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...t soldiers
...Conf ...s, "The

...ne fifty-five years
...-and-a-half inches,
...nd weighed over
...hile the youngest,
John Hillier, ...age twenty-two, measured six feet three inches, and weighed two hundred and fifty pounds. The five others varied in size and weight between those two. In addition to these gigantic proportions, the Hilliers were possessed of enormous physical strength and the most dauntless courage. Though often before engaged in skirmishes, this was the first time they were to take part in a battle, and of course the rest of the army were anxious to know how they would behave.

"John," said General Morgan to the elder Hillier, who, with his sons, was eating a hasty and frugal meal from off a fallen tree, "I suppose you and your brave boys would rather fight together than to be separated."

"Yes, General," said the patriot, "I think we would be of much more service to you and our noble cause when united than when parted."

"Well, John," rejoined General Morgan, "we'll have some warm work in the morning, and I am going to give you and your lads here the most dangerous position in the battle. To-morrow you shall bear the first standard into the fight, and I know that the glorious banner of our country can not be placed in better hands."

"Thank you, General, thank you for the compliment, and I and my lads will promise you this, that while we can stand and fight, or kneel and fight, you'll see them Stars and Stripes floating."

"...hen, as time is pressing move u... to the ..." answered Morgan, gathering up his rein...and slowly riding away; "and remember," he continued, as his steed pranced along, impatient of the curb, "I shall keep my eyes on 'the Little Regiment!' Good night."

"Good night, General," and thus they parted.

The still hours of the night passed slowly solemnly on. Presently, as the sun came fully above the horizon, and streamed his glowing beams over the icy hillocks, and along the field, the trumpet's shrill note sounded the enemy's advance, and the patriot band prepared for the onset.

In front of and a little ap... from the ... Morgan's force were John Hillier and his six giant sons, the father himself bearing aloft the flag, while the latter ranged themselves, three on each side of him, as a guard.

"...ll done, 'Little Regiment,' exclaimed General, as he rode down the line, encouraging his men to stand firm before the foe who were at this time rapidly approaching them.

...ame Tarleton and his merciless band...th that steady coolness and veteran determination which always have such a fatal effect upon militia. Anxiously Morgan glanced upon his undisciplined force, which he noticed was already beginning to sway from side to side and back and forth. But even at this moment he was unable to express the thrill of joy which passed through him as he beheld the Hilliers, at a word from their ...der coolly and deliberately draw their long

"Would to God that I had a hundred such 'Little Regiments,'" he said, between his closed teeth, "I would"—

This sentence was unfinished, for at this instant, at a signal, Tarleton's troops, clapping spurs to their steeds, charged ... fearful fury.

For a moment or so the militia tottered and surged and struggled, and then breaking, fled in wild confusion, thus leaving the devoted Hilliers unsupported. Morgan expected to see the latter swept to the earth and ridden down like reeds before the tempest; but even *he* did not know the "Little Regiment." In a voice that was clearly heard above the din of battle, the elder Hillier, as he raised himself to his full height, shouted:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

Instantly he was encircled by his sons, the herculean exertions of whom actually kept the whole force of the enemy at bay. Determined, however, to take the rebel standard, Tarleton's men raged wildly about their intended victims. Men and horses sank to the earth, till at last their bodies formed a rampart behind which the "Little Regiment," wounded and bleeding, fought like lions. Seeing at last that sabres were useless, a British dragoon now drew a pistol, and leveling it at the young John Hillier, shot him through the heart.

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag forever!" again thundered the father, and the fearful circle was once more serried and unbroken.

By this time Morgan had succeeded in bringing up his regulars, and heading them himself, he rushed to the rescue of the noble Hilliers. But, alas! too late. A second of the Little Regiment fell, then a third, and a fourth and a fifth.

"Back to back, Ned! Our flag forever!" hoarsely commanded the elder Hillier, as he saw his fifth son sink at his ...

For awhile Morgan's fierce assault attracted Tarleton's men. Like tigers did the patriotic commander and his he... men strive to cut their way to t... heroes, and save them; ...t'er-wise, and the last s... was left alone in the mi... ...ailants.

Still, however, ... flag floated proudly ab... the doomed hero, and ...l that glorious sword swept below its folds, and still, as frenzy took the place of reason, Hillier shouted in wild, hoarse tones:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

...a moment the giant patriot raised himself to his full height, whirled his sword aloft, and delivered his last vengeful stroke among his enemies, one of whom he clove nearly to the saddle. Such was the force of the blow that the blade snapped asunder, leaving only the hilt in the hero's hand, who, casting this from him, sprang up, seized the starry banner that he had so long and bravely defended, and convulsively wrapping it around him, sank beneath a shower of blows, exclaiming, with a dying voice:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag! our flag forever!"

Unable to tear the flag from about the fallen man, the British now turned their attention to General Morgan, who, after a desperate resistance, was forced to fly. In the course of the pursuit, however, the enemy fell into irretrievable disorder, and, ever on the alert, Morgan, taking advantage of this, rallied his broken forces, and charging the foe, routed them, thus re-winning the victory which he had so signally lost.

His first thought after the defeat of the enemy turned upon the brave, fated Hilliers. Surrounded by their victims, lay the seven gigantic Hilliers, about the eldest of whom ...s still wrapped the colors which had been committed to his care in the morning, now riddled and torn with bullets, and ...ed

As Morgan gazed upon the silent ... at his feet, tears gathered in his eyes, ... the words "Bury them side by ... Above all, don't remove the flag fro... John, ...it is a ... ...'s shroud and a h... he was about ...en a..., whe... exclaimed:

"... lives! he lives!"

... the group therefore continued ... ar... dying man, who revived so far as ... himself on his elbow, and exclaim...:

"Close up, lads, close up! Our flag forever!"

This was his last effort, and ... ...cally drawing his spangled and blo... shroud closely around him, he sank ... earth a corpse.

Little ...

Strange is the march we tread,
And strange the notes that more... sou...
By some bright presence led.
We struggle, in the dimness, ... the goal,
Our pathway strewn with dead!

Sometimes, we catch a strain
That sweetly floats from worlds a...:
Sometimes, upon earth's plain,
We wrestle with the angels, till a g...n
Of sunless light we gain.

And then the path grows dark;
The feeble finite gropes its way
Up to the white death-mark:
Shekinah opens into cloudl... day—
God's hand has moored the ...ark.

Oh mortal nothingness!
So little of this little life
We learn: the soul we dress
In robe of varied deeds: ended the strife,
We lay the corse to rest.

So little of the fire
That burns in hearts that beat
Against our own; we tire
And faint along life's ever busy street,
Unknown, unsought, expire.

It seems but yesterday,
I pressed some flowers to bear to one
I loved, upon its way
The off'ring reaped: too late! too late! the sun
Had twice set since he lay
In death's deep mystery!

Dead, and I dreamed it not!
Living unconscious that this woe
Was written in my lot:
To love, one day, life in its fullest glow:
The next, a sandy spot!

So little of the great
In nature's beautiful domain:
The treasures that await
The future sage and bard in earth and main:
So little of our fate.

In the unveiled to come;
So little of that land untrod;
Weak mortals frail and dumb!
Bring us unto the infinite, O God!
And take us to our home.

—S. A. Knox.

THE LINDEN TREE.

Here's a song for thee, of the Linden Tree!
A song of the silken Lime!
There is no other tree so pleaseth me,
No other so fit for rhyme.

When I was a boy, it was all my joy
To rest in its scented shade;
When the sun was high, and the river nigh
A musical murmur made:

When, floating along like a winged song,
The traveller-bee would stop,
And choose for his bower the lime-tree flower,
And drink—to the last sweet drop.

When the evening star stole forth afar,
And the grass flew round and round,
I sought for a rhyme, beneath the lime,
Or dreamed on the grassy ground.

Ah!—years have fled; and the Linden, dead
Is a brand on the cotter's floor;
And the river creeps through its slimy deeps
And youth—is a thought of yore!

Yet—they live again, in the dreamer's brain
As deeds of love and wrong,
Which pass with a sigh, and seem to die,

Midas 1850-1852
Commodore Preble 1855
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