

FATHER OF HEROES.

GENERAL GEORGE SEARS GREENE,
BORN 1801; OBIT 1899.

Oldest Graduate of West Point—Venerated Comrade of Veterans of Three Wars—His Son, Samuel Dana, a Naval Hero.

Every now and then the obituary columns record the passing of some veteran whose very existence has long been forgotten by the closest contemporaries of his days of activity. Again and again at veteran reunions have the men of the old brigade who fought under General George Sears Greene at Antietam, at Gettysburg, at Wauhatchee, asked after their venerable commander, seldom wondering if he was alive, but wondering when told that he actually survived, a cheerful octogenarian, then a nonagenarian, then a patriarch crowding a century of life. He died at Morristown, N. J., last January with the weight of almost 86 years added to that which he bore in the days of battle, and he was then past threescore. Born in 1801, General Greene well remembered the war of 1813, and, in fact, trained in the boy companies which emulated their seniors in the excitement of that faraway conflict. Bearing a surname identical with that of the great Revolutionary soldier, Nathaniel Greene, and hailing from the same province in Rhode Island, it might be supposed that our General Greene was a descendant of Washington's favorite marshal, but that was not the case. Of the same English stock, their lines were some degrees apart when the first American representatives of each followed Roger Williams to the new world.

General George Sears Greene, although not a professional soldier, since he laid by the sword in peaceful times and took it up at the call of his coun-



GENERAL GEORGE SEARS GREENE.

try, has added much to the glory of American annals. In his old age he saved the army from a disaster at Gettysburg, and a year before that his son, Samuel Dana Greene, fought by the side of Worden on the Monitor and the latter was blinded by a shot from the Merrimac, then kept on pounding the ram with shots from the little cheesebox until she ran into a channel unknown to any one on the Monitor.

The Spanish war brought out another son, General Francis Vinton Greene, one of the captors of Manila. This soldier, Greene, was a West Point graduate, like his father, and had imitated his father's example by laying down the sword to await his country's call. At the outbreak of the war he was colonel of the Seventy-first New York.

The elder Greene lived in and near New York since the war which made him so conspicuous in martial annals. For a long time he had the distinction of being the oldest living representative of West Point and from time to time appeared at the reunions of army officers. On those occasions he was duly honored by his associates and by the press, but immediately sank back into the reticence he cultivated, and it was necessary for his old followers, and even his contemporary officers, to search the records to see if he had not meanwhile passed to the eternal camping grounds without the world taking note of the fact. For a number of years he lived at Morristown, where he had for neighbors or frequent visitors a number of his most intimate comrades of the old army. Until the end his spirits were happy, his manners genial and courteous.

Many old soldiers now feel the effects of the hard service they endured during the war. Mr. Geo. S. Anderson, of Rossville, York county, Penn., who saw the hardest kind of service at the front, is now frequently troubled with rheumatism. "I had a severe attack lately," he says, "and procured a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It did me so much good that I would like to know what you would charge me for one dozen bottles." Mr. Anderson wanted it both for his own use and to supply it to his friends and neighbors, as every family should have a bottle of it in their home, not only for rheumatism, but lame back, sprains, swellings, cuts, bruises and burns, for which it is unequalled. For sale by C. A. Jack, Druggist.

Card playing has broken out in England with terrible virulence. Even the queen plays. This does not strike the nonconformist element as a good sign, and some of the Puritan agitators call attention to the historic fact that the great evangelical revolution started by Wesley was preceded by the same complaint against fashionable gambling.

Unfortunate People

are they who while suffering from kidney diseases are prejudiced against all advertised remedies. They should know that Foley's Kidney Cure is not a quack remedy, but an honest guaranteed medicine for kidney and bladder troubles. 50c and \$1.00 a bottle. C. A. Jack, druggist.

THE FORTUNE OF WAR.

Events of 1864 and Their Fruit in May, 1895.

It was November, 1864. The Forty-fourth United States colored infantry, under the command of Colonel Louis Johnson, had only a few weeks before been ordered to Dalton, Ga., from Rome, in the same state.

When Sherman began his march to the sea, the white troops were all withdrawn from Dalton, leaving the Forty-fourth U. S. C. I. as the sole garrison of the post. The last train from Atlanta came into Dalton loaded with troops whose term of service had expired and with wounded men who were unable 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 rumored movement of Hood's Confederate army toward the north, with designs upon Nashville and possibly upon Louisville and Cincinnati.

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

The officer in charge of the flag of truce was Governor Isham G. Harris of Tennessee, then volunteer aid upon the staff of General Hood.

Governor Harris—I have forgotten what his military rank was or if he had any—said that the flag of truce had been sent for the purpose of demanding the surrender of the post and garrison of Dalton, in order to save the needless destruction of human life. He gave his word of honor that the entire army of General Hood was present and that the total annihilation of our small force would be the work of little more than an hour. He added that in the event of surrender the officers would be allowed to retain their personal property and would be paroled within a few days.

Under the circumstances Colonel Johnson decided that it was his duty to accept the terms of surrender.

During the days of our captivity we were under a guard commanded by Colonel John F. House of Tennessee, who treated the prisoners with the greatest kindness and consideration. We were not supplied with any rations on the first day, it is true, but neither were our guards, who told us not to mind a little thing like that, which they were used to. On the evening of the second day we each received a small portion of raw cornmeal and a chunk of raw beef from a steer just killed. We made the meal into little cakes with our hands and baked them on hot stones. The meat we toasted over the fire. No salt was given us, for that was a scarce article in the Confederate army. The next day we were paroled and after various adventures found our way to Chattanooga.

After the surrender of the Confederate armies we were comfortably encamped at Chattanooga, doing guard and picket duty. One day word was brought to camp that Colonel House had been seen among a lot of paroled Confederates just arrived at the railroad station, or "car shed." Our colonel at once sent the adjutant to arrest our former guard and bring him into camp. Permission to do so was readily granted by the provost marshal. The sutler's big tent was soon arranged for the reception, and all the officers of the regiment who were not on duty were present to welcome Colonel House to the first square meal that he had enjoyed for many months and to congratulate him upon the end of the war, as well as upon the fact that we then met as friends and fellow citizens of a common country, whereas our first acquaintance had been made as enemies under hostile flags.

The moon was shining brightly from a clear sky when we reluctantly bid good-by to our guest, who had to report at 10 o'clock at the "car shed." The ground glistened in the moonlight, and the grains of gravel sparkled like diamonds.

Had the gallant Confederate colonel lost all note of time and season and failed to remember that the winter of his discontent was over? We forgot or refrained from asking. We only know that when he came forth from the tent and saw the white light on the ground, he said, "Why, it's snowing," and bent down to gather up a handful.

All this at, or near, Chattanooga, Tenn., and on or about the 30th day of May, 1865.

THOMAS B. KIRBY.

Whoooping Cough. I had a little boy who was nearly dead from an attack of whooping cough. My neighbors recommended Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. I did not think that any medicine would help him, but after giving him a few doses of that remedy I noticed an improvement, and one bottle cured him entirely. It is the best cough medicine I ever had in the house.—J. L. MOORE, South Burgetstown, Pa. For sale by C. A. Jack, Druggist.

England laughs grimly at the sensational proposition to exchange her possessions in the West Indies for the Philippine group. She never was much of a hand at swapping. This proposition from the first was a newspaper one and has never been seriously entertained by statesmen. England is not in the exchange business, says one. England keeps what she has got, says another. If Americans can succeed in restoring prosperity to Cuba and Porto Rico, she will be doing all that can be expected of her, remarked a third.

Chas. R. Wessmar, 2503 Ashland St., Evanston, Ill., writes: My boy 2 1/2 years old had a severe cold which refused to yield to any treatment until we tried Foley's Honey and Tar which gave immediate relief, and he was completely cured before using one bottle. Guaranteed. 25 and 50c. C. A. Jack, druggist.



Sweet, long and clear o'er grassy mound
The trumpet wakes its song today,
Each veteran's heart leaps at the sound,
Thrilled by the memory of its sway.

At dawn it gives a cheery call,
"Awake, awake, ye heroes true!"
A tented 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 mess it brings with ease
The men 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 sweep,
And silence all the bivouac 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 wondrous might
And fashioned fortune by its note.

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

CHARLES MOREAU HARGER.



FIVE FORKS AND EL CANEY.

A ROMANCE COVERING TWO WARS, BY ROSA C. RICHORN.

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MEMORIAL DAY, 1899, found the Grand Army men, the high school pupils and the citizen soldier companies gathered in large numbers in the Forrest Hill cemetery to make the event of the centennial year noteworthy as a patriotic festival. After the formal ceremonies by the order at the soldiers' plot were over and the military ranks broken veterans in blue wandered away in all directions among the graves and planted little flags as markers, that the school-boys and schoolgirls might know where to place the pots and baskets of flowers generously donated to honor the fallen heroes. Among the latter went Harold Bement, a freshman at Harvard, and for the first time clad in the uniform of the military company he had recently joined. Many of the younger flower bearers knew Harold and were delighted to have him of their party in his bright and suggestive soldier's clothes, and a group of them half led him along until the great crowd had been left behind. Reaching a vale shut off by itself in the quiet inclosure, they saw no flags and paused to consider what route to take.

At some distance away on the farther slope a strange scene attracted the youthful eyes, and wonder was upon every face. Kneeling beside a plot containing two headstones was a man of bent figure and long gray locks, apparently near his threescore. In one hand he grasped a bundle of wild flowers, and upon the grave over which he bent were strewn clusters of buttercups and field violets and the brave yellow daffodil. Harold changed his manner at once and disentangled his hands from those of the children, while they curiously but cautiously went forward to the kneeling figure. The voices of the crowd disturbed the old man's reveries, and he turned, pleased rather than annoyed, when he saw who the intruders were. Harold made a detour to keep the back of the figure to him, but drew near enough to hear anything that might be said for the benefit of his companions.

Taking the hand of a bright and kindly faced boy of about 12, the old man fumbled for some moments to arrange the wild flowers that he held in the other, then said, pointing to the name on the headstone nearest him: "We were comrades, schoolmates at Harvard, many years ago, my boy, and I come here every year alone to strew his grave with wild flowers and that

other one with blossoms from the garden. I come alone because, while this is a soldier's grave, it is not one to be honored like those you have decorated. This soldier fought against the flag that those over there died to save. But he was not my enemy—not my own enemy, although he fought on one side and I on the other, and I shot him."

From scores of the lips the words were echoed, "He shot him!" But the youthful ears were eager for more. The old man had said too much for youthful curiosity not to be gratified with more of the war romance suggested by those lonely graves and the faithful old friend beside them.

One inscription read:
GERARD ISELIN,
Pegram's Virginia Battery,
Killed at Five Forks April 1, 1865.

The other:
KATHARINE MASON ISELIN,
Wife of Gerard Iselin,
Died Jan. 1, 1865.

"And were you in the war?" asked a girl companion of the lad whose hand the old man still retained.

"Yes, I am sorry to say I was," said the prematurely aged veteran, "for, though it had to be, it has left me only sad memories, a record of bitter strife, of friendship broken and these two graves for a brand into my soul. But I must not say more, my children. You would not understand. Go on with your loving duties to the heroes of the war. They deserve your honor, but for one my duty is here, to bring both wild flowers and fragrant garlands, bitter to the bitter and sweet to the sweet." With this he waved his auditors adieu, and they went away marveling that war, which meant to them such pagentry and holiday making, could desolate a life so completely. Harold did not rejoin the chattering juniors, but made his way back to the company alone, still avoiding the gaze of the old man at the grave.

The incident was quickly forgotten by many of the children, while others asked their elders what it meant. About all that could be learned was that the grave of the Virginia soldier represented the gray and was to be thought of only as something distinct from the blue, held in such loving remembrance by the people of New England. Every Memorial day some of the bolder ones sought out the lonely twin graves, but did not venture near to question their faithful warden more. Those who wandered in that direction saw Harold Bement keeping vigil at some distance behind the gray haired mourner until the intruders left the scene, when he, too, returned to the company of young soldiers, where his elder brother, Gerard Bement, also a Harvard man, was an officer.

But when Memorial day came in 1898, and the children of centennial year were full grown youths and maidens and even men and women following the stalwart young volunteers for the Spanish war as they marched before the veterans of 1861 to do honor to the fallen, not a few pulses beat with high anticipation to see the old man of the Virginia grave episode walking beside

the ranks where Harold and Gerard Bement marched. Some who had been inquisitive had learned that the gray haired sire was John Bement, father of Captain Gerard and Lieutenant Harold Bement of the Second Massachusetts volunteers and that the day was to see the parting of father and sons, the latter setting out to join their regiment for service in Cuba.

Again the solemn and impressive ceremonies at the "soldiers' plot," the planting of the sprig of evergreen, a white rose and the laurel branch as symbols of remembrance, of virtue and of victory, and the firing salute to the dead. There was less chatter among the children, for many were learning now the meaning of war, with their brothers and even fathers about to march away to battle. John Bement, no longer bent and weighed down by age, led the way to the lonely graves in the out of the way vale, moving with sprightly step between his soldier sons. A crowd followed, some out of idle curiosity and others—older ones—to learn more of the story of the Virginian's grave and its mate. The latter were not disappointed, but they saw no wild flowers on the grave of Gerard Iselin of Pegram's Virginia battery—instead a beautifully wrought coat of arms of the nation in rare flowers of red, white and blue. On the other grave, deftly wrought with white blossoms, were a pair of hands folded over the breast and a dove.

John Bement had placed these tokens of friendship at the dawning of the day, so bright for him. In simple words he told his story for the ears of Harold and Gerard, but there were many listeners besides.

"Father," said Harold, "I have a confession to make. I was an eavesdropper many years ago, when you told the children how you shot this man in gray."

"'Tis nothing, my boy, to what you shall hear today. Gerard Iselin, your father, lies buried here, and I killed him; also you!"

His voice was stilled by the emotion of Gerard, who grasped his hand violently, but could not speak. "Go on," he said, after a struggle, and the story was told without further interruption.

"Gerard Iselin was my classmate and friend at Harvard, as you boys have been, and as like brothers. He was a southerner, wild, as we used to say, and as even I boasted at times of being. He loved the sister of another friend and classmate, Katharine Mason, and it was said that his love for her alone kept him from running the lines in 1861 to fight for the south, boy that he was, for he was only 17 then. Well, the war went on, and, although we disputed often, there was no rupture. At last I volunteered in Harvard's own regiment, the Second Massachusetts, and Gerard bid me goodspeed in his wild, hearty way, saying, 'he'd meet me and whip me some day on the battlefield.'"

"And you never told us that you were a Second Massachusetts man, too," said Harold, his thoughts on the regiment and its proud name.

"No, I sought to forget, to bury the war, since it forced me to kill a friend, a brother. In time I learned that Gerard had disappeared and with him Katharine Mason. It was a blow to Oliver, her brother and our friend. And he vowed that he would shoot him down like a dog, if he ever found him alive." He paused, overcome with emotion.

"But those were stirring days," he continued after awhile. "We fought almost every day of that year, 1864, and at last came to the field of Five Forks. Our regiment charged there upon the flank of the Confederate trenches. All went well until we reached Pegram's Virginia battery. Then we lost many, but my company pushed forward and shot down many to clear the way for advance. Suddenly I saw a Confederate rise up from the field and handle the lanyard of a piece aimed straight at our advance line. A second, and a hundred of my brave men would be blown to pieces, and, although I saw



"WE WERE COMRADES," and recognized my friend, and brother, Gerard Iselin, I raised my revolver and shot him down."

Harold stood motionless, gazing at the inscription on the Virginia grave, while Gerard remained overcome with emotion.

Growing husky now, John Bement proceeded: "Well, we charged and carried the day, and I went back to find my fallen friend. He was alive and knew me. It was a sad meeting, but he said: 'I have not long to live, John, so forgive me. I have wronged you and Oliver and Katharine!'"

"Katharine!" said I. "What of her?"

"She is dead! My child wife, dead!"

"You married her, then?" I cried.

"I did, indeed, and meant to do well by her," he said. "We settled in New York. One day I met an old friend from home. He induced me to run the lines and fight for the south. Not daring to face Katharine, I sent her a draft for all my bank account and ran

off here. Ah, John! This war! This war!"

"And then?" I questioned hurriedly.

"She died, and, I hear, left a baby boy, and now I am going, too, old man. Won't you care for my boy as your own?" The effort was almost too much for him, but after a few seconds he continued: "Katharine lies in Forrest Hill. Find her grave and place me beside her, for the sake of those school days in New England, the only joyous ones of my life. All else has been wild: alas, how wild! Bury me beside her, but, while you plant her grave with roses and with lilies, let mine be covered with blossoms as wild as my own life has been. Promise me that, John, and to save my boy, for I forgive you this hour of pain and death."

John Bement ceased speaking and looked first at the grave and its headstone and then at Gerard as if to say,

"I shot him down." Then he waited for Gerard's verdict. It came, with a hearty embrace and choking sob: "Father! Yes," he added, "you have been all that to me!"

A bugle sounded the call to assemble, and the veteran seized the hands of Harold and Gerard. "My care has been rewarded and my grief is over," said he. "This is the happiest hour of my life when I send you two, a son of Massachusetts and a son of Virginia, side by side to battle for the nation. Sumter, Five Forks and Appomattox will be forgotten while you carry the flag on new fields of glory to avenge the martyrs of the Maine."

The day was nearly over at El Caney. In front and on the right and on the left the Americans found their march opposed by barbed wire barricades just where the Mauder fire from distant trenches swept the ground. Only one knoll, crowned with cactus cops, offered shelter for advance from the American side. It lay in front of the Second Massachusetts, and Gerard Iselin volunteered to crawl through the grass covering the interval and cut the wire so that the regiment might rush forward. He reached the fence, as he believed unseen by the Spaniards beyond the cops, but at the first click of his wire cutter two Mauders looked out from the cactus blades, and their muzzles slowly dropped to the level of his head. Then two successive pistol shots rang out, from close behind him. The Mauders suddenly dropped from sight, but a volley from the cops passed over him, aimed at some object in the rear. In the confusion he severed the wire of three spans of fence, then tossed his 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 won Harold did not appear. His story was soon told. He lay dead a few feet back from the cactus cops, killed by the volley which had answered his deadly pistol shots. The boy had followed Gerard, for he feared that his rashness would be fatal, and he wished to be at hand in his hour of need.

Together John Bement and Gerard Iselin made the long journey in winter and brought Harold's remains from Cuba. They were met at the steamer's wharf by a committee of Grand Army men, who had prepared to do public honor to the dead hero of El Caney. But John Bement said: "No; it is now as it was in 1865, when you wanted to honor me as the hero of Five Forks. I felt then that I had only performed my duty, a dreadful duty, since it made me take the life of a friend. My boy simply did his duty when he gave his life for a friend."

When alone again, he said to Gerard: "The account of Iselin against Bement has been honored. The ashes of their dead shall mingle and the blood of their living flow in one stream forever."

Memorial day, 1899, finds two graves at the little plot in the vale to decorate with flowers of red, white and blue, while above them the father of a dead soldier and a son of a dead soldier pledge with clasped hands undying love for their country's standard, echoing in their hearts the sentiment of the Great Commander, "Let us have peace!"

THE TRIUMPH 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 tree fringed 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 summer's glow,
Both the victor and vanquished long laid low,
And the perfume laden south winds sigh
A plaintive lament as their lullaby,
And peace profound reigns now where they
Met in the pride of war's array.

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

Oh, never again may a brother's hand
Be raised 'gainst a brother within our land,
But ever may harmony, love and peace
Us closer unite as the years increase,
For peace hath triumphs greater far
Than all the pomp and pride of war!

NEIL MACDONALD.