

# Zouaves a Striking Feature of Memorial Day Parade

THEY were queer looking soldiers in their short jackets and knee breeches, but they could fight," said a Union veteran of the zouaves. "We boys had lots of fun in camp making sport of them, but on the field they proved that a man didn't have to wear a regulation uniform to make a good soldier."

The idea of dressing in the showy uniforms, imitations of those worn by the French zouaves, appealed to adventurous, unconventional spirits in the north at the opening of the civil war. One of the most noted of the zouave regiments was recruited from the volunteer fire fighting force of New York city, a body of men whose respect for law and order was not always strong enough to prevent them from enjoying a rough, turbulent time. These were the famous Ellsworth zouaves, led at first by Colonel Elmer E. Ellsworth, killed at Alexandria, Va., in the early days of the war.

Washington beheld them with interest when they marched into the capital in response to President Lincoln's call for volunteers, but the interest was mixed with anxiety when the city saw the manners of the bouery prevailing on Pennsylvania avenue. But for all that it made much of the New Yorkers, especially after the latter did heroic work in fighting a big fire in the capital city.

In many places the history of the war is dotted with mention of the zouaves. They had the usual proportion of skulkers and shirkers, of course, and men in whom the duration of war wore thin the sense of duty, but on the whole the records of the zouave regiments compare creditably with those of others. They gaudy attire, in which red was the prevailing color, made them good targets when they met the enemy.

The same zouaves were especially noted for their proficiency in drilling and gave exhibitions in northern cities. Memorial day parades in some of the big cities generally see tumouts of some of the zouave survivors. They form invariably one of the most conspicuous features of the processions.

The name "zouave" is African in origin. The Zouaves are or were a tribe of Kabyles living in Algeria. When the French assumed control over that country, about 1830, they found that the Zouaves would make good fighting men and organized them into two battalions. French officers were placed in command, and some French soldiers were admitted to the ranks, adopting the distinctive Moorish dress, sometimes with European embellishments. Later the regiments were composed entirely of Frenchmen, but the distinctive Moorish garb was retained.

Now the zouaves form an integral part of the French army, being organized into four regiments of five battalions each, divided into four companies, the total strength being about 13,000. There were papal or pontifical zouaves in the days of the temporal power of the pope, and they fought gallantly against the Italian occupation of Rome.

## THE FEDERAL LOSSES.

Official Compilation of Number Killed in the Civil War.

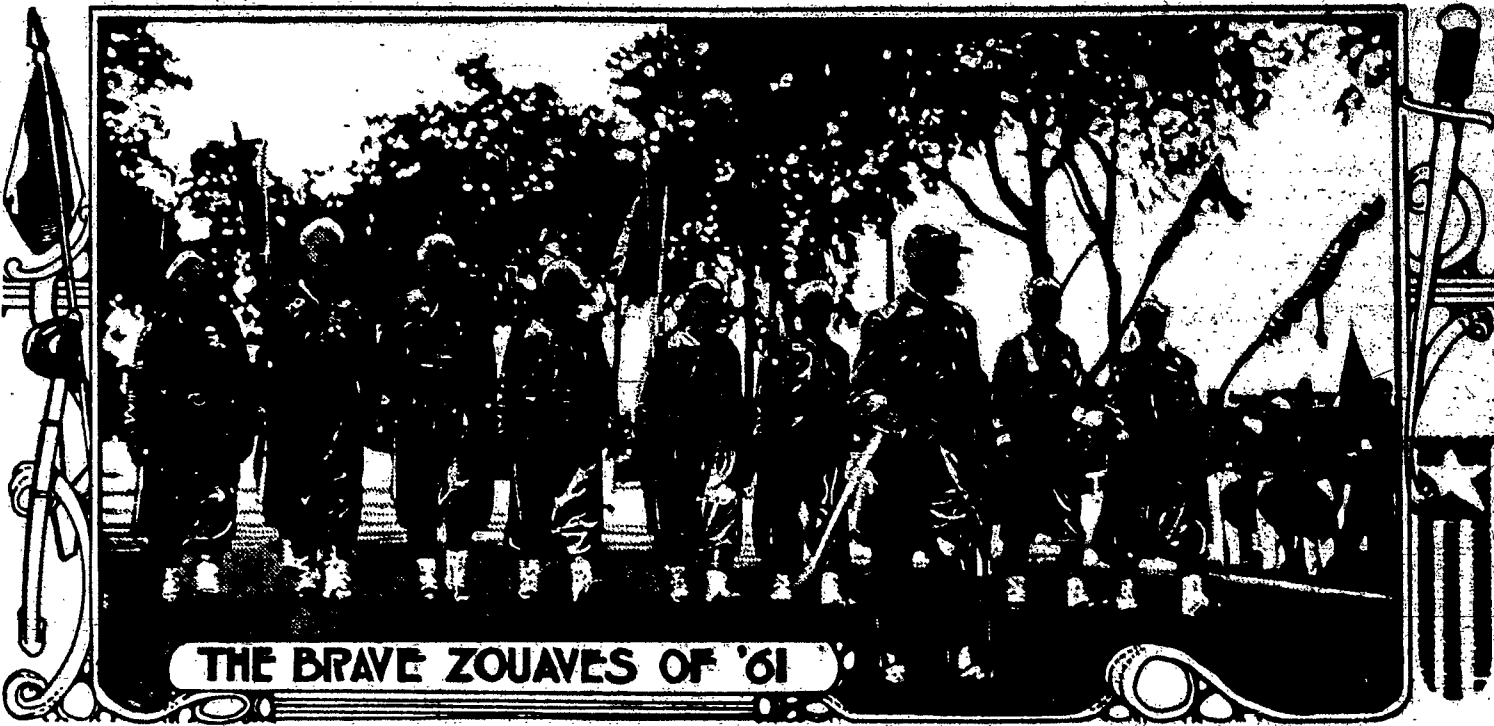
Causes of death.	Offi- cial.	Enlist- ed men.	Total.
Killed in action.....	412	62,916	67,038
Died of wounds re- ceived in action.....	223	40,789	41,012
Died of disease.....	226	231,791	232,017
Accidental deaths (ex- cept by drowning).....	142	2,972	4,114
Drowned.....	106	4,523	4,629
Murdered.....	37	483	520
Killed after capture.....	14	90	104
Committed suicide.....	28	383	411
Executed by United States military au- thorities.....	4	251	255
Executed by enemy.....	4	60	64
Died from sunstroke.....	5	308	313
Other known causes.....	62	1,972	2,034
Causes not stated.....	38	12,003	12,041
Total.....	934	349,944	350,878

Hard Luck in War-time. The late General Shafter used to enjoy telling how during the civil war several wounded officers and a few privates were found in the valley of Virginia when a rain came on, forcing all hands to take refuge all night in a schoolhouse. Being very tired all soon fell sound asleep.

It happened that during the night a skunk had found its way under the floor and by and by had announced its presence after its well known effective manner.

The officers all waked up; but being gentlemen and such supposing that the others were still asleep, they kept silent. At just one of the privates, a German, could restrain himself no longer.

"Mein Gott!" he exclaimed. "Dis is awful! Day sleeps, und I waked, und I haf got to smell it all!"



THE BRAVE ZOUAVES OF '61

## MEMORIAL DAY PROGRAM.

Official Suggestions For Appropriate Observance of Day.

The following program for the fitting observance of Memorial day was written especially for the official Memorial day annual of the state of Wisconsin:

Pupils march from schoolhouse four abreast. At a distance of about twenty feet columns divide and march in double column to form a hollow square. At given signals pupils face in. A color bearer (from Grand Army of the Republic post) steps into the center of square.

Children together salute the flag, repeating the flag salute:

We give our heads and our hearts to God and our country,  
One country, one language and one flag,  
And peace forevermore

Then repeating together:

In memory of those brave men who left homes, parents, wives, children and for four long years endured all the sufferings of camp life and the horrors of the battlefield that we might enjoy a united country freed from the curse of slavery—to these brave men—we today offer our prayers of thanksgiving and our tribute of flowers.

Some song is then sung.

The command is then given, and they "fall in" behind the Grand Army of the Republic and the woman's relief corps. At the cemetery a squad is detailed to decorate each grave. This squad consists of four boys and four girls. The girls carry flowers and the boys flags. The boys stand at each corner of the grave; the girls at each side. They are given the command, "Decorate." The boys place flags and the girls flowers. Then they unite in singing "Cover Them Over With Flowers."

As it is not always possible to find children of the same size who are independent, in their singing a quartet passes from one grave to another to lead the singing. The decorating by the children is done after the soldiers have done theirs, or, rather, the squad of soldiers are at the grave the same time as are the children and place their flowers first.

Roy's Decoration Day. I brought blue violets from the dell For grandpa's grave today, For grandma says he loved them well Before he marched away.

The other grandpas all are old, With thin hair almost gray, But he has curls that shine like gold And blue eyes full of play.

Grandma showed me his picture, hung Upon a chain of gold, How strange that he should be so young, But he has curls that shine like gold And blue eyes full of play.

## THE HONORED DEAD.

By Henry Ward Beecher. They that die for a good cause are redeemed from death. Their names are gathered and garnered. Their memory is precious. Each place grows proud for them who were born there.

Children shall grow up under more sacred inspirations—whose elder brothers, dying nobly for country, left a name that honored and inspired all that bore it. Orphan children shall find thousands of fathers and mothers to love and help those whom dying heroes left as a legacy to the gratitude of the public.

Oh, tell me not that they are dead, that generous host, that army army of invisible heroes! They hover as a cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead who speak louder than we can speak and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. He was your son, but he is now the nation's. He made your household bright, now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the land. Before he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you, now he is augmented, set free and given to all. He has died from the family that he might live to the nation.

## Our Boys In Blue

### A Memorial Day Poem Dedicated to the G. A. R.

SLEEP, sweet and rest, brave ones! The air is teeming With sunshine golden and with bird song gay. Sleep sweet and rest. The blossoms fair are leaning Their bright cheeks on your graves the liveliest day. Above you floats the flag as well defended, The dear old flag—the stars and stripes we love. Hither your comrades true their way have wended Their loyalty and loving praise to prove.



WITHER YOUR COMRADES TRUE THEIR WAY HAVE WENDED, THEIR LOYALTY AND LOVING PRAISE TO PROVE.

Softly and solemn plays the dirge above you, With bowed heads turning gray and growing old Stand silently the comrades brave who love you, Whose days will soon be as a tale that's told. Sleep, then, brave hearts, with pale hands folded meekly; Sleep sweet and take your rest, brave hearts and true. Like "Hills" fair your memory blossoms sweetly Far over in our hearts, O boys in blue! —Harriet Francine Crocker.

### A Superb Animal.

During a fierce charge of Confederate cavalry at Murfreesboro an officer was killed and the cavalry driven back. The horse the officer had ridden was a magnificent animal, but he had no sign of retreat. Riderless he kept on his way, and as he dashed through the Federal battery the sight of him was indescribably grand. His nostrils were extended wide, his eyes fairly blazed, and he clutched the bit determinedly with his teeth as he came on like the wind, with his saddle flapping until he looked as if he were himself flying instead of wildly running. Every one gave him room as he dashed onward. An officer shouted that he would give \$100 to any one who would capture that superb animal, but the horse disappeared.

### These Foreign Muskets.

The United States government imported some foreign arms during the first years of the war, speaking of some of which a certain officer reported: "In platoon firing with the Belgian muskets I can always tell how many places have been fired by counting the men on the ground. One of these Belgian muskets will kick like a mule and burst with the greatest facility. Several soldiers in our Illinois regiments have been killed in this way. The bayonet, too, is a novelty—a soft iron affair apparently designed to cool round the enemy, thus taking him."

## Memorial Day Reading

### Little Stories of the Great War

Lincoln's Pass Valuable. At one time during the civil war, when the Union army was making great efforts to break through the cordon of Confederate troops which defended Richmond, a gentleman called on President Lincoln in Washington and asked for a pass for Richmond. "Well," said Lincoln, "I would be very happy to oblige you if my passes were respected, but the fact is, sir, I have within the past two years given passes to 250,000 men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet."

### Soldiers Too Particular.

A soldier correspondent, wounded in the south, wrote home to the north during the civil war: "The sanitary and Christian commissions are the means in God's hands of accomplishing an infinite amount of good. I know the soldiers are directly benefited by the essentials and 'goodies' prepared by the devoted mothers and loving sisters of the men. The trouble is too many of them want the identical cookie his mother made."

### Battlefield Surgery.

As the Maine troops were leaving the battlefield of the first Bull Run a soldier stopped up to one of the officers of the Fifth regiment and requested the loan of a knife. The officer took out a common pocketknife and handed it to the soldier, who sat down at the side of the road, pulled up the leg of his trousers and deliberately dug a marker ball out of his leg. Then he jumped up and resumed his march.

### Made Them Laugh in Libby.

An interesting Libby prison anecdote is told by Colonel E. B. Bradshaw of Washington. "I recall one of the darkest, stormiest, rainiest nights at old Libby," said Colonel Bradshaw. "The Union prisoners were huddled together on one of the lower floors, and the rain was coming in on them in a perfect deluge. Among the captives in blue was Blahop McCabe, then a chaplain. In his excess of good nature he saw the humorous side of even such a situation as I have described. While our boys, hungry and cold, were trying to keep warm and dry a voice was raised above the howling of the tempest outside and could be heard in all parts of the prison: 'BROADS on your pocket books! The voice was that of Chaplain McCabe, who knew full well that there was not a single dollar in all that great crowd of shivering Yankee soldiers. The rally caused an outbreak of laughter, notwithstanding the situation.'

## MEMORIAL DAY.

My Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll. This day is sacred to the great heroic host who kept this flag above our heads, sacred to the living and the dead, sacred to the wives who gave their husbands, to the mothers who gave their sons. Here in this peaceful land of ours—here, where the sun shines, where flowers grow, where children play—millions of armed men battled for the right and bled on a thousand fields the iron storms of war. These brave, these incomparable, men founded the first republic. They fulfilled the prophecies, they brought to pass the dreams, they realized the hopes that all the great and good and wise and just have made and had since man was man. But what of those who fell? There is no language to express the debt we owe, the love we bear, to all the dead who died for us. Words are but barren sounds. We can but stand beside their graves and in the hush and silence feel what speech has never told.

## Defied the President

### Grant Would Not Permit Johnson to Put Defeated Confederates to Death

Of all the stories told of Ulysses S. Grant one of the most remarkable is that related by Justice Wendell P. Stafford of the Supreme court of the District of Columbia. Justice Stafford said that shortly after Lincoln's assassination Johnson told Grant he intended to execute all Confederate officers and officials and that Grant turned him from his course by threatening to resign Washington with his victorious army and proclaim martial law.

Not long after the death of Lincoln Johnson summoned Grant to the White House, said the justice. "When they were alone he said: 'I intend to fix it forever in the minds of the American people that secession is a crime.' Grant was silent. 'I intend to do all Confederate officers and officials put to a public death.' Grant did not speak. When Johnson had finished his harangue, which continued for a quarter of an hour, Grant rose in silence to take his leave. 'What do you mean to do?' said Johnson. 'Then the quiet man made answer: 'I am going back to the camp. I shall leave my army upon Washington. I shall proclaim martial law and take command. My reason for so doing is this: I received the surrender of General Lee, which ended the war. That surrender put in my hands the life and safety of every officer and official on the Confederate side, and I held myself in duty and honor bound to see that they are protected according to the rules of war and common right. You can communicate with me at my headquarters.'

Grant returned to his camp, issued the necessary orders and waited for the proclamation. He received word that Johnson had changed his mind. A victorious general refusing to relinquish his command and calling his devoted legions to lift him to a throne—that is an old part on the stage of history. But when before did a triumphant chieftain threaten to take power into his own hands for the sole purpose of seeing justice done to a fallen foe? God never put into a body a greater soul than Grant's." —New York Press.

### A Wartime Incident.

General Wadsworth, who was killed during Grant's Richmond campaign, deprived nearly an entire Maryland town of shoes on his march to the battle of South Mountain. His soldiers were barefooted and their feet bleeding from tramping through a rough country. He rode ahead to buy shoes for them, but was treated roughly by two wayfarers. He made them take off their shoes and then proceeded through the town, taking the shoes from every man he met, except a miller, who wanted to contribute whatever shoes he could find in his house, but the general declined his offer.

### There is such a thing as an ideal husband—in the minds of women who have never married.

A New York newspaper has gone into the hands of a receiver. Why didn't it hook itself instead?

### The band that rocked the cradle may not be doing it any more, but it is still determined to rule the world.

Some people are so constituted that they worry today about what they are going to worry about tomorrow.

### Sardines, according to the federal uniforms court, are herring. And they may be. They don't taste any better, anyhow.

### That phrase "idle rumor" may have to be riled out, now that all the rumors in the world seem to be working overtime.

### A typewriter small enough to be carried in the overcoat pocket has been invented, thus further increasing mother's anxiety.

"Don't ever look back on anybody," "I," replied Henry, Mrs. Frankston. "I have had plenty of time to look back on the Chicago and New York hours trying to catch a South-Western train."

Men think this I may be seen, I have had heart must ache him. He said, "I have had heart must ache him. But they are often break him." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

Wife—I have you had a terrible no patience. Wife—Yes, I was worried from knowing by another girl—Wash Post Times.

When lovely woman gets the blues, "There'll be a remedy found for you, she who has had your sorrows. Will them be merely small?" —Philadelphia Ledger.

"John," she complained, "you used to say that you would always think of me as your little girl." "Well," he started, "I did so long as you kept your weight under 120 pounds." —Chicago Record-Herald.

When sunlight blazes in the west, And winds are strong and keen, Sometimes you think you need a rest When you are nearly dead. —Washington Star.

Kicker—Something queer about Jones. Kicker—Yes, he is the only man who can't explain the high cost of living. Judge.

There was a young fellow named Sam, Who kissed a girl on the eve of the day. "Your aim's very bad. You should practice a bit." —New York Times.

"There's something unusual about that girl." "What's that?" "Even his mother thinks she will make a good wife for him." —Detroit Free Press.

Mary had a little lamb, whose name was Susie, And everywhere that Mary went, She said "moo" for Susie. —Kansas City Journal.

"A streak of yellow is all right sometimes." —"How's that?" "It's a good thing, for instance." —Lawrenceville Courier-Journal.

As you I try to please, But by my tongue as I prayed, Whenever you are called the "W" in some word, I might have played. —Detroit Free Press.

Wife—You are a hollow thing. Answered the tyrant: "Even how could it come that you can't even love me?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

A mighty pretty girl he saw, But, son, I'll get you when, She may look like a peach and be a lemon. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"Like produce, Ma." "Well, you try less methods and see how soon they find you in the phone." —Baltimore American.

An imaginary line in the water, Which seldom stays long when it's placed, But amble and slip, Twirling the water all in his; According to popular talk. —Harper's Magazine.

The optimist had been disappointed in love. "Oh well," he mused, "I should probably have been disappointed in marriage, anyhow." —Puck.

My wife and I are jittery folk, We never had a fight. You see, I put all that into you, And she put it all into me. —Philadelphia Ledger.

Hubbard—Dr. B. said an excellent spruce would do the good. Wife—"To which of your creators did he refer?" —Life.

Mathews the best way to describe The modern spirit we know Would be to hang upon his side The placard—"B. K. O." —Judge.

Mr. Platts—Did you read my new article in the magazine today, Sam? Mr. Platts—Oh, yes; I found a Sam in one and a Sam in another. —Kansas City Journal.

He whispered "Yes" without sound, Of "eternal quiet" wide he said, "I walked by it, he was good." The orchestra is broken. —New York Sun.

"You should love your neighbor as yourself," advised the sage. "I know that," replied the fool. "The father is an amateur cornet player." —Cincinnati Enquirer.

"I may not be slender," Said Trivia Frisness, "But I set up the claim That I have a name Which rhymes with Carrara." —Chicago Record-Herald.

Wife (who has been talking too much)—Well, why are you looking at me like that? Husband—I was just thinking how pretty your mouth looks when it is shut. —Philadelphia Ledger.

When pyrotechnics ever where Pursued their ways extensive, The meat was flying through the air And very inexpensive. —Washington Star.

He—I can't afford to marry for five years. Will you wait for me? She—Certainly—if no one else makes me before then. —Judge.

Function was a part of fame, Swimming circles in formal land. Others can get in the same. Boys, wade—the Rio Grande. —Kansas City Journal.