ADDRESS.

SUBJECT---LOYALTY.

Vancouver Barracks, W. T.,

December 5, 1879.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—Not long since it was my good fortune to make a short visit to the busy and thriving city of Seattle, on Puget Sound. A small company of us, including the distinguished Colonel of the 21st Infantry, were sauntering about during the temporary stay of our little steamer at the dock, taking in such views of the town as people can at ten o'clock at night.

The Colonel, among other surprises that he gave us, ushered us into a large and brilliant Hall, filled with people. The glad voices, chattering softly on every key, met us like the noise of many waters. The tables and shelves, arranged in rows, loaded with every variety, size and description of the products of human skill and of native growth, met our astonished gaze, and made us hesitate whether or not we had been smuggled into some magic pavilion, where the men were smiling giants, the women lovely queens, and the material things, enlarged, beauteous and various, were not what they seemed.

An elevated platform, at the farthest end of the hall, supported an orchestral body of performers on instruments of brass, so that in an instant, amid the rushing, the bubbling, the distant murmuring, and the nearer roaring of multitudinous human beings, sweet tones of music arose and filled the interstices of broken waves of sound as they impinged on our delighted ears.
When the first strains were hushed, and our companions were becoming busy taking note of the detail of the wonderful variety of the earthly objects hung up and spread out before us, then, of a sudden, a semi-circle of pleasant and respectful faces confronted our party.

One of the giants, in the kindest manner, accosts us, and to me says: "Permit me, Sir, to introduce to you and your friends our President." Then, immediately, with much grace and perfect self-control, Mr. President makes us an Address of welcome to the Fair, and then at once demands the compensative exchange known to all America, viz.: an Address in response, in this case, to be delivered from the platform. Of course, it was at once given, and may we not say, with all proper modesty that, after the preliminary remarks had been followed by a rather warlike address from our Colonel, wherein Michigan drove Maine from the field and to the wall in the simple matter of water signs and signals, that a lady of cis-Atlantic England highly complimented our national capacity in this universal readiness for the Compensative Exchange, saying: "With what grace and ease an American can make a speech without previous warning." O yes, I thought, there is nothing that makes a good rider like riding; nothing that makes a good singer (with sundry exceptions) like singing; nothing that makes a good gunner (bating those who are discouraged by early and fruitless efforts) like gunning; and nothing is there to make a good fisherman but fishing; so speaking ought to make a speaker. We have founded everything on some well-known proverb,—for example this: "Practice makes perfect," or, to express it learnedly: "Labor omnia vincit."

Now, notwithstanding all these plain facts, I must put in a demurrer. Colonel Mason is not a giant in size, still, I assure you that, in spite of his courteous manner, and interesting
preamble, and pleasant speech, he is formidable. It is not altogether the man, it is his position—in war there is everything in position. He is the Chairman of the Lecture Committee. "We wish you, General, to give the Opening Address." How simple the proposal. I cannot refuse. A refusal would not only stop the present mill, but cut off the supply of the other mills now in building along the stream of time, for he says: "You give an Address, then two other Generals will follow suit." Oh, certainly, certainly, the logic is complete, as that of a lady who declares: "I must attend this reception, else Mrs. M. and Mrs. G. will not attend." The key to this sort of logic is that there is in man, and particularly in woman, nothing more potent than the Human Will.

After the "Yes, I will undertake the Address," I go thoughtfully to my quarters and rummage my files for some old composition, and read and read with ever-increasing criticism and dissatisfaction. Nothing will answer; times change so; places ditto. Oh! what a want of fitness. Well, well, let us leave the books and try the brain. There's that subject that the Colonel so beat you upon,—why not try that? All right; never give up, or, as the boys name it, "never say die." Here goes:

I catch a blank half sheet and write:

1st. Loyalty,—what is it?
2d. Loyalty to self.
3d. Loyalty to home.
4th. Loyalty to society.
5th. Loyalty to the Government.
6th. Loyalty to God.

Then, I write on the margin: "A Lay Sermon." Therefore, my friends, bear with me while I attempt to lay before you a few thoughts on Loyalty. A honey-bee has to be true to himself, else he could not find his habitation or his flower; true to
his home, or he could not fashion his cellular palace, or fill the rooms with nourishing sweets; true to society, else there would be the dearth of separation, or fratricidal stings that would terminate in extinction; true to the queenly government, else the productions would be meager, and the criminals and drones would obstruct the avenues, hinder the beauty and completeness of the work, or destroy the hardly-earned fruits of toil. But to be true in all these relationships of being and of work, is being true to the Bee's God-given powers: true to Nature; true to design; true to the Designer—to God. Therefore: all honor to the "Busy Bee," who is one of the smallest of animals, and yet such an exemplar to man; such a wonderful expression of loyalty to Home, to Society, to Government, and to God!

Now, what is it, what do we mean by this comprehensive word Loyalty? A correct definition is all-important. Correct definitions would have smoothed the surface of many a troubled sea of controversy, and of revolution, and of anarchy, in their very inception. Correct definitions would have hindered the endless and fruitless embroglios which have dethroned kings, established inquisitions for blood, and blasted human society with the tenfold heated currents of intolerance and hatred. Under princes, kings, and emperors, this word Loyalty, or its substitute in some form, had a pregnant meaning.

Let me here pause to recommend to my friends, old and young, a much-neglected book. It must have taken much study (which is a weariness to the flesh) to compose it. And I cannot, for the life of me, surmise how the printer ever got his task done, or an adequate compensation therefor. I refer to what is irreverently styled "Webster Unabridged." Under the L's he says:

*Loyal:* 1st. Is faithful to the lawful government.
2d. Faithful to the sovereign.
3d. Faithful to a lover or friend.

And, again: "Loyalty is fidelity to a superior, to duty, to love," &c. Then Webster gives us two or three apt quotations, one from Trench, as follows:

"Loyalty being derived from *Loi*, (the French word) expresses properly that fidelity which one owes according to law, and does not necessarily include that attachment to the royal person which, happily, we in England, have been able to further throw into the word." Lord Clarendon says of another: "He had such loyalty to the king as the law requires."

Again, one more quotation from the poetic Webster, of two lines:

"Then Laodamia, with Evadne moves:"
"Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves."

How could any one but our much-honored translator of Virgil take in the full scope of these two lines from Dryden? Certainly not without searching, as I was compelled to do, in "The Age of Fable."

This Age answers, substantially: "Among the celebrated Greeks who undertook the siege of ancient Troy, for the recovery of the beautiful Helen, was Protesilaus. The Trojans, over yonder, not far from the present site of Constantinople, came to oppose the landing of the Greeks. At the first onset Protesilaus fell by the hand of Hector. Protesilaus had left at home his charming wife, Laodamia, who was most tenderly attached to him. When the news of his death reached her, she implored the Gods to be allowed to see him again, and to converse with him only three hours. The request was granted. The God Mercury led Protesilaus back to the upper world, and when he died a second time, Laodamia died with him."
Here then is a beautiful expression of the ceaseless loyalty of a noble wife to her husband:

While life, with its duties, did bear them apart,
Nor absence, nor death, could sunder their hearts.

The "Age of Fable" makes further response:

"Two royal brothers introduced fearful wars into Thebes, their country, because of the kingdom to which each laid claim. In the struggle Capanes, the husband of Evadne, in the ardor of the fight, declared that he would force his way into a certain city in spite of Jove himself. Placing a ladder against the wall, he mounted, but Jupiter, offended at his impiety, struck him with a thunderbolt. But when his body was burning, and his obsequies were being celebrated, Evadne cast herself on his funeral pile, and perished."

This reminds one forcibly of the wonderful words of Our Blessed Lord: "Greater love hath no man than this,—that a man lay down his life for his friends." The Lord himself, soon thereafter, accomplished this all-inclusive sacrifice, and thus gave the divine seal to undying friendship,—the extreme of soul-loyalty to soul.

As examples of loyalty to the king—a fealty that became a burning passion—we can refer to almost any page in the life of the great Napoleon. As the ardent lover brings to bear every power of his mind, and calls into requisition every fond reach of his fancy to form to himself an image which shall express the virtues and the angelic loveliness of his mistress; as the true son pictures to himself, late in life, the genuine nobility of his father, or adorns, with increasing effulgence of glory, the imprint within his soul of a mother-love; so did the followers of Napoleon, (that wonderful embodiment of princely power and personal magnetism,) make up and impute to him a something to admire, to follow, to work for, to love with ardor, to suffer
for; nay more, not even weighing life itself against their devotion to it. Call it what you will; men do, by their powers, embody in their leaders their ideals of patriotism, and give to them a wealth of affection, and suffer for them the extreme measure of devotion. Listen to these lines taken from the French (probably a translation into verse) by Lord Byron. They appear to have been written about the time of Napoleon's final banishment, when "all wept, but particularly Savary, and a Polish officer who had been exalted from the ranks by Bonaparte. He clung to his master's knees; wrote a letter to Lord Keith, entreaty permission to accompany him (Napoleon) even in the most menial capacity, a request which could not be admitted."

Listen to this remarkable poem:

"Must thou go, my glorious Chief,
Sev'ned from thy faithful few?
Who can tell thy warrior's grief,
Maddening o'er that long adieu?
Woman's love and friendship's zeal—
Dear as both have been to me,—
What are they to all I feel,
With a soldier's faith, for thee?

"Idol of a soldier's soul!
First in fight, but mightiest now:
Many could a world control:
Thee alone no doom can bow.
By thy side for years I dared
Death, and envied those who fell,
When their dying shout was heard
Blessing him they served so well."

"At Waterloo, one man was seen, whose left arm was shattered by a cannon-ball, to wrench it off with the other, and
throwing it up in the air, exclaimed to his comrades: ‘Vive l'Empereur, jusqu'à mort!’ Loyal, indeed, even to Death!

“Would that I were cold with those,
Since this hour I lived to see;
When the doubt of cowards foes
Scarce dares trust a man with thee,
Dreading each should set thee free.
Oh! Although in dangers pent
All their chains are light to me,
Gazing on thy soul unbent.

“Would the sycophants of him,
Now so deaf to duty's prayer,
Were his borrow'd glories dim,
In his native darkness share?
Were that world this hour his own,
All thou calmly dost resign,
Could he purchase with that throne
Hearts like those which still are thine?

“My Chief, my King, my Friend, adieu!
Never did I droop before;
Never to my sovereign sue,
As his foes I now implore.
All I ask is to divide
Every peril he must brave;
Sharing by the hero's side
His fall, his exile, and his grave.”

These stores exhibit a spirit that I do not in my heart condemn. It is really a treasure taken from the grand apartment of Love, found in the forefront of God's palaces of immeasurable wealth,—a treasure, often misplaced, often misused, but true in itself. It is the spirit that made young Phillips refuse the
combination key to the Minnesota robbers, and sprinkle the approaches to his sacred trust with the warm blood of his noble heart. It is the spirit of the engineer who went to certain destruction with his fierce locomotive, in order to save the lives of the passengers of his train. It is the spirit that has animated the true patriots of all times and all countries; who have toiled, suffered, and died for the benefit,—or for the grand faith of it,—of their own native land.

How suggestive, how pregnant with history, how full of sincere loyalty are the words of Lincoln, who was permitted himself, after a life of loyalty to home, to society, to country, and to God, to accomplish the same extreme measure of sacrifice of which he so eloquently spoke. I love to repeat those simple phrases, and let them sink deep into my heart. They turn away our thoughts from the sad man himself, a modest embodiment of a nation's throes, to the Principles at stake, and lift us up into the purer atmosphere of genuine American patriotism. He stood there, at Gettysburg, viewing the field where thousands had trod to the music of the rattling and the roar of the hills and the valleys. He easily pictured the struggle of life and death. He remembered the cause, and was able to condense the scene, the sacrifice, the duties of the present, and the calls of the future, into the few following words:

"Four score and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth on this continent, a new Nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

"Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that Nation, or any Nation, so conceived, and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a grand battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this."
"But in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate,—we cannot consecrate,—we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work, which they, who fought here, have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that, from these honored dead, we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion, that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that the Government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth."

Arnold says of the effect of this short address: "He seemed so absorbed in the heroic sacrifices of the soldiers as to utterly forget himself. * * * The magnetism of those who heard him extended to the vast crowds beyond the reach of his voice, and tears, and sobs, and cheers spoke the emotions which deeply moved the assemblage with grand, patriotic, heroic thoughts,—the sublime in action and sentiment."

How high the type; how clear and unmistakable is this expression of genuine loyalty to the Nation's life.

I have constructed my subject much as, one day, I observed a carpenter constructing a ladder. I have put in the first and fifth rounds, and knocked the ladder together for trial of shape.

The remaining rounds are: Loyalty to Self; Loyalty to Society; Loyalty to God. Fortunately, for our patience, the rounds are much alike, and, like the stairs of the Granite Treasury at Washington, they possess a solid connection and support.
The great New England educator, Horace Mann, gives a suggestive hint on this subject. He says:

“A boy’s heart is not like his vest or his jacket, which would split open if he should grow into a man in five minutes. The heart may be very small,—so small as only to embrace one’s self in its thoughts and desires; this makes a very mean and selfish person. The heart may be enlarged so as to embrace a town,—this makes a good townsman. Or it may take in one’s whole nation,—this makes a patriot. Or it may take in all mankind,—this makes a philanthropist. Or it may embrace in its affections the whole universe, and the Creator of it,—this makes one God-like. All the way, let me tell you, from the narrowest limit to the vastest expansion, its happiness will be in proportion to its enlargement.”

One day, while my wife and I were looking for some holiday presents, we were shown by a Chinaman a beautiful little box. He opened it, and there was another beautiful box, just fitting into the first. The second contained a third, the third enclosed a fourth, and so on to a tiny box, not bigger than a child’s thimble. This is suggested to me as a simile for that Heart, or Spirit, which every man, woman, and child may have, and exercise without stint toward the God of Love and Law, who has shapen us, warmed us into life, and given us power. The outer box is this God-Love, or Loyalty to God; it contains, tangent to it, and expanding with it, love of mankind, then in order, love of country, love of society, love of home; and well-regulated love of one’s self.

Who is disloyal to himself? One who abuses or neglects himself. The imbecile, the self-made idiot, the drubling drunkard, the clutching miser, the loathsome, leprous debauche. Who, on the contrary, is loyal to himself? He that keepeth his heart with all diligence. He that eateth the daily bread of knowledge, and
drinker in wisdom from pure and living fountains. He that treateth his body and his soul with loving reverence, and takes proper means to preserve them in possible healthful condition.

Who is disloyal to his home? The same who is disloyal to himself. Untrue to wife, untrue to aged parents, untrue to the children, shown in the thousand hydra-headed forms of extravagance, neglect, and crime.

Who is disloyal to society? He that is an enemy to himself and to his home. He that hateth his neighbor. He that resembles that famous dog in the manger, who would neither eat his food in peace, nor allow other animals to do so.

Who is disloyal to our good Government? He that is disloyal to himself, to his home and to society. He that would pollute and not purify. He that would disintegrate and not crystallize. He that would deify intelligence, and substitute vice for virtue. He that would tear in pieces, break in fragments, and burn to ashes our noble edifice,—the grand resultant of the fathers', and the childrens' childrens' treasure,—thought, anxiety, suffering and bloodshedding.

Who now, pray, is disloyal to God? He that is disloyal to himself, to his home, to human society, or to proper government. He that is disloyal to the Supreme Law, so often named as the "Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man," so richly expressed in Christ's all-comprehensive words: "Love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, mind, and strength, and thy neighbor as thyself." He that is disloyal to this Infinite law of Love God-ward and man-ward, is permeated with the elements of disloyalty from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet.

What then, is the encouraging thought in all this to such little people as we are, subject to err, and ever on the brink of danger, seen and unseen? Why, it is this: Loyalty has to do with the purposes of a man,—our purposes are under our own control.
And then, with my purpose right, in the words of Whittier:

"Enough for me to feel and know,
That He, in whom the cause and end,
The past and future meet and blend,—
*    *    *    *
Guards not Arch-angel feet alone,
But deigns to guide and keep my own;
Speaks not alone the words of fate
Which worlds destroy and worlds create,
But whispers in my Spirit ear,
In tones of love and warning fear,
A language none beside may hear.

"To Him, from wanderings long and wild
I come, an over-wearied child,
In cool and shade His peace to find,
Like dew-fall, settling on my mind."

I remember, in my boyhood, Elder Starr, an aged clergyman, who was a large man, who had a broad, happy face, and a fine head, covered with thin, snowy locks. I liked him much because he always remembered my name, and spoke to me when we met with an encouraging smile. But, as I could not sleep comfortably in church, like Deacon Cushman, who sat just in front of me, Elder Starr did tire me with his very long sermons. You can, then, imagine my great relief and joy when he repeated his "In conclusion" the third time, with the truly prophetic addition of: "and by way of improvement." Then, too, I noticed that Deacon Cushman shook his round, bald head, and said "Ahem!" and looked first toward his wife, and then steadily toward the high pulpit,—all as if in denial of his having been napping for one moment during the interesting sermon. I think he also was as glad as I, that Elder Starr had come to
that well-known milestone: “In conclusion, and by way of improvement.”

So, now, imitating the genial minister, what may we add by way of improvement in joyous conclusion? It is this: We will here “highly resolve” to make happy hearts, happy homes, happy citizens, and happy Christians; to do what we can to perfect our laws, and secure the thorough execution of them; what we can to increase the protecting power of the Nation, at home and abroad, till the humblest man shall feel that the right to life, to liberty, to property, and to joy is abundantly secured to him,—and to do all we can to implant and extend, not only intelligence, but virtue. If the true citizens of our land are but moderately successful, then higher and higher will be the reaches of our civilization; and wider and wider its influence upon the other nations of the globe; and deeper and deeper the loyalty of the hearts of our people; which shall embrace men and angels within the compass of its devotion.