

A WARTIME WEDDING

By CAPTAIN F. A. MITCHEL.

DURING the civil war the United States navy was largely distributed on the coast of the southern states, blockading the ports of the Confederacy in order that no goods might be exported or imported. The service was usually very dull work.

One afternoon one of the blockading ships was anchored very near to the South Carolina shore. The two junior officers were midshipmen. They were Samuel Keith and James Conyers. "Jimmy," said Keith, looking longingly at the shore, "how would you like to stretch your legs in that field?" "Mighty well," replied Conyers. "I wonder if the 'old man' would let us go."

"Let's try him." "Boys," said the commanding officer when approached, "I'd like to let you go, but that's rebel territory." But the middles begged so hard that at last he told them they might take a boat and go to the pasture that looked so enticing. But he ordered them to be back on board by six bells, which meant 7 o'clock in the evening. So a boat was sent ashore, manned by eight oarsmen and commanded by the two young officers. Before leaving her the midshipmen directed a petty officer to let the boat's crew wander about with a call.

Then the two started inland. What the young men were after was a house where they could get fresh eatables and drinkables. Seeing a small plantation house ahead of them, a short distance inland, they went there. There was a number of negroes in the surrounding cabins, but only one white person in the house, a woman.

She was a widow, tall and angular and speaking with a drawl. She set before the young men some cold chickens, eggs, vegetables freshly plucked from her own garden and berries with rich cream.

The two middles gorged themselves. When they had finished they asked for the reckoning.

"Fo' hundred dollars," replied the widow.

"Four hundred dollars! Why, we have only four between us!"

"They drew forth their money, in greenbacks.

"That ain't no 'count heah," said the woman. "I want fo' hundred dollars



THE MEN COVERED THEM WITH COCKED GUNS.

in good Confederate money. Yo' pay up or yo' can't leave this heah plantation. Ah! I got to do is to send fo' some o' our folks from over thar an' they'll come 'n' take yo'."

The matter looked serious. At that moment several white men came toward the house, each carrying a gun over his shoulder. They had seen the middles and were coming for them.

"Marsen, Marsen," said one of them. "Got a couple o' Yanks heah?"

"Reckon."

"Well, young fellas, reckon yo' kin come along with us."

The boys wore revolvers, but before they could draw them the men covered them with cocked guns.

"I'll tell yo' what, I'll do," said Mrs. Fletcher. "I'm 'fraid a-runnin' this heah plantation without a man. Ef one o' yo' uns will marry me I'll let yo' off."

With a choice between Andersonville prison and matrimony, even with this homely woman, they chose the latter. While they drew lots as to which should be sacrificed one of the men went for a parson. The lot fell to Conyers, and he married the widow. She didn't even ask for a kiss, but permitted the young men to go back to their boat unmolested.

The story was too good to keep from their shipmates, and from that time forward Conyers was made a butt of many joking remarks. He bore it all stoically.

When the Confederacy collapsed Conyers, who had meanwhile fallen in love with an admiral's daughter, went to South Carolina to find out what had become of his bride and to endeavor to buy her consent to a divorce. When he returned he was asked:

"Well, how about your wife?"

"Dead! She was hanged by a Federal commander as a spy."

The Oldest Veteran at the Gettysburg Reunion

GETTYSBURG saw many old men, of course, during the great reunion of veterans last year, but none other nearly so old as Micajah Weiss, who had completed a century and a decade of life when he joined with his Union comrades in celebrating the fiftieth anniversary of the great battle. He was born on June 3, 1803, and was thus 110 years old when he journeyed from his home in Beaver Brook, N. Y., to Gettysburg. Old Micajah made the trip in an automobile, reached the encampment in good physical shape and remained until the close of the celebration on July 4. During his stay at Gettysburg he occupied much of the position of a



Photo by American Press Association.

MICAJAH WEISS, 110 YEARS OLD.

guest of honor, for veterans from both sides assembled to see and talk to "the oldest man at Gettysburg."

Weiss served through the four years of the war in the One Hundred and Fourteenth Pennsylvania volunteers, enlisting at the age of fifty-eight. His mental alertness and his willingness to talk of his war-experiences astonished visitors to Gettysburg in view of his very advanced age. An interesting incident of the encampment was the photographing together of Weiss and Colonel John L. Clem, who was the youngest veteran at the Gettysburg encampment. Colonel Clem was only sixty-one at the time of the reunion, although that occurred fifty years after the battle.

Old Micajah is a native of Delaware Water Gap, Pa. All his life, save his four years in the Union army, was spent in the woods hunting, fishing and trapping. He survived three wives and at the time of the Gettysburg celebration was living with his fourth wife, who was seventy-eight years old.

When Weiss and his wife walked up to the United States provision hospital at Gettysburg orderlies sprang forward. They thought he was ill. Weiss waved them aside with his cane. "Not yet," he said. "I only stopped in to see if a tired and hungry old man could get a bite of sandwich and a bit of coffee to stimulate him so he could continue on his way feeling stronger."

He was fixed up in a hurry. The surgeons wanted him to come in and lie down because he was overheated, but he would not hear of it. The veterans at Gettysburg seemed old, but it is certain that some of them will be there twenty-four years hence to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle. Backman, the last soldier of the Revolution, lived eighty-six years after peace was signed, or until 1890.

COWARDS WERE SCARCE.

All Sorts of Men Made the Best Soldiers, Said Hawley.

General Hawley was asked one day by a Hartford reporter, "Who made the best soldiers?"

"Who made 'the best soldiers?' repeated General Hawley reflectively. "You mean what kind of men make the best soldiers, I suppose. It was my experience that the best soldiers came from all walks of life and were of all kinds and conditions. When I was captain I had a great, towering private that was a swearing, frenzied creature in battle, absolutely fearless, and I had another soldier, a little fellow not more than seventeen years old, who looked like a girl, and he was as calm and brave a soldier as ever went into an engagement."

"He was wounded in one battle, and I saw him drag himself and his gun down to a stream. There he washed his wounded leg, bound it up with bandages made from his shirt, and he came back proudly to the firing line, where he stayed all day. There were many men of special bravery in every company, and those who were cowardly were very few, as my experience in the late war taught me."

FIGHTING IN THE "HORNETS' NEST"

A Memorial Day Reminiscence by a Congressman.

MY first baptism of blood was at Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland river near Nashville, Tenn., and a terrible fight it was," said Representative Sanford Kirkpatrick of Iowa, who has seen thirty years of remarkable service in the internal revenue service since the war.

"The weather was bitterly cold for that part of the country, and following as it did the battles at Fort Henry, the wounds of our army suffered terribly. All of our troops were in sore need of coats and even blankets.

"The fort was right on the banks of the Cumberland and consisted of strong outer works, with almost impregnable inner works in the shape of a square. About 4 o'clock of the first day of the fight I was standing near the colonel of our regiment, the Second Iowa Infantry, who was Colonel J. M. Tuttle. General Smith, whom we all knew by sight, came riding up and addressed himself to Colonel Tuttle in the hearing of all the men.

"Do you believe God ever made men brave enough to take the fort on yonder hill?" asked General Smith, pointing to the grim fort on the river bank.

"Yes," replied Colonel Tuttle laconically, and he promptly ordered the charge.

"There was a heavy abatis of felled trees between our position and the fort, which by its such position that when we charged the Confederates could not reach us until we were within about a thousand yards of them. There were 576 men in our regiment when they moved forward, and at the first volley, after we got within the fatal thousand-yard limit, nearly half of the men fell killed or wounded. There were exactly 206 of our regiment killed or wounded within three minutes after the action began.

"Then of us left rushed up, and so fierce was the onslaught that that part of the field was dubbed by the Confederates the 'Hornets' Nest' and our brigade was nicknamed the 'Hornets' Nest brigade,' which appellation is still carried by the survivors and always alluded to at Memorial day exercises in Iowa."

The Old Regiment.
Long ago on a summer's day
Over the hills they marched away—
Kinfolk, friends and the boys we knew
In childhood's blossoms and fields of dew.
Changed in that hour to full grown men,
When the song of the bugle rang down
The glen
With its wild appeal and its throbbing
And they answered "Yes" to their coun-
try's call.

Then in the furrow the plowshare slept,
Over wheel and anvil a silence crept,
All night long through the village street
Thundered the rhythm of marching feet.
With clash of steel and the sabre's clang,
And the brass commander's stern ha-
rangue.
Till morning broke, and they marched
Long ago on a summer's day

We watched them go, with their guns
Down past the mill and the winding
stream,
Across the meadows with clover deep,
By the old stone wall where the roses
Wept,
We watched them go till they climbed the
hill,
And they faced about as the drums grew
still,
And they waved their caps to the vale be-
low,
With its breaking hearts that loved them
so.

Save for the matted and the shattered
few,
They come no more to the vale they knew
In the old dear days of their childhood's
dreams,
But far away by the alien streams,
On the scenes of their struggles their still
hearts sleep.

Lying unarm'd in the trenches deep,
Where the foe at Antietam stormed the
lines,
And the blood stained bayonets at Seven
Pines.

They wake no more to the battle's noise,
Kinfolk, friends, and the neighbors' boys,
But oft when the starlight fills the glen
In phantom marches they come again,
And over the walls where the roses creep
And the dew-wet meadows with clover
deep.

I see them still as they marched away
Long ago on a summer's day
—John S. McGroarty in West Coast Mag-
azine.



WAR STORIES

ROYAL PRINCES IN UNION ARMY

Count of Paris and Relatives Served Under McClellan.

IN the Union Army of the Potomac, serving under General McClellan, were three men, each having a claim on the throne of France. They were the Count of Paris, pretender to the throne, his brother, the Duke of Chartres, and the Prince de Joinville, who was uncle to the two others. They were members of the royal house of France, removed from the sovereignty by the revolution of 1848. The representative one of the three princes was the Count of Paris, for he would have been king of France if the royalists had been able to establish him there.

Although the Count of Paris was on headquarters duty he served as a captain and aid-de-camp under the title of Louis Philippe d'Orleans—he was by no means a carpet knight, but one of the rough and ready soldiers who braved danger and hardships with his American comrades like a yeoman prince though he was and king that might be. The fact that he was a student and observer as well as a daring man of arms no doubt gave a sober hue to the personal recollections of the war which he published in Europe and America, yet his observations are so frank and earnest that, coming from a foreigner of rank so exalted, they have all the interest of the most striking narratives.

The count reached Washington shortly after the battle of Bull Run, when Scott was general in chief, and was assigned to duty on the staff of McClellan, who had just arrived on the Potomac to command the forces in front of the capital. In those days the army was being created from the mob of volunteers, and there were many sights strange to the eyes of observant foreigners. One of the earliest per-



COUNT OF PARIS (FROM PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN SHORTLY BEFORE HIS DEATH IN 1894).

sonal incidents narrated in his history of the civil war is of a balloon trip he made from the Union camp, near Fairfax, over the opposing lines, which were very close at that point.

The Confederates, he says, were straggling about their quarters and hanging over their campfires gossiping or waiting for their rattles, while on the Union side the troops were under arms and engaged in drilling or dress parade. Of the count's headquarters services General McClellan has many good words in his memoirs. He took the dangerous and disagreeable things incident to his calling as an aid with the best grace. His first experience in real war in this service was had at Yorktown, on the peninsula.

The services of the count ended with a week after the battle of Gaines Mill and covered a period of about ten months. Although an alien, he held very decided opinions upon the issue of the war, and his work shows that he was guided by conviction.

The Nation's Dead

Beside the army of her dead
Once more the Nation stands
With banners waving at her
back
And blossoms in her hands,
With equal love and grief and
pride.

Impartially, today
She drops her roses and her
tears
Upon the Blue and Gray.

forgotten are the years of
strife.

The cause they lost or won,
Each sleeper in the silent tents
Is her beloved son,
The uniforms are ashes now,
The swords and guns are
rusty,

But Memory's eternal green
Is rooted in their dust.

—Miss Irving in Leslie's.

"TAPS"

A Memorial Day Poem

THEY are marching with a halting step—
A halting step and slow—
And many in those blue clad ranks
Have hair as white as snow.

Their youth lies on the battlefields
Of fifty years ago.

THOSE faded, tattered flags
they bear,
All torn by shot and shell,
Are sacred emblems of the dead
Who loved their country well.

How great their love and sacrifice
No human tongue may tell.

THEIR serried ranks are thin-
ning fast
That once with martial tread
The knapsack and the musket
bore

Where Grant and Sherman led,
Their sleep is sound and peaceful
In the bivouac of the dead.

NO more the reveille at dawn
Shall rouse them from their
sleep;

NO more shall wives and sisters
mourn;

NO more shall mothers weep,
Their names upon the roll of fame
Time's hand has graven deep.

AND some lie on those hard
fought fields
Where now the blue and gray
Clasp hands across those battle
lines

Their blood has washed away,
Where once the tide of battle
flowed

Their children's children play.

THE passing years speed swiftly,
And silence round them wraps,
And to their listening ears there
comes

No sweeter song, perhaps,
Than when the battered bugle
sounds
Again the old call—"Taps!"
—National Magazine.

Civil War in the Air.
During the hottest fighting at the
battle of Chickamauga an owl, alarmed
by the unusual sounds, was fright-
ened from its usual haunts. Two or
three crows spied him and made pur-
suit, and a fight in the air followed.
The contest was observed by a soldier.
He dropped his gun to the ground and
exclaimed:

"Who! Even the very birds in the
air-are fighting!"

How He Was Wounded.
At a council of Confederate generals
early in the civil war one remarked
that Major Blank was wounded and
would not be able to perform a duty
that it was proposed to assign to him.
"Wounded!" said "Stonewall" Jackson.
"If it really is so I think it must have
been by an accidental discharge of his
duty."

MEMORIAL DAY'S PRETTIEST CEREMONY

IN the opinion of many persons the most touching ceremony of Memorial day is casting flowers on the waters in memory of those who perished at sea. Sometimes a little boat covered with flowers is used. As the tiny vessel, blossom laden, passes down the current it bears with it the silent prayers of those assembled to witness the observance. Here is an account of the flower ceremony as practiced on a recent Memorial day in San Francisco:

"The tides of yesterday, as they swung backward and forward over the sea, were laden with the blossoms of Memorial day. Though the ocean is bleak and the graves of its heroes are unmarked and unknown, many a wave carried emblems of the love and honor which a freed and united people bear for the loyal men who battled in the years gone by for America's independence, first on land, then on sea, and then for her unity.

"The flowers were destined for the rolling waves which surge above the



FLOWER BOAT ADMITS ON RIVER.

resting places of the nation's heroes. The sentiments are beautifully expressed in clinging to the sea the flowers which on land grace the identified graves of loyal men whose bravery is recorded in history and whose valor the world sings.

"A solemn hush and awe fell as the chaplain offered up a prayer to the God in whom the nation trusts. A brief prayer it was—a simple petition without oratorical effort, a plea from the nation straight from the heart to the throne of the Almighty.

"After the prayer there were an address, a recitation and an oration. 'Nearer, My God, to Thee' was sung by a quartet. Then followed the throwing of flowers to the waves. With bared heads the entire congregation joined. It was as though each wave which rolled by was entrusted with a burden of floral greeting which would be carried inevitably above the seepher of a forgotten hero, there to rise and sink with rhythmic swing, an expression of the people's gratitude to one who had died amid the roaring of cannon and the crash of ship on ship. A detail of the naval militia from the United States steamship Marlon fired the minute guns and then the audience joined in singing 'America,' after which the Lord's Prayer was recited.

"But next to the consigning of flowers to the waves the playing of 'taps' was the thrilling item on the program. It was played by a veteran of the navy. The notes floated out over the billows like a benediction."

OLD GLORY ON MEMORIAL DAY.

OF all the many questions that are constantly being asked the war department at Washington to answer the one most frequently put before it is as to the correct position of flying Old Glory on Memorial day at army posts and stations.

To those who have no relation to the military service it is almost the universal belief that the flag should be displayed at half staff all of May 30, but this is not so, for paragraph 444 of the army regulations prescribes as follows:

"444. On Memorial day, May 30, at all army posts and stations—the national flag will be displayed at half staff from sunrise till midday, and immediately before noon the band, or field music, will play some appropriate air, and the national salute of twenty-one guns will be fired at 12 m. at all posts and stations provided with artillery. At the conclusion of this memorial tribute at noon the flag will be hoisted to the top of the staff and will remain there until sunset.

When hoisted to the top of the staff the flag will be saluted by playing one or more appropriate patriotic airs. In this way fitting testimonial of respect for the heroic dead and honor to their patriotic devotion will be appropriately rendered."

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