

to me
felt the sunshine of joy in their hearts -
to me it would have been a most glorious
occurrence. Hereafter, when I die at home,
instead of a noble grave & grand procession,
the rolling music & the thunderous cannon, with a
flag waving at my head, I shall be wrapped in a
robe (an old robe, perhaps), & hoisted on a slender
scaffold to the whistling winds, soon to be blown
~~down~~ to the earth, my flesh to be devoured by
the wolves & my bones rattled on the plains by
the wild beasts. Chief of the soldiers, your labors
have not been in vain. Your attention
shall not be forgotten. My nation shall
know the respect that is paid to the dead.
When I return I shall echo the sound
of your guns —