

# Farragut

By ROBERTUS LOVE

Of Farragut the brave  
Let us send a ringing stave  
Down the past,  
When the fortress cannon crashed  
And the admiral was lashed  
To the mast,  
When the shells shrieked and broke  
On the Hartford's hull of oak.

St. Gaudens' Statue of Farragut

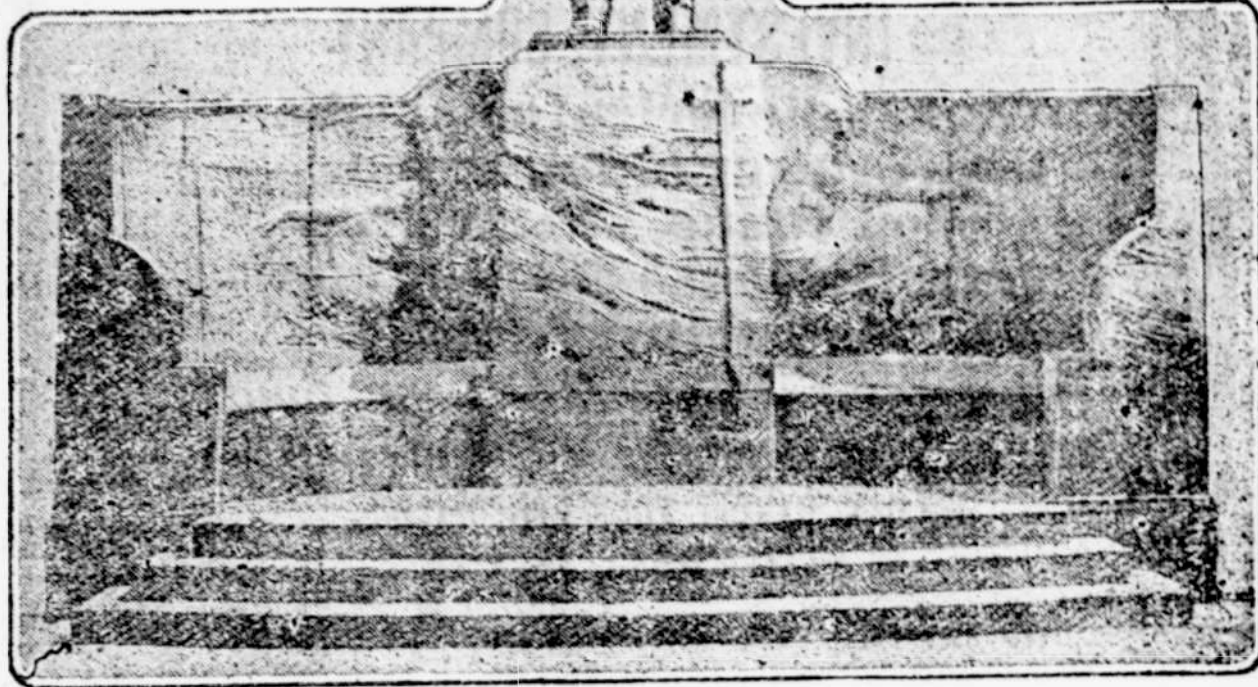


# the Brave

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Not in ships forged of steel  
All the batteries of Mobile  
Did he dare,  
Yet the glory of his fight  
Scintillates enduring light  
On the air,  
With a far shining flame  
To illuminate his name.

In Madison Square, New York.



# The Fight on Little Round Top

Valor of the Twentieth  
Maine at Gettysburg.

By FRANK H. SWEET



heard the voice of a sentry challenging or the drawn out clatter of a horseman on the stone pavement of the cemetery. Daybreak found cautious General Meade still listening to the reports of his division commanders, to their stories of misfortune and plans for strengthening the line of battle.

The unexpected was certain to befall both officers and men, and they must be ready to perform miracles if need be. An instance of this kind was the fight of the Twentieth Maine on Little Round Top. In token of which the colonel of the regiment, Joshua L. Chamberlain, for his daring heroism received the medal of honor.

Little Round Top had escaped the vigilance of the Federal commanders. This was the smaller of two rough hills, strewn with boulders and bare, slippery rocks, rising sharply from a wooded swamp, behind which stretched the Confederate battle line. At the foot of Little Round Top a body of Union troops had been posted.

It was now afternoon. Lee's attack was expected momentarily, and every man was waiting intently, with his eyes fixed upon the open space that separated the two armies. Just at this time, by a fortunate chance, it occurred to General Meade to order General Warren to ride over the field in the direction of the Round Tops. Warren did so, and when he came to the foot of Little Round Top he left his horse and climbed to the summit. What was his surprise to find at this point only one soldier, an officer of the signal corps. He no sooner looked about him than it became instantly clear to him that the top of this hill was in reality the key to the whole position. His astonishment gave place to consternation.

With his glass he noted the thickly wooded ridge beyond the swamp.

"Captain," he said, "fire a shot into those woods."

The captain of the rifle battery did so, and a simultaneous flash of musket barrel and bayonet revealed to the northern general the presence of a long line of the enemy far outflanking the position of the Union troops. The fact thrilled him. It was most appalling. A strong force should have been entrenched long ago on this hill. Perhaps even now it was not too late. He rushed off a messenger to General Meade with a pencilled word to send General Warren at least a division to hold the position at Little Round Top.

On the summit where the signal officer was stationed the musket balls were beginning to fly. He folded up his flag and was going to leave, but at this moment Warren came back and induced him to keep the flag waving.

"It may puzzle those people," he



Colonel Joshua L. Chamberlain  
In Civil War Days

said, meaning the enemy, "and may keep them back for a few minutes."

The moments of suspense came suddenly to an end with the arrival of Vincent's brigade and Hazlett's battery of rifled cannon, Fifth artillery.

The young battery lieutenant spoke:

"General, what is the matter?"

"The dence is to pay," was the reply. "I hope you can hold out until the infantry gets into position."

"I guess I can," answered Lieutenant Hazlett. As a matter of fact, he stayed there until he was killed.

The veteran Chamberlain, now in his eightieth year, thus describes the action from this point:

"Warren started our brigade (Vincent's) before he sent Hazlett's battery to Little Round Top. My column passed Hazlett getting his guns up by hand and handspike to the summit of Little Round Top. The Twentieth Maine was placed on the extreme left of the Union army. The attack, beginning on the right of our brigade, rolled rapidly upon my front. The assault was first from the Fourth and Fifth Texas, joined by the Fourth Alabama and next by the Forty-seventh and finally by the Fifteenth Alabama.

"My regiment had already been cut down by the casualties of the service, so that only 325 muskets were in line. We first fought without seeing the extent of the opposing force, which was constantly increasing. Then the two flanking regiments (Fifteenth and Forty-seventh Alabama), preparing a 'turning attack,' were met by a change of front. I sent also a strong company out on that flank to strike this attack in flank."

No sooner had Colonel Chamberlain's little force reached the portion of the hillside assigned to it than it was engaged by the Fourth Alabama. Soon I saw a dense mass of Confederates coming toward its left, for two strong regiments of the enemy, containing a thousand men, had been ordered to turn the Union flank at exactly that position. Discerning in a flash the grave peril of his command, the Maine colonel sent out a company to engage this force and ordered five companies to swing back until they formed a line at a right angle to the



"FIRE A SHOT INTO  
THOSE WOODS."

How Colonel Chamberlain  
Won the Medal of Honor.

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rest. At this instant the Alabamians attacked them on front and flank, opening with a murderous fire. There were five successive charges by this force.

Colonel Chamberlain with drawn sword moved up and down his lines. The bullets whizzed incessantly past him. His men were constantly groaning and falling on every side.

Outnumbered more than three to one, their position was terrible, and it was apparently a hopeless one. Yet with dripping faces the men loaded and fired their muskets, displaying the cool expertness of true veterans.

Colonel Chamberlain thought only of one thing—that the position he held was of great importance in the battle, and that the destruction of an entire corps. There was no hope that supports would be sent him in season to save the position. He was resolved never to yield, though it seemed that in a few minutes not a man would be left alive.

Colonel Chamberlain thus describes what followed:

"Seeing the desperate situation, I had ordered my men to use the cartridges of the fallen, friend or foe. When they had fired their last cartridge into the faces of a rallying force I resolved to make a countercharge with the bayonet and to instruct my officers on the wheeling flank, on whom the front was to fall. Returning to my center, I was about to order the movement when Lieutenant Melcher, commanding the now salient center company, came up and asked if he might not rush forward and rescue some of our wounded before the oncoming enemy should trample them underfoot. I admired his tenderness and courage and answered: 'Yes, sir; I will give you a chance. I am about to order a charge. I went forward to our colors and shouted 'Bayonet!' adding 'Forward!' But no mortal could hear this, the roar of fire and shouts of my men drowning all words."

"We made a sickle sweep, a great right wheel, with our whole line, astonishing the enemy into surrender or wild retreat. We cleared the whole valley between Little Round Top and brought back 400 prisoners. I had lost half my men on the center and a third of the entire regiment on the line. The company I had sent out on our left not being at first in the charging line, it was made by scarcely more than 200 men. We later advanced in midnight darkness, clambering the rough sides of Great Round Top, beyond which the remnants of Hood's division had retreated, and with the aid of two regiments held the position."

The heroic leader of this remarkable action, besides receiving the medal of honor for his work at Gettysburg, was made a brigadier general on the field in a later engagement by General Grant, and in 1905 General Chamberlain was brevetted a major general "for conspicuous gallantry in action."

At the ceremony of the actual surrender of the arms and colors of Lee's army at Appomattox Chamberlain was designated to command.

# THE ROMANCE OF A TREE.

Soldier's Present to His Wartime Correspondent Still Lives.

In the wide front yard of Captain Joseph A. Humphreys, in North Alabama street, is a large birch tree which attracts by its slender, beautiful trailing branches the admiration of all passersby and the possession of which makes the captain the envy of all his neighbors.

"It's called a Rochester birch," said the captain. "At least that was the name given to it nearly forty years ago, when I set it out, and there's a story—yes, you may call it a romance—goes with that tree."

"After the civil war, in which I served four years and seven months and came out a captain, I was at my mother's home in Missouri sitting on the porch puffing on a meerschaum pipe which the boys of my company had given me, feeling very proud and comfortable, when two young ladies happened along to visit my sisters. One of these ladies, dressed neatly in a calico gown, struck me as pretty as a picture. She had charming manners, and then and there I made up my mind to know her better. My love-making was of the whirlwind order. She couldn't escape, and in a few days we were engaged. Then we were married. We came to Indianapolis and in 1868 bought this piece of property."

"During the war there was a good amount of correspondence between girls here at home and boys in the field. They had never met each other, perhaps, but it was all very pretty and sentimental and did the boys a deal of good, serving to break the monotony of camp life. My wife, who had been a schoolteacher, told me she had carried on a correspondence of this kind with a young Ohio soldier whom she had never seen, and when we were married we wrote to him telling him of our marriage and wishing him all sorts of good fortune."

"Well, in 1868, after we had bought this place, we sent to a nursery for a lot of fruit trees to set out. It seems the nursery was run by my wife's war correspondent, which we didn't know of at the time, and when he saw the name signed to the order he remembered us. So what does the chap do but send that birch tree to my wife with his compliments; also a variety of rosebushes, with the request that she plant them in remembrance of him and the letters which had served to lighten the dull hours of his soldier days. So there's the tree, nearly forty years old; there's the little bit of romance more than forty years old, and there's Mrs. Humphreys sitting on the porch."—Indianapolis News.

# THE COLONEL OBEYED.

How the Color Sergeant Took Command of the Regiment.

An incident which occurred at the battle of Dranesville, Va., had a mixture of the tragic and humorous that makes it worth relating. The color sergeant of Colonel McCalmont's regiment was Frank Alexander, a fellow not counted particularly clever, but one who was infatuated with his office and his flag. While the battle was raging and we were slowly advancing Frank in his enthusiasm got far in front of the regiment.

"Bring that flag back to the regiment!" shouted Colonel McCalmont. There was no response, though it was evident the color bearer had distinctly heard the order.

"Bring that flag back to the regiment!" again shouted the colonel.

"God damn you, bring the regiment up to the flag!" shouted Frank furiously, and the colonel obeyed the order.

When Frank was afterward taken prisoner he managed in some way to wrap the flag which was so precious to him around his body under his clothes, and so carried it with him until he was exchanged.—Philadelphia Press.

# Yankee Fires For Confederate Baby.

General Grant had been a dear friend of my husband ever since the Mexican war. At the time our first baby was born the two armies were encamped facing each other, and they often swapped coffee and tobacco under flags of truce. On the occasion of my son's birth bonfires were lighted in celebration all along Pickett's line. Grant saw them and sent scouts to learn the cause. When they reported he said to General Lee:

"Haven't we some kindling on this side of the line? Why don't we strike a light for the young Pickett?"

In a little while bonfires were flaming from the Federal line. A few days later there was taken through the lines a baby's silver service engraved "To George E. Pickett, Jr., From His Father's Friends, U. S. Grant, Rufus Ingalls, George Suckley."—Mrs. Pickett in McClure's.

# He Was Lincoln's Telegraph Operator.

Devitt Fuller of Hancock, N. Y., said to have been private telegraph operator for President Lincoln during the civil war, was killed on the Erie tracks at Narrowsburg, N. Y., March 16 last. He was about seventy years old and was employed by the Erie as a telegraph repair man. He had been in the employ of the road for about forty years. He was riding his track velocipede when he was struck by a passenger train.

# A No Sider.

The possessions of a farmer in the vicinity of Culpeper, Va., were in a district where both armies foraged. The old chap one day, surveying the streaks in the soil where his fences had stood, remarked with much feeling, "I ain't took no sides in this he've rebellion, but I'll be doggoned if both sides ain't took me."

# Reported Missing After Gettysburg

A War Story of Watching and Waiting

By L. S. MILLS

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"I'll come back to you."

NESTLED among the green hills of western Connecticut there stands today a little way back from the lonely country road, a brown, weather-beaten farmhouse. On each side of the door the woodbine climbs, and overhead it forms in an arch of living green.

On the west side by the low bank wait the old fashioned red roses bloom in all their springtime splendor. Here oftentimes a few years ago merry schoolgirls, with cheeks that matched the glow of the roses, paused to gather a bouquet for teacher's desk or to place beneath the flags in the little graveyard on the hillside on Memorial day. And oftentimes, too, they paused to listen to the quiet words of Mrs. Maynard, who lived here alone. They wondered at the sadness of her voice as she said:

"Yes, you are welcome to the roses." Then sudden hope would light her face as she added, "When Henry comes home he'll tidy up the yard a bit and pick a rose for me as he did once long ago."

After the sun had set and the shadows had crept down the hillside through the graveyard and filled all the valley with darkness the lamp was lit and placed in the window, where its rays lighted the pathway leading to the road. By the table Mary Maynard would sit, her hands folded. She was waiting for Henry.

Forty-five years ago on May 29 Henry brought home Mary, his fair young bride, saying: "Mother, here is my



THE FACE WAS THE FACE SHE SAW IN HER DREAM.

wife. Love her as you love me, and don't let her be lonely, for tomorrow I go to the front, but, God being willing, I'll come back."

On the following day earth and sky seemed bleated in perfect harmony. The roses bloomed in splendor. On the grassy bank they sat, Mary and Henry, beside the clustering blossoms. Henry had picked one of the roses and lovingly placed it in Mary's hair. Fair was she then, in all the freshness of youth's bright morning. Tenderly she placed her hand on Henry's shoulder and with loving, pleading eyes whispered:

"Henry, please don't go." Sadly, slowly, he replied: "Mary, I must. But watch for me. I'll come back to you."

So they parted on that fateful day, and the birds sang the breezes crept softly by, and the roses scented the air. But Mary alone on the doorstep and Henry marching out of the valley heeded them not.

Those were trying days for north and south. The nation's best were slaying each other in terrible battles. After Burnside's defeat at the battle of Fredericksburg in December, 1862, there had been a call for more men to fill the broken ranks, and Henry Maynard had enlisted. Deeply as he loved Mary Harper, he could not resist the nation's call any longer. At first Mary pleaded with him. Then she realized the need and bravely gave her consent, only requesting that they be married before he went. When on that last day as they sat together by the roses, though she whispered him to remain, she knew he would go—that above all the sorrow at parting she wished him to go—wished him the brave, true soldier of her dreams.

Thus it was that Henry went, and Mary came to live with Henry's mother—just those two in the little farmhouse, for Henry's father had been killed years back while hauling logs from the wood lot. The sled had overturned coming down the steep hillside. Henry's mother had seen it from the window where she sat knitting and, calling Henry from the wood shed, went to his aid. Crushed and bleeding, they brought him home just at the close of the cold winter's day, and he died in half an hour.

After this they had told on, Henry growing stronger and more manly, overcoming gradually the sorrow caus-

ed by his father's death. But his mother's heart seemed buried out in the lonely grave on the hillside with her husband, and, though she gave Henry unbounded love, she cared for little else till Mary came and Henry went. Then she talked of Henry and found in Mary a ready listener. So the two became fast friends with one hope—the safe return of Henry.

The weeks went by, and together they read the papers telling of the war. Henry, too, wrote sometimes to his mother, but more often to Mary. His letters told of the weary waiting and the seemingly useless marching and countermarching, yet he was always the same brave, loving Henry. Soon the war would be over, and Mary would meet him, and they would sit by the rosebushes again.

In her dreams she saw him, her soldier, her "boy in blue," amid the roar and smoke of battle. "They win the great, he takes the flag; he is a hero." The dream changed, and she saw him alight from the train at the village station. The neighbors had read of his brave deeds in the papers and had come to cheer him. Once more the vision changed, and hand in hand they sat by the rosebushes. He placed a rose in her hair and, gently kissing her cheek, whispered:

"Mary, we won't part any more." And, looking to his well-beloved face to read the love his voice expressed, it seemed the face of Henry, but old, so old, and his hair so gray.

One day there came news of Lee's swift advance northward in July, 1863. There would be a battle. Mary wrote a long letter full of love and cheer to Henry. But no answer came. In the papers were rumors of a great battle being fought. It was at Gettysburg. Who? Lee? The suspense was awful to millions of northern people as they waited with bated breath for news from the front. "Lee retreats!" This was the report that came on the fourth day, and the drawn faces relaxed. Then followed columns of "killed," "wounded," "missing." Thousands of homes were plunged in gloom, for many a husband's name and many a son's name and many a lover's name was there.

A neighbor's boy brought the papers that evening. Though he came on swiftly, Mary couldn't wait, but ran up to meet him. Together Mary and Henry's mother looked down the long list of "killed." Not there! Thank God! Then the list of "wounded." Not there! Then "missing"—Henry Maynard!

"There is hope," said Mary. But she sat with the paper tightly clasped. All night she sat thus and heeded not the time nor saw the neighbors who came to comfort her. As the sunlight stole in the east window they gently lifted her and placed her on the bed.

After a time she slept and dreamed of Henry. He was on the crest of a hill behind a low bank of earth. Hundreds of men were at his right and left. Before him, advancing up the hill, were thousands of men with gray uniforms. Then began the roar of artillery, and the smoke of battle rolled over all, and she saw him no more. Yet, half waking, half sleeping, she seemed to hear him say, as on that day of parting: "Watch for me! I'll come back to you!"

Then began the years of waiting—

weary years. In the afternoon when the work was done many a day Mary sat on the doorstep looking down the road looking for Henry. To the many friends who came and went Mary seldom spoke. She was like one preoccupied, her thoughts far away and a

dreamy look in her eyes. So the time passed. Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty. Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.

Henry's mother died and was laid away in the quiet graveyard, and the years rolled on; the snows came and went; the roses bloomed. Schoolgirls came for them and in time grew to womanhood, and other girls came. Each evening the lamp was placed in the window. Each day Mary watched and waited.

The sympathetic neighbors kindly cared for her few wants. Many letters had been sent to the war department inquiring for Henry Maynard, but "Missing after the battle of Gettysburg" was all the reply.

In a pleasant room in Melbourne, Australia, Hubert Smith lay sick. Over forty years ago he had come to Australia, or had found himself there, but with no remembrance of where he had been before. He had become a merchant in a small way at first, but gradually increased his business till at the time of his sickness he had become a man of means with a small fortune. Still, he had remained unmarried.

All day he had tossed about in fever. "Tonight there will be a change," the

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