

# The HILL WE HELD for HOOKER

By JOSEPH MILLS HANSON

WE'D formed our guns for action, for they'd started on the right. Where Sykes had bumped on Jackson and their lines had clinched at sight.

While we waited there for Longstreet, who never missed a fight. An aid-de-camp in shirt sleeves came lopin' up the hill. "You hold this line for Hooker!" he yells at Captain Bill. "And mind you hold it longer than you did at Gaines's Mill!"

Old Captain Bill made answer: "You boys must have your fun. But we didn't break at Gaines's till all you chaps had run. And we'll hold this hill for Hooker while we've men to work a gun."

Across the field below us ripped out the rebel yell. As Longstreet's line of battle comes streakin' up the swell. And we whipped the limbers closer and opened out with shell.

But shell was meat for Longstreet; he ate it with his bread. And so we changed the menu to canister instead. And when that didn't stop 'em we let the shrapnel spread.

We pounded 'em to jelly, but the jelly wouldn't jell—The powder scorched their faces but they took it like the shell. And then they reached our muzzles and tumbled through pell-mell.

It seemed we'd best be goin', with bayonets so near. When through the woods behind us, there rolled a roarin' cheer. And Captain Bill yelled, "Hold 'em! That's Hooker almost here!"

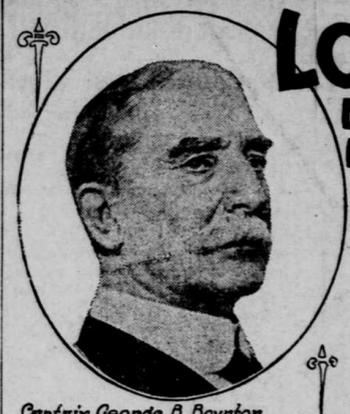
We fought between the sections just like a game of tag; A Johnny jumped my field gun and waved a battle flag. But I lammed him with the gunswab and dropped him like a rag.

They had forced us to the limbers, where the teams were tangled thick. And were pivoting our pieces to teach us our own trick.

When Hooker's boys came through us, deploying double-quick. The Johnnies hung like bulldogs and faced us breast to breast. But Longstreet's men were winded, while Hooker'd had a rest. And when the smoke had lifted we Yankees held the crest.

And Hooker stopped to thank us, and then said Captain Bill: "They thought we couldn't hold 'em, but, General, here's your hill—And I'd like to ask Jim Longstreet: if we're quits for Gaines's Mill!"

—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

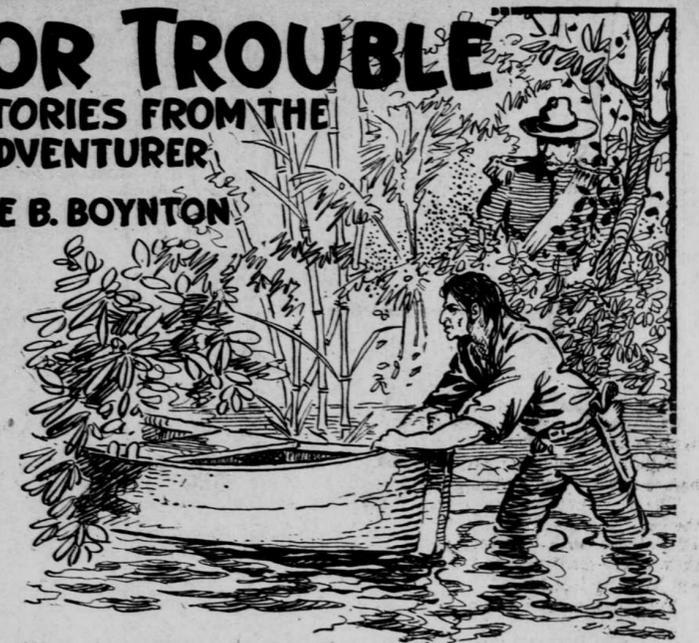


Captain George B. Boynton

# LOOKING FOR TROUBLE

BEING SOME REAL STORIES FROM THE LIFE OF A MASTER ADVENTURER

By CAPTAIN GEORGE B. BOYNTON



**D**URING the Franco-Prussian war, which ended in the capitulation of the French at Sedan, September 1, 1870, I had three ships busy with honest cargoes, but I did not get a chance to do any contraband running until just before its close. Under fire of the guns at Trieste I ran out of the harbor and delivered to the committee of safety at Bordeaux only a few days before the battle of Sedan. Shortly after this I placed the Leckwith and my other ships in the hands of Nickell & Co. for charter and sailed for New York.

The first word that reached me on my arrival was that my wife, who had sailed ahead of me, was seriously ill at her old home in Illinois. I went to her at once and remained at her side until the end, three weeks later. When I returned to New York after the funeral I was greatly depressed and was in a mood for anything that offered excitement. A few days later I met Frank (Francis Lay) Norton. Knowing each other by reputation, we soon became friends. Later we became partners in some of the most gloriously exciting exploits in which I have been fortunate enough to participate. Norton was a natural born pirate, and he looked the part.

When I first met him he was wild about the China sea, where he had spent several thrilling years and made several fortunes, but I heard so much of Venezuela and of Guzman Blanco that my heart was set on going there before I undertook to explore any other strange lands. The upshot of our many discussions was that I sent Norton to London to take command of the Leckwith until I was ready to join him, when it was agreed we should go out in the yacht to his beloved China sea.

After Norton's departure I bought the small fore-and-aft schooner-yacht, Juliette, fitted her out at New London, Conn., for a six months' cruise and started for Bermuda to test her seaworthiness, with Lars Lorenson as sailing master, formerly of the Leckwith, and a brave and loyal Norseman, Guzman Blanco was at St. Thomas, so we went on to Curacao, always a revolutionary rendezvous, and there, in the latter part of December, I met Guzman and General Pulgar, his chief of staff. Guzman, after many exciting political and military ups and downs, was planning an invasion of Venezuela against the Monagas faction, then in power.

After he had studied me, asked all sorts of questions and apparently satisfied himself that I could be relied on, Guzman told me, in a general way, of his plans and asked me to secure for him 3,000 old Remington rifles and 500,000 cartridges and deliver them as quickly as possible at Curacao.

Some two months later I arrived at Curacao, where, instead of Guzman Blanco, I found General Ortega, who was with Guzman when I first met him and seemed to be fully in his confidence. Ortega handed me a note, bearing what purported to be the signature of Guzman, which directed me to deliver the cargo at a place to be indicated by Ortega, and stated that payment for it would be made on my cabin table. I showed the signature to two men who knew Guzman well, and both pronounced it genuine. I had no suspicion that anything was wrong and took this precaution simply as a matter of ordinary business.

Ortega directed me to deliver the cargo at Tucacas point, about one hundred miles west of La Guayra, and, on arriving, Ortega went ashore and returned with a request that I order off the hatches and start the unloading of the cargo in my boats and then go ashore with him and get my money. This was not in accord with my contract with Guzman or with the note Ortega had handed me, but I had great confidence in Guzman and did not wish to offend him. As soon as the unloading was well under way I went ashore with Ortega. We climbed the bluff and walked half a mile inland to a mud-hatched hut before which a sentry was pacing. Ortega gave the countersign and we stepped inside, to find General Pulgar, who was chief of staff for Guzman when I was introduced to him, wrapped in a chinchera and smoking in a hammock. He explained vaguely that he was there instead of Guzman, but when I asked him for my money he smiled and straightened up.

"I told Ortega to deliver that message to you," he said, "but there is no use mincing words and I may as well tell you that you are my prisoner. Your cargo is being taken care of and will be put to a very different purpose from that which you expected. As I have said, you are my prisoner, but I have an offer to make you. It can't make much difference to you whether you serve Guzman or me. If you will join my forces I will make you a colonel and give you command of a battalion, and when the revolution is over I will pay you for your rifles, just as Guzman agreed to do."

I again inquired where Guzman was, but a shrug of the shoulders was the only answer I got to questioning along that line. Not knowing so much about Venezuelan revolutions then as I did later, I could not fathom this strange situation to my entire satisfaction, but it was my guess that in some way Pulgar had become arrayed against Guzman, and it turned out that I was right. I told Pulgar that I would give him an answer in the morning, and spent the night with Ortega, under guard. I tried to draw him out, but, evidently according to orders, he would not even talk about the weather.

At sunrise we went to see Pulgar. When asked for my decision I inquired what the result would be if his revolution failed. "Then I am sorry, my dear captain, but you will lose your cargo, while I will lose my life, which is of infinitely more importance to me. But the revolution will not fail!" he vehemently declared.

As though impressed by his confidence, I announced that I would accept his offer, with a mental reservation to escape at the first opportunity, for I did not propose to fight against Guzman. "That is excellent," he said, with the suggestion of a bow. After coffee I went with him to inspect his troops. I was formally given command of a battalion of 300 men, and an Indian servant, who, I afterward found, had orders to shoot me if I attempted to escape, was assigned to me. I accompanied Pulgar back to his headquarters, where I was given an old sword and the tarnished shoulder straps of a colonel, these constituting my uniform.

"Now that you have allied yourself with my forces," he then said, "you will have no use for your ship. You will therefore write a note to the officer in charge, directing him to proceed to Curacao and await orders. She will be safe there and," with a quizzical smile, "you will be safe here."

As there was nothing else for me to do, I complied with it at once.

I had been trying for about a week to whip my lazy, ignorant troops into some sort of shape, when word was brought in one morning that "the enemy" was approaching.

Instead of allowing me to lead my battalion, Pulgar ordered me to remain with him on a little knoll in the rear, from which he made a pretense of directing his forces.

I will say for them, though, that they fought hard and stubbornly, but they were gradually driven back, and Pulgar, who had a terrible temper, was furious. All at once the opposing troops were largely reinforced and came with a rush which quickly converted our orderly retreat into a rout. Pulgar, cursing like a madman, dashed into the disorganized mass of his liberty-loving louts, with Ortega and the rest of his staff at his heels.

I was left alone and was hesitating as to what I should do, when my Indian servant tugged at my trousers-leg.

"Follow me, colonel!" he said. "I know where there is a boat."

He started off at a run and covered ground so fast that I had to gallop my horse to keep up with him. He led the way to the beach near where my cargo had been landed and pushed a native boat from under a clump of mangrove trees. We jumped in and shoved off in a hurry, for Ortega and several of his men had just appeared on the bluff above and were making for us.

We drifted around for three days and nights without so much as a glimpse of a distant sail and without an ounce of food or a mouthful of water, save only such as we were able to suck out of our clothes after a providential rain the second night. On the morning of the fourth day a fog lifted, and close to us was a fleet of fishermen from the island of Oruba, twenty miles to the westward of Curacao. They took us to their island, and after we had rested and eaten for two days a fishing boat took us to Curacao.

There I learned from Consul Faxon that had happened in Venezuela. Guzman's plans had worked out more rapidly than he anticipated, and he landed in Venezuela early in February at the head of a small force, but with a large army waiting for him. With only slight resistance he entered Caracas and proclaimed himself dictator. His victory was so easily achieved and was so largely a personal one that he did not give to Pulgar the reward to which he considered himself entitled, and Pulgar immediately started a new revolution.

When I told Faxon how I had been imposed on and impressed into Pulgar's service he advised me to tell Guzman the whole story. I went on the next steamer, which also carried a letter from Faxon, in which he told Guzman the precautions I had taken to verify the signature to the order Ortega had given me.

I called on Guzman after I knew he had received Faxon's letter and was welcomed with marked cordiality. "Tell me your whole story," he said, "but let me assure you it is believed before it is told." His face took on an ugly look when I told him how Ortega had tricked me with the forged order, and he interrupted me to say that he had sent an officer to Curacao to await the Juliette and direct me to deliver the arms at La Guayra. This officer's failure to get to me in advance of Ortega had not been satisfactorily explained and had, Guzman said, been severely punished. It was evident that he suspected collusion between his agent and Ortega.

When I had finished Guzman told me he was surrounded by men whom he either suspected or hesitated to trust. He wanted a man whom he could rely on implicitly to watch for evidences of treachery among those around him, and he was kind enough to say he thought I was the man he had been looking for. He asked me to remain in Caracas for an indefinite time, to mix freely with his followers and ascertain who could be trusted.

I had been with Guzman Blanco for about a year after he proclaimed himself dictator of Venezuela, February 14, 1871, when I began to grow restless again. This was in no sense due to any fault I had to find with Guzman. He had treated me with every mark of friendship and had proved, time and again, that I possessed his entire confidence. But under his strong hand things were settling down to a humdrum, and with my whole nature clamoring for a change to more strenuous scenes I put the situation up to Guzman and secured his permission to go away, on the promise that I would return within six months. I summoned the Juliette from Curacao and set sail for England, for the double purpose of securing a cargo of arms with which to add to the joy of living in Central America, and of looking up Frank Norton, who had so well planted

within me the germ of his China sea insanity that it was taking root.

We stopped at St. Thomas, that haven of thieves, blacklegs and revolutionists, and there I met General Baez, brother and minister of war to Buenaventura Baez, the president of Santo Domingo, and one of the most interesting characters the romantic West Indies have produced.

He knew of my association with Guzman Blanco and at once approached me with a proposition that I go to Santo Domingo to aid his brother in the troubles he foresaw. I told him that, if I could get an extension of leave from Guzman I would consider any practical plan that promised excitement.

We went on to London, where I learned that Norton was in the Mediterranean with the Leckwith, impatiently carrying general cargoes. I left word for him with Nickell & Son that I expected soon to be ready to go out east with him, took on a cargo of arms and headed for Costa Rica, where I had information that a revolution was hatching against General Tomas Guardia.

We ran into bad weather in the Caribbean and were forced to put in at Kingston, after all, leaking badly.

When the repairs were completed the governor of the island refused to allow us to reload our cargo, as he had an intimation that the ship was not what she pretended to be. This hint, it developed later, came from Jimmy Donovan, a "sea lawyer," whom I had shipped at the last minute in the hurry of getting away from London. He made what is known on the sea as a "pier-head jump." On the fourth day I prevailed on the governor to allow us to take our cargo, but he insisted that the ship must be held, with both anchors down, until further orders. I decided that we would go out that night. Knowing me as well as he did, Lorenson laughed incredulously, thinking I was joking, for the channel through the harbor was shaped like the letter S and commanded by a fort which could, as he said, blow us out of the water without half trying.

"Just the same," I said, "we are going to sea or to hell tonight."

During the evening he gressed all of the blocks so we could start on our problematical journey without any noise. The moon went down at midnight, and before it was out of sight we had one anchor up, with a muffled capstan. We were getting up the other when the harbor policeman came along. A few Bank of England notes blinded him and we got under way, with two of the ship's boats towing us and the tide helping us along. Evidently the fort had orders to look out for us, but we caught them napping, apparently, for we were almost past it when we were hailed and ordered to stop.

The next instant, without giving us a decent chance to heave to, even had we been so inclined, they whanged away at us. The second shot went clear through us, just below the waterway, and Lorenson, who was with me at the wheel, exclaimed grimly, "Here we go, captain!"

But he was mistaken, for in the darkness their gunnery was not up to the standard of British marksmanship.

We were soon under cover of the Myrtle Bank hotel and after that two ships protected us until we were far enough away so that only a chance shot could reach us.

The arms we carried were sold to the revolutionists in Costa Rica, being paid for partly in cash and partly in coffee, which I sold at Curacao. From there I returned to Venezuela and reported to Guzman Blanco, after having been away only about four months.

After Guzman's successful campaign against the rebel, Pulido, in which I served on the staff, I received another letter from Baez, urging me to come to Santo Domingo. The same mail brought a letter from Baez to Guzman, asking him to grant me leave of absence for a few months to enter his service. Guzman was flattered by this request and with his permission I went to Santo Domingo City in the spring of 1873, on the Juliette.

President Baez of Santo Domingo was short and thin and had a washed-out look, as though his skin had been faded by chemicals instead of by a three-quarters admixture of white blood. I had heard of him only as a good fighter, but that reputation I became convinced, soon after my first visit to the "palace," had been earned for him by his former friends and supporters and was in no sense the work of his own sword, at least so far as recent years were concerned.

The "army" was, in reality, not much more than an unorganized body of densely ignorant natives, who, as practically the only compensation for their supposed loyalty, were allowed to carry guns which they did not know how to use. I taught them how to march without getting in each other's way, how to handle their arms without shooting themselves, and as much discipline as they were amenable to, but I fear my efforts did not do much beyond that, even though they did effect a decided improvement. The revolutionary

spirit seemingly having subsided with the improvement in the army, I took the Juliette to Halifax, N. S., in the summer of 1875, to have her decks strengthened and mounted with rapid-fire guns. We returned early in the fall to find that the smoldering revolution had burst into flame and that a large force was marching on Santo Domingo City. The president and his brother were vehemently but vainly advising each other to be brave when I reached the palace.

"What shall we do? What shall we do?" demanded the president as I entered the door. "It strikes me that it might be a good scheme to fight," I replied, with no attempt to conceal my disgust at their attitude.

They told me there were about 3,000 men in the attacking force. We had more than 4,000 men under arms. The city had no defenses worthy the name, and I insisted that the thing to do was to go outside and fight it out in the open. The president, who had apparently regained a little of his nerve, agreed with me and, against the continued objections of his brother, we went out to meet the attacking army.

General Baez commanded our center and right, while I commanded our left flank. With the firing of the first gun he began to give way before a force that was inferior in both numbers and discipline, and fell back so rapidly that before I realized it, my command was flanked and almost cut off, with the sea on one side of us and the enemy on two others and rapidly closing up the fourth.

In a few minutes I was captured, along with about a hundred men who were so numbed by fear that they could neither run nor fight and had not enough discretion to join the enemy. I was furious over the cowardice of Baez and put up the hardest fight I was capable of, with the satisfaction of putting six or eight blacks on a permanent peace basis, but with my revolver empty and my sword broken, I was overwhelmed by the inky cloud. General Baez galloped back to the city, and he and his bewildered brother, the president, had barely time to board a small schooner and sail for Curacao before the capital was in the hands of the rebels. General Ganier d'Aton, a tool of Pimental and Cabral, was at once proclaimed president and hailed by the populace with the customary acclaim.

Instead of being killed at once, as I had expected, I was taken to a small port on a hill near the town, where, on the altogether false charge that I had fomented trouble and brought on civil war, I was tried by drum-head court martial and sentenced to be shot at sunrise. The verdict was, of course, dictated by revenge, and execution of it was delayed because they wished to gloat over me for a while.

This was a little the most serious predicament I had ever been in and, with the idea of taking every chance that was open to me, rather than with any distinct hope that it would be answered, I gave the grand halting sign of a powerful secret order which I had joined while in Caracas. I thought I saw a sergeant raise his eyes, but, as he gave no further sign, I concluded that if there had been any movement it had been one of surprise and not of recognition.

I was placed in a large sala with windows opening on the courtyard, and blank walls on the three other sides.

Along about three o'clock, just as I had about made up my mind that in a couple of hours I should be due to start on an indefinite exploration, I heard a short scuffle at each end of the path the sentries were patrolling, and a gurgling noise as though a man were choking. The next moment Lorenson's voice came softly through the door: "Are you in there, captain?"

"I assured him that I was."

"Stand away from the door!" he said, and I obeyed the order with pleasurable alacrity.

Three blows with a log of cutch mahogany, taken from a pile in the courtyard, smashed in the door. Lorenson seized my arm and, led by the sergeant who had, after all, recognized the sign I had made, we climbed down a declivity back of the fort and made our way to the shore, where two boats were waiting for us.

As soon as it was day I sailed close in and bombarded the fort where my execution was to have taken place.

At Caracas I found Guzman had been elected president. He was inaugurating public improvements, and induced me to go upon a wonderful journey of exploration up the Orinoco through the unmapped interior of Venezuela. After a six months' river journey of 2,000 miles, we reached Manaos, Brazil, on the Amazon, that great river and the Orinoco having a common source. From Manaos we sailed to Rio Janeiro and from there to England on the Elbe, commanded by Captain Moir, commander of the Trent when Mason and Slidell were taken off. On the way I wrote a full report to Guzman, promising to return within a few years. At London I joined Frank Norton to start for the China sea.

## Present Generation Also Has Its Duties

**M**UCH will be written and said of the march to the rhythmic beat of the muffled drum of the decimating phalanx of war veterans in honor of whom, and more especially in honor of those comrades who have passed to eternity, the day has been set aside as a memorial.

All honor to the soldier dead. Sacred is their memory.

Great honor to the veterans who have been spared to us and whose presence should be an inspiration to better citizenship.

Tremendous was the cost of the war in human lives. Awful was the carnage, yet the result was a united nation and a greater nation.

The patriotism which inspired the great outpouring of troops in that wonderful war should be a central idea about which everything should cluster because it burns with patriotism.

It was the most wonderful demonstration of self-sacrifice for a nation's solidarity and honor the world has known.

It was a glorious achievement for principle, and every participant in that magnificent victory deserves more than a floral wreath upon his grave, or, if he be yet with us, more than a laurel wreath upon his brow.

Certainly we do not honor the veterans as we should!

One thing we should do to honor them, among others. We should seek to mold our lives into good citizenship inspired by those very principles for which they fought. Thus may we become the heroes in time of peace that they were in the dark years of war.

Today, as the old bugle blows its solemn and impressive taps over the graves of the soldier dead, let us honor their memory in action by making that inspiring taps a reveille—yes, a call to arms in the war against greed and oppression.

Memorial day!

Citizens, contemplate its true meaning. Honor the soldiers! Pay tribute to the heroes! Bow in honor before them, and be not unmindful of the duty which devolves upon you as one among many to whom those heroes of war have handed down this magnificent commonwealth as a heritage with its great duties and tremendous responsibilities.

Miss Gotham—I have just been reading an article entitled "Have We Ever Lived Before?" I sometimes fancy we have.

Mr. Rowtham—Indeed! Miss Gotham—Yes. I frequently find myself moved by a weird transcendental emotion which seems to be the unquenchable struggling consciousness of a pre-existence. But if I have lived before, where could it have been?

## Recall the Days of Sacrifice Fifty Years Ago

**M**ORE than fifty years have passed since the North and South took up arms to begin the war which Secretary Seward had declared could not last nine ty days. President Lincoln's first call was for 75,000 volunteers, and Jefferson Davis sent agents abroad to purchase 10,000 stand of arms. In 1861 that was as near as public opinion on both sides came to grasping the magnitude of the coming struggle.

It was little else than an armed mob that went streaming south in the early days of the war; it was little else than an armed mob that met those recruits, and the first battles were little else than heroic scuffles. But presently when the hurrah stage was passed and the sections had settled down to the grim business of war, there emerged from the chaos of camp and drill ground the finest armies that ever shook a continent with their tread.

And out of the first doubtful trials and experiments with political generals, lawyer colonels and adventurer captains, leaders of the age—Lee, Grant, Jackson, Thomas, Sherman, Sheridan. The raw recruits who had scrambled out of the way of the bounding cannon balls on the field of Bull Run grew into the seasoned veterans who coolly pinned tags bearing their names to their shirts when they went to death against the "Bloody Angle" at Cold Harbor; who stormed the fire-spitting heights at Fredericksburg and took part in the murderous fighting at Gettysburg.

The more than 2,000,000 soldiers called to the tented field half a century ago are but a corporal's guard. Their marching line is thinned to file leaders and color bearers, a specter army of white-haired men that once a year, on Memorial Day, keeps step to the shrill of the old fife and the tap of the muffled war drums. Today the worn blue line, closed up over the gaps made in it by another year, again is marching to "the bivouac of the dead" to pay tribute to the fallen comrades. And beside it marches the worn line of gray.

These are the reminders to a new generation of that gigantic struggle that was fought out for the sake of ideals; of ideals on either side for which men freely laid down their lives.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain."

**Plea for Short Public Prayers.** In an article appearing long sermons. Rev. Edwin W. Caswell says in the Northwestern Christian Advocate that christ's prayers and sermons were exceedingly short and that "all his talks and discourses during a ministry of three years, which are published in the New Testament, could be delivered in 40 minutes. If ministers of today would follow his example, they would never pray in public more than three or five minutes nor preach beyond a half hour." He adds that "many ministerial orators have nearly ruined their careers owing to the lack of terminal facilities."

## Miser's Hoard To Charity

**Fortune Won by Great Privation Is Left to a Children's Hospital.**

Vienna's charitable institutions are to be increased by a new children's hospital, to be erected at a cost of \$500,000 crowns, bequeathed for the purpose by Josef Spitzberger, who died recently at the age of eighty-eight years. This fortune was accumu-

lated by a life of hard work, accompanied by the severest self-privation. Spitzberger was for many years head cashier of a large flour mill in Austria. He seems to have been born thrifty, for at a very early age he gave up taking sugar in his coffee, and persuaded his parents to give him the few pennies saved in this way to put in the savings bank. And as he began, so he continued through-

out his long life, contenting himself with the barest necessities. Every penny he could save went into the bank.

For many years he lived in a small miserable room in a poor street in the suburbs of Vienna. The room had neither stove nor light. To keep warm when he was not at business Spitzberger visited the museums and art galleries and to save the expense of light he went to bed when it grew dark. He mended his own clothes and his whole wardrobe consisted only of one suit and one shirt. During his last years he lived literally on dry bread and tea made fresh only once a week. He drank this decoction without any sugar.

Spitzberger was a frequent visitor on the Bourse, and made a good deal of money in lucky speculations. He was interested in public affairs, but never bought a newspaper, going at half past six o'clock every morning to read the sheets pasted outside the offices of the journals.

To all the remonstrances of his friends he replied: "Your pleasure is to spend—mine to save. Leave me my pleasure; it is all for a good purpose." Spitzberger never married and with the exception of some small legacies to relatives, has left his whole fortune for the children's hospital.

**A Secret of the Profession.** "Your output of stories is not large." "No, I produce only two a year." "Is the work of writing them so very difficult?" "No, it's the work of selling them."