

show how often in human affairs the comic mingles with the tragic. We have heard from our mothers, touching stories of the terrible strain of those years of suspense, of continually growing and continually wearing want, of nursing the sick and the wounded, and of mourning for the dead—worst of all, we have heard them try to describe the pang of seeing the cause for which so much had been dared and suffered going down amid the ruin of many a home in the beloved land. In many a history, in many a biography, and in the romances of Esten Cooke, Virginius Dabney and others, we have read of those glorious days when our race was stimulated by the convictions of duty and by the love of country to its highest pitch of enthusiastic thought and action.

But here we had the high privilege of listening to the tale as it came from the lips of one whose powers of vivid narration and of graphic portraiture are perhaps unsurpassed in this age and land. At least there are few of any time or race to whom has been given in so high degree the gift of drawing tears and laughter in quick succession—and that not once only, but again and again—from young and old alike.

Rarer still, nay, unexampled is the instance of an orator exciting in his audience a generous sympathy for one and another among the foeman with whom their fathers fought.

Yet General Gordon did this, with perfect simplicity of manner, with that sincerity which wins an audience to ready sympathy; and, by that magnetism which genius alone has the secret of, he passed the infection of his noble manhood into the spirit of every person present, so that we too felt capable of the deeds of chivalrous courtesy of which he told, as well of those martial powers.

It would be needless to attempt to recapitulate the numberless incidents, now pathetic, now humorous, now thrilling, now ludicrous in the extreme, by which the charming lecturer made those grand days live again for us; they are