PERSONAL
REMINISCENCES
OF THE
LATE WAR,
BY
H. W. BOLTON.

INTRODUCED BY F. A. HARDIN, D. D.
EDITED BY
H. G. JACKSON, D. D.

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TO

THE SONS OF VETERANS OF THE
LATE WAR,

This Volume is Respectfully Dedicated,

BY THE AUTHOR.

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PREFACE.

It is proper to say that most of the Chapters in this volume have already appeared as a series of contributions to a well known periodical; and it is only because of the favorable reception accorded them in that form, that the author ventures to present them again to the reading public, slightly altered and with some valuable additions from other pens.

And now if this little book shall serve to arouse, for one moment, a feeling of patriotism in the hearts of those who may read it; or revive in the breast of some comrade a pleasing memory of army life—the camp, the march, the shout and din of conflict, happily forever past—it will have accomplished all that the author has dared to hope.

H. W. BOLTON.
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INTRODUCTION.

Through the kindness of the author I am allowed to write the opening words to his book of "Reminiscences." Not to herald its contents, or present the writer, who is already well and favorably known to the reading public, but simply to add a testimony to the value of the war history of our nation, whatever throws light on the subject must be of interest to the on coming people, what the present time demand is that which will make one familiar with the every day life of the citizen soldier.

Every regiment in the army has, in addition to its war record, "its characters." Those peculiarly odd "geniuses" that season camp life with wit and wisdom. The "pepper" and "salt" of a soldier's existence, without them things would have become monotonous.

Nothing develops so readily the points of character in a man as camp life. Thrown upon his own resources for every thing the soldier takes the shortest route to comfort or fun. Whatever contributes to the former he will have regardless of expense, and that which hightens the latter will be sought out and appropriated; all who are familiar with the "Camp-fire" will find in it that which kept alive in the boys the spirit of patriotic devotion and helped them over hard places in the army.

Through these characters each regiment became marked off in broad outline from others, and a stranger could not long be within the lines without coming to know the man
who was the life and music of the company, by these a regiment is often better known than by its battles. A striking example is found in the 35th Ind. Vols., known as the Irish regiment, which Genl. Rosencrantz called the "gallant little 35th." The mention of this regiment at once recalls two inseparable characters. Paddy Smith and Billy Bryan, one a soldier of fortune, and the other, to use his own words, an unfortunate "soger." I first met them in the campaign through Kentucky and from personal knowledge I affirm that could these sayings along the line of march be collected and given to the public with the time, place and circumstances that called them into existence they would be read at a single sitting, although the whole night should wear away with the feast. Sometimes under the most solemn and oppressive intelligence, one or the other would touch a spring of humor and the melancholy feeling would roll away like the mist before the rising sun. Though rough in exterior they possessed a vein of true humanity and religion in strange contrast with their conduct.

They had been some months in the service without receiving any pay. The paymaster, that esteemed individual, had not made his appearance, and everything was to be done as soon as "I git me pay." Poor Paddy was taken sick. The surgeon's art failed, and Paddy, as a last resort, called in the Priest, the good and brave Father Cooney; it was apparent to the Father and to Paddy "that he must soon sling his knapsack and march." The good Father prepared the dying man for his journey into the future, while Billy, his faithful companion, sat beside him sobbing like a broken-hearted girl, for he had come to stay with his comrade until the sands of life ran out. "Well, Paddy," said his friend, "Are you goin' to lave us?" "Indade I suppose I am," said Paddy, "an glad I am to lave this dirty world."

"You may well say that, Paddy," retorted Billy, "for you have had your own fun out iv it."

"Oh, Billy," exclaimed Father Cooney, "how can you have such livity, when will you be ready to lave it?" "Be Jabers, as soon as I gits me pay." This was too much and the
tent shook with merriment, even the dying man smiled at the reply of his trusted friend.

Father Cooney was a great favorite among the boys. Dr. Stevenson tells of a conversation that runs like this; the good Priest came upon a company of boys trying to amuse themselves, and greeted them with a pleasant word, whereupon the boys began, "Do ye say him, God bless him, the likes of him can't be found between here and the Giant's Causeway" Another joined, "Thrue ye, Tim, be gorra his match couldn't be found iv ye thaveled all the way from Dan to Barsheba." Still another, "An he'll be countin' his bades among the stars when many of his callin' are huntin' a dhrap of wather in a hot climate."

Very many hard things are said of quartermasters, who, under our military system, are commissaries. There are, however, exceptions to all cases, and I happen to know one who furnished material for a whole volume, he still delights in the pseudonym of "Big Rations," a term applied to him by the boys. He, too, was a character, full of kindness; he abounded with wit and humor. I refer to Lieut. Igoe, of the Irish regiment before mentioned. He considered that his office as Q. M. was to provide for the comfort of the boys, hence he had a horror of "army regulations;" he abominated all orders, general or special, that inflicted on him the "red tape routine," and not unfrequently he would smash all rules that stood in his way as a good provider; the result was he came in collision with his superiors. So they demanded of him from Washington a statement of his affairs. He gathered up all his receipts and loose papers and vouchers, putting them carefully in a keg, headed them up and sent them to Washington, stating to the department that as they had more time than he they could assort and arrange the papers to suit themselves, remarking that if they could make anything out of them they could do better than he had done. Of course the matter was not satisfactory to the department at Washington, and notice was served on him to make his report in form or he would be "sent for" to come to Washington. The following was his reply
"Headquarters of the Irish Regiment,
Quartermaster's Department.

DEAR SIR:—Your kind and friendly note of ——— inst. is before me, I regret exceedingly that you cannot make anything out of the keg full of papers forwarded some two months ago. In order to facilitate the solution of the difficulty I take great pleasure in sending another box full. I have long contemplated a visit to the capitol of this great, and mighty nation but my finances being in such a dilapidated condition I have been forced to forgo the pleasure; I will be pleased to make a visit to your, I am told, delightful city under the auspices of and at the expense of our much afflicted government. Accept my kindest regards.

M. Igoe, Lieut. and A. Q M."

But before a reply came he was captured by John Morgan, with books, papers and wagons. He made a final settlement, stating in a humorous way the incidents of his capture. To this day it his boast that the great raider settled his affairs with the "big conastogies at Washington."

Wishing you all a happy campaign through these personal recollections, and adding my testimony to the soldierly qualities and manly virtues of the author,'I am, most respectfully,

FRANK A. HARDIN,
Late Lieut. Col. 57th Ind. Vols.
Reminiscences of the Late War.

CHAPTER I.

THE COST OF WAR.

War is an expensive pastime! Considered as an occasional business enterprise it is doubtful if in most instances it does not cost a great deal more than it comes to. Only when there is involved a question of honor, or a principle of right, or the liberty of a people, can there be any justification of the expenditure of blood and treasure that is the inevitable attendant upon the strife of nations. In ancient times wars were more frequent than now, and were, in most cases, waged in obedience to the caprice or ambition of some monarch, whose chief, if not sole, claim to the throne was based on his skill as a strategist, or on his prowess in battle. The people, trained from youth in military exercises, and accustomed to deeds of bravery and peril in the "imminent deadly breach," knew and cared for no other glory than that which was to be acquired by feats of arms. The common soldier thought little of the cause for which his leader was contending,
whether it was one of justice or of mere personal ambition; for in either case the fighting was the same, and the opportunities for personal distinction about equal; the glory of winning victories, and the resulting chance for plunder and rapine were the spur of his ambition. He did not trouble himself about the morals of his bloody occupation. The cost of ancient wars was, of course, considerable, though limited to the maintenance of the army, including the meager pay allowed the soldiers. Arms and equipments cost but little, and were the personal property of the soldier. A battle added almost nothing to the money cost of the campaign. In a hand to hand conflict no ammunition was wasted, and unless a weapon was lost or broken in the melee it remained as serviceable as ever. The cost in human lives, however, was heavier in ancient than in modern wars. A Roman battle ax, sword, or spear, at the distance of a single pace was a more deadly weapon than a Martini-Henry rifle several hundred yards away. Fewer prisoners were taken, and the severely wounded were despatched at once, or left to die on the field, hence the loss of life was great, especially on the part of the army suffering defeat. The inventions that have come to the aid of modern warfare would perhaps add to its destructiveness, were it not for the fact that these have been accompanied by a great advance in the sentiments of humanity and mercy. Feelings of personal animosity do not now animate the soldier; he is not
blood thirsty, and does not wantonly kill the wounded and captured. The number actually killed in battle is small compared with those who die of disease and exposure, and those who are made prisoners of war. The wounded and sick are cared for as well as circumstances will permit, and thus the horrors of war are to some extent mitigated. But after all, as the late General Sherman declared, war is a relic of barbarism, and fortunate will it be for mankind when the era of universal peace is inaugurated and the nations learn war no more.

The government of the United States, compared with the other principal governments now existing, has enjoyed a reasonable immunity from war and its costly accompaniments. Not counting the various Indian wars, and those with the Barbary States, Tripoli and Algiers, we have waged with successful issue four wars, viz: The Revolutionary war, the war of 1812 with Great Britain, the Mexican war, and the Civil war, ending in 1865. The aggregate number of men engaged in these wars is 3,771,041, nearly three-fourths of whom were called into service during the civil war. The number of lives lost is not far from 375,000 on the side of the government of the United States, with no doubt an equal number on the side of the opposing forces. But this does not take into account the number permanently disabled by wounds, or those whose lives were shortened by exposure and injuries received while in the service. The direct cost to the government in
money may be put at three and a half billions of dollars, to which amount should be added one billion one hundred and fifty millions of dollars paid in pensions up to the end of 1890. Double this amount undoubtedly will yet be paid to those who fought to preserve the government, and no patriotic citizen will find fault with that item of expenditure.

In addition to the wars named we should give some attention to the Indian wars that have been waged from time to time by the government of the United States. These have not called into active service any very large body of troops, nor have they resulted in great loss of life on either side; nevertheless in these respects the results have not been so insignificant as to be unworthy of notice, while the cost in money has been altogether out of proportion to the good achieved. From the year 1776 to 1890 the Indians have cost the government a billion of dollars; two-thirds of which amount has been absorbed in fighting them, and the remainder in pacifying and supporting them while they were hatching some new scheme of attack upon the whites. The government has not been ungenerous in its dealings with the Indians. Unless we are ready to concede that a mere handful of savages should possess this continent in perpetuity, to the exclusion of the millions of civilized people whom it is capable of sustaining in plenty and happiness, we must admit the right of the whites to dispossess the Indians of the greater portion of North America, in
accordance with the immutable law that barbarism must recede before the advance of civilization. The Indians have not been exterminated. On the contrary it is held by the latest and best authority on the subject that the Indian population within the bounds of the United States is now substantially what it was when Columbus discovered America.

The popular notion that the melancholy red man, musing upon the departed glories of his ancestors, "Slowly climbs the western mountains and reads his doom in the setting sun;" like the "nobility" of this same red man, and the fawn-like grace and beauty of the traditional Indian maiden, has its birth in the fervid imagination of the orator and the poet, without any basis of truth. The Indians are not "fading away," nor are they being huddled together on uncomfortably limited reservations. True they have not quite as much room as they had when half a million Indians claimed the entire territory now occupied by sixty-five millions of civilized people, but they have enough. The Indian reservations, if divided out in severality, would give nearly a square mile of land to every Indian, squaw and papoose; so that if they would be content to settle down upon their land and become industrious citizens, instead of lawless vagabonds, they might in the near future be counted among the richest landed proprietors in America.

So far as loss of life is concerned in the wars between the Indians and the government troops, the
Indians have had far the best of it; witness the Modoc war, in the lava beds, in which General Canby was treacherously assassinated and 111 soldiers and seventeen citizens were killed or wounded. "No Indians reported killed." Witness the battle of the Little Big Horn, June 25th, 1876, when General Custer and his devoted regiment, like Leonidas and the three hundred Spartans at Thermopylae, without the exception of a single man, gave up their lives in heroic action. But unlike the Spartans, the Americans died unavenged, a useless sacrifice on the altar of savage warfare! Still it must be admitted that some of these miserable Indian wars have been provoked by the foolishness or dishonesty of those representing the government; and dearly has the government paid for the incompetency or rascality of its agents. What is known as the great Sioux war started in 1852. Some Mormons were driving their cattle toward Salt Lake. When near Fort Laramie, one of a band of Indians gathered there killed a cow belonging to a Mormon. The emigrant made complaint, and the officer in command at the fort sent out a subordinate with twenty men to investigate. The little force went to the Indian camp and demanded the surrender of the one who had killed the cow. To this demand the Indians replied that they were willing to pay for the animal in buffalo robes; but the officer declined to accept them, and repeated his demand for the immediate surrender of the Indian. The Indians persisted in
their refusal, and the officer gave the order to fire. The men obeyed, and in less than twenty minutes every soldier was killed and scalped. Thus began the Sioux war of 1852. It lasted about four years, and cost the government between fifteen and twenty millions of dollars. That Mormon's cow, and Mrs. O'Leary's, the starter of the great Chicago fire, deserve to go down in history yoked together as the two highest priced cattle ever brought to any market!

The Navajo war is another illustration of how great a fire a little matter kindleth. A negro boy insulted an Indian, and in the quarrel that ensued the Indian sent an arrow through the negro and killed him. He then fled to his tribe. The officer at the fort where it happened sent a demand for the surrender of the Indian; the tribe refused to give him up; without delay the troops were marched out and war began. Result: the United States troops beaten in three campaigns at a cost to the government of nearly twenty millions of dollars. Surely, "a great cry for a little wool!"

Another of the most important Indian wars had its origin in a comparatively insignificant matter. A contractor for furnishing Indian supplies sent to the Sioux agencies what purported to be prime mess pork, but what was found to consist principally of the heads of hogs. The Indians evidently did not think the advice about not looking a gift horse in the mouth applied to gift hogs; and so,
when it came to choosing between a constant diet of head-cheese and souse, and a fight, they gave their voice for war! As this war occurred during the progress of the civil conflict but little attention was given to it by the public, but it required fifteen thousand troops under Generals Sibley and Sully, and several millions of government money to adjust the difference between that rascally contractor and the nation's wards.

There is a record of engagements with hostile Indians within the military division of the Missouri from 1868 to 1882, in which it is stated that "more than 1,000 officers and soldiers were killed and wounded" in the Indian fighting of that period. In answer to a resolution of inquiry of the Senate in 1886, the Secretary of War stated that the total cost of the troops in the Indian country from 1876 to 1886 had been $2,389,164.50. The Sioux war of 1876 cost for actual field expenses $2,312,531, besides the inestimable loss of General Custer and his men. If the question is asked, what has been gained by all this expenditure of blood and treasure? it is not difficult to answer.

The Revolutionary war established the independence of the Colonies, and laid the foundation of the Republic. The war of 1812, practically settled the question of the rights of American vessels on the high seas; and of naturalized citizens aboard such vessels; though, strangely enough, the matter of greatest contention during the war, was overlooked
in the treaty that followed. The Mexican war resulted in the acquisition of much valuable territory, by which the United States has been greatly enriched, and Mexico made but little poorer. Lacking the ability and the enterprise to develop her territory its possession or loss could not materially affect her resources.

The Civil war led to the immediate emancipation of the slaves; and demonstrated the ability of the Nation to protect itself from dismemberment, at the caprice of one or more of the constituent members of the Union. Whatever opinion may be held hereafter as to the right of secession the practicability of it is not likely to be tried again while the record of that terrible failure remains, as a part of the history of this republic.

The Indian wars have been the least satisfactory of all. They have settled nothing except it be the fact that our Indian policy has been a practical failure from the beginning. We have neither civilized them nor exterminated them. After more than 250 years of alternate fighting and pampering, we have succeeded in inducing only one-fourth of the present generation of them to put on citizens' clothes, and still a smaller number to prefer a dwelling house to a wigwam. As, according to the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1890, the births among them exceed the deaths by about 500; and, as Indians never emigrate, except to the "Happy Hunting Grounds," it is evident
that we shall have the Indian problem on our hands for some time to come. If some means could be found to civilize and christianize these "Children of the forest" and thus put an end to undignified and profitless wars on account of individual squabbles, or spoiled bacon, this government might begin on a permanent era of domestic peace; differences that may arise between this and other nations would be easily adjusted by a court of arbitration, and war become a thing of the past; only a crimson stain on the page of our nation's history.
Is death more cruel from a private dagger
Than in the field from murdering swords of thousands?
Or does the number slain make slaughter glorious?

— Gibber
CHAPTER II.

THE CIVIL WAR.

Life in this world is a continuous warfare; be it individual or national. So intense at times is the conflict, as to provoke the question of life's value, and we are led to doubt whether the gift is worth having; to those who have no higher conception of life's possibilities than simply to exist, the question may be answered in the negative. But to him who thinks of life in the flesh as the reproduction of the Christ-life, with all its possibilities, life is the greatest gift of God. So it is to him who thinks of national life as ordained of God, with a view to man's highest development and richest culture.

Our fathers looked upon the establishment of this nation as the opening of a "new world," wherein all men might worship God as their consciences bade them do, and hither they came by hundreds and thousands.

"What sought they, thus, afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

(21)
Aye, call it holy ground,
   The soil where first they trod;
They left unstained what there they found,
   Freedom to worship God."

To such patriots as the Adamses, Hancock, Henry, Jefferson, Franklin, Hamilton and Washington the sacred interests were committed, and can you wonder at the result achieved? Born of such a spirit, rocked and nurtured by such hands, the national life and character were assured; but two things, wars and victories, were inevitable. Our fathers had a record back of them to preserve, and a continent before them to conquer, subdue, civilize and Christianize. And when the smoke of the Revolutionary fires had ascended, and the wounds of the strife were healed, the spirit remained to extend the conquest from sea to sea until the entire continent should be made "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Succeeding wars had spread abroad their devastations, and buried their innumerable victims, until most men felt that all the great problems of this country were settled. But there still remained a cancer in the bosom of the body politic. The malignant growth had poisoned the entire South with its virus and now threatened extension into the territories. During the administration of James Buchanan, the fifteenth president of the United States, the advocates of slavery attempted to establish that relic of barbarism in Kansas. Societies were organized known as "Blue Lodges," "Friends' Societies,"
"Social Bands," and "Sons of the South," for the purpose of overriding the will of the citizens of that territory, and establishing slavery there. Hon. A. H. Reeder, the governor, was removed, and Wilson Shannon appointed in his stead, because the former opposed and the latter favored the project. This transferred the conflict to Washington, and it soon became national.

In 1857 the Dred Scott decision, involving the question whether Congress had the power to exclude Slavery from the territories, was decided by the Supreme Court, adversely to the interests of freedom. The opinion of the court was written by Chief Justice Taney, in which he declared that the negroes were so far inferior to the whites that they had no rights which a white man was bound to respect. He held further, that the Missouri Compromise and other laws of Congress inhibiting slavery in the territories were unconstitutional. Subsequent decisions by the same court, of questions arising under the Fugitive Slave law, were equally favorable to the pretentions of the slave power, so that the arrogant boast of Senator Toombs that he would one day call the roll of his slaves at the foot of Bunker Hill Monument seemed not unlikely to be realized. The frequent capture of fugitives from bondage, and their return to unrequited and hopeless servitude; the merciless traffic in human beings inseparable from such an institution; and, perhaps more than all else, the constant encroachments of
the slave power upon the legislative freedom of the
country, and the absolute suppression of the free
expression of opinion adverse to slavery, in any of
the Southern States, precipitated the conflict that in
any event was inevitable. The conscience of the
North, East and West, was thoroughly aroused, and
a fire was kindled such as the waters of the oceans
could not put out. And thus the nation was plunged
into war without knowing what it meant or where
it would end. The North, at least, was altogether
unprepared for such a conflict.

Indeed, there were but few who had any knowl-
dge of military life. Our army and navy were so
small as to leave our harbors and borders open to
the coming of any foe. For instance, Charleston
harbor had only sixty-nine men in all her forts.
On that memorable morning, when Major Anderson
had gathered all into Fort Sumter, and numbered
his forces at prayer and flag-raising, there stood in
that citadel one hundred and nine men, sixty-nine
of whom were enlisted as soldiers; when at prayer
the major himself held the halyards, and as soon as
the amen was uttered he hoisted the stars and stripes
amid shouts and cheers from hearts of devoted pa-
triots. This great and magnificent harbor was thus
exposed to the enemies of the government; and yet,
I think it was better armed even then than any
other harbor in the nation.

Men had no adequate conception of the danger.
Think of the first call of Mr. Lincoln for troops,
and his conception of the problem in hand—seventy-five thousand men for three months! With these Mr. Lincoln and his advisers thought to solve the problem, and put down a rebellion that before it ended, called to arms more than two million six hundred thousand men, and occasioned more than a thousand battles and skirmishes, in which more than two hundred and fifty thousand men were slain, or died of disease.

The most terrible slaughter of men ever known took place during the late conflict. We read of Waterloo as the bloody battle of history, and yet Wellington's casualties were less than twelve per cent., his losses being five thousand four hundred and thirty-five killed, and nine thousand five hundred and eighty wounded; while Grant's loss at Shiloh was about thirty per cent. In all the wars this nation had with other nations, she lost only ten American Generals, while in the civil war one hundred general officers fell in battle.

When will the nations of the earth come to see that wars can never be justified only as you would justify a desperate case of surgery.

“If thy right eye offend thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee; and if thy right hand offend thee, cut it off and cast it from thee; for it is profitable for thee that one of thy members should perish, and not that thy whole body should be cast into hell.” When the nations of the earth come to feel the force of this truth, they will cease educating their children
for the army, as though war were a part of the business of the world. Then will leaders and commanders and statesmen cease to plunge the nations into unnecessary and unrighteous wars.

It is often within the power of these men to involve millions of people in a war for years under some plausible pretext, that appeals to the patriotism of the people, who suffer others to think for them. Shall we have two standards of morals, one social and the other political? Shall one man be justified in slaying a hundred thousand men in order that he may maintain his position in office, or gratify his personal ambition, while we hang another man for the murder of one fellow-creature? Nay! let there be one standard, then shall it be impossible for prime ministers and other representatives to make their private quarrels the occasion for general blood-shed and strife.

Let leaders of men study the consequence of wars more carefully. The discipline necessary to successful conflict is unfavorable to the independence and intellectual growth of the individual and consequently to the true greatness of a republic. The economy of war requires of every soldier implicit submission to his superiors in office. This must be enforced in every grade of the army; and while it is without doubt essential to success in hostile operations, it is adverse to intellectual and moral excellence; for the moment a man surrenders thus, he is forbidden to reason. He is to obey without judge-
ment or volition of his own. I have seen—yes, on one occasion I was forced to draw up my company in line with others for the enemy to shoot at, for thirty minutes, while the officers in command were too drunk to know or do anything intelligently. Now there was no help for that, but to shoot the men in command, but had any man of the regiment yielded to the excusable temptation he would have been held for murder. This is one of the evils of war.

There are other evils of which I shall have occasion to speak from time to time. Nevertheless, the boys in blue have reason to rejoice and give thanks for the privilege of eradicating from this beloved land the curse of slavery; and of settling forever the question of liberty, equal rights and national unity. They went to war, not to learn the art of fighting, but to put down the rebellion and preserve national unity. And it were better that five hundred thousand, yes, a million men should die; than that this nation, the hope of untold millions yet to be, should perish from the earth.
SENTINEL.
I have loved my country under the flag of the Union for more than fifty years, and as long as God permits me to live, I will defend that flag with my sword, even if my own state assail it.—Lieutenant General Winfield Scott.
CHAPTER III.

ENLISTING AND GOING TO THE FRONT.

The war cloud had spread over the national heavens and burst upon Fort Sumter. Major Anderson, brave man, had yielded to the inevitable, and the stars and bars were floating in Charleston harbor. Mr. Lincoln had called for the first seventy-five thousand, and they had tested the temper of the enemy only to find that it was not a question of little moment to be settled by a few skirmishes between two detachments, but a question of life and death to the nation, with millions of brave men pitted against other millions who had been their brothers. Great men had taken sides. The talent, skill, nerve, patriotism and devotion of a great nation were divided. Devout and pure hearts called unto God from both armies, while volumes of inspiration poured into the camps from Christian homes, north and south.

I remember the prayer of a poor colored man in North Carolina who, wishing to please his master, who was listening, prayed, "O Lord! bless Massa Lee, and help him to kill Massa Grant, and stop dis awful wah." His friend in another part of the hut could not sanction that, and hence responded, "Bless (31)
de Lawd da's mo' an fo' million prayers ahead o' dat one dats got to be answered fust."

But in all this God was not confused. He knew what surgery was necessary to eliminate from this republic the curse of human slavery, and Mr. Lincoln had been placed at the head of the nation to carry out his purpose. Many thought him slow, but now that the smoke has disappeared and the entire field is before us, all candid men say, "Mr. Lincoln moved as fast as the people would have supported him."

It was not an easy thing to arouse and lift the north out of the pursuits of peace into those of carnage and strife. A London reporter writing from New York City two weeks before the firing on Fort Sumter, said: "This city is full of divine calm and human phlegm, and Chicago, the commercial queen of the west, would do anything rather than fight." But before that letter came back to us, things were changed. The war was fully inaugurated, Generals George B. McClellan and John Pope had met the armies of the south, to be defeated, and the terrible havoc of Bull Run had fully aroused the north.

A friend from the Emerald Isle gave a concise report of that battle in these words. When asked if he was in the battle of Bull Run, he said he was. "And did you run?" "Faith, I did, and any man that didn't is there yet." It served its purpose. All lovers of liberty felt that they were called to arms. Men east, north and west hastened to the recruiting
oflSces to put their names down for enlistment. The spirit of the hour cannot be better expressed than by quoting the lyric of Horatio Woodman:

Why flashed that flag on Monday morn
   Across the startled sky?
Why leaped the blood to every cheek,
   The tears to every eye?
The hero in our four months' woe,
   The symbol of our might,
Together sunk for one brief hour,
   To rise forever bright.

The mind of Cromwell claimed his own,
   The blood of Naseby streamed
Through hearts unconscious of the fire,
   Till that torn banner gleamed.
The seeds of Milton's lofty thoughts,
   All hopeless of the spring,
Broke forth in joy, as through them glowed
   The life great poets sing.

Old Greece was young, and Homer true,
   And Dante's burning page
Flamed in the red along our flag,
   And kindled holy rage.
God's gospel cheered the sacred cause
   In stern, prophetic strain,
Which makes his right our covenant,
   His psalms our deep refrain.

Oh, sad for him whose light went out
   Before his glory came,
Who could not live to to feel his kin
   To every noble name!
And sadder still to miss the joy
   That twenty millions knew
In human nature's holiday
   From all that makes life low
"What ought we to do?" filled all hearts, and, with this question in mind, we left home one morning and went to the village to see who were going. We had read of McClellan's failures during the spring of 1862, and the coming of Pope from the western army to take charge of the Army of Virginia, scattered and disheartened, yet true in their loyalty to their old commander, George B. McClellan. We had no sympathy with the criticism of his predecessor pronounced by Gen. Pope in his speech upon assuming command, for in that he antagonized the whole army, and we rejoiced when he was relieved and McClellan was again placed in command of the Armies of Virginia and the Potomac.

"But what shall we do? Ah, there they go, John Robertson, Robert Jenkins and Sam Brown."

"What! have you enlisted, Brown?"

"No, they won't take me; but I want to go. Both the Towle twins have enlisted, and Jim and Bob are going. I suppose you can't go, for your wife and baby won't let you?"

"Well, I don't know; I guess it would be pretty hard to leave them. But what's the news!"

"Oh, things look pretty blue, I reckon Lee'll get into Washington."

"Why, look here, Brown, 'twould be an awful thing to have Washington captured, and Old Abe taken prisoner; I believe I'll go. What say?"

"But how will Mrs. B. take it?"
"Well, she said this morning that if she were a man she'd go. Now I don't propose to have her feel that she is more patriotic than I am. Hello! there goes Leavett; they say he's to be captain."

"Yes, captain of Company E., Sixteenth regiment, Maine Volunteers."

"But say, he can't command anybody, why he doesn't weigh more than a hundred and thirty pounds!"

"You just wait till he gets into a fight, he'll weigh a ton then!"

"Well, look here, if you and Bob are going I'll go," and down went our names for three years, or during the war. Then came the hardest thing to do of all; simply to tell the wife and baby what I had done. What will they say—how will they take it? But to my surprise my wife said "You have done just what I should do if I were in your place."

The plans of that night will never be made known. We were to leave for Augusta the next day. All night that home was filled with prayer, and oh, how quickly the morning came! Can it be that we are to leave these dear ones for war, where men are wounded, killed and buried, unattended and unvisited? "Yes, Will, you must go, and may God bless and keep us till you return." The train is now ready, and I see the dear ones standing on the platform and waving their handkerchiefs as we move out from the village. Ah, how hard men tried to
be brave that day! But tears started down many a cheek, and hushed were the voices of all save those who had nerved themselves for the occasion with stimulants, for we were off for the war.
Then from each black, accursed mouth
The cannon thundered in the South,
    And with the sound
The carols drowned
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

It was as if an earthquake rent
The hearthstones of a continent,
    And made forlorn
The households born
Of peace on earth, good-will to men!

—Longfellow.
CHAPTER IV.

FROM AUGUSTA, MAINE, TO WASHINGTON, D. C.

On reaching Augusta, our company was assigned quarters in the regimental barracks, and then came the work of clothing, organizing, and equipping the regiment. What a change of life and environments had come to us! Roll-call at 6:00 A. M., when every man was expected to answer to his name or be accounted for by some of the company officers. This surrender of choice was not an easy thing for the strong, manly lumbermen of the Pine Tree State to learn. They had been in the habit of getting up when they pleased and appearing in such clothes as they thought appropriate and timely; now to be compelled to toe the mark in army blue, with buttons brushed, hair combed, and boots blacked, was all new to them, hence some very severe discipline was necessary before we left the state, and we found the little man in his uniform quite weighty enough. But the most of Company E. fell into line cheerfully, believing it the best policy to adopt.

Contrary to the old maxim, that "ignorance and discipline make the best soldiers," it was found that the young men from the schools and the wisest men
of the state were the most efficient in the service, for they saw at a glance the necessity of rigidly enforcing the discipline, and intelligently yielded to the order of the day. More than this, they sought to know what was to be required of them, and, by this, anticipated the command, so that in the average company there were fifty men competent to take command at a moment's warning. This may account for the skill and tact displayed later when emergencies arose, officers were captured or killed, and some men of the rank and file sprang to the front, took command and won the battle.

I rejoice to see the effort now being made to improve the personnel of our standing army. The demand is urgent that some standard other than physical be established which shall govern the enlistment of men, and then something must be done to counteract the pernicious influence of the barracks. As it now is, a vile, blatant blasphemer may contaminate a whole company of innocent boys, who, being compelled to room with him, are constantly under his influence.

But look! Here comes the adjutant with orders, "Fall in, Company E! Attention! Let every man be ready to take the cars this evening at 7:00 o'clock for Washington!" Seven-eighths of these men had never been outside of the limits of their native state; to them it was an opportunity, but to some of us it was a trying ordeal. Here come wife, sister, child, yes, and mother too, as sure as you live! Mother's
here; never so far from home before, but she can’t endure the thought of John’s going to war until she has first counselled and given him some expression of her love. See, she has brought her boy some socks, handkerchiefs and—“What’s this, mother?” “Ah, my boy, mother wants you to read that book, I have marked some verses for you, John. Don’t forget that I shall pray for you every evening. Good-bye. God bless you.”

“Fall in, Company E! Fall in! Fall in! Call the roll! Get into line for inspection!” The colonel is coming. See him, a fine-looking man, weighing two hundred and sixty pounds? Cross-eyed. You can’t tell whom he’s looking at. He looks like Ben Butler. I believe it is Ben Butler. No. “Attention! Present, arms! Carry, arms! Count off! Right, face! Forward, March! Now we’re off to war! The train was never so long getting ready to start before. Will they never get done saying “good-bye?” “All aboard!” And she rolls out into the night. We are soon asleep. Morning dawns and we enter Boston—“the hub of this universe.” In her streets there are many things that attract the country boy’s attention, but he is a soldier and must keep step. “Left! Left! Left! Steady there, Company E!” “What regiment is this?” shouted a dozen voices from the sidewalk. “Sixteenth Maine Volunteers, Col. Miles’ Regiment.” “What men!” “See, they are all six feet high; lumbermen from the woods and mills of
Maine!" "Prohibitionists, I guess; they are all sober. Finest regiment I have seen yet." Thus we were greeted in every city until we reached Washington, where we were inspected and sent to Fort Sumner to drill for heavy artillery. At first this was not well received by the boys. They had taken a great deal of pride in being noted for their size and good appearance, but when told that that was the secret of their being chosen they submitted cheerfully and went to work to learn the drill.

Sunday came. At home, we were in the habit of going to church and Sunday-school. How strangely all this drum-beating, bugle-blowing and marching to and from dress parade affect one! A pass is secured, and we walk over the long bridge to see Washington, but it was not the Washington of today. Every group we met was full of excitement over the last battles and the defeats of McClellan and Pope. Regiments of soldiers fill the squares. Squadrons of cavalry dash through the streets. Ambulances and baggage-wagons were rushing through the city half-filled with rubbish. We returned with confused thought, for we had never seen it on this wise before. Truly we were homesick that night, and would have walked ten miles to hear one prayer such as we had been wont to hear in the school house at home. But we were hundreds of miles from home, in the midst of profanity, tobacco smoke and song-singing. The last thing that greeted our ears as we fell asleep
from sheer exhaustion was, "Stop your noise, "Cut the string," "Dry up," each associated with a terrible oath. Here we stayed doing service in the fort until the night of the 8th of September, when we were ordered to report to Col. Adrian R. Root, commanding the First Brigade, 2nd division, 1st Corps of the Army of the Potomac. We waited all night with our arms buckled about us, and wondered what the next call would be. Some declared that Lee had captured McClellan and was marching into Washington, and, sure enough, about midnight the long roll was beat and we stood in dread suspense for hours, not knowing what was to be our doom, while the older regiments laughed and cracked their jokes at our inexperience. Then came a detail and we were sent to the fort to see if anything new had taken place, and, while passing the 143rd New York volunteers just out from home about 11:00 o'clock, a voice rang out in the darkness, "who goes there?" "A friend with the countersign." "Advance, and give the countersign." We obeyed, and being received on the point of the bayonet, were told that the countersign was not correct. "Corporal of the guard," shouted the alarmed patrol. Down came the corporal and sergeant, and we were taken prisoners, disarmed, and marched to headquarters. The colonel appears, to confess that he had given a local countersign, and ordered that our arms be returned and we be sent on our way.

We shall face Antietam next.
ΑΝΠΙΕΓΑΜ.
Victors and vanquished join promiscuous cries,
Triumphant shouts and dying groans arise.

—Pope's Homer.
CHAPTER V.

ANTIETAM.

On the morning of September 17th, 1862, Gen. Hooker opened fire on the right, and from artillery and musketry, hurled shot and shell into the ranks of the enemy. Fitz John Porter's corps was ordered to occupy the center position under protection of a ridge of land, as reserves, while the slaughter went on.

No army ever went into battle with more brilliant expectations than did the Confederates under Lawton and Jackson, who were fresh from the victory of Harper’s Ferry. McClellan, on the other hand, appeared cautious, if not fearful, and, as usual was late. Robert E. Lee, the most brilliant of southern leaders, was on hand with not less than 100,000 men; his left wing was in command of Jackson, his right in command of Longstreet, while Hill commanded the center. But Hooker made a good fight, and carried the bridge on the Hagertown road the first day, and was ready for another assault at any moment. It is strange how quickly an army, cut in pieces and torn by shot and shell, can rally. But there are no vacancies in action. The officer next in rank steps at once into the place made vacant by
the fall of his superior. A friend of mine gave me a description of Hooker's second charge, when, amid bursting shells, grape and canister, those living lines marched steadily on until melted away by the fire of their opponents. For one hour this fight continued before the Confederates broke. Then a cheer filled the whole army with hope at this point. Our regiment, having been called out the day before, reached the scene and was held in reserve, and we can never tell what chagrin and disappointment came to us when the order was given, "Rest on your arms, and be ready to move at a moment's notice." Col. Wiles, having made a forced march from Arlington Heights, was unable to go further, and so we were detailed to fix up a bed in a deserted brick house that had been riddled with shot and shell. He never appeared with us again, but Lieut.-Col. C. W. Tilton (brave man he) took command. We watched the fight, heard the groans, and saw the mangled, until a strange feeling filled our inmost soul, and for once we longed to have a hand in the fight. There was Joe Hooker on his gray horse, plunging into the thickest of the fight, inspiring his men with his coolness and cheer. There was Meade, dashing through the cornfield, slippery with blood, while the trees over our heads seemed to scream with tongues of fire. What a reception! Men reeled and staggered as if drunk. Brigades became regiments in an hour, and soon Meade's noble army was but a fragment, but Joe Hooker came to his rescue,
leading the charge in person. And now his whole command is moving, swinging into line at every change. The hills are one flame of fire and seem to shake in fear and agony. "What will be the result?" we asked. For four hours we stood in dread. "Look! Hooker is wounded! They are carrying him off the field." But Sumner sweeps on, and the men seem enraged at the thought of their wounded commander. They waver and fall back for a few rods, then halt. Will the enemy follow? The artillery forbids, and just at this critical point a fine brigade of Maine and Vermont men pass us and hasten into the field. "Why not our brigade?" we asked. Ah! we have never had one hour's drill, while Smith's brigade was in excellent condition, and in a few minutes they dash in and retake the cornfield. Burnside still holds the hill near Stone Bridge where Lee has marshalled his best men. But another effort on the part of the enemy is made to retake the works and gain the bridge.

Nothing in the history of war ever surpassed that struggle. In an hour five hundred shells fall into the closely packed division, while forty thousand muskets pour their leadlike rain into the assaulting column. Now it is a hand-to-hand struggle with the advantage going to the enemy, but, when the smoke rises, we find Burnside still holds the hill, and the enemy is retreating. The loss of the day has been great. Burnside's men are exhausted, nevertheless he sends word to McClellan for reinforcements, say-
ing, "Send them, and I will sweep all before me." Fifteen thousand men held in reserve, sent at that moment, might have forced Hill and Longstreet to fall back upon their center, and give us the fords of the Potomac. Then the whole confederate army would have been between Burnside and Sumner, and Antietam would have ended the war. But McClellan hesitates, loses his opportunity, Lee retreats, recrosses the Potomac, and is at home again.

The next day after the battle we walked over the field to look upon the dead forms, lying in their blood, and wondered at the spirit which had sustained them in such a conflict. What was it? These men were thoughtful men. They were not ignorant brutes, who, without the sense of fear had rushed half intoxicated into the mouth of belching cannon. Nay! They were sober, intelligent young men, the majority of them under twenty-five years of age. They knew that it meant death, and, trembling, looked each other in the face, as if to say, "I would rather die than disgrace the family I represent or be counted a traitor." So like brave, intelligent men, they deliberately made up their minds to do their duty and die in their tracks if need be. After this came five weeks of inactivity, when more men were sick, discouraged, disheartened and disgusted than in any battle of the war. We were unused to that climate, had thrown away our blankets, overcoats and tents, and had nothing to do but to discuss the merits and weaknesses of our generals and
other field officers, and General George B. McClellan came in for the largest share of criticism. The influence of those five weeks no one can measure. Spent in perpetrating jokes, reciting stories, singing songs, finding fault in general, at length growling became the chief business of the camp. Chaplains seemed to lose all the confidence and respect they ever had; but for the mail that brought tidings from home, I don't know what would have become of us.

There is nothing so demoralizing to the soldier as inactivity. Sickness, discouragement, discontent, and about every ill that either flesh or spirit is heir to will invade the camp; and nowhere can you find a better exemplification of the proverb:—"Satan finds some mischief still, for idle hands to do"—than among idle soldiers.

But something must be done to keep the boys from dying of listlessness, or getting too lazy to draw their breath. We determined to have a horse race. The arrangements were strictly private—that is, the officers were not in the secret—though all the men were. A couple of half grown contrabands were induced to act as jockeys, and we decided that Captain Howe's and Lieutenant Parkman's war horses needed exercise; however, it was not thought necessary to consult those officers with regard to the matter. The track extended from camp about 400 yards down to the shore of the bay, where it abruptly ended. This fact was probably not duly
considered by George Washington and Caesar Augustus, the jockeys. Every man in the camp that was able even to crawl had stationed himself somewhere along the track, most of them of course as near the terminus as possible. Wash was mounted on the Captain’s charger, without a saddle, but by way of compensation with a big pair of spurs on his prominent heels, Gus was likewise splendidly mounted, but provided with a rawhide instead of spurs. The importance of the issue was seriously impressed on their minds and their ambition to win duly stimulated by the promise of fabulous rewards, if successful; besides, each, separately, was given to understand that the owner of the horse he rode would feel everlastingly dishonored if he was beaten in the race. True, the captain and the lieutenant both happened to be away from camp that day, but they would be sure to hear of the result, and it would not do to let them be disgraced!

At length everything is ready, the horses are on their mettle, so are the riders. The word “Go” is given and they are off; Caesar Augustus plies the whip and is soon in the lead, George Washington makes a good second as they fly down the track, and the men yell—how they do yell; the whooping of a whole tribe of Comanche Indians, with the howling of a pack of wolves thrown in, would be oppressive silence compared with that yell! The horses are excited—frightened—by the infernal
noise, but the effect on each is different. The lieutenant’s horse, already in the lead, under the stimulus of the whip and the noise, seems to redouble his speed, and when he reaches the end of the course he cannot turn if he would, but leaping boldly out from the shore he appears for an instant like a flying centaur in mid-air, then plunges downward and is lost to sight beneath the waves! He soon comes to the surface, however, and in due time both horse and rider safely reach the shore. Quite different is the experience of the name-sake of the "Father of his Country." Startled by the unearthly yelling, and maddened by the goading of the spurs, his horse instead of increasing his speed, began to kick and plunge, and finally breaking through the ranks of men along the side of the course, went tearing and kicking, and rearing before and behind in a wonderful manner. The little contraband, looking like a monkey on a bucking circus pony, had no control of the horse, but only aggravated the case by pressing the spurs deeper in his flanks, in his effort to stick on! The matter began to grow serious, but after an hour’s effort on the part of the whole camp the horse was caught and relieved of his badly frightened but plucky rider. Greatly to the chagrin of Caesar Augustus, the race was decided a draw, and all bets declared off! "Ise mighty shuah dat I won dat race," said he, "kase I done got dar fust, fo’ de Lawd!" but the judges were inexorable and he had to be content.
When the owners of the horses found out what liberties had been taken with their property somebody seemed to be a most eligible candidate for the guard house, for a while; but finally the necessity of some relief to the monotony of camp life was tacitly admitted, and no serious notice was taken of the affair.

On the 26th of October we were greeted with an order from Gen. McClellan to cross the Potomac, and, while we were none of us anxious for another fight, some preferred a battle to the inactivity we had at Harper's Ferry, and we had waited so long for McClellan to do something, that when on the 8th of November, Burnside succeeded him, and began to reorganize the army, we rejoiced and took heart. Our regiment was brigaded with the 94th, 104th and 105th New York and the 107th Pennsylvania volunteers, and was assigned to the first brigade of the 2nd division of the first corps, commanded by Gen. J. F. Reynolds.
FALLING OUT OF THE RANKS.
I suffer with no vain pretence
Of triumph over flesh and sense,
Yet trust the grievous Providence.

—Whitt
CHAPTER VI.

FALLING OUT OF THE RANKS.

Harper's Ferry was too much for many who could have endured the march or the battle. I soon found that the seed of disease had been sown in my system, and that I could not stand the march, so I secured permission to fall out of the ranks and walked along from the Potomac to Warrenton, getting in every night, save one, before the regiment left in the morning. That night I was too sick, and so slept in a smoke-house on some rubbish that had been stored for the winter. Here I met a typical white man of the poor class who told me, among other things, that if I would walk "two child's cries, two go-bys, and a dog's bark, I would come to Jones' farm, where I could get a heap of milk, for he kept a right smart of cows." Well, I made the run, got the milk, and overtook the regiment at Warrenton. There I was sent into a church to help care for some others who were worse off than I was. On the following day an order was received to take the sick to Washington. Box cars were provided, and the boys walked to the depot and entered the cars until all were filled. How we pitied the poor fellows (57)
who could not go! Some of them died from sheer disappointment. Ordered to enter a given car it was locked, not to be opened for the trip. In our car were dying men who prayed, others, in their delirium, cried and swore, while others amused themselves with books and cards.

On reaching Washington the dead were removed first, then the sick, and then we who could walk were turned into the streets to be fed with sandwiches and coffee by the christian ladies of that city. I can never forget that meal, for I expected to return with the train and perhaps never have another meal like that, but, to my surprise, I was ordered to the hospital and given a bed; a bed with white sheets and a pillow. About eleven o'clock a light awoke me and there stood the post physician with his aids, who said, "young man, you must return to your regiment in the morning." I thanked him and was asleep in two minutes. Morning came, and I was up and ready to join the squad that had been ordered out, but there came that awful physician again, who said, "You can't go, for I see what I did not see last night. You will never see another fight."

"Is it possible?" I had never been in a fight, nor seen but one. Nevertheless, his word was law, and, after a severe test, I was given a discharge which said, "heart disease;" ordered out into the streets of Washington penniless and alone, I walked slowly down the street, to be arrested again and again, but on showing my papers was allowed to pass with a
sneer, "Yes, you have played it well. They want you down at Fredericksburg about this time." But I was out, and my thoughts were now on home and what the friends would say, and what I should do should the physician's verdict prove true. All day I sat in the stores waiting for a settlement in order that I might get my money. Night came, the stores were closed; hungry, cold, homeless and friendless, I walked the streets of the nation's capital, through which I had passed four months before a proud Mainiac! Late in the night I found a lodging-place, where, after showing my papers and promising most faithfully to pay the bill on the morrow, I succeeded in getting a bed in a bunk, (already occupied by legions). Morning came none too soon, and being weak, I was late in getting into line before the paymaster's office, and so was obliged to stand in line until ten minutes of six o'clock in the evening, almost the last man to be paid, but when it came I had a good supper which I might have had the night before had I known of the good people in Washington at that time.

Turning homeward, the train made very poor time. It was the longest journey of my life. New York had no attractions. Why should we be delayed there? Boston was not worth seeing. Newport, Maine, was the largest place in this world at that time, and the last forty miles from Portland to Newport was a most tedious journey. Weak and sick as I was, I jumped from the train, ran across
the fields and entered the little wood-colored house before anyone knew I was in town. But the getting home did not make me happy. For any number of days disappointment and unrest filled my heart and increased until August 17th, 1863, when I offered to enlist again, and, to my surprise, passed the examination, was enrolled as a soldier in company D., first regiment of cavalry of D. C., and was mustered October 17th as first duty-sergeant. We were told that this regiment was never to leave the District of Columbia, and hence great care was taken to select men of good height, sober habits and manly appearance. Indeed, every man walked with a princely air and looked down with pity on the ordinary soldier, for we were to be equipped with Henry's repeating carbine, which the skilled soldier could load and fire sixteen times per minute until the cylinder got too hot for use. Poor, deluded men, to think of staying in Washington with such arms! Nevertheless it helped us over the ordeal of leaving home for the second time, and made our wives and children, sweethearts, sisters and mothers feel that there was not much danger in our case. But no regiment ever suffered more in any year of the war than did the D. C. cavalry in 1864. We crossed the James May 7th, twelve hundred strong, and in October the same year we were consolidated with the first Maine cavalry, and only seventy-six of the twelve hundred answered to the roll-call. Poor fellows! Thirteen of my company starved to death in Libby prison.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battle fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
—Scott.
CHAPTER VII.

THE FIRST DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA CAVALRY.

This regiment was unique in more ways than one. Col. L. C. Baker, provost-marshal of the war department, raised the first battalion in the District of Columbia, and they were set apart for service in connection with his work, but in 1863 it was deemed wise to increase the number and organize a regiment, and eight hundred men were enlisted in the state of Maine for that purpose. Captain J. W. Cloudman enlisted the first hundred and forty men, and they were mustered into service October 19th, and left for Washington on October 22nd. Captain Cloudman was a good man, but utterly devoid of military genius or tact. He knew how to persuade men to enlist, but never learned to give a command intelligently. This was a source of great mortification and sometimes led to shameful debates. He sought to make all his men comfortable and had no pets. One morning while in Augusta, Maine, after roll-call, he said, "Sergeant Bolton will lead us in prayer this morning." Frightened and confused, I had no time to explain or offer excuse, so I stepped to the front and poured my cry into the ear of Him
who careth for all men. Some criticised the captain for taking such liberty, and it was not military, for I had enlisted to fight, not to pray. Others sneered and a few spoke kindly of the matter. This led to an invitation to dine with the landlord of the Hammon house before leaving for Washington, an event often referred to during the years of service. But the call to prayer did more, for, never during the years did temptation arise, but with the suggestion came the thought "These men have heard you pray; they look to you as a man of God," and, when the boys sought from time to time to play some game or trick the sergeant's feelings were consulted. No company of men could have done more for the comfort and pleasure of a man than company D. did for its orderly-sergeant.

Friend! are you a Christian? Have you taken Jesus as your Saviour? Let all who know you understand that you want them to be acquainted with your position. It will give you a hold on the divine arm, for he hath said, "He that confesseth me before men, him will I confess before my Father and his holy angels."

The journey to Washington had lost its romance, for we had come to think of war as a terrible calamity, and to fear the result of the civil conflict. On reaching the city we were inspected by Col. Baker, Lieut-Col. Conger and Major Baker. The colonel's duty kept him busy most of the time at the war department, leaving Lieut-Col. Conger in command,
who was military in every movement, severe, and sometimes cruel. Four of the companies had been in Washington for a long time, and many of the men became very hard to control. They soon began their tricks, and sought to put the new comers in false and trying positions before the officers. The feeling found an issue one morning between Jack of the old battalion and Sergeant B. of company D. late from Maine. Jack came into camp about day-break full of poor rum, and began his tricks and slurs on the Maine boys. Captain Curtis, afterwards major, was officer of the day, and Sergeant B. officer of the guard.

"Arrest that man, and put him in the guard house," said the captain. That was enough. Not knowing just how to perform that duty, I at once "matted onto" him, and soon found that I had encountered a giant, and felt like the man who tackled a bear and wanted two men to help him let go. But I was in for it. To fail meant loss of stripes, and worse, to submit to the taunts, sneers and tricks of the whole battalion, so for nearly thirty minutes it was a "rough and tumble" fight. At length I conquered, and held him in the door until Captain Sphere came to my aid and together we thrust him into the guard house; then when the wounds were dressed, and new clothes furnished, I went back to put Jack astride a wooden horse for six hours. Poor Jack never again attempted to provoke a quarrel or refused to obey the Maine boys when on
duty. Later came six hundred and forty men from Maine, and Cloudman and Curtis were promoted as majors. Then the boys of the Pine Tree State were in the lead.

Capt. Howe, a Baptist minister, was assigned to our company, and Lieutenants Parkman and Dunning. Capt. Howe was a nervy, sharp, military man, who very soon gave the men to feel the need of being thoroughly drilled, and when the time came he led bravely into battle, until taken prisoner at Sycamore Church, Sept. 16th, 1864. There he stayed eight weeks; then, after the consolidation with the first Maine cavalry, he commanded company D. until March 31st, '65, when he was severely wounded, but recovered and was mustered out of service with the regiment, and now lives in Lewiston, Maine, a successful physician. Lieut. Parkman was a very different kind of a man. Everybody loved and trusted him. He was a good disciplinarian, uncompromising, yet gentle and mild, of fine form and rode a tall black horse. No braver, more accomplished officer or truer man ever gave his life to our country; but alas! on the 16th of June, 1864, while leading the company in an attack on Petersburg, he was shot through the body and died the next day. I was with him and tried to comfort and aid him that fatal night, but he said, "Sergeant, my time has come; my work is done, and I die without a regret other than this: I would like to go with you till the war is over; but God knows best."
The flags of war like storm-birds fly,
The charging trumpets blow.

—Whittier
CHAPTER VIII.

THE WINTER OF 1863 AND '64 WITH CO. D.

On our arrival in Washington we were given quarters at Camp Baker, a short distance east of Capitol Hill. There we settled down, as we supposed, for the winter; but not so. We were too well armed for any such luxury. After a few days of drill with our horses, an order came from Lieut. Howe to take Co. D. and report at Anandale, ten miles west of Alexandria. There we had mounted drill until the 27th of January. Then we joined the old battalion at Yorktown, and on the 28th were moved near the York river, where flowers were in bloom and the air balmy, though we were in mid-winter. This to a citizen of Maine seemed hardly credible, for some of us had been wont to see the earth covered with snow from November until May. Here amid the flowers we received our mail from home, an event of great moment to the soldier. The letters brought an inspiration that shortened faces, cheered hearts and filled them with hope. Could the dear ones at home who were under constant anxiety have known what comfort those home messages brought to the boys at the front, no mother, sister,
wife, or sweetheart would ever have allowed anything to interfere with her letter writing. But hark! It is daybreak, and we hear the call of "Boots and Saddles!" Thirty minutes and we are off for our first raid. Ten days of work and fighting in a strange land, brought us up the Chickahominy within ten miles of the rebel capital, where we seized and destroyed a very important junction and large supplies that were en route for Lee's army. Among other things found in this little city of one store, two houses, a tavern and blacksmith shop, was a cellar full of applejack, "a drink very refreshing, but very dangerous to the soldier, especially while within the enemy's lines. Many of the men became so thoroughly intoxicated as to prevent their moving, and four miles out from the station we were obliged to leave some of them to their fate. Poor boys! They were as brave as any that were enlisted in their country's cause, but they were hungry and tired, and so they drank the deadly drink in the face of death, and were never heard from again. When will this awful curse cease to dethrone the reason, mar the intellect, corrupt the body, and degrade the spirit? When will men learn that wine is a mocker, that though fair to look on, at the last it "Biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder?"

We reached our lines in season to join the expedition for Newport News, where we embarked for Norfolk. It was a beautiful evening on the 29th of January, but before morning a light snow storm
had made everything slippery, and we cautioned the boys in getting off the boat not to be in haste or impatient, for the horses were nervous and fractious. But we had one man in Co. D. who was a kind-hearted fellow but never could learn anything. Should he see these lines I know he will forgive the reference to him, for he must recall the hours spent in trying to teach him how to fasten the saddle, and the time when on mounted charge we found him under his horse, with both feet fast in the stirrups, and his head all bruised and bleeding with clips from the feet of his horse. Well, on this occasion——— was there, and we told him how to stand and what to do, but unfortunately the horse, as he stepped off the plank, stepped on———'s foot. A quick yank at the curb-bit threw horse, saddle, carbine, blanket, overcoat and haversack into the dock. It seemed a pity almost that the man did not go with his property. No one asked whose horse it was in the dock, struggling to extricate himself from the side-wheel; every one knew as a matter of course. But what will the horse do? He is gone, and it seemed minutes before any sound revealed his whereabouts. But he had started to swim across the bay; two men in a boat soon overtook and led him ashore. This poor man was always so heavily loaded as to make it impossible for him to do anything but care for his equipage. In this respect he was not unlike many whom we have known in the church and elsewhere who so burden themselves with the implements and
machinery of their profession as to have no strength left for the performance of its duties. "Circumlocution offices" in which an applicant is entangled in government red tape like an unfortunate fly in a spider's web, and charity organizations whose would-be beneficiaries starve to death while their cases are undergoing the process of investigation, are further examples of like character.

During the months of our raiding the other six companies were enlisted and drilled, and on the 29th of April we were organized as a full regiment, brigaded with the Eleventh Pennsylvania, Col. Shere's command, and Gen. Kautz commanding the brigade. Gen. Kautz was a German by birth, but educated at West Point, and spent his life in the services of his adopted country. We soon came to love him and our confidence was never shaken for a moment. He was brevetted major-general in 1865 for gallant and meritorious service, and chosen as one of the commission before whom the assassins of President Abraham Lincoln were tried.
KAUTZ'S RAID.
And there was mounting in hot haste.
—Byron.

(LXXIV.)
CHAPTER IX.

GEN. KAUTFZ'S RAID.

On the 5th day of May, 1864, we marched with a division of cavalry into Dixie for the purpose of weakening the enemy by destroying public property, arresting the attention of Lee's forces, and compelling him to send detachments from his main army to protect the property and guard the railroad over which his supplies passed. We passed through Suffolk; crossed the Black water, and, on the afternoon of the 7th, we reached the Weldon railroad about two o'clock, having marched seventy miles. Here we encountered some cavalry en-route for Petersburg. A brisk fight followed, but the sixteen-shooters were too much for the Confederates, sixty of whom became our prisoners, and told us that they had never before encountered anything like the swiftness of bullets from so small a force. It seemed to them that bullets came in among them by the basketful. Said a rebel lieutenant, "Do you fellows load over night and fire all day?" The railroad was soon cut and public buildings burned. Strict orders were given not to damage personal property or molest the citizens, but to destroy every-
thing of use to the confederate army. But the boys thought it a perfectly legitimate transaction to swap horses whenever they found any that looked or moved better than their own; often unharnessing from the private carriage before the door of some mansion, the family horse, saddling him and riding off; leaving in exchange some old stack of bones that had been disabled by the long march or want of care, for some of the boys had never had any experience in caring for horses before entering the army.

Turning southward with one hundred and sixty prisoners, we marched straight for the point where the Weldon railroad crossed the Nottaway river. A huge bridge, well guarded by confederates, confronted us, for the astonishment at our audacity at entering Dixie no longer paralyzed the people. A short but terrible fight followed, resulting in the loss of Lieut. Jackson and some five men on our part, the taking of forty more prisoners, and the burning of the bridge. We then hastened on to City Point, and encamped for one day near Gen. Ben Butler's headquarters, crossing the Appomattox on the 10th. Thus in five days we made a tour of two hundred miles, fought two battles, destroyed miles of railroad, and burned millions of valuable property for the confederate forces.

Gen. Kautz had gained the confidence of every man, and showed the authorities that a small force could materially weaken the main army by cutting
off supplies and destroying the means of transportation. This was not a pleasing thought for the boys, for we knew that it meant raids in and through the rebel district, and we were tired, alarmed and homesick, but strange as it may appear to those who have never had any experience in war, twenty-four hours had not passed before we were ready for another raid. One thing may help to solve the problem. We were boys. Young men recuperate quickly and are restless. Three day's rations were served, and we stole through the lines again, full of hope and zeal because of our great success on the first raid. This emboldened us. This raid proved the most effective of the war.

We left Butler ready for a fight with Beauregard, who, as it proved, was strengthening his forces, and Grant was watching Lee, and getting ready for the awful Wilderness fight. But we were off for Dixie. Hastening through Chesterfield county, stopping at the county seat just long enough to open the jail and set at liberty two of our men therein imprisoned, we pressed on to Coolfield Station, on the Danville railroad, thirteen miles east of Richmond, reaching the village about eleven o'clock in the evening. The citizens fled like wild men, alarmed and astonished at the presence of Yanks in such a locality. As we contemplate it from this distance, we wonder at such an undertaking. Think of a little handful of men on the Danville railroad, thirteen miles from Richmond on the direct route
to Petersburg in the midst of the night. But what we do must be done quickly, or Lee will send a force out to capture us. Guards thrown out east, west, north and south, telegraph wires all cut, and public property on fire, we set about to tear up the railroads, and then in the light of burning buildings, the value of which no one can tell, we hasten away without the loss of man or beast. On the 12th, the same thing was successfully performed at Black and White Stations on the South-Side railroad, thirty miles west from Petersburg, and forty from Coolfield Station. Rails were torn up, heated and twisted around trees, wires torn down and wound around fences; corn, flour, tobacco and salt burned in great quantities; then on to the Weldon railroad where like mischief was done. We then started for Bellefield, but when within two or three miles we found that the enemy was out in large force to capture the regiment of sixteen-shooters, and, our object being to weaken Lee's forces more by destroying supplies than by fighting, we turned to the left and hastened to Garrett station on the Nottaway river, where we found, to our horror, the bridge had been cut away and the fords were strongly guarded.

We were in a trap, but Maine boys were not to be captured that way, so we took to the woods, felled the trees, dragged them to the banks, and, in the night, constructed a bridge across the river, and before morning we were miles from our foe.
We reached City Point on the 19th and went into camp on the 20th, having marched or worked twenty hours out of every twenty-four for nine days. Horses and men were thoroughly exhausted, after having cut the Richmond and Danville and South-Side railroad in six different places and done much to weaken the army of the enemy.

It may seem almost incredible, but we were so hungry that the corn captured for our horses was eaten by us with an occasional hoe cake, as a sweet repast for six days out of the nine. Oh, how sweet was rest the night of the twentieth! On the ground we spread our rubber blankets and with boots for pillows and horses tied to our wrists, we said our evening prayer and knew not where we were until the sun shone in our upturned faces and said, "It is day." Neither man nor beast heeded the bugle for roll-call that morning.
WILSON'S RAID.
Above the maddening cry for blood,
Above the wild war drumming,
Let Freedom's voice be heard, with good
   The evil overcoming.     — Whittier.
CHAPTER X.

WILSON'S RAIDS.

We were in camp at City Point only for a few hours rest, to exchange horses, and draw rations and ammunition, for there was a general movement all along the line before Petersburg. So on the 22nd of June a division of eight thousand men under Gens. Wilson and Kautz struck the Weldon railroad at Ream's station, ten miles from Petersburg and within seven miles of Birney and Smith's armies, where they were contending for a position on the same road. Wilson pushed on down the South Side road for ten miles, destroying all before him. Here they met Fitzhugh Lee's army, and, after a brisk fight, conquered, and then pushed on to join us at Burksville Junction. From thence we pushed down the Danville railroad, destroying it until we came within eighteen miles of Roanoke Bridge, which we found guarded by a large force of militia gathered up in that part of Virginia and the nearest counties of North Carolina. We had accomplished much for which we started, and felt like hastening back, for all about us seemed alive with graybacks.

The waste on the railroad had been so thorough,
and the demands for transportation were so great, that Gen. Lee found it expedient to call off all his scouters and at once repair the damage. He had only ten days' rations for his army and was in a campaign for months. What should he do? The price of corn and wheat went up until they were obliged to pay $40 per bushel for wheat and $20 for corn, and the harvesters were busy trying to keep their army from starvation. Gen. Lee, in his letter, said, "The enemy have done us immeasurable harm by their attacks on the railroads," and he added, "But it cost them dearly;" and so it did. Besides those left dead and wounded on the fields, we lost 1,000 men, 13 pieces of artillery, and 30 wagons and ambulances. At Stony Creek we met a heavy force, and, after a hard-fought battle, had to retreat. Here Lieut. James Maguire was badly wounded, and Major Baker asked us to procure a bed on which he might be carried into camp should we succeed in reaching our lines, for it began to look as if we had undertaken too much; but, seeing in the distance a fine mansion, we detailed four men and bounded away to learn that it was the home of Major-Gen. , of the confederate army. On entering the house we were apprised of sickness in the spacious dwelling. We found dogs and servants too numerous to mention in the lower flat, but a soldier will never take "no" for an answer when his comrade needs help, so we found the richest bed we ever saw, in the room off the front parlor, and, seizing it amid
the barking of dogs and the threatenings of servants, we hastened to make the faithful comrade as comfortable as possible. But, alas! the ride was too much and he passed to his reward during the night, from a fine bed in a donkey cart.

Morning greeted us with wild screams from our colored friends, who had forsaken all to follow us into our lines. They knew that there was trouble ahead for the colored people, and having anticipated our coming, were out to meet us. We can never forget the night of the 28th, nor the morning of the 29th. Long before light men and women rushed into our presence crying as if their hearts would break, "You's all dead; you's all dead; Massa Hill is dar with heaps of guns; you's dead! You's dead, sho." What should we do? We had expected to find this point in the hands of union forces, but alas! before nine o'clock we found ourselves surrounded by Hill's division. I was detailed that morning to take the advance with twenty men, and, on nearing the swamp just east of the station, a poor old black woman called, "Massa, don' go down dar, for Massa Hill is dar waiting for ye;" but go we must, and did, to be greeted with grape and canister. I was dismounted and many of the boys were torn to pieces. Back to the on-coming army I hastened to report, and soon was in the midst of a heavy conflict. Twenty-eight hundred "contrabands" were huddled together in the shade of the woods near the line of battle. Into them the enemy turned their
shells, and for a little while we found relief. Then came a mounted charge of our division. Dismounted and alone with ex Gov. Davis, of Maine, we clung to the earth as on came the contending armies. To rise was death. To lie still was to have the horses of the 11th Pennsylvania go over us. We decided to let the horses go, and, turning toward them, while bullets flew thick and fast, we forgot that fact while watching the charge. Nothing in our experience ever surpassed it as a picture. Those horses—we seem to see them now—coming with strained nostrils, leaping and foaming, while the riders stood in the stirrups, with saber gleaming in the sunlight, and all screaming at the top of their voices. On! on! they come. A leap and we are safe. Not a hoof has touched us. But look! The infantry has formed a hollow square, and our horses are reeling and falling, while none of our men can reach the foe with saber. Back they come! The fight is over and the army is scattered. Gen. Wilson destroys his wagons and caissons, then in a round-about way brings in the scattered men of his command. Gen. Kautz calls his men together, recites the real condition, and then said: "Boys, if you will follow me I will take you in." We were only too glad to follow him, for we knew he was our friend. We reached our old camp inside the Union forces at Jones' Landing the next day.

A sadder sight we never beheld than our boys presented the morning we entered the Union lines at
Lighthouse Point, July 2nd. Not one in fifty had a cap, with clothes torn and horses ready to fall with sheer exhaustion. One poor fellow presented himself on the morning of the 3rd for inspection without shoes or hat and with pants badly torn. "What," said the flippant inspector who had never smelled powder in his life, "have you no shoes or hat?"

"No, sir, not this side of Ohio."

Here we tarried twenty days to recuperate and readjust our equipage after sixty days continuous marching and fighting during the Kautz and Wilson raids.
AFTER THE RAIDS.
A while within their tents they rest,
And fill the passing hour with song and jest.

—Unknown.
CHAPTER XI.

AFTER THE RAIDS.

We were put into the cavalry corps under the dashing and brilliant Phil. Sheridan. We had never seen him and hence were curious to know how he looked. So on the 27th our corps and the second corps of infantry were ordered to take the north side of the James in order to draw from the enemy in front of Petersburg, where an attack had been ordered in connection with the mine explosion. The head of the army arrived on the west side of the Appomattox about nine in the evening and we joined them about three the next morning. All day the army was crossing on pontoon bridges, and we had a good chance to see the man, for the whole day was spent in crossing the river.

"Where is Sheridan?" was the inquiry from hundreds.

"There he is. See him!"

"What, that short, sawed-off fellow sitting on the rear pommel of his saddle?"

"That's the man, the famous hero of Shenandoah valley."

"He don't look like a great man; he is too nervous; (91)"
why don't he sit still or dismount and rest till the army gets over the river."

No, he never was still for a moment. He impressed us as a man who was in the army for business. "He will reign, no matter what it cost." "That man must rise, for like the architect of Florence, he superintends every detail and acknowledges no obstacle as insurmountable." To say he is brave has become insipid. To say he is reckless is false. He is not blind to difficulties nor indifferent to compliments. He knows where he is and what the dangers are and he meets them with an unconquerable will. He dashes into the fight with a lover's inspiration, and all his boys follow him. Not a man questioned his decision or ability to do anything he undertook, though the circumstances might appear most forbidding, for we remember his swift reverse of a confederate victory; how he met his defeated boys rushing madly before a victorious foe and turned that living stream back upon the enemy, and redeemed the day by his indomitable will; how quickly his keen eye took in the situation, and his proud spirit leaped into the arena for a race to victory.

"Yes, that is the man!" "We will follow him wheresoever he goes, for he seems to possess all the necessary elements for success." His success as a leader of scouts has no parallel in military history. He often entered the lines of the confederates, dressed in their uniform, and gave orders as coming from some general who was supposed to have the
authority, much to the confusion of the army. On one occasion Lee's supply train was fighting its way through a wood, beating the poor mules and pushing them on as fast as possible, for Lee's army was sorely pressed and nearly out of ammunition and all out of rations. Riding up to the man in charge he said:

"Gen. —— presents his compliments and orders you to post your train in the field yonder," and then rode swiftly away.

The order was obeyed, and when the last wagon was in position, a yell, a dash from Sheridan's corps and the confederates were ours with all their supplies. You certainly would have thought ten thousand Comanche Indians had broken loose could you have heard that yell. On another occasion one of his trained men rode up to a brigadier-general, who, at the head of his brigade, was giving directions for a retreat, and saluting him, said:

"Gen —— commands you to take your men out into yonder field and rest for a little."

"What field?"

Pointing out to the west he said, "Follow me for a few rods and I will show you, sir."

Leaving his body-guard the general followed only to find himself a prisoner as he turned around the trees; and such a look of disgust was on his face when he entered our lines as no words can describe, and no lapse of time can obliterate from our memory. The suc-
cess of these men made them reckless. The day before Lee surrendered, one of the boldest rode up to a general and ordered him to move his troops.

"What staff are you on?" was the quick reply.

"Gen. ——'s," answered the unabashed scout.

"That's too thin, sir, for I am Gen. ——, and you were never on my staff."

The poor fellow had made a mistake such as would have cost him his life, only that the surrender was too near at hand.

Having watched this great man all day, we went into camp with our confidence established, and after a quarter of a century, we still believe there was no general in the union army that could inspire his men with greater enthusiasm than could Major-General Phil. Sheridan.
ARTILLERY DUEL.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon in front of them,
Volleyed and thundered.

—Tennyson.
CHAPTER XII.

AN ARTILLERY DUEL.

Soldiers often find themselves in trying and dangerous positions, positions into which no money could tempt them to enter, but if there is any one place more to be dreaded than all others in active service, it is between armies during an artillery duel.

On the 18th of August, 1864, a movement was made to capture the Weldon railroad in Virginia. We were successful not only in taking, but in holding it, for seven days of constant fighting. On the 22nd our regiment met Hampton's legion, and it was "Greek meeting Greek." Only that our men were better equipped, we should never have fought another battle, but the foe could not face our sixteen-shooters. They were obliged to fall back and leave their dead and wounded on the field. We lost many of our best men during these days, among whom I recall a sergeant of company A, a brave, true soldier, and at one time a lieutenant-colonel of the second Maine infantry. It became my privilege to take his remains to the rear, where I found men more excited and crazed than in any part of the field. Running about wounded and frantic, they were firing promiscuously at friend or foe.
On the 25th the decisive battle was fought, and when the day was far spent, indications told of a flank movement on the part of the enemy. Somebody must meet and checkmate that movement. Who could do it? Not a breastwork in that direction, and few tools with which to construct one. But it became our lot to undertake the work. Dismounted, our horses sent to the rear, wearied, and faint-hearted, we rushed in. Trees, logs and stumps came piling in without machines, oxen or horses. In a short time we had built a temporary breastwork and covered it with earth, behind which we lay waiting for the anticipated movement. While in this condition the duel commenced. Every shell went through our fortifications as lightning through a pine bush. Shot, shell and clubs flew all about us. The heavens were black with missiles of death, but the men stood their ground. For two mortal hours these great mortars poured their shell through our helpless ranks. We were saved only by clinging to the earth, and rolling into furrows made by passing shells. To stand up was exposure not only to the shell but sharpshooters peering out of trees over the way. Every heart was sick, every ear was open, for the firing meant more to a soldier than simply an artillery duel. When the way was made clear, a charge was sure to follow.

Look! There comes a general and his staff! Boys! Something is to happen here. Steady! They're coming! At this we could see the enemy in strong
line of battle advancing through the woods. Noting the position of our regiment, they raised a yell and rushed into the charge. But they paid dearly for their folly. Major Baker commanding our regiment, said, "Boys, wait! Be calm; don't fire," and like the men who followed Putnam in the celebrated battle of Bunker Hill, we waited until we could see the white of the eye, then fired, and the first volley told the story. Many a poor fellow drew a short breath, never to breathe again. Another and another volley followed in quick succession, until the enemy was swept from our front. But alas! we must leave our victory, for our army is exhausted, and the enemy are at home. The artillery is hushed. The rattle of infantry passes away with the smoke, and we hasten amid the groans of the wounded and the prayers of the faithful chaplains, to the woods where our horses are. Entering the forest, a tempest such as Virginia's climate and a great battle can get up, greeted us before we reached our horses, and so terrible was the storm that man and beast stood awed before Him who ruleth the elements. Ah! what a day and night that was! As we tramped the woods and wrung the water from our clothes that night we asked, "Can men forget this, or ever again be gay and frivolous?" Where are our brave boys? Where are our tired companions? How can we make known the results of this day to the faithful mothers, wives and sisters of our fallen comrades? But when the morning
comes with its sunshine and demands, the sighs and tears of yesterday will be gone forever; and so we hasten to unpack our haversacks and canteens for an evening meal.

I recall one scene, where a farmer of some notoriety gave vent to his feelings towards Abraham Lincoln and his supporters. Our lieutenant in command of the squad waited until the old man stopped to take breath, then said, "My friend, we have concluded to tax all luxuries, and as this tirade seems to be a luxury to you, we will take a few pounds of that fresh butter the servants are putting away." The butter came, and was occasion for another outburst, and the lieutenant said, "Yes, and for that we will take six of the best hams in your smokehouse and a bag of flour." Sambo showed his teeth, made an island of his head, surrounded by mouth, and brought out the hams and flour. At this the old man dropped his cigar, straightened himself for another storm, but the lieutenant said, "Bring here those two beeves, and if you utter another word against our government or its president, we will take you along with us into camp." We left him a sadder and wiser man, and hastened to enjoy one of the best suppers ever given to mortals. One hour after the feast we were sleeping as sweetly as though we had never seen a battle or lost a friend.
Lay him low, lay him low,
In the clover or the snow;
What cares he, he cannot know,
Lay him low.

CHAPTER XIII.

SYCAMORE CHURCH AND COX'S MILLS.

On the 3d of August we went into camp at Sycamore Church to do picket duty along the Weldon railroad. The line extended from the left of the line of fortifications in an easterly direction through Prince George's Court House, Lee's Mills, Sycamore Church and Cox's Mills. Here we seemed to be favored, and set about making ourselves as comfortable as possible. Our supplies were not large, nor our tools extensive, but with such as we had the boys set to work constructing houses and getting in supplies for the winter, and soon had some of the most cosy huts ever seen; beds with pillows that surpassed the downy pillows of home life, lawns, flower beds, gardens, hotels, storehouses and camps that would make the men of the wild west long to emigrate. Mails from home brought boxes of supplies that made the autumn paradisic in every sense.

But this was not to last. One day some gentlemen came to see our quarters and admire our unique city. Oh, how very friendly and eager to minister to our comfort they were! Invitations to visit their homes outside the lines, with assurances of protec-
tion, were profusely given. But we did not go. They were spies, and soon returned to say to Gen. Hill, "The Yanks have 2,500 head of cattle with other supplies, and have less than seven hundred men guarding them. Major Baker is in command at Sycamore Church with six companies. Gen. Kautz is near at hand with his brigade at headquarters, while Capt. Howe with four companies is at Cox's Mills."

Before the morning light appeared a move was on foot to capture the supplies, for the confederates needed food about this time. Our picket was driven in about five o'clock, and we rushed from our little houses into the works, then upon the brow of the hill. Twice we repulsed them, but soon found they were too many for our force. Capt. Howe said, "Sergeant, mount company D. and fall back to Sycamore Church, and I will hold back the foe as best I can."

We obeyed, not knowing what had taken place at the church. We ordered Sergeant Hamilton to report to the major our coming, but he dashed into camp to find himself in the hands of the enemy. We pushed on, when a man in one of our uniforms ordered a halt and commanded that the sergeant advance. Supposing it to be our man I obeyed, and with revolver in face was told to come.

Not a gun had been fired as yet at the reception given, for the enemy were waiting for all to
get into the trap set for us. But I saw what had taken place, at a glance. Turning on my horse, I reported to Capt. Howe who had come up on the left. He surrendered all, while I refused, and dashing from the line, hastened to the woods. One hundred men fired but hit neither me nor the horse. Leaping into a ditch over the bank, my horse stuck in the mud. With carbine in hand I rushed on and made the woods, bringing five men with me. Poor Ned (my horse) struggled to extricate himself, and soon overtook his master. Faithful beast! Will there be animals in heaven? I should like to see him once more. He was such a friend to his master!

"But were you not terribly frightened?"

No, I was not afraid; nor did I question the result. A man is said to be immortal until his work is done, and the night before, I had been made to feel that God had yet a special work for me to do. Leaving the house I shared with Hamilton, Greeley, Clark, Dolorine and Smiley, all of whom were captured in this attack, I spent the night in prayer until twelve, then after the second relief was stationed and all was found well, I called upon my chums and preached my first sermon to a most appreciative audience, some of whom I have never seen since, but hope to meet "in the morning." I knew that God would prove a way of escape or permit me to tell the story of his love in prison, either of which would be a joy. So fear took its flight and I went on.
For five hours I wandered in the woods before I could get my bearings, but then in the distance I saw the flag and hastened to report. The detachment proved to be what was left of Major Baker's command at Sycamore Church—Capt. Spheer and twenty men. Evening came, and we were ordered to return and bury our dead. No fire or light was allowed, so we went six in number to bury the boys we had seen in the morning happy and hopeful, now dead. What a night! Corporal Davis, since governor of the state of Maine, too sick to carry his carbine, searching in vain for a brother who had shared his youthful bed, a mother's love and the counsel of a godly father, whose ministry was greatly appreciated in my native home. At midnight we sat down, dusted the haversacks, ate the dry beef, and wept alone amid the pines, for our comrades were dead, or worse, en-route for Libby prison. Thirteen of them starved to death in that den.

I am sure that I shall confer a favor on my readers by introducing here an interesting account of the capture and journey to Libby Prison of the late Chaplain Louis N. Beaudry. Chaplain Beaudry will be remembered by all who were his companions in that castle of misery and starvation—in notoriety of infamy, second only to Andersonville itself—for he contributed as much as anyone there to the alleviation of the horrors of the place, by his cheerful spirit, his unfailing kindness to others, and his almost unlimited resources of entertainment, by
poetry, eloquence and song. Chaplain McCabe, who was there, declares that he was the most useful man in Libby Prison. The following is his account of how he came to be an inmate of the place:
REV. L. N. BEAUDRY.
OFF TO PRISON.
No more will booming cannon,
Nor blast of bugle call,
Arouse to scenes of battle,
Nor break this last recall.

Ready for any summons,
From earth or from above,
His arms were gladly grounded
At the command of love.

Thus from the noise of battle,
Thus from the field of strife,
He marched to peace eternal,
To the endless life.

—D. R. Lowell, D. D.
CHAPTER XIV.

MY CAPTURE AND JOURNEY TO LIBBY PRISON.

By the late Rev. Louis N. Beaudry.

Gettysburg! What memories the word awakens! Three days of bloody work, and then rebel desperation and folly rise to flood-tide. At this point Pickett's Virginia division rushes out upon its grand charge, and is annihilated! The earth trembles, the air shakes and is darkened, while nearly 400 pieces of artillery belch forth fire and death. The battle is distinctly heard for twenty-five miles away in every direction. It is probably the most fearful cannonade ever heard on earth.

Scarcely had the echoes of the last gun reverberated among the hills of the Keystone state, when General Meade, commanding the victorious army of the North, ascertained by his scouts and otherwise that the enemy was already retreating toward his own place. Accordingly General Kilpatrick, at the head of the third division of cavalry, was ordered on a wide detour through Emmetsburg around the rebel right, for the purpose of intercepting their retreating trains in the defiles of the mountains. During the night of Saturday, the Fourth of July, (111)
in the midst of a drenching rain, the Yankee "boys" fell upon Ewell's train at the Monterey pass. The blending of thunder with roaring of cannon and bursting of shells, the flashes of lightning from the clouds mingled with the fire of our own pieces, and these followed with impenetrable darkness, produced a scene of the wildest grandeur. About 250 wagons, laden with property stolen from the stores and granaries of Pennsylvania, and 1,500 prisoners fell into our hands.

It was during the latter part of the night that at least fifty of us were surrounded by a superior force of rebel cavalry. It is hard enough for a Yankee, and harder still, I think, for a Yankee Frenchman, to say to an enemy, "I surrender." This, however, had to be done. A rebel had hastened to take possession of my horse. I had a splendid charger, the pride of my heart and a favorite with the regiment. I expostulated as best I knew how. "Young man, I am a chaplain, and that horse is mine and not the government's; will you not respect my private property?"

He answered me only with a hateful sneer. The officer in command soon made his appearance. To him I made my appeal. To my surprise he turned to the horse-thief and said: "Let that horse alone, sir." Then, turning to me, he pleasantly added: "Take your own horse, chaplain, saddle and mount him, and when you reach Gen. Stuart's headquarters you shall be released." Bowing him my thanks—
and it may be easily inferred how polite a Frenchman could be under such circumstances—and, reassured by his promise, I gathered up my "traps," and was soon riding among the "Johnnies." About noon of that eventful day we reached the anticipated headquarters (in the saddle, of course), near a village called Mechanicsville, Md.

On arriving near General Stuart, according to stipulations made me at the time of my capture, I was immediately released—of my horse, and of all hopes of liberty. A personal interview with the general, before whom I laid all my rights and complaints, availed me nothing but renewed aggravations. With my hand upon the shoulder of his horse, I looked up into Stuart's bright blue eyes and clearly saw his mental agitation. When he learned that I belonged to Kilpatrick's troopers, he nervously inquired:

"Where is Kilpatrick?"

"I don't know, sir."

"How many men has Kilpatrick?" My answer made him none the wiser. He wore his notable slouched hat, adorned with a black plume. He carried an ivory-handled bowie-knife, fastened by a gold chain to his belt. Our interview was brief, and away he rode toward the head of his column.

The griefs of that Sabbath day's journey can never be recounted. Lugging my equipage, I was compelled to walk through deep mud and through swollen and unbridged brooks, padding
along with my great cavalry boots. All this while a rebel provost-marshal (Lieutenant Ball) rode my beautiful horse. Up and down the lines he passed with a frequency that seemed intent on mocking my sorrows. On one occasion, as he passed me, he informed me that my horse was worth to him $500. That was exasperating.

Our captors paid no attention whatever to our physical wants. No rations were issued to us during the whole day. We would all have fainted, as many did, had not the Union ladies along our route come to our relief. They brought us bread, cakes, cold meats, etc., pressing through the guards who, at times threatened to bayonet them, while, with tears at our sorrows and prayers for our safety, they bade us god-speed. Lasting honors be to those generous, heroic souls! Near midnight we arrived at Leightersburg, in the valley of the Potomac. Footsore and weary we were driven into a damp, grassy field, where we lay down and slept.

The next day Kilpatrick and Stuart had a sharp encounter in Hagerstown. Marched and counter-marched most of the day; about sundown we were driven into a field, where we supposed we might spend the night. Darkness had come, and we had fallen asleep on the sward. Suddenly I heard the call: "Chaplain, Fifth New York cavalry." Springing to my feet, I saw a rebel lieutenant standing near me with whom I had had some conversation during the day. He held in one hand a piece of
warm bread, and in the other a cup of smoking hot coffee. In an undertone he said: "Chaplain, I thought you might be hungry, and I've brought you this for your supper." I was well nigh overwhelmed at the unexpected act of kindness. Truly this was a noble fellow, worthy of a better cause. Glad am I to signalize nobility of character wherever I find it.

We reached and crossed the Potomac at Williamsport. The rebel army was in a deplorable condition. There was no doubt in the minds of prisoners that if General Meade had followed up his Gettysburg victory he would have bagged the majority of the rebel forces. All their hopes in making this invasion had been blasted. Their ammunition was nearly exhausted; they were all dispirited, and many of them demoralized. The feeling of their rank and file was graphically expressed by one of the officers of the guard. On reaching the sacred soil of Virginia he flung his saber to the ground, exclaiming with much emotion: "Lie there! and I'll never cross the river again on an expedition of this kind, God helping me!"

A change of guards was here made, when a striking episode occurred. By the outgoing commander many of us were introduced to the provost-marshal of the incoming force. As my turn came I was presented as "Chaplain Beaudry."

"To what denomination do you belong?" inquired the talkative official.
"I am a Methodist minister," I replied.
"So am I," smilingly added my interlocutor.
"I am sorry to find you where you are, brother," I quickly chimed in.
"Ditto, ditto," replied the Rev. Mr. Linthiecum of the Baltimore conference, into whose hands I was prisoner and guest. This serio-comic interview and passage at words served me a good purpose. He treated me with peculiar deference. One day he urged me to mount his horse, and I rode some distance. The pleasure of recalling the incident is quite as great as was the relief of the occasion.

On Friday, July 10, we all suffered terribly from the excessive heat. We were marching up the beautiful Shenandoah valley, or Valley of Virginia. On our left was the Blue Ridge, and on our right the North or Shenandoah mountains. Scarcely a breath of air stirred the foliage. The sun poured his hot rays directly upon us. Weakened by hunger, for we were poorly rationed, we were an easy prey to fatigue. Many, even of the guard, gave out completely. If infantrymen, accustomed to that climate and to the hardships of the march, failed it may be seen how much cavalrymen suffered. Before night both my feet were terribly wounded with blisters under each heel, like the two sections of a halved hen's egg. I had perspired so much, and was so exhausted, that cold flashes from my hips shot up my back, indicating that I was in a most critical condition. That night we bivouacked
at the Washington springs, near Winchester, where we rested until the next Sunday afternoon. It was well for me, for I was *hors d'etat* for the journey. Blisters broken under my heels, blood and water filling my stockings, limbs stiffened with the over-exertions of the march, reaction from over-heated blood, courage in my mental thermometer down to zero, I was never in my life so nearly unmanned. An antidote came on Saturday afternoon. We heard, through rebel sources, of the fall of Vicksburg. Had it not been for rebel bayonets all around us we would have cheered lustily. As it was, like our Quaker friends, we endured our joy quietly. "Vicksburg! Gettysburg! Gettysburg! Vicksburg!" passed and repassed from lip to lip, like a draught of sweet nectar to the Union prisoners, but like vinegar and gall to our enemies.

Some may be curious to know what was allowed us for rations on our journey. Let me tell them. Bacon was the principle staple, bacon often rusty and sometimes very lively. Had I laid on the ground, live stock downwards, the piece given me on one occasion, I am sure it would have tried to walk away. With a stick or a knife we removed the objectionable parasites and made the best use we could of the rest. To this was added a little salt and a handful of flour. It required some ingenuity to prepare these rations for food. This, in brief, is the plan: Throw a rubber poncho over two sticks about a foot apart, make a dishing place by
pressing down the poncho between the sticks; this is the bowl or tray. Pour in flour, salt, and water; stir the mixture with finger, stick, or spoon. Meanwhile a comrade has made a fire; another has found a smooth stone and thrown it into the fire. When the stone is hot draw it out; spank your dough on the stone and turn it up to the fire. The hot stone cooks one side, the fire the other. But, oh, what bread! Good for solid shot, or for paving material. But Yankee stomachs must convert it into food. Be thankful if you only have enough. Devouring hunger never stops for quality.

Two hundred miles of travel bring us at length to Staunton, Va., a lovely town nestling among the hills. Here we strike the Virginia Central railway. On the morning of the 18th of July we take cars for the rebel capital. A sorry lot of Yankee soldiers are we.

I must state that about 4,000 Union soldiers were captured in the campaign of Gettysburg. Of these, 200 were officers. The first dispatches published in Richmond gave the number of Yankee prisoners 40,000. The city was wild with joy, while our poor fellows in Libby were sadly dejected. The second day's news confessed that one zero too many had been given. Outside Libby prison the mercury fell to the bulb, inside it effervesced. Richmond was plunged into lamentations and gloom when it was ascertained that at least 17,000 Confederates had been captured; that Pickett's division
was no more; and that General Lee was hastily flying back with his broken legions across the Potomac.
The friends thou hast and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.

*Shakespeare.*
CHAPTER XV.

HOSPITAL.

The hospital during the days of conflict furnished an experience not found elsewhere. Much as men laugh and jest about it, none completed his army life or really knew "suffering and sorrow" unless he spent at least one week in a northern hospital.

Here you found angels by day (they did not appear by night), sent out by the Christian commission, or some benevolent enterprise to wait on and minister to our suffering boys, who, in the majority of cases, were mere boys, without experience or hardness, having entered the army under the pressure of the times; hence when exposure came they knew not how to take care of themselves. Thousands died of homesickness, when one look from the face of wife, mother or sister would have saved them, but in most cases that could not be, financial, family and other circumstances preventing. After the consolidation of our regiment (first D. C. cavalry) with the Maine cavalry, I was assigned as orderly sergeant of company F, entered one engagement, and then was sent to the City Point hospital.

I was comfortably sick, or at least thought I was.

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But when the care and strain was removed, I found little ambition, energy or life left. Being assigned a cot and an attendant, I went to bed. At first the change from oat-sacks for a pillow, and boards, or oftener, the earth for a bed, was a delightful experience. But before the first night had passed I longed for a place with the boys in the field. That bed made impressions that abide; and those attendants, profane, vulgar, triflers with human life. Oh, what scenes! Angels all gone, sleep had taken its flight.

"Sleep, gentle sleep,
Nature's soft nurse, how have I frightened thee,
That thou no more wilt weigh my eyelids down;
And steep my sense in forgetfulness?"

But it would not, could not come. I prayed in the spirit of Shakespeare:

"Sleep, downy sleep! come, close mine eyes,
Tired with beholding vanities;
Sweet slumbers, come and chase away
The toils and follies of the day."

But it came not! Before the second night came round I had secured permission to read; and during the six weeks' stay I read the Bible through and made a comment on every chapter. Then came a sad experience as the result of these days, and I heard it whispered, "he'll die." I saw comrade after comrade close his eyes in death to leave a poor emaciated body in the hands of reckless, thoughtless, hardened boys, as a tool for sport and abuse; and wondered when my turn would come.
One morning after a wakeful night, exhausted, hungry, disgusted, and about ready to die, I heard a female voice calling for Sergeant West, from Maine. I waved the hand as best I could, and said, "Not West, but Bolton."

She came to the cot with a sweet, heavenly face, as I then thought. Her touch seemed like that of an angel and I said: "Could you get anything to eat, cooked as our folks cook down in Maine?" She went and soon returned with a plate full of doughnuts.

Well, dare I make such a change in my diet; will not this kill me outright? But I soon made the test and in the afternoon was bolstered up, washed and had my hair combed, which was no small undertaking—inasmuch as it had become somewhat unused to such treatment—and started north for home that evening. Home, care and food soon placed me on my feet again. I moved out among the people; was called upon to speak in some of the school-houses, and on the morning of the 15th of April, 1865, had occasion to take up arms in my own village.

Oh, what a morning that was! Our president dead—fallen by the hand of a wicked assassin. It was a mercy that Lee surrendered and had his army paroled before the deed was done, for such feelings never filled true hearts before. Believing as we did then, that it was the last stroke of the dying monster we had been fighting, we wished the surrender had not been. We wished to fight longer; a feeling that few of the survivors have now. The most of us
got enough. But we soon learned who it was that
did the deed, and were glad it did not come from
those men who had been treated so magnanimously
by our heroic commander, Gen. Grant. Walking
down the streets of Newport, Maine, we were greet-
ed with all kinds of salutations, such as "Too bad,
that spoils all; what shall we do?"

"I wish I had done it, I'm glad of it!" shouted a
burly, rough peddler, as he hauled up his lines in
front of the depot.

The words had scarcely left his lips before a soldier
struck him, knocked him off his cart, and others
rushing to the aid of the soldier brought a rail se-
lected with special reference to sharpness and abun-
dance of splinters, and soon the traitorous braggart
found himself riding through the streets borne by
loyal men. Many others were made to take the
oath of allegiance or share the same fate.

The next day I started back, though far from be-
ing well, and on reaching Philadelphia was ordered
to report for examination. I was sent to the hospi-
tal again and there remained until July 12th, when
I was discharged and mustered out of the service.
Here I found a different spirit. The hospital was a
center of power for good, and the citizens took great
interest in the welfare of those who tarried with
them. The memory of those days brings noth-
ing but kind words for the churches, homes and in-
stitutions visited during the three months of my
stay in that city.
MUSTERED OUT.
Buried the past, we will toil to adorn
    Freedom's domain for a nation unborn,
And when we fall, this our solace shall be,
    Over us floats the dear flag of the free.

—Unknown.
CHAPTER XVI.

MUSTERED OUT.

From the day of Lee's surrender there was joy in all the land until Lincoln's assassination, which plunged millions into deep sorrow. Rallying from this shock, the soldiers looked forward to the day when they should be mustered out of the service, paid off, and return home.

Then came the discussion of many important questions, and a deep, impassable gulf between intimate and tried friends. The officers found receptions too large for any building in native village or city, while the private soldiers wended their way home unnoticed and unattended. A few personal friends met them as they dropped off one by one at stations along the road.

The merry songs and hearty good-byes caused much merriment for the passengers who watched the little squad of vets.

"Good-bye, Jim, no more hard tack for you, old fellow."

"Well, I don't know, I may have to do up the crumbs for dinner, unless I catch old Brown, and get a ride in from the depot. Mercy knows I am sick of (129)
these here things, for I'll bet I've chewed up enough of 'em to shingle the whole town, church and all."

"Well Bob, I wish I was as near home as you are; but this train don't go any farther than —— tonight, and I have got to loaf around town all night."

"Oh, no, go to the hotel, I would if it took the last penny."

"Well, I have got just enough saved to pay off the mortgage on the farm, and Maria has kept things running for four years now. No, I'll camp down in the station and save the two dollars."

Thus thousands and hundreds of thousands wended their way back into the civil walks of life during the spring and summer of 1865. Many of the citizens feared that these men, so long shut out from the society of home, school and church, would continue to practice the tricks, games and devices of their camp life. Warnings were sent out all over the country; but our men were not in the army because they enjoyed that kind of life, but to put down the rebellion, and when it ended their army life ended, and they entered at once into the circles of the civilian, to take up the work they left, with an experience of real value. They had seen life in a broader and more sacred sense, had taken on a self-reliance and dash that soon made them leaders in their neighborhoods, villages and cities.

But there came an experience few have any conception of, unless they are discharged soldiers. The
world had taken a long stride, the boy of 21 was now 26, and he had been in school while the soldiers were in camp or on the march. He had established himself in business, and during the days of unparal-leled prosperity had made a fortune, while the sold-i-er had barely held his own.

So the soldier returned to find himself and his little family (or his sweetheart) distanced by the years and their gifts to others. The wages had passed from $.75, $1, $2.50, to $3 and $5 per day; but the soldier could not take the advance, for his absence had made way for others to become experts in the mechanical arts. This was the trial of his life. He had been brave, suffered uncomplainingly. No army ever left such homes, comforts, luxuries, and advantages as did the army of the North. No army ever suffered more from exhaustion, exposure and inexperienced officers, and now to be snubbed, passed by and left, by those for whom they had suffered, was often almost unendurable. It scattered the disbanded army throughout the length and breadth of our land, until the percentage of returned soldiers in the newly settled villages and cities of our far west was very large. This doubtless was a good result, though severe discipline. The perse-cution of the saints did more to carry the gospel of Jesus into all the world than any one thing in the first century. And I doubt not that the scattering of the Union army had done much towards developing the vast resources of wealth in this great western world.
They could not with self-respect listen to the murmuring tax payers of the East, who accumulated their wealth, while the soldier made it possible for them to enjoy their prosperity. Oh how easy it is for men to forget their indebtedness to others for what they enjoy. Could they have seen their neighbors and classmates sleeping on the frozen earth, while the cold winds swept over their uncovered forms, or visited them while marching barefooted over the thorny ways, or lying between contending armies for days, with broken arms and legs, without food or drink to cool their burning and parched lips; while the hot sun burned their upturned and unprotected faces, no physician or chaplain allowed to visit them, no one to care for their festering wounds, they would have felt differently toward them. But the soldiers seldom refer to what they suffered. Nay, they suffered uncomplainingly and stand out in honor when compared with that class of complaining men who revile the best government on God's green earth, because they are obliged to pay a paltry tax on the luxuries no other land ever gave.

'In patience, then, possess thy soul,  
Stand still, for while the thunders roll,  
Thy Saviour sees thee through the gloom,  
And will to thy assistance come;  
His love and mercy will be shown  
To those who trust in him alone.'
COL. HENRY CRIBBEN
"Friend! wilt thou give me shelter here?"
The stranger meekly said.

— Whittier.
CHAPTER XVII.

ESCAPE FROM PRISON.

COLONEL HENRY CRIBBEN'S NARRATIVE.

From a detailed account of Capture, Imprisonment and Escape, written by Colonel Henry Gribben, of Chicago, at the request of his old comrades, I am permitted to print what follows, which gives an idea of what was endured by many of our country's defenders who were so unfortunate as to fall into the enemy's hands, and yet so fortunate as to make their escape from the horrors of the Southern prison pens, and work their way back again to the Union lines.

After his capture in June, 1864, in Virginia, Colonel Cribben was taken first, to Libby Prison, then, in succession, to Macon, Savannah, Charleston, Columbia — "Sorghum prison" — and, finally, to a camp near Charlotte, S. C., from which, by bribing the guard, he, with several others, was permitted to escape. The extract from the Colonel's narrative begins with their imprisonment near Charlotte:

When some miles south of Charlotte in the morning of February 11th, we were unloaded and put into a field surrounded by woods on three sides. A "dead line" and a guard line were staked out, and a ration (135)
of large, hard biscuit was issued to us—the first and last we saw in Dixie. The guard was extended for wood that afternoon into the timber beyond the creek from which we secured our water.

This creek ran through a deep cut with high, perpendicular banks, for some distance covered with thick underbrush, and when the guards were drawn in, at least fifty or more were in hiding along the banks of the creek in the deep cut, and during the night got away. On reaching prison with my load of wood I started to the creek for water while my comrades built the fire. I there found my old friends at "Sorghum" on guard. They said they had left Columbia in such a hurry and without rations, that they were both hungry, and asked me if I could get them something to eat. I told them I thought I could, and would bring it out to them. I got some corn bread and an onion, which they divided between them. They thanked me, and asked me if I still wanted to go home as bad as ever. I told them I did; and they told me to be on the lookout between 10 and 12 o'clock that night at that point with my partner, Captain Stevens, of the 40th N. Y. At the appointed time we went to the creek for water and asked one of them if it was all right; he said he would ask his partner, who was then approaching. They met and talked a moment; they told me when they met again and turned their backs on each other, if there was no one there getting water, to move quietly across the creek into the woods. When they again met and
turned to leave each other, one of them said "go," and we went for the woods and struck off in a northwesterly direction by starlight.

During the night we met quite a number of those who got away in the afternoon, and Captain Poole, of the 122d N. Y., Lieutenant J. C. Clark, of a Massachusetts regiment, and a Captain of a West Virginia cavalry regiment joined our party. We kept on through the woods in a northwesterly direction during the night, following a line between the North and West star, and, on the appearance of daylight, filed into the woods and lay down; the weather being clear and cold. We were awakened by the sun shining in our faces, got up, moved still farther into the timber, and slept the most of the day. About 10 that night we again started on our journey, and during the night we struck the old deserted plank road running from Columbia to Knoxville. We had traveled only a few miles when our comrade from West Virginia began to show signs of weakness, and we carried him along, one on each side of him, hoping he would soon regain his strength. He had been in prison some fifteen or sixteen months, and, neglecting to exercise, was in no condition to travel, and, finally, gave out from exhaustion, and we were obliged to leave him at the gate of a plantation, about 2 o'clock in the morning. We traveled rapidly until daylight, when we turned into the woods and went into camp for the day. Our food was being rapidly diminished, some of the party being entirely
destitute. I still had a small piece of corn bread and two onions; Poole being short, I divided with him my corn bread, and he handed me his bone, of which, during the night before, he had promised to give me a bite in the morning. It was white as chalk, without a trace of meat thereon. I looked at him in astonishment, and asked him what he meant. He replied that I would find some very fine marrow in the shank. I returned him the bone and told him to keep it for his own use. So far we had a plentiful supply of water, but had no means of carrying any with us. We found no water in the vicinity of our camp during the day, and did not travel many miles the third night, when our thirst compelled us to look for water through the woods, but we failed to find any. We were compelled to drink the water out of the wagon tracks, by moonlight, they being well filled by the recent rains. We drank this water several times during the first two hours of our journey, and it soon caused a feverish and weakening sensation, and I was soon exhausted, and sat down at the root of a tree to rest, and told the others to go on and I would overtake them when I felt better. They kept on their way. As I sat there with my head against the tree in the beautiful moonlight I saw something glisten like a bright diamond among the trees on the opposite side of the road; this bright object would often disappear and then reappear as bright as ever. My curiosity was aroused, and when rested I went over, and as I approached the spot it
disappeared again. I was standing on the edge of a deep hole in the woods, the bottom of which was covered with black dirt and leaves. I stood there waiting the return of my phantom diamond which soon appeared, and proved to be a large body of snow beneath the dirt and leaves in the hole. I at once cleaned off the dirt and leaves and took out some nice clean snow and began to eat it with a relish. It put new life into me. I made a large snowball and started on my journey to overtake my comrades, whom I found lying in the corner of a rail fence at the roadside, two of them being asleep; and Stevens, on guard. I divided my snowball with him, and he agreed if I would find a house he would ask the people for something to eat.

I moved up the road only a short distance from where they lay and found a trail crossing the road, which I followed, and soon came in sight of a log cabin in the hollow. As I approached the house a dog came out from under the house to greet me; at the same moment a head appeared at the door and asked:

"Who's dar?"

Recognizing the voice as that of a colored woman, I replied:

"One of Massa Lincoln's soldiers, very hungry; can you give him something to eat?"

She said: "Come in quick, honey, while I blow out the light."

I advanced cautiously, and found two colored
women, to whom I quickly told my story, and they said:

"Go fetch 'em quick, afore the men folks come home."

It proved to be a boarding house for colored men who worked in a foundry, running night and day, about two miles from the house.

On my return I found all three asleep in the fence corner, and hurried them to the house, where we found two large platters filled with hoe-cake and a plate of fried bacon awaiting us on the table. While we were engaged in devouring the hoe-cake and bacon five of the boarders appeared on the scene. They were stalwart slaves, and when told that we had eaten up all the cooked victuals in the house, said they could get along until breakfast; and one of them went with us to the settlement to get some food to take along with us. He got us a loaf of rye and Indian bread and some three pounds of raw pork. One old colored lady said she had no meat, but she had some right nice cracklins, and we could take them along. They proved to be a small bag full of pork tryings, which were to us quite a delicacy for the next three days. We got provisions enough to carry us to Marion, N. C., where we had our stores again replenished by the negro village blacksmith and his son-in-law. It was very near daylight as we approached the town, and the dogs in the village located in the neighborhood came out into the road, upon our approach, and seemed determined to pre-
vent us from going into the village. We took to the woods and the dogs after us for some distance, when they gave up the chase. It was the Sabbath day, and our camp in the woods lay near a path leading across the country, and a number of white people and negroes passed during the day going to and coming from church. Captain Stevens was on picket, and seeing a lone negro coming across the country, hailed him; but, being suspicious, he could not be induced to enter the woods. So Stevens went out and made himself known to him, and he agreed to bring us some provisions that night, and also bring his father-in-law. They appeared shortly after dark with a basket of eatables. One of the first articles they took out of the basket was a black bottle well filled, as we supposed, with apple-jack. Poole seized the bottle, drew the cork and put it to his mouth to take a drink, when he began to spit it out on the ground. We asked him in a whisper what it was (we dare not speak in a loud tone of voice for fear of discovery); he replied, "sorghum molasses." They brought us food enough for supper and sufficient for the following day, and after we ate our supper the young man escorted us around the town and put us on the road. We thanked him, and told him he would soon be free, as President Lincoln had so declared in his Emancipation proclamation. The night was cold and clear, the roads fairly good. We got over the ground rapidly, and when we went into camp in the morning, felt we had made about 25
miles. We postponed our breakfast to as late an hour as possible so our provisions would tide us over until the following night. When night came we started out early and traveled steadily all night without accident, and turned into the woods on the first appearance of daylight, weary and wet, as we had traveled in water running in the road for an hour or more. It was a clear, cold morning. The soles were worn off my shoes, which were wrapped in rags to prevent the sand and gravel from working into my feet, which were becoming sore from traveling over the wet road. We lay down and were soon asleep; when we were awakened by the heat of the sun I found the rags on my feet a mass of ice and the feet inside badly frozen. During the day we fasted, having eaten the last morsel of food the night before, which was anything but a satisfactory portion to a hungry man destined to travel all night over a very rough and rugged road. As we were now approaching the mountains, we decided to find food before starting on our journey that night, let the consequences be what they would.

The negroes of the South have a peculiar signal for advertising or notifying their friends of their movements, or time for starting for any special gathering, such as sorghum bailings, dances, or meetings of any kind. When going through the woods they would sing "Kahay, Kahaya." Hearing the signal very close by, we started in search of the negro, hoping to reach him before he met his
friends, and induce him to get us something to eat. We were gaining on him in the woods, but on leaving the timber he started across a field filled with brush-heaps and was fast reaching the house in the clearing, the light of which we saw ahead of us, but before we could overtake our supposed negro friend, the door opened and two ladies came walking towards us saying, "Good evening" to the party in our front. When they met us they seemed very much terrified, and ran back to the house. We followed quickly, Clark acting as guard at the front door and Poole at the back door, Stevens and myself going into the house to negotiate for something to eat. Each of our party carried a staff seven feet long and about two inches in diameter at the butt end. We found the occupants to be an old gentleman, his wife and 17-year-old son, whom we had been following through the woods and brush, and the two young ladies who had run at our approach. We asked if they would kindly furnish us supper, offering to pay them liberally for it. He asked us who we were; we told him. He replied that he was very sorry for us, but could not or would not feed the enemies of his country. We tried to reason with him, but all to no purpose. We then told him if he did not furnish it for us we should be compelled to take it, if it was in the house. His wife, who had not spoken since our arrival, called him to the corner in which she was sitting and induced him to furnish us something to eat. He asked the number
of our party. We increased the number to eight. He looked very anxiously at a squirrel rifle hanging over my head and then looked at the staff in my hand. He was told not to think of securing the rifle or the effort might cost him his life. When supper was prepared Clark and Poole went to supper while Stevens and myself remained on guard over the old gentleman, his son and the two young ladies. After supper they gave us food for the imaginary four, who were supposed to be in the woods near the creek across the road, and we requested him to go with us to that point, which was the place where we left the road that morning, and see our friends, which he willingly agreed to. When we reached the creek our friends could not be found, and we went up the road in search of them. On taking leave of our host he said he should inform the authorities of our presence in the neighborhood on the following day. We asked how far he would have to travel for that purpose, and he replied ten miles in the direction we had come. We told him not to make the attempt until after daylight, as a large number of our men, some of whom were armed, were following us to the mountain, and if he should fall into their hands they would take him through to our lines, if he did not lose his life. He said he would not start until after breakfast. We thanked him for his kindness and gave him $350.00 in Confederate money for the food he furnished, and started on our journey.
We soon reached the base of a low range of mountains. On reaching the top we found the ground covered with at least 10 or 12 inches of snow; but not frozen hard enough to bear our weight, and we broke through at every step. We found here quite a settlement. The noise started the dogs to barking and they made a terrible fuss about our presence in the neighborhood. We got behind trees and remained there until the dogs retired. When quiet was again restored we began a flanking movement to the right, traveling mid-way of the hill that surrounded the farming land which was free from snow. The country at this point seemed to be alive with foraging parties gathering supplies for the rebel government. Having had a full meal for supper and enough food for breakfast, we had decided to make the extra meal secured carry us through to the next night. We went for quite a while at about a five mile pace, when suddenly we heard voices in our front coming towards us; we stampeded into the woods, each one getting behind a tree to let them pass. They proved to be white and black teamsters with their mules, and their loud talk and the noise of their trace chains prevented them from hearing us running through the dry leaves in the woods. The second morning after leaving our host at the creek we filed into the woods with empty havre-sacks and lay down to sleep. When night came hunger compelled us to seek food again before starting on our journey. Our camp in the woods overlooked a
number of farm houses in the valley below which had been watched closely during the day, and we selected a house where only women were seen moving about. As we approached the house, which was set up on short pieces of saw-logs, a large hound came out from underneath to dispute our passage and we prepared to give him a warm reception with our poles, when the door opened and a female voice asked, who was there, and what we wanted. Capt. Stevens replied that we were hungry and wanted something to eat. She told us to come in, ordered the dog off, and, when the candles were lighted, four ragged, hungry officers of the Union army were looking into the eyes of the first white friends of the Union we had met on the journey. They were mother and daughter, whose names I have forgotten, my diary kept on the road being lost after I had returned home.

We were soon seated at the table spread with cold ham, warm potatoes, good bread and butter, preserves, and coffee made of rye. While eating supper the rain began to fall in torrents, and they insisted upon our sleeping in the house over night, or until the rain ceased. We refused to do so, knowing if we were discovered it would bring them into trouble, their neighbors being arch-rebels, but told them we would sleep in the barn until the rain subsided, and for fear of being detected on their premises we would go into the woods in the morning, and they could send out something for us to eat. We started
for the woods at daylight. It was still raining. Our breakfast was sent in a basket, and we sat down at the root of a large tree and ate it with a relish. Some three miles distant lived an uncle of the younger lady who had brought our breakfast into the woods, and seeing our condition she said she was going after her uncle, John Williams, who, she thought, could do something to help us. We protested against her going in the rain, but she would not listen to our advice, and started at once through the woods. Being on picket, I was on the lookout for their return. I saw them coming at a distance. They left the path before reaching me and started for the spot where she had left us some four hours before. My companions were sleeping in the rain, and not wanting to wake them I tried to head them off, but failed. They reached the spot before I did; and seeing my companions sleeping in a sitting posture at the base of a large tree the man stopped short, joined his hands together in the attitude of prayer, and looking up into the heavens said:

"O Lord, my God, look with mercy upon these, my countrymen, who, for doing their duty in defense of their country, are hunted through the woods like wild beasts." And the tears ran down his cheeks like rain.

It was agreed to go to his house after dark and he would have supper ready for us on our arrival. He agreed to have his lantern burning on the porch of his house. To reach the house we were to cross a
mill-race on a foot-bridge with a single hand rail; and when I crossed I looked in the dark for the rail, lost my balance and fell into the water. They fished me out quickly and we were soon inside the house before a cheerful fire, where I remained until my clothing was thoroughly dry. After supper, the rain having ceased, we decided to continue our journey, and Mr. John Williams saddled his horse to take us around the town of Morgantown. We got fairly started when the rain poured down in sheets, and he turned around, halted at the door of his house and told us to enter quick, as he would not turn a dog out in such a night as that. He had beds made up for us, but we refused to sleep in his house, but told him we could make ourselves very comfortable in his hay-mow until the storm was over. He went out and pitched up the hay from the center of the mow, making a snug place for us to rest, where we remained four nights, during which time it rained incessantly. He brought us a basket of food every morning and evening during our stay, and visited with us daily. The fifth night we started again, accompanied by Mr. Williams. The rain had softened the ground so as to make it unsafe for him to ride his horse in the darkness, and we insisted upon his returning home, which he did very reluctantly. We soon came to a school house where a meeting of some kind was being held; we left it in our rear and struck out for the road. About the time we reached the road the meeting adjourned and
a number of those who were in attendance started home on the road in our rear. We went quickly into a yard close to a house and lay down in the corner of a tight board fence until they passed. This was a very windy night and I began to feel sick from the exposure of the last twenty days in the month of February and March. The mud being very deep, I felt it working in at the bottom of my shoes and working out over the top, which was anything but pleasant to a sick person. With my teeth set in my head, I was fully determined to follow my comrades or die in the attempt. We started early that night and had not got far from the village when we came to a house situated some distance back from the road with the door open, a fire burning on the hearth and a man seated at the table eating his supper. We moved by with as little noise as possible, and when we cleared the house by some 100 yards we began to run in the mud very nearly ankle deep. We kept it up until exhausted. In passing we saw the man at the table turn his head to look at us. He finished his supper and followed and caught up with us where the road ran through a heavy wood. Not being able to keep pace with my comrades I was bringing up the rear, and hearing tramp, tramp, in the mud behind I called the attention of the others to the fact that some one was coming. We concluded to face the music and see who it was. It proved to be Capt. John Fletcher of the 39th North Carolina going home to Ashville, N. C., on a leave
of absence from Gen. Lee's army. He asked me where we were going and I replied to Rutherfordton. He said we were not on the road to that place, and he did not believe we wanted to go there; he also said he knew who we were, and as far as he was concerned he was disposed to help us on our way over the mountains, and said he had met three of our comrades who had been recaptured that night going back to prison under guard. When we were satisfied that we could trust him, we told him the route we intended to take over the mountains, and he told us we would certainly be captured, as all the gaps in that neighborhood were guarded. He advised us to go farther to the right and cross over Indian Grove or Swinge Cat Gaps, and said we had a straight road after crossing Muddy river, which lay about six miles to our right from the four corners which we would soon reach on the road.

When we reached the corners he said he would go with us to Muddy river, as it was badly swollen and hard to cross, and he knew of a bridge which it would be difficult for us to find in the dark. As we traveled along the road the dogs came out to meet us, and the rebel captain would drive them off and often go into the houses and ask for information while we kept moving along the road. Being a good traveler, he would soon overtake us, and we finally reached the river. It was full to overflowing and could not be forded. He led us down the left bank something like a mile or more and found the bridge
with the approach from our side washed away. He forded into the stream up to his arm-pits and found strips of board nailed to the trestle, which was used as a ladder for getting to the top of the bridge. He climbed to the top and we soon followed. After crossing to the other side he bade us good-by, took the address of each of our party and told us he would be obliged to go to the point where the roads crossed to get on the one leading to his home at Ashville. We returned to him our sincere thanks for his kindness. He asked us if we intended to rejoin our commands on our return home. We told him we did, and he then said he would feel fully compensated for his trouble if, in case he was captured by any of us as a prisoner of war, if we would treat him as a man; saying our treatment by the Confederate government was inhuman and a disgrace to civilization. Each of us assured him of humane treatment in case of capture by any of us, and he bade us good-by, going back over Muddy river and the very muddy road over which we had come.
CHAPTER XVIII.

COL. CRIBBEN'S NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

Shortly after starting we found the commissary agents with their wagons in camp near the roadside in a field. We flanked them to the right, and when we had traveled a few miles further, went into camp in the woods, being well supplied with food by Mr. Williams the night before. My comrades fared sumptuously on the following day and started out early on the following night. About midnight of March 6th we reached the Cahawba river, which we were to cross near the entrance of Buck creek. The stream being badly swollen and the water very cold, the ice running in the stream, we forded the river with our underclothing on our persons and carrying our outside clothing on our heads. On reaching the opposite side we wrung out our undergarments and put them on again with the dry clothing on the outside, found the road leading from the ford and started on. About a mile from where we crossed, the road forked to the right and left, the left road leading across a large and turbulent stream, the right running at the base of one of the Buck mountains, and we decided to take the (153)
road leading to the right. In less than two miles distant we came to a river, deep and wide, and could find no fording place. After repeated failures to cross we went into camp in the woods near the stream so as to locate the ford should anyone cross during the next day. It began raining very hard, and our inside clothing being wet from fording the stream, our outside clothing, which we had taken pains to keep dry, was fast becoming soaked. We selected a spot, spread our blanket and were digging a trench to carry off the water at our heads and on each side, when Stevens, who was also looking for a spot, claimed we did not have fall enough to carry off the water where we were, and that he had found just the place we needed; so we moved about 100 feet further into the woods. We lay down, and my companions, worn out with fatigue, were soon asleep. I was feeling quite sick. The pains in my bowels increasing rapidly, I could not sleep. While lying there awake, a loud crash was heard close by which brought all of us to our feet. Not a word escaped our lips for a minute or more, when Stevens whispered, "What is it?" I said it was a tree close by that had fallen with the wind and the weight of the rain. We started out to look for the cause of our disturbance and found nearly one-half of the large oak, under which we first spread our blankets, covering the ground. We all had a very narrow escape from death, or from being maimed for life. We thanked Providence that we had allowed the judg
ment of Capt. Stevens to prevail in this case. We got warm by running around a large oak tree to get our blood in circulation, and then moved into the mountain and concluded to build a fire, which was the first, although we had then been on the road 23 days. When the fire was built and the necessary wood secured it was daylight, and I lay down. For the first time my companions seemed to think I was really sick. They built a shelter with my wet threadbare blankets close to the fire, wrapped me in the other two wet blankets and I lay there with my feet in the ashes. I was a very sick man, and told them if I did not get help they must leave me at some house in the neighborhood, and when they got through—which I knew they would, as they were then only about 90 miles from our troops on the French Broad river in Tennessee—to write to my family and tell them they had left me at the junction of the Buck creek with the Cahawba river. They went to work and made red pepper tea and gave it to me to drink. It was so hot it blistered my mouth and throat, but brought no relief. They renewed their efforts with a fresh dose of the same medicine, only stronger than the first, but I could not retain it on my stomach. While lying there suffering I heard a strange voice talking to my comrades near by, and I got up, sick as I was, to see who it could be. It proved to be a negro, whose master had seen the smoke of our fire curling up over the trees on the top of the mountain. Having never known
what it was to be sick since I was old enough to remember, I was in hopes the fire and pepper tea would bring me around all right, but I was disappointed. After dark they carried me down the mountain to the house of the negro's master, who proved to be a rebel deserter. They made a bed for me on the floor, with my feet against the fire, Capt. Stevens acting as nurse. Here I was given more red pepper tea, black pepper tea, sweet flag tea, and finally, castile soap tea! After supper Poole and Clark remained in the dining-room to entertain our host and his two daughters, while Capt. Stevens and the negro acted as nurses for the sick. They decided to remain over night on my account, our host agreeing to pilot them to a Union man's house over the mountains the following day. We were all to sleep in the room in which I lay. When bed time arrived Poole and Clark stopped on their way to their corner on the floor to ask me how I felt. I told them unless I could find relief of some kind very soon I did not think I could live until morning. This statement startled Capt. Poole and he got down on the floor alongside of me and felt of my pulse, put his hand on my forehead, pronounced me a very sick man, and asked Stevens what he had done for me. He told him. They then got my feet into a dish of scalding hot water and kept them there for 25 minutes or more. My friends, Poole and Clark, then for the first time realized that I was sick, and Poole remarked it was inflammation of the bowels.
He said that he had read medicine before he went into the army and knew of something that would help me, but possibly, kill me, and it was something that could be got in any part of this country. I told him to try it and I would take my chances, as I would surely die before morning unless something was done to bring relief. He then told me it was the external application of spirits of turpentine to my bowels, and he woke up our host and his two daughters and asked them if they had the turpentine in the house. They replied in the negative. When the case was explained to them the man went to one, and the two girls to another neighbor's in search of the turpentine; Poole in the meantime searching every cupboard and closet in the house for the article. Not finding it he came into the room where I lay and got a chair and went hunting about the room near the ceiling, where he at last found a bottle hanging in the corner covered with cobwebs, took it down and found it to be spirits of turpentine. He at once set to work to apply it externally, rubbing it in with his hands. I yelled with pain, and thought he was rubbing me with a brick, and told him not to kill me, but to rub it in with his hands. He rubbed in all there was in the bottle—about a pint—and I could perceptibly feel it passing through my system and along my spine. Immediately after the application I went to sleep. When I awoke in the morning I found the inflammation broken up in small square blocks, where before it was one solid mass,
When breakfast was ready my companions sat down to the table, mine being sent to the room in which I lay. It was very inviting, but I could not touch it. I sipped a little of the coffee, made of rye, and sent it back. When breakfast was over they started on their journey, leaving me behind with our host, who promised them to send me forward by easy marches, when able to travel, through Union men, who were to be found all along the route.

Immediately on their departure the colored man came into my room to look after my comfort and replenish the fire. I asked where my comrades were. He said they were gone, and I was to follow when I was able. I told him I was very thankful to his master, his family and himself for their kindness to me, but I was determined to follow my comrades. Seizing my staff, which was standing against the wall, I started, the negro accompanying me until we came in sight of my companions, who were climbing up the mountain. With my jaws firmly set I began the ascent of the hill. When my friends reached the top, one looked down and saw me struggling about half way up and sat down and waited for me. I sat down with them. It was a bright morning, and the sun, which had been hidden for days, came out in all its glory. They tried to prevail on me to return, telling me what our host agreed to do for me; but I insisted I was well enough to travel, and would try hard to keep up and not retard their progress. If I was unable to continue they could go on and
leave me, but I could not think of stopping with our friend in a Rebel neighborhood, he himself being compelled to hide in the mountains to prevent his capture, and not daring to show his face at home during daylight.

When they saw I was determined to go we started down the side of the mountain. The first step I took downward I fell on my face in the bushes. I got up and made two more attempts and found it was impossible for me to walk down hill, as my bowels seemed to want to leave my body every time my foot touched the earth.

I concluded to try and roll down the mountain side. Placing both hands across my bowels to prevent them from getting away, I started to roll, and reached the bottom before my more fortunate companions. The guide pointed to the next hill we had to climb, and I started up slowly. Reaching the top, I sat down to rest for a few moments, and began to roll again to the valley below, keeping ahead of my companions. I did this five consecutive times, when we reached the bridle path leading up Buck creek. At this place our guide left us and returned home. We then started for Mr. Elliott's home, some three miles up the creek. The path was ascending for quite a distance, and I got along very comfortably. On reaching the top of the ascent, we were halted at the muzzle of a Sharp's rifle by a man coming from the opposite direction, who ordered one of us to advance. Captain Stevens, still wearing his
shoulder-straps, going forward, told him who we were. He then lowered his rifle and said we could all advance. On taking my first step down the incline I fell on my face. Captain Poole and Clark picked me up, and taking me by each arm helped me to the spot where the party was standing. He proved to be a Union man going to mill with a grist, accompanied by his wife and boy; the latter with the grist on the back of an ox. This man was armed with a Sharp’s rifle, two Colt’s revolvers in a belt, one on each hip, and a large knife in the center of his back. Some of the grists sent to this mill by Union men had been confiscated by the Rebels, and he was going to take a position in the woods within rifle range of the mill, and should they undertake to confiscate his grist they would pay the penalty. He told us of a path leading to Mr. Elliott’s house through the field where we could travel on a level, and be less liable to meet any person who would give the Rebels information of our presence in the valley. We reached Elliott’s about 4 o’clock in the afternoon. He gave us a warm welcome. When he took my hand he looked at me in amazement, I being covered with mud, my eyes sunken in my head, and my weight 116 pounds avoirdupois. He remarked that I looked like death on legs; that I must be a very sick man. I told him of my suffering during the past week, and how I had rolled down the mountain. He said we were in a safe place and had better remain with him for a few days. I was agreed, provided he could induce
the others to remain, which he succeeded in doing, and we were to rest for four or five days.

When I got the mud scraped off my clothing and my face washed I felt refreshed. Mrs. Elliott got supper ready and we were about to go in the house when we saw the storm clouds gathering in the west, and, while watching them, we saw four horsemen approaching. On reaching the stile on the west side of the house one of them dismounted, one of the others leading his horse around the base of the hill. The party proved to be Colonel Silvers, of the Rebel army, on his way to Marion to take the train. He had been home on a leave of absence from Hood’s army, and the three men with him were his Rebel neighbors who were acting as his escort. When he approached the house with saber dragging at his heels and pistol at his belt we were standing in line in front of the house, and gave him a military salute, which he returned. Captain Stevens asked him what regiment, and, as near as I can recollect, he replied, 34th N. C., of General Hood’s army. In return he asked Stevens what regiment we belonged to. Stevens replied, 16th Tenn., of General Lee’s army; were prisoners at Johnson’s Island, had made our escape, and were going home to Greenville. The color seemed to come and go in the Colonel’s face, and not caring to question us farther, he asked if Mr. Elliott was about. Elliott was then caring for his stock, and had not seen the Colonel. He came up smiling, extended his hand to the Colonel, who
asked him if he could keep him and his friends over night. He said he was very sorry to say he could not; but his brother, who lived less than a mile down the creek, had ample accommodations, and would gladly entertain him and his friends. He started for the east gate and we went to supper. Before Mr. Elliott joined us at the table, the Colonel called for him to come to him in the bushes midway between the house and gate. I could see them from my seat at the table. The Colonel seemed very much excited about something, and Mr. Elliott kept very cool. They soon parted, Mr. Elliott going to the rear of the pork house, where he began cutting wood. Not being able to eat anything, I sipped some coffee made of rye, left the table and went to see what the trouble was. He said we must get out of the valley that night. He related what the Colonel had said, viz: That we were not Confederates, but were the officers commanding a foraging party from General Gillam's command who were running horses and cattle into the Union lines, and who he supposed, were operating on the main road which he had left, and had come down Buck creek bridle path to avoid them. He said no doubt our men were then in camp close by in the Buck mountains. When Elliott found the Colonel took that view of the case he began to show great fear for his horses and cattle, and asked the Colonel to advise him what to do. It was decided by the two that instead of remaining with his brother they would get supper there and secure a guide and
go to Carson's mills, where a battalion of cavalry was stationed; then they would return by the main road and capture us. If we gave any signal or showed any resistance we were to be shot down like dogs. Mr. Elliott sent word to his brother to secure a reliable guide for the Colonel, one who would see to it that the Colonel and his party were well soaked in swimming the swollen waters of Buck creek, as they had to cross it three different times before reaching the mill at the ford. The wood he was cutting proved to be pitch pine for torches to be used on our journey that night over the Blue Ridge mountains.

Mr. Elliott went into the house, put some hard boiled eggs and biscuit in his pocket, and when the Colonel was out of sight we started up the Blue Ridge mountain. On reaching the top we halted near a house or cabin, the rain pouring down in torrents. Elliott told us to remain there until he whistled. In a short time the whistle sounded, and two torches appeared in the darkness. As we approached the rear corner of the cabin, out filed seventeen Rebel soldiers with their carbines in their hands. To say that we were surprised does not begin to express our feelings. We were astounded, and thought we had been led into a trap. For a moment silence reigned supreme; neither party spoke a word, the two men holding the torches grinning with delight at our mutual surprise. One of the Rebels asked if we were going home. Stevens
replied we were if we could get there, and asked where they were going. They replied:

"We are going home to Georgia."

They were all deserters from Vaughn's cavalry in East Tennessee, fourteen from one company and three from another, and were making their way home along the top of the Blue Ridge. These deserters were in jeopardy in case the Colonel carried out his threat, as promised. This being the point where the bridle path leaves the main road on the top of the mountain, it became necessary for them to move to a safer place. Mr. Elliott took them in charge to lead them to an old deserted cabin higher up the mountain, while the man who lived in the cabin took us by torch light to the South Toe river.

My sufferings during that journey would be difficult for me to relate. Suffice it to say that I went through water, from knees to my waist, fourteen different times; and finally forded the South Toe river, a very rapid stream, with the water encircling my neck, and fine shore ice running in the stream; all of us being obliged to take a set with our fording poles before taking each step across the ford. I gave up to die on three different occasions on our way to the river, my comrades going on and leaving me; but when they came to the crossing of a mountain stream they missed me and came back after me. After crossing the river we traveled about half a mile to Mrs. Holt's house, her husband being a scout in our army operating in East Tennessee. When she
ascertained who we were she opened the door, bade us welcome to her home,—wet and shaking with the cold, the water still running from our clothing,—she threw light tinder wood on the large fire logs in the fireplace, and we were soon standing before a hot, blazing fire. We kept turning before that fire until we steamed dry. When dry, Mrs. Holt spread her feather bed before the fire for us to sleep on, and we immediately lay down and were soon asleep. About daylight I was awakened by a man shaking me, who said he wanted me to get up. I looked at him a moment, and told him he was the ugliest looking man I ever beheld. He said he was as ugly as he looked, which we would find out in due time. I sat up and found Mrs. Holt gone, her children being still in bed. I also found our guide had gone. This man had a coonskin cap, using the head for a peak, and a shaggy beard that grew close to his eyes. In his hand he grasped a squirrel rifle, over his shoulder hung a powder horn, in his belt he carried two large revolvers and a huge knife in a leather case. I told him I was sick almost unto death, and if he would hand me my staff which stood in the corner I would get up. He was about to do as requested when Mrs. Holt appeared in the doorway with an armful of kindling wood. She called him by name, and bade him good morning, and I told him he was not quite as bad as he tried to make me believe. He said our guide had gone to his house before daylight, and went direct to his father's house up the river and
sent him after us. We ate breakfast with Mrs. Holt, and started for his father's house, our former guide notifying them of our coming. When we reached there breakfast was ready, and they insisted on our eating again. Here we met two brothers of the shaggy guide, one a Lieutenant in General Lee's army, the other a Sergeant in Colonel Silver's regiment. The Sergeant had deserted, and the Lieutenant was home on leave, and intended to stay. The brothers went with us to a Mr. Cox's on Crab Tree creek, a small settlement near North Toe river. We found the river very high and running wild. The boats in the neighborhood had been carried down the stream, and it was not safe for man or beast to cross at that time, so we decided to wait for the river to subside. Three days afterward we crossed it on horseback, swimming the animals through the rapid mountain torrent, and reached Dr. Ward's house that night for supper. After supper the Doctor secured a guide for us, and we traveled toward Greasy Cove, reaching that point about daylight. We slept during the day, and at 3 p. m. started on our journey, reaching Ward's Stand about 5 p. m., taking supper at the house of a miller near Sherar's Cove, which was quite a large settlement of guerrillas. The majority of the male inhabitants were members of a guerrilla band of freebooters who plundered, robbed and often murdered their former friends and neighbors who had the courage of their convictions and remained true to the Old Flag.
From the miller's we went to a Mr. Holt's, a brother-in-law of the lady we stopped with at the South Toe river. He was absent from home, being compelled to hide in the woods. We remained in his house over night and went into the woods the next morning at daylight. During the day Mrs. Holt sent word to her husband, and he piloted us that night within five miles of the French Broad river, where we expected to strike our forces, who were up the valley securing supplies for the army operating in the vicinity of Knoxville. About noon of the following day we started under cover of the woods for Vedder's Mills, where our troops were encamped, and where we arrived in the afternoon about 3 o'clock.

Having reached the Union lines, it was not long before the Colonel was on his way home. The account of his first meeting with his friends is interesting. He had thought to surprise them, and had not telegraphed that he was coming. He succeeded in surprising them somewhat more than he anticipated. He says:

I reached Rochester, N. Y., about 6 a. m., March 23, 1865. On my way home from the depot I met a man with whom I had been associated for fifteen years. I hailed him and bade him good morning; he returned the salutation. I asked after the health of a number of our former associates and others. I then asked after his father's, mother's and brothers' health, calling the brothers by name. He replied
they were well. I asked him if he knew how my own family was, being quite well acquainted with them. He said:

"Well now, my friend, if I knew who you were I might be able to tell you. You seem to know me and my family, and a number of my associates, but I do not recollect you. Will you kindly tell me your name?"

I thought, "Can it be possible that I have so changed that this man does not know me," and remarked:

"I am a soldier, and, like many others who, when out of sight, are soon forgotten by their former friends and associates," and throwing open my cavalry overcoat—the collar being up behind and above my ears, the weather being quite cold—I said to him:

"Do you know me now?"

He replied, "No, sir, I do not; and as far as forgetting the soldier is concerned, I certainly do not, for I had some warm friends who went into the army, one of whom was hung by the Rebel guerrillas near our lines in Tennessee while making his escape from a Rebel prison, and his only crime was asking for something to eat. His Sergeant was hung with him on the same tree."

I remarked that that was a brutal murder, and asked him to give me the names of the parties, thinking I might know them, as I was acquainted with all the Rochester officers that were in our prison, and he mentioned my own name and that of Ser-
geant James Benedict, of my regiment, who was captured with me at Cold Harbor, but whom I had not seen since I entered Libby Prison, when he was taken to Castle Thunder and from there to Andersonville.

This was a surprise for me, surely, and I replied, calling him by name:

"Your friend Cribben was not hung, as you say; but he was on the Tennessee line, was often hungry, and often asked for something to eat; but, fortunately for him, never fell into the hands of the guerrillas," and rolling down my cavalry overcoat collar, I said: "You see before you all that is left of your friend Cribben."

With eyes distended, he stared at me and said he had listened to my funeral sermon, preached by Dr. Raines at Alexander Street M. E. Church, only two weeks before; and, seeing some acquaintances coming toward us, he began to yell:

"Say! hold on there! The dead is alive! Shake hands with my friend Harry."

I shook his friends by the hand and excusing myself, told them I must hurry home to my wife and children to inform them of my presence in the body.

I called on my brother-in-law at his store, who went home with me. My wife was getting breakfast for my little boy and girl, preparatory to sending them to school. When we opened the kitchen door she had gone down cellar through a trap-door leading from the kitchen, and we waited for her
return. She soon appeared with a plate of butter in her hand. When she reached the floor, my brother-in-law, standing in the door, said:

"I told you I would bring Henry; I have got him this morning," and I stepped in and said good morning, calling her by name; and the butter-plate went into the cellar, and she went into a heap on the floor, fainting away. Lifting her up I laid her on a couch in the kitchen. She soon recovered, and the usual family greeting took place, and the young widow of some four weeks had recovered her husband who was reported as being hung on the Tennessee line by the guerrillas, and I had the pleasure of reading my own obituaries published by the press of the city.
CHAPTER XIX.

ORGANIZATIONS AFTER THE WAR.

A million of men with kindred experiences, stories and purposes were not to remain in the midst of those who, for want of knowledge and experience, could not sympathize with them, without an organization of their own. At first they met in conventions and campfires, where the old enthusiasm was rekindled with unique volumes of stories, recitations, reminiscences and prophecies. These meetings at once brought to light this fact—that these men had formed friendships as lasting as life, welded in the fire of battle and the furnace of suffering.

The discussions of thinking men called attention to the responsibility of caring for the 350,000 graves then occupied by dead comrades. How should this be done? Who should visit the lone graves so soon forgotten? Then came the discussion of political organization, which soon developed the fact that soldiers had political preferences that must be tolerated, yea, respected.

These discussions in some instances brought temporary feelings of anger and malice among men who had stood side by side in line of battle, for there
were men whose political ambitions were so strong as to demand the patronage of companies, regiments, divisions, corps and armies. These things gave the veterans great trouble until in 1866, April 6th, the Grand Army of the Republic was organized at Springfield, Illinois, and the first post mustered in at Decatur, Illinois. The Rev. Wm. G. Rutledge, late chaplain of the 14th Illinois infantry, had formed a strong attachment to Major Stephenson, of the same regiment, and often talked to him of the demand for such an organization, so that these sacred friendships could be perpetuated, memories cherished, and graves visited, orphans and widows of the deceased comrades cared for without the political strife and bitterness incident to party politics in a republic like ours. This has been, is, and will doubtless remain a non-partisan organization. Political questions are always ruled out of order in all our post gatherings or encampments.

This is as it should be; for while a very large per cent. of the men now in the G. A. R. are Republicans, still there are many of our best members who affiliate with other political parties. They were true to the union, fought bravely for the suppression of the rebellion, are true to our order, and therefore ought to have their feelings respected while in the post and encampment, state and national.

The declaration of principles as originally adopted gives a very concise idea of what the G. A. R. purposed to accomplish.
"The preservation of those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together with the strong cords of love and affection the comrades in arms, of many battles, sieges and marches; to make these ties available in works by helping those who were in need of assistance; to make provision for the support, care and education of soldiers' orphans and the maintenance of the widows of deceased soldiers; to protect and assist disabled soldiers, whether disabled by wounds, sickness, age or misfortune; for the establishment and defense of the late soldiers of the United States, morally, socially and politically; with a view to inculcate a proper appreciation of their services to the country, and to a recognition of such services and claims by the American people."

In 1868 the word "sailors" was added, and a new section looking toward the preservation of loyalty to the constitution of the United States, and obedience to the laws of the land. For years this organization had a struggle, and accomplished very little that was of permanent value. But during the last decade it has accomplished much by way of securing "help for the unfortunate," "homes for the helpless," "asylums for the orphans," "pensions for the needy" and is to-day at its best, numerically, financially and socially.

The men who have not given their attention to it are largely numbered among those who, having formed other relations and assumed other responsibilities, are likely to end their days without renew-
ing the old time association. It is too late to enter, tam hope of recruiting them or mustering them into attendance. Another class were independent at first. They looked on the G. A. R. as a benevolent so-
ciety and would have nothing to do with it; but age, infirmity and misfortune are driving them back to old friendships. But, alas! they bring nothing but want with them. So I venture to say that the G. A. R. is at its best, and from this hour must wane from year to year, until the last form that stood between death and our nation's honor is housed in the narrow tomb. More and more this tie is appre-
ciated by the survivors.

Oh, that we might all learn to sing,

Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love;
The fellowship of kindred minds
Is like to that above.

From sorrow, toil and, pain,
And sin we may be free;
And perfect love and friendship reign
Through all eternity.
We share our mutual woes,
Our mutual burdens bear,
And often for each other flows
The sympathizing tear.

—Hymn.
CHAPTER XX.

ORGANIZATIONS—CONTINUED.

The first organization of ladies for active co-operation with the Grand Army of the Republic was founded in the city of Portland, Maine, in 1869, and was known as Bosworth Relief Corps. It started forth full of hope, and after twenty-three years of good work is now among the strongest corps in the land. Ten years later the first state organization was perfected in Fitchburg, Mass. This body of ladies found the same opposition shown others, and for years knocked at the doors of the national encampment for recognition. In 1881 the chaplain-in-chief presented a resolution to the national encampment which was adopted, and the ladies were allowed to add to their title, "Auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic."

Many of the angelic spirits who visited and ministered unto our sick soldiers in field and hospital had withheld their support; they now joined the organization and brought to it strength and counsel such as made it a power in all parts of the land. In 1883 the Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. invited all the organizations at work in the interest of sol-
diers to send their reports to the national encampment. This met with general favor and a national organization was perfected with this statement of their objects:

"To specially aid and assist the Grand Army of the Republic to perpetuate the memory of their heroic deeds; to assist such Union veterans as need our help and protection, and to extend needful aid to their widows and orphans; to find them homes and employment, to assure them of sympathy and friendship; to cherish and emulate the deeds of all loyal nurses and all women who rendered loving service to their country in its hour of peril; to inculcate lessons of patriotism and love of country among our children; to discountenance whatever tends to weaken loyalty or retard the spread of universal liberty and equal rights to all men."

This object is truly a noble one and ought to command the encouragement and support of all true Americans. Their expenditures now reach up into the hundreds of thousands, and are still growing in favor and usefulness throughout the states. The ladies of the G. A. R. have also a very strong organization and have done and are doing a good work.

**THE UNION VETERAN'S LEAGUE.**

This league, composed of men who are members of the G. A. R., is very strong in some of the large cities. This is not so democratic as the other organizations. Membership is restricted to those who
were commissioned in the army and navy. Its objects are chiefly social and fraternal.

THE UNION VETERAN'S UNION.

This is a smaller society, and declares its object to be general helpfulness to all soldiers and sailors of the Union army.

THE VETERAN'S RIGHTS UNION.

A league organized in New York in 1882, has for its object the helping of Union soldiers into positions under the government for which they fought. There are other minor organizations that undertake the same work.

THE SONS OF VETERANS.

This society of the sons of the soldiers has a unique service, and their organization is destined to have a very large and permanent growth. More and more the veterans are to command the respect of the citizens of America. And in age and feebleness the sons will have occasion to minister unto, bury and care for the graves of their fathers.

These several organizations have gathered into their posts, camps and departments many of the strongest men in the nation. William T. Sherman, Phil. Sheridan, Howard, Thomas, Schofield, John A. Logan, and a long list of prominent men have served in different offices, while ex-Presidents U. S. Grant, R. B. Hayes, James A. Garfield and President Benj. Harrison have honored the G. A. R. with their presence and counsel.
May the Sons of Veterans find hearty support and faithfully serve in their work of love until the last child who ever saw a Union soldier is gathered with his fathers.

The rituals used in these different organizations call attention to the great goodness of God, under whose fostering care they perform their deeds of patriotism and benevolence. The halls ring with the songs found in the church hymnals and prayer books, and religious service is sought and listened to with the reverence of true men.

"How should all men live?"

"With trust in God, and in love with one another."

"How should comrades of the Grand Army live?"

"Having on the whole armor of God, that they may be able to withstand in the evil day."

"For the last enemy that is to be destroyed is death."

"We thank God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

Friend,—

"Ne'er think the victory won
   Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
   Till thou obtain the crown.

   Fight on, my soul, till death
   Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee at thy parting breath
   To his divine abode."
CHAPTER XXI.

SOMEOF THE GENERALSWHEN WITH THE BOYS.

George B. McClellan was one of the handsomest men in all the army. He sat in the saddle with a grace and ease coveted by all, always rode a full-blooded animal, wore a neatly-fitting, dark blue uniform, with highly polished boots that came nearly to his hips. He was among the first to appear in the morning, and when on a march he would dash through the Virginia mud until literally covered with the stickiest stuff in existence; but when the next morning dawned he appeared in a clean suit just out of the pressing room of his tailor. No Union general was more popular among his men. Bonaparte was no more beloved by the French troops than was McClellan by the Potomac army. Notwithstanding the criticism of later days, the boys still cherish his memory. He has been called a coward, a traitor, but those who knew him best know that he was neither. His failure can be accounted for without any such unkind criticism.

First, the great men in Washington did not give him the support he called for; they were afraid of him, and he knew it. That often paralyzed his movements.

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Secondly, it took two years for the nation to see what they were fighting for, and not until the emancipation proclamation was issued did any general have noteworthy victories.

Thirdly, we must admit that McClellan lacked that confidence in his own plans essential to success. Still we think of him most kindly.

Wm. T. Sherman was a blunt, rough-and-ready boy in authority. While on a march or in camp with his men he was one of the boys. He rode a good horse, and took excellent care of him while in camp, but was the most careless rider among the leading generals of the Union army. His eyes were on all things save those under his horse's feet. He held the reins with a careless grasp, trusting everything to his steed. When at the head of the army giving orders for their distribution he was a magnificent figure, and commanded the attention and confidence of his officers and men. No man ever had the entire confidence of an army at all times more perfectly than did Wm. T. Sherman during his southern campaign and his march to the sea, and we shall look in vain for a series of battles in which more of genius, skill and valor were displayed than by Gen. Joe Johnson in his retreat, and Sherman in his advance and attacks. The civil life of W. T. Sherman added constantly to his popularity until the hour of his death, for he knew enough to keep out of politics, and to identify himself with the soldier boys in both the political parties. He will always be
referred to as "Uncle Billy." He was equal to the best intellectually and socially.

Gen. Sheridan did not appear to advantage on foot. In the saddle he was a centaur. When astride of his horse the Shenandoah Valley hero gained in inches, for he was now no longer in stature above his sword belt than below it. Sheridan always sat well back, unconsciously leaning against the rear pommel of his military saddle. This attitude brought his feet a little in advance of the correct line, but it did not detract much from his appearance as a horseman. The fierce bundle of nerves that were encased in his small body would not permit Gen. Sheridan to long sit still, and he was always on a gallop, even when his army was lying idle and the pickets were silent.

Maj. Gen. Custer was the beau ideal of a perfect horseman. He sat in his saddle as if born in it, for his seat was so very easy and graceful that he and his steed seemed one. At West Point he was at the head of all the classes in horsemanship, and delighted in being on the tanbark. It is related of him that he could cut down more wooden heads on the gallop than any other one of the cadets. Unlike most ardent raiders during the war, Gen. Custer seldom punished his horses. It was only when the moment for charging arrived that he lessened rein for a headlong dash.

Maj. Gen. Logan made a conspicuous figure in the saddle. His coal-black hair and tremendous mustache gave him a ferocious appearance, though in reality his disposition was a genial one. But he
often had fits of passion and then his eyes blazed; but these ebullitions of temper were evanescent and they usually occurred on the battle-field. Logan was an exceedingly good horseman, his seat being firm, yet easy. When galloping he used to lean backward, his feet well to the front. At critical moments in an engagement he was wont to go at tremendous speed toward the threatened part of the line of battle. His hat jammed down over his eyes, his eyes bright and his mustache waving in the air gave him an odd look, while the terrific pace of his steed was appalling. He overcame every obstacle with ease, and it was a beautiful sight to see his horse go flying over fences, ditches or fallen trees, while the rider sat in the saddle with ease and apparently reckless indifference.

The bridal garland falls upon the bier,
The shadow of a crown that o'er him hung
Has vanished in the shadow cast by death,
So princely, tender, truthful, reverent, pure.
Mourn! That a world-wide empire mourns with you,
That all the thrones are clouded by your loss,
Were slender solace. Yet be comforted;
For if this earth be ruled by perfect love,
Then, after his brief range of blameless days,
The toll of funeral in an angel ear
Sounds happier than the merriest marriage bell.
The face of Death is toward the Sun of Life,
His shadow darkens earth; his truer name
Is "Onward," no discordance in the roll,
And march of that eternal harmony
Whereto the world beats time, though faintly heard—
Until the great hereafter mourn in hope. —Tennyson
GENERAL HANCOCK.
CHAPTER XXII.

PEN PICTURES.

U. S. Grant, the General, was at home in the saddle. From boyhood he had been a great admirer of good horses, and in the service he had a number of the best animals to be found. He was always kind in his treatment of them unless he felt that the occasion demanded sacrifice, then he looked upon the cause as first in importance and man and beast were secondary. Victory at all cost, was his motto. He sat in the saddle carelessly, sometimes awkwardly, yet firmly. He never seemed to care anything about his uniform or the insignia of his rank. When on the march he wore a flat, broad-brimmed hat, pulled down over his eyes, a rusty, seedy old coat he had worn since the fight of Vicksburg, galloping along with an unlighted cigar firmly fixed in his teeth. It is said that in pursuing Lee after the evacuation of Richmond, he wore out six of his best horses in three days. He knew nothing among men but the conquering of a persistent foe. Rev. D. Inglehart in a recent sermon said:

"It requires only a casual glance to see that the department of his mind which was most largely de-
veloped and actively engaged was his will. His force of will was simply sublime. Mr. Lincoln said of him, 'The great thing about him is cool persistence of purpose. He is not easily excited, and he has the grip of a bulldog. When he once gets his teeth in, nothing can shake him off.' Gordon said to Lee, 'I think there is no doubt but that Grant is retreating.' 'You are mistaken,' replied the Confederate chief; 'Grant is not retreating; he is not a retreating man.' The great conqueror willed the capture of Donelson; he willed the fall of Vicksburg, one of the greatest captures of modern times, and at the last he willed a million men across the field, and with them crushed the Confederacy. Napoleon in his palmiest days never had a greater sweep of will. For months he held death at arm's length from him. He caught him and threw him to the earth, and put his feet upon him, and held him until he could finish his book, his labor of love.

'But the last enemy grew too strong for him, and he gave way and surrendered to the Supreme Will, who called him from the battlefields of earth to the plains of immortality. His sensibilities were large and intense. His love of country was a consuming affection. He inherited a patriotic spirit. His great-grandfather, Noah Grant, of Connecticut, was killed in the French war, and his grandfather Grant was a Lieutenant in the Revolutionary war. It is not surprising that this man should give himself at the first call to his country. When Sherman had finished his march to the
sea there was a proposition to elevate him to the same rank with Grant. Sherman wrote to Grant: 'I have written John Sherman to stop it. I would rather have you in command than any one else.' Grant replied: 'No one would be more pleased at your advancement than I, and if you should be placed in my position and I put in subordinate it would not change our relations in the least. I would make the same exertion to support you that you have done to support me, and would do all in my power to make your cause win.' Great men, both of them, loving their country supremely."

He lived long enough to convince the South, whom he conquered, that he had no animosity in his heart, and no better tribute has ever been recorded of him than that of Hon. John S. Wise, of Virginia, when he said:

"The victorious German, after twenty years of peace, may plead in vain for forgetfulness of Sedan, while the conquered Frenchman still hisses the word 'Revanche' beneath his breath. Twenty years of peace with us left no such bitterness behind. Patience was Grant's greatest attribute. Four years of patient fighting sufficed to conquer the arms of his adversary at Appomattox. Twenty years of patient charity, without any word of bitterness, brought also the surrender of their hearts at Mount McGregor.

"Then it was the old Confederate veteran on his crutch stepped up to Grant's tomb. Then it was
that he, for the last time, saluting the old flag that was dabbled with his blood, surrendered his heart to Grant without one feeling of regret or sign of mental reservation. He was old and poor, travel-stained and battle worn. Yet all men uncovered in his presence, for Grant himself had certified that he was brave, long-suffering and honest in his faith.

"His style was a rusty, broken bayonet, which in its day had served mayhap to dig the breastworks in the Wilderness and Spottsylvania. With trembling hands he traced in cramped characters the lines, and the world drew near, in curiosity, to see what he had written:

"'Here lies Grant, the only conqueror of Lee, and the greatest of Federal commanders.

"'Grant, who never ceased to fight or spoke of peace on any terms save unconditional surrender.

"'Grant, who, when surrender came at last, left his own sword behind, and refused the sword of Lee.

"'Grant, whose first order at Appomattox was to feed his oft-tried foes from the short rations of his own troops.

"'Grant, whose tender heart gave us our old war horses to plant the first crops of peace.

"'Grant, who refused a triumphal review in our conquered capital.

"'Grant, who paroled us, and who, when we were indicted as traitors, demanded the dismissal of the prosecution or the acceptance of his resignation.
"'Grant, who first cried: "The war is over," and ever afterward proclaimed it.

'Grant, whose first words as President, were: "Let us have peace."

'Grant, who for two terms sought to win us back to our allegiance by love and kindness.

'Grant, who, as firm as the firmest for the triumph of the Union, scorned bitterness and recrimination for the past.

'Grant, from whose lips never issued a contemptuous utterance against his old antagonists.

'Grant, whose patient suffering in disease, whose fortitude in the hour of death conquered the last trace of our animosity, and gathered to him friend and foe alike, as even nobler than the world has known him.

'Grant, who even in the hour of death, beckoned his old adversaries to his dying bedside that he might bless them.

'Grant, whose name shall stand for all time, to all Americans, as a model of simplicity, bravery and magnanimity.

'Grant, whose example shall prove an inspiration forever of love, fraternity and union.'

'This is the tribute which Lee would have written, placed here by the hands of soldiers who followed Lee and fought Grant until they yielded to the power of overwhelming numbers and resources.

'This is the tribute of those who felt the power of Grant's mailed hand in war, and survived to know
the womanlike gentleness of his loving touch in peace.”

AMBROSE E. BURNSIDE, who succeeded General McClellan, was a modest, unassuming man pressed into the command of the army contrary to his judgment, and said after the defeat at Fredericksburg: “I am responsible for this failure.” He was a great success with a corps, but a failure when given an army. We remember him as a dignified, gentlemanly officer.

JOSEPH HOOKER was a dashing, brave and brilliant commanding officer, with a limit to his ability for handling men. He seemed at home with his corps, and always ready to move; but when given the Army of the Potomac he was bewildered at once, and at Chancellorsville made such mistakes as caused many to think of him as under the influence of liquor, which was not true—although it was so stated by temperance advocates of all parties at home and abroad. Let not this brave man’s name be tarnished by any such slander.

WINFIELD S. HANCOCK, always clean cut, neatly clad, soldierly in bearing, and commanding in person. His troops always ready to fight. His corps believed that W. S. Hancock could whip any man in the field with a fair chance. They knew nothing else but to conquer or die. He was a typical commander of men.
was the first General we ever saw, and the impression made by him in a speech before the State House in Augusta, Maine, had much to do with our course in the army. He could pray or fight, as the case demanded. Rev. T. Gerrish tells of an incident just before Chancellorsville, when two boys, brothers, were bunking together:

"Jimmie was very sick, and his brother sat by his side for a few moments taking down his farewell for home and friends, when Jimmie seemed very restless.

"‘What is it, Jim?’ said his brother.

"‘I wonder if I am all right for the general’s inspection over there? I wish I had some one to pray for and with me.’

"At this time I hastened to the headquarters, and inquired for General Howard.

"I told him my errand. He caught his hat and followed me through the dark and mud for more than half a mile. Poor Jim was very low, yet he knew his brother and the General, who fell on his knees, and oh! how he prayed. Jim died. The General attended and officiated as Chaplain at his funeral."

Time and space forbid our speaking of Thomas, Meade, and others, whom we came to know, love and respect.
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest!
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold
Returns to deck their hallowed mould
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.
By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung,
There Honor comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And freedom shall a while repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

—Collins.
CHAPTER XXIII.

MEMORIAL DAY.

One of the beautiful customs that has grown out of the war is that of decorating the graves of the dead soldiers with flowers—nature's most appropriate offering to valor—and with the stars and stripes—the flag for whose honor, and beneath whose folds, they laid down their lives.

It is a national holiday, and in its pious observance, multitudes of citizens, among whom are the best and the fairest, repair to the cemeteries where sleeps the dust of the nation's heroes. Surviving comrades fail not each recurring year to add this new tribute to the memory of their former companions in arms.

Only the number of these is constantly decreasing, as one by one, weary with the march of life, they halt and join the host that, after the din and strife of battle, are now so quietly reposing

"In the low, green tent,
Whose curtain never outward swings."

It is a fitting tribute to departed valor, and an appropriate recognition of the service done for the nation, that the graves of the soldiers should be thus distinguished, and that in eloquent speech their deeds

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of heroism and self-sacrifice should be recounted. In harmony with this purpose I take pleasure in presenting to my readers the following:

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS DELIVERED BY

COL. JAMES A. SEXTON.

Once a year we join in the beautiful and solemn ceremony of decorating the earthly homes of our dead. We strew the choicest flowers and evergreens upon the grave of the Union soldier, not simply because he was brave and met fate unflinchingly, but because of his devotion to an ennobling principle, and the exalted ideas of right and justice; for he fought to maintain our national existence, threatened by the most wanton and monstrous rebellion in the history of the world.

We love and revere the memory of "our dead," because they fought in the cause of their country and in behalf of a higher liberty than any people, ancient or modern, ever before enjoyed.

England erects towering monuments to her Marlboroughs, her Wellingtons and her Nelsons; France builds triumphal arches to celebrate her victories, and to perpetuate the fame of her Napoleons. But America alone divides her post-mortem honors impartially among those who gave their lives for the Republic.

I rejoice to see the stalwart private soldier honored as he is, and his virtues extolled, by the statues
erected in so many of our public squares and cemeteries. It is a noble tribute to this ideal government "of the people, for the people, by the people," that prompts the decoration of the graves of the common soldiers and the erection of statues and monuments to them, as well as to the Grants, Logans, Sheridans and Farraguts, who won the higher rank and bore the increased responsibilities.

To love our country, to sing her praises, to defend her rights and institutions against enemies from within, or foes from without, and to endeavor to perpetuate the blessings vouchsafed to us by the organic law of the land, would seem to be but a natural impulse, a sincere desire, as easy to explain as the law of self-preservation. For none more than you, fellow soldiers, can keenly appreciate the fact that the blessings of peace are largely dependent on our readiness for war; that the safety of the law-abiding citizen is the natural sequence of our ability to promptly repress the wanton and lawless. For nothing tends more directly to keep the passions of the turbulent and reckless in proper subjection than the conviction that the government has the power to suppress crime, and will use it intelligently, fearlessly and energetically to that end.

It is one of the great aims of the Grand Army of the Republic, as it is its cherished privilege, to instruct the rising generation in the patriotic lessons of war, so that posterity may not forget what they owe to the deeds of valor and devotion that pre-
served the Union from dismemberment and inevitable dissolution. Were it otherwise, our beloved country and its cherished institutions would soon fall victims to the insidious treason of the conspirator, the vile stratagem of the political mercenary, and the corrupting influences of the spoils-hunter.

Thus, while old soldiers live and meet around their campfires, the kindling and keeping alive of pure patriotism will be of comparatively easy accomplishment, for there are now, and will be for many years to come, too many battle-scarred soldiers, too many maimed ones, too many with shattered constitutions and enfeebled health, who can still tell the thrilling story of the part they took in the war, to permit this generation to forget the price paid for our restored Union.

But how will it be when once this noble band is called home to the long rest, the last tattoo and taps sounded, when our youth will be deprived of the impressive object lesson which the lives of patriots and defenders of the right so abundantly furnish? Is it not therefore eminently fitting that the recollections of those memorable days be kept alive in the popular mind and conscience by some appropriate, unfailing means, such as the devotion of one day annually to the decoration of the graves of our heroic dead?

Do not look upon this assertion as unnecessary and uncalled for; man's mind is apt to fail, his memory
is prone to give out under certain contingencies, and a gentle reminder is not always amiss.

This fact was clearly illustrated in the early days of 1861-62, when the patriotic people were encouraging the young and strong to enlist in the army of the Union. You remember how we were overwhelmed with flattering promises. The father was told that should misfortune or death overtake him, his wife and children would not suffer, but be kindly cared for. The son of the widowed mother was promised that she would be looked after during his absence. The rich man approached the poor and said: "Go, save the Union, and on your return you shall meet a hero's welcome and ample reward."

We were told that we would be honored with civil offices, and promised that losses sustained while away from home fighting for flag and country, would be made good, and lastly, the dear young women, no less patriotic than their devoted lovers, said: "Go forth in defense of Union and liberty, and we will be faithful and constant in our love, and when you return will transform you into happy and worthy husbands."

And comrades, do you remember when their dear arms were around us, how hard it was to go? But with faith in their promises we obeyed duty's call. And finally, after years of patient toil, hardship, danger and privations, after the miseries of the dog-tent, the battle-field, and the hospital had been successfully overcome, the end approached, we had accomplished all—yea, more than had been expected.
of us. We had fought the good fight, we had kept the faith and saved the nation; had conquered a formidable foe worthy of our steel; had re-established law and order; had broken the fetters that held four million slaves in subjection and captivity, and preserved the old flag untarnished without a star missing, and as we marched in final review along Pennsylvania avenue, reading the inscription on the banners stretched across the street: "The nation will never forget her defenders," we felt that we were indeed entering the "Promised Land." But, hastening home, about the only persons we found willing and disposed to keep their promises, were the dear girls we had left behind us—God bless them.

And do you remember how we did look—ragged, awkward and dirty, with bronzed faces and scarred bodies; but our eyes were bright, our hearts light and gay, our will strong, our determination fixed. Some of us thought our army experience had fitted us to command, but alas! how soon we discovered that our duty was simply to obey.

The veteran defender of his country, in the hour of danger, has ever been an object of high admiration among civilized nations. Before the reign of Louis XIV, the scarred veterans of France, maimed in service, were chiefly dependent upon the charity of individuals. But Louis, who was in many respects a great ruler, established the famous Hotel des Invalides at Paris, to be the home of those who lost limbs or members on the gory field of battle,
England established an institution of equal merit at Chelsea, and other European nations followed the example of these two. No nobler monuments could have been erected to the glory of America than the grand Soldiers' and Sailors' Homes, which now stud our country, where the glorious wrecks of our great battles can be found, in comfort, peace and honor, in the winter of their age. No old soldier need blush to live in such an institution. It is his right to be there. He defended the nation in the hour of imminent danger, and the nation, gratefully remembering his services and his sacrifices, shelters him in the hour of need. You can hold your heads high, old veterans, high as when you braved the blast of battle, for, should you find it necessary to enter one of these homes, you will sit under your own "vine and fig-tree."

When the Shah of Persia visited Paris, during the days of the third empire, almost the first institution he inquired for was the Hotel des Invalides. He was taken there, and the troops were reviewed in his honor. He looked with interest upon all, but finally inquired of the governor of the home if any of the great Napoleon's soldiers stood in the ranks. An old man stepped forward, and the governor said:

"He, sire, fought at Waterloo."

"Ha," said the Shah, "very good, but I want to see a man who fought with Napoleon when his victories shook all Europe. Show me a veteran of Marengo, show me a veteran of Austerlitz."
The governor excused himself, but soon reappeared, and leaning upon his arm was a man bowed down with years, and warped with wounds, his snowy white hair reaching to his shoulders, and his beard touching his breast. As they approached the Shah, the governor said:

"Sire, this man fought at Austerlitz in the corps of Marshal Soult. He stood guard at the tent of the Emperor the night before the battle."

The Shah gazed with mingled admiration and curiosity at the old hero, whose martial salute he returned by gracefully raising his fez from his head. His eyes flashed fire, and his frame seemed to dilate, as, detaching the star of the Royal Order of Persia from his left breast he pinned the splendid decoration, incrusted with gold and glittering with diamonds, on the coat that covered the scarred bosom of the hero of Austerlitz.

And so in years not now remote, when the illustrious of other lands shall visit our shores, they will inquire for our surviving heroes at their homes or elsewhere—will ask to be shown a man who conquered with Grant at Vicksburg, or with Logan in Atlanta; who marched with Sherman to the sea; fought with Hancock, the superb, at Gettysburg and Spottsylvania, or who rode with gallant Phil. Sheridan at Cedar Creek, Five Forks or Appomattox.

And while we contemplate with deep satisfaction and just pride the achievements and merits of our departed heroes, let us also not forget that the living
have claims on us for an honorable and lasting recognition, and that it will be well frequently to recall the many heroic incidents in our late war, not so much to gratify the feeling of a just ambition and a pardonable self-love, as more especially to excite to emulation and manly aspirations the generations following us, who, under the blessings of continued peace, and an unprecedented prosperity, are but too apt to treat with indifference and coldness those who have been the real promoters of that vaunted prosperity and of the general advancement.

In a hospital at Nashville a wounded soldier was lying on the amputation table under the influence of chloroform. The surgeon cut off his right arm, and cast it all bleeding on the pile of human limbs. He was then laid gently on his couch. He awoke from his stupor and missed his arm. With his left hand he raised the cloth, and there was nothing but the gory stump.

"Where is my arm?" he cried. "Get me my arm, my strong right arm; I want to see it once more."

They brought it to him. He took hold of the cold, clammy fingers, and looking steadfastly at the poor, dead member, thus addressed it, with tearful earnestness:

"Good bye, old arm; we have been a long time together. We must part now. You will never fire another carbine or swing another saber in defense of the government."

And to those standing near, he cried:
"Understand I do not regret its loss. It has been torn from my body that not one State shall be torn from this glorious Union."

Then take the heroism of that brave seaman, Jasper Breus, who, when scalded to the very bones while at his post of duty on the gun-boat Essex, at the storming of Fort Henry, hearing the cry that the fort had surrendered, sprang to his feet exclaiming: "What, surrendered! I must see that with my own eyes before I die," and climbing two short flights of winding stairs to the open deck, just as the American flag was being hoisted to the top of the rebel flag staff, he shouted: "Glory to God," and died.

The history of the world is the history of its wars. Nearly all of the great men of the past achieved their fame on the field. It would seem to the reader of ancient history that for several thousand years people merely ate, drank and slept, except when engaged in warfare.

Most wars have been for conquest and plunder, but many, and the cruelest, were waged under the banner of religion. Our revolution and our civil war stand almost alone as having been fought to establish great vital principles, based on human rights. The one, "no taxation without representation," the other, "the wrong of one human being buying, selling and holding in servitude another human being." Our African slavery became a serious evil by growth. When the barbarous Ethi-
opian was first sold to the pioneers of America he had little intellect, scarcely a language. He was considered on a level with the horse and mule. His living among white people was thought to be a civilizing process, and it was claimed that his condition was much better in slavery in America, than free in the jungles of Africa. So every slaveholder flattered himself that he was doing a great missionary work in the interest of the African negro.

But, as time rolled on, the barbarian became Anglo-Saxonized, his negro features were fast passing away, more and more white blood coursed through his veins, and the slave, as white as his master, came to be no uncommon sight. Then the world began to open its eyes to the inhuman and immoral elements in slavery. Lust, greed and cupidity held high carnival. Humanitarian views and the voice of justice and morality were soon subdued by the clamor and sophistries of mercenary and vile advocates and apologists for the "peculiar domestic institution," which, financially, represented an immense sum, and politically, great power and influence.

The southern climate being in reality the only one suitable to the negro, slavery died a natural death in the Northern States; but as the years passed on, slavery became more and more a disturbing element. A brutalized mob was ever ready to crush all attempts of those sentimentalists who held that slavery was "the sum of all villainies," and with the tide of emigration setting in at the North, develop-
ing territory after territory, by free labor, the South increased her clamor and demands for more territory and elbow room for the expansion of slavery, ostensibly to maintain the alleged disturbed political equilibrium. The war of words becoming more acrimonious and exciting, the slavery mob more audacious and insulting, the threatening conflict became plainly irrepressible, and finally broke like a thunder-bolt over our heads.

I wish I possessed that vivid power of description so essential to give you a realizing idea of the intense excitement that prevailed in the North when Fort Sumter was attacked and fell into the hands of the rebels of South Carolina, and President Lincoln called for seventy-five thousand volunteers to put down the rebellion. I but faintly express the then existing condition when I say that men and women were speechless and sleepless, then became greatly agitated and restless; that children, scared by the turmoil of the popular upheaval, clung to their mothers; many people sobbed aloud; others prayed, and still others could only give vent to their indignation in blasphemy. The blacksmith's fires went out, the mechanic's tools were idle, the merchant closed his store, the factory wheels stood still, and the plow rusted in the furrow. The lawyer continued his cases, the doctor neglected his patient and the preacher forgot his text.

Husband, father, son, left their homes in the morning to follow the usual occupations only to re-
turn and say in words pregnant with solemn meaning: "You must get along without me for a time, for I have enlisted."

Conceding that love is the strongest of passions, when did war cost the human heart so dear as those four bleeding years of civil strife? Many the wife who said through her tears: "I can spare you, my devoted husband; your country calls. I know the days will be long and the nights dark and dreary, but you have a duty to perform. Go and do it. I will take care of the little ones; you will come back to us again, and if not—we will bravely meet fate, and ever revere your memory."

The mother said: "My two darling boys, you have been the idols of my life. God took from us your father when you were yet babes; had he lived until now, you would have found him ready to go and fight in the cause of his country and for the supremacy of the law. Your country needs you—join the patriots. I will go too and nurse the sick and care for the wounded. When all is over, some one of us may, and I trust will, return. If all should be spared, unmistakable happiness will surely be our lot."

The maiden said: "My betrothed, we were to be married next winter; let it be tomorrow. Go you then and join the gallant boys who are going to the war. That martial music sets me on fire; were it not for your love I would wish I were a man to prove my patriotic ardor. You are naturally brave
and devoted to duty, and I shall love you the better when you have won the laurels due to the brave soldier. My love will be with you by day and by night, it will follow you on the march, in the camp and into the battle. If you happily return, we shall enjoy heavenly bliss on earth; if you fall, my heart will cling to your memory to the end of time."

Thus love's sacrifices swelled the great wave of patriotism that swept away treason and carried the noble ship of State safe into the tranquil harbor of peace and prosperity.

Now let us go back thirty-one years and remember how the war absorbed all our thoughts and actions, and how every public and private interest became tributary to it. There was intense anxiety throughout the North as to the possible and probable outcome of the pending conflict. The rebels were reported as determined and armed with every conceivable weapon that would kill a Yankee. They were, to all intents and purposes, walking arsenals, and boasted that one Southerner was good enough for half a dozen "Yanks," and that right in the first battle they would send the Abolitionists flying back to the North and end the war.

And let us remember how seldom men who enlisted gave their thoughts to the possible consequences, and how they seemed oblivious of results; whether they were to be a gratifying, pleasant romance, or a noble fame, or broken health, a maimed body, a rebel prison, or an unmarked soldier's grave.
To battle for one's country in a trying emergency and voluntarily to assume grave and dangerous duties, while leaving behind comfortable homes, friends and relatives, and all those sweet amenities which make life worth living, are merits certainly deserving of the highest reward within the gift of a nation. An American citizen's voluntary act of enlisting signs away almost everything, reserving almost nothing. Control over his action ceases, and he has it hardly over his own thoughts. He practically hands his life over to the keeping of his superiors in rank. At the call of a bugle he retires to sleep, at another rises, still another summons him to the charge. He has no voice as to when and what he shall eat, no choice or volition as to the cut or quality of his clothes, or the selection of his shoes. Everything is necessarily sacrificed to uniformity, rule and discipline.

When in those dreary hours, its life hanging in the trembling balance, the nation, for all the sacrifices demanded of them and the dangers to be met by her defenders, could offer only clothing, subsistence, scant pay, and the poor comfort of the unhealthy camp in exchange for the privations and perils of the march and the battle-field; when upon the bravery and patient suffering of her intelligent volunteers rested the solution of the great problem, whether we should have a prosperous country to live in in peace, or a dismemberment of the Union into little petty governments, constantly quarreling
with each other, begetting strife and internecine wars, she would naturally be induced to declare:

"You who will bring our country out of this trouble shall never want; in your declining years you shall be provided for; no one of you shall ever have to hold out the cup for coins from passers-by; you shall, each and every one, be sure of the encomiums and gratitude of a generous public." Why should she withhold such a declaration now?

The first two years of the war brought about as many defeats as victories, but this much was gained: We had pierced the country of the enemy, had occupied many of their cities, seen many of their fields abandoned by their husbandmen, had them cut off from the rest of the world by an effectual blockade of their seaports, had reduced their armies to the coarsest food, to scarcity in arms, ammunition, clothing and medical stores. Their families became destitute, and were bereft of defenders and supporters—for every man they could reach was in the army. Yet they showed no signs of yielding; they were unconquerable.

In the North the effects of the desolating war became also plainly visible. There was a vacant chair in almost every home. Sick and wounded soldiers were visible in every community. The country was being drained of men, money and material to carry on the war. The draft had to be resorted to, in many parts, to fill the depleted ranks, and large bounties were offered and paid for substitutes to take
the places of those who were unwilling to go or who were prevented from answering the call of the country.

Many who pretended to have constitutional and conscientious scruples about the coercion and spoliation of the South, but had none about the invasion and devastation of the North, fled to foreign countries to evade their solemn duty. During this state of affairs a "Peace-at-any-Price" party sprang up in the North, bent upon patching up, in some way, a compromise between the contending hosts that could end only in the humiliation of the North and the postponement of the real issue to some future day. That class of spurious patriots was dubbed "Copperheads," and the party they trained with, the "Fire-in-the-Rear" party. However, that party, so terribly exercised lest we might deliver the enemy a blow under the belt (?) with an unconstitutional club, was in the rear only when it concerned the defense of civilization against the impertinent aggressions of the slave power, but were invariably in the front rank, nay, in the extreme van, when army contracts were to be secured which would afford glorious opportunities to furnish stale, adulterated and inferior food and shoddy clothing and blankets, good enough for the mud-sills who were arrayed against the chivalrous defenders of a "white man's government."

In the winter of 1862–63 the western army, comprising many regiments from this State, was stationed at Corinth, Miss. We had fought the battles
of Belmont, Fort Henry, Donelson, Shiloh and Corinth. Our regiments were each reduced to about 200 to 400 men fit for duty. We had had a year and a half of camp life with all that that implies: Scarcity of food, plenty of discomfort, dirt and vermin. We had been scorched by the southern summer sun, chilled by the wintry blasts, and soaked by drenching rains. We had seen hundreds, and even thousands, scrambling, at the end of a dreary and exhausting march, for a log, or some brush, or some fence-rails, that they might sleep that night above "high-water mark." We had seen our comrades melt away until it became apparent that, at that rate, soon none would be left. How our minds were prone to wander to the cozy firesides in the distant North. Many a soldier cried himself to sleep, homesick, worn out, and miserable, only to awaken in the morning and renew his resolution: "I came to see this thing through, and see it through I will."

How often, when on the dangerous picket-line, or exhausted, or foot-sore on the march, or stricken down with disease in camp, did the beautiful lines steal into our thoughts: "How dear to my heart are the scenes of my childhood." Think for a moment of the poor boy (low with fever in the hospital or by the roadside, or fatally wounded on the battle-field) whose fevered brain carried him back to the far-off home of his childhood, and whose last audible whisper was: "Doctor, if my dear old mother knows where my body is buried she will some day come
and get it. Please mark the spot and let her know, and tell her that with departing life, I reassure her of my undying love."

And because you, my comrades, as well as I, know that those scenes and incidents are true to life, do you not think that to justify "the eternal fitness of things," we poor boys out in the cold and heat and danger, and misery (all borne manfully for the sake of the noble cause we had espoused) ought sometimes to have changed places with those valiant "Copperheads" who were so terribly exercised lest the "Black and Tan," or "Lincoln Hirelings," might violate the constitution; or with the dainty stay-at-home fellows, anxious lest their complexions might get tanned (?) or freckled, just to give them the least bit of a taste of real good campaigning, with a nice little blizzard, fine southern summer shower, a season of scorching sun, a real genuine, old-fashioned rebel yell, amidst a shower of leaden hail, mixed with grape and canister and case-shot thrown in, while we should have enjoyed a "high old time" among the "eatables and drinkables," and would have taken care of the ladies as only "boys in blue" understand how, telling them martial stories by the score, and whispering "soft blarney" into their willing ears, by way of illustrating that a valiant "knight is a valiant knight," whether placed before a yawning, frowning battery, or a bright-eyed "bonnie lassie?"

But to resume. When we had experienced over
two and a half years of this extremely hazardous and uncongenial life, the government asked us to re-enlist. Although at home substitutes were paid many hundred dollars each, nearly two-thirds of the noble army signed for three years more, without regard to pecuniary consideration.

An American soldier draws a sharp line of demarkation between patriotism and the blinking ducats. While not disdaining the latter, he measures the former by a different standard. During a disagreeable winter, when in close proximity to the malarious swamps of the Gulf States, and long after the “picnic” element in war had vanished to make room for the stern realities of grim-visaged misery in every conceivable shape, when a tent was a curiosity, when rations, quartermasters’ stores, and paymasters were uncertain, when the boys were sure only of a blanket, forty rounds and rebels, and when they would soon be free by expiration of their term of service, those heroes of many campaigns responded to the call: “Give us a furlough to go home for a few days, and we will return and fight it out to the end.” And they did.

And now it must be acknowledged that all who entered the army, it matters not how, why, or when, deserve credit; but those who, having served a three years’ term, and voluntarily re-enlisted for three years more, exhibited a spirit of self-sacrifice and heroic devotion unequaled in the history of mankind, thus demonstrating the undisputable truth that
the American volunteer is the first and best in the world; a brave soldier a loyal and thrifty citizen—a true and reliable man, in the noblest sense of the word, in every relation of life!

To soldiers of all our armies, to those having battled on land or water, remains a common brotherhood, cemented and hallowed by devotion to an ennobling cause—that of the Union of the Nation, restored by their united efforts and the grand achievements resulting therefrom.

May they ever stand united in the cause for which they fought and suffered in the days of youth and early manhood. May this solemn occasion, and every following 30th of May, devoted to these impressive exercises, confirm them in the patriotic resolution, and inspire their children, and their children’s children, to be and remain one people, with but one aspiration, “to do right as God gives us to see the right,” and but one aim, that of fostering and cherishing civilization and unlimited progress.

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