

## Our National Roll-Call.

In the Art gallery of the World's Fair at Chicago was a picture of Mrs. Tenant (Miss Elizabeth Thompson) called the "The Roll Call." This striking work of art contained a dozen or more figures wrought out in striking realism. They were the remnant of a Scottish regiment mustered to the call of the roll after a disastrous battle of the Crimean war. One brave soldier, with head wrapped in a red bandana and arm in a crudely constructed sling;—another holding his wrist with a gory rag to stanch the flow of blood which poured from his wounds,—others with numerous scars and banded limbs. Each one bore a look of heroic resolution which seemed to say—"though I fall or die in the attempt I will answer the roll-call." Such a picture but faintly suggests the numerous similar musterings of men during the Civil War of the 'sixties.

### The Annual Muster.

But has there ever been in all the roll calls of the world's armies so magnificent a spectacle as that which is annually witnessed over all this fair country on each returning 30th of May? It is a spectacle for men and angels—for all earth and heaven, when old grey-haired veterans are met by the sturdy boys in the blue and the grey—when women and charming girls and young children assemble in all the nation's grave-yards and spread flowers over soldier's graves which are woven by love and reverence into one circle of memorial around the whole land—north and south.

Each year the long line of the old soldier-guards is thinner. One after another the veterans answer to another roll-call from which there is no appeal:

"Part of the host have crossed the flood  
And part are crossing now."

### What We Commemorate.

Memorial Day is not a celebration of triumph over a foreign foe. It is a recognition of a peace and union which cost us a price that can never be told. The struggle was one of the most deadly in all human history. And when it was over the peace, thus sealed with the blood of a million, was real and final. No soldiers' roll-call was ever so pregnant of liberty and peace as that last message of General Grant's which sent a million men back from the fields of blood to their homes and to citizen's obligations and duties. That message meant liberty, not only to the imprisoned soldiers of the Union, but also to thousands of 'Rebel' prisoners who were generously transported back to their homes in the South.

That was the most glorious incident of all the world's wars, and the nation crowned it by electing its chief to the dignity of its first citizen,—a King crowned with the affection of the nation. If only as a national testimonial of recognition and gratitude no greater offering could have been made than the election of Grant to the place so nobly filled by the martyred Lincoln.

### The Roll-Call of the Dead.

No tongue will ever tell—no pen ever write all the cost of men in that awful strife of brother against brother, father against son, a divided nation struggling, on the one side for the right to divide, on the other, the rights of Union. The number of our men enlisted by our government was 2,073,112 white, and 175,895 colored—a total of 2,253,007. The whole army of the British nation in the South African war was 200,000, a little more than our colored troops alone. The number of officers engaged in the service of our government

was 83,935. The list of engagements or "actions" in war numbers 2261.

At Gettysburg the Federal loss was 2,834 killed; 13,709 wounded, and 6,643 missing, a total of 23,186 and about equal to the whole British loss in Africa. The Confederate loss was 3,500 killed; 14,500 wounded, and 13,621 missing, aggregating 31,621.

In the short engagement at Cold Harbor 1,900 Union soldiers soon lay dead upon the field, while 10,570 were wounded. At Spotsylvania our loss was 4,177 killed and 19,687 wounded. This battle, for the time occupied, was perhaps the most sanguinary of all the engagements. But the loss in the three days' battle of the Wilderness was still greater, the number of Union soldiers killed being 5,597; wounded 21,463; and missing 10,677, an appalling total of 37,737. This loss was three times as great as that of the battle of Fredericksburg, which sent a wail of sorrow over the whole land and has ever since been regarded as the worst battle of the war. The loss in that unfortunate assault was 1,180 killed; 9,028 wounded; and 2,145 missing, in all 12,353.

### Chickamauga Losses.

The battle of Chickamauga has also left a deep blood stain on the memory of the Nation, but the Union losses were not as great as those of the Confederacy. The number of Union troops killed was 1,644; wounded 9,262; missing 4,945; the Confederate loss was 2,389 killed; 13,412 wounded and 2,000 missing. The engagements most deadly to the soldiers of the South were Gettysburg and Antietam. The losses at the former have been given; at the latter the killed numbered 3,500; wounded 16,399; missing 6,000, a total of 25,899.

### Worse Yet.

But awful as is this story of the destruction on the fields of battle where shot and shell tore through flesh and blood and Americans slew Americans, still worse is the records of the hospitals, of disease and wasting death. For while the total number of Union soldiers killed outright in battle was 44,238, and 33,993 more died of their wounds, the number who died of disease in the hospitals was 149,043. The whole number of deaths from all causes was 308,504, or as a latter revision makes it, 313,000. The whole number of wounded was 280,040; of missing and captured one out of seven died. And of all the men and boys who marched away to war one out of eight was doomed to die.

It is a story to startle the world, even after more than two score of years have thrown their shadows over it. When the array of figures is individualized into fellow-men with throbbing pulse and yearning hearts the story cannot be read without the deepest emotion. The cost was so frightful that while it stirs our gratitude to the noble men who died it should still all the passions which make war.

### What Makes Our Peace Glorious.

The Civil War over, what greater incident could there be than the transporting back, from the field of war, to home and duty and the victories of peace. That is the glory of a citizen army.

The writer recalls the pathetic eloquence of a fine young English soldier dressed in his red uniform and speaking from the platform of a temperance meeting in London. He said: "There is no home for the soldier. In our memories there floats the scenes of childhood home-life, but we have practically no hope of it ever returning. Once a soldier always a soldier without hope of the simple luxury of home again, much less the rights and duties of citizenship."

That is true of the greater part of the thirty millions of men in the standing armies of Europe;

food for powder, material for shot and shell, their only franchise.

## Our National Holiday

Memorial Day stands for the noblest things in our national life. The history of its origin is interesting. In 1864 when the graves of our soldiers scattered over the South were untended and unhonored the emancipated slaves stole out under cover of night and strewed them with flowers, and watered them with grateful tears. This spontaneous outburst of gratitude touched the nation's heart and Memorial Day was inaugurated. On this day, stretched across the capitol at Washington, in letters that can be read by all, are the words, "There is one debt this nation can never pay, that is the debt which they owe to the men who saved the nation." The best things in life can never be paid for.

Memorial Day is the most significant and thrilling of all our National holidays. July the Fourth celebrates our birth as an independent nation, but the 30th of May proclaims freedom and a united people. The first is a day of jubilation and demonstration—the latter is one of deep enduring affection. To perpetuate this day of Memorial in the calm serious thought of the meaning of sacrifice should be the aim of our people. Demonstrations of patriotic fervor—noise of fireworks and rockets may be left to other days.

The youth of our land should be taught to hallow this day with reverent memories and affection. Sports should be set aside on this one day and the nation should be re-baptised with the spirit of patriotic devotion which poured out life and treasure in unstinted measure that the nation might be united and free.

W. B.

### A Soldier's Dog

I was a soldier in the Civil War, and after the battle of Stone River was detailed to take command of some men and bury the Union dead of our brigade. A trench was dug and each body was laid in the trench, and as there had been soldiers detailed from each company who knew those that were dead, the name and company were cut upon a piece of wood to be used as a headstone. When the bodies of the Union men were buried we then buried those of the Confederate dead; adjacent, off to one side, we found the body of a Confederate Captain of a Louisiana Regiment and close against it a little black and tan dog. It was very small, could almost lie in the palm of your hand. The dog tried to prevent the soldiers touching the body of his master, but they pushed him aside and buried the body. When the body was buried and a little mound rounded up, the little dog stood on the soft earth of the mound and stood round and turned round and round, making a little basin in mound, and finally laid himself down upon the grave. I went to a neighboring house close by, told them to look out for him, feed him, and try to get him to go to the house. I went back there about six months later, and upon inquiring, found that the dog had just come to stay permanently at the house.

N. S. BENTON.

Our Fathers' God! from out whose hand  
The centuries flow like grains of sand,  
We meet today, united, free  
And loyal to our land and Thee.

—Whittier.

"One flag, one heart, one hand  
One Nation evermore."

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.