENT, by Fire. A work of thrilling interest. Illus.....	30
THE YOUNG MILLINERS. A book for girls. Illus.	30
THE POWER OF FAITH. A narrative of Sarah Jordan. Illus.....	30
THE YOUNG HOP-PICKERS. By the author of <i>Matty Gregg.</i> Illus.....	30
TAKING A STAND. By Mrs. H. C. Knight, author of <i>Hugh Fisher, etc.</i> A book for boys, and all others who tamper with Strong Drink. Illus.....	30
OUR FATHER'S HOUSE. A sweet juvenile. Illus.	30
ANNIE LYON, or the Secret of a Happy Home. Illus	30
SOWING AND REAPING. A book for boys. Illus.	30
THE GOLD DIGGER. What he lost and what he failed to realize. Illus.....	30
THE YOUNG SERGEANT, or the Triumphant Soldier. By the author of <i>Opposite the Jail, Antoinette, etc.</i>	30

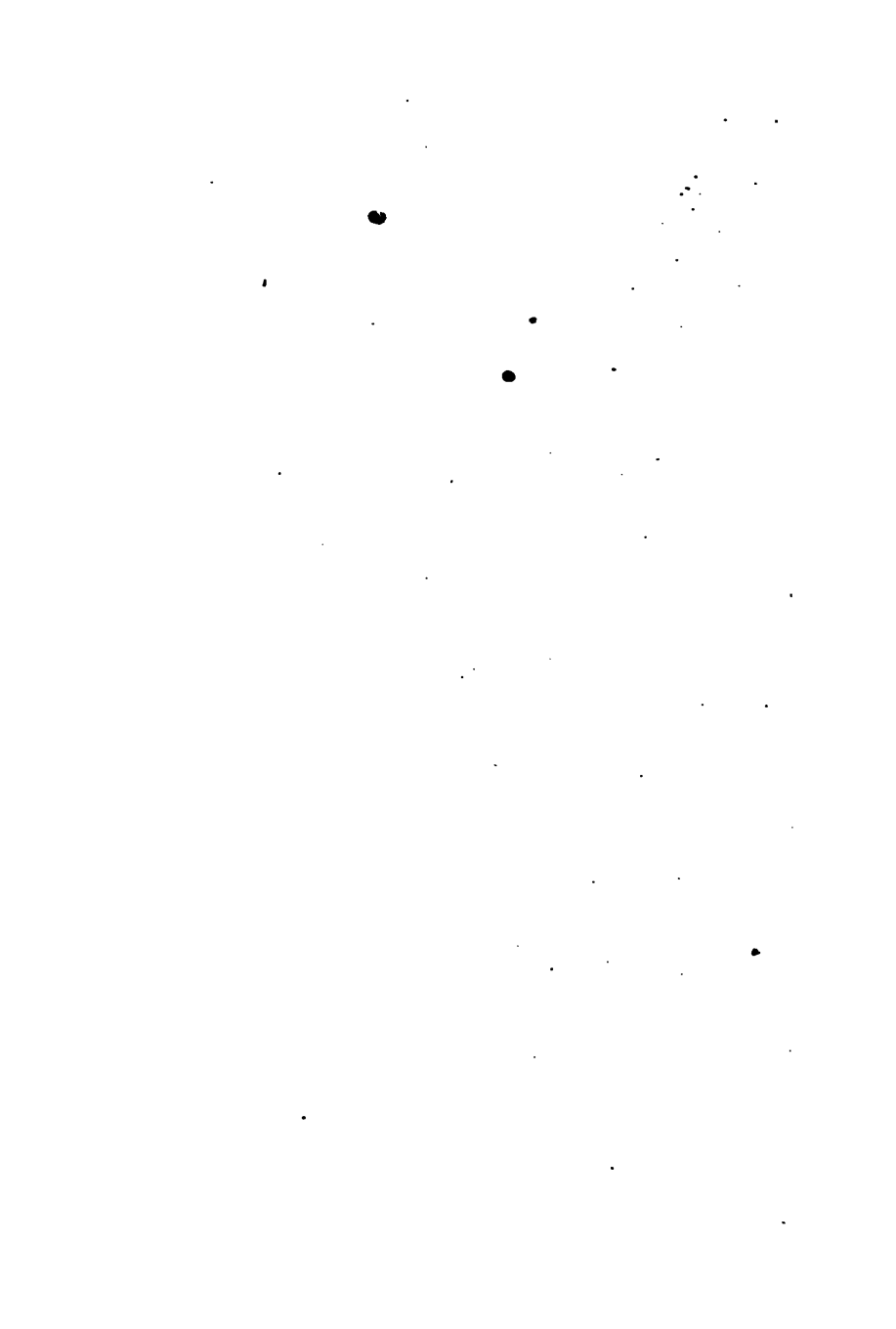
ALICE HAVEN. A book for girls. By the author of Grace Hale, Carrie Allison, etc. Illus.....	30
THE TELESCOPE. An Allegory. Filled with Bible truth, and clothed in beautiful imagery. Illus....	25
LEONARD DOBBIN, or the One Moss Rose. Illus..	25
KITTY'S KNITTING-NEEDLES. A book for girls. Illus.....	25
THE FOX HUNTER. A work of unspeakable value to disciples. By Dr. Malan.....	25
NED, THE SHEPHERD BOY, changed to the Young Christian. Illus.....	25
WILLIE AND CHARLIE, or the Way to be happy. Illus.....	25
JANE THORNE, or the Head and the Heart. Illus..	25
JENNIE CARTER, or Trust in God. By Catherine D. Bell. Illus.....	25
PHILIP AND BESSIE, or Wisdom's Way. Illus....	25
THE SABBATH SCHOOL CONCERT, or Children's Meeting. Its History, Advantages, and Abuses, with approved mode of conducting it.....	25
LEAVING HOME. By the author of Capt. Russel's Watchword, Ellen Daore, Old Red House, Blind Ethan, etc. Illus.....	25
LITTLE JERRY, The Ragged Urohin, and under what Teachings he was Reclaimed from the Street. Illus.....	25

THE BELIEVING TRADESMAN , an authentic story, and a wonderful illustration of the power of faith. It has 100 parallels in history. Illus.....	25
THE SUNDAY EXCURSION , and what came of it. A timely work. Illus.....	25
BLIND ETHAN . By the author of Capt. Russel's Watchword. Illus.....	25
ROBERT RAIKES , the founder of Sabbath Schools By Rev. Dr. Cornell. An entirely new and original work. Elegantly illustrated.....	25
SONGS FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND VES- TRY	20
BENNY'S BIRDS . Illus.....	25
STOLEN GOLD PIECE . Illus.....	25
ALICE FIELD . Illus	25
SEALING THE SPIRIT	20
THE REMEMBERED PRAYER . A charming juve- nile. Illus.....	20
SHIPS IN THE MIST . By the author of Similitudes, etc. Illus.....	20
LAZY STEPHEN , and what made him a valuable Man. Illus.....	20
THE LOST HALF CROWN . A charming juvenile. Fully illustrated.....	20
TOM MATHER AND THE LOST PURSE . Reveal- ing the Workings of Conscience in a Little Boy's mind. Illus	20

JESSIE AT THE SPRING, and Other Stories. De- signed for children and youth.....	20
THE LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER'S DAUGHTER. A charming example of Christian faith in a child. Ill	20
WILLIE WILSON. A dear child was Willie. The story and its associations speak for themselves. Ill	20
THE YOUNG RECRUITING SERGEANT. The mind of a little child sometimes exercises a potential in- fluence over that of an adult. Illus.....	20
YES AND NO. Two very hard words to speak in the light of a temptation. Illus.....	20
TOM BRIAN IN TROUBLE. Much easier is it to get out of it. This story is a practical commentary on a great truth. Illus.....	20
DREAMING AND DOING, and Other Stories. Great truths in life experiences. Illus.....	20
SANCTIFICATION. By Rev. J. Q. Adams.....	20
THE HANDCUFFS, or the Deserter. Illus.....	15
THE LUNATIC AND HIS KEEPER, and other narra- tives. Illus.....	15
MUST I NOT STRIVE? or the Poor Man's Dinner. Illus.....	15
THE LOST TICKET, or Is your Life Insured? Illus.	15
THE CHILD ANGEL. Illus.....	15
THE DREAM OF HEAVEN. A narrative work of touching interest. Tenth thousand.....	15
SUNBEAMS FOR HUMAN HEARTS.....	15











This book should be returned to the Library on or before the last date stamped below.

A fine of five cents a day is incurred by retaining it beyond the specified time.

Please return promptly.

05 67738
The sacrifice consumed.
Widener Library

200712144



3 2044 086 285 913

6