

[From Harper's Weekly.]

## Memorial Day, 1902.

### One to Spare.

It was in the early part of the war, in the summer of '61, that Jack Hillis enlisted. There was a recruiting office at Lake City. In front of this office a band was playing patriotic airs; above its roof the Stars and Stripes were flying. And there Major Seely harangued the young men.

Jack Hillis was seventeen and a month, but he was tall and large and looked twenty. So he signed his name and was accepted. It was a possibility that his mother had never imagined. She was patriotic, though she averred she belonged to the peace party. She did not believe in war. And now, not forty miles from the farm, was this loud-mouthed, shoulder-strapped fellow inveigling her boy and others into signing his papers. She would see about it.

Of Mrs. Hillis' four sons Jack was her favorite. Simon, the eldest was in business, and married. He was already making great gains on his merchandise because of the state of the country and the fears of the future. He would most assuredly not enlist.

Eben had recently graduated from a medical college. He talked loftily about going into the field as a surgeon if Uncle Sam needed him. But as a common soldier—"no, thank you."

Next there was Joe. It was the general opinion in the family and the neighborhood that Joe was good because he lacked strength of character to be otherwise. No one knew his deficiency better than did his mother. He had always been the stupid one of the family. He was the drudge for his mother and brothers.

Jack, the youngest of the quartette of sons, was the darling of the house. He was the brightest of the family. And now he had enlisted!

On the evening of the day that Major Seely had released Jack, Joe was coming home from the Raynor farmhouse. The Hillis and the Raynor farms joined. Jennie Raynor met Joe in the shadow of a hedge. Of all the girls in the neighborhood Jennie was the only one who had been kind to Joe. On this evening, after talking over Jack for some time, Joe said:

"If I should enlist I don't believe mother would try to get me off."

Jennie hesitated. She felt that Joe spoke the truth. After a pause she continued, "But you won't enlist, Joe?"

"I don't know; I'd rather volunteer than be drafted. I don't like the idea of being driven out to be shot at."

"Do you think the war's going to last long?"

"I don't know. If it does I'm going."

"Oh, Joe!" and Jennie's face was very white.

Joe, watching her, felt his heart give a great leap and then stand still. Could it be possible? He, the stupid of the family, the blockhead of the neighborhood, and she, the prettiest, the brightest and the best girl in the world!

There was a silence for a minute, then Jennie said she must go home. Joe detained her by the very slightest touch on her sleeve. "Would you



care, Jennie? If I go to the war or if I stay at home, do you care?"

"Yes, Joe, I care very much," Jennie answered, with flushing cheeks and downcast eyes.

She lifted her eyes. Joe's face was

very near her own. The twilight was deepening. Their lips met, and each felt that this was their betrothal.

And so it came to pass that within less than six months from the time of the chance meeting in the shadow of the hedge Joe Hillis came home from Bradley looking very thoughtful. After supper he said:

"I enlisted today, and I'm going into camp the first of next week. I belong to Terry's cavalry."

"Joe, why have you done this?" his father asked.

"For the same reason that other men are doing the same thing; besides, it looks to me as if a family of five men ought to produce at least one soldier."

"Yes, it does look that way," his mother said, in a hard, unnatural tone; "and I don't see how any of the rest could be spared. I hope you'll keep your wits about you, and try to

understand what's said to you, and not bring any—"

she hesitated, came near saying "more," but finished, "any discredit on us."

"I'll do my best, mother, as I always do."

After Joe was gone he was missed by the home folks because of the work he had done. His older brothers found it a continual joke that Joe had gone to be a soldier.

There were letters, dutiful and kindly, from Joe to his father and mother. After a time he mentioned skirmishes and battles he had been in. Once he was wounded and wrote from a hospital. His name was in the newspaper lists. After seeing his name in print Joe's family knew that he was no longer a private. He was mentioned as Lieutenant Joseph Hillis. There was a general pause in the family conversation.

The mother said, "Since he was the only one that could be spared, I'm glad he's doing so well."

It was Sunday afternoon, and all the Hillis family were at the farm. There was a step on the porch. Mr. Hillis arose and met at the door a man in soldier-blue. His face was pale and thin and his right arm was in a sling.

"You don't know me?" he said, smiling; and then Mr. Hillis recognized Jim Smalley, who had gone into the army with Joe. He was warmly welcomed, but he responded coldly.

Jack said, "Well, I say, Jim, isn't our Joe coming out in fine feather? You see him once in awhile, even if he is an officer, don't you?"

"Yes, yes, I see him sometimes."

"Do you think he'll be a brigadier-general before long?" Eben asked, laughing.

"No, I guess not," Smalley answered. "But he's got the title of hero if ever a man got it, and he'll keep it, too. Future histories will mention how Lieutenant Hillis, when officer after officer was shot down, steadily kept the men under control, prevented a retreat, and at last led them, bearing the colors himself, and captured the battery that was doing so much harm—"

"Then he'll be captain or something higher?" Jack exclaimed, eagerly, and springing from his chair.

"No, he won't be anything," Smalley said, sadly.

"But why?" Mrs. Hillis asked, sharply.

"Because, Mrs. Hillis, I came to tell you—we thought it would be better—and I got a furlough—and—I brought Joe home with me, and—"

There was the sound of slow-moving wheels at the gate. The father, from where he sat, looked through the open door. There was a hearse at the gate, draped with the Stars and Stripes.

"And did he remember us? Did he send any messages?" Mrs. Hillis sobbed.

"Yes, he remembered; he mentioned you especially. He said I should tell you that he was glad it was himself instead of either one of the other boys; that he was sure he could be best spared. But Joe was always modest."

Best spared! Mrs. Hillis recalled her own words. He could be spared at the time he went away, and the others were so precious. But never to see him again! This patient, silent, unappreciated son!

The manner of Joe's death was told over his remains, and each year as Memorial Day comes little children hear the story of the young soldier whose grave is marked by a tall monument and a flagstaff where the colors are always flying.

When the Antietam . . . . . WAS RED WITH BLOOD

Doubly sacred to the hearts of many Western families are the waters of Antietam, because those waters were crimsoned by the blood of fathers, brothers, husbands and sons during one of the most sanguinary battles of the Civil War. The sketches herewith given will be of special interest to the veterans of the Eighth Illinois Cavalry, the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Fifth, Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Twentieth and Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry; the Seventh, Fourteenth, Nineteenth and Twentieth Indiana Volunteers, and the Second, Third, Sixth and Seventh Wisconsin Volunteer Infantry, for they were all most terribly mixed up in the many bloody encounters of the 16th and 17th of September, 1862, along the Antietam from Hagerstown to Sharpsburg.

God alone knows who owned the good right arm, that was found in the cornfield, but it probably belonged to one of General Sedgwick's commands, who made their famous charge through the cornfield just north and east of the historic Dunker Church, for it was plowed up in this field five years after the battle, and has been since that time in the office of Drs. D. Fahrney and son, of Hagerstown, Md. Its wonderful state of preservation cannot be accounted for, as a chemical analysis of the soil in which it was found shows no preserving or mummifying qualities.

The old mill and falls near the stone bridge was the scene of a bloody conflict between the Federals, who were defending Hagerstown, and the Confederates, who were endeavoring to gain possession of the town. It is said the slaughter of horse and men was such at this cavalry fight that the Antietam ran blood for several hours below these falls. The ground in this locality, especially along the banks of the stream, is almost solid rock, and the blood ran rapidly into the creek.

There is a gentleman in Chicago, having an office in the Board of Trade Building, who was a major in the Federal army and provost marshal of Hagerstown at that time.

Just over the hill back of the little brick house is a female academy from the balcony of which the Confederate sharpshooters were firing upon the Union officers down in the city, and there are to this day many musket balls bedded in the walls around the public square at the crossing of Washington and Potomac streets.

The Eighth Illinois Cavalry was engaged in these skirmishes, and many members of that organization, which was under command of Colonel W. Gamble, will call to mind the hot time in that old town.

Africa promises to rival South America and the West Indies as a producer of cocoa.

The author who hopes to get returns must enclose postage.

## WAR STORIES TOLD BY VETERANS

"It was at Cedar Creek, Virginia, that a circumstance happened to a comrade and myself which goes to prove that words spoken at certain times can produce awe where guns fall," said Leroy Hanna, who served in Company L, of the Second Connecticut Heavy Artillery, to an old comrade. Continuing Mr. Hanna said:

"We had been guarding a ford for several days, and had had several skirmishes with the Confederates, in which we lost a number of our men. On the morning of October 12 a comrade named 'Jack' Dorstman and myself were sent to make a detour through the foothills and try to discover a good road for an advance. "We had proceeded about a mile from the camp, when without a moment's warning we came face to face with seven rebels, all heavily armed and on the lookout for us. It was a tight place, and meant either capture or death, for we could not hope to cope with seven. Just as the foremost rebel brought his piece to his shoulder an idea came to me like a flash. Throwing up my left arm with the palm of my hand extended outward, I exclaimed: 'Hold! Surrender! The Sixth Corps is in the mountains and if you shoot you seal your own doom.'"

"It must have been the dramatic fire I put into these words that had the effect of awing them, for one by one they lowered their guns and we made them captives. We took their guns, bent them between two trees and threw them into the bushes. When all their pieces had been confiscated we marched our prisoners into camp and then started out again. This time we had traversed about two miles when we came upon a road orderly who was riding like the wind. Dorstman sprang into the middle of the road and commanded him to halt and surrender. Instead of obeying he leveled his gun, but for some reason it missed fire. Dorstman fired, but missed him. Then he shouted to me: 'Shoot him, you fool.' I did so, and ever afterward I regretted it. He was the only man that to my knowledge I wounded or killed during my term of service."

"I was in forty-two engagements and was scared every time," remarked Colonel George B. Van Norman, of the Eight Wisconsin Regiment to a number of his comrades. Colonel W. B. Britton spoke up, saying: "Van, you are an honest man; go ahead and tell us something about the Eighth." "At Corinth, Miss., I got the biggest scare of my life," said Colonel Van Norman. "It was the day Price and Van Dorn undertook to capture Corinth from General Rosecrans. The Confederates had drawn up very close to our line—so close, in fact, that at every volley several of our men would fall. About this time I had advanced with my old 'Harper's Ferry' musket and stood crouching behind a stump, from which point of vantage I was loading and firing as fast as I could. Then the Confederates began advancing in a heavy line. Colonel G. W. Robbins had just been wounded and had retired from the field. The next volley caught Major Jefferson, and he was carried off the field in a dying condition. I was so busy firing that I did not hear the order to retreat. Then I looked around, but could see only one Union soldier, Jewell Walker, of Company E, and he was standing behind a tree and firing at the advancing enemy. I asked him where our comrades were. He said they must have been ordered to retreat. By this time the 'Johnnies' were very close and advancing rapidly. I turned to Walker and said: 'Let's shoot and run.' Talk about a fellow being scared to death! Well, when we began to run and the bullets began to whizz over our heads we ducked at every sound, whether the bullet was within a foot or ten feet of our heads. Any man who says he was not frightened some time in battle must have been in the hospital most of the time."

"Tell us the story about the sailor and the plum pudding," said Colonel John S. Cooper to Jesse Sherwood, as he and a few others were spinning war stories at the Grand Army headquarters.

"I was on board the United States steamship Somerset during the Civil War," said Mr. Sherwood. "We had headquarters at Key West. Among the many notable things that came under my observation was the capture of the British steamer Circassian off the coast of Cuba, Sunday, May 4, 1862. She was the richest prize captured during the war. On that particular morning while cruising off Matanzas, Cuba, we had chased two steamers showing suspicious black smoke, but they gave us the slip. A little later the lookout sung out, and there, lying close to the Cuban coast, was a steamer. Our commander ordered the Confederate stars and bars run up to mislead the officers of the steamer. In a few minutes she steamed toward us. When near enough the commander shouted: 'What ship is that?' The answer

came: 'The British steamer Circassian, from Bordeaux, France.'

"Then our captain ordered them to heave to, at the same time dropping the Confederate stars and bars and running up the Stars and Stripes to the masthead. The taunting challenge was flung from the English boat: 'Catch us if you can.'

"In five minutes every man was at his post, and a shell from a nine-inch pivot gun had been sent through the rigging of the fleeing steamer. The fourth shot exploded in her topmast rigging just as a steward was in the act of carrying a plum pudding down below. When the shot burst he dropped the pudding and hung himself down. He was still picking up pieces of pudding when the captain surrendered and hauled down his colors. Then we towed her to Key West."

J. G. Beckley, who served with the Fourth Michigan Volunteers, told how a calf scared 100 Union soldiers.

He said: "We were down in West Virginia, about 100 of us detached from our regiment and doing special duty looking for stray guerrillas who were continually running through our lines, administering a blow and then running away. Not any of us had been within gunshot of the firing line and few had talked to one who had. However, just as often as we bivouacked we were frightened."

"One morning rumor came that a big squad of guerrilla cavalry had been seen the night before only a short distance ahead of us. We were not out to retreat, even though we were so afraid of our lives that we all wished we had never enlisted, so we kept moving. Suddenly a terrible galloping was heard just in front of us and beyond a small hill. We thought it was a cavalry charge and formed to meet it."

"It fell to my lot to kneel down in front with my bayonet pointed at an angle to receive the charge of the enemy. Men all about me were in similar postures, I suppose, but I knew nothing but the steady gallop, gallop of the thousand hoofs that would soon pound the life out of me. I gritted my teeth to await the charge, though I quaked as with the ague. I recall the man next me saying, 'Good-bye, old fellow.'"

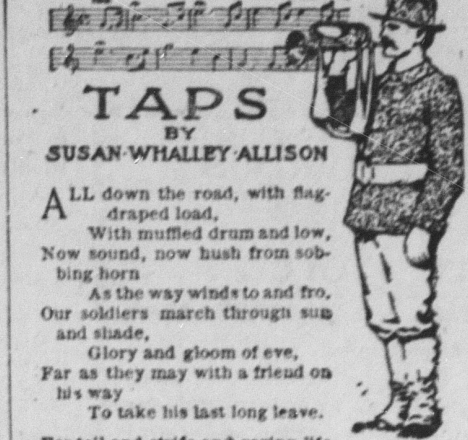
"I began to wonder why the charge wasn't made and over with. Just as I began to get brave the pounding hoofs sounded again. 'Steady, men; don't move,' cautioned our leader. Then prancing over the top of the hill came a good-for-nothing brindle calf."

Father of Memorial Day.

When the few gray-haired veterans of the great war for the Union meet together in annual observance of Memorial Day few bear in mind that the day itself as a part of the national life is the result of the inspirations of the greatest of all the volunteer soldiers who fought for the flag, General John Alexander Logan, of Illinois. Few, indeed, of those not associated with the organization of old soldiers remember this. But such is the fact.

Fame That is Deathless.

The Hero mingles with the dust, But Glory shrines his deathless fame; The tomb receives its hallowed trust, But unborn ages breathe his name! Yes, mighty dead! In every breast Thou still shalt live, to memory dear; This turf, by virgin footsteps prest, Shall witness Sorrow's dewy tear!



## TAPS

BY SUSAN WHALLEY ALLISON

All down the road, with flag-draped load,  
With muffled drum and low,  
Now sound, now hush from sobbing horn,  
As the way winds to and fro,  
Our soldiers march through sun and shade,  
Glory and gloom of eve,  
Far as they may with a friend on his way  
To take his last long leave.

For toll and strife and roving life  
He loved the soldier's lot,  
Breathed full and deep where prairies sweep,  
And the world is bounded not,  
All uncounsed as the sailing wind,  
His soul launched forth to roam,  
But it neared the strand of his childhood land,  
And he longed for his Father's home.

Now lay his head on the cool soft bed,  
That soothes as a mother's breast,  
For the sod is the soldier's fitting couch,  
And he loves to lie and rest  
Where pale stars shine o'er the musing pine,  
And the moon rides through the boughs,  
While the bugle-call of "Taps" doth fall,  
So soft he may not rouse:  
Comrade, cheer!  
Dost thou wake?  
On thy sight  
See you bright  
Morning break!  
Comrade dear,  
Night is here!  
There the light!

Then home they march, 'neath the darkening arch,  
For the sun hath left the sky;  
The dogwood white with a ghostly light  
Starts forth as they hasten by,  
And the hemlock stands with skeleton hands,  
Stretched up to the last red ray,  
And the night descends, and its peace portend  
The dawn of a brighter day.

Hiram Snyder.

The author of "Little Journeys to the Homes of American Statesmen" tells a story of the Civil War, when the days dragged gloomily, in anticipation of news from the front, and when grief was likely to overtake any who had boys in the ranks. He says:

One night the postmaster was reading aloud the names of the killed at Gettysburg, and he ran right on to the name of a youth we knew. The boy's father sat there on a nail-keg, chewing a straw. The postmaster, for his sake, tried to shuffle over the name, and hurry on to the next.

"Hi!" said the father. "Wha-what's that you said?"

There was nothing to do but to face the issue, and the postmaster repeated with a forced calmness:

"Killed—Snyder, Hiram."

The boy's father stood up with a jerk. Then he sat down. Then he stood up again, staggered to the door, and fumbled for the latch like a blind man.

"God help him!" said the postmaster, wiping his eyes with his red handkerchief; "he's gone to tell the old woman."

The minister preached a funeral sermon for the boy and on the little pyramid that marked the family lot, in the burying-ground, they carved the inscription:

"Killed in honorable battle, Hiram Snyder, aged nineteen."

Not long afterward, strange weird, bearded men, in faded blue, began to arrive. Great welcomes were given them, and many a big gathering was held in their honor. At one such gathering, a ghost appeared, a lank, saffron ghost, ragged as a scarecrow, wearing the cape of a cavalryman's overcoat, with no coat beneath.

The apparition was a youth of about twenty, with a downy beard all over his face, and a countenance well-mellowed with coal soot, as if he had ridden several days on the top of a freight car near the engine. The ghost was Hiram Snyder.

We forgave him the shock of surprise he had caused us, all except the minister, who had preached his funeral sermon. Years afterward I heard the minister remark, in a solemn and aggrieved tone:

"Hiram Snyder is a man who can not be relied upon!"



In Memory of a Nation's Heroes