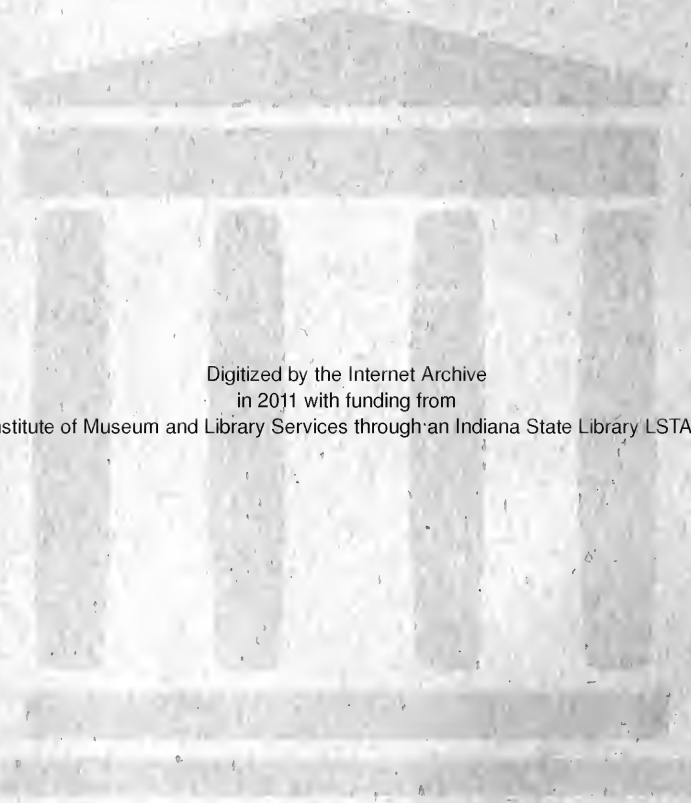






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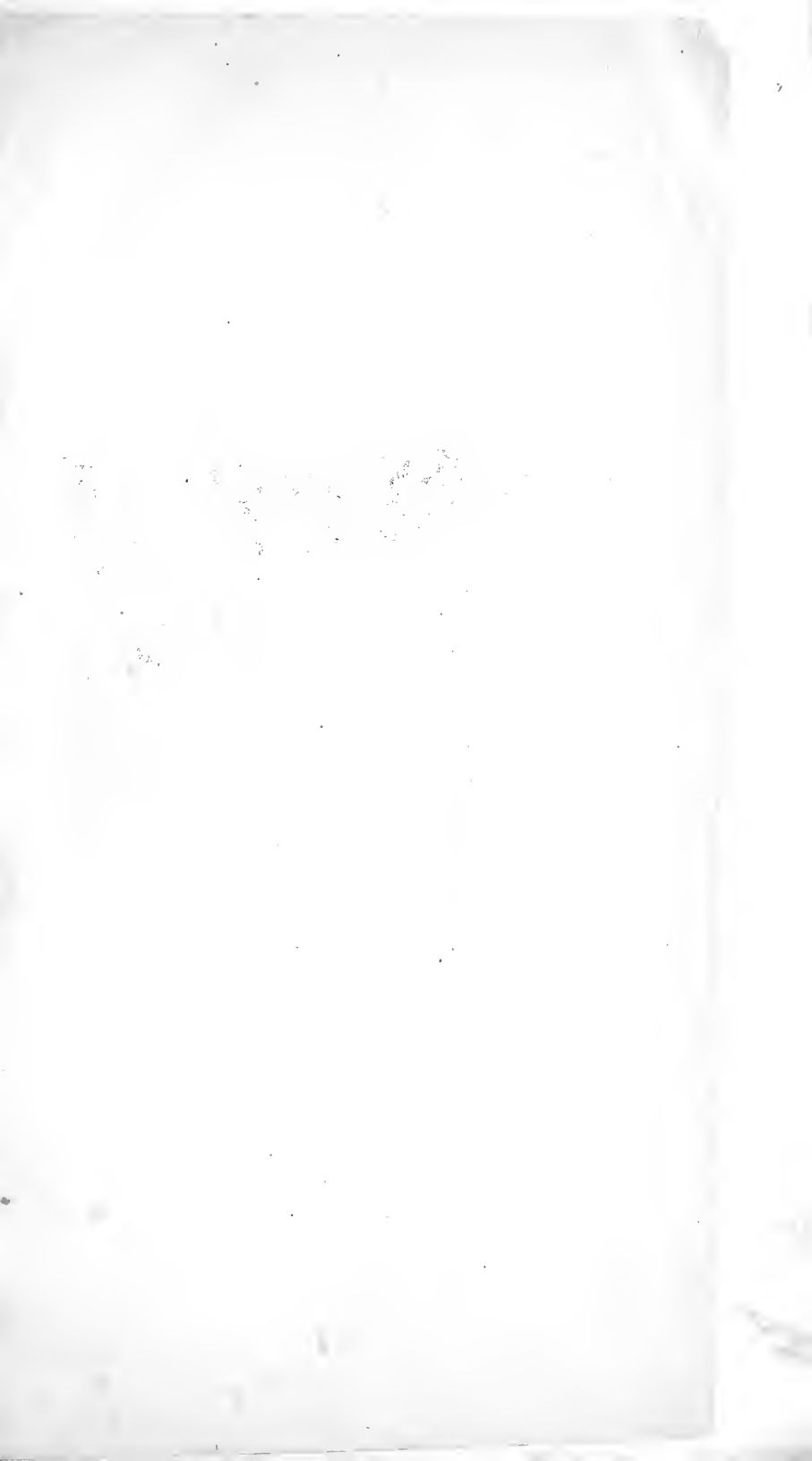
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JUDD STEWART





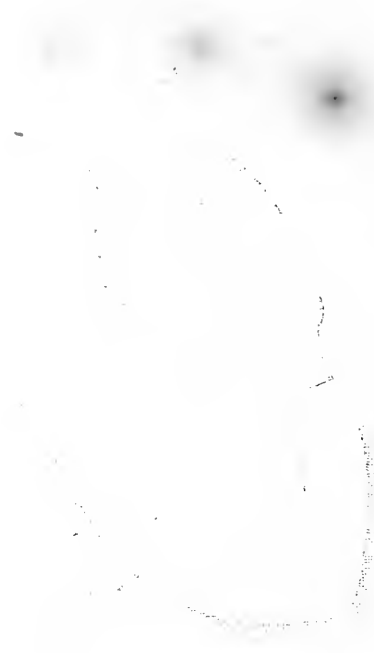


AGOSLATWEGE-ZHIG









HISTORY
OF
“OLD ABE,”

THE
LIVE WAR EAGLE

OF THE
EIGHTH REGIMENT WISCONSIN VOLUNTEERS.

BY JOSEPH O. BARRETT.

“ Ah! that Eagle of Freedom! when cloud upon cloud
Swathed the sky of my *own* native land with a shroud:
When lightnings gleamed fiercely and thunder bolts rung,
How proud to the tempest those pinions were flung;
Though the wild blast of battle swept swiftly the air
With darkness and dread, still the Eagle was there—
Unquailing and towering his high flight was on,
Till the Rainbow of Peace crowned the victory won.”

PUBLISHED BY ALFRED L. SEWELL,
138 LAKE STREET, CHICAGO.

CHICAGO:
DUNLOP, SEWELL & SPALDING, PRINTERS.
1865.

Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1865,

BY ALFRED L. SEWELL,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the
Northern District of Illinois.

NOTE TO THE READER.

The incidents herein described were related by valid witnesses, whose valuable services are gratefully acknowledged. Aside from the "Romances of the Eagle," they actually occurred. This book has been written under severe pressure of other duties. This edition is a gift to the sick and wounded soldiers, who, by their sacrifices, have now consecrated our native land. As an item of love in the inventory of 'Sanitary Supplies,' I trust it may find an humble niche in the voluminous histories of the Holy Crusade of the Nineteenth Century, and focalize its tiny spark in the great flame of patriotism that is sunning the American heart, to make there an Eden, beautiful and clean, *without* the Serpent of Slavery.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt receive it after many days."

J. O. B.

Eau Claire, Wis., March 25, 1865.



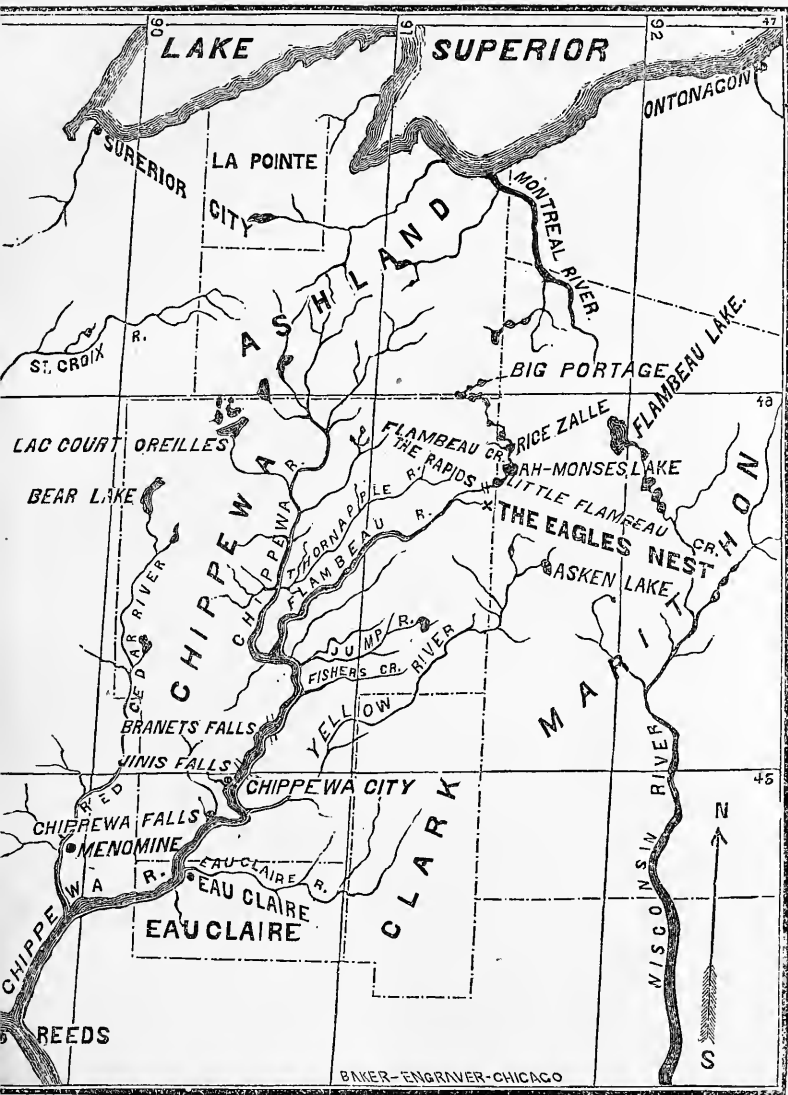
DEDICATION.

“Old Abe” is the Yankee appellation of Abraham Lincoln, the beloved President of the United States, and immortalized Emancipator, and is the *living* emblem of the Freedom he has faithfully guarded and saved to the world; it is, therefore, fitting that this little volume should be dedicated to him, in remembrance of his pure example of merciful justice and patriotism which, for all time, endear him to his countrymen.

NOTE.—Since the above dedication, “Father Abraham,” by the cruel hand of an assassin, has passed from earth to heaven. But so precious is his name, we do not propose to change anything; for is he not now, like the hovering wings of the American Eagle, our presiding national angel? Among the heart-monuments to his memory, let this be one, tearfully offered to the people he loved.

BY THE AUTHOR.

Chicago, Ill., May 1st, 1865.



LAKE SUPERIOR

ONTONAGON

SUPERIOR

LA POINTE CITY

MONTRAIL RIVER

ST. CROIX R.

ASHLAND

BIG PORTAGE

LAC COURT OREILLES

BEAR LAKE

PRICE ZALLE

FLAMBEAU LAKE

LAH-MONSES LAKE

LITTLE FLAMBEAU

48

THE EAGLES NEST

ASKEN LAKE

CHIPPEWA

FLAMBEAU CR.

THE RAPIDS

THORNAPPLE R.

FLAMBEAU R.

JUMP R.

FISHERS CR. RIVER

YELLOW

MARITON

BRANETS FALLS

JINIS FALLS

CHIPPEWA CITY

45

CHIPPEWA FALLS

MENOMINE

EAU CLAIRE R.

EAU CLAIRE

CLARK

WISCONSIN RIVER

N
S

REEDS

BAKER-ENGRIVER-CHICAGO

THE LIVE EAGLE

- OF THE -

EIGHTH WISCONSIN REGIMENT.

A-GE-MAH-WE-GE-ZHIG.

“Lo! the poor Indian whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind.”

IN northern Wisconsin, at the head-waters of the Flambeau and Eau Claire rivers—tributaries of the classic Chippewa—live a branch-tribe of the Ojibways, known as the Flambeaus. During the winter, they follow the instincts of the deer, hunting them along the borders of the forest; towards spring they gradually recede to the maple-topped hills, to manufacture their sugar; and at the beginning of summer, are again circling around the Lac Flambeau.

The personage who captured the Eagle of the Eighth Regiment of Wisconsin Volunteers, is a celebrity among these Indians. As the infant history of the bird is essential to the completeness of this book, it was necessary to find that Indian, and in the most unfavorable season of the year. It was like searching for a particular fish in the sea; but, making the attempt, the author sent letters to different individuals, holding commercial relations with the Indians, soliciting the strictest inquiry.

Meanwhile, the matter was submitted to the judgment of two esteemed friends, of Chippewa Falls, herein mentioned, who immediately undertook the task, with sanguine faith. They first found the man who bought the Eagle, and taking his testimony, compared it with that of others—all of whom are personally acquainted with the Indian—and had the satis-

faction of knowing that the evidence harmonizes. One of these gentlemen then visited an old country Frenchman, John Brunet, the first white settler of Chippewa Falls, and from him obtained other corroborative facts, which banished every shade of doubt as to the identity of the Indian.

The following letter, from Mr. Coleman, Editor of the Chippewa Falls *Union*, who is a young man of veracity and patriotism, explains the whole plan of operations, so successfully executed :

CHIPPEWA FALLS, Wis., Feb. 13, 1865.

J. O. BARRETT, Esq.

Dear Sir.—Having been engaged for a short time in the collection of information relative to the capture and early ownership of the Eagle of the 8th Wisconsin Regiment, whose history you are about to publish, I take pleasure in submitting a few facts in regard to the progress made.

Ascertaining, first, that the Eagle had been sold to Mr. Daniel McCann, of the town of Eagle Point, in this county, by some Indians, you wished me to discover, if possible, who those Indians were, and to secure their presence at Eau Claire, at an early day. I learned from Mr. McCann that the Indians who had brought the Eagle to him in the summer of 1861, were of the Lake Flambeau tribe, and that the owner was a son of Ah-monse, Chief of that tribe, or band, of Chippewa Indians. I proceeded to obtain corroborative evidence of this account, and found, through the evidence of Mr. John Brunet, Mr. Jas. Ermatinger, Mr. Charles Corbine, and others—all old residents of the upper Chippewa and Flambeau rivers,—besides, the testimony of different Indians, who were acquainted with the facts of the capture of the Eagle, that it was correct. All accounts agree that the name of the captor of the bird is O-GE-MAH-WE-GE-ZHIG, or Chief Sky, one of five sons of the said Ah-monse. Having satisfied myself by such evidence, and by other inquiries made in every direction, that there could be no mistake in the identity of the captor of the Eagle, I have made arrangements, according to your directions to bring the said O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig to Eau Claire, as soon as possible. He is now with his band, hunting between the head-waters of the Yellow and Flambeau rivers, and is shortly expected at Brunet's Falls, on the Chippewa.

Wishing you full success in the publication of your work,
I remain, with much respect, Yours Truly,

THEODORE COLEMAN.

Ascertaining that O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig, with other hunters, would soon arrive at the point—about the middle of February—on their way up the river, Mr. Coleman engaged Mr. Brunet to detain him until a concerted moment. At length they came, *the* Indian with them, to whom was communicated the wishes of the “white man at Eau Claire,” who desired to talk with him about the Eagle he caught a few years ago. He hesitated, apprehensive of a trick—for all whites had not been true to their “red brethren.” Finally, he appealed to Ah-monse, his father, who is Chief of the tribe. It was a grave question; indeed, they were all afraid of being arrested for capturing an American Eagle! After a long council together, Ah-monse, without further waiting, resolved to go to Chippewa Falls, requiring his boys to follow the next day, and bring the adornments, that they might appear in proper costume, in case all was right. There he had an interview with an influential citizen, who is a friend of all the parties concerned, and was convinced that the call should be obeyed. Meeting his boys, as before arranged, he selected two of them—O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig and O-zha-wash-co-ge-zhig—and with Messrs. Theo. Coleman and W. W. Barrett, and Elijah Ermatinger an interpreter, rode to Eau Claire, arriving at noon of the 19th of February 1865, and was welcomed with a cordiality, that at once inspired mutual confidence. A simplicity, a dignity, a noble pride, were clearly manifest in these distinguished personages so profusely adorned with feathers. The facts herein related of the infant history of the Eagle were furnished by O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig and Ah-monse, and were told with easy freedom.

The likenesses of these aborigines were taken by A. J. Devor of Eau Claire, and never did mortal feel his consequence more fully than O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig when preparing himself for the “sitting.” Seeing his image transferred upon a plate, he gave an ejaculation of joy—a smile and then a guttural shout.

The connoisseur will discover by the accompanying engraving, taken from the original, that O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig is a character. Look at that thick-set frame—that quiet, cool demeanor of person—that black steady eye—that big nose, akin to Roman—that resolute life—that wall of perceptives—that

basal brain of slumbering passion—that coronal region of vague spirituality. He is pure Indian blood—an eagle-man. Nor is he wanting in artistic taste. His Mackinaw blanket folds over his shoulder, according to his own style of dignity. Trinkets, in imitation of gold dollars strung together with a chain, to which are attached photographs of Lincoln and Hamlin, are suspended from his ears, partially hidden by hanks of braided hair. Around his neck, loosely hanging down his broad chest, is an ingeniously wrought sash constructed of beads set in variously colored figures, and a fine blue guard of the same material. His pouch for tobacco and other valuable articles, is a young bear's skin; his tomahawk was carved from Lake Superior copper, serving as a pipe in which to smoke the luscious Kinnickinnic. With his woolen comforter he made a crown for his head; and under this he tucked his feathers. Quite self-complaisant and consequential for a man only twenty-five years old. It is glory for him to be known as the captor of the American Eagle of the Eighth Wisconsin. His home is far to the north where his two little girls and his chubby boy await his return from council with the white man.

In his infancy, our Eagle was ROYAL, afterwards *loyal* to his birth-right liberty. A National Bird, it was appropriate that a "red brother," the wild and free, of a peaceful tribe, should capture him; and that our "sable brother" should welcome him as the symbol of a blood-bought emancipation, thus mutually representing the neglected, yet holy claims, of a forsaken and oppressed humanity. God is in the symbol; let us remember how broad and impartial is his justice. Let O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig be, as his name purports "Chief Sky" in which the Bird of Liberty shall war in clouds of wrath against all enemies of our Mother-Land.

Ah-monse (the Thunder of Bees) has four other sons, two younger, and two older, than the Eagle-Indian, and one daughter—"Queen of Speech." His life has been a checkered one. He is a noted hunter and warrior who in palmier days, ere the white man came, fought the Sioux. He has visited Washington several times, and once during the war of the Rebellion, when he held a peace council with President Lincoln, his "great father," whom he "loves very much," for he "gave him plenty of money" and lands for his children, and let him

see a battle-field where the dead lay "thick like the leaves of the forest."

NATIVE HOME OF THE EAGLE.

See her ! where
 She sits, in the glow of the sun-bright air,
 With wing half poised, and talons bleeding,
 And kindling eye, as if her prey
 Had suddenly been snatched away,
 While she was tearing it and feeding.—
 Above the dark torrent, above the bright stream
 The voice may be heard
 Of the thunderer's bird
 Calling out to her god in a clear, wild scream,
 As she mounts to his throne, and unfolds in his beam ;
 While her young are laid out in his rich, red blaze,
 And their winglets are fledged in his hottest rays.

[NEAL.

ONE of the main branches of the "Father of waters," classic in Indian history, is the Chippewa river, fed by a thousand springs from the far north, and winding through a country diversified with the most varying soils, surfaces, and scenery, anywhere known in the Great West. Sixty miles from its mouth, at the junction of the Eau Claire with the Chippewa, dotting all the shores, is the promising embryo city of Eau Claire. Twelve miles from this, right among the pines, is the village of Chippewa Falls; grown as by magic, under the charm of lumbering enterprise, a trading point for the Indians. Twenty miles thence, beyond a rich prairie country, commences a forest, which, for its vastness, is christened the "Big Woods." One—three—five miles more, and we strike Brunet's Falls, where are grotesque cottages and wigwams. Here shoot off seventy-five miles to the right, winding among gigantic trees, dark and majestic, where 'the fire flies dance in summer,' and we alight on the gem-lake of the woods—Loc Flambeau—which is one of the great feeders of the river bearing the same name. Start not; we are in the land of the dusky tribes. That

scream was an eagle's; that yell was an Indian's; that rumbling sound was a partridge's, drumming with her wings; that tramp was the deer's, bounding through the thicket. Ten miles across here, on the north side, fronting an island where Ah-monse lives, "monarch of all he surveys," is the Indian village—the sweet home of the maidens and jovial warriors. What spot in all the world is better chosen? If you want romance, rude architecture, rustic beauty, balsamic air, and Indian legends, come here and spend the summer months. Here the Great Spirit showers his blessings upon his "chosen people"—these lands are theirs and all the game—let not the pale face trespass!

Here, too, is the *birth* home of the American Eagle, so famous in the history of the second war for independence. What more fitting? Let us float over a sluggish creek, southward, only six miles, and thence three more over a lily expanse—the little Flambeau—and thence into the Flambeau river, whose silver tides are shadowed by drooping elms and pines. So engaging is this picturesque landscape and water, we are unconscious of time, or distance, but remember we are about three miles from the last lake. Listen—rapids ahead—and now we rush upon them around a bend that curves slightly towards the east. Note that background of hills in a *merry* row, on the west side, and just opposite, that woody prairie. Yonder you discover a clump of pines, quite dense, the once stateliest among them lying prostrate, with its top broken off. Well, that is the spot where our Eagle was born and nursed—a spot sacred in story, patriotic in song, memorable in the history of the Great Rebellion; for here sprung into being the living emblem of the victor—freedom which is sealed with the price of precious blood.

As the home of the Eagle is of peculiar interest to the patriotic reader, the following letter, and the map in front are inserted, giving a careful and accurate description of it.

CHIPPEWA FALLS, WIS.. Feb. 25th, 1865.

MY DEAR BROTHER:

According to your request, I will give you what information I have obtained of the Chippewa Country, and especially of the Home of your Pet Eagle. Enclosed I send you a map of this country*, being a perfect copy from J. I. Lloyd's New Map

* For Map see front of book.

of the United States, with a slight change in the location of the Flambeau Lakes and tributaries, which are copied from a drawing made for me by Ah-monse and the Eagle-Indian. I can find no maps representing the United States Surveys of these Lakes.

To-day I saw Israel Gould, the Indian Interpreter, who rendered you so valuable assistance last summer on your Indian Expedition. At my request he drew a map of the Flambeau and its Lakes, and it agreed precisely with the drawing made by Ah-monse and his son.

Mr. Gould is an intelligent Scotchman and has lived with the Chippewa Indians for fifteen years. He has a good knowledge of Indian character and probably is one of the best of Indian interpreters. At one time he lived one year at Flambeau Lake, or Ah-monse's Lake, as it is most generally called, trading with Ah-monse and his tribe, and consequently, he is well acquainted with their country. I have much confidence in his account of the location of these Lakes; and as all the other Indian traders, and trappers, and Ah-monse, and the Eagle-Indian, do agree with him, I believe you can rely upon my map as being *correct*. I will give his description of this country:

The whole Chippewa Country is well watered with innumerable streams, swamps, lakes and rivers; its surface varies in hills and bluffs, prairies, oak openings and meadows, and is covered, for the most part, with every variety of Hardwood, Norway and White Pine. The soil in many places is good, while many of the hills and bluffs are rocky, and in its northern portion is to be found iron, copper, and other minerals. It is inhabited by the various tribes of the Chippewa Indians, and abounds in wild beasts, fish and birds.

The Flambeau River is a wide, crooked stream, the longest tributary of the Chippewa, and its general course is south-west. Upon its north fork are the *Rapids*, at which place the Eagle-Indian said he caught the Eagle. It is about 125 miles from Eau Claire, 70 miles from the mouth of Flambeau River, and 80 or 90 miles from Lake Superior. It is three miles from here to Little Flambeau, or Asken Lake, which is three miles long; six miles further north is Flambeau, or Ah-monse's Lake—a stream uniting the two. This is the largest of the Flambeau Lakes, being three miles wide and six long. It is a beautiful stream of clear, pure water, where are found fish of many varieties. The meaning of its Indian name is "Fire-Hunting Lake." Near its northern shore is a fine island, where Ah-monse frequently lives. On its eastern shore is a pretty, sloping hill, nearly forty feet high, covered with maples. Here, overlooking the Lake, the Indians, a few years ago, had their villages, which are now located upon the north and north-west shores, where they have cleared their land, leaving now and then a shade

tree, giving the country a beautiful appearance. The soil is good; and here they raise their corn and potatoes. Farther to the north is Rice Lake, the chain of Lakes, the Big Portage and the Montreal River. A few years ago, this was the route of the Indian traders, going from Lake Superior to Eau Claire. The country near the Lakes, for two miles east and west of the river, and about four miles in all directions from the Lakes, is low prairie land, covered with hard-wood, with here and there a lonesome pine; while beyond, in all directions, the country is uneven and hilly, and wooded with the dark pine.

In this sequestered country, Ah-monse and his tribe have lived for many years, subsisting upon their corn and potatoes, rice and sugar, fish and game. The Flambeau tribe is the most enterprising and intelligent of the Chippewas. Their warriors number from 140 to 150 men, and they kill more game than any other tribe. Here is found the deer and elk, the mink and marten, the bear and otter, and also the fish-hawk, the owl and the *eagle*, and other birds. Mr. Gould says it is an *Eagle Country*, he having seen more there than in any other, and has there found many eagle's nests, containing from two to four young birds. Having seen the Eagle at different times, he is satisfied that it is a *Bald Eagle*, and this is the opinion of the Eagle-Indian.

Mr. Gould says, Asken Lake is situated about five miles east of the fourth principal meridian, which line is well defined upon the river bank; and if he is correct, and I rely upon his statement, then the Eagle must have been caught in *Chippewa County*, in, or near, township forty, north of range one, east of the fourth principal meridian, nearly four miles from its eastern boundary.

Trusting my map and letter may aid you in obtaining a better idea of the Home of the Eagle, I remain

Your Brother for Freedom and Union,
W. W. BARRETT.

THE CAPTURE.

When Freedom from her mountain height
Unfurl'd her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set her stars of glory there.
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldrick of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white,
With streakings of the morning light,
Then from his mansion in the sun
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

[DRAKE.]

IN the spring of 1861, four Indian families built their wigwams at the bend just described, to engage in sugar-making and hunting. One sunny day, about noon, O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig, and his father-in-law and two sons, and his cousin, took each his canoe, with gun and dogs, for a grand hunt. Just as they swooped up the rapids, O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig heard a melodious whistle above them, and looking up, saw a strong Eagle gaily swimming in the air, carrying in her talons a fish, evidently disturbed at the intrusion. Holding his canoe still, his quick eye followed her devious course until she alighted in that thicket of pines, on one of which, far up almost to the top, he dimly discerned her nest. One shot from his unerring gun would have brought that bird down bleeding at the heart; but knowing that at this season she was rearing her young, he suggested to his friends that her life be spared.

By right of discovery and contiguity to his wigwam, O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig was acknowledged to be the lawful claimant of the nest. Many a time did he and his little family watch with prophetic hope those parent birds, as they came from the lakes, laden with their prey for the eaglets; and as often did they visit the tree, and look up through the tasseled branches to the broad nest, trying to catch a glimpse of their unfledged darlings.

When the sun had ascended to his northern tropic,

O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig thought it prudent to capture his eaglets, One week's delay might be too much, for they were growing rapidly. So he and his men, taking their little dull axes, commenced the slow process of cutting down the nest-tree, for it was impossible to climb it. At this time the old birds were away hunting for food. Round and round they hacked, severing but little more than a fibre at a time; but perseverance conquered, for there came a creaking, then a reeling, then a dying groan, then a crash. Giving the war-whoop, O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig sprung to the tree-top, which broke in the concussion, just as the two eagles slid out from under the brush, running into the grass to hide. With a bound he caught the larger eagle, laughing outright, and one of his companions caught the other, which by accident received some injury not then discoverable. They were not quite as large as prairie chickens, being but a few weeks old, and were covered all over with a darkish down. When they had reached the camp—distant about three-quarters of a mile—the four squaws and flock of children came out to meet them with smiles, joyfully exclaiming, “Mee-ke-zeen-ce! Mee-ke-zeence! (Little Eagle.)

As the “Eagles were so pretty,” they made a nest in a small tree, close by the wigwam of “Chief Sky,” after the style of the old one, and there fostered them with vigilant fondness, feeding them with fish, venison, and other meat. The smaller one soon pined away and died, and sad indeed was the little colony.

On the day of moving to the Indian village, soon after, first, in the inventory of household goods, was the Eagle, on which was now lavished a double affection. For him a space with a grassy-bed was specially reserved in O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig's canoe. On landing at the village, old and young, like chattering blackbirds, crowded around the Eagle, each grunting delight in true native vigor. Bless him, what a pet to love! Ah-monse was particularly pleased with him, “he was so smart and tame.” He was so domesticated as to need no confinement whatever, but would sit the live-long day, demurely watching the playing dogs and children, and patiently waiting for a wiggling fish from the lake.

SELLING THE EAGLE.

O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig wanted food for his hungry children; what should he do? After due deliberation, he determined to sell his Eagle to the white man at Chippewa Falls, or Eau Claire. Four Indians—neither of whom helped in capturing the Eagle—were going down to these towns to trade off their furs, and he proposed to join their company, adding to his own cargo his favorite bird.

Passing over the lakes and river, and stopping one night at "Brunet's,"—where for the first time our Eagle was caressed by white men—and awhile at the portage of "Jim's Falls," they drew their two canoes to the shore of the Chippewa, near the residence of Daniel McCann, who, by accident, met them there, and casually asked, "where are you going?" With an awkward spring, the bird slipped into the water for a bath, which amused the spectators vastly; and as the Indian drew him out, McCann inquired, "What in the world is it?" On being informed that it was an *eagle*, he bantered O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig to sell him. Troubled at the thought of parting from his pet, he told the white man that he did not know what the Eagle was worth, and, looking longingly at him, added with a half-earnestness, that he wanted to take him back to his wigwam. At last, McCann offered a bushel of corn, which, on serious reflection, was accepted with the proviso annexed—*Indian* always—of something to eat. The price was duly paid—the Eagle was sold! The Indians then ambled off to the market, where they remained that night.

We must now bid adieu to O-ge-mah-we-ge-zhig, wishing for him a long and happy life. May his children and children's children ever preserve in their traditions the story of the Wisconsin Eagle which he gave to a nation solemnly pledged, by virtue of the law of a common brotherhood, to protect and succor those whom our injustice heretofore has banished from our fellowship, whom the Great Spirit orders shall yet possess a Reserved Home, under the banners of a redeemed Union.

Mr. McCann says, that, during the few weeks he kept the Eagle, he "grew very fast and saucy." Whilst watching his

belligerent freaks among his other domestic animals, the idea one day "struck him like a brick," that his Eagle should go to the war. So taking him in his wagon, he rode to Chippewa Falls, and there, after several ineffectual attempts to sell him, recommended him, as a candidate-soldier, to Hon. Rodman Palmer who was then raising recruits for the 1st. Wis. Battery. Unable to go himself, on account of ill-health, and failing in getting his men into that regiment, Mr. P. abandoned his project of buying him, but suggested that he be carried to the company just organizing in Eau Claire for the Eighth Wisconsin Infantry. McCann accordingly went to this town with his valuable charge, in August 1861, the bird being then about two months old.

THE EAGLE A VOLUNTEER.

'Tis come—his hour of martyrdom
 In freedom's sacred cause is come;—
 * * * * * And by its light
 Watch through the hours of slavery's night,
 For vengeance on the oppressor's crime.

[MOORE.]

THE ancient poets say, that an eagle furnished Jupiter with weapons in his war with the giants, and "armed the skies." Is it all a fable? Are not symbols the instruments of corresponding action? Does not our "dear old flag" suggest to the patriot a great truth—the priceless value of the American Union? What, then, can better enkindle the fires of valor, and intensify them into unquenchable light, than the imagery of the Bald Eagle whose realm of glory is among our "Stars?" If the shadow thus nerves the soul, what must the *real* create but impetuous energy in the battle shock? The *live* emblem of our Liberty!—Persian and Roman as a military standard—what surer augury of conquest over base rebellion need the soldier ask?

"Will you buy my Eagle," said McCann, addressing a soldier, "buy him for your company—only two dollars and a half?"

"Here, boys, let's put in twenty-five cents a piece," answered Frank McGuire, with convincing emphasis.

After examining his wings, his back, his talons, his eyes, his muscles generally, the soldiers present tendered their subscriptions with ludicrous prophecies about the fighting qualities of the new volunteer.

"I say, John, look at that *eye*—isn't there lightning?"

"Yes, but his *claws*—are they not terrible hooks for a gosling?"

"Will he *yell*, Mister, right loud and smart?"

"Like to see him, after the rebels, in battle, Billy!"

"Guess he's worth his weight in scrip—never saw such big toes, and hooked nose!"

While the jolly fellows were thus cracking jokes in admiration of the *rara avis*, Frank was busy collecting quarters. Meeting a civilian (S. M. Jeffers), he solicited a contribution but was rebuffed with an indifferent denial. When the soldiers heard of this, they immediately marched down to that gentleman's place of business, and gave him three lusty groans, hearing which Mr. Jeffers inquired what it meant. "Because you will not help buy the Eagle for the Boys," was the jeering retort. Misunderstanding their object at first, he laughed, and, taking out a quarter-eagle, paid for the Bird and presented him to the Company, the subscriptions being returned to the donors. The story runs, that Frank also gave something for the Eagle, aside from the regular price, but a "double purchase" did no harm to our Bird; at any rate, "Mills," after that, had cheers instead of groans.

SWEARING THE EAGLE.

In due time, the Eagle was sworn into the United States service by putting around his neck "red, white, and blue" ribbons, and on his breast a rosette of the same colors. Thus attired, he really appeared as if conscious of his royal dignity.

The first editorial notice of his majesty was given in the Eau Claire *Free Press* of Sept. 5, 1861, as follows:

“THE AMERICAN EAGLE.—The Eau Claire Badgers are going into battle under the protective ægis of the veritable American Eagle. It was captured by the Indians of the Chippewa River, and purchased by the Badgers. Its perch is to be the flag-staff of the Stars and Stripes. Who could not fight under so glorious emblems?”

THE FIRST EAGLE BEARER.

James McGennis, a young man of romantic ambition, entertained a peculiar partiality for the “fledgeling,” and craved the privilege of superintending him, to which all tacitly assented. In a few days, he produced a respectable perch. The first time he was carried on this *a la military*, through the principal streets of Eau Claire, the scene so excited two patriotic ladies of the town, that, in their haste to make two little flags to be placed on each side of him, they got the stripes on in reverse order. “Try again and keep cool,” was the suggestion made to them, and this time success crowned the effort. How gay and imposing was his appearance as he rode in imperial state beneath his miniature flags!

None were more delighted than the young lads. Every day they visited him, offering various kinds of food, and talking to him, mimicking his motions, but never daring to HANDLE him.

DEPARTING FOR THE WAR.

Then farewell home! and farewell friends!
 Adieu, each tender tie!
 Resolved we mingle in the tide,
 Where charging squadrons furious ride,
 To conquer, or to die!

[Scott.

ON the morning of the 6th of Sept. 1861, a hurrying crowd gathered on the levee where lay the steamer *Stella Whipple*.

A cold drizzling rain beat down from the north-west, but scarcely was it noticed. It was the parting hour!—

—shout, sob, and greeting,
Love's deep devotion constantly meeting.—

Held back by the entreaties of weeping friends, Captain John E. Perkins found it difficult to get his men on board. Holding up his precious charge to the gaze of the multitude, the Eagle Bearer stood there alone on the upper deck, exposed to the sleety blast that was fiercely trying his mettle. He seemed a Roman soldier. "All aboard!" shouted the Captain the third time with a stentorian voice. One warm pressure of the hand, one tearful "good-bye," and the "Boys" obeyed. The engine sprung to duty, the bell rung, off swung the steamer in a graceful curve; and just as she reached the current, three more cheers from the people on shore greeted the stalwart band. Hands were raised, and kerchiefs waved *adieu*. "God bless them! GOD BLESS THEM AND THEIR EAGLE!" was the prayer of the reflecting friends returning to their homes.

THE GREETING AT LA CROSSE.

Toward evening of the next day, when within hailing distance of La Crosse, Wis., the steamer sent forth her semi-bugle notes, announcing arrival. In ten minutes the news was heralded through the city, that a company of hardy yeomen from the Chippewa Valley was coming with a live American Eagle. To the wharf rushed the crowds; and just as the boat landed, a salute from the 1st Wis. Battery, Capt. Foster, was fired, followed by cheer after cheer from civilians and soldiers. "The Eagle! the Eagle! hurrah for the EAGLE!" It was a thrilling moment to the volunteers.

THE AUGURY.

Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
 To guard the banner of the free!
 To hover in the sulphur smoke,
 To ward away the battle stroke,
 And bid its blendings shine afar,
 Like rainbows in the cloud of war—
 The harbinger of victory!

[DRAKE.]

Is it too much to believe that birds are sometimes inspired? With reverence we cherish the story of a dove which Noah "sent forth to see if the waters were abated from off the face of the ground." The second time returning, "the dove came in to him in the evening; and lo, in her mouth was an olive leaf plucked off!" If through divine interposition, by the law of correspondence, peace can be emblemized by means of a dove, why not war by means of an eagle? Is not the one as much a bird of heaven as the other? In the morning of a revolution, what more fitting in the order of a presiding Providence, than that our Messenger-Eagle from the pines of the free North, on his advent into the Capital of his native state, should herald by a sign the red battle of victory? No patriot having faith in the "Higher LAW" will treat it with derision.

Arriving at Madison, on the 8th of Sept. 1861, Capt. Perkins led his Company direct for Camp Randall, his musicians playing "Yankee Doodle." The 7th Wis., and fractional parts of the 8th, were already there awaiting accessions. Seeing the "Eau Claire Badgers" and their Eagle coming, they all ran to the gate of entrance, and opened right and left. During this commotion, the majestic Bird sat quietly on his perch, properly restrained; but just as the Company passed the gate, and defiled between these living rows of spectators, who then gave an outburst of enthusiasm, with a dart of his piercing eye to the flag floating close over him, he seized one end of it within his beak, and spread his wings with a continuously flapping motion, expressive of inspirational ambition. It was a spontaneous action of the Bird, untaught and unexpected, far more easily explained as intentional than accidental. He seemed to under-

stand his mission, and grandly did he illustrate it. Thus he proudly held the flag during the time of crossing the grounds to the front of Col. R. C. Murphy's Head-Quarters. The Madison papers referred to this beautiful incident as a "favorable omen."

A correspondent, belonging to this regiment, and an eye-witness of the scene, says :

"When the regiment marched into Camp Randall, the instant the men began to cheer, he spread his wings, and taking one of the small flags attached to his perch in his beak, he remained in that position until borne to the quarters of the late Col. Murphy."

The excitement of the crowd knew no bounds. They shouted again and again, till the very welkin trembled for joy. Deep and strong was the conviction that the Eagle had a charmed life.

"Bird of Columbia! well art thou
 An emblem of our native land;
 With unbleached front and noble brow,
 Among the nations doomed to stand;
 Proud, like her mighty mountain woods;
 Like her own rivers wandering free;
 And sending forth from hills and floods,
 The joyous shout of Liberty."

NAMING THE EAGLE.

At Madison his visitors numbered thousands, and among them were the highest dignitaries of civil and military life. Here, too, he was donned with the soubriquet of "*Old Abe*," a title given by Capt. Perkins in honor of Abraham Lincoln who so grandly led our Republic through bloody seas, amid storms and dangers innumerable, toward to the haven of peace. By vote of the Company, the "Eau Claire Badgers" were called the "Eau Claire Eagles," and by the voice of the people, the Eighth Wisconsin was designated as the "Eagle Regiment."

THE NEW PERCH.

As the Eagle was now a national bird, Quartermaster Francis L. Billings, at the expense of the State, had a new perch constructed, consisting of a shield in the shape of a heart, on which was inscribed the Stars and Stripes, and, along the base, "8th Reg. W. V." Above this, raised a few inches, was a cross-piece painted blue, on which the Eagle sat, and at each end of it three arrows pointing outward. In the shuffle of war, these have got broken off. The shaft was about five feet long. This war-worn perch is still the property of the State, kept as one of the memorable relics of the war. What an object of interest it will be at some far future day! Let it be preserved. Evidently, such a perch, with the Eagle on it, must have been a heavy weight for one soldier to carry, during the long and tiresome marches in the enemy's country; but the Bearer had no other duty than to superintend him with kind attentions. The "Eau Claire" was also the Regimental Color Company. When in line, the Eagle was always on the left of the Color Bearer.

PASSING THROUGH CHICAGO.

Crown ye the brave! crown ye the brave!
 They have heard with proud disdain,
 That a tyrant seeks your beautiful land,
 To bind in his iron chain;
 And now they come with hearts and arms,
 To the land that will be free,
 With their blood to give in the cause of those
 Who fight for their liberty!

[HEMANS.]

ON the 12th of Oct. 1861, the Eagle Regiment left Camp Randall for the theatre of war, and, after a continuous ovation through the country, arrived in Chicago near the close of the

day. It marched through the city in fine order, with banners streaming, with martial music enchanting every measured step, and with "Old Abe" in his place under the colors, receiving the adorations of thronging multitudes that cheered tumultuously during the whole transit from the North Western Depot to that of the Illinois Central. It electrified the Chicago patriots. Such a symbol of battle and conquest, in military order, never before visited that metropolis.

A correspondent of the Eau Claire *Free Press* thus described the march :

"Formed in platoons, we took our way through the city, our Colonel and Governor Alex. Randall leading us on horseback. Our progress was marked by many demonstrations of enthusiasm—the Regiment as a whole, and our 'glorious bird' carried aloft at the head of our Company, appearing to divide about equally the general attention and applause. I fancied the Eagle seemed for once to be of more importance than the 'Eagles,' and received cheers and flattering comment enough to spoil any less sensible bird."

The Chicago *Tribune*, under date of Oct. 13, 1861, thus alludes to the passage of the Regiment through the city :

"A noticeable feature among them was the Chippewa Eagles—Captain Perkins' Company—a Company of the first-class stalwart fellows. The Live Eagle which they brought with them was an object of much curiosity. He is a majestic bird and well trained. When marching, the Eagle is carried at the head of the Company, elevated on a perch at the top of a pole. The Eagle was caught on the head waters of the Chippewa River by an Indian. Captain Perkins' Company takes it to the war. The men were offered a large sum for it in Madison, but they will not part with it. They swear it shall never be taken by the enemy. No doubt, the Chippewa Eagles and their pet bird, will be heard of again."

HERALDING FREEDOM IN ST. LOUIS.

And, with a front, like a warrior that speeds to the fray,
 And a clapping of pinions he's up and away,—
 Away, O, away, soars the fearless and free!

[STREET.

SWEEPING through the State of Illinois, where at nearly every village and city, nothing but generosity and approbation

greeted our merry volunteers, they at length reached St. Louis on the morning of the 14th. Hearing that Union soldiers had there been recently fired upon by rebel citizens, difficulties were anticipated, but dauntlessly they moved on, for such they had come to confront. What was their surprise, instead of rebels, Unionists, with much excitement, showed signs of belligerency. What did it mean? Like the Confederates, our soldiers were then dressed in *gray*, and were therefore taken to be a rebel regiment. Though exceedingly hot, they were obliged to put on their blue overcoats to satisfy the patriotic populace which had been so outraged but a day or two before. It is reported, that about twenty of the Boys were sun-struck on that occasion.

When the Regiment was preparing to enter one of the principal streets, a promiscuous multitude huddled around, and seeing the Bird, cried out: a "crow," a "wild goose," a "heron," a "turkey buzzard!" but "Old Abe," provoked at these insults to his highness, resolved upon a demonstration of defiance and of the freedom which he came to herald.

With an elastic spring, he rose with such an impetus as to break the string that held him to his perch, and, sailing over the crowd and along the street, flew up, up, majestically alighting upon the chimney of one of the most aristocratic buildings in the city. The Regiment was thrown into excitement, Company "C" particularly, every soldier of which was alarmed lest the Bird would never return.

The flight heightened the curiosity of the spectators. Being informed that it was none other than an American Eagle from Northern Wisconsin, they were in ecstasies.

In the meantime, "Old Abe" sat on his new perch, leisurely surveying the sea of heads, and the scenery abroad, with his eye of deathless fire. After a half hour's liberty "alone in his glory," careless of the efforts to capture him, he scooped down to an obscure sidewalk, where he was caught, and thence conveyed to his proper post in the Regiment.

This being the first band of warriors from the North-West that had visited St. Louis—bringing too a live Eagle—with the loyal people the reception was truly magnificent. "The little darkies hurraed for the Union, and one old 'Dinah,' in particular, will be long remembered, she laughed so heartily, showing

her white teeth and 'big eyes,' and crying out at the top of her voice, 'Go in, boys! go in! God bress ye!'

A gentleman in St. Louis offered the Company five hundred dollars for the Eagle, but it was no inducement whatever. Somewhere in the South, an Illinois soldier offered a farm worth five thousand dollars; this, too, was declined. A national bird, it is above all price.

On arrival of the Regiment at Benton Barracks, the Boys were favored with speeches from Secretary Cameron, and Gen. Thomas, Adj.-Gen. U. S. A., who highly complimented their general appearance, of which "Old Abe" had his usual share.

King or Queen, in the palmy days of ancient renown, never received so signal adulations, as did our popular Bird. Soldiers say, "His feathers are scattered all over the Union," and preserved as mementoes of valor. At one time, so great was the demand for them, that he looked bare and deformed, when the whole Company interposed, and vowed not another feather should be taken out.

UNDER NEW COLORS.

After fighting rebels, here and there, guarding prisoners, and scouring the country over a large extent of the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys, every where hailed as the omen of victory, our Eagle with his war-begrimed compatriots—a whole brigade—occupied the rifle pits at Mount Pleasant, about eight miles from New Madrid and Island No. 10, where they remained several weeks, preventing rebel transportation of provisions, and so starving out the enemy. Speaking of this splendid achievement under Brig. Gen. J. B. Plummer, Maj. Gen. Pope said: "The occupation and holding of Mount Pleasant was the key to the capture of Island No. 10." On the 8th of April, 1862, the Eagles assisted in the capture of 6,000 of the enemy, whilst retreating from these strongholds.

For the gallantry displayed on this occasion, General Pope ordered "New Madrid," and "Island No. 10," to be inscribed

on all the banners of the brigade, under one of which "Old Abe" rode more dignified than ever, in the estimation of his admirers.

BATTLE OF FARMINGTON, MISS.

DEATH OF "OLD ABE'S FAVORITE CAPTAIN."

"Now for the fight—now for the cannon peal—
 Forward through blood, and toil, and cloud, and fire!
 Glorious the shout, the shocks, the crash of steel,
 The volley's roll, the rockets' blasting spire!"

With a view to test the strength of the enemy at Corinth, a small army, consisting of the "Eagles," the 47th and 26th Illinois, the 11th Missouri, and 2d Iowa Battery, on the 9th of May, 1862, felt its way cautiously to the woods where lay the ambushed crew, ready for their prey. The odds were great—25,000 against one brigade; but, great as it was, the "Eagles" alone held them in check for over half an hour. Maj. J. W. Jefferson held the outposts under three hours skirmishing, in a most masterly manner. As the battle raged, our army found it necessary to protect their baggage trains, at which the rebels were aiming, and whilst retreating to that point, the Regiment attempted to form again in an intervening swamp, but, apprehensive of being captured, Gen. Palmer ordered them to fall back. They had felt the enemy, learned his position, and that was all they desired at that engagement.

In the meanwhile, where was "Old Abe?" Anxious for his life, Capt. Perkins ordered the Bearer to keep well in the rear of the Regiment, but within hailing distance of his Company. Here he beheld the carnival of death. As the hosts of the enemy pressed on, nothing could stand before the swathe of destruction, cutting down our devoted brothers. Instinctively they prostrated themselves upon the ground, in the open field, behind a knoll, the leaden hail pouring over them.

Not being conspicuously exposed, the Bearer determined to remain upright at his post, but the Eagle, seeing the men lying there, stubbornly refused to be thus alone. Five or six times he was picked up, and at last quite roughly put back with stern orders to obey; but all in vain—down he *would* get. Giving him his own way, “Jim” threw the perch on the ground, and crouched low with the rest. Elated at this, the Eagle crept close to his master’s side, snug to the ground, remaining there until the bugle sounded, when he leaped to his perch with the rising of the Regiment. The sagacious creature had no idea of being a needless target for rebels. A volunteer, had he not also the right of self-preservation? A staff-officer of the Regiment, writing about this beautiful incident, says:

“At the battle of Farmington, May 9th, 1862, the men were ordered to lie down. The instant they did so, it was impossible to keep him upon his perch. He insisted on being protected as well as they, and when liberated, flattened himself on the ground, and there remained till the men arose; when with outspread wings he resumed his place of peril, and held it to the close of the contest.”

It was indeed an intelligent strategy, teaching the true art of war—that prudence is better than rashness.

“There fell a moment’s silence round,—
A breathless pause!—the hush of hearts that beat,
And limbs that quiver!”

Capt. Perkins raised himself partially up with one hand, looking over the hill toward the enemy, and then turning to his Company, spoke in a calm, confident voice—“Boys, keep cool, and mind the work!” and when the last word was uttered, he fell mortally wounded, and was immediately carried off the field, and in three days departed, “with his martial cloak around him.”

Could our Eagle speak, he would have pronounced a deserving eulogy over the tenantless form of his faithful, brave commander. Some Divines—and may their tribe increase—tell us that “birds go to heaven;” if so, “Old Abe” will surely be there in due time, recognizing with unbounded joy, his tall, favorite Captain.

After this battle, the command of Company “C,” by commission, devolved upon the fearless Lieut. Victor Wolf.

THE SECOND EAGLE BEARER.

Following the battle before Corinth, on the 30th of May, 1862, there was a hurried order to pursue the enemy, who had just evacuated the place. While the regiment was getting ready, a convalescent soldier brought forward the eagle to the front. James McGennis being sick, the question went round, "Who shall carry the Eagle?" Several eagerly exclaimed: "I will!" "I will!" Captain Wolf assigned the trust to Thomas J. Hill of Eau Claire, remarking, "He is worthy of it, for he is always ready for duty."

INITIATING "TOM."

Shouldering his living musket, "Tom" marched on with an agile step, and was unavoidably led through a clump of bushes, where our Eagle initiated him into the mysteries of his new duty. Getting entangled, he tore away from the perch exasperated, but was hustled up again with haste, when, wishing to give his master a trial of his patience, he stuck his talons into his face, mutilating it badly. The Bird being entitled to forbearance under the circumstances, no court-martial was held.

On the way, Hill met some soldiers of the 47th Illinois fishing in a creek. "Aha," they shouted, "there's the Eagle! Give him a fish!" Knowing he could overtake his regiment by a quickened pace, he sat down, content to wait while his Bird enjoyed the feast. What were toil or wounds compared with the pleasure of administering to the needs of the Eagle? Though simple the incident, it reveals the happy fact, that beneath a rough exterior was a generous spirit, an affection which trial could burnish as gold in the fire "tried seven times."

CAMP CLEAR CREEK.

HAVING scattered the enemy, the Eighth, with the rest of the brigade, consisting of the 47th and 26th Illinois, the 11th Missouri, the 5th Minnesota and the 2d Iowa Battery, went into summer quarters near a stream of water called Clear Creek. Here, for a long while, our Eagle was suffered to run at large. Nearly every day he would have a gambol in the water, diving and splashing, and shaking his pinions, often going there, a distance of about half a mile, of his own accord, and when thoroughly washed, faithfully returning to the camp.

Rations getting low, the Eagle had nothing to eat for two days, which was an age of fasting for such a bird. "Why, he will starve!" said Tom. Determined to obtain something by "hook or crook," Mr. Hill started off for the barn of a "secesh" farmer, but meeting the guard was refused a pass. Despite his pleadings in behalf of the Eagle, the sentinel was stubborn, declaring "that game was played out," conjecturing that "Tom" was plotting to desert.

"Now what is to be done?" thought the faithful soldier. Again he persuaded with all the eloquence his cause inspired, assuring the grouty fellow that the Eagle would starve unless he were permitted to go beyond the lines. The sentinel gave a willful shake of the head.

"I will beat you yet," chuckled the persistent Bearer. Straight he went to Col. Murphy, telling his story in a brief, soldierly style, explaining the condition of the Eagle, and the treatment of the picket-man. The generous Colonel ordered a pass, and, putting a half dollar into his hand, remarked, "Old Abe deserves a fat chicken." Well did "Old Abe" acknowledge the services of his master with a most voracious "thank you."

On another occasion, as Mr. Hill was carrying the Eagle to the creek for a bathing ircle, he met this same farmer upon whose barn yard he had planned a foraging expedition, who offered to give him a chicken if he would show him to his children.

"All right," replied the Bearer with a roguish wink to his Bird as he beckoned him to his arms, saying, "Come, 'Old Abe,' let's be going."

Arriving at the house, the farmer called out his children. Among them appeared an intelligent young lady who seemed very much pleased, stating that she "never expected to see this celebrated Bird which the Confederate soldiers said was carried by a Yankee Regiment. She put her hand on his back and drew it cautiously down his plumage, absorbed in thought, but soon snatched it back as if electrified. Ah, it was a *Union Eagle*."

Having satisfied the curiosity of the young folks, Hill placed "Old Abe" among the barn-yard fowls, which scattered with instinctive dread; but he was too quick for them. With a spring and a dash he pounced upon one, and in an instant tore out the heart, devouring the flesh whilst palpitating with life. This done he seized another. "What! I didn't agree to that," said Secesh. "Tom" looked on with satisfaction, believing his Eagle had just that right.

"Old Abe" would never eat anything tainted or decayed. He liked a dish *fresh*, and was best pleased if allowed to kill his own game. When his prey was fairly in his power, he would often strut around it, like a gobbler, with an air of vengeful pride, and hover his wings with a rustling sound, literally hiding it, and screeching with wild delight.

A correspondent from the war thus writes :

"'Old Abe' is an intelligent bird, and understands himself. When at liberty to go where he pleases, the Sutler's tent is his favorite resort. If any live chickens are to be found, he is sure to pounce on one, seizing it with one claw, and hobbling off on the other, with the aid of his wings."

G. W. Driggs, a soldier of the Eighth, is the author of a valuable work entitled "The Opening of the Mississippi," and has furnished some interesting facts respecting the Eagle, of which the following is the summary :

"He is very rapacious, eyeing greedily birds in their flight, or domestic fowls in pursuit of rations beyond his reach. If it were not for his *attachment* to this mundane sphere, he would excel the best of us in 'jayhawking.' He is also very discreet, judicious, and somewhat dainty in the selection of his food, preferring all small animals alive, such as squirrels,

chickens, birds and rabbits, thus discarding all modern inventions of cooking.

“His life and history thus far have been most exciting, and passed amid most stirring scenes. He has filled the place assigned him in the regiment with credit and honor, as a living personification of our national emblem, gaining for us the appellation of the Eagle Regiment, and exciting universal admiration on our marches, from the inhabitants, who are loth to respect anything from ‘Yankee Land.’ Various are the names applied to him by strangers—‘Owl!’ and ‘Yankee Buzzard!’ being very common.

“On our advent into Oxford, Miss., last year, a young lady of decidedly Southern origin, rushed from a stately mansion by the wayside, with arms extended and hair streaming, exclaiming in scornful and sarcastic tones, ‘O, see that *Yankee Buzzard!*’ which was responded to from the ranks in such unmistakable language, that she made for the house on a double quick.

“With all due respect to the home advantages of the Bird, it is fair to state that he has seen as much of this world of ours as he would if left in his own native condition, having spread his wings over seven of the now rebel States, though in closer proximity to *terra firma* than would seem natural. May his life be spared through the trying scenes yet to come, and his wings be spread over *all* the rebellious States, and at the close of this unnatural war, may he be returned to his native home, there to live in State, surrounded by everything to make his bird-life happy.”

It is no uncommon thing for soldiers to take pet animals and birds with them to war. It is said a Minnesota regiment carried through the campaign of Gen. McClellan on the Peninsula, a young half-grown bear, which smelt powder in a dozen engagements, and was sent home in good condition, and that a rebel Arkansas regiment went into the fight at Shiloh with a live wild cat, which was captured by the Federals, and afterwards killed by accident; also that the 49th Illinois took to the war two game-cocks of the first class breed. Other regiments in the same brigade had these fighting creatures for betting and amusement. It was a very common thing in the Crimean war for the Russian soldiers to carry cats with them in all their marches and battles. They were often found dead on the battle-field. The cats in a journey would hang with their claws to the knapsacks of the soldiers.

The *Chicago Post* says of “Old Abe”:

“This bird, which it is custom to denominate king of its

kind, is without doubt of all pets in the Union regiments, the most eminently appropriate, as in its actual bodily presence, it represents the sublimatic figure on our national escutcheon.

* * * * * This classic biped is a hearty feeder, and can worry down a rabbit in an amazingly brief period. He is passionately fond of young chickens, which has, no doubt, caused a demoralizing tendency on the part of the 8th Wisconsin boys towards hen-roosts to gratify the appetite of their favorite.

“In appearance, Abraham is a grave looking bird, of a wise and dignified aspect, whom to look at no one would suspect of the rapacious character attributed to the most majestic of all fowls.”

“OLD ABE’S” BELLIGERENT JUSTICE.

Ay, Justice, who evades her?
 Her scales reach every heart;
 The action and the motive,
 She weigheth each a part;
 And none who swerve from right or truth
 Can 'scape her penalty.

[MRS. HALE.]

If the phrenologist wants a practical case of well-developed keen-edged justice, let him feel of “Old Abe’s” bumps, if he can get near enough. He will certainly find him adapted to war-like life—no coward, but a brave patriot, jealous of his rights, and fearless to maintain them. “Old Abe” is a swift witness against Benjamin Franklin, who, in Congress, objected to the Bald Eagle being our national standard. His qualities nobly illustrate American ambition, when provoked to moral indignation. He is a *Mosaic* Bird purely. “His idea of courtesy,” says J. H. McFarland, State Armorer at Madison, “is founded on the Indian’s notion of forgiving injuries. For example, a short time since, he seized the cap of a lad who had been teasing him and tore it into shreds. He manifests a disposition to live peaceably with all animals except *dogs* and *Copperheads*, which are his special abhorrence.”

A similar incident occurred at Messenger's Ford, on Black River. The 93d Illinois, stationed near there, came one day to see the Eagle, when a soldier approached with familiar loquacity, as if overjoyed at the sight. After considerable importuning from the boys, he consented to throw up his cap to the reserved winged patriot, there in a tree, who said in his eyes, “No trifling with an Eagle!” Catching it in his talons, he disdainfully trampled it under his feet, and with his beak literally destroyed it. The Eighth and the visitors enjoyed the fun, while the Illinoisan was obliged to go bare-headed several weeks.

“OLD ABE” AND THE PET DOG.

Reason in itself confounded
 Saw division grow together ;
 To themselves yet either—neither,
 Simple were so well compounded.

[SHAKESPEARE.]

The regiment had a dog “Frank.” He is thus described: “He is a pretty white and brown pointer and setter, which came to us at Camp Randall, Madison, Wis., two years ago, and has followed the fortunes of the regiment ever since, pursuing his peaceful avocation of hunting birds and rabbits, and having a wide field to labor in. He has accompanied us on all our marches, railroad and steamboat travels, attaching himself to no individual in particular, but to a company for a time. He seems to prefer the old school-teaching system of ‘boarding round,’ and has so endeared himself to each member of the regiment that to abuse him, is to abuse the soldier whom he accompanies. However large an army we may be placed in, he readily distinguishes any member of his regiment—not by name, but by scent, and cannot be induced or persuaded to follow any other. He possesses a peaceful and quiet disposition, and will take the grossest insult from a large animal

without retaliation, unless there are sufficient number of boys present to back him, when he will show fight, and succeed in vanquishing his antagonist. On several occasions he has followed us unconsciously to the battle field. The leaden missiles possessing no charms for him, he suddenly makes his exit—‘narrative’ drooping—and lives in retirement and seclusion for several weeks afterwards.”

In the absence of more agreeable society, the soldiers were real “Selkirks,” whiling away the monotonous hours in teaching these creatures various cunning tricks, thus bringing them often together, which in time produced a mutual attachment between them. In fact they were married—the *Eagle* and *Dog*, and quite happily; void of all “green-eyed jealousy,” did they live in their odd association, sharing alike the fond patronage of their many friends. But a divorce at length actually took place in a luckless moment, just like any other marital pairs in fits of rage.

When at Cairo, Ill., “Old Abe” got out of patience with his numerous guests. All day there had been a constant draft upon his time and attention; but this he could have endured, had no one tormented him with sticks and mockings. Impulsively he felt that forbearance too long suffered was no eagle virtue, and giving vent to his terrible anger, he bit, and tore, and yelled, but could not get near enough to his tormentors to wreak his revenge upon them. Unfortunately, at this moment, “Frank” came within the circle of his string, and, quick as lightning, he pounced upon him, sticking his talons through his hide, and furiously tearing him with his beak. Such a pow-wow was never before heard in a military camp. Ever after that, the dog kept at a respectful distance from the Eagle, which alienation did not in the least disturb his lordship—indeed not a whimper of repentance did he show to his canine mate, evidently believing they were “unequally yoked together.”

RACE WITH THE DARKIE.

An' 'eerd um a bummin' awaay loike a buzzard clock ower my yead,
 An' I niver knaw'd whot a mean'd, but I thowt a'ad summut to saay,
 An' I thowt a said what a owt to 'a said an I comed awaay.

[TENNYSON.

“OLD ABE’S” sense of honor was as keen as his temper. “Fair play” with him was a principle. When engaged in matters of self-interest, he the same as said in his manner, “No admission except on business of war.” He had his “sacred hours,” when all interference was by him sternly forbidden. Just before a storm, for instance, he was unusually lively, and then he would give that startling screech, and jump up and down, and whistle most lustily, as if talking with the storm-gods. These were his devotions, and any approaches were considered profanations deserving retribution. But when it was proper to entertain guests, he was ready for sport, provided the manner was respectful and kind, which courtesy he handsomely reciprocated. He unmistakably demonstrated that an *Eagle’s* rights are as *special* as a *Yankee’s*, and, when necessary must be maintained by the force of—*talons*. This justly defiant spirit suited the “boys,” serving as a constant example of belligerency against all rebels and indecent folks in general.

A negro at Camp Clear Creek addressed him once in rough style, and plagued him without regard to his rules of etiquette. Being loose at the time, in a moment he was after him, his eyes darting fire, his claws protruding, his rapacious mouth wide open, his feathers sticking up straight in frightful aspect. The poor negro started off with desperate speed, amid the jeers of witnessing soldiers, whose laughter knew no bounds. Hotter and hotter grew the race, the negro gaining the advantage only by turning short corners. “Hurrah, Nig, he’s got you now!—he’ll eat you up!” shouted the provoking crew. Looking back with a side glance, he saw that awful beak close to his head, when, dodging downwards, the infuriated Bird just grazed his wool. Thus the darkie was taught the lesson,

that the freedom which the American Eagle secures for him, is not license, but privileged justice to be illustrated in respect for native worth, as well as to native right.

“OLD ABE” AND THE GUINEA HEN.

AT LaGrange, Tenn., no meat could be procured for our Eagle. Capt. Wolf made several unsuccessful attempts to buy a chicken of a semi-Unionist. Getting spunky over it, he took the Bearer with him one day to the gentleman's house, and sent in word by a porter, stating again that he wanted to buy a chicken. The same provoking denial was given. Learning that the Captain had the Eagle there, and that he had threatened to let “Old Abe” select one, he came out, and to compromise the matter, offered a Guinea hen, provided the Eagle could kill her in a pitched battle. About this time a large crowd had gathered, among them several of the regimental officers.

Eyeing each other a moment with measuring glance, the Eagle sprang to the attack, when the hen uttered her peculiar squall—a sound altogether new to his quick ear—which so startled him that he paused for further examination of his wished-for prey. Improving this “cessation of hostilities,” she scud off to the opposite corner, “facing the music.” Enraged at such procedure, the Eagle made another dash, followed by the same unearthly squall, and this by another sudden pause. There was no possibility of outflanking the hen, neither did she dare to meet him in “mortal combat;” so round and round they flew, acting and re-acting, amid roars of laughter, till at last Madame Guinea skedaddled into a chink under a building, where Monsieur Eagle could not penetrate.

If a horse comes within reach, Mr. Eagle is sure to exhibit his superiority over the quadrupedal creature by hopping on to the nag, and inserting his talons in no very “complimentary manner.”

FLIGHTS OF "OLD ABE."

What ranger of the winds can dare,
Proud mountain king! with thee compare
Or lift his gaudier plumes on high
Before thy native majesty,
When thou hast taken thy seat alone,
Upon thy cloud-encircled throne?

[THOMPSON.]

MANY a soldier has caught his inspiration from the Eagle. Many a desponding heart has he enlivened and nerved to daring. As if knowing the laws of regimental hygiene, he would apply them whenever he deemed it necessary to dispel a camp gloom, to stir the stagnant blood, and win for himself, under perplexing pursuit, a stronger affection.

It was altogether unnatural to be tied and confined to a circle; freedom was his element of life, and many a time did he obtain it long enough to satisfy his soaring genius.

At Germantown, Tenn., as the regiment was preparing for the journey to the siege of Vicksburg, Col. Bryant of the 12th Wisconsin, came into camp to pay his respects to old friends. Having made a brief speech, the boys cheered him, when "Old Abe," as usual, joining in the "tiger," and wishing to let them know he was there also, flew up with such force that the string broke, and, keeping on the impetuous wing, soared into the sky in gay circuits, inviting a general hunt from his favorite company. He finally alighted in a distant tree-top, when he was re-captured by a daring soldier.

At Saulsbury, Miss., he severed his string again, and leaped with a graceful curve down upon an old church, from which he was scared away into a tree, the boys after him at gleeful speed. Philip Burk, it is said, climbed after him, and reaching the limb whereon he tauntingly sat, took him into his custody, and being unable to descend with him under his arm, threw him to the ground, thinking he would behave himself, when our Eagle, adjudging it to be foul usage, spread wing again, and, after a grand sailing in the sky, alighted in a dis-

tant cotton-field, where his master at length secured him by skillful maneuvering.

At Cold Water, Miss., after the regiment had stacked arms, leisurely resting in various attitudes, "Old Abe" thinking it about time for another frolic, took to the woods, drawing after him a large portion of the brigade, running in various directions, and excited of course, just as the Bird intended them to be. A soldier ascended the tree into which he had flown and threw him to the ground, when up he went into another tree. This time the soldiers tried to bring him down by throwing clubs and sticks at him. As was his custom in play, he caught these in his claws as fast as they hit him. One of these sticks went directly at his head, which, had he not caught it in his beak, would have injured him; as it was, it caused his mouth to bleed quite profusely. Finding that method useless, they procured a live chicken, tied it with a long string to the tree, and thus tempted him to obedience. It is to be hoped that they will not forget the moral of this incident.

"OLD ABE'S" PATRIOTISM.

In his eye
The inextinguishable spark, which fires
The soul of patriots; while his brow supports
Undaunted valor, and contempt of death.

[GLOVER.]

THE characteristics of the Eagle endeared him not only to the soldiers of Company C, but to the whole regiment, brigade and corps. Hearty, warlike, strategical, playful, affectionate to his tested friends, they loved him as they did their own lives, and would fight for him any day, even at the point of the bayonet. Says a writer:

"When a distinguished officer comes along and addresses the troops, the Eagle joins with the soldiers in their cheers. His method of cheering is to spread his pinions to their utmost

extent, and then jump up and down on his perch. This mode of applause adopted by the Eagle is very inspiring to the orator.”

The State Armorer, in speaking of his patriotism, says :

“The sight of a ‘blue-coat’ or the Star Spangled Banner never fails to excite his joy, which he manifests in a very dignified manner. He is extremely fond of martial music—admires ‘Yankee Doodle,’ ‘Old John Brown,’ and the roar of the cannon.”

Soldiers declare that whenever Generals Grant, Rosecrans, Sherman, Stanley and others, passed “Old Abe,” they would doff their hats, and that when the regiment was at Memphis, where General Mower was in command at one time, he would frequently send for our Bird for the gratification not only of himself but other officers, showing how much he was prized by the army generally, and how cordially he was hailed as the patriotic symbol of their holy crusade. Citizens of Memphis often gave the Bearer money to purchase meat for his Eagle. They respected the emblem ; he inspired love for the Union of Washington, even in the hearts of secessionists.

Just after President Lincoln issued his memorable Emancipation Proclamation, ordering the enlistment of negroes, the “Eagles,” with other regiments, were in Mississippi, and there General Thomas, Adjutant General U. S. A., made a brief speech to the army, in which he spoke of deserving privates, recommending that such present themselves as candidates for officers in colored regiments and companies. As his eye glanced over the serried ranks, he caught a view of “Old Abe,” whom he had not seen since the greeting in St. Louis about two years before. Inspired by the thought that the Eagle was *then* the emblem of *universal* liberty, he remarked that at first he supposed all present were strangers to him, “but I see one familiar personage at least,” he added, “that majestic Bird of the Eighth Wisconsin—the emblem of *American freedom!*”

THE EAGLE OF FREEDOM.

“O, land of our glory, our boast and our pride!
 Where the brave and the fearless for freedom have died,
 How clear is the lustre that beams from thy name!
 How bright on thy brow are the laurels of fame!
 The stars of thy Union still burn in the sky,
 And the scream of thine Eagle is heard from on high!
 His eyrie is built where no foe can invade,
 Nor traitors prevail with the brand and the blade!

CHORUS—The Eagle of Freedom in danger and night,
 Keeps watch o'er our flag from his star-circled height,
 From mountain and valley, from hill-top and sea,
 Three cheers for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

Mount up, O thou Eagle! and rend in thy flight
 The war-cloud that hides our broad banner from sight!
 Guard, guard it from danger, though war-rent and worn,
 And see that no star from its azure is torn!
 Keep thy breast to the storm, and thine eye on the sun,
 Till, true to our motto, THE MANY ARE ONE!
 Till the red rage of war with its tumult shall cease,
 And the dove shall return with the olive of peace.

CHORUS—The Eagle of Freedom, in danger and night,
 Keeps watch o'er our flag from his star-lighted height,
 From mountain and valley, from hill-side and sea,
 Three cheers for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

O, sons of the mighty, the true and the brave,
 The souls of your heroes rest not in their grave;
 The holy libation to Liberty poured
 Hath streamed, not in vain, from the blood-crimsoned sword.
 Henceforth with your Star Spangled Banner unfurled,
 Your might shall be felt to the ends of the world
 And rising Republics, like nebulae gleam,
 Wherever the stars of your nation shall beam.

CHORUS—The Eagle of Freedom, sublime in his flight,
 Shall rest on your banner, encircled with light;
 And then shall the chorus, in unison be,
 Three cheers for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!

Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hurrah for the Eagle, the Bird of the Free!”

THE EAGLE IN BATTLE.

What heroes from the *woodland* sprung,
When, through the fresh awakened land,
The thrilling cry of Freedom rung!

[BRYANT.]

THE soldiers say, the Eagle in battle was the grandest sight ever witnessed. At the sound of the bugle, however engaged he might be, he would start suddenly, dart up his head, and then bend it gracefully, anticipating the coming shock; and, when conscious of its reality, his eyes would flash with uncommon luster. Then with a silent, excited animation, he would survey the moving squadrons, and, as they rushed into line, his breast would tremble like the human heart, intensified to warring action between hope and fear—an undaunted suspense—a blending of caution and courage—a precipitancy of will, inspiring and sublime. *Click* would go a thousand locks, and he would turn again, curving that majestic neck, scrutinizing the ranks, and dipping his brow forward to await the crash; and when it came, rolling fiery thunder over the plain, he would spring up and spread his pinions, uttering his startling scream, heard, felt and gloried in by the desperate soldiers. As the smoke enveloped him, he would appear to be bewildered for a moment, but when it opened again, folding up from the soldiers like a curtain, he would look down intently, as if inquiring, “How goes the battle, boys? What of that last charge?”

A correspondent, witnessing his appearance in battle, justly observes:

“When the regiment is engaged in battle, ‘Old Abe’ manifests delight. At such a time he will always be found in his appropriate place at the head of Company C. To be seen in all his glory, he should be seen when the regiment is enveloped in the smoke of battle. Then the Eagle with spread pinions jumps up and down on his perch, uttering such wild, fearful screams as an eagle alone can utter. The fiercer and louder the storm of battle, the fiercer, wilder, and louder the screams.

“What a grand history he will have—what a grand Eagle he will be a hundred years hence! Pilgrims will come from

all parts of the world to see the Eagle that was borne through this our second war for Independence.”

In a cordial letter to the author, answering inquiries respecting the Eagle, Col. J. W. Jefferson, who led the valiant Eighth in the Red River expedition, thus happily describes the Eagle on parade and in battle :

“‘Old Abe’ was with the command in nearly every action, (about twenty-two) and in thirty skirmishes. He enjoyed the excitement; and I am convinced from his peculiar manner, was well informed in regard to army movements—dress parade, and preparations for the march and battle. Upon parade—after he had been a year in the service—he always gave heed to ‘*attention!*’ With his head obliquely to the front, his right eye directly turned upon the parade commander, he would listen and obey orders, noting time accurately. After parade had been dismissed, and the ranks were being closed by the sergeants, he would lay aside his soldierly manner, flap his wings, and make himself generally at home.

“When there was an order to form for battle, he and the colors were the first upon the line. His actions upon those occasions were uneasy, turning his head anxiously from right to left, looking to see when the line was completed. Soon as the regiment got ready, faced, and put in march, he would assume a steady and quiet demeanor. In battle he was almost continually flapping his wings, having his mouth wide open, and many a time would scream with wild enthusiasm. This was particularly so at the hard fought battle of Corinth, when our regiment repulsed and charged, or, you might say, made a counter-charge, on Price’s famous Missouri brigade.”

A correspondent of the *Washington Chronicle* says of our battling Eagle :

“As the engagement waxed hot—as the roar of the heavy guns shook the earth, and the rattle of small arms pierced the dim and sulphurous clouds that hung about the line of battle—the Eagle would flap his wings and mingle his voice with the tumult in the fiercest and wildest of his screams.”

With this grand *living* emblem of victory ever before them, it is no wonder that the soldiers of the Eighth regiment were invincible.

The salutary effect of the sight of the Eagle in battle, upon a rebel soldier, is thus described by a patriotic gentleman, signing himself Lieut. Lansing, in a letter dated at Aurora, Ill., June 8, 1864, addressed to the *New York Ledger*. It

seems "Old Abe" possesses great psychological powers upon the rebels to induce repentance:

"The only time I ever saw the Eagle was at the rear of Vicksburg, just before it was carried on the field at Champion's Hills, during which engagement he was seen by thousands of soldiers, both Federal and rebel. There are many stories circulating among the soldiers relative to the sensations and sad, regretful longings for loyalty and peace excited in the rebel soldier's heart on beholding the American Eagle hovering over its avenging army. To listen to them as told by the private soldier, while sitting by his camp-fire, they are intensely interesting to the loyal mind, and I wish I had the power to reproduce them with equal effect; but my pen must acknowledge its weakness. There is one incident, however, that came under my own observation. A large wooden building in the rear of the field at "Big Black Bridge" was filled with rebel wounded, and after our own soldiers' wounds were dressed I was sent thither for duty. While extracting a ball from a rebel's leg, I was much surprised to find it *round* and a buck-shot imbedded in the flesh with it, an indication of having come from rebel guns. It had entered at the back part of the thigh and made its appearance just beneath the skin on the fore-side. As I cut on it and learned its nature, I inquired of the man how he received it—for I was impressed with the belief that it was not discharged from a Yankee gun.

"Well, sir," said he, "I have always been a great lover of French and American history in which the eagle figures so extensively as an emblem of freedom, and when I saw a live eagle floating and fluttering over your soldiers yesterday, just in front of my regiment, all my old love of American freedom and loyalty returned; and shortly after, when we were obliged to run, I believed our cause was unjust, and so haunted was I with thoughts of disloyalty, and being an enemy to, and fighting against that eagle, that I determined to desert the rebel cause and come to his protection! The first opportunity I saw was this morning, when I made a rush for your lines, and was fired on by one of our men."

IUKA.

THIRD EAGLE BEARER.

Strike for that broad and goodly land,
 Blow after blow, till men shall see,
 That Might and Right move hand in hand,
 And glorious must their triumph be.

BRYANT.

HAVING been appointed to a higher position, Mr. Hill resigned his Eagle Office on the 4th of August 1862, when it was given to David McLane of Menomonie, Wis., who manfully bore the soldier bird through the awful battle of Iuka—one of

the most desperate of the war—where he and his charge escaped untouched, although exposed, in the reserve, to a most galling fire. This was another victory, for the night following, while the Union Braves slept on the field of battle, the enemy retreated, and, being pursued the next day by artillery, was scattered in wild confusion—the just reward of General Price.

“Rest thee! there is no prouder grave,
Even in thy own proud clime.”

On the day of the Iuka victory, Sept. 19, 1862, at Jackson, Tenn., expired James McGennis, the first Eagle-Bearer, whose name is truly worthy a place in the hearts of his countrymen. He carried the glorious Bird through the battles of Fredericktown, Missouri—New Madrid—Island No. 10—and Farmington.

CORINTH.

For never, upon gory battle ground,
With conquest's well-bought wreath,
Were braver victors crowned.

[SCOTT.]

THE 3d and 4th of October 1862 are memorable in the history of the “Mississippi Campaign.” Never were interests more perilous; never did men fight more bravely on both sides, but the result was the triumph of the dear old Union. The deeds of those veterans, of those sainted martyrs, are engraved on the life-pages of the national heart. Nobly did the Eagles perform their duty led by the gallant Col. G. W. Robbins.

Capt. Wolf states that just as the Regiment entered a ravine overlooked by a hill where the rebels were pouring upon them the bolts of death, a Minie-ball severed the string which held the Bird to his perch, when he was seen circling in the sulphurous smoke in front of the enemy. Soon after he alighted a few rods distant from the Bearer who immediately caught him and carried him from the field to the camp. It is believed the

enemy must certainly have discerned the Eagle, judging by the special fire aimed at that Regiment.

A Staff-Officer of the Regiment, who was not only a witness but an actor, says :

“ At the battle of Corinth, the Rebel Gen. Price having discovered him, ordered his men to be sure and take him ; if this they could not do, to kill him, adding that he had rather get that Bird than the whole brigade.”

Col. Jefferson writes: “ One of General Price’s men, who was captured by us, told me Price said to his men that he would rather have them capture the Eagle of the 8th Wis. than a ‘dozen battle-flags,’ and that if they succeeded, he would give the lucky (or unlucky) Confederate ‘Free Pillage in Corinth!’” The valiant rebels did not succeed however, but instead many of them were captured.”

The following letter from David McLane, received after the manuscript of this history was nearly prepared for the press, corroborates the corresponding statements herein made. It is prized the more because it comes from the pen of an intelligent soldier of correct observation, and one who bore the Eagle through two of the great battles of the Mississippi Valley :

CAMP NEAR VICKSBURG, MISS., Feb. 18, 1865.

J. O. BARRET, Esq. :

Dear Sir,—I received your letter yesterday requesting me to furnish you some items about the Eagle of the 8th Wis., which I do with pleasure.

I had the honor of bearing the Eagle from the 18th of August 1862 to sometime in October, soon after the battle of Corinth, when, at my solicitation, the Bird was assigned to Edward Homaston. I bore him out into Alabama, and back to Mississippi, in a skirmish at Iuka on the 13th of December, and through the terrible battles of Iuka and Corinth.

At the commencement of the battle of Corinth on the 3d of October, he got frightened, broke his string, or it was cut by a Minie-ball, and fluttered off, but did not go far before I caught him again. The Rebel Gen. Price saw him there, and ordered his men either to capture, or kill him, at all hazards, stating that he had heard of that Bird before, and would rather capture him than the whole brigade. I had this statement from rebel prisoners, and believe it to be true.

The Eagle seems to have a dread, like all old soldiers, of heavy musketry, but is in all his glory when the roar of artillery commences. I have had him up to the batteries when they were firing into the rebel ranks fast as they could load, and then he would scream, spread his wings at every discharge, and revel in the smoke and roar of the big guns.

The first fight he was in was the battle of Farmington, Miss., where he showed a great deal of sagacity. When we were ordered to lie down on the ground, under a dreadful artillery-fire from the enemy’s batteries, he flew off his perch, getting as low as he could, and lay there until he saw the Regiment rise to advance, when he flew upon his perch again, and remained there through the engagement.

Sometimes he was very troublesome to carry on a march ; he would get

tired of sitting on his perch, and try to fly off to his freedom. He was fond of bathing—would wash himself an hour at a time.

He has his particular friends and his enemies. There were men in our Company whom he would not let come near him; on them he would fly, and tear them with his talons and beak in a way not very pleasant; but he would never fight his Bearer. He knew his own Regiment from any other, and would always unfurl his pinions and scream when the Boys cheered, but would not notice the cheering of any other Regiment.

He had a great many visitors. When he was down here, the inhabitants of Dixie came from far and near to see the “Yankee Buzzard,” as they facetiously called him.

He was truly the “pet” of the Regiment; indeed the whole Brigade was proud of him. With the Regiment he was complimented very highly by our ablest Generals; Grant, Sherman, and McPherson spoke in the highest praise of him and his Regiment at Corinth, Miss.

* * * * *

Yours Truly,

DAVID McLANE.

NEW BEARERS.

CROPPING THE EAGLE.

Soon after the battle of Corinth, as a means to prevent the Eagle from flying away, some one in the Company—not the Bearer by any means—cropped one wing and his tail. The philosophy of the argument was, ‘that one wing balances the other;’ if, therefore, one be cropped, the Bird in trying to fly, would turn over, and so fall to the ground! The noble Eagle no longer looked like himself, and much did it mortify the “Boys” generally, and nearly all the regimental officers.

A soldier states that McLane, disgusted with the treatment of his Bird, threw up his Eagle-Commission, and, by his own request, as a right and favor, was restored to a more humble place in the ranks, with a musket in his hand instead of a perch, when Edward Homaston of Eau Claire, had the honor of the appointment. He bore him through toilsome marches, perils, and battles, and the awful Siege of Vicksburg, giving up his commission about the middle of September 1863, when Lt. Butler, being then in command, placed “Old Abe” in the

hands of John Buckhardt, a German of Eau Claire,—who bore him, excepting for a few days at the close, during the remainder of his military career.

STORMING OF VICKSBURG.

Oh, it was grand !
 Like the tempest we charged, in the triumph to share ;
 The tempest—its fury and thunder were there ;
 On, on, o'er intrenchments, o'er living and dead,
 With the foe under foot and our flag overhead :
 Oh, it was grand !
 Oh, that last charge !

[MILLER.]

WHERE did not the “Eagles” go in the Mississippi Valley ? They will never be forgotten by the Dixie folks. At one time—the 14th of May 1863—they dashed into Jackson, the Capitol of Mississippi, under Gen. Sherman, and, with the rest of the brigade, took the city, rushed to the Capitol, tore from its heights the rebel flag, hoisted the right one, and made the building head-quarters till they got ready for another successful raid.

Next we find them before Vicksburg, occupying an important position in that invincible army of Unionists.

On the 22d of May, 1863, General Grant ordered a grand charge on the enemy's works ; “Our troops, with McClernand's corps on the left, McPherson's in the center, and Sherman's on the right, marched forth to face the storm of iron hail that came like a whirlwind showering into our ranks. Our forces moved steadily onward, to meet the rebels, who were now at work in earnest, dealing their missiles with ten-fold fury into our solid columns. It was a time that tried men's souls ; and while many wavered and trembled with fear, those who advanced with a cool and steady tread onward to meet death, which seemed to stare them in the face, should receive the thanks of a generous people. The second brigade rushed for-

ward into the lion's angry mouth, with a yell and a bound, at double-quick, with fixed bayonets. They charged furiously up to the very brink of the ditch, which was already heaped with the bodies of the dead and the dying, who lay gasping in the last agonies of torture. Our flag was planted on the ramparts, but it was impossible to scale the works at this point, and amid the leaden hail we fell back in good order to our original position."

"Old Abe" was in this storming party, carried by Mr. Homaston, under the war-riven colors, which were borne for a long time, as well as then, by Serg. Myron Briggs.

"Our colors were riddled by the enemy's fire. Our Eagle flapped his wings lustily, went into the fight with an eagerness characteristic of his past heroism, and came out without losing a feather from his pinions."

"Lost a piece of a feather," say the Boys, "out of his right wing." In another engagement, "Old Abe" was hit in the tail feathers, cutting off a few, but doing no injury.

THE RED RIVER EXPEDITION.

THOUGH entitled to go home on furlough, yet cheerfully our Eagle obeyed the order to participate in the Red River expedition, being in Gen. A. J. Smith's Division. During this long and trying campaign of seventy-five days, "Old Abe" was at his post—a tie of affection ever reminding the weary soldiers of their far distant homes in Wisconsin, for whose good they were suffering, with a fortitude equal to that displayed by the soldiers of Gen. Washington in the darkest days of the Revolution.

Col. Jefferson had command of the "Eagles," winning laurels for himself and them during an almost continuous battle of twenty-seven days—the most arduous and fatiguing of the war. In his report to Gov. Lewis, he says:

"Half the time my men have been on short rations, and no

opportunity of getting clothing for them in the past three months. My noble soldiers are barefooted and in rags, nevertheless the health and efficiency of the men were never better. The campaign is a failure, but in every instance that our army (Smith's) has had occasion to fight the enemy, we have whipped him and driven him in disorder. The regiment has been first to the front and last to leave it."

"Old Abe" was in all this disastrous undertaking, retreating sometimes, and then again rushing to the fray, but he never lost a battle! On the 6th of June, 1864, was fought the hotly contested battle of Lake Chicot, Ark., just after the Red River expedition. This was the last battle in which "Old Abe" participated, and, as ever before, majestically did he maintain his post of duty.

The following is the order of the principal battles in which the Eighth Wisconsin was engaged during "Old Abe's" administration, in nearly every one of which he was a witness and proud actor:

Fredericktown, Mo., Oct. 21, 1861.

New Madrid and Island No. 10, April, 1862.

Farmington, Mississippi, May 9, 1862.

Siege of Corinth, do May, 1862.

Iuka, do Sept. 13, 16, 19, 1862.

Corinth, do Oct. 3 and 4, 1862.

Jackson, do May 14, 1863.

Assault on Vicksburg, Miss., July 4, 1863.

Fort de Russy,

Henderson Hill,

Cane River,

Pleasant Hill,

Eight Day Skirmish near

Alexander,

Clouterville,

Mansura,

Bayou de Glaize,

Lake Chicot, Ark., June 6, 1864.

} Red River expedition, Louisiana, April and May, 1864.

It is remarkable that not a Color Bearer or Eagle Bearer of this regiment was shot down. The two were side by

side, one with the Flag and the other with the Bird, and often in the van of the hottest fights—conspicuous marks—yet they escaped the deadly shafts! Bullets flew about the Eagle like a shower of hailstones, yet nothing harmed him! It seems there was a special guardianship; that around that Eagle was a charm, which augured the preservation of the Union.

ORDER OF THE EAGLE BEARERS.

1. James McGennis, of Eau Claire, from Sept. 1, 1861, to May 30, 1862.
 2. Thomas J. Hill, of Eau Claire, from May 30, 1862, to Aug. 18, 1862.
 3. David McLane, of Menomonie, from Aug. 18, 1862, to Oct —, 1862.
 4. Edward Homaston, of Eau Clair, from Oct. —, 1862, to Sept. —, 1863.
 5. John Buckhardt, of Eau Claire, from Sept. —, 1863, to ept. —, 1864.
-

ROMANCES OF THE EAGLE.

ONE writer states that during a desperate engagement, the Eagle, inspired by the conflict, and determined to end it in Union victory, tore away from his perch, and, with intermittent screams, soared aloft over the enemy, making several grand circuits, and then returned to his post, on which he sat a few moments intently eyeing each movement, and, when necessary for another demonstration, he leaped again into the smoke, darting along the rebel ranks, and thence up, higher, higher, penetrating the cloud, where he reveled awhile, and came down like a bolt of lightning, swooping close to the heads of the rebels, with a startling yell, who, seeing the omen, fled amazed, broken and defeated. The full truth of this story

we do not vouch for. It may be somewhat colored. We give it as we receive it.

Another lover of the marvelous declares that the Eagle, in one of his daring flights at the battle of Corinth, after frightening the rebels out of their wits, returned with a scotch cap in his beak, and daintily dropped it into the hands of his Bearer. The soldier does not say he tore off any rebel scalps, but *supposes* that he did!

A poet celebrates the Eagle in the *Chicago Tribune*. "He is introduced," says the *Madison Journal*, "while poised in the azure depths of air." His shadow falls on

"A boy whose right arm clasped a maid,
While his left one held a gun."

A trying position for a young soldier! The influence of the Eagle's shadow imparted strength and courage. The young man bade the girl adieu, and the Eagle hovered over the Eighth as it departed for the war. He followed them, and his shadow floated above the old flag, until he finally perched on the tent of the boy before mentioned, who had been wounded in battle. The boy and the Eagle became fast friends. When the former recovered, the Eagle perches on his shoulder as the regiment goes into battle, and his scream, sounding through the roar of artillery is like that of the genius of Liberty.

The poet concludes :

"The Eighth Wisconsin marches on,
By danger undeterred,
And one of them bears on his right a gun,
And on his left the noble bird ;
And his dream by night is a vision sweet,
Of a fair Wisconsin glade,
Where he meets with his first and last retreat,
Outflanked, right and left, by a maid !"

In a long poem, published in an Ohio journal, another writer attempts to give the whole history of the Eagle. He lays the scene of the home and capture of the Bird near the lakes at the beautiful city of Madison, Wisconsin.

The story is, that in this place there was a "sweet garden;" and in it "grew a darling flower full of all graces;" and this flower was Azile, a woman, whose eyes were so bewitching that when persons looked into them they fell into a trance,

and then she would laugh them into the world again. Well, this transfiguring damsel, with a "fair train" of young folks, "manned" a canoe and paddled across the lake to the "Eagle-tree," which was an old dry oak. To get at it, she had to "scale the dizzy crest" which was "secure from access," and this was the reason that she undertook the wonderful feat. The story, in a playful criticism, is thus told by the editor of the *Madison Journal* :

"The simple fact that it was 'secure from access' made her determined, with the characteristic enterprise of our young Cavils, to reach it. How she made a short speech to her companions; how she pointed to the mountain top; where, on the summit of an old dry oak, the nest was built; how she then began to mount the frightful crags; how she ascended towards 'the dreamy clouds;' how she climbed until she 'hung with frenzied clutch upon an overreaching wall; and how, just as her attempt threatened to result in complete failure, a 'baby eaglet,'

'Curious to know what demon sprite
Clung 'neath him on that mountain's hideous ledge,'—

ventured to peep over the edge of the nest, lost his balance, fell, and dropped within reach of Azile, who seized him, and, 'like the rain, dashed down the conquered precipice,' with the old eagles shrieking after her;—are all related with due minuteness.

"Azile reared the young eagle, and when the war broke out, gave him to her lover, who had enlisted in the Eighth, and who perished while charging with the Eagle 'in the very face of death.' Then we are told how the Eagle winged forth, 'with warrior eyes to scan the Rappahannock and the Rapidan;' how he circled o'er the plains at Fredericksburg, and then flew back to the Eighth, and accompanied them in the conquest of Vicksburg. Having brought the history of the Eagle down to this point, the writer, with poetical license, dips boldly into the future, and draws a picture of the final battle in which the rebellion is to be crushed, and in which the Eagle will play a most conspicuous part."

The rest of the story is soon told. Putting on a full head of steam, our poet gets the Yankees and secessionists into an awful fight, the last one of the war, terrible as that of the angels in heaven when they tore up "the shaggy mountains to their roots," which he says they did with "mild and tender playfulness!" Some time during this all-day battle, the "Eagle-tree" struck against the "Southern pine," followed by a

shout from the boys—"Fight for the Eagle!" No wonder the victory was gained. Then the Eagle caught up a little flag, bearing the glad motto of "Rebellion's dead!" and wheeled "high in air;" and, getting on a bee-line, with a single flight flew across the Atlantic; where the first object he saw was the British lion, and on him he pounced, right on his "crest," which caused him to cower in confusion, for "Old Abe" took a long rest there, doubtless eating his live flesh. When satisfied, he spread forth his "lordly wings" again, and flaunted that little flag in the faces of monarchs, whereon they tremblingly read: "The Union lives again—Rebellion's dead!"

"Bravo!" for "Old Abe." It will be grand when our Eagle rides on England's Lion!

OLD ABE ON HIS VETERAN FURLOUGH.

WHAT joy thrilled the hearts of the soldiers left after three years fighting for freedom, when the little word was spoken—*home*—with permit to return to old Wisconsin! Where were the original nine hundred and seventy-three men? where the two hundred and seven recruits? Alas, pestilence and battle had swept nearly half of them into graves that are henceforth portals of glory to the 'Model Republic.' Sad thought admixed with the joy!—joy in suffering—joy in "the homeward-bound;"—two hundred and forty re-enlisted veterans with their Eagle!

On the 19th of June 1864, these war-scarred patriots started from Memphis, and arrived at Chicago on Tuesday, the 21st, stopping at the Soldiers' Rest.

GRAND RECEPTION IN MADISON.

The ramparts are all filled with men and women,
 With peaceful men and women, that send onwards
 Kisses and welcomings upon the air
 Which they make breezy with affectionate gestures.
 From all the joyous towers ring out the merry bells,
 The joyous vespers of a bloody day.
 O happy man! O fortunate! for whom
 The well-known door, the faithful arms are open,
 The faithful, tender arms, with mute embracing.

[SCHILLER.

THE State authorities in Madison received a telegram from Chicago, stating that the Eighth Wisconsin Veterans, numbering two hundred and forty strong, would arrive at Madison on the 22d. Accordingly, generous preparation was made to give them a glorious welcome—"such a welcome as they deserve."

The *Madison State Journal* thus sums up the imposing scene:

"The re-enlisted veterans of the 8th Wisconsin regiment arrived on the afternoon train, Tuesday, and after a good dinner prepared for them at MOSHER'S Railroad House, marched up town to the Capitol Park, where the reception took place a little after six o'clock. A large concourse of citizens had assembled to witness the spectacle. Flags were displayed along the streets, the bells of the city rung, and a national salute fired.

The live Eagle, "Old Abe," and the tattered and riddled colors of the regiment attracted all eyes. Since we first saw him at Camp Randall in 1861, "Old Abe" has grown considerably, and has acquired dignity and ease of bearing. He sits on his perch undisturbed by any noise or tumult, the impersonation of haughty defiance. He has shared all the long marches of this regiment, including Sherman's great raid and the campaign up Red River, and passed through a great number of battles, in which he has once or twice had some of his feathers shot away, but has never received a scratch from a rebel bullet sufficient to draw blood. He is the pet of the whole regiment."

After the Regiment had been drawn up in the Park, Gov. James T. Lewis being absent, they were eloquently addressed by Adj. Gen. Augustus Gaylord, Gen. Lucius Fairchild, Hon. J. H. Carpenter, and Hon. Chauncey Abbott. Their welcome was indeed,

"With thoughts that breathe
 And words that burn."

The following extracts from each of these speeches will show the gratitude of the defended, due the defenders:

"We are proud of you in the remembrance of the many bold and success-

ful strokes you have made in the name of Freedom ; and we are proud while with sadness we remember the many honored graves of those who have fallen from your ranks, and whose memory shall ever be green in the hearts of a grateful people. And if amid the toils and dangers the thought has ever passed your mind that we were unmindful of you, I pray you discard the thought. We have followed you, in common with all our regiments, with anxious hearts. Your successes have been our pride, and your sufferings have been our sorrow."

"The services you have voluntarily rendered were as much for our good as for yours. Such services could only be rendered voluntarily by those actuated by the highest virtue, the purest patriotism and the highest aspirations for the glory and greatness of the country whose campaigns they share.

Henceforth the fact that you have thus served our country in its hour of greatest peril shall be a sure passport to any and every circle of loyal hearts.

Again, I bid you welcome, and may the blessing of God be with you and your families."

"When you first entered the army, you inscribed your names upon the roll of honor, and you have re-written them a hundred times since with your muskets, and again when you re-enlisted. The old veterans of the Second, whom I see around me, welcome you. They know how much stamina it takes to re-enlist, as few others can realize so fully. It was not for large bounties, for gain or glory that you decided to remain in the service. It was because you were unwilling to stay at home and see the country cut in two by the authors of this damnable rebellion. Men who re-enlist must love the cause they fight for, and it is those who have suffered for the cause most who love it most, while those who have suffered least grumble most. [Applause].

You will soon go to your homes and there you will receive a welcome that will do your heart's good, in the warm grasp of the hand, the cordial greeting, the gathering about you, even of the little children, to welcome you."

"In all your battles, sieges, marches and labors our hearts have been with you. You and your brave and honored fellows, who are not now with you, have well earned the name of veterans. All your former services assure us that on you the country may safely rely to defend our free institutions and to maintain the government in its integrity over the entire country. This flag which you bring back, worn by long service and rent in battle, has been borne by you proudly in the face of every danger, and has never been lowered before the enemy. You shall bear it on till there is no armed rebel who dare longer assail it or you. If you have sometimes met with losses and disasters, you will remember how much your arms have achieved during the two years and eight months you have been in the field—what rivers and harbors have been opened—what vast States reclaimed and possessed—what rebel strongholds have been reduced—and where the flag has been once planted it has never receded.

The glorious cause in which you are engaged has elevated all your aims and ennobled all your acts. You are men of deeds, and all your acts show that honor is dearer to you than life. By re-enlisting for the war you show your confidence in the final triumph of our arms and the sure success of the cause."

Nor was our Eagle forgotten,—an object of general interest, proud and majestic, well had he fulfilled the augury of victory :

"And with you we welcome the pet of your regiment, the Eagle, our

National emblem, whose fame has been widely spread and become historic through pen and song. I have often wondered what sensations must have filled the mind of rebels as you have borne him proudly with your regiment, and while they remember the present attitude they maintain toward our Government, one would think that the very sight would cause them to hide their heads in shame. Bear him ever aloft with your advancing shout, and let the rebels remember—yes, *teach* them that—

‘ Ne’er shall the rage of the conflict be o’er,
And ne’er shall the warm blood of life cease to flow,
And still ’mid the smoke of the battle shall soar
Our Eagle—till scattered and fled be the foe.’”

“At the conclusion of Gen. Fairchild’s remarks, Col. Jefferson briefly responded, returning the thanks of the regiment for the cordial welcome that had been extended to them, and proposed “three cheers and a big Eagle” for the Union, the President of the United States, and the State officers of Wisconsin. Three cheers were given with great enthusiasm by the boys of the Eighth, the Eagle evidently understanding his part, and at the third hurrah, stretching himself to his full height, and expanding his wings to the utmost.”

THE RECEPTION IN EAU CLAIRE.

Early in the morning of Sunday the 26th of June, a remnant of Company C, with the Eagle, arrived at Eau Claire, and was greeted with booming cannon, martial music, patriotic songs, and an abundant feast. It was a greeting of patriots, a welcome of gratitude, a kindling of memories of the heroic dead—a rejuvenation of hope for our bleeding country.

Of course the Eagle—which was assigned a spacious yard under a shading oak—received his old acquaintances with his usual dignity, so much of dignity that, though admired, though venerated, scarcely any one dared to touch even a kingly feather, for was he not a veteran *warrior*? It was worth more than his original price even to gaze once more upon that Monarch Bird.

The Eau Claire *Free Press* speaks of the “Eagle” as follows:

“It will be remembered that, nearly three years ago, a band of the stalwart sons of Wisconsin, numbering one hundred strong, under the command of Capt. J. E. Perkins,—who fell while gallantly leading his men in the battle of Farmington, Miss.—left their homes in the Chippewa

Valley, and all that was dear to them, and joined the Eighth regiment at Madison, to defend our nation from the grasp of rebellion. A couch upon the tented field, the hardship and dangers of battle, the diseases incident to camp life, were willingly accepted for the sake of country. They swore that they would defend our national banner to the last drop of their blood; and they have kept that oath.

"The company has been filled up several times, and now only fifty-six are left of the gallant band. Excepting the few discharged, the rest are numbered with the honored dead. Thirty have re-enlisted, thinking their services are as much needed now as when the rebellion first broke out. All honor is due them for their patriotism. They bring with them the 'Eagle,' whence the regiment derives its name.

* * * * "The brave old Eighth has withstood the repeated charges of rebel infantry, the daring dashes of their cavalry, the galling fire of their musketry—*never flinching*, The Eagle is returned to us unharmed. Well may Eau Claire be proud—proud that she has a representative company in the Eagle Regiment—proud that the Eagle, so famous, is a native of the Chippewa Valley."

"OLD ABE" CELEBRATING IN HIS NATIVE COUNTRY.

"Ye crags and peaks, I'm with you once again!
I hold to you the hands you first beheld,
To show they still are free."

[TELL.

THE Eagle breathes again the pure air of his native woods—hears again the mellow flow of the waters that kiss the ferns of his wild home—catches with fiery glances the sunlight that dusts the lakes where "Chief-Sky" paddles his light canoe—spreads his pinions again under the shadows of his nodding pines!

On the 4th of July, 1864, the author was invited to address the people at Chippewa Falls, respecting "Our National Duties." "Old Abe," with several soldiers, was present. A huge wigwam, emblematic of pioneer life, was constructed, in which was served a great feast, the proceeds being for suffering soldiers. Headed by a band of music, and the Eagle and his compatriots in arms, the procession circled through the streets, thrilling all hearts with enthusiasm. The object, the veterans,

the war-Bird, made it indeed an inspiring occasion. A correspondent, writing about it, says :

"The boys of the Eighth, with their loved Bird, honored the stand. The dignified and noble looking creature remained quiet until the Orator addressed the veteran warriors and their living Eagle, when he turned his head with admirable grace, and with a most intelligent expression in his eyes, listened attentively to the encomium; and when it was finished, with his beak he smoothed the feathers of his breast, manifesting great pride at the attention bestowed upon him. At the close of the oration, three cheers were given for the old Starry Flag, three for the brave boys of the Eighth, and three for the War-Eagle, who, catching the enthusiasm, rose upon his perch, flapped his wings, and, with a look expressive of delight, uttered a sharp, shrill cry, calling forth the applause of the excited audience."

RETURNING TO THE WAR.

ALTERCATION WITH A COPPERHEAD CONDUCTOR.

FURLOUGH days having expired, the regiment, on different routes, hurried back to Memphis about the last of August. Buckhardt, with his Eagle, was detained behind longer than the rest; he had, however, a few of the boys with him. When they boarded the cars on the Illinois Central, he took "Old Abe" into the seat with him, occupying the whole of it. When the conductor came round, he demanded pay for the Eagle.

"Not, tzir!" replied the German Bearer, with a sniff.

The conductor passed on, but soon returned, and, in high dudgeon, swore he should pay him "passenger fare for that Eagle," claiming it was due because he took up half a seat, and was an "annoyance among ladies and gentlemen."

"John!" said a soldier, with a peculiar slide of the voice.

It meant—"stick to it." John saw a generous wink from the soldier, and nerved himself for a defence.

"Pay for that thing, or I'll put you out!" again muttered the enraged conductor, placing his hand with heavy force upon the Bearer's shoulder.

"Val, den, ye dry dat on so quick 'sh ye may can! Te Eakel ish von free pirdt—free 'Merigan Eakel, tzir—he ride shall free!"

Matters grew squally—the conductor seized him by the collar—when, with a rush and a menace, the boys circled around John and his Eagle. Seeing this unlooked for motion, and realizing the crushing fact that nearly all the passengers sympathized with the German, on the plea of the Eagle's rights, the conductor showed his valor by sliding backward, with an adroit expertness, out into another car.

"Copperhead!" shouted the boys with a laugh. "Might as well fight such *sneaks* as rebs, John—eh?"

Soldiers left at Memphis aver, that when the Eagle returned, they could scarcely recognize him, he had changed so by a northern trip. They say the feathers on his head and neck had turned from a dark to a white color. So they called him "Bald-Headed Veteran."

Indian traders say, the head and neck feathers of this species of eagle, for the first three or four years are dark, and then they gradually change to white. This agrees with the fact just stated of the Bird; for at the time he was on his furlough, he was between three and four years old. "Old Abe" *has* these feathers, clear and beautiful, and is unquestionably a Bald-Headed Eagle, as is our national emblem.

A reliable Ornithologist writes:—"It is not bald-headed, as its name indicates; but the appearance of the white feathers of the head, contrasting strongly with the dark color of the rest of the plumage, has given it the false name by which it is now generally known."

When the faithful veterans were to be mustered out of service, at Memphis, on the 16th of September, 1864, the question was mooted in the company, "What shall be done with the Eagle?" Some were in favor of giving him to Eau Claire; others, to the National government in Washington; others to the State of Wisconsin. All things considered, the latter sug-

gestion was deemed the most appropriate; it was also decided that, as the Eagle had served in a long and successful campaign, he was entitled to an endless furlough, and should be carried to Madison with the returning veterans.

Bidding an affectionate adieu, the re-enlisted soldiers caressed their Eagle for the last time, and the twenty-six veterans of Company C, wended their way north, reaching Chicago the 21st of September, where Buckhardt resigned his Eagle-commission, averring that he had done his duty, and thought some other one ought to carry him the rest of the way. John H. Hill, brother of Thomas, volunteered his services. To him it was quite a heavy load—perch and Eagle together. Being disabled by a wound received at the battle of Corinth, he was obliged to rest occasionally at the corners of the streets, where knots of citizens gathered, eager to inquire about the Bird's health, always with words of exulting pride.

THE VETERAN EAGLE IN STATE.

God in heaven!—whose spirit fills
 All the echoes of our hills,
 All the murmurs of our rills,
 Now the storm is o'er;—

O let freemen be our sons,
 And let future Washingtons
 Rise to lead their valiant ones,
 Till there's war no more.

[PIERPONT.

THE Veteran of the Mississippi Campaign, illustrious in military association, with eye unblenched, with fearless and untiring wing, comes home to rest in state, crowned with honors won in the battles of our country. Oft had he by example cheered the desponding, roused ambition, and encouraged sacrifices. He had enlivened the dull hours of camp life, and

stood aloft with unfurled pinions, and with wild, terrible shriek, led the deadly charge to victory. Under the war-flag, tattered and torn, yet blazing with the stars he loved, this Bird of the Union had taught by his spirit the true art of conquest, and evoked a purpose, a daring, a martyr spirit, that can be felt only in like hearts that love liberty better than life. Was it not due, then, that he should become a Bird of State, the perpetual emblem of atonement for national sin, whose blessings of heavenly forgiveness shall descend upon the people as "the dews of Hermon," and upon the people's children, making America

"The land of the free and the home of the brave?"

None better appreciated this truth than that veteran band of seventy warriors, of which twenty-six were of company C, as they arrived at Madison on the 22d, with their precious gift to tender to the State authorities of Wisconsin. "Johnny" Hill bore the Eagle into the Capital with a soldierly simplicity of manner.

The soldiers having received their pay, the next duty in order was to tender the Eagle to the State. The hour appointed for this ceremony was three o'clock of the 26th. Then the hero-Bird, with his old perch, was taken across the shady park into the aisle of the Capitol, where Captain Wolf was met by Quarter Master General N. F. Lund, who immediately entered the Executive Department, and informed the Governor that "Old Abe" was in waiting. When invited in among the officials assembled there for the occasion, our German warrior was very much abashed. It was indeed an awkward position; he would have preferred to face the cannon's mouth any day—*there* he was at home; but it was not soldierly to flinch, so, nerving himself to the desperate effort, he blushingy approached the Governor with uncovered head, and respectfully addressed him in brief words, of which the following is the substance, as related by the *Madison Journal* :

"An interesting presentation was made at three o'clock yesterday afternoon, in the Governor's room. This was nothing less than the gift of the celebrated Eagle of the Eighth regiment to the State of Wisconsin. Captain Wolf, of company C—the color company—and the one having care of the Eagle, presented it to Governor Lewis, stating how it was valued by the regiment; how it had been in their midst, between their

flags, in many a victorious conflict with the enemy, and how it had cheered and kept up their spirits by its bright and dauntless mein during many weary marches, and the tedium of camp life. It had been with them for three years; and when the time of the company expired, and they were about to leave the service, the veterans voted that the Eagle should be presented to the State, to be kept as an honored and inspiring memento of the regiment, and the times in which it had fought the battles of the nation with true and strong men who rallied around the flag.

“Governor Lewis, on the part of the State, had the pleasure of accepting the famous Eagle of the Eighth regiment, and assured the Captain that it would be well cared for at the Capitol, where it would remain to invite inspiring memories of the brave boys who had carried it with such honor to themselves and the State.

“The Governor then handed the Eagle, with its perch, to Quarter Master General Lund, whom he said would see that it was suitably kept.

“The Eagle never looked better than at present, his plumage being full and glossy, and his eye piercingly bright. He will be an honored curiosity at the Capitol, and the many incidents connected with his service in the field with the gallant Eighth, will often be told to the admiring crowds that perhaps for years and years will come to see the Badger Eagle.”

Through the courtesy of the present Quarter Master General, J. M. Lynch, the author is furnished with the private record of the receipt of the Eagle, found in the diary of his predecessor, General Lund, which is as follows:

RECEIPT OF THE EAGLE:

“MADISON, Sept. 26, 1864.

“Received from the Governor, the live Eagle ‘Old Abe,’ of the Eighth Regt. Wis. Vol. Infantry.

“The Eagle was formally presented to the Governor in his office to-day at three o’clock, by Capt. Victor Wolf, of company C, in behalf of the company and regiment, the above named company having brought the Eagle into Camp Randall

in September, 1861, from Eau Claire, and carried him through all the marches and battles of the regiment since that time. This having been the color company, the Eagle has been borne by them beside the colors of the regiment.

“The majority of the company had within the past three days been paid off, and mustered out of service. They arrived here the 22d inst.

“In presenting the Eagle to the Governor, Capt. Wolf said that he had been a good soldier, and never had flinched in battle or march; that he had been well cared for by company C, and he hoped he would be as well taken care of by the State.

“In reply, the Governor assured the Captain, that the Eagle should be well and carefully taken care of, and as safely kept as possible, as long as he lived.”

ADVENTURE OF A PRIVATE.

THE hero of our truthful story is John F. Hill, the volunteer veteran Bearer of the Eagle during his transit from the army to become a State Bird. He enlisted in company C, Eighth Wisconsin, in Eau Claire, at the beginning of the war, being then but sixteen years of age. His brother, Thomas J., was his senior in the same ranks. Their father afterwards enlisted in the 36th Wisconsin, and was killed in a battle near Petersburg. A loyal family that!

In the battle of Corinth, this young soldier was standing close by the colors on the left. He had fired six times at the enemy, and was just putting on a cap for another discharge, when a large Minie ball struck his right arm at the point of the elbow, and glanced off into his side, passing clear through him. He fell instantly, his first thought being that the color guard had accidentally hit him with the staff.

Seeing this favorite boy lying there, a soldier ran to Captain Wolf, stating that “John Hill is killed!” “Never mind,” replied the Captain, “we can’t attend to dead men now.” Soon

after this, the Captain himself passed the spot, looked at him, rolled him over, and pronounced him dead: then with his sword he hacked the bark of a tree near him, that he might be more readily found after the battle.

Our army fell back; the rebels advanced, passing our wounded soldier. Four hours he lay there weltering in his blood, the pulse of life feebly beating. Coming to his consciousness about dark, he rose to his feet, and, with a staggering gait, started for the Union camp, but had not gone far when he was taken prisoner, and turned back, fainting at intervals on the way. By midnight he had walked four miles to the rebel hospital, where he was obliged to lie out all that rainy night under a tree. Some time during the darkness, after the rebel wounded were cared for, John respectfully entreated the Surgeon to dress his wound.

“Dress *your* wound?” replied the “Southern gentleman,” “what’s the use? You wont live till morning!”

O, the painful hours—how slowly they dragged the night! Three o’clock—four o’clock, six o’clock—morning! and yet he lives, unpitied, untouched, save by the sweet heavens that wept over him.

In due time the Surgeon went the rounds among his patients, inquiring after their condition, and finding John steaming in the wet, shouted with an indifferent air:

“Hello, Yank, you are alive yet, ar’n’t ye?”

“Guess I am,” faintly answered the resolute boy.

“Well, you’ll fag out to-day—it’s going to be —— hot!”

Was it generosity, or insult, that prompted the Surgeon to throw him some parched corn?

“Eat that if you want,” said Secesh.

About 12 M., the rebels began to retreat, when a cavalry man rushed into the hospital, saying:

“All that are able to walk, come with me—the Yankees are driving us!”

Just as the word was spoken, and a portion had left, John rose up, staggered to the same Surgeon, and asked him if he had any objection to his going into Corinth.

“No!—you can’t go a rod from where you are standing,” answered the rebel, with an oath.

John now began his snail-like journey to his friends, the blood from his side frothing out at every motion.

That morning, Thomas (the brother) procured a spade and pickaxe, and a head-board, on which he had recorded the sad epitaph, and, thus equipped, hurried to find the tree marked by Captain Wolf, there expecting to bury the body of his dear brother.

Thus the two boys were approaching each other, but by different routes, not far apart, however. At a distance John saw Thomas, and spoke as loud as he could—"Thomas!"

Thus interrogated, Thomas looked here and there, and at last discerned a straggler, but did not at first recognize him. Again John called,

"Thomas, it's *me!*"

Thomas approached, and when within a few rods, recognized his brother, and chokingly articulated:

"You,—John! *John*, is it you?"

Imagine the happy meeting—the dead alive again!

John leaned upon his brother's arm, and thus was helped into Corinth, where he was tenderly cared for by our Surgeon. When his wound was dressed, he fainted, but soon revived. That night the Surgeon gave orders to watch John, stating he would probably die before morning; but he lived and partially recovered.

John remained in the service another year, doing light work, at one time faithfully fulfilling the duties of the Adjutant's Orderly.

As already described, he returned with the veterans, bearing the Eagle to the Governor of Wisconsin.

May a grateful country remember this worthy young man, and all who have sacrificed so much to restore the Union to her original integrity.

STATE EAGLE AS HE IS.

It will be seen by the engraving (photographed by J. F. Bodtker, of Madison, and engraved by W. D. Baker, of Chicago,) that the Eagle has *now* a beautiful fringe of white feathers on his head and neck, showing he is truly our National Bird. His tail is also white, spotted with black; but the rest of his plumage is a fine chocolate, tinted with a golden gloss. He can at will swell up his feathers in angry aspect, or he can contract them close, as he does when in the attitude of flight, and then he glances upward, bends down his tail rigidly, crouches low on his perch, half poises his wings, and springs with a terrible power, often severing the strong cord attached to his right foot. This he did at the late celebration of Washington's birth day, in Madison, when he sailed grandly over a church and alighted among some dogs, as if disposed to renew acquaintance with "Frank," of divorce notoriety. His legs are a bright yellow, covered with thick hard scales, tough as sole leather; his four talons on each foot are black and hooked, like grappling irons; his breast is full and heavy, trembling with ardent emotion; his beak bends symmetrically over the lower part, and is of a flint color,—with this he tears his prey with delightful avidity. The length of his powerful wings, from tip to tip, is six feet and a half. He is now in excellent condition, weighing ten pounds and a half. His eyes, set in white down, are encircled with a papillary yellow lining, and next to this is one of black, delicately thin; then comes the cornea, which is a light corruscating gray; his pupil is large and densely black, flashing with a look that seems to go right through you. Very graceful are the curves of his head and neck as he surveys the objects around him, especially when receiving attentions. Sometimes he will bristle up his neck feathers, arching over his eyes, and look out, as from under a white cloud, thoughtfully at his guests, studying character. Take him all in all, in the contrasts of his color and dignity of manner, he is indeed magnificent; associating this with his history, under the consciousness that he symbolizes American Freedom, he becomes to the ideal patriot the talisman of inspiration.

The State authorities, and citizens of Madison at large, are peculiarly attached to our Eagle, often inquiring how he fares and prospers. The Quarter Master General, through his kind keeper, cares for him with the strictest fidelity. His present abode is in the State Armory, surrounded by other trophies of the war, himself always the chief object of inspection by visitors.

May he live a hundred years, and when his eagle-spirit takes flight to his eyrie in celestial skies, stuff, we say, his skin, with the last plumage on, and preserve it in the archives of the Capitol, from generation to generation, to refresh sacred memories of this Sacrificial Day of Independence.

The bright example of the days in which our Eagle gained his name is before us—Patriotism, Justice, Victory,—let us copy it! The treasure we spend is welding again the riven chain of States. The battle of Right with Wrong, baptizing the land with blood, is but the storm of Spring that breaks up our cold and frozen humanity, and bids the waters of love flow again freer and purer for the “healing of the nations.” The tears we shed are but the mirrors wherein the spirits of heroes see the foreshadowed riches of our future civilization. The groans we heave, as the enemy stabs the innocent at home, are to be the basal notes of a grand symphony, soon to be sung over the plains of our Bethlehem—“Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace and good-will toward men.” Death to the old, under the bolt from the war-cloud that rends in twain the veil of our temple, proclaiming “liberty throughout all the land,” is but the prelude to a new life in the body politic, a new creation in a Better Age, when our altars shall be crowned with the olive, and the angels of Science and Christianity shall preside over a Brotherhood of Races. ♦

“And then we’ll raise, on Liberty’s broad base,
A structure of wise government, and show,
In our new world, a glorious spectacle
By reason swayed, self-governed, self-improved,
And the electric chain of public good
Twined round the public happiness of each ;
And every heart thrilled by the patriot chord
That sounds the glory of America.”











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