THE MALAGASY SOLDIERS' WAR SONG.

We soldiers of the Third volunteers
Go forward with confidence and courage
To serve Queen Ranavalomanjaka,
To obey a sovereign who is wise and good,
To defend the fatherland, which is sweet and beloved,
To hold the independence of this kingdom,
To sing loudly our war song, which says,
"We would rather die than not conquer."

Proving fidelity with might and with life,
Yielding our bodies as a wall of defense,
Presenting our strength as a shield for protection.
The distant and the difficult our glory shall be,
Wounds in the war our medals to wear,
The uplifted flag our memorial for aye.
We who are here are ready for all that.

We volunteer soldiers have a fixed time,
Are ready and sufficient for what is designed.
If any go astray for what is wrong and unwise,
They can never true soldiers become.
Each pledges his honor to the agreement that's made
And drinks the "I would far rather die."
We are men and trust what is finished and done
And gladly present our allegiance true.

We are Malagasy born.
What is seen is not feared. What is to come gives no tremor.
Blood and life spilt are our charms
And the more set ablaze our courage as fire.
The difficult and bitter make us more manly.
To refuse we can never while breath in us lasts.
With devotion here we yield ourselves, saying:
"We are soldiers ourselves, and our generals are honored."
Is it not so, O ye army? —New York Sun.

SABER SLINGERS.

IN FORTY BATTLES THE EIGHTH NEW YORK PLIED THE SWORD.

The Regiment's First Adventure Was a Test of Horseflesh—After That It Carved Its Way Across Virginia Several Times. "Grimes" Davis' Death.

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DURING the spring and early summer of 1862 a body of men known as the Eighth New York cavalry was hanging around the camps on the Potomac, now at Washington, again at Harper's Ferry and for a brief time at Winchester, waiting for something to turn up. Not that they could not find employment, but the kind offered was not to their liking. They had enlisted in 1861 for cavalry service, but the government had failed to put them on horseback. It had armed them with sabers, and these they clung to as a badge of distinction and an earnest of the future. During the winter months and between the hours of labor on the fortifications the men practiced handling the savage weapons until they became expert. In that way if in no other they hoped to win the favor of the authorities. Finally, in July, the horses came and with them a leader worthy of a regiment ambitious to carve a name with the sword. An officer of the Fifth United States cavalry, Benjamin F. Davis, was appointed colonel. Davis had served in the roughest cavalry school in the world, on the plains of New Mexico, against the Apaches. He was a southerner by birth and stuck to the flag from principle; hence there would be no child's play about the warfare he would wage upon his old friends. For a man in such a case there is nothing to do but win or die in trying. Davis had good stuff to work on in the Eighth New York. The men were villagers from the agricultural counties of the northwestern part of the state. Bred to life on the farm they had grown weary of the monotonous routine and longed for new worlds to conquer. The war and Davis gave them a chance.

Among the cadets at West Point and in the regular army Davis had been known as "Grimes." For what reason, whether "an old gray coat all buttoned down before" or s[illegible] other eccentricity of dress or manner tradition does not tell, but the fact that the nickname stuck to him through out all the changes of scene is proof that he was a character. The New Yorkers soon found it out for themselves. "He was a military man clear through," says the regimental historian, "the right man in the right place. He was a strict disciplinarian and brought the regiment down under the regular army regulations. Some of the boys thought he was too severe with them. They said that no man could bring a volunteer regiment under regular army style with success. We will see before we get through how Davis came out."

With their new colonel, their fresh horses, splendid bays and blacks matched in companies, and their sabers bright, the New Yorkers set out again for Harper's Ferry ready for battle. After skirmishing with the enemy on the Virginia shore they were ordered one day to pitch their tents inside the lines of the post, and the next that they knew the place was surrounded by Stonewall Jackson, and the commandant, Colonel Dixon S. Miles, refused to fight or to evacuate. Fighting mad before, the boys patted their good steeds upon their sleek flanks and murmured, "What are we here for but to strike or gallop away ready to strike some other day?" Davis and a brother officer of the same name, colonel of the Twelfth Illinois, laid their heads together and devised a scheme to put their horseflesh to good use and save their men from the clutches of Stonewall. After a volume of talk, interspersed with hot words, Miles gave the order for the cavalry to move out. It started at dark on the evening of September 14th, about 12 hours before Miles surrendered the place without a blow. The attempt to escape from Harper's Ferry at that hour was a bold one. The Confederates lined the Virginia and Maryland shores north and south. Jackson meant to end the business next day, for he had other work on hand. The way out, if any, would be across Maryland, but the main army of Lee was at that moment stretching its lines parallel with the river from South Mountain to Sharpsburg, really constituting a second line to be passed. No one in Harper's Ferry could tell where the nearest Union troops were to be met with, so it was taking a plunge in the dark. And the darkness it was that made the plunge successful. The column crossed the Potomac

WORK THEY ENLISTED FOR.

on a pontoon bridge, riding in twos with the Davises at the head of the leading files. All the order given to the men was to follow the file leaders. It would have amounted to the same thing had each of the colonels said to his followers, "Do as I do."

Once on the Maryland shore the horses were spurred to a gallop, and off went the cavalcade a la Gilpin. Striking the Sharpsburg road, the horsemen dashed ahead in the darkness, riding parallel to the line of Longstreet's Confederate corps, which, pivoted on the river at Harper's Ferry, was shutting to, like a gate. At times the bivouac fires of the enemy glowed by the roadside, and more than once the riders galloped between the pickets and the sleeping camps. At the end of a few miles the head of column struck a barricade in the road, but brushed it away in a twinkling, cutting down some of its guard and carrying others along as prisoners. Farther along a Confederate train of 100 wagons was encountered, moving under a cavalry escort. By assuming a disguise "Grimes" Davis tricked the head teamster into turning off the road and all the others followed suit. Calling up his own troopers, he placed them in charge of the train and started it on the road to Pennsylvania. Meanwhile the Twelfth Illinois amused the train escort until the prize was out of reach, then galloped on after it. The wagons contained ammunition and some stowaway freight in the shape of stragglers who had crawled into them to ride. Davis' orders to his men were to burn every wagon that broke down and lose no time over it. Several broke down and were fired with frightful consequences until the stowaways took alarm. One of the first victims was a New York cavalryman. His determination to get out of the wilderness that night led to experiences that would bring a blush of jealousy to the cheek of Baron Munchausen. They are vouched for by his captain. While climbing up Maryland heights in the darkness Private Louck of Company I lost his horse by a misstep, both steed and rider rolling down an embankment. Louck was badly bruised, and his comrades told him to go to a farmhouse and surrender to the first chance. About an hour later the galloping riders floundered through a mud hole where many of the horses tripped or fell from exhaustion. Among those who emerged, covered with mud, was Louck. He had found a led horse in the column and rode on after his company. In crossing a creek there was another catastrophe, and several horses took a bath with their riders on their backs. Louck came out of the tangle washed clean, but again minus his horse. The first wagon that was fired contained shells, and speedily a mass of debris was hurled out at the rear end. Louck was picked up shorn of his hair, whiskers and eyebrows, and his comrades took him to a house and left him, as they supposed, on the verge of death. When the column arrived at Greencastle, 30 miles from Harper's Ferry, Louck crawled into the bivouac. "Captain," said he, "I was killed once tonight by being thrown over a mountain, drowned twice, blown up and killed, but here I am."

Davis was promoted to lead a brigade as a reward for his daring exploit. He had as yet never brought his men under fire

DEATH OF COLONEL DAVIS.

or to cross sabers with the enemy, but they continued under his command, and a chance soon came to try their fighting powers. On the march to Fredericksburg in November, 1862, the brigade skirmished all along the gaps of the Blue Ridge with Stuart's best troopers. At Barber's Crossroads, on the 5th, Stuart's rear guard, under Rosser and Hampton, deployed lines and planted cannon to dispute the road. Davis kept the Eighth New York around him, and dismounting one squadron behind a stone wall led the rest to within 30 or 40 rods of a battery, drawing its fire and testing the coolness of his men. They stood it well, but confessed that they would rather charge the cannon and be done with it. They might have had their wish but for the First North Carolina cavalry. The Carolinians took the initiative and charged in column of squadrons. Davis led his horsemen back as though retreating and let his dismounted men use their carbines upon the enemy. Taken by surprise, the Carolinians drew back, and at that moment Davis brought the Eighth around a hill on a curve and dashed into the mass of the enemy. Then it was cut and slash on both sides. The columns being under headway, the opposing files closed together like the fingers of hands when interlaced. It was the hour for sabers, and fiercely the boys wielded them.

The days for cavalry fighting in the eastern army had not yet arrived, but when they did the Eighth was ready. Davis led it in person in the encounter deservedly called the first real cavalry battle of the war. It was at Beverly Ford and Brandy Station, June 9, 1863. At dawn that day Davis took the Eighth across the Rappahannock at Beverly Ford. A strong picket of the Sixth Virginia cavalry met the column at a point where one man should equal ten. The narrow road passed through a swamp and was ditched on both sides so that only four horsemen could pass abreast. The picket was driven back to a strip of woods where lay supporting squadrons that rapidly moved down upon the head of Davis' column. Davis rode in front, and the enemy was checked without a close collision.

A lieutenant of the Sixth Virginia lingered behind his retreating comrades, and seeing Davis alone dashed down the road upon him. The lieutenant carried a revolver, but only one barrel was loaded, and he saved his fire until he closed in within reach of Davis' saber. Parrying a blow from that, he shot Davis dead. Virginians and New Yorkers then rushed together and fought like tigers. A Virginian who came to the aid of the lieutenant was killed beside the body of Davis, and their bleeding forms led to a struggle for vengeance. From a handful the enraged combatants increased to squadrons, then to regiments and brigades, both the blue and the gray winning and losing the ground many times. The Eighth lost 17 killed outright and 26 wounded, the heaviest loss of any regiment on that field.

The Eighth rode in Buford's division, and after a battle at every gap of the Blue Ridge with Stuart got into the opening skirmish at Gettysburg. From that time on there was no rest for the strong right arms of the New Yorkers. They fought 15 battles between July and December, 1863. Wilson became their division leader in the campaign of the Wilderness and afterward Custer. That was the year for raids and saber fights. Twenty-one battles are inscribed on the flag for 1864, among them Yellow Tavern, where Stuart was killed, and Hawes' Shop, a bloody affair like Beverly Ford. With Wilson the New Yorkers rode 100 miles into the enemy's lines at Petersburg and fought four pitched battles in seven days; then to the valley with Sheridan and Custer; nine battles, including Cedar Creek and Winchester in the valley, and then the raid through to Petersburg. On this raid the Eighth made one of the most marvelous cavalry charges of the war. At Waynesboro it led the column of assailants, and leaping the horses over the works dashed to the enemy's rear and cut off the retreat. Major Compson and General Jubal Early met in personal encounter. Early's horse was shot down by a bullet from Compson's revolver, but his rider managed to escape capture. At Five Forks the New Yorkers made their last grand charge. They put their horses to the breastworks like racers at a hurdle. The color bearer was shot dead, closing the roll of honor of an even 100 killed in battle on 40 bloody fields.

GEORGE L. KILMER.

Her Object.

So fair was she,
As all agree,
The clerks all rushed to serve her.
On her they beamed,
But glances seemed
In some way to unnerve her.

The boldest clerk,
W[illegible] bow and smirk,
Then tho[illegible]ht to surely fetch her.
"I want," she said,
Her face deep red—
"I want a trousers stretcher."
—Chicago Post.

Same Shade.

Mrs. Joones—How do you do, Mr. Brown? Flossie, this is Mr. Brown; he thinks everything of little girls.

Flossie—Funny, but there's a man who lives in our street with the same colored name as you.—Boston Transcript.

All In a Summer.

Now landlords of the big hotels
For summer boarders wish,
And strew the ground with oyster shells
And stock the ponds with fish.

In flaming "ads." they make their bow,
Swing wide their painted gates,
And, having raised a lively row,
Whirl in and raise the rates.
—Atlanta Constitution.