

STILL ONE OF THEM

Veterans Always With the Boys in Spirit, Though They May Not March.

COMES the old-time feelin' at the beatin' o' the drum, An' I'm sittin' in the sunlight an' a-watchin' o' 'em come! An' I seem rejuvenated!—see the old-time battle sky, An' I'm one o' them same youngsters with the boys a-marchin' by!

Don't they keep step fine? An' I'd give the world to fina! (They's lots o' grayhaired fellers that could form a battle line!)

Comes the old-time feelin' as I see 'em march along; The winds that wave the old flag seem to sing a battle song!



An' the rifle on the rack there—must I see it with a sigh, My war days gone forever, an' the boys a-marchin' by!

Keepin' step so fine—How it thrills his heart o' mine! (An' lots o' grayhaired fellers that would form a battle line!)

It isn't to the old brigades they're han'lin' out the guns, Though when it comes to trouble we are all the country's sons! An' that's why I'm sayin', when the time's drawin' nigh, I'm one o' them same youngsters with the boys a-marchin' by!

Don't they keep step fine? An' I'd give the world to fina! (They's lots o' grayhaired fellers that would leap to battle line!)—Frank L. Stanton, in the Atlanta Constitution.



NOTHING SAFE FROM THEM

Gen. Hancock Evidently Had High Opinion of the Foraging Abilities of the Nineteenth Maine.

"There is some doubt as to what part the Nineteenth Maine played in the war," remarked a veteran of that regiment. "The fact is, the Nineteenth ate up the Southern Confederacy. They stole pigs, robbed hen roosts, cleaned out orchards and cellars and foraged the country so thoroughly that the enemy had nothing left to feed on and they starved to death."

Then Al Wells of the same regiment took up the thread of the story:

"We were sweeping along one day, dining on the fat of the land, as usual. Another troop was ahead, and between them and us rode General Hancock. As the general was passing one plantation, the aged proprietor came out and stopped the general's party."

"General," said he, "I want some sort of safeguard. Those troops that have just gone by stole my pigs, lifted my hen roosts and emptied my cellar."

"I'm sorry," said Hancock. "Yes," replied the old man, "they stole everything but my hope of immortality. Thank God! none of them can steal that."

"Don't be too sure about that," retorted the general. "The Nineteenth Maine is coming next."

The Heroic Dead. And so Memorial day is here again, and we lift up our eyes and behold the hosts gathering all over this land and marching to the cemeteries. They are bringing flowers—wreaths and pillows and crosses. These are tokens of a nation's love and emblems of a nation's gratitude. We honor the Northern and the Southern dead today, and with one hand put a wreath on the Federal, while with the other we put a similar wreath on the Confederate grave.—Christian Advocate.

IN LIBERTY'S NAME

Memorial Day Finds the Nation Battling for Freedom of the Whole World.

MEMORIAL DAY was born of a war fought that this nation, under God, should have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, for the people and by the people shall not perish from the earth.

A half a century and more has passed since that immortal utterance. Now the nation is again in arms, to fight that "the world may be made safe for democracy."

Then, the young republic, struggling upward toward its vision of freedom, learned through the bitter travail of civil war that the nation could not exist half slave and half free. The vision has broadened with the widening years. Then it was for the freedom of a race the nation fought. Now the sword is drawn for the imperiled liberty of the world.

The natal day of our independence we have been wont to celebrate with loud acclaim and vaunting pride. Memorial day ever has been our time for solemn contemplation. Another Memorial day is at hand, and as America lays its flowers on the graves of its soldier dead, it hears again that revered voice from the slopes of Gettysburg bidding us to be not unmindful that "it is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

A beautiful, a poetic symbolism Memorial day had come to be to us: The people who walk with slow steps in the quiet cemeteries, the children in their white dresses who with loving hands place wreaths "alike for the friend and the foe," the venerable men who are the links that bind us to an age-long gone, and, as we believed, forever gone, when nation warred with nation and blood just grew in hearts that had thrilled at the sight of the same flag.

And now with what a new and sudden significance has Memorial day been vested: With what different thought will they go "lovingly laden with flowers." How much more reverently than in those conventional days that already seem so far away will the little flags be planted on each patriot mound. And who is there, when lips clear and soft as a benediction, is sounded for those who "dream of battlefields no more," will not remember that on a neighboring hill on the morrow from that same silver bugle will leap the reveille for another generation of freedom's soldiers?

If solemn memories of the past and earnest thought for the future bring that new birth of freedom, who shall say that those have died in vain for whom flowers will be spread in far Memorial days to come?



TRIBUTE TO PHIL KEARNY

Comte De Paris Knew and Loved Famous Soldier Who Gave His Life for His Country.

It was after the review that I made the personal acquaintance of the officers with whom I was to have the good fortune to fight for a cause which was already dear to me. All made me cordially welcome, but it was with Kearny that I found myself most at home. He it was who could speak to me of the French army in Algeria in 1840 and of the memories left by my family in that country. He did so in terms which deeply touched the heart of the ex-lieutenant son of the Duc d'Orleans. Kearny had participated in one of those campaigns on African ground which brought out strongly the merits of the French soldier. He had also associated himself with the triumphs of France in the Italian campaign of 1859.

His abrupt speech and imperious manner denoted a proud disposition, and a character incapable of flattery or of dissimulation. But though at first his manner was not always fitted to attract, one soon learned to appreciate the noble qualities of his heart, the firmness of his will, the accuracy of his judgment, the truthfulness and grandeur of his soul.

If he did not spare his soldiers at the decisive moment, he spared himself still less, and by his example obtained from his followers truly heroic efforts.—Phillipe, Comte de Paris, in The Century.

IN MEMORY
The flags are flown half-mast today
The bugle's note is still;
We celebrate the fame of those
Who rest upon the hill.
They fought and conquered;
honor be
To those who bravely died
That freedom might prevail
with us,
And peace with us abide.

The Spirit of His Fathers



He Will Be Ready to Take Up Old Glory When His Turn Comes

TWO ENEMIES MADE ONE

A Romance of Our Civil War

THE death of Maj. Cassius E. Gilbert, in Philadelphia recalled to the Record of that city an interesting and romantic incident in the life of his soldier father-in-law, the noted General Hamilton of Columbus, Ohio. In the Civil war General Hamilton commanded a brigade in Sherman's army, being at the time one of the youngest brigadiers in the service. His command was a part of the best which, under Sherman, made the famous march to the sea.

After the army had passed through Georgia its route was deflected northward with the object of moving through the Carolinas. In North Carolina during a halt at a certain point in that state, General Hamilton was sent for by a young southern lady, the daughter of a former governor of the state, deceased, a strikingly handsome young woman and a belle. The general, whose youthful, soldierly figure was well calculated to attract the attention of the fair sex, supposed he received a plea for the protection of her property as it appeared she had been left an orphan in the possession of several large plantations, and required without delay to her residence, a stately southern mansion with a beautiful lawn and many fine old trees.

She received him with the dignity and ceremony befitting his rank, and the general saw he was in the presence of a beautiful brunette with an abundance of fire and spirit in her make-up. He expected to hear reproaches, but was agreeably surprised.



Received Him With Dignity.

to find himself mistaken. The conversation at once proceeded on her part on a line direct. "General," she said with a simple candor which at once enlisted his interest and sympathy, "all our young men, the flower of the South, have gone to the front and been killed in battle with your armies. None is left to whom we can turn, and I have sent

for you to ask you what you intend to do for us women who have been left without the hope of finding mates among our own people. There are none left whom I, speaking for myself, would care to marry. Now, what are you going to do for us?"

She looked at the general, her dark eyes seeming, as he afterward said, to be seeking to read his soul. After a short silence she came to the point direct by proposing that he should marry her. She explained that she owned large landed properties but, the slaves having been set free, she could not obtain the labor to till her lands. She needed a man to lean upon.

General Hamilton, somewhat taken aback by a proposal he had not reckoned upon, rose to the necessity of the occasion, however, and with all the gallantry and sympathy inherent in an honorable man, explained to her that there was a little woman left behind in Ohio to whom his heart was pledged and that he expected the wedding bells to ring for them when the cruel war was over, which he felt sure would be



The General Explained Matters to the Young Officer.

very soon. But he had an idea he could be of service to her, nevertheless. He informed her that there was a young colonel in his command, handsome, brave and the soul of honor, who, so far as he knew, had no ties, and if she were agreeable he would take pleasure in bringing him to her house and introducing him. The young lady signified her willingness. The general went back to headquarters, sent for the young officer and after a private conversation with him they set out for the young lady's residence. There they were received with proverbial Southern courtesy and dignity, and after the introduction and the interchange of compliments the general withdrew.

"And, do you know," said General Hamilton in after years, "that in the closing days of the war those two enemies were happily married and after the colonel was mustered out he settled there in the home of his bride and the last I heard of them they had seven children and everybody seemed to be merry and joyous on 'the old plantation.'"

Make no mistake about the place which this Decoration day of 1918 will hold in the history of the greatest republic of all time. It is one of the red-letter days in the most tremendous chapter of the world life of the American people.

HIS LAST SALUTE

Gen. Grant's Pathetic Farewell to the Brave Men Who Saved the Union.

THE magnanimity of General Grant's soul will live forever. Recently the question was put to His Eminence Cardinal Gibbons, "What is civilized warfare?" Immediately came the reply: "The war between the States." And then the aged prelate added: "Suppose General Grant had compelled General Lee and the captive Southerners to have gone to Washington and built the Union a triumphal arch, what would the world have thought? And yet, that was exactly what happened to the Jews at the fall of Jerusalem which Titus' arch commemorates."

When in the spring of 1864 the veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic knew their beloved chieftain was mortally ill, the soldiers, one and all, felt it would be a great privilege if once again they might see Grant's face. They wished to pay him some homage of sympathy, since, "A rose to the living is more than countless wreaths to the dead."

This expression of love materialized in a plan to march by his home, on Memorial day, as General Grant was then in New York city. Early on the morning of May 30 these old soldiers were awake, burnishing accoutrements and medals of honor; unfurling old battle flags.

The quick ear of Grant heard commotion in the street. His voice that had cheered on the Boys in Blue at



Statue of General Grant, in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

Vicksburg and Corinth, was now, due to his malady, unable to even ask for a cup of cold water, yet there are certain sounds which to a soldier need no interpretation; and quick as lightning Grant recognized the heavy moving step of columns falling in. He arose feebly and tottered toward the window. Notes of martial music floated out on the spring air—"Yankee Doodle," "America," "The Star-Spangled Banner," "Marching Through Georgia."

The present faded from view—the dying general sees again the smoke of Shiloh, the charge at Chattanooga, the white flag of Lee at Appomattox!

Tears come coursing down his cheeks as with upturned faces and uncovered heads he watches his old veterans file by.

Grant slowly lifts his hand in salute. It is his farewell forever to the army that had saved the Union.

All present realized that ere another Memorial day dawned Grant would be numbered among the nation's immortal dead.



ONWARD FOR HUMANITY.

Snow-white and rosy-fingered morn Speding the hosts of night, Herald a new Memorial Day, Its cohorts armed for right!

Out of the dawn's mist come wreaths Of those who our standards made, And find a nation, grim and set, Ready and unafraid.

Shame that the moras must come blood-red, Shame that men still must die, But the fight for peace is a world-wide fight, And the price of freedom, high.

Then onward! No time now for slacking or loitering, Till the cause of humanity's wrong, Till oppression is sunk in the bottomless sea, And the need of all warfare is done.

Death's Terrible Toll. At a moderate calculation there were sent into eternity during the Civil war more than a million of men, who left home in the prime of life and in health and in strength.

Millions of Men Involved. When peace was declared the number of troops engaged had mounted to 2,772,498, of which the North furnished something over two million.



Our remembrance for one day of the service of the dead is valuable only if it inspires in us, the living, their spirit of devotion.

THIS MEMORIAL DAY

Nation's Tribute to Its Heroic Dead Has a New and Greater Significance.

By HERMAN HAGEDORN, Of the Vigilantes.

IT IS fifty years now that the American people have every year laid aside their tools for a day to remember their noble dead.

This year they again lay aside their tools. This year they again gather roses and lilacs and apple blossoms and cherry blossoms and wander out to the cemeteries to decorate those old but never forgotten graves. This year they decorate them with apprehensive hearts.

This year, as in other years, they refresh in their memory the heroic deeds and sacrifices of their fathers; but they do something besides this. Recalling those deeds and those sacrifices in the bright light of new heroisms and the shadow of new sacrifices, they dedicate themselves, their hands, their minds, and their spirits, to the new struggle on which their country is embarked.

They remember American men who died fighting on old battlefields, but they remember more vividly American women and children who died on the Lustrantia.

They remember Gettysburg, and Chancellorsville, and Fredericksburg, and Chickamauga, and the Wilderness; but they remember more vividly what happened in Belgium, and France, and Serbia, and Armenia, and on the open sea.

They remember the Lost Cause and the Cause that was victorious. With high hearts they remember them, and with grateful hearts they remember the men who fought and died defending them, and the men who fought and lived and were great enough, for the sake of a united nation, at last to forgive and forget. They remember these things. But more vividly they remember that the nation which Washington created and Lincoln preserved is face to face with the most sinister foe that has yet threatened its liberty. They remember that this foe, with sly and insidious cunning, sought to confuse, corrupt, and hamstring the energy and moral will of the American people even while he sank their ships and slaughtered their fellow-citizens. They remember that by the force of his arms this foe has beaten down great Russia, subjugated Serbia, Roumania, Belgium, northern Italy and northern France.

They remember liberty, and they remember that where this foe has trod, liberty has died.

In the midst of a great war, the American people give a day to their heroic dead. They honor them in speeches and parades. They honor them with flowers and music. They are doing them no more than justice when they so honor them.

But they honor them best if with him will and fearless heart they receive that humanity's foe shall die; but that, by the strength, the courage, the endurance, the spirit of devotion and sacrifices not only of the men in khaki in blue in France and Flanders and on the sea, but of the fathers and mothers and wives, the sisters, the sweethearts, the brothers, who work and wait at home in the Great Republic of the West, Democracy shall triumph. Right shall triumph, and Liberty shall live, bringing to the world a peace that shall endure, and to men and women everywhere a happiness that shall have foundations.

Will Be With Us Many Years. Although their ranks are steadily, and even rapidly, diminishing, the old soldiers have many a march yet to make before the last of them depart for that bourne whence there is no return.