

will live among these immortals. The embodiment of modesty, of the gentle courtesy of a race of gentlemen and of a breed of gallant warriors, Maryland will remember him and his comrades in every future emergency when she needs "loyal souls and true."

ONE OF MARYLAND'S NOBLEST.

The death of **David** Ridgely **Howard**, Confederate veteran and grandson of John Eager **Howard**, leaves a very small remnant of the splendid force of ardent and chivalric Maryland youngsters who, at the outbreak of the Civil War, dashed across the Potomac to do battle for the principles represented by Virginia and other Southern States. How many are left of that highbred and glorious company of modern knighthood we do not know—not many more, probably, than would make up two or three corporals' guards. But on their roster are the names of men who made Maryland's name shine with fresh glory on every field and in every crisis where manhood, daring and unflinching fidelity were put to the supreme tests of moral and physical endurance.

Some time there may arrive a Maryland historian capable of doing justice to them and the part they took in a conflict that shook this country to the very bottom of its soul with a flaming passion which it had never known before, which it has never known since. For when the bugles blew to which **David** Ridgely **Howard** and hundreds of other Marylanders responded, the curtain of history rose on a drama which was mainly spiritual on both sides, which was heroic, in the truest sense of that word, which, for the time at least, made war a thing that in its ennobling motives transformed commonplace men into replicas of the divine. That is one of the things which can be said for that war at least, and though its heavenly afflatus may have passed away quickly for many, there were many others upon whom it conferred a lifelong patent of moral nobility.

Here and there may still be found one of those Maryland Confederates who in '61 risked everything for principle and who are now awaiting their marching orders in the twilight of the gods which we call peace, when the Olympian divinities are drowsily nodding. They are good citizens and faithful to their plighted word of surrender, but they have never surrendered their love of the beautiful dream of their youth. **David** Ridgely **Howard**