## THE VETERAN'S STORY.

He tells once more the tale of strife,
When men fought men, and war was rife,
And naught so cheap as human life.

And around his knee each coming year
His children's children pause to hear
Of times when men turned pale with fear;

Of heroes who when called to fight
Saw naught but duty shining bright,
And gave their lives for home and right.

# LOVE AND LOYALTY.

A MEMORIAL DAY STORY BY JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

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"YOU say you love me, Clarence, and yet you refuse to join the south in her great crisis. We are pledged to one another, and yet you would desert me and the cause I hold so sacred." As she spoke she disengaged herself from his embrace and burst into tears.

"Do not weep, dear Clarisse. It makes me wretched. I do love you passionately, devotedly; but I cannot abandon my country, even for you. Patriotism, honor demands that I should not. You could not love me if I were dishonorable." "Dishonorable? Honor should follow the heart. If you're not with the south you're against me. You must decide between me and the north. I am a true daughter of Louisiana. I will sacrifice my love on her altar. Decide!" As she spoke her anger arose; her dark eyes flashed.

"This seems more like temper than love, Clarisse. Do you really mean what you say?"

"Absolutely. Decide!"

He looked in her face, pale with emotion and steadily hardening with intense resolve. The tears had gone, but their stain was on her cheek. She stood firm as a statue, her eyes all ablaze. No sign of relenting there.

Still gazing at her fixedly, he said slowly, "I have decided." Then turned on his heel, quitted the drawing room, stepped into the hall and into the street, closing the door behind him. As the sound fell upon her ears she threw herself on the sofa, and burying her face in her hands sobbed out, "O God! O God! my heart is breaking!"

This happened in a private residence in New Orleans, in January, 1861, just after Louisiana had passed the ordinance of secession. It was one of a number of similar scenes that had occurred between Clarisse Dunoyer, aged twenty, whose great-grandfather had emigrated from France and settled in the province of Louisiana, and Clarence Burley, a native of New York state, who had been edu-

"YOU MUST DECIDE BETWEEN ME AND THE NORTH."

cated in Cincinnati and had gone to New Orleans six years before, when he was twenty-three, to pursue a mercantile life. He had entered the counting house of Pierre Dunoyer, a commission merchant, and had risen to a confidential place and had become an intimate friend of the family, with every prospect of being a partner in the firm of Dunoyer & Co.

Thrown into close relations with Clarisse, a handsome, intense brunette with many traits of her ancestral France though distinctively an American, and she had naturally fallen in love with each other; how or when neither of them could have told. She was a fiery little creature, enthusiastic in any cause she espoused, and a Louisianian, as she had often said, to the core of her being. He had sympathized with the south, especially since he had determined to make his home there, and had convinced himself that the north had, to an extent, invaded her rights. He did not believe, however, that there would be civil war, even after half a dozen states had formally seceded from the Union. If there should be he felt that he could not ally himself against the government. And when ordered, in an imperious manner, to decide between the south and the girl to whom he was engaged, he had decided as we have seen.

His course had been quickened by his consciousness of what seemed of late to be an overbearing disposition on her part toward him. Aware that her father was rich and that he was comparatively poor, he may have been suspicious that this was the cause of her arrogance. At least he thought he had given her ample opportunity to recall her dictatorial speech, and she had scorned him. "She cannot love me, after all," he said to himself, as he walked briskly away from her father's house. "If she did, she would not, she could not, have driven me away so."

Clarisse would have run after him to beg him to return three minutes following her outburst. But it was too late. The closing of the street door was the knell of her hope. Still lying on the sofa she groaned out: "I've destroyed my happiness. I shall never see him again—never, never!"

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Clarence Burley lost no time in adjusting his affairs with the firm. His expressed resolution to go north amazed and enraged the paternal Dunoyer, who was delighted to learn of the high and proper spirit his daughter had displayed to her recreant lover. Burley returned to Cincinnati, observing with deep concern, wherever the boat landed as she steamed up to Cairo, the excitement and belligerence in all the river towns.

He was in painful perplexity until the news of the firing on Sumter had electrified the land. That aroused every spark of patriotism in his breast, as it did in myriads of others, and he immediately volunteered. Within a few weeks he quitted the city as lieutenant of a company in an Ohio infantry regiment, and performed military service under General McClellan in West Virginia. During the campaign there, in which skirmishes were exaggerated into battles, he gained no little knowledge of the duties of a soldier, and was promoted to a captaincy. He learned one thing—that he could preserve his coolness under fire, and that what is called courage is largely getting accustomed to danger. At first he had imagined that every shot brought down a man, but experience taught him how many bullets are wasted, and how many men in imminent peril escape unhurt. His regiment was transferred with McClellan to Virginia, where he saw war in a grander and more terrible form, especially after the commander in chief had been superseded, than he had done before.

The hottest engagement in which he took part as major—I have heard him describe it—was that of Gettysburg, which, with the capture of Vicksburg, should have terminated the conflict, for after that the cause of the Confederacy was hopeless. If the enemy had been less desperate nearly two years' fighting and hundreds of thousands of lives might have been saved. The southerners, like all true Americans, did not know when they were beaten; or if they did know it they stubbornly refused to make acknowledgment. It was valor run mad, but it was supremely unwise.

Burley, who is a very good fellow, as he was a gallant officer, said to me one evening, when we were indulging in reminiscences of the war, that he had no expectation of surviving Gettysburg. "I had a kind of presentiment that I should die on that field, though I regarded presentiments as rank superstitions. Nevertheless, I could not throw it off. The idea was not nearly so unpleasant as I had fancied it would be. In fact, I doubt if the assurance of death troubles us much when we have once accepted it. To accept death is to die. So I may be said to have fallen then and there. I reflected that very rarely can a man perish in a good cause, and that when he does so perish he is very fortunate. He may be a very ordinary mortal, but death under such circumstances makes him a hero and embalms his memory.

"Gettysburg was a big fight, and no mistake. Lee had nearly 100,000 men, the best and bravest he had ever led. They were confident of victory, and that victory would realize their long cherished hope. It was their first inva-

CHEERING HIS REGIMENT.

sion of the north, which had repeatedly been urged by the southern press, and they were convinced that it would prove their crowning triumph. The 4th of July, 1863, as they fondly imagined, would prove their new day of independence—independence of the detested north."

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"On the first day," said Major Burley, "my regiment was with Howard's command after Reynolds had been killed, and we were successful at the outset by our superior numbers, taking many prisoners, but when Hill came up from Chambersburg and Ewell from Carlisle, with their forces, they drove us by their vastly greater strength. It was very warm work, the heat intense, the dust choking. Our brave fellows fought like tigers. They disputed every inch of ground, but they were fearfully overmatched. They were steadily beaten back by the power of numbers. The enemy kept up a terrific fire. Men were dropping all around me. A tall fellow near me, trying in vain to stem the martial tide, and crying: 'Stand firm! Sell your lives dearly!' was suddenly silent. I turned just in time to see that a cannon ball had carried away his head, and his shattered trunk fell, with a great gush of blood, under my feet.

"A Confederate colonel, mounted and cheering his regiment on my right, was blown to pieces by a bursting shell. It seemed as if no one could live in such a fire of shell. The enemy suffered as terribly as we. A musket ball tore through my cap; another passed through my sleeve at almost the same moment. 'When,' I thought, 'will it be my head or heart?' Destiny must have miscarried, or I should be lying among the slain. Order and discipline finally gave way. We retreated in wild confusion through Gettysburg, having lost enormously in prisoners, and reaching Culp's hill, south of the town, rallied our broken columns and occupied a strong position.

"The next day Meade, who had remained ignorant of the action at Gettysburg, came up with the bulk of his army, Hancock having decided that there was the place to give battle. Lee confronted us with the mass of his men, and the pounding was harder than ever. Our forces occupied most of Cemetery ridge, and Lee held Seminary ridge opposite. Between the ridges in the valley and on the slope of Cemetery ridge the battle raged that day and the next. In the center of Cemetery ridge, where the land was low, Sickles lost his leg and his division was fearfully cut up. Warren occupied Round Top, which by accident we had overlooked, and repeated though unsuccessful attempts to expel him were made until dark. The day was spent in a series of desperate assaults and repulses, and the carnage was great, but nothing definite was gained by either side.

"The third day Lee continued his attack on our right and left, but evidently underrated our strength and determined to make his strong assault on our center. Meade very early took the initiative and drove Ewell from the place he had gained on our right. But as this important result was never communicated to Lee, his movements suffered in consequence. There is no rational doubt that a series of Confederate mistakes caused his retreat and the sacrifice of the southern cause. Pickett's charge was the crowning blunder, and Lee was avowedly responsible therefor.

"Much of Cemetery ridge, which we held, is so rough that we could not employ artillery to advantage, so that, with 200 guns, only eighty were used. Seminary ridge, on the contrary, was very favorable for artillery, and the enemy placed 120 guns there and directed them against us; but our infantry was so well protected by the crest that they mostly kept out of harm's way. Our chief of artillery after awhile stopped firing, except occasionally, awaiting the next movement of the enemy. Lee interpreted this as the silencing of our batteries, and ordered Pickett to charge with his 20,000 Virginia veterans, who had not been in action. Lee intended to support them with his artillery; but discovered too late to remedy the defect that ammunition was lacking.

"Pickett's division moved down the slope and across the valley, only to be met with a fatal fire from our batteries all along the line. Never did men show more intrepidity. They went steadily on in the face of certain death. They were enfiladed; great gaps in their ranks were made by the awful fire. They gradually melted away. Enemies as they were, I pitied and honored the gallant fellows—unflinching to the last. They charged over a low stone wall, behind which Gibbons' men lay, into the mouth of our batteries, and fought for some time with pistols and clubbed muskets. But our troops concentrated upon them and drove them down the slope, completely commanded by our fire. Unable either to advance, retreat or stand still, the poor fellows threw themselves down and held up their hands as sign of surrender. Very few escaped. It was a piteous sight, a horrible carnage. I forgot myself in that dreadful hour, thinking only of the needless slaughter. That was the last great action.

"On the second night the Confederate army began to retreat in the midst of a storm. While we held councils of war the enemy slipped away. We might have crushed him completely and shortened the conflict by two years. Gettysburg sealed the doom of the south."

* * * * * *

Burley had confided to me his broken engagement with Clarisse Dunoyer, which made him very unhappy, but which the stirring events of the long strife prevented from preying on his mind. The surrender at Appomattox came, and he had received but two flesh wounds; both soon healed.

He went soon after into business in Chicago, where I encountered him seven years later in Wabash avenue. He told me he was married, whereupon I spoke of Clarisse, and the close of the comedy, which might have been a tragedy.

"You can't expect a man," he said, "to be loyal to a woman who has virtually thrust him out of doors." To which I agreed.

He invited me to visit him, and I accepted. I found his wife gentle and interesting, and his two small children—a boy and girl—intelligent and attractive. They appeared to be a most harmonious family, and I ventured the remark that he was probably as happy as if he had married Clarisse.

"By the by," I continued, "your wife must somewhat resemble your Louisiana sweetheart from what you have told me of her. She is small, slight, dark eyed and a brunette. I imagine you may have been drawn to her on account of this resemblance. I have known such cases."

"My marriage was as romantic as my earlier courtship. By a strange coincidence my wife is also a Louisianian, and I met her at the end of the war. Her father, once rich, had died poor; her nearest of kin had passed away, and she was earning her own livelihood by teaching music. I tried to help her—I could easily do so, for I had made money in cotton, and my sympathy soon ripened into love. Adversity had developed and enlarged her. She is as strong as she is noble, as you will see when you know her better."

"But what became, Burley, of poor Clarisse Dunoyer? I confess I feel a deep interest in her. You should have sought her out. I am sure she loved you."

"Clarisse Dunoyer was lost"——

"Poor girl! I had feared catastrophe for her. How was she lost?"

"In Clarisse Burley, the mother of my children."

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