

# THE WAR EAGLE.

BY MARY L. AUSTIN.



IN the summer of 1861 the call came for troops to preserve the Union. None responded more promptly than the boys from Wisconsin.

The company which formed at Eau Claire became the proud possessor of a

engagement when our men began to lose ground the eagle, seeing the danger, with a mighty effort broke the restraining cord, and flying directly into the Confederate lines flapped his wings in the face of the enemy and uttered his piercing screams till they broke in confusion and fled, when our conquering hero returned in triumph to his friends.



OLD ABE,  
THE WAR EAGLE.

The case is on record where a Confederate soldier deserted to the Union ranks, giving as his reason that he could not fight against the American eagle.

In the memorable battle of Jackson,

He occupied a prominent position in Agricultural Hall at the Philadelphia Centennial, where he was constantly surrounded with crowds of admirers. During the winter of 1878-79 he spent two delightful months in Boston in the interest of the Old South Church.

Old Abe was a magnificent bird. His wings measured six feet and a half from tip to tip; his plumage was a beautiful chocolate with a golden lustre, his tail white with black spots, and his head and neck a pure white.

P. T. Barnum offered \$20,000 for him, but the proposition was never seriously considered.

Intelligent, affectionate and devoted to his friends, our feathered hero was quick to resent an insult, and woe to the stranger who dared to trifle with his dignity.

The king of birds came from a long lived race. Eagles have been known to live 100 years, and Old Abe might still be with us had it not been for a fire at the capitol, near his cage. The bird's cries brought help, and he was taken to a place of safety, but it was too late. The smoke which he inhaled affected his lungs, and he went into a rapid decline, and died March 26, 1881, in the arms of his devoted attendant.

The news of his death was received with universal regret, and war-scarred veterans were not ashamed of their old comrade.

The taxidermist exerted his utmost skill in preserving the majestic poise of the head and graceful curve of the neck so familiar to those who knew Old Abe in life, and he can now be seen in the War Museum in the capitol at Madison, an object of unflinching interest to the tourist.—The Four-Track News.

### 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 inspiration of the greatest of all 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.

# Two Kinds of Courage.



### MEMORIAL DAY

was at hand. The smallest child sat down and began to cry. Her tumbled yellow curls had pushed to one side her white nurse's cap, and in spite of the red cross sewn upon her sleeve she was as scared and miserable as a little five-year-old girl could be.

"Oh, I hate war! I hate war!" she wailed, while the commander-in-chief, Julius Wellington, aged ten, stood and looked at her in scorn.

"I wouldn't be such a baby, Madge!" he cried, sharply, but Madge sobbed on until grandma came out on the piazza.

"Now, Julius," she said, "tell me what you were doing to make your little cousin cry so."

"Why, grandma," Julius answered, promptly, "we were just charging up San Juan Hill and Bertie was wounded—severely wounded. So I told Gerle and Madge—they're the Red Cross nurses, you know—that he couldn't live more'n a minute or two, 'cause he

"Don't you remember how afraid she was of that great yellow dog next door? Yet she ran out and drove him away to save her kitten's life. What you've said makes me think of something that happened years and years ago, and maybe when I tell you the story you'll understand that there can be two kinds of courage."

Madge snuggled her head into the comfortable curve of grandma's shoulder, the other little nurse came to lean against her knee, and the boys seated themselves on the steps below.

"I am going to tell you about a little girl who lived in Tennessee. Madge reminds me of her, for she has just the same yellow curls, and the same way of being frightened at fighting and blood. Her big brother used to tease her and tell her she would never be brave.

"Margaret was about twelve years old when the Civil War broke out and our dear country was broke in two. Her father was dead, her big brother had ridden away to fight for his cause and Margaret was left to care for her mother, who was sick and worried. Most of the servants were gone, and the old house was full of loneliness and dreary thoughts to poor Margaret.

"One evening Margaret saw a man coming slowly across the snow cov-

The sun had grown crimson while grandma was telling her tale.

"Red sky at night, Sailors' delight," she said, as she rose to go indoors.

"We'll have a bright Memorial Day tomorrow. Now, don't quarrel any more, dears."

Julius turned to Madge, "Nurse," he said, "after all, this soldier has only one leg broken, but you must take good care of him so he can march in the parade tomorrow."

And Nurse Madge, gathering up the bandages, answered bravely, "All right, general!"—Charlotte Cuthbert Roberts, in the Youth's Companion.



In Memory.  
Little feet come gather round  
Where the soldier's grave is found.  
Little fingers crown his rest  
With the flowers you love best.

Memorial Day.  
Old, old men in carriages, trundling  
along so slow;  
Old, old men amarching, with the  
spirit of long ago;  
Old, old flags furled straightly, dream-  
ing of sword and shell;  
All that is left of the old war, save  
the tale the historians tell.

Young men marching briskly, all in  
their khaki brown,  
Heroes of Santiago or far Manila  
town.  
Wounded, they never weakened. They  
suffered and yet they sang,  
And over the land long shackled the  
hymns of freedom rang!

O white heads bowed and feeble—O  
brown heads high and proud,  
We love you and pray God bless you!  
we who stand in the crowd,  
And we thank the merciful Father  
that all our history through,  
He has given us such a memory and  
such a hope as you!

—Youth's Companion.



The Soldiers of the Past.

I.  
Strew garlands on their moulded clay,  
The men of days gone by.  
In hallowed ground they rest today  
Beneath the summer sky.  
No stain was on the flag they bore,  
These men who wore the blue,  
And proudly did the eagle soar  
Above their ranks so true.

II.  
None blush today for and deed  
Done by those hero bands—  
The men of every race and creed,  
Who gave their hearts and hands.  
No blood-red stain of murder done  
Rests on their banners now,  
Each dreams in peace o'er victories  
won,  
Where valor kept its vow.

III.  
Yes, fairest flowers will deck each  
grave,  
And tender hands will lay  
The garden's treasures o'er the brave  
This Decoration Day.  
No tears for them, but tears of shame  
For what the living do,  
Whose deeds have blurred the Na-  
tion's fame  
And stained the coat of blue.  
J. P. O'M.



TELLING DECORATION DAY REMINISCENCES  
TO HER GRANDCHILDREN.

had both legs and arms shot off, and a bullet hole somewhere else in his body, and then Madge began to cry and say she didn't want Bertie to die. She's a little 'fraid-cat!"

"Julius Wellington! I'm not a 'fraid-cat 'tall!" cried Madge, in eager defense. "Only I didn't want to play Brother Bertie was dead, and I hate to see blood."

"But that's not being brave, is it, grandma?" Bertie asked. "Julius says it's an honor to die for your country, and besides, I was going to have a

ered lawn, and she ran downstairs to open the door. Perhaps her brother had come back, she thought, but as the lamplight fell upon him she saw that his uniform was dark blue, and that the right side was drenched with a color she hated to see.

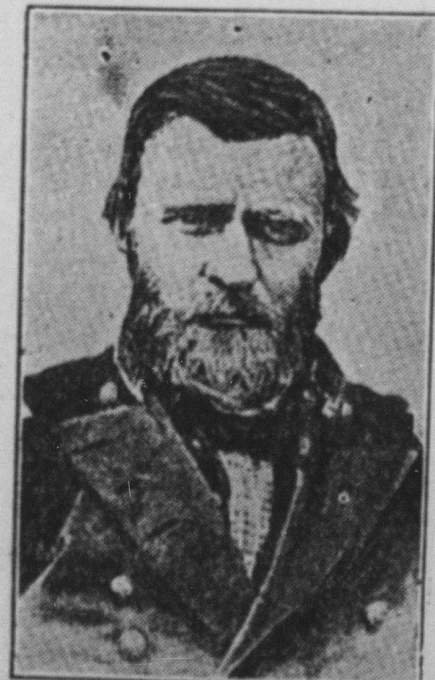
"He looked even younger than her brother, and when she saw how weak he was she forgot the blood and the uniform and called for the servants to help her. They laid him on the wide spare room bed, then Margaret struggled on her jacket and hat and rode through the dark and cold for the nearest doctor.

"For five weeks the soldier lay ill. All that time Margaret helped to nurse him, and when he went back to the army he kissed her and said 'Good-bye, my dear little sister. When the war is over I will surely come back to see you.'

"He did go back, and he found Margaret more alone than ever. The old home was broken up, her mother was dead and her brother never came back from the war. So he brought the little girl who had done so much to save his life to our home, for this soldier was my youngest brother.

"They came in May, just such blue, sunshiny weather as today. We were celebrating our first Memorial Day, I remember, and Margaret helped us with the wreaths and flowers.

"Margaret was always 'little sister,' and years after, on another Memorial Day, she married a soldier. She was Madge's grandmother. That's where Madge gets her curls and her name and what you call 'fraidcatness.' And I am sure that when the time comes she will show just the same kind of courage."



GENERAL GRANT.

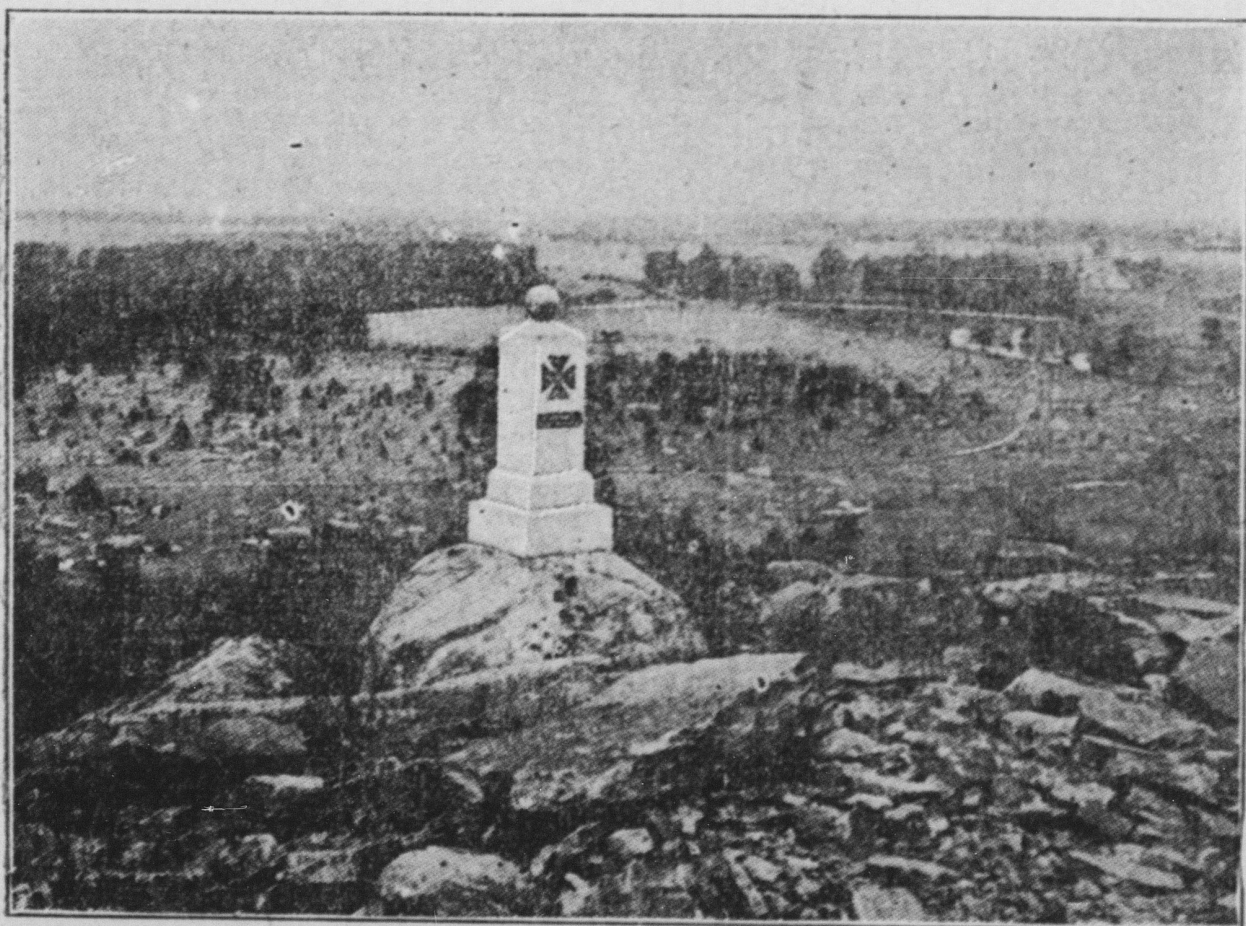
military funeral tomorrow, so she needn't have felt so bad, after all."

"I don't think girls ought to play they're army nurses if they get scared," added Lieutenant Louie.

"No, they oughtn't," said the commander-in-chief, firmly. "We've got to practice up for tomorrow, and if Madge can't play right she needn't play at all."

The tears were gathering once more in Madge's eyes when grandma spoke. The old lady had been looking beyond the tree tops into the far away days of her youth.

"Julius, my dear, I can't believe that Madge is a coward," she said.



GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD.

Big and Little Round Top From Emmittsburgh Road.

But Old Abe must be shot or taken prisoner at any cost, saying he would either capture that bird than a whole brigade. A continuous fire was directed toward him, and a minnie ball hit the string that confined him to his perch. He soared far away and disappeared in the heavens, but after a few moments his friends were greatly relieved to see him returning to his accustomed place. He was regarded with awe and dread by the opposing forces, and it is related that in one

Miss., the soldier bird was in the front ranks with his regiment, and he bore his part in the terrible siege of Vicksburg.

Old Abe, with his heavy perch, was no light weight to be borne aloft through all the vicissitudes of war, but, though the soldiers often suffered for food, it was seldom that Old Abe went hungry, for the whole regiment would sometimes turn out to catch a rabbit for his supper.

The brilliant victory at Hurricon Creek, La., August 23, 1864, was a fitting termination to our hero's military career. He had been in the thick of the fight in twenty-five severe battles and as many skirmishes, but had never lost one drop of his royal blood.

When the term of enlistment had expired and the eagle company was mustered out, the question naturally arose as to what should be done with the soldier bird. After some discussion it was voted to present him to the State of Wisconsin. Three years before, when entering upon new and untried experiences, he had excited great curiosity and interest, but his journey home, his head grown white in his country's service, was a triumphal march. He was received at Madison by Governor Lewis with appropriate ceremonies on September 26, 1864, and given a room at the capitol.

From that time until his death he was in constant demand at soldiers' reunions and public demonstrations, where he was always the centre of attraction. He attended the Sanitary Fair in Chicago in the winter of '64, and later the Soldiers' Home Fair at Milwaukee, where the sale of his pictures, sketch of his life, quills, etc., netted large sums of money for the soldiers' relief fund.

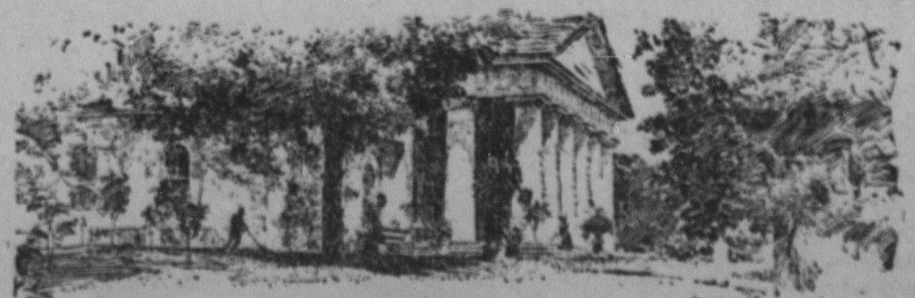
### Origin of the Day.

The origin of Memorial Day lies with the origin of the Grand Army of the Republic, in 1866, the year following the close of the war. The first post thereof was organized at Decatur, Ill., April 6, 1866. In May of that year the ceremony of decorating the graves of the soldier dead was carried out to a limited extent, but the movement was not given full force until the meeting of the first national encampment at Indianapolis, November 29, 1886. Here Memorial Day may be said to have been really given birth. Observed in a small way at first, it has gradually grown in extent and honor until now there is but one day in the calendar which it ranks equally with in patriotic minds—July 4.



OLD ABE

IN THE GRAND ARMY PARADE.



ARLINGTON MANSION,  
Arlington National Cemetery, Washington, D. C.