

must at one time have resided in the State of Missouri. It is well known that the term was derived from a practice upon a Missouri railroad, where, by a decision of the courts, the railroad company had been held liable in heavy damages in case of accidents where a passenger lost an arm or a leg, but when he was killed outright his friends seldom sued, and he never did; and the company never lost any money in such cases.

In fact, a grateful mother-in-law would occasionally pay the company a bonus.

The conductors on that railroad were all armed with hatchets, and in case of an accident they were instructed to go around and knock every wounded passenger in the head, thus saving the company large amounts of money; and these were reported to the general office as "deadheads," and in railway circles the term has ever since been applied to passengers where no money consideration is involved.

One might suppose, from the manifestations around these tables for the first three hours to-night, that the toast "Internal Improvements" referred more especially to the benefiting of the true inwardness of the New-England men; but I see that the sentiment which follows contains much more than human stomachs, and covers much more ground than cars. It soars into the realms of invention.

Unfortunately the genius of invention is always accompanied by the demon of unrest. A New-England Yankee can never let well enough alone. I have always supposed him to be the person specially alluded to in Scripture as the man who has found out many inventions. If he were a Chinese pagan, he would invent a new kind of Joss to worship every week. You get married and settle down in your home. You are delighted with everything about you. You rest in

blissful ignorance of the terrible discomforts that surround you, until a Yankee friend comes to visit you. He at once tells you you musn't build a fire in that chimney-place; that he knows the chimney will smoke; that if he had been there when it was built he could have shown you how to give a different sort of flare to the flue.

You go to read a chapter in the family Bible. He tells you to drop that; that he has just written an enlarged and improved version, that can just put that old book to bed.

You think you are at least raising your children in general uprightness; but he tells you if you don't go out at once and buy the latest patented article in the way of steel leg-braces and put on the baby, that the baby will grow up bow-legged.

He intimates, before he leaves, that if he had been around to advise you before you were married, he could have got you a much better wife.

These are some of the things that reconcile a man to sudden death.

Such occurrences as these, and the fact of so many New-Englanders being residents of this city and elsewhere, show that New-England must be a good place—to come from.

At the beginning of the war we thought we could shoot people rapidly enough to satisfy our consciences, with single-loading rifles; but along came the inventive Yankee and produced revolvers and repeaters, and Gatling guns, and magazine guns—guns that carried a dozen shots at a time.

I didn't wonder at the curiosity exhibited in this direction by a backwoods Virginian we captured one night. The first remark he made was, "I would like to see one of them thar new-fangled weepens of yourn. They tell me, sah, it's a most remarkable eenstrument. They say, sah, it's a kind o'

repeatable, which you can load it up enough on Sunday to fiah it off all the rest of the week."

Then there was every sort of new invention in the way of bayonets. Our distinguished Secretary of State has expressed an opinion to-night that bayonets are bad things to sit down on. Well, they are equally bad things to be tossed up on. If he continues to hold up such terrors to the army, there will have to be important modifications in the uniform. A soldier won't know where to wear his breastplate.

But there have not only been inventions in the way of guns, but important inventions in the way of firing them. In these days a man drops on his back, coils himself up, sticks up one foot, and fires off his gun over the top of his great toe.

It changes the whole stage business of battle. It used to be the man who was shot, but now it is the man who shoots that falls on his back and turns up his toes. The consequence is that the whole world wants American arms, and as soon as they get them they go to war to test them. Russia and Turkey had no sooner bought a supply than they went to fighting. Greece got a schooner-load, and although she has not yet taken a part in the struggle, yet ever since the digging up of the lost limbs of the Venus of Milo it has been feared that this may indicate a disposition on the part of Greece generally to take up arms.

But there was one inveterate old inventor that you had to get rid of, and you put him on to us Pennsylvanians—Benjamin Franklin.

Instead of stopping in New York, in Wall Street, as such men usually do, he continued on into Pennsylvania to pursue his *kiting* operations. He never could let well enough alone. Instead of allowing the lightning to occupy the heavens as the

sole theatre for its pyrotechnic displays, he showed it how to get down on to the earth, and then he invented the lightning-rod to catch it. Houses that had got along perfectly well for years without any lightning at all now thought they must have a rod to catch a portion of it every time it came around. Nearly every house in the country was equipped with a lightning-rod through Franklin's direct agency.

You, with your superior New-England intelligence, succeeded in ridding yourselves of him; but in Pennsylvania, though we have made a great many laudable efforts in a similar direction, somehow or other we have never once succeeded in getting rid of a lightning-rod agent.

Then the lightning was introduced on the telegraph wires, and now we have the duplex and quadruplex instruments, by which any number of messages can be sent from opposite ends of the same wire at the same time, and they all appear to arrive at the front in good order.

Electricians have not yet told us which message lies down and which one steps over it, but they all seem to bring up in the right camp without confusion. I shouldn't wonder if this principle were introduced before long in the operating of railroads. We may then see trains running in opposite directions pass each other on a single-track road.

There was a New-England quartermaster in charge of railroads in Tennessee, who tried to introduce this principle during the war. The result was discouraging. He succeeded in telescoping two or three trains every day. He seemed to think that the easiest way to shorten up a long train and get it on a short siding was to telescope it. I have always thought that if that man's attention had been turned in an astronomical direction he would have been the first man to telescope the satellites of Mars.

The latest invention in the application of electricity is the telephone. By means of it we may be able soon to sit in our houses and hear all the speeches without going to the New-England dinner. The telephone enables an orchestra to keep at a distance of miles away when it plays. If the instrument can be made to keep hand-organs at a distance, its popularity will be indescribable. The worst form I have ever known an invention to take was one that was introduced in a country town, when I was a boy, by a Yankee of musical turn of mind, who came along and taught every branch of education by singing. He taught geography by singing, and to combine accuracy of memory with patriotism, he taught the multiplication-table to the tune of Yankee Doodle.

This worked very well as an aid to the memory in school, but when the boys went into business it often led to inconvenience. When a boy got a situation in a grocery store and customers were waiting for their change, he never could tell the product of two numbers without commencing at the beginning of the table and singing up till he had reached those numbers. In case the customer's ears had not received a proper musical training this practice often injured the business of the store.

It is said that the Yankee has always manifested a disposition for making money, but he never struck a proper field for the display of his genius until we got to making paper money. Then every man who owned a printing-press wanted to try his hand at it. I remember that in Washington ten cents' worth of rags picked up in the street would be converted the next day into thousands of dollars.

An old mule and cart used to haul up the currency from the Printing Bureau to the door of the Treasury Department. Every morning, as regularly as the morning came, that old

mule would back up and dump a cart-load of the sinews of war at the Treasury.

A patriotic son of Columbia, who lived opposite, was sitting on the doorstep of his house one morning, looking mournfully in the direction of the mule. A friend came along, and seeing that the man did not look as pleasant as usual, said to him, "What is the matter? It seems to me you look kind of disconsolate this morning."

"I was just thinking," he replied, "what would become of this government if that old mule was to break down."

Now they propose to give us a currency which is brighter and heavier, but not worth quite as much as the rags. Our financial horizon has been dimmed by it for some time, but there is a lining of silver to every cloud. We are supposed to take it with $412\frac{1}{2}$ grains of silver—a great many more grains of allowance. Congress seems disposed to pay us in the "dollar of our daddies"—in the currency which we were familiar with in our childhood. Congress seems determined to pay us off in something that is "childlike and *Bland*."

But I have detained you too long already; the excellent President of your Society has for the last five minutes been looking at me like a man who might be expected, at any moment, to break out in the disconsolate language of Bildad the Shuhite to the patriarch Job, "How long will it be ere ye make an end of words?"

Let me say then, in conclusion, that, coming as I do from the unassuming State of Pennsylvania, and standing in the presence of the dazzling genius of New-England, I wish to express the same degree of humility that was expressed by a Dutch Pennsylvania farmer in a railroad car at the breaking out of the war. A New-Englander came in who had just heard of the fall of Fort Sumter, and he was describing it to

the farmer and his fellow passengers. He said that in the fort they had an engineer from New-England, who had constructed the traverses, and the embrasures, and the parapets in such a manner as to make everybody within the fort as safe as if he had been at home; and on the other side the Southerners had an engineer who had been educated in New-England, and he had, with his scientific attainments, succeeded in making the batteries of the bombardiers as safe as any harvest field, and the bombardment had raged for two whole days, and the fort had been captured, and the garrison had surrendered, and not a man was hurt on either side. A great triumph for science, and a proud day for New-England education. Said the farmer, "I suppose dat ish all right, but it vouldn't do to send any of us Pennsylvany fellers down dare to fight mit dose pattles. Like as not ve vould shoost pe fools enough to kill somepody."

IN COMMEMORATION OF GENERAL WILLIAM TECUMSEH
SHERMAN

[Address delivered April 6, 1892, before the Commandery of the State of New York, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States.¹]

MR. COMMANDER AND COMPANIONS,—This has been a banner night for the Loyal Legion. It is supposed that there are periods of an evening when veteran soldiers occasionally have to be removed from the tables, but to-night the tables have been removed from them. Movements are always rapid when things are passing to the rear, and the strategic movement by which those tables were taken from the room was eminently successful until they

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reached a point near the door, when a corner of one of those tables collided with the manly bosom of Horatio King, and, for a brief moment, I feared that he was about to go into the hands of a receiver.

We have been honored here to-night by the members of that sex which originally, in the Garden of Eden, was created out of the crookedest part of man, and is now principally engaged in straightening man out. As we sat here gazing upon them in the gallery we have religiously obeyed that injunction of Scripture which commands us to set our affections upon things above, and in our unmeasured vanity we have been considering ourselves only a little lower than the angels.

I wish to say that I yield to no one in the pleasure with which I have listened to that manly tribute of a brother to a brother. It seems all like a dream that General Sherman is dead; we seem still to hear his cheery, manly voice lingering in this hall where we heard it so often, and yet it is more than a year since we found ourselves standing within the profound shadow of a manly grief, oppressed by a sense of sadness which is akin to the sorrow of a personal bereavement, when we heard that our old commander had passed away from the living here, to join that other living, commonly called the dead; when the echo of his guns had given place to the tolling of cathedral bells, when the flag of his country, which had never once been lowered in his presence, dropped to half-mast, as if conscious that his strong arm was no longer there to hold it to the peak.

His loss has created a gap in this particular community which neither time nor men can ever fill. No social circle was complete without him; where he sat was the head of the table. We can heap no further honors upon him by any

words of ours; he had them all. He had been elevated by his country to the highest position in the army, tendered votes of thanks by Congress, made a member of distinguished societies abroad, had medals struck in his honor. We can add nothing to his earthly glory; we can only gather, as we assemble here to-night, to recount the hours of pleasant intercourse we have had with him, to show our esteem for the soldier and our love for the man, for our hearts always warm to him with the glow of an abiding affection.

He seemed to possess every characteristic of the successful soldier. Bold in conception, vigorous in execution, and unshrinking under grave responsibilities, he demonstrated by every act that "much danger makes great hearts most resolute."

In battle, wherever blows fell thickest, his crest was in their midst. The magnetism of his presence transformed routed squadrons into charging columns, and snatched victory from defeat. Opposing ranks went down before the fierceness of his onsets never to rise again; he paused not until he saw the folds of his banners wave above the strongholds he had wrested from the foe.

I shall never forget the first time I saw him. Much discussion had been going on at General Grant's headquarters at City Point in regard to the contemplated march to the sea. One officer of our staff thought that if that army cut loose from its base it would be led only to destruction. I had a firm conviction that if ever Sherman cut loose and started through that country he would wipe up the floor from one end of the Confederacy to the other, and pulverize everything he met into dust.

General Grant said to me, after he had had a good deal of correspondence by letter and telegraph with Sherman: "Sup-

pose you go out and meet the General, you can repeat to him my views in detail, and get his ideas thoroughly, and I have no doubt a plan, can be arranged which will provide for his cutting loose and marching to the sea."

I went to Atlanta, very curious to see this great soldier of the West. I arrived there one morning soon after he had captured Atlanta; I found him sitting on the porch of a comfortable house on Peachtree Street, in his shirt-sleeves, without a hat, tilted back in a big chair, reading a newspaper. He had white stockings and low slippers on his feet. He greeted me very cordially, wanted to hear all the news from the East, and then he began a marvellous talk about his march to the sea. His mind, of course, was full of it. He seemed the very personification of nervous energy.

During that talk the newspaper was torn into a thousand pieces; he tilted backward and forward in his chair until everything rattled; he would shoot off one slipper, then stick out his foot and catch it again, balance it on his toe, draw it back, and put it on. He struck me as a man of such quick perceptions, as one who knew so well in advance precisely what he was going to do, as a person who seemed to have left nothing unthought of, or uncared for, regarding the contemplated march to the sea, that I felt confident that with him at the head of the movement it could not help being an absolute, a triumphant success.

I went back; General Grant was much interested in my account of the interview, telling in detail General Sherman's views and the arrangements he was making for the movement. Soon after that Sherman cut the wires and railroads in his rear and struck out from Atlanta to the sea. I next saw him when he came, after his marvellous march had been completed, to meet General Grant at City Point. We were

sitting in camp one day when some one said to General Grant: "The boat has arrived, Sherman is on deck."

The General dropped everything, ran hurriedly down the long flight of rude steps leading to the landing on the river, and, as he reached about the last step, General Sherman came off the boat, rushing to meet him, and there they grasped each other's hands.

It was "How are you, Sherman?" "How do you do, Grant? God bless you!"

There they stood and chatted like two schoolboys on a vacation. Then came that memorable conference of intellectual giants. Just think of the group that sat together in the cabin of the President's steamer that afternoon—Lincoln, Grant, Sherman, and Admiral Porter, the four men who seemed to hold the destinies of the country in their grasp.

There Sherman related, as only he could relate, that marvellous march to the sea. It was in itself a grand epic, and recited with Homeric power. People will never cease to appreciate the practical workings of the mind of the great strategist, who, in his wonderful advance, overcame not only his enemy, but conquered Nature itself. But above and beyond all this, people will see much in his career which savors of the imagination, which excites the fancy, which has in it something more of romance than of reality; they will be fond of picturing him as a great legendary knight moving at the head of conquering columns whose marches are measured, not by single miles, but by thousands; as a general who could make a Christmas gift to his President of a great seaboard city; as a commander whose field of operations extended over half a continent, who had penetrated everglade and bayou, whose orders always spoke with the true

bluntness of the soldier, whose strength converted weaklings into giants, who fought from valley's depth to mountain height, and marched from inland river to the sea.

His friends will never cease to sing pæans to his honor, and even the wrath of his enemies may be counted in his praise. No man can rob him of his laurels, no one can lessen the measure of his fame. He filled to the very full the largest measure of military greatness, and covered the land with his renown. His distinguished brother has well said that he and General Grant were a Damon and a Pythias. Fortunate for us that those two illustrious commanders had souls too great for rivalry, hearts untouched by jealousy, and could stand as stood the men in the Roman phalanx of old and lock their shields against a common foe. We are going to build a great monument to him now, but, busy and vigorous as our hands may be, we can never expect to build it high enough to reach the lofty eminence of his fame.