MEMORIAL DAY REMINISCENCES

The Trumpet's Patriotic Blast---Romance of Two Wars---Interesting Tales of Departed Heroes ---Something of El Caney and Our Recent Spanish Foemen---The Fortunes and Vicissitudes of War and the Triumphs and Power of Peace.

Sweet, long and clear o'er grassy mound
The bugle wakes the sleepers lone;
Each veteran's heart leaps at the sound,
Thrilled by the memory of its song.

At dawn it gives a cheery call,
"Awake, awake, ye heroes true!"
A hushed field responds, and all
In hope their patriot pledge renew.

It swells again on morning breeze,
Now shrill and strong, now tender, low,
To drill and rouse it brings with ease
The sons o'er whom its accents flow.

And then the brazen shriek,
"To arms!"
The deadly fire, the smoke and heat,
Yet through the clash of war's alarms
That far flung music clear and sweet.

"Form!" and "Charge!" and "Halt!" it trills.
Then back to camp the sad lines creep,
And silenced all the throats fills
When "taps" has lulled the boys to sleep.

And when one falleth here and there,
Stilled in the conflict or the rout,
Above the soldier's grave a prayer
And then the trumpet's voice, "Lights out!"

So went the day, so came the night,
So spoke the trumpet's silver throat.
The army felt its wonderous might
And fashioned fortune by the note.

Through quiet days, through clanging strife,
"Clock of the camp" from sun to sun,
It sounds again with strong and life
Where veterans sleep, their life work done.

CHARLES MOREAU HARDER.

FIVE FORKS AND EL CANEY.

A Romance Covering Two Wars, By Ross C. Riches.

[Copyright, 1899, by the Author.]

MEMORIAL DAY, 1899 found the Grand Army men, the high school pupils and the citizens generally throughout the country gathered in large numbers in the Forest Hill cemetery to make the round of the dead who have died since the last such a patriotic festival. After the formal ceremonies by the order of the soldiers' chief were over and all soldiers' graves had been visited by two hundred score in all directions among the graves and thickets in the cemetery, a number of the veterans and scholars might have been seen to place the pots and baskets of flowers upon graves of the fallen heroes. Among the latter were Harold Bennet, a freshman at Harvard, and for the first time, one of the soldiers of the primary company he had recently joined. Many of the younger veterans there knew Harold and were surprised to have him of their party to-day, but suggestion and inquiries soon had the story of the young man's death and for the first time, each of the soldiers of the primary company felt the sting of the great crime had been left behind. Carrying a vase filled with flowers, Harold stepped off the beaten path and, with a sigh, placed the flowers upon the grave of Gerard Bennet, the soldier of Company A, Fourth Virginia battery, who had fought out of arms of the nation in two flavors of red, white and blue. On the other grave, over which Harold stood a little longer, was placed a pale pink rose over the bronze and a dove.

Just beyond the grave, the colonel of regiment at the dawning of the day, so bright for him, in many words he had told of the deeds of Harold and Gerard, but there were many listeners beside.

"Father," said Harold, "I have a confession to make. I was an eavesdropper many years ago, when you told the children how you shot Mr. Hyde-Brown."

"Tis nothing, my boy, to what you shall hear today. Gerard lived, your father, you buried here, and I killed him, also you."

His voice was stilled by the emotion of the old, who grasped his hand silently, but could not speak. The boy, he said, after a struggle, and the story was in without further interruption.

"Gerard Tudor was my classmate and friend at Harvard, as you boys have been and as like a brother. He was a moderately able student, he was not at all as ever, I boasted at times of being. He loved the library of another friend and classmate, Richard Hyde-Brown, and said that his love for her alone kept him from running the race in 1861 to fight for the Confederacy. At that time he was only 17 then. Well, the war went on, and, although we disputed often, Gerard stuck to his text. At last I volunteered in Harvard's own regiment, the second Massachusetts, and joined the gallant Gerard in the good fight, very early, cecilia, in a year or so, and while we were day on the battlefield.

"Gerard, you remember, I met you when the second Massachusetts mustered," said Harold, his thoughts on the regiment and the days of long ago.

"Yes, I thought to forget, to bury the war, since it forced me to kill a friend, a brother, the boy I loved as a brother had declared and with him Katherine Mason. It was a time to Oliver, her brother, and our friend. And he

"WE WERE COMRADES."

proved that he would close him down like a dog, if he ever found him alive." He passed, overcome with emotion.

"Gerard and I were sitting side by side when the shot came. We fought on until every day of that year, 1864, and at the close of the battle of Five Forks. Our regiment charged, then upon the flank of the Confederate breastworks, and until we reached Pegram's Virginia battery, there was lost many, but our company pushed forward and drove back many to clear the way for advance. Suddenly I saw a Confederate rise up from the fight and shoot Gerard, leaped of a gory sword straight at my advance, a sword and a hundred of my brave men stood as Gerard fell down, and, although he was so wounded, he raised my revolver and shot him down.

"Gerard stood motionless, gazing at the instruction as the Virginia grey, white Gerard remained overcome with emotion.

"Gerald finally now, John Bennet recovered. Well, we charged and carried the day, and I searched to find my fallen friend. He was alive and gave me. It was a sad meeting, but he was not dangerously wounded. Gerard, he said, I have avenged you and Katherine." I turned to Gerard. "What of her?" "She is dead. My child with death." "You married her, then? I cried. "Yes," said Gerard, "I married her as well to her." he said. "We settled in New York. The day I was an old friend from home, who had been in the Confederate ranks and fought for the south. Not daring to face Katherine, I said he's a brother of all that I loved and was not of note. Ah, John! This war! This war!"

"And then? I questioned horrifiedly. "And dad, and I, boat, left a baby boy, and now I am going, too, old man. Write me when the war is over, if you can." The effort was almost too much for him, but after a few minutes he continued: "Katherine lies in the red hill. Find her grave and place my bottle for, for the sake of those whom I love in New England, the only grave one of my life. All else has been wild, also, how wild! Bury my bottle for, but, after you find her grave with roses and with lilies, let none be scattered with thorns as will so my soul in the hereafter. Write to Oliver, I ask, to say my boy, for I forgive you this hour of pain and death."

John Bennet stood speechless and looked first at the roses and the lilies and then at Gerard as if to say, "I have kept my word." Then he spoke aloud to Gerard's verdict, if come, with a hearty endorse, and clinking his bottle to the boy, he said, "you have been all that to me."

A bugle sounded the call of assembly, and the veteran stood to attention. Harold and Gerard, "My carte has been prepared and no grief is over," said Gerard to the boy, "I have lived for this when I was two years old. I was in Massachusetts and I was in Virginia, and I was in battle for the Wilderness, Five Forks and Appomattox and by Lincoln while for carry the

"I SHOT HIM DOWN."

hat in the air as a signal agreed upon for his comrades to advance. He led the charging line and was the first to cross the Spanish trenches, but when the victory was with Harold did he appear. His arm was much hurt. He had lost a foot but back from the cactus rope, killed by the volley which had wounded his brother in the leg. The top had fattened Gerard, for he feared that his cautious would be fatal, and he ordered to be at hand to his side of need.

Together John Bennet and Gerard Bennet carried the wounded to a place and brought Harold's remains from Cuba. They were met at the steamer's wharf by a delegation of Grand Army men, who had prepared to do public honor to the dead hero of El Caney. Gerard John Bennet said: "If it was as it was to tell, when you wanted to honor me as the hero of Five Forks, I will think that I had only performed my duty, a dreadful duty, I know. It made me take the life of a friend. My boy sorrow my day when he gave his life for a friend."

When alone again he said to Gerard: "The account of Jackson's second Bennet was brought to the attention of the dead shell attack, and the blood of that living flow in one stream forever."

Memorial day, 1899, finds the graves at the little plot in the vale to decorate with flowers by each where and then, when Gerard John Bennet, the boy soldier and a son of a dead soldier pledge to the chosen hands nothing less for their country's blessed, and joining in their hearts the sentiment of the Great Commander, "Let us have peace."

THE TRUMPET OF PEACE.

In a southern vale where the cypress grows
And magnolias smile on the blushing rose,
Where a stream meanders slow to the sea
Mid five friendly hills and a verdurous lea.
There hate and fury once were rife
And north met south in deadly strife.

But now they repose 'neath the verdant grass
Both blue and grey and the vanquished long hail low.
And the serpent hiss south which rah
A kinder, kinder, more lovely lullaby.
And peace profound reigns now where then
Not in the pride of war's array.

No more now remains of that bloody strife
Of that conflict of heroes, that waste of life,
Save the grassy mounds that silently tell
Of the harvest of death in this sweet vale
Unless perchance some sorrowing stray
There to deplore that fatal day.

Oh, never sayth now a brother's hand
Be raised against a brother within our land.
But over their harmony, love and peace
Let angels hovering, shed their fleeces,
For peace hath triumphs greater far
Than all the conquests of war.

MINNIE MACDONALD.

THE FORTUNES OF WAR.

Events in 1864 and Their Fruit in May, 1899.

It was November, 1864. The Sixty-fourth Illinois was marching infantry, under the command of Colonel Louis Johnson, had only a few weeks before been mustered in at Springfield, Ill., from home, in the same Estate.

When Sherman began his march to the sea, the Sixty-fourth was all with drawn from Dalton, leaving the Forty-fourth U. S. C. I. as the sole garrison of the place. The Sixty-fourth Illinois came into Dalton loaded with troops whose term of service had expired and with wounded who had been sent to go forward with their regiments. They brought news of the destruction of Atlanta and of Sherman's departure for an unknown destination. They told of the rapidly movement of Hood's Confederate army toward the north, with objects upon Nashville and possibly upon Louisville and Cincinnati.

Scarcely had the train departed toward Cleveland, Tenn., that word was brought from one of our pickets on the southeast of Dalton that a flag of truce had come to with a request to see the commanding officer. Colonel Johnson directed the captain and me to accompany him.

The officer in charge of the flag of truce was General Isham G. Harris of Tennessee, who was a colonel and upon the staff of General Hood.

General Harris I have forgotten what his rank was or if he had one, gave could that the flag of truce had been sent for the purpose of demanding the surrender of Dalton, and gave to Dalton, in order to save the needless destruction of human life. He gave his word of honor that if the offer were accepted Hood was present and that the total capitulation of our small force would be given to him within more than an hour. He stated that in the event of surrender the officers would be allowed to retain their swords and private property and be paroled within a few days.

Colonel Johnson, the commanding officer, was a man of great nerve and of great courage. He was a man of the type of Colonel Dodge, of Iowa, and Colonel Wood, of Illinois, and