

A TRIBUTE TO THE MEMORY OF BRIGADIER GENERAL JAMES  
CLARK STRONG\*

In the death of Genl. James Clark Strong, at Oakland, California, on the 3rd of September, 1915, at the advanced age of 89 years 3 months and 23 days, the writer lost a cherished friend and *companion de guerre*, and the nation an unselfish, intrepid, brave and noble soldier of the republic. His patrician nature responded to all that was noble and true. The friends he had—and they were many—were linked to his heart with hooks of steel.

As a soldier, a citizen, a civil or judicial officer he was *sans peur et sans reproche*. In the prime of his young manhood, he entered the army of his beloved country, in the civil war. As a captain of Co. "E," 21st regiment, N. Y., Vol. Infantry, and was commissioned as captain of said company (which he raised), May 7, 1861. His entrance into the service was not to fight for power, for plunder, or extended rule, not to overthrow or uphold a dynasty, but he went out to face wounds and if need be death, in order that this—"the world's last hope of a free government on earth"—should not perish.

His simple creed was to do honestly what was given him to do. He, in early life, adopted the homely motto of Davy Crockett: "Be sure you're right and then go ahead." He did not ask or lead his men to face an unknown peril. It was his habit, regardless of personal danger, to make a reconnaissance of the field, and he always led the advance when and where duty called. In one of the great battles of the war—Williamsburg, Va.—while gallantly leading his regiment into the very jaws of hell, he received, what was at the time regarded, as a mortal wound, but after a long and painful illness he partially recovered, but the wound was of such a character that it never healed and he suffered from it up to the hour of his death. This noble patriot—this Christian soldier—has responded to the final summons—he has answered the last roll-call. We know not on what sphere of nightless glory, my friend and companion, now builds his altar. But this we know, that somewhere, I know not where, somehow, he still lives.

We need no priest to tell us this, nor sophist to deny it, for there is before each of us the testimony of his own soul and thought, as disclosed in

\*A few words should be said about these two men. General Strong was a member of Washington's first Territorial Legislature. So far as known, his death leaves not a single survivor of that body. Major Turner, who writes the tribute to his friend, is in his ninetieth year. He is a survivor of four wars—the Mexican war, two Indian wars in Oregon and Washington and the Civil War.—Editor.

the autobiography of his life, now lying open before me, a "soul and thought" as a witness never suborned.

Good-night, dear comrade! Farewell for a time, brave, gentle and loving spirit! Yet a little while and we who, like you, have marched under the starry splendor of Old Glory, battling for a nation's life and the freedom of man, will bid you good-morning on a brighter shore!

"Lay him gently on his Mother Earth!

"While tears like rain

"Bedew his grave from nation and from hearth,

"There rests no stain

"Upon his sword, no tarnish on his worth—

"So dust to dust again."

JUNIUS THOMAS TURNER.

Washington, D. C., October 19, 1915.