

**Life and Comments  
Of  
A Common Soldier**

**Containing**

**A sketch of his early days of his life in the army and an expression of his belief as to  
what is right and what is wrong in men in governments and in churches**

**By  
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Fort Wayne Ind.**

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## Preface

It has been said that life has two sides a bright and a dark that cheerful people see the bright side while grumblers see only the dark.

The author of this book has not aimed so much to point out the bright jewels as he has the dark vipers along the wayside and there is no need he should because they are the sparkling gems of Heaven and reflect their own true light the goodness of God on the souls of His creatures while the shadows of the serpent are deceptive.

If man could see nothing other than the image of God stamped on every flower and His love on every soul and would chose the bright rather than the dark side then there would be no need of prisons no need of a Hell and no need of the author pointing out what he believes to be the dark side of life.

The author feels much embarrassed in his undertaking that he is not competent to discriminate between right and wrong in a way that will meet the approval of the refined reader that the beam is yet in his own eye and that he cannot see clearly to cast the mote out of his brothers eye but if he has written one truth and pointed out one wrong accept that truth and shun that wrong.

In this work it has not been his object or purpose to introduce an unjust tirade against our late military officers nor has he sought to praise them other pens have given them all the glory that issued from war guns and settled on the folds of our proud flag and they seemed to have forgotten that there were private soldiers on the field that stood bravely between the enemy and those crowned as being Rebellion crushers.

The tirade if such it be called is based on the fact that if a good officer played his part well he played it no better than a good private played his part and as to which should have the more honor depends on which endured the more suffering for the pay received.

The simple fact that men held high positions in the army should not be taken as evidence that they were men of superior ability as soldiers. No chance commonly called luck aided by outside influence more than all else was with but few exceptions the mother of our generals and while we admit that we had some as good generals as the world ever knew we must confess that we had thousands of privates that would have been their equals if not their superiors had they been born by the mother that gave birth to shoulderstraps.

The reflection thrown on company lieutenants and on young town boys shoved into office by their fathers is not intended to offend but is an honest expression of the belief of the writer.

The suffering described as having occurred in the Bull-pen at City Point is not exaggerated so far as cruel treatment went and if the Commander of that Post was not interested in swindling soldiers out of their food then appearances were very deceptive.

As to the Government freeing Jeff Davis after so many lives being lost in capturing him he has freely expressed his opinion and thinks it is the belief of those who endured the hardships of the war who endangered their lives to capture a vile traitor only to see him when captured receive a blessing instead of a curse and he here adds that a government void of a law to hang the chief of trators should be void of a law to force its subjects into its army and to shoot them should they desert.

The political part is an honest review of that period and as there are those who may differ from me let us differ in a friendly way having for our object truth.

The war narrative is the war just as the writer saw it and not as viewed by other eyes and is like that that was so often talked over and over beneath the little shelter tents.

What has been written for and against the Protestant Church I believe to be in accordance with her present state and that against the Roman Church is as I know have heard and believe and is I think strictly in accordance with the Bible believing that nothing this side of the Judgement day could be more fatal to the Roman Church than the placing of the Bible in the hands of its adherents. I base this assertion on my faith in the intelligence of the people on the working of the Holy Spirit and firmly believe that none other than an emissary of the Devil will try to keep Gods Free Gift to all from those it was expressly intended to edify.

The closing part under the heading Uncivil War is but a brief of what might be written indeed volumes might be penned on the subject and the half then remain untold.

This book is not a model for the correct use of language but is written in the only way the author knew plain and simple and in turning it over to those who may care to read it if he turns over some good that will make better people then his object is accomplished.

The taking up of his own life from which to select subject matter has not been on egotistical ground but because he knows more of what he has seen than of what he has heard.

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# Life and Comments Of A Common Soldier

## Chapter 1

### Child Days

A Stranger in the House - Who he Was - Crusty Bears in human Shape - Spooks took a Hand in the Game - A Baby Ghost

In writing a sketch of my own life I see the danger before me that of getting the pronoun I too large and if I can keep that letter down to its size I will do well and should the reader think that I have it too heavy proun it down to suit.

The writer was born February 6th 1838.

Of course I was only a boy and my advent into the world created but little confusion outside of our own family but then it was enough in the family as I have since learned especially so when those older than I of our household desired a quiet hour in which to sleep. I had a little pair of lungs that never failed to let my people know that I was awake and though my songs may not have been music in others ears they were the means nature gave to develop my vocal organs and to make my wants known.

People fail to give the credit due to children for their cries because there can be no better index than their screams for pointing out crusty bears in human shape. Leta child cry in a family in church or in a coach and you will have no trouble in pointing out illnatedured people if they happen to be present. Bless the dear babies in patience let them cry if they must.

I spent the first twelve years of my life much like boys did then but somewhat under them in intellect. There was nothing about me very conspicuous other than my tow-head and thick lips and like many boys I had my trouble. There were those a b cs to be learned which I have not accomplished yet so far as placing them in proper order to express language is concerned and there were the thousand chores such as carrying in wood water bringing up the cows minding gaps etc. all calculated to interfere with my matters of more importance such as plays and as if all that was not enough for a boy of my age to bear more trouble was added. Brother Jake about that time came round and caused me to get more switchings than I wanted if I did need them.

Mother had much faith in the switch as a means of preserving order and Jake knew it and he knew how to get France "licked" as we called it. His plan usually was to provoke me untill I would slap him no difference if the slap was so light that it failed to wrinkle the seat of his pants it was enough he would then stand with both fists rubbing his eyes and bawl not to develop his lungs but to attract mothers attention and it seems I can yet see

one of his eyes peeping out from under his fist without a tear in it to see if mamma was coming and as soon as France was licked Jakes pain seemed to leave him instantly but not until the licking was administered would his pain leave him if it took all day.

And as I grew in years I grew in more trouble. Tommy came among us and soon learned Jakes tricks out of which he made more fun for himself than he made for me. I think one of the most severe spankings father gave me was caused by one of those Tommy Jake tricks. He had been sent up stairs to waken me one morning and putting his mouth close to my ear gave an ear piercing yell that caused my hand to fly forward or toward his face. I think I missed him it being dark but that made no difference it answered his purpose and felt better than if I had hit him and he retained more strength to yell which he did with all the wind in him until father gave me a spanking then his cries ceased immediately.

It was not only the living that conspired to get France licked but the spooks took a hand in the business.

At one time I went up to Aunt Dianna Stines, to play with her children several other children had gathered there for the same purpose. I went into the house but finding no one in I looked out through the window and saw the children down in a deep ravine at play. I then lay down in the rocking-cradle and commenced to sing thinking they would hear me and come up to the house. It is quite likely that my song was well rendered to waken the dead and cause ghosts to come forth at any rate the children had been taught all the horrors connected with spooks and no doubt believed a genuine ghost was in their house and mamma gone. I got up and again looked out through the window to see if they were coming. Imagine my grief when I saw nothing of them except their heels and skirts flying back as they were disappearing over the summits of hills in every direction to arouse the neighbors then the awfulness of my crime was pictured before me. I saw that in the innocence of my conduct I had not only caused a panic among the children but that I would be the cause of alarming the entire neighborhood. I knew that for a person to appear as a ghost would bring the wrath of the entire community on his head and in my distress I could only sit down and cry. I had no place to for refuge and no one to pity me. Uncle Riley was the first to venture on the then haunted ground and after carefully viewing the surroundings to see if all was free from danger slowly ventured up only to find me a little dot of humanity crying bitterly. His plan of easing my grief was in telling me how he would whip me if I was a boy of his.

The reader may think from the above that the Uncle acted as much like a child as his nephew did but in those days the people had been taught from infancy up that the night air was as full of spooks as a dogs hair could be of fleas and that the safest way to pass through or to go by a grave yard in the dark was to shut their eyes and run for dear life even though they butted their brains out in doing so. Any kind of a death however painful in those days was preferable to that of being torn to pieces by a spook and yet not one had ever seen a wound made by a ghost but the frightful spook stories related around the fire-side unnerved the older and caused the younger to shrink from their own shadows.

(C) The writer when a boy had heard his share of spook stories so one time he was caught in the dark having about half a mile of a thick thistle field between him and his home and was bare headed and bare footed having but one "gallas" over his shoulders and his shirt tail protruding from the seat of his breeches. Shure enough in his imagination he saw the ugly spook and like a frightened cotton tail deer went through that thistle field without feeling one stick his feet.

That I might hear no more cruel threats from the coming neighbors I strolled off and elected for my safety a position on a high hill then covered with timber. Spooks were there so I went home and took a whipping.

## Chapter 2

### School Days

The old Savage Teacher – Necessity of Learning – Tow Hair and thick Lips –  
Twisting Infant Mustache

My plays to me are worth more  
Than all learning books have in store.

Such has been the decision of many children whose perceptions could not penetrate the future and see the worth of knowledge and who had no school to attend where the room was made cheerful by the smiles of a kind teacher.

(C) The old savage school teacher of forty years ago seems to loom up before me while I write these lines and I can yet in my imagination see him standing with the corners of his mouth drawn down his eyes spitting fire his hair standing up on end his feet stamping the floor and thrashing the ceiling and air with his nine foot rod while not unmercifully laying it on some poor woman child. I never could understand why the poor were thrashed merely as an example for the rich but perhaps there was just as much sense and reason in it as there was in the teacher and proves the saying that good water cannot flow from a corrupt fountain.

In such a school it is needless that I explain why I wore the pages of the old United States Spelling Book through with my thumbs somewhat in advance of my lessons. Constant fear and the screams of my fellow students so excited my nerves that every muscle in my body twitched and the jerking of my thumbs naturally wore away the pulp of the paper and also destroyed the little faculty I had to learn. So the first twelve years of my life passed away and all that I remember of that old spelling book is the a b abs and the few lines thrown in viz

My son do no ill.  
Walk not in the way of bad men

which advice no doubt was intended that I should keep away from the school teachers of that time but I was too young to know it.

At the age of fifteen I began to see more clearly the necessity of learning and that my parents were anxious that I should be educated and rank well in my class I renewed my effort but inability and fate were against me. I had always held a position at the foot of the class and a promotion then embarrassed me so that I was easily sent to my old home and though my parents had often seen me standing there I knew that it was painful to them and degraded me yet they gave me an encouraging look which seemed to say Try again but it was no use it seemed because my word to spell was always one having a dozen ways to spell and pronounced alike in all of their ways and it happened I could sometimes spell one of the different ways but never had luck to hit the right way.

It is quite likely that at that time I would have left school had it not been that I could throw down any boy of my size that came to school which at that time to me was a

far greater accomplishment than to master the dry school studies and many a boy got a dirty back on the play ground for laughing at my blunders in reciting a lesson.

At the age of eighteen the tow traces of my hair could yet be seen but that color if color it might be called was disappearing on the top of my head and appearing on my chin. I had no use for such cobweb strings but could have made them of some use in covering my thick lips had they not been so scattering and almost transparent.

I found that my renewed effort to learn brought me some good return and made my parents more hopeful of their boy. In reading and in arithmetic I stood at the other end of my class and in other studies held intermediate stations but I had learned a lesson which all dull boys should know for their encouragement that was that they who most readily grasp ideas most readily let them go and that they who are slow in grasping ideas are slow in letting them go which in the long run brings the dull scholar on a level with the sharp one.

Like many silly boys at this age I began to twist my infant mustache into an owl toe or claw for the purpose of hooking on some young girl. I succeeded in getting the single bristle turn on each side of my nose but Pshaw they would not hook on and failed to attract the attention I thought was justly due to such exquisite improvement in facial adornment.

The first failure growing out of the above arrangement occurred at a certain party. The other boys seemed to have no trouble in escorting ladies home and of course I did not like to be behind them in such honors so the ice had to be broken that evening and the boys were to learn that I was their rival in any good enterprise and when the home march began in a whispering tone I asked my choice if I could have the pleasure of her company home. It seems she had not learned the art of whispering and could not communicate in that way and in a loud voice that all could hear said No.

(C) After I had gathered up the fragments of myself so I could think I found myself off to one side of the crowd whistling but the boys never failed to whistle after that when they saw me.

In course of time I found that all the girls had no word more kind for me than No and that all the care I had taken in forming my mush hooks availed nothing. I sorely felt my humiliation yet there was a sense of pride in me that would not admit of hearing that hateful word the second time from the same lady.

The 6th of February 1859 ended my days under the direct care of my parents. I have since lived with many people and in my own house but I have never found a home so dear and so peaceful as the home was in which I learned to lisp the name Mother.

## Chapter 3

### Man Days

Off for the Wild-west - Painful to play second Fiddler - Her Father started Boys Off

I remained with father that summer and superintended the iron ore mines for him until late in the season of that year when I got on the horse he had given me and started off for Hardin County Ohio where I had several uncles living. After a long and tedious ride of several days I arrived at my destination and was kindly received by my friends.

A cousin about of my age had arranged to go to school that winter and desired me to go with him which I consented to so one cold morning he and I started to school with dinner basket in hand he to learn and I to kill time but after traveling many miles as I thought in a thick woods we came up to a small log school house partly gnawed down by the porcupines and located at the intersection of four sections of timber land.

It looked so dismal I thought we would be fortunate if we found a teacher in the house. I had no sooner shoved the door back and placed my foot on its sill than two eyes met mine four eyes for a time became fixed and for a moment I stood like a statue. I say for a moment because it seemed only that long to me but to others present it may have been longer than the rule of good manners would permit but there are rules in the natural code at times take precedence of all others and this time was no exception to them but who would be so cruel that they would not give me a long time to gaze on the eyes something I know not what told me were to be the eyes to help me see my way through life.

(C) There was on the sides of the room a board nailed to the wall its entire length for a writing desk some of the benches or seats were as long as the room and had been made from rough split timber simply by sticking wooden legs into the split timber and did not indicate that the splinters had been sketched off with an ax but that they had been worn off by the breeches and skirts of the poor children having to go through a certain amount of punishment for an education.

The architectural design of this place of learning did not surprise me so much. I had been accustomed to such conveniences but the query was where did all the children humped up on the benches come from. Did they crawl out of the hollow logs in the wilderness that surrounded us or had they been rained down like the frogs of Egypt. Well they were there and by elbowing and shoving I found the sharp edge of a rail on which to sit but that gave me no pain because my mind was soaring above all the undercurrents of misery.

The teacher was an old man and wore a red wamis his whiskers answered the purpose of an apron and his long hair that of a cape though he had the pictorial features of a philosopher he was not well advanced in our studies except his being a natural walking arithmetic he was unable to preside over my lessons in a dignified way but that made no difference it was to me the most interesting and sunny school in the world.

The idea of merely going to school to kill time I dismissed and set my best foot forward to show off well. I knew I was a failure as a good entertainer but the fact that I was the best scholar in the school except in spelling I regarded as a point in my favor but who ever fought a battle without an enemy and who ever secured the object of his affection without an opposer. Yes in this conflict I had a formidable rival. He was good

looking and a fine talker also my superior in spelling so I determined to out rival him in all ways I could without killing him.

Did he ever get to stand between me and the one my eyes met while up in a line spelling? Not much my lesson had been too well studied.

Did I ever spell the word she missed and go above her? No I did not know how to spell.

At noons my rival had so many fine stories to tell and it was painful for me to play second fiddler. At the night spelling schools as usual while up in line the first word for me to spell was one having so many different ways but in that I had no trouble in finding a seat as they were all empty and another thing tended to depress me much was I learned her father was in the habit of starting boys off that did not come up to his idea of excellency in view of which I was careful to bid her good bye at the yard gate but that to me was not satisfactory so about the close of the school I thought I would go in and warm myself. I was awful cold the weather being about 20 degrees above zero.

The father no doubt had done a hard days work and was both tired and sleepy at least after a few words of conversation he retired. I was so long in warming that the whole family had found their beds except me so we alone became the occupants of the room and had the bright fire to ourselves but we had not talked long and I did not think I was half warm yet when she told me her father did not allow her to keep company with strangers. I soon got into my over coat and under my hat muttering to myself while on the back track that there are some queer people in the world.

School and my hopes closed about the same time. The sky was cloudy and so was my mind. The air was damp but no damper than my brow. Dew dropped from the branches of trees something fell from my cheeks some said they were tears but I guess not finally the spring sun appeared to repair the wreck of the winter and as the dull appearing buds sprang forth in rich blooms and sweet fragrance I could see no reason why I should not improve my appearance and if I could not bloom in sweetness I could at least make myself more useful.

Yes in these two words more useful I see the key that will unlock the store house of greatness though I may never be able to unlock that door I shall get the key and carry it up the path as far as I can. I now see my way clearly. There are two roads either of which leads to the key one is spread out on the pages of good books the other winds through the field of hard labor. I am young and strong and can travel on either of them and perhaps can make myself acquainted with both roads.

Thus I reasoned until I concluded to attend school during the summer of 1861 and packed up my trunk and started back for Tuscarawas County Ohio where I attended school in New Philadelphia but there the drums were beating up volunteers to suppress the rebellion. My head was then full of war and my eyes gazing on those I had seen. Thus you see my eyes and head were holding an internal war and the smoke of the battle being thick I could see nothing clearly. I felt that I owed my service to my country and made up my mind to enlist in the army but first I had to go back and see what that rival was doing.

In the fall when the school closed I started back to find the little log school house in the woods but not certain of having a key that would unlock its famous door in which I had stood spell bound. After arriving there I went to the Board of Examiners and was assured by that body that I could unlock the door of any common school house in that country if I could get the consent of its directors but the only school house worthy of my attention was the log house in the woods nearly gnawed down by porcupines. Professors have prided themselves in commodious buildings Kings have gloried in rich palaces but what greatness in point of honor did such places have when compared with Brush College on which the pin



cushioned animals had even feasted and doted. Well arrangements had been made so that I could unlock that dear old door and on the 2d of December 1861 I had the pleasure of taking possession of a little of the greatness I saw beyond the words more useful.

Many a young man starting out on the voyage of life to paddle his own canoe cannot see anything more useful than what he knows all he knows is all that is worth knowing and all that he does not know is all not worth knowing to himself his education is complete and his usefulness in life perfect while others sorely feel their ignorance but do not care to go to school and recite in class with little children and they decide to steer their canoes with all the uncertainty found in a lack of knowledge the wind blows the waves roll soon their little boats are turned upside down.

One time a young ignorant man desperately in love with an intelligent young lady was at a loss how to ingratiate himself into her society but finally as he thought his time came. It was in 1859 or about that year a large comet was seen plowing its way toward the earth and the young man thinking his girl and her folks had heard nothing of it put his best neck tie on and sent immediately up to her house to deliver to her the knowledge he supposed would elevate him in her opinion. He had hardly regained his breath when he astonished her by saying he saw a wonderful comma in the heavens.

The writer could tell many tales on himself growing out of his own ignorance but perhaps he is letting off about enough of that not intentionally in his book.

The furniture of the school house remained as I had left it and the scholars were still compelled to balance their bodies on their pivotal ends and in a whirligig way make a half turn to their writing desk and the number of scholars required to get out of the way depended on the length of the whirler.

I then felt that a great responsibility rested on my shoulders because thirty five scholars sitting on sharp rails looked to me for instruction and that each ones mother and father had their own peculiar notion as to how their children should be taught and I was well aware that a failure on my part to meet the various notions might forever debar me from warming myself at that pleasant fire again whose owner happened to be one of the directors of my school at that time.

I had previously formulated a code of rules and boils them down so that when taken out of the pot and pasted on the wall read

Mind your own business

and my own rule was to use a poor scholar just as I did a rich one if their conduct was alike believing that if I had these rules carried out there would be no cause for complaint and if I could not then again warm myself my conscience at least would be clear.

There were four eyes in the school or more correctly five including the big pronoun used in this book which I never ceased to believe were mine through the twelve long months past. One pair were two years younger than those that bulged out of the head of the teacher and belonged to his pupil in a two fold sense. I knew that my second pair of eyes or rather first because I regarded them second to no other pair would be of much help to me that they would see nothing but good and that it would all be made known to the father in good shape.

In short the teacher did the best he could and attend church on Sunday like all good teachers should letting his deeds work out his salvation. Thus time wore away until one day I was pleased to hear the words Father asked why you never came back. Of course it being winter time I soon became cold again.

School closed leaving my expectations well fenced in shutting my rival out forever and making my life in the army free from fear of him.

## Chapter 4

# War Days

Common Roaring – Enlisted in the Army – Leaving Parents and Home – Army  
hard Tack – First Blood Drawn – The Rev. Captain Lied

After the close of my school I returned to my fathers home to remain there a few months where I heard the cannon in the south roaring through the news papers and learned that the Union Army was being pressed back and that many of our brave men had been killed.

I had raised a company of home guards and was drilling it when Reverend \_\_\_\_\_ an old acquaintance of mine requested me to join him in a company he had raised for the field. I told him I would if I could have the assurance of an office. No he said the company is to elect its officers and that he could not promise an office to any one. I replied that is as it should be and was sworn into his company on the 22d of August 1862 and on the 28th of the same month I was to report to him at Camp Mingo below Steubenville on the Ohio River.

That day was to me up to the close of the war the most sorrowful. I cannot describe it but they who went to the army from a home they dearly loved need no description. Had the death warrior invaded our midst with his hateful scythe it could have been no worse than it was. Mother said I know you owe your service to your country but if you was to die here we could care for you and bury you in a respectable way on the battle field you will be beyond our reach there you might die from hunger there you might fall mortally wounded with none to care for you or so much as to give you a drink of water but if faithful to our heavenly Father we can meet beyond the sorrows of this life. Father did not express himself in words but did in that silent way peculiar to him and to me so effecting.

Father was to take me to the railway station and mother to go along as far as to where sister Dorcas lived. I kissed my little sisters Martha and Louisa good bye and when some distance away I looked back and saw them standing as I had left them holding their little handkerchiefs to their eyes they had always been very dear to me but they then seemed dearer than ever before and as two little white angels weeping over a wicked world and I waved my handkerchief in way of recognition.

My next trial was to part from mother and Dorcas that parting I cannot describe but they who have stood by the bed side of a dying friend can form an idea and finally from father. I stood on the platform of the car he on that of the station house he held my hand in his as if he could not let go of it his tongue could not speak but there was no need it should the tears in his eyes spoke for him and his hand acted in conformity with the emotions of his heart until the movement of the train tore us apart. I thought then as I do yet that if rulers of nations had the battles to fight they are so ready to bring on there would be fewer wars and fewer of such heart rending partings.

The train shot forward as if the life of the nation depended on my getting there and soon whistled as if saying Here he is. I got off at Camp Mingo and reported to my company for duty.

(C) I was tired and hungry when supper time came but there was but little to sup but enough to chew of the hardest kind except the fat meat. A big negro had been employed as company cook and presided over the flesh pot holding in his hand a long

pointed stick with which he speared pieces of fat meat and handed them out to the men who converted the palms of their hands into plates to hold both meat and gravy.

The negro and his pot looked alike in color and alike in grease his name was York and caused me to yolk up my food but after holding the stewed grease in my hand until it was dropping off at my elbow the crackers came. They were of that pattern known as 4X4X1/4 inches of the most solid measure and impenetrable by teeth or thunder bolts. I was a green soldier and knew nothing of such irresistible bodies so I put a corner of one between my teeth and caused an upper and a lower pressure to bear on the thing at the same time easy at first but harder and harder until my eyes bulged out and my body trembled so that I shook the grease out of my hand. I withdrew the cracker from my mouth to rest but could not tell which corner of it I had been biting on as there were no teeth marks to be seen. I observed the other boys trying to crack them between two stones as they would walnuts but that was a failure.

The darkness of night came on but it was not darker than my future prospect and it was clear to my mind that the length of time I served my country depended on how long I could live without food unless some way was provided to reduce the army cracker suitable for digestion then necessity the mother of invention came to my relief as I supposed and gave me a plan on the merits of which I went to sleep after some twisting to find a softer spot on a hard board.

Next morning I crawled out of my bunk having more suffering from some external cause than from my internal gnawing. A few rakes with a fine comb revealed the fact that two big head lice were having life much better than I was. I soon killed the pests and marked them down in my diary as the first rebel blood drawn.

(C) Now then Mr cracker I shall bring you under control you shall no longer play on my inward feeling. So I got a little tin bucket in which I made coffee and put my crackers in the coffee under which I raised the fire to a welding heat and kept it up under the kettle for some time and then let them soak while cooling off. Now I have you. So I put a corner of one in my mouth and shut down on it but there was not strength in one arm to tear off a bit then both arms were brought in use. The thing was pliable and I bent it up over my nose then down over my chin until my strength failed. Why even sole leather would make no comparison with the U.S. cracker after being steamed but experience taught us that soaking them in cold water over night destroyed their adhesive properties.

The Rev. Captain and his two lieutenants in secret session organized the company doing all the voting among themselves and selected for its officers a few of the many he had promised an office. Several of his selection soon deserted and some of the rest of his choice hardly knew the difference between a camp kettle and a mortar gun but either of them proved to be the equal of the Captain in quelling the rebellion. Such proceeding after him telling me what he did I regarded as the most reverend lie I had ever heard.

On the 4th of September our company with the other companies there posted were mustered into the U.S. service and numbered the 126 O.V.I. and the letter E given to our Company.

Next came an order for squad drill but it was found that not an officer in our company knew how to shoulder arms so the Rev. Captain came to a private and asked me if I would drill the squads. Next company drill and for that I was called on also. I did the best I could and obeyed all orders until one Sunday morning when inspection had been ordered. I had volunteered to kill devils but had not agreed to go outside of the U.S. line or to hell for that purpose and as I did not appear on inspection the Rev. Captain promptly made me appear in the guard-house. I there felt like the martyrs of old that I was being punished for

righteousness but he needed my service on week days to drill the boys and could not afford to let me remain in prison.

One evening after we had drawn our muskets I lay on my bunk where I could see a hundred guns and bayonets reflecting the light of the candles which seemed to give a panoramic view of a battle and in my imagination I could see the crimson blood flow from ghastly wounds in the bosoms of those who had left dear friends at home as I had. Some seemed to hold their hands on the wounds as if to prevent their lives from flowing away others to clasp their trembling hands in prayer tears in the eyes of others seemed to tell that they were thinking of the little ones they had nursed on their knees there they all lay clinging to the small spark of life remaining in them no kind hand to smooth their brows and to tell them of Jesus untill the artillery wheels and treading of cavalry horses put an end to their suffering and I wondered if this was the fruit of Christianity and the outgrowth of civilization if it is what improvement do we hold in point of honor over the heathens? May the time come when national troubles will be settled by arbitration if not Let the rulers do the fighting which will be equivalent to no war or at least quite satisfactory to the poor who have always had it to do.



## Chapter 5

# Being Humbled

Wonderful growth of Officers - Perilous Expedition - Learning Obedience to Superiors - Leader in Prison - The Rev. Captains Religion - Lieutenant Colonel Stoned

On the 18th of September 1862 the proud spirit of the 126th O. Regiment was humbled by its being loaded on cattle cars and shipped to Parkersburg like live stock. All decided that such treatment to him who had taken his life in his hand to defend his country was a gross outrage and beneath the dignity of a soldier to bear but we lived through the ordeal and on the 19th went into camp on the Right bank of the Little Kanawha river and a little above the City.

Here we remained quite a length of time perfecting our drill during which we were amused in seeing the outgrowth of some of our officers and it was wonderful to see what greatness soon grew out of a little bag of nothing. Little green lieutenants after a red strip of cotton had been tied around their waists denoting that they were officers of the day cut a swell beyond the ebbing of the ocean and made General Mc Clellan take a back seat and many a private had to bear their insolence but it furnished some fun and in this way.

(C) One of our self made gods became officer of the day and was making the grand round in the dark and having his mind set on the honor he would soon receive from the guards ordered in line to salute him paid no attention to the ground on which he walked and fell into one of the sink holes in the rear of the barracks every time his head bobbed up he gave a smothered yell which sounded like the cough of a sheep. The boys thought he was in his proper grave and would have left him stick there but on account of his relation fished him out with a long pole after he was landed he looked like a cat rolled in yellow mud but was a thousand times more stinken. I need not say that his immersion took all the silly starch out of him and that the liquid though foul was pure enough to cleanse his heart.

Company E was cursed with one of those important lieutenants and one Sunday the Rev. Captain failed to get me out but this lieutenant would see if I did not get out on inspection and sword in hand charged on me but knew when to halt he knew my gun had a load in it and was not mistaken as to how I might draw the load out so he went back to his place.

The fact was I would fight on Sundays if necessary but would do nothing that could be attended to on some other day which in connection with so often hearing. If a private is good enough to drill the company he is good enough to be its captain did not leave the best of feeling in the Rev. Captains bosom for me. So on the 5th of October a detail of one man from each company of the different regiments there posted was to be made and the expedition was believed to be a perilous one as well as of importance. The Rev. Captain was not long in selecting the man he could best afford to have killed.

Nine o clock in the night was the time set for the detail to start under Captain Deem of another regiment who knew every foot of ground to be traversed but no fear and he was not only brave but a good officer. After we had been drawn up in single line we received instruction to make no noise that could be avoided on the march. Single-file. Right-face. Next his voice was heard at the head of the column. Forward-march.

Twenty five miles selected through woods up the Kanawha Valley were made before daylight. Keeping concealed in the day time on the following night we had in southern language "A right smart fight" against a force of rebel horse and cattle thieves on Limestone Ridge and our stick up to it quality was such that the rebels overestimated our force and concluded to cede that part of their supposed territory to Uncle Sam leaving with us a number of their men as prisoners.

The fight ended their stealing there and the Union people of that locality concluded to pay us well for our service so they kept us there three days feasting us on such food as only farmers can give and the Rev. Captains private was almost killed on solid shot in the way of yellow chicken legs.

END OF TABLET NO. ONE, page 69

On the 19th of Oct. we had our feelings again sorely touched by being reloaded in cattle cars bound for Cumberland Md. where we arrived on the 21st and pitched our tents on the side of the mountain just out side of the City which must have given the town folks a view of us like they would have of a picture hung on a wall. Our most important duty at that place was to learn obedience to our superiors which perhaps was the hardest duty a soldier had - not excepting cleaning out privy-vaults and burying dead mules - and to do camp and picket duty more for practice than from necessity.

Our Colonel was a good commander and brave soldier and was highly respected by his men, but our Lieutenant Colonel had been brought up in such a way that he doubted the possibility of his greatness being duplicated and was so snarly and snappy that his own shadow in moon light detested his company and felt a sense of relief when the candle was blown out and he seemed to have no more respect for a man below his rank than a cross bull would have for a colt. He was never seen to smile except when saluted and the broadness of his smile then depended on the number of men that saluted him and he often passed through the guard line to receive such honors so one day after we had been stricly cautioned to obey all orders from our superiors it fell to my lot to stand guard at the gate. I had not been on duty long before the Lieu Colonel hove up in sight and approached me with all the pomposity his coat could expand.

"Halt."

"Dons you know better than to halt me?"

"What is your instruction?"

"To not let a damned man out without a pass."

The Sergeant of the guard was called up and the instruction modified.

My old pious class leader in the church for many years was also a member of our Company and happened one day to be in a tent before which the Officer of the day was walking and was insulted by some one in the tent. He was a non-barred shoulder-strap man but that did not curtail his importance. Of course no one in the tent could tell who gave the insult so all had to go to the guard house which was a bell-tent.

(C) I was grieved and went down to console my old class-leader by telling him how the Apostles had been put in prison and how patiently they had borne their suffering. It was raining hard, and when I arrived there I found that the prison-tent was so full that all the criminals could not get clear inside that my beloved leader could only get his head inside and that his hinder-part was sticking out through the door.



He was down on his knees and elbows not praying but every time the rain dashed on him his hind end went up and down like a measuring-worm. It was then clear to my mind that no Bible story could comfort a man in such a condition so I left him to serve his time out.

One Sunday evening the Colonel wanted to make a fine display to the city folks on dress-parade and ordered that every man not on duty should be brought out. The Rev. Captain came to me and said I should go on parade and that if I did not I would be the cause of him loosing his commission. I could not see in that case that the Government would loose anything and I refused to go but he plead so piteously saying it was the law of our country and that we had been sworn in to obey the law. I told him I saw beyond our law a law whose Legislator had power to kill both soul and body and that He had a law that will not allow us to desecrate the Sabbath and that I as a Christian could not serve two masters at the same time.

The Rev. Captain acknowledged to the correctness of my position and did not wish to send me to the guard house for practicing what he had preached from the pulpit neither did he want to loose his big monthly pay nor his shoulder-straps and in his misery he became an object to pity. I said Captain we will decide the matter in this way. If you now say Go on parade let it be understood that you are never again to call on me to pray. He did not hesitate long but said Go on parade.

Dress-parades and inspections are all right on week days but all wrong on sundays and there is as much Christianity in a nation that will permit such things to be done on the Sabbath as there is in a man that will hold to Jesus with one hand and to the Devil with the other. The Christian Church during the late war prayed God to bless our army and to crown our flag with success while it was just as impossible for Him to bless a flag that thus violated His law as, it was for Him to bless the Devil and again think of the impossibility of God blessing an army having apple-jack at its headquarters. We do not claim that all head quarters had apple jack but do claim that if there was any to be had it all had head quarters and in such a way that many poor soldiers suffered under its commands both in camp and on the march. If a nation will invoke Gods blessing on its army Let it put Gods men at the head of its army then its supplication will not become pharisaical and if its cause is right the blessing will come right.

In the was of 1861-5 to armies opposed to one another bowed asking the same God to bless their arms one that a national line might be drawn between the slave and free states extending so as to take in all U.S. territory south of this line for the extension of slavery. The other against such a line for such purpose holding that the stars and stripes had no ground for a purpose so vile as that of holding human beings in bondage not guilty of crime. The one prayed to that authority of old that seemed to sanction slavery. The other to him who said "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you do ye even so to them."

Now it is evident that both petitions antagonistic as they were could not be granted even though pious men may have been the petitioners on both sides but why was the right side so long in receiving that for which it prayed? Simply because there was at head quarters too much pomposity profanity and apple jack.

The reader may think that the writer has an ill feeling toward officers and is too sweeping in his assertion but if he will investigate he will find it to be the decision of four fifths of the common soldiers.

Cumberland is a beautiful City built in a roofless cavern in the mountains and has three holes to crawl in and out. Think of a town built in a barrel on its bottom having three staves in different places knocked out for ingress and egress and you have a good representation of Cumberland.

I thought I would like to remain at this place during the war not because we only had three picket posts but because the rebels never could find us and it is likely we would have remained a long time there had it not been for a smart Aleck remarking What if the rebels should stop up the holes which opened our Colonels eyes so that he could see that we would be like rabbits shut up in a hollow stump without anything to eat. The outcome of it was in less than 24 hours we were in camp on the side of North Mountain where the ground was so steep that when we lay at nights to sleep we were compelled to drive stakes between our legs to prevent a human avalanche.

The Rev. Captain having learned a few of the primary commands, one day at this place took his company out to drill it where the boys saw a fine grove of ripe persimmons. The boys broke ranks notwithstanding the Captains Halt Halt and charged on the delicious fruit. Supreme authority was ordered down by the body and the Reverend did not have that loving spirit then that preachers usually have on feast occasions. Attention Co. E. Fall-in had been repeated by him untill it became to us monotonous but we gave undivided attention to the berries. In course of time we all felt such an outward pressure against our pants and in order to save buttons yielded to the Captains authority.

It seemed that the Rev. Captain on that occasion had forgotten all the kindness taught in the Sermon on the Mount but remembered the Mountain so he led us straight up to its top and to make it more impressive to our minds led us up its steepest slope. It would have made but little difference to us as he had to hump himself too had he been loaded down as we were.

It was in this camp one night that our Lieu. Colonel was reminded by a shower of rocks through his tent that he had better resign his office in the 126 O.V.I. which he did without delay then A.W. Ebright a gentleman and a good soldier became our Lieu. Colonel.

On the 22d of December we marched to Martinsburg and went into camp for the purpose of guarding the B. and O. Railroad and our force at this place consisted of the 106 N.Y. 126 O. and the 6th Va Battery all under command of B.F. Smith Col. of the 126 O. Regiment.

At this place rebel Mausby's men and the farmers' chicken gave us some trouble untill we got them quieted down.

Martinsburg had many good loyal citizens and they made our stay there quite pleasant taking our sick soldiers into their houses and caring for them as if they belonged to their families.

## Chapter 6

### Nursing Full Grown Babies

To Greenland Gap - Return to Martinsburg - Rebel Mausby - Promoted - To Winchester - Return to Martinsburg

Mother, my wife and all of my relation never regarded me as being a good baby nurse especially so if the kid was a heavy one. It seems that in the army would be the last place a man would have his patience broken up looking after the needs of helpless creatures yet there more than anywhere else if he was averse to nursing he had cause to get angry through and through. A soldier can fight do all kinds of guard duty care for his sick comrades and look after his own personal wants without complaining but to nurse or care for a big chunk of flesh of the human kind weighing from a 150 lbs up to 250 lbs was simply more than he had grace to bear anything and everything having a government patch sowed on its shoulders became as weak as a toad having a section of Allcocks Porous Plaster stuck to it. If there be one ex officer that can say I did not compell private soldiers to nurse me I say I do not mean him.

We always thought a soldier had enough to do in taking care of himself without fixing up officers tents cleaning up their ground cutting their fire-wood guarding their horses and in humoring them in various ways. I know that those who played the babe in the army will differ in this matter from me that they will hold that the dignity of their office justified their demands in that particular but I beg leave to say that unnecessary compulsory servitude is the outgrowth of a corrupt heart and the illegitimate child of vain aristocracy and is not compatible to human nature.

I have often seen soldiers march hard all day so that when night came they were nearer dead than alive detailed to guard all night the horses on which officers rode all day. If the dignity of a leaf, eagle or a star demands such inconsistency the dignity of justice demands that they who ride all day should guard their horses all night. I would have soldiers obey all reasonable commands but I would have them in an angry way lift the toes of their boots to the widest part of an officers breeches guilty of such inconsistency.

On the 26th of April 1863 our regiment was loaded on cattle cars and run to New Creek and on the 27th left that place and started on a march to Greenland Gap where rebel Imboden's guerrillas had attacked a small force of our men there posted.

Up to this time we knew nothing of the hardship of a foot march. The soldiers started on this tramp loaded down with all the luggage they and their grandmothers thought might be of some use and enough of it to last during the war each soldier aside from his bedding and several changes of clothing had a full kit of cooking utensils from a pepper box up to a pair of andirons hanging to him all of which in connection with his accoutrements gun, revolver, bowie-knife and an extra pair of boots for Sunday gave him the appearance of a second hand store on legs.

We had not been marching long when the most useless articles were seen by the way-side then the next and so on untill the soldier looked like a bean-pole with the vine stripped off of it. Tired and foot sore he plod on not on dry land but in the mud and the water of the creek that so often changed from one side of the road to the other but then his feet were no more soaked than was his body from the rain that poured down on him.

It was generally admitted that the disgraceful cattle-cars at this stage would not be so humiliating as they had been on other occasions.

When we arrived at Greenland Gap it was all gap the green soldiers as well as the Greenland and we were all so near dead had Imboden been there then he could easily have stopped our mouths from resembling that place in the mountains.

Next morning we viewed the ground on which it seemed quite a battle had been fought the boards on a fence trees and stumps had been marked by bullets and a loft floor in a building was well covered with blood and each soldier decided that the fun in a battle could not be very funny.

On the 28th marched 8 miles and went into camp on Mount Storm somewhere between the clouds and the moon where we cleaned up an old deadening of timber for a farmer making breast works of the logs but as Imboden did not care to have anything to do with us we felt that we could not afford to do so much for nothing and we made a break for the farmers animals, chicken etc. on which we held a strong attachment.

The farmer served out an injunction holding in his complaint as usual that he was a good Union man. Our Colonel eased the farmer off by tying a few of his bad boys up by the thumbs but the farmer had no sooner left than the bad boys were cut down so they could fry and eat their meat.

After several days marching and counter marching to find Imboden we found ourselves in our old camp at Martinsburg.

On the 25th of May Co. E. was detailed as a reception committee to receive rebel Mousby then expected and for that purpose was marched out of camp in the dark a few miles where the Rev. Captain deployed us behind a fence and where it would have necessitated the shooting down of four fences well staked and ridged between us and Mousby's road before we could well salute him. The writer not caring to waste powder in that way fell asleep on his post and does not know to this day whether Mousby passed along that road or not that night.

Next evening on dress-parade I heard my promotion to corporal read off. I suppose bravery on the Reception Committee did it.

On the 13th and 14th of May our Company guarded a supply train to Winchester. Gen. Milroy was fighting there at the time and we took a lot of rebel prisoners back to Martinsburg to show our comrades what a gray back looked like.

## Chapter 7

### Battle at Martinsburg

Pack-up Pack-up - The Rebels in Sight - First Battle - How the Men were  
Effected - Rail-road Iron in the Air - Fell back to Harpers Ferry - Poor tent  
Mate

The duty of a corporal though harder and more dangerous than that of a captain's was not so hard as the duty of a private and I felt proud of my promotion.

After sewing the chevrons denoting the rank of a corporal on my coat sleeves I went down in town to see what attention the citizens would give me and to return their salutes. I had walked along all the principal streets and was wondering why it was that the people were so busy they could not take time to salute me when it occurred to my mind that they had seen such marks of distinction before. A little urchin blurted out "Say Mister cantsher raise that hole in your pants behind up under your blouse."

On the morning of the 14th of May 1863 the sun rose in splendor and was drying the dew on the sweet smelling clover then in full bloom. The air sang in a whispering tone and its breath was balmy. The boys had long since ceased to picture in their minds what their trials and sickening scenes would be in their first battle and were in hope that the war would end and save them from taking a part in a bloody struggle and they seemed as cheerful as they could have been at their homes but Alas being so cheerful they failed to interpret or to hear what the wind whispered when it said "Look to the south boys. Look to the south."

Our Colonel's voice was soon heard

Pack-up Pack-up boys and fall-in quick.

In a short time our gallant Brigade was thrown in position between the Winchester pike and the Charlestown road where we could see away to the south.

A dirty gray cloud of dust.

All knew the cause and meaning of the cloud and had a short time for serious reflection to gaze on the world perhaps the last time and to think of home while the cloud rolled its dusty form nearer.

During this period tears in the eyes of some seemed to tell that they were thinking of their parents wives brothers sisters and children others it seemed looked into the field of eternity and could see no consolation beyond the dead-line and regarded the fatal ball as an initiatory step into eternal darkness while a few others it seemed by their looks had not so much as ever heard of a Savior nor of a hell but realized that a terrible struggle was about to take place as did the dumb bruits under harness and saddles.

It was different with the Christian soldiers they raised their eyes heavenward as if to renew their hope and strength and a smile of blessed assurance seemed to play on their faces indeed they seemed ready if called to soar above the war-cloud and there take their crowns.

The writer thought of home of Heaven and of Hell and of enough else to fill up a book and acted like a saint not like St Paul but like St Vitus and every muscle of his body kicked as if keeping time to the beating of his heart which though weak just then in grit was certainly strong in drum duty.

Yes it seemed while the cloud was yet some distance off I could see the heads arms and legs of men scattered hither and thither by bursting shells that I could see the hateful bayonet plunged deep into the bodies of men and the crimson blood dropping from its point when withdrawn. In the first place I was anxious for my own safety in the second for that of my comrades. Excuse me for being so selfish. I propose to only record facts in this book and I grieved when I thought of my poor helpless tent-mate who had been suffering so long from a crick in his back. A peculiarity of his disease was that the crick was more spasmodic while the officers were about him than when not and that he could not turn himself while awake but in his sleep could flop over like a sunfish.

I had left him back in our tent and was sorry to think he would be captured and die in a rebel prison for the want of food and some one to turn him over but I had made up my mind to be a soldier and nerved up for the coming trial.

Lees army at that time was making its raid into Maryland which ended at the battle of Gettysburg and our position before it by reason of our number was a very critical one - as much so as a defenseless man's before a lion and it was evident that if we got out of that hole as a whole some stratagem must be resorted to so our Colonel made a bold front of his men holding the enemy off with a view of securing the darkness of night for his men to escape from being all captured.

Our Battery was planted on quite a high eminence and our two regiments 106 N.Y. and the 126 O. just in its rear. There the enemy could see us but could not see the lower ground to know our strength and it halted to investigate and the time it lost was our gain. The sun was nearly down when the rebel cavalry charged on a few of our cavalry stationed over on the Winchester pike just to our right and in full view. Our Battery gave them a broad side which caused them to break and run back with our Cavalry on their heels whooping them up with barking carbines. The sight to us was as if a half a dozen dogs were chasing five hundred foxes. Shells from our Battery made the foxes hump their backs. Cheers from our Infantry encouraged our dogs on. It was fun for us and every man's sides was working like a bellows when the rebel batteries opened on us being on a small space of ground as we were brought a concentration of their fire over our heads. When the coming in contact of their cross-fire shot the bursting of shells and their rip-tearing noise in an appalling sense outrivalled the worst prolonged thunder throwing in the explosion of several steam boilers.

I will not vouch for the correctness of the statement but I heard some of the boys say who took time to look up that they saw rail-road spikes flying in the air with the ties hanging to them.

We just tumbled off of that knob like turtles off of a stump before the enemy could lower its guns and took the Shepperds town road for Harpers Ferry loosing about 200 of our men.

We waded the Potomac river at Shepherdstown and kept up the march all night and at a gait expressive of the fact that danger was in our rear arriving at Harpers Ferry about sun up with hardly enough strength to lift our feet and while I was trying to ascend Maryland Heights with what little strength left in me I was surprised to see far up the mountain above me my sick comrade having the peculiar crick in his back. He had made the forced march with not less than 60 lbs of soft-ware and hard-ware strapped on his back but then the rebels were in his rear.

It is strange that so many shoulder-strap men suddenly became sick just before the fighting days came on went to hospitals remained there a long time and drew pay for duty their non commissioned officers did for them re signed and drew a pension on their hospital records some of them more money than a dozen good private soldiers get having their legs shot off in battle.

I hold that the paying of a larger pension to one soldier than to another disabled in the same degree is as inconsistent as the evil was our Army sought to suppress. I know that it is held that such discrimination is allowed to secure the best talent for commanders and to meet responsibility but I am inclined to believe that no duty in the army required good talent more than the duty of handling a gun because if the lines of gun-men gave way they carried all sword-men including their talent back like the water of Conemaugh Valley did chips on its bosom. But you ask

Does the writer pretend to say that General Grant was not a greater soldier than any of his privates were?

I say that each private created a leaf in the wreath of honor Grant wore and I now ask you Which is the greater the creator or the thing created?

But it is not my purpose to point out the greatest soldier if it was and if I could I would certainly find that he never had a shoulder-strap on at the time he gained such distinction.





## Chapter 8

# Phantasm Ridge Battle

Hotest Fight of the War - Clear Blood shed - Joined the Army of the Potomac  
- Lee forced Back - Lees Woman at Bull Run - Meades at Culpepper

We remained at Harpers Ferry until the 1st of July 1863 doing camp, picket and garrison duty on a small scale but fighting the wind on a large scale. It was emphatically declared from the tail end lieutenant up to the head of the pile that the rebels were about to dash in on us. 11000 of us were here under Gen. French all new soldiers and all being thrashed with nettles and none seemed so itchy as the officers were. It was Fall in every day twenty four times in twenty four hours generally forming a different battle line every different hour and under a burning hot sun it was no easy task to climb up the steep side of the Ridge on double quick time. Was any blood shed? Well yes, I should say there was and as clear as ever dropped from the face of man or ever oozed through his shirt.

What a fine thing it is for soldiers if their officers have enough solid sense and coolness to keep their coat-tails down when the wind is not blowing. It is all right to be on the alert when the enemy is near by but even then no officer should act like a pismire on a hot griddle.

The natural advantage and the strong fortifications at Harpers Ferry were such that under a good commander we could have kept off four times our number as long as our ammunition and rations held out.

In walking over the ground on Maryland Heights we could see the faces hands and feet of many soldiers sticking out of the ground partly buried by the rebels after Gen Miles disgraceful surrender at Harpers Ferry.

Our force evacuated Harpers Ferry on the 1st of July for the purpose of strengthening the Army of the Potomac then in pursuit of the rebel army in Maryland. Our Brigade was detailed to guard a fleet of canal-boats conveying heavy guns to Washington City and from Washinton it went to Frederick City by rail then marched to Middletown and joined the Army of the Potomac which was in hot pursuit of the rebels falling back from Gettysburg. Here a brave lieutenant of Co. E. seeing things look so war like and feeling mighty sent a ball through his hand from his revolver. Of course that brought his discharge but the war did not stop on that account and his service in the company was never missed.

From this time on the history of the 126 O. Regiment is identified with that of the Army of the Potomac and with it did its share of duty and on the 9th of July our Regiment was assigned to the 3rd Brigade 3d Division of the 3d Army Corps and made up of the 126 O. 106 N.Y. 87 Pa and 10th Ver regiments.

Lo give the daily hard marching in sun and rain the suffering from hunger and thirst the men endured from this time up to the 15th of August would be to repeat the same thing over and over it simply was a struggle near the grave.

Our Army had forced the rebels back to Culpepper C.H. and was in camp at Foxes Ford on the Rappahannock River when our Regiment was sent to New York City to aid in enforcing the draft.

At Alexandria we embarked on the transport Merrimac and soon had a smell of diluted salt. The boys cried out New York long before the City was in sight and the decks

soon became as slippery as a greased eel and while the boat was going through the motion of a colt letting up behind if there was a soldier aboard that did not get the seat of his breeches smeared it was because that part of his trousers had been worn away as was the case with some of us.

We arrived in the City on the 22d and camped on Castle Garden. The drafted Yorkers seeing that bayonets were in fashion about town yielded at once to the society of those who bore them.

On the 6th of September we embarked on the Empire State and returned to Alexandria marching from there back to Foxes Ford arriving on the 14th of November we played what might be called Doing it over and over again. It was as if Lee had an old woman at Bull Run and Meade one at Culpepper and alternately went to see their sweet hearts and when either one went to see his duck he had to be escorted by both armies.

It may have been fun for those old codgers, but not so for their foot men.

We never could understand why and how it was that Lee could force Meade back to Bull Run and after hugging his girl become so weak that Meade could force Lee back to Culpepper and after squeezing his girl become weak and thus by turns cause all the marching and countermarching that was kept up. Did they get their locks shorn off?

The fact is if we could drive Lee back we could hold him back and had we had at the head of our Army the talent we are told is purchased and obtained by the payment of a big salary business between the two armies would have been settled up on the 11th of October 1863 near Brandy Station. Meade was a good soldier but like a colt shoved into a parlor he was simply out of his place but it taught us that we were in need of a commander from the farm or a shop that the kid glove gentry as a rule were fizzles except in drawing rooms. Of course there were a few exceptions. Hancock was a corset man but he was an able commander and should have been in Meader place but that regular course of promotion instead of selecting the fittest was the secret of our reverses and a curse to our Army.

## Chapter 9

### Battle at Locust Grove

Co. E. in a hot Place - Its Retreat - The Dead ranked Up - How Buried - Mine Run Campaign - Winter Quarters

On the 27th of November 1863 our Army forded the Rapidan River at Jacobs Ford for the purpose of again attacking the rebels in their position on the south side of the River and a lively engagement took place at Locust Grove on the 27th resulting in quite a loss to both sides.

Our Regiment was sent up a deep ravine to attack the enemy on its right.

The Regiment halted and Co. E. was thrown over the hill as skirmishers to open up the fight and it soon found itself in a hot place and was making it warm for the Johnnies when they threw out a regiment to dish us in. We gave this regiment but little attention while it was getting in our rear thinking it would find a hornets nest down in the hole where we had left our Regiment but when the rebels had arrived at a point where we thought they would stir our nest up our hornets did not buzz.

Our Company as skirmishers formed what might be called a head line drawn so as to cross the ends of three rebel battle lines we had bayonets fixed and was doing quite a good war trade when it was suggested to the Rev. Captain that he had better "get" he then ordered Retreat but Great Scissors it did not look like retreating. He should have commanded.

Right-rear Vault. Passade and Thrust.

(C) But though his order meant one thing and duty another thing the result was the same. The men about faced and with guns at a trail or one half charge bayonet flew into that rebel regiment like timbers flying from the explosion of a steam boiler not so much from bravery as from the fact that it was the only chance of escape and teaches the fact that if one hundred men in a business like way will boldly pitch into one thousand half cowards they can put that many half cowards to flight.

On this occasion the sight of our men having bayonets fixed and manifesting no disposition to halt seemed to paralyze the rebels so that they stood spell bound while we passed through, between, by or among them. I hardly know how.

I have since thought that the entire rebel regiment had surrendered to our Company and that we were so badly scared we did not know it. After getting into a strip of woods near by and leading back to the left of our main battle lines, I played leaping deer some distance then Indian and from behind a tree soon saw my man he saw the puff of smoke from my gun and he lay down. I had just reloaded when I saw a little to my left the rebel flag. I was not long in pulling the trigger and had the pleasure of seeing that thing fall on the ground there was behind me a steep bank over which I tumbled more than jumped but first the rebels shot the bushes away and I did not tear my clothes on them.

The reader may think that the pronoun I is getting too large but I would to God that each soldier of our entire Army had been as successful had they been there would not be so many infernal rebels in our country today to love and to pack old Jeff's bones from place to place.

I never learned the cause of the sudden disappearance of the remaining part of our Regiment from where we left it and the reason why we were not called in when it left.

The left of our main lines soon became engaged and the fight was kept up until late in the night when the rebels withdrew.

It seemed to make no difference during the evening which side of a tree was selected for safety the men fell thick and fast.

(C)Next morning as I was going in search of my Regiment I passed by a rank of dead men it was about 40 ft long and about four men deep by the side of the rank a trench was being dug to receive the bodies. The dead were clothed in their bloody garments and the blood had not been washed from their faces and hands their eyes had not been closed and the sight was a ghastly one. Some of the dead seemed to stare at the blue sky others to look down in the cold grave as it was being made while others looked at me as if imploring help and mangled bodies headless bodies all seemed to cry out. This is the result of war but while I looked in the sickening scene a something transformed their ghastly features to the proud smiles of victors and there seemed to stand by their side or the side of the trench the Goddess of Liberty holding out in her hand a parchment on which had been written with the blood of the slain

They died for their Country.

We next went through what is known as the Mine Run Campaign suffering more from fatigue and hunger than from rebel bullets and on the 4th of December went into winter-quarters at Brandy Station.

A soldier's winter quarter was a hut constructed from such material as could be formed to shelter him from storms and was regarded a good one if he could get all of himself in it. Its appearance was like that of a pen back on a farm to shelter a sow and pigs.

While in winter-quarters we were often made glad by a box of provision from home. Here in a box of provision I received from sister Catharine a jug of soup.

## Chapter 10

# Yank Vs Vestimenti

Millions Killed - Number not Diminished

Though picket duty was exceedingly heavy it did not cause our greatest bodily suffering that came from body-lice. We had taken up the quarters built and occupied by the rebels before they were driven south of the Rapidan River. Our mistake was in not giving them time to gather up their young ones to take along. It has been said To err is human to forgive divine but I shall never become divine if I am to forgive those gray-backs for leaving their young in our hands or more accurately in our pants. Whatever might be said against those little brats this must be said to their credit. They were willing to have loyal blood in them a something that could not be said of their fathers.

The lice refused to give peaceable possession on the ground that the lands belonged to their fathers and that they as direct descendants fell heirs to the huts and all property their fathers had left.

Of course in time of peace civil law would sustain their position but the country was under martial law and we had taken the lands from their fathers by force of arms hence claimed the territory but having true southern blood and no proper conception of the difference between right and wrong the lice declared as a last resort all they wanted was what their eminent Grand father had asked "to be let alone".

Well on account of their ignorance and size we did not want to fight them and we concluded to let them alone but the dang brats would not let us alone.

So here we had a predicament prediculus vestimenti on our hands in fact all over us and as we had not been licked by their daddies we did not propose to bear the insolence of their offspring.

(C) Well at it we went Yank vs Vestimenti but vestimenti got under yanks vest and it meant it and in a short period of time they had thousands of yanks down and their shirts pulled off but yanks down as they were would not give up. Days nights clouds and suns passed over still the battle continued with no sign of abating. On account of size and the position the little brats took large guns could not be brought in use but the little fellows were pressed between the thumb nails of the yanks untill they bursted and the bursting of their tough skins on the field of battle produced a sound not unlike the clicking of a clock store. Spring time came and the fight was declared a draw battle. Though we had killed millions of the enemy their number did not seem diminished in the least and we all decided that we would rather fight their daddies.

One time a sheep said to a calf "Bah Caffie I see nasty on your tail". The sheep had never examined its own hind-end all loaded down. The Rev. Captain had unmercifully roasted the boys for not keeping their clothes clean and their persons free from lice but had not examined his own hind end when he did he found himself well loaded down and with lice of an unusual size by reason of non molestation.

The Rev. Captain finding that his Corporal had successfully lived through the attacks of gray-backs of all sizes concluded to place him where death was more Shure and assigned him to the duty of color-guard.

On the 25th of March when the five Corps of the Army of the Potomac by an order had been reduced to three Corps and numbered respectively 2nd 5th and 6th the 126th Ohio Regiment was assigned to the 2d Brigade 3d Division of the 6th Army Corps. Sedgwick commanded our Corps Ricketts our Division and Seymour our Brigade. Our Brigade was composed of the 110th 122d and 126th O. regiments the 138th Pa 6th Md and the 9th N.Y. Heavy Artillery.

Past experience taught a dear school but a good one the regular system of promoting was abandoned and a wise choice was made in selecting a chief commander from the farm and the shop. So on the 2d of March 1864 U.S. Grant was made General-in-Chief of all the armies of the United States and established himself with the Army of the Potomac.

The 5th of May found the Army of the Potomac on the south side of the Rapidan River again and a hundred thousand strong to face an army of rebels nearly as strong in number with all advantages in its favor which far more made up for the difference in numbers.

The two great armies then confronted each other in what was properly called the wilderness where low scrubby pine bushes with their dead sharp pointed limbs formed an almost impenetrable abatis through which we had to charge on our foe. Our Brigade had worked itself well up in the face of the enemy and was carrying on a good war trade when the darkness of night threw its garment over the scene of that day's work.

On the morning of the 6th Henry Miller a member of my Company and a brave soldier who had never flinched in time of duty came to me and requested that I would send some trinkets he had to his friends at home. I asked what he meant. He replied I will be killed today. I answered that it was simply a thought and that it should not be entertained. He said Please comply the day will prove that it is no simple thought. He was killed as he predicted.

It was well known when Grant took command of our Army that something would drop and what or who would fall was unknown and there were but two ways for a soldier to escape the uncertainty viz Get sick and to desert and those who happened to get sick at that time were of all most lucky. Luck at that time seemed to bestow its favors on officers just as the people do now and officers became sick like flies on a sheet of fly-paper. The Rev. Captain and his famous Lieutenant soon became safely housed in the airy wards of a hospital leaving the company in a non official capacity when the fighting days came on. Were they naturally sick? Well I should say so and so was the writer when he thought of the dark future and the impossibility of getting into a hospital before he felt lead but the company was left under charge of its Orderly Sergeant a good soldier and was as well off as it had been.

## Chapter 11

# Wilderness Battle

Gordon turns Our Right - Great Slaughter - A sad sight - Grand to see Our Flag  
- The General from the Farm - Advance to Spottsylvania

On that beautiful morning of May 6th 1864 the sun rose on five thousand of our brave comrades the last time. What soldier will ever forget the words Fall-in Fix-bayonets Forward Double-quick March. On the morning of the 5th our Colonel was relieved from the command of the Brigade by Seymour taking charge of it and we heard our Colonel giving the above commands on the morning of the day of slaughter to our Regiment and we all felt glad that our brave Colonel was with us. Through the night we heard the enemy's axes cutting timber to fortify itself.

(C) Our lines promptly moved forward struggling through the natural abatis while a blast of leaden hail from the enemy's guns poured into the bosom of our advancing line but nearer and nearer the stars and stripes were carried to the hidden cause of the blast. The enemy was found to be not only strong in number but in a strong position having in front of it a big log heap as long as its line and during two long hours logs received our lead while human bodies received that of the enemy.

Our brave Color bearer D.W. Welch by my side fell dead. I grabbed for the dear old flag but another of its guards was the first to get it and he boldly waved it in the enemy's face. Though the assault had been most gallantly made it was repulsed with dreadful loss and our dead and dying left bleeding in tangled brush when our lines fell back a short distance and threw up breast works.

Up to this time our Regiment had been the extreme right of Grants lines but while we were entrenching Shalers Brigade of the first division of our Corps was thrown on our right. There had been a lull in the storm except brisk picket fighting during which rebel Gordon under cover of the thick woods had thrown his troops on the right and in rear of Shaler doubling his brigade up on us. Shaler and Seymour were undoubtedly unequal to the occasion. Had they been they would have changed front so as to face the enemy but instead remained still as wooden dummies though they had ten minutes time to do so after the enemy's move was known thus were the two brigades left exposed to an enfilading fire from the enemy's guns.

Quite natural sickness and other causes had left our brigade with none but healthy soldiers hence it had none to run or to break back from the enemy every man turned face and gun toward the foe as if determined to conquer or die on the ground but being out of proper position valor could not long exist in that seething channel of hell exposed to such a raking shower of lead the intelligence of our men soon threw them in a cloud shaped body. Shalers brigade melted away and the cloud body only remained to decide what flag should hold the ground. As before stated it had none to break and run and it had none willing to surrender which naturally brought on a hand to hand fight.

(C) The sun had wailed his face as if refusing to longer witness the bloody scene darkness had gathered around us and the rebels in our midst flames issued from guns like many flashes of lightning and the roar of musketry was like that of rolling thunder when the shrieks and the groans of the dying at our feet told that the destruction of life was appalling. The blue and gray lay side by side and their blood flowed into the same pool

while blue and gray stood over them with ball and bayonet adding more crimson to the painted ground often mistaken friend for foe in the dark.

Our Regiment consisting of about 400 men on the field that evening lost in killed and missing 230 men in that night struggle among which was Capt. McCready of Co. H. one of our best soldiers in camp and on the battle field though good he was no more worthy of praise than any private that there shed his blood.

Gordon gathered up the remnants of his command and went back to his den in the woods taking Seymour and Shaler as prisoners with him regretting that he had crossed arms with our brigade.

Next morning presented both a sad and a glorious sight it was sad to see so many of our comrades cold in death but grand to see the stars and stripes standing there with here and there a lone soldier to mark the ground they fought to hold.

In the after part of the day when one line fell back a soldier lay between us and the enemy with both of his legs broken and he cried so piteously for help that I determined to rescue him at the risk of my own life. He was as near to the enemy as to us in point of distance but I believed that his cries found sympathetic hearts even in rebels and they would not shoot down a man who in mercy responded to the helpless mans appeals so i made a dash for the poor man exposing my body to thousands of rebel guns and carried him back of our line where he seemed to be satisfied and he gave me a thankful look he there remained no doubt untill death relieved him from pain. I was right in my opinion of the rebels they did not shoot at me and perhaps admired the act.

On the morning of the 7th both armies lay panting like two dogs after a hard fight. It was American blood against American blood and the valor was the same on both sides but a pause was fitting while each army stared as if awstricken by the blood oozing and dropping from the ghastly wounds of thirty thousand dead and wounded men. Yes it was fitting that a pause be made while the warm blood of friend and foe mingled and embraced in the same pool and to think of the sorrow in the many homes and of the many fatherless children cruel war had made on that bloody day but while the breath of the warm blood in the form of mist was ascending up in the blue sky to the god who gave it our corps commanders had seated themselves in their saddles waiting for the order to recross the Rapidan as on former occasions. Finally an order came similar to this.

Let the 2d and 5th corps engage the enemy in their front and the 6th corps move to the left of the 2d and 5th and attack the enemy on its right.

Great Scott what does that mean was asked untill some one whispered The General is from the farm and shop.

The explanation was so satisfactory that each soldier made up his mind to get down to business and to fight it out on that line if it did take all summer.

Our brigade with its corps moved to the left toward Spottsylvania C.H. but the men were worn out hungary and sleepy having had no rest night nor day since crossing the Rapidan so that men on this tedious night march walked and slepted at the same time and that the reader may better know the condition of the men I will relate a circumstance that occurred on the way.

The infantry had cleared the road for the purpose of moving artillery the land was low and muddy the men had no sooner stepped aside than they in their sleep sank down in the mud as if falling on a feather tick soon the order came Fall-in when the men in their



dream of fighting pounded one another with their guns. Of course that business soon brought them to their sense and some senseless.

(C) As for myself I could hear commands but was unable to obey them. I had a ring on my finger which my brother Thomas then in the 52d O. sent me and thinking I had lost it was down on my knees with my arms in the mud up to my elbows hunting for it and worried over the loss of that ring nearly two days.

The fact is for several days we had been fighting and marching and had not had a quiet hour in which to rest and but little food to eat we were neither asleep nor awake neither dead or alive but so near dead that the finishing touch would have given but little pain and in such a semiconscious state moved and fought and had one more day of such life before rest came to our relief.

All night and all next day through the mud here and there via Chancellorsville and Todds Tavern marched and at six pm on the 8th arrived in position on Alsop's farm three miles northwest of Spottsylvania for the purpose of charging on the enemy's works but the order being countermanded we threw our blankets down and our bodies on them we did not fall asleep we had been asleep but were no sooner down than that unwelcome Fall-in rang in our ears. Fall-in meant for two purposes one to march off the other the rebs are coming. Had the men then thought it was to march they would not have moved though near dead as they were were willing to spend the little strength left in killing rebels and they fell in again.

I sprang to my feet and repeated the order to the boys but in my slumber could not pack up my things. I stood like a statue yet I knew what I should do I could do nothing until the column was moving then I could gather up my things.

(C) We were moved some distance to support a heavy battery in case of need and in the light of those blazing guns and close by their wheels we again lay down to sleep and aside from some worry about that ring I think it was the sweetest nights sleep I ever had. In the morning when I awoke I looked at my hand and saw the lost ring on my finger. A glance over my surroundings taught what the night had been branches and trees had been shot down fragments of bursted shells lay thick on the ground cannon trucks had been overturned and comrades lay sleeping only to awaken at the sound of the reveille bugle in Heaven.

Reader do not think that this sketch is over-drawn many a battle scarred soldier yet lives who can testify to similar trials but are debarred from a pension by a twisty string of red tape and the use of the pronoun in the first person in this book should not be construed as meaning that the command in which the writer was placed dared and suffered more than other troops that went through the thick of the war. Bear in mind that we write only what we saw know and believe holding in view that truth is better than fiction.

It was on that field that Capt. Campton of Co. K added his blood to the precious price paid for the preservation of the Union and no soldier I care not what mark of distinction his shoulder bore shed better blood than did this Captain. He had not the pomposity that many of our officers had but he had something better a human soul and private John Myers of our Company there went to sleep and is waiting for the final call with the rest.

On the 9th we threw up entrenchments and as I was digging down I came on a bed of Mica. I had never seen a deposit of it before in the ground and I wondered if I was down on the frozen heart of the Confederacy but I remembered that was black and saw that the material under me resembled ice or glass and believed I was at the end of the world. I looked down to see how many rebels were in the lower regions and fancied I saw the

haggard face of old Jeff Davis. I would have jumped into hell to kill the old rebel but could not tear through the glass screen. Rebels yet living may say it was my own image I saw.

On the 10th remained in the works and the roar of musketry and thunder of artillery shook the earth with their fearful detonation.

On the 11th moved a short distance to the left under a heavy fire from the enemy and took a new position.

Since the 5th our Regiment held a position in the first line of battle of its brigade a fact I cannot account for unless it was believed that the 126 Ohio could bust the rebellion if backed by enough men or there may have been some peculiarity about it that the General desired to have it killed first that the fittest might survive.

## Chapter 12

# Battle at Spottsylvania

Roll of Musketry – Sheet of Fire – Hunting for the Center of the Earth – No Hole – Regiment cut up but not Whipped – Ready Again

On the 12th of May 1864 our Regiment 126th Ohio was detached to support Gen. Wheatons, brigade of the 2d Div. 6th corps.

It had just lined in the rear of that brigade when Wheaton ordered it forward in line of battle making his brigade a support for our Regiment.

I shall let the reader supply the profane language necessary to express the inconsistency in that Generals order. Before us lay three lines of that brigade flat on their bellies and looked as if they had been well fed just beyond them and over the brow of the hill the rebels were strongly entrenched behind earth works on which logs were slightly elevated so they could aim their guns under them and protect their heads and in front of their works was the hateful abatis.

The order though inconsistent from the fact Wheaton sought to save his own men by sacrificing the blood of the 126th Ohio it must be obeyed and over those prostrated lines we marched as we charged on the enemy.

(C) Artists have grieved because they could not paint a dying groan here they might grieve in failing to paint the roar of musketry as it rolled from under those logs and the flaming sheet of actual fire trown in our faces from guns of well protected rebels. Had our Regiment been successful in that charge Wheaton's brigade would have received the credit and its general an additional star on his shoulder the purchase price of which would have been the blood of our Regiment as it was it gave its blood not for a star but for its country.

The rebels were reserving their fire for a close contact or when we got over their works and like the heathen champion when David stepped out before him no doubt thought Let that little band of Yanks come near and we "will give their flesh to the jackals" but for some reason our line halted just a few paces in front of their works when a flash like that of lightning came from under those logs carrying a leaden bolt on every beam of light and unlike David our line fell. Five men lay dead at my feet and by them lay our flag. I did not raise it but sought revenge from the traitors daring to shoot it down by sending seventy balls under those logs before I left sixty were of my own ten I took from a dead mans box taking aim as deliberately as if shooting hogs.

I certainly was cool because I traded caps then with a dead man giving him no boot though I knew his cap was better than mine.

So heavy was the enemy's fire that a small tree in front of me was soon cut down and my clothes and gun cut by balls. Being out of ammunition I lay down as flat on the ground as I could spread myself and would have had no objection to getting nearer the center of the earth had there been a hole near at hand and impatiently waited for an order to retreat and in fact did not know that any of my comrades were alive to retreat as they were all still and just as close to the ground as I was so I went back on my own order and fooled away no time on the way. But why was no order to retreat given simply because Wheaton one of the big men that busted in history the rebellion was back of the hill safe with his brigade. Had he brought his brigade up at the moment the rebels emptied their guns at us the works could have been taken.

Our Lieu Colonel being wounded in the fight the few men left went back as I did to the rear.

The reader may think that no man could come out of such a fire as stated alive and at this time it so seems to me but let me explain and I will let you draw your own conclusion.

At that time I believed God was protecting my life as firmly as I believed I was living and felt that under his care I need not fear and I knew I had a father and a mother whose undoubing faith centered in the Head of the church in such a way that their petition for my safe return must be granted. Now you may say that I lived through it under that mysterious electrical faith such as is found in mesmerism or that it was supernatural protection but so far as the matter rests with me I never felt in that case under obligation to mesmeric influence but have felt a sense of the gratitude I owe God for protection on that memorable day.

After we had fallen back Wheaton advanced his brigade but it broke before reaching the ground we had lain with nothing left in our boxes to shoot. His brigade was all right but its general was – well all right on big pay and soft bread.

It was sad to see so few men of our Regiment as they reformed under our colors it had nearly been swept from the earth but what remained was not whipped had it been ordered to again charge it would have fixed bayonets and went back without ammunition as it was.

The Orderly Sergeant being wounded I was relieved from color guard duty promoted to sergeant and took charge of our company by order of Lieu Col. Ebright of our Regiment. The Regiment returned to its brigade feeling that it had been shamefully treated by Gen. Wheaton.

I have no desire to reflect discredit on any commander or division of troops that belonged to the Union Army but in the absence of satisfactory reasons for certain events I may though not intentionally wrong some parties.

The details as given by the writer are those of his Regiment which formed but a unit of the army having the capture of Richmond in view.

## Chapter 13

# Burying the Dead

17,000 Dead and Wounded - All alike Brave - The highly Honored - Tainted with Heathenism -Where Generals Stood - Where Privates Stood

During the night the enemy fell back and the 13th of May 1864 was made a Burial day. Aside from picket fighting and some artillery firing all else seemed to bow in respect for the 9,000 blue and 8,000 gray lying dead and wounded side by side and on heaps.

They had all alike been brave soldiers but 8,000 had fallen fighting against right though deluded as they had been they were dead and entitled to the last right that of being put under ground.

But 9,000 fell defending the stars and stripes and though worthy of the highest Christian burial were buried in the rude military way far from kindred tears and loving hands at home save in cases where a brother's hand softly smoothed a brother's brow and where a father wept over the pale face of his son or the son over that of his father. The trenches dug the bodies thrown in the dirt over them and the burial was over. No no Not over. The bodies of men up in rank were taken home having escorts until the danger line was passed as if their dead flesh was better than the flesh thrown in the trench.

I hold that the office should be highly respected but that the officer as a human being is worthy of no more respect than a private if each in his sphere did his duty and that any person who would discriminate between the two is tainted with the false ism of the old heathen school of egotistical lords and dukes.

What has been the history of our country of its so called maxim Equality and Justice to All? Has it not expended thousands of dollars as a funeral fund for some idolized dead body who in life had perhaps secured his position through lobbyists or perhaps through the blood of his fighting men. Has it not expended many dollars in erecting sky-towering monuments over the graves of certain dead officers instead of putting loaves of bread in cupboards for famishing widows and orphans of private soldiers whose precious blood was shed on a battle field and Has it not to a great extent violated its solemn pledge to care for the widows and orphans of its dead soldiers and without regard to equality and justice bestowed its praise its sympathy its tears and its substance on a few dead men whose enormous salaries and exalted privileges had far exceeded their usefulness in life? Such and similar questions have been often asked and it looks as if Yes, should be given to all of them.

The writer would not pluck a merited star from the crown of any Union general but since the close of the war he would have as many dollars pension put in the privates pocket as in the generals providing they were disabled in the same degree and under no consideration would he erect a hundred thousand dollar monument over a general's grave and not so much as place a headstone at a privates grave.

The Government no doubt is paying out enough pension money to make good its pledges but I think it is getting to much in the pockets of a few and not enough in the pockets of the many. Some may say that the writer is

END OF TABLET NO. TWO, page 144

ignorant of the importance of the position generals held in the late war that if he knew that a general's service to his country was equal to that of fifty privates and in view of which his pay should be equal to that of fifty privates he would not begrudge him receiving all the honor and such big pay for putting the rebellion down.

I want to here say that there is not a soldier that knows or believes such bosh and that he who has not been a soldier is no competent judge in this matter. I shall venture the assertion that our Capitol would have been as well protected by fifty privates without a general as it would have been by fifty generals without a private.

Let those who differ from me on the subject of pay and honor go with me to this burial ground on the 13th and I will there show them where the generals stood and where the privates stood while the work of death was going on and I am sure they would prefer to stand where the generals stood without pay rather than to stand where the privates stood for a general's pay.

The fact is if with your natural eyes you could see today the 17,000 soldiers dead and wounded as they lay on that day side by side on heaps in pools of blood and blood still oozing from gaping wounds here and there a trembling hand raised as if imploring help and the mass of dead bodies moving and quivering from the dying struggles of poor soldiers beneath the piles no amount of money would be a tempting consideration to induce you to stand where those 9,000 dead and crippled soldiers had stood with their breasts against rebel bayonets defending the rights you and I enjoy.

I think I can appreciate the worth of a good general but I cannot indorse the difference in pay as made by our Government between a general and a private. It is too much like a father taking the hard earned money of his five sons and giving it to his sixth son that stood and looked at the work being done.

In the battle at Spottsylvania trees up to twenty inches in diameter were cut down by musket balls and a section of a tree thus cut down on this field is now on exhibition in the War Department at Washington.

While walking among the dead on that battle field I found the dead body of my tent mate Geo. W. Aeron. He and I together had read our testaments in camp and I secured his precious book from his pocket and sent it to his mother.

On the 14th our line advanced about six miles and charged in line of battle across the Ny River wading in water up to our necks and secured the heights on its south side near the Anderson house and remained there on the 15th and 16th throwing up entrenchments having no particular annoyance other than an occasional musket ball and the explosion of a shell now and then in our midst from the rebel lines but we could eat and sleep and in that way regained much of our former selves.

I took a walk and strolled a few rods from my Company where I found a quiet place to read my Testament. I read a few chapters and was thinking of the goodness of God and of His promises to them that put their trust in Him when my mind pictured before me the firey furnaces the Red sea waters coming together and the inhuman struggles of men killing men I had so lately passed through. I remembered that at least on two different occasions I had reason to believe that His protecting arms had been around me and I remembered that on one Sunday evening I yielded to the Rev. Captain's decision that it was better to go on dress-parade than to pray and felt that in that act I had turned my back to God and my face toward hell. I here use the noun Hell in a common way because it was as common in the army as manure piles in a cow-yard but that His protecting care had still been over me in answer to my parents petition. I was then a self convicted sinner and I grieved. My prayer was a short one but I threw my whole soul in it.

Lord forgive the wretch I am.

A light more silvery than that of the sun bursting from beneath a black cloud seemed then to shine around me all nature seemed a thousand times more beautiful than it ever had before. I loved everybody even the rebels and felt at the time that I could not shoot at them again. My soul was happy. I laughed and I cried.

Some call it religion and some call it a delusion of the mind but I care not what it is called if I can only have such a religion or such a delusion when my last hour comes I will find it to be a panacea for all temporal pain and a balm for all mental sorrow and under its soothing influence I could lay down by my grave and cry out Victory Victory through the blood of the Lamb.

During the night of the 17th our corps fell back to the position it held on the 12th arriving early on the morning of the 18th and remained under a heavy artillery fire untill noon and then marched back to the Ny River near the Anderson house. On the 19th our line was advanced about two miles and entrenched keeping up a brisk skirmish fight untill the 21st when Hills corps brought on an engagement between it and ours but soon brought it off and fell back.

Our Brigade was then detailed at 10 p.m. to guard the ammunition train to Guinea Station. It marched all night only making about 8 miles and was kept as train-guard untill arriving at North Ann River on the 25th.





## Chapter 14

# Rebel Corn Boulders

Fighting for Supplies - Why Severe - Army Torch Applied - Was it Cruel - A  
dirty Dog - Old Jeff Davis

It should not be supposed that to be detailed as train-guards was relief from fighting because many of the hottest fights were those between train-guards and their assailants. The capturing of a supply train was regarded in a two fold sense that of reducing the enemy in means and of increasing the captors in substance.

At that time the rebels were not only anxious for ammunition to put in their metal guns but were anxious for material to put in their flesh guns and they looked at our supply train much like a cow will stare at a new gate and were actuated to ferocity as hungry wolves are doing their boldest fighting more from want of food than from a desire for a southern Confederacy.

I have examined rebel haversacks after a battle and found some very solid food in them such as a dormic of cornbread made from unbolted meal and water without salt and to kick one of them produce a sensation in the toe like that in kicking a negrohead stone of the same size. In grit they equaled grind-stones and it is strange that they did not wear the throats of rebels out but perhaps they were as hard as old Jeffs heart.

On our side of the fence it was different. We had learned to domesticate the vexatious army cracker rendering it in a degree palatable that is we had learned that at some period or age of the world its material had been dough (Do) that it was not dried-rhinoceros or bull-skin as our camp professors of analysis had supposed and that by subjugating the thing to a certain process a mess (mes) could be made of it without the aid of Kate (cafe) but the tie (ti) we never could control that remained a knot in our stomachs untill the mystery of digestion untied it and be it said to the credit of our Government it always made ample provision for its soldiers in way of food and clothing.

The regulations provided that so many ounces of the several different kinds of food constituted a soldiers ration and when the full ration was drawn he had more than he could eat but the contractors or agents whose duty it was to furnish food did not only swindle the Government but robbed the soldiers out of their rations. The soldiers seldom drew more than bread meat sugar and coffee much of the time not them and if but one article was issued for a ration the ounces of it were not increased and cost of unissued food including potaes beans rice etc stipulated but seldom ever graced the soldiers table went into the agents pockets if not it remains in the U.S. Treasury and the government is still in debt to the soldiers for every mouthful of promised food they did not get.

Starvation often stared us in the face when we had no access to our supply trains and we knew just why the deluded Johnnies cow-like stared at our supply trains and fought to capture them with the desperation of starving hyenas.

It was at Guinea Station the rebels conceived the idea that by burying us under metal balls they could load their flesh guns with something better than Corn Boulders and contributed their shot and shell in way of bartering for our hard-tack but as our Nation had not recognized a rebel nation and had not made a treaty with it we were not disposed to trade and emphaticly informed them so with our guns so after detaining us some time they went to their rear to mold some corn-dornics.

The man from the farm and tan-shop with the main army was far in advance of us and so anxious was he to tan gray back skins he could neither give us rest nor sleep.

Though weary, men guard and tired mules draw, the supplies must be rushed forward. On and on in the light and dark with bayonets and mule-ears pointing heavenward as much as to say When we get up there we will find rest we force our bodies and the the mules draw their loads men grunt and mules he-haw he-haw haunch untill we reach the North Anna River with the goods entrusted to our care.

On the 25th crossed the North Anna River on pontoon bridge at Jericho Ford and being relieved from train duty we rejoined our Division then in line of battle on the south side of the river.

The rebel army having had the shorter line of march was the first to get there and secured the heights and entrenchments before the Union army arrived.

The natural situation was greatly in the rebels' favor and against us as we were on the low lands with our line cut at different points by the river which was liable to be suddenly swollen at any time cutting off sections of our line placing them within grasp of the enemy like quails in a trap but a working man was at the head of our Army and he did not propose to monkey with traps not of his own invention neither did he intend to withdraw untill satisfied that efforts would vainly be spent during which much cannonading was done and the muskets aiding all they could.

On the 26th our Regiment marched to Noels Station and destroyed the rail-road at that place after burning the ties and bending the rails it returned to its former position. In the evening at 7 p.m. left its position and arrived at Chesterfield next morning at day light having marched all night in the mud. On the 27th marched 25 miles via Brownsville to the Pamunky River. On the 28th marched down the river and crossed at Taylors Bridge and built breast works on Dr Palmers farm.

The Doctor had a fine barn and outbuildings which the Yanks tore down and framed into breast works and his fences made good material under coffee-pots. It was no unusual thing to see the army-torch applied to buildings destroying buildings and contents. Some said it was cruel others that it was no more cruel than to kill a traitor to our flag. The writer holds that the former is too often needlessly cruel and that both are simply the outgrowth of barbarism yet sticking somewhere.

If all large bodies would oppose war to kill human beings there would be no war no battle flags no national lines having strong fortifications no gun-boats and no manufacturing of instruments to destroy the lives of people but if a part of a nation does rebel against right as in the case of the south the finishing touch in suppressing the rebellion should be put on so that the country will not be left full of rebels.

Yes says one if all people saw alike were not so corrupt and had some general law by which they could distinguish between right and wrong then earth could be transformed into a paradise on the principle you set forth.

If all men would do alike as near as they see alike but little trouble would exist between them. The corruption in men is the barbarism referred to and as to a general law we have that in the rule "Do to others as you would have them do to you" which had it been obeyed there would have been no slavery in the south hence no war growing out of it sending a million men to untimely graves.

At daylight on the morning of the 30th moved to the Tolopotamy Creek arriving at 5 pm and formed in line of battle. Heavy skirmishing and cannonading was kept up untill noon on the 31st when we advanced our line about one mile taking a line of rebel work after which our Company went on picket duty as a whole that is without occasional relief.

Our night and day marching when not on a fixed fight being harnessed and under knapsack saddles so long had completely worn us out and were so reduced in strength and mental perception that it was a matter of dispute whether we were living or dead.

The Company was deployed on the line so that each man had his post. The thunder of battle had quieted down and nothing in the stillness of night was heard save the leaves keeping time to the music of the wind who under such circumstances could remain long on his feet it was just as natural for the men to sink down on the ground as for a stone to fall from a tower unsupported.

Next morning a corporal asked me what had been tearing around in front of my post. I told him it was a dirty dog. The fact was I had been sound asleep and did not know whether it had been a dirty dog or old Jeff Davis but have had satisfaction in knowing that if it was Jeff I had not told a lie but in the act of sleeping on my post though a something over which I had no control I had thrown myself liable to be court martialed and probably shot to death.

The safety of an army often depends on the vigilance of a single sentinel and it is right that military rules be strict and strictly enforced but I have no doubt but what many a poor fellow has suffered the death penalty for violating army rules when he had been so exhausted that obedience was beyond his power.



## Chapter 15

### Battle at Cold Harbor

Many Sun-stroke - Dying and Dead - Rebels well Fortified - Bells tolling in Richmond - O Frank do lie Down - Dont be so Foolhardy

During the night of the 31st of May 1864 the main body of the army moved to Cold Harbor leaving our picket line to face the enemy. Early in the morning on the first of June we followed on double quick arriving at cold Harbor about 10 am.

The sun being hot and the roads dusty many fell on the way from exhaustion and sunstroke. It was no unusual thing on such marches under such conditions to see men laying by the roadside dying and dead. Yes dying but no one could stop to administer help. A farmer can stop his plow and bestow help to a suffering brute but a soldier on such occasions cannot stop to care for a comrade even though he be a brother but if he be an officer the number of men that can stop depends on the number of stars on the officers shoulders.

At 6 pm on the same day and at Cold Harbor three lines of battle in an open space of country had been perfectly alined and in close proximity there was just enough air in motion to open the folds of our colors and the flags danced in the breeze as if eager for the forward movement. The flag of our Regiment now waved in the rear line and flopped as if struggling for the first line its old position.

About one half a mile away in our front were the rebels behind works and from beyond them could be heard the bells tolling in Richmond. The rebels had been flanked and flanked and had fallen back as often untill there was but little chance for doing so again without their once fair but then rebel dyed City being converted into the wreck of a battle field. We knew the rebels were aware of their situation and like dogs would do their best fighting at home.

The Rev. Captain had returned and taken command of our Company but that gave us no assurance that Richmond would be taken or that the days of the rebellion were about ended as he had neither hurt any one on the other side of the line nor influenced any body else to.

Attention Battalion Fix-bayonets Shoulder-arms Forward-guide-center Double-quick March were the commands of colonels that put the lines in motion. Step after step carried the assailing lines forward against a storm of shot and shell from the ramparts of hell whose chief felt the waves of the earth quake and that the pillars of his throne were giving way from the strength of Uncle Sams sons.

The rebels did not only fight like devils but as devils true to their blood and profession and canine like did not want to give up their old dry bone Jeff Davis. They as well as we believed that if that bone was captured it would be ground up in a fertilizing mill.

Though the old bone had been more than any other one the cause of all the suffering that grew out of the war the untimely death of 359,528 Union soldiers on the battle field less 26,000 starved to death in lousy rebel prisons we were sadly and they joyfully mistaken. Though a rebel a tyrant a traitor of the blackest hue he fared sumptuously while a prisoner in the hand of our Government. The blood of many thousand slain in battle to capture him and the cries of thousands starving in lothesome lousy rebel

prisons seemed to furnish no argument in favor of hanging the old hell born contentious bone.

It was claimed that no provision had been made on the Statutes to meet the crime of which he was guilty that there was no court in which his case could be tried and he was let go free.

A grateful homage to rank paid  
While subordinates in the ground were laid.

A court was found for Wirz one of Jeff's subordinates who simply carried out Jeff's orders and he was hung. England, France or Germany if they or either of them could not have formed a court for such a traitor' case would have soon found a hump-rope.

Had our brave men in those unfaltering lines been apprised on that dreadful evening while charging on the works that their Government was too weak to hang the tyrant for which they were risking their lives to capture they would have halted and tramped the colors under foot in their indignation but perhaps it was well they did not know it.

On and on they rushed untill the parapets were reached where it was found that the flag of the 126 O. was in the front line and that the several lines formed one irresistible battle line taking the works and several thousand prisoners.

Our flag was carried over and beyond the works making it so hot for the retreating rebs that they threw away their guns and haversacks. After halting the men lay down to protect themselves from balls singing the old familiar song of Zip Zip close to our ears.

Whatever failing the Rev. Captain may have had as a soldier it must be said to his credit that he kept up close behind his Company in this charge. Some may say he kept up because he could not keep back that he was caught like a paper in a wind storm and carried by a force over which he had no control but I am inclined to think he was too proud of his name to have it sent home with the charge of cowardice pinned to it and that had there been no hospitals and no easy way for an officer to procure a discharge he would have went where the Company dared to go.

When the halt was made and the men lay down the writer being hungry was in front of his Company searching through rebel haversacks for the corn dornics they might contain. The Rev. Captain's eye soon detected him stalking about and regarded it as a something to attract more balls in his neighborhood than he desired and in a pleading tone he begged O Frank Do lie down Don't be so foolhardy.

He was so flat on the ground that his voice sounded like that of a man's in a barrel or down in a cellar.

The corn-bowlders being scarce necessitated hunting in many sacks during which a ball did kill a man near the captain.

Our line fell back for the purpose of remodeling the works so that guns could be aimed toward Richmond.

In the darkness of night I went back in search of water on my way had stumbled over several dead men when the thought occurred to my mind they might have some money in their pockets so the next I came in contact with I made an effort to thrust my hand into his pocket and shoved my hand into his body. A shell had torn out a part of his side. I never learned what became of the money and watches the dead had in their pockets but as the officers came up in the rear perhaps they can tell.

The Rev. Captain had learned at Head Quarters of my promotion to sergeant. I had not changed stripes and had said nothing about it. The Captain supposing I was not aware of

it plucked me to one side and said “Frank I will now promote you to sergeant”. I did not tell him that he was twenty days behind in securing the honor and I did not so much as say Thankee Captain.





## Chapter 16

### War Notes

A solid Shot – O I'm Killed – Union Army buried the Dead – Rebel army the Living – Death of a Christian Soldier – Free Masonry

The 2d of June 1864 was a quiet day with us not having any annoyance other than the spattering of minnie balls from the rebel pickets just a short distance off and the exploding of a few shells from rebels not having enough sense to elevate their guns so as to carry their shot to our rear.

A solid shot entered the ground under a soldiers feet turning him a Somerset in the air and landing him on his back being stunned he imagined his legs cut off and he cried out O I'm killed I'm killed. My poor legs are gone. A comrade told him his legs were yet all right and upended him in a sitting position when the fellow saw his appendants still fast to his body he seized and hugged them like a mother would her long lost babe.

During the night and early in the morning the wounded such as were not dying had been taken back and the dead buried but there still lay the dying struggling with the monster for a longer period of life or it may have been prompted by pains shooting through their bodies.

It was a fixed law on the Union side as with all enlightened people that only the dead should be buried. On the side of the rebels according to reports it was different there many Union soldiers wounded but still living were thrown in the trench with the dead and covered over. The report is hard to believe from the tact that it seems that men in a Christian land could not become so degraded as to be so cruel yet have we not its parallel in the treatment Union soldiers received in rebel prisons but then it may have been more humane in them to bury live men than to put them in dirty lousy prisons and there starve them to death. Perhaps their mercy in burying live men rather than to starve them to death furnished at least cause for freeing Lee and Davis and their sawing off legs and arms of slightly wounded Union soldiers acted in a two fold sense that of reducing the Union army and that of placing the soldier in a position that lice could more readily eat him up.

Among the dying I noticed a smooth faced boy his dress indicated cleanliness as much so as circumstances admitted he grasped one hand then the other alternately as they lay on his bosom his face was pale and his eyes closed his features did not indicate pain but they displayed an expression of joy like that of a smiling babe in its cradle and he seemed to be with friends at home or as conversing with angels.

I had often heard from the pulpit descriptions of the death of the righteous but they all fell short of picturing the glory that seemed to shine in that young dying mans face. I bowed my head in reverence to the angels hovering around him and to what seemed to be the divine presence of Him who can make a dying hour the crowning event of mans life.

Sleep brave soldier of the cross  
To leave this life is not a loss.

The writer is not in a position to know much about the internal working of free masons in their secret lodges but if all is true we have heard about their external doings during the war the society is as corrupt as the slimy paste of iniquity can make it. The

unjust discrimination shown by Union masonic surgeons between Union soldiers say nothing about that shown between Union and rebel soldiers is enough if true to blot the order from the face of civilization and to put it to shame in heathen countries. We here give a few charges.

If two Union soldiers lay side by side wounded one a Free Mason and the other not the Masonic soldier invariably was the first to receive care from a Masonic surgeon.

If a Union soldier and a rebel soldier lay side by side wounded the rebel a Free Mason the Union not the Masonic rebel was the first at all times to receive attention from the Union Masonic surgeon paid by our Government to treat its soldiers.

I do not care to use the profane language it seems necessary to properly set forth the cursedness of such hellish conduct but shall turn it over partially modified to the good judgment of the reader and again.

At Winchester a Union soldier died. The surgeon in charge of the hospital there and the commander of that Post were Free Masons and the death referred to occurred at a time when the rebel troops were pressing the small Union force there located and in such a way that the Union soldiers and property were in danger of being captured which necessarily caused an order to be issued that no detail should be sent away even for medicine but the dead mans wife was by his side and asked that his body be sent back to Martinsburg. Of course she was refused. She pointed to the masonic pin on her husband's bosom then at the one on the surgeon's and said "Refuse to take him back if you dare". A heavy escort was soon on its way taking the dead man back weakening and exposing the living to the fate of the dead man viz death and that of being captured and starved to death in rebel prisons an act in which the oath to support our country was made secondary to that of the Masonic institution all too for the sake of a dead man's body or the complying with Masonic principles.

In the face of such corruption who can say that the Church should not exclude Free Masons from its fold and what minister of the Gospel can have Christ in his soul while in the sanctuary then go down in such a secret lodge and endorse such corruption to do so looks like carrying Jesus in one pocket and the devil in the other. In church they say Let our light shine that others may see our good work. In the secret lodge do they say Keep our light hid so that others may not see our bad works?

Note. — The conduct in regard to Masonic army surgeons was stated to me by reliable men claiming to have been witnesses to the transactions.

## Chapter 17

### Picket Fighting

Stuck his Cap up with his Head in It - Result - Country Honey-combed - Outlet  
Downward -Good bye to All

On the morning of the 3d of June 1864 our Company was detailed to advance the picket line in front of our Regiment a something at that time and place was more perilous than our desire for excitement called for. The fact was we could not advance our line 200 yds without taking the rebel line of pickets but in the darkness of night we advanced about one hundred steps and halted. The men had been instructed to not fire a gun and to pay no attention to rebel shooting untill they had well protected themselves by diging gopher-holes.

During the movement and while the work of entrenching was being done the slightest noise such as the breaking of a twig was sure to be followed by a ball and often a bawl at that point but so faithfully had bayonets and meat pans been used in the night that the dawn of day revealed to Johnnies that we had not only met them halfway but were prepared to negotiate with them on equitable plans.

A comrade and the writer put in a solid nights work not so much for Uncle Sam as for ourselves and when morning came had a little fort commanding respect even from large guns. On its parapet we had a log elevated so we could aim our ounce pounders under it and have protection for our heads feeling as independent as mice in a corn-crib or rats in a cheese factory.

A half a dozen rebels in our front had tried to injure our feeling during the progress of our work and we arranged to reprove them for their insolence. We found out just where they lived among the fallen timber by one of us raising a cap on a ramrod slightly above the log while the other peeped through the sights of his gun under the log. The ruse was sure to bring a ball and sure to send one where the smoke issued from a rebel gun.

On the day before our men had charged over the ground and were repulsed and while we were locating Johnnies a soldier came up in search of his brother lost in the charge and he asked a permit to search for him on the other side of our line. I told him to keep his head down or some body would be looking for him but he plead so piteously I told him to stick his cap up and learn. I intended he should stick it up on the end of his ramrod but he stuck it up with his head in it and had no sooner done so than a ball ploughed the top of his head. Our scheme though an old one worked well and by noon the rebels were not so shooty.

The Battle of Cold Harbor was nearly one continuous battle from the 1st of June up to the 12th. Scarcely an hour was the ear free from booming cannon and the roar of musketry excepting in time of truce to bury the dead and while the sunny moments of the armistice lasted it was strange to see friend and foe meet between hostile lines and there exchange salutation and commodities then run back and again shoot at one another to kill.

The air was not only impregnated from the stench of putrefying bodies burnt niter sulphur and char-coal but with metal dropping as if from the clouds and flying on horizontal lines. It was enough to make any man fell sick under his vest.

The Rev. Captain could not stand it and took suddenly sick and his discharge as quick. The fact was we were all sick but all could not be stimulated by the soothing

influence of a discharge so the enlisted men were compelled to die on the ground if they could not endure the unwholesome surroundings but then officers drew so little pay compared with privates that some exalted privileges should be bestowed on them. Yes put a big monument at the head of each ones grave.

I could account for the horizontal shot but not for the one on a perpendicular line. It seemed that devils on clouds over us were emptying bags of grape and cannister on our heads. No man in a hollow stump was safe unless the hole above him was well plugged.

A soldier and the writer were making coffee over the same fire when a falling ball struck the soldier dead. I knew by our surroundings that the fatal ball came from the direction of up but I did not know how we got beneath hell.

It has been said that animal matter conforms or adapts itself to the natural condition of its surroundings that fish in subterranean waters have no eyes because they could not see in the absence of light if they had organs of sight but the most complete yielding to the condition of things that ever came under my observation was the burrowing under ground by men on this battle field as a means of protection.

The country for miles in length was one half honey combed that is the top side was not purforated in cells but the underside became so thoroughly purforated that each larva or soldier had his own cell and the mouths or outlets to the various cells hung down like the mouth of a sucker fish otherwise they would have been receptacles for balls.

Through these tunnels the front line could be relieved without danger other than the bumping of noses against irregular cut walls. The excavations of the contending forces were divided by a thin partition wall between them each side being careful to not injure or to cut through the partition which had it been done would have brought men of different dispositions face to face and would have been quite embarrassing.

Thus the two contending forces became locked up in a safe and neither general knew the others combination.

The reader may ask Why did you not charge over the combs and take Richmond? Well you see their advanced hive was roofless and full of bees each one having a sharp bayonet in its tail.

Grant seeing that no advantage over Lee could be gained at that point resolved to move his army to the south side of Petersburg and cut the rail-roads supplying Richmond. Just how to withdraw from before the enemy and reach that point before the rebel army could having the advantage of rail-roads required good generalship but Grant had a good supply of that qualification and got there if it did take all summer.

The arranging of troops for the flank movement caused our Regiment to be moved to the left where it was placed on the picket line which at that place was about 70 yds from the rebel works.

Between Co. K. and our Company was a high open space unprotected from balls. After the usual morning round of shooting, things became quiet and I was called to make final statements and returns of our Company. It was required that the papers be signed by a commissioned officer in Co. K. The making out of the papers was a small job but the journey though only 20 ft long was a big job and the thought of making it produced a feeling under the jacket like that experienced by a condemned soldier when he sits on his coffin to be shot to death.

The making out of such papers was the duty of a commissioned officer a luxury which at that time and nearly all the time of fighting Co. E. did not have. I was young and did what I was ordered to do whether it was my business or not and had not sense enough to say If I was not fit to carry shoulder-straps I was not fit to make out such papers. One

itchy thing about the job was I had learned the danger in sticking a cap up higher than our works with a mans head in it. The papers were in my hand and good bye to all in my mouth. I lingered a moment to gaze as I then thought the last time on the beautiful world. I say beautiful because it seems a thousand times dearer when we think our time at hand to leave it.

I then knew how sweet and precious life was when about to be taken from us and felt more than ever before the cruelty in taking the life of even an insect. One long draw of the fresh balmy air filled by lungs followed by a few short draws and hundreds of rebels saw me from my feet to the top of my head. I could see their stareing eyes but not long my movement was like that of a frigtened muskrat when it comes to the surface of the water my heels flew up and I plunged out of their sight. I had the movement to repeat when I went back to my Company and feel thankful to those rebels that I can now write the story myself.

Thus it was through all the months of fighting except a few while absent wounded I had my own duty to do and that for which three company officers drew big pay in the quiet camp. My case was not an exceptional one where a sergeant on small pay did the entire company business where life was uncertain. If I can judge the whole army by my own regiment as a basis I think I am safe in saying three fifths of the duty of company commissioned officers in time of danger or on a campaign was done by non commissioned officers. Then we have this statement for any nation desireing to economize in its army.

If one non commissioned officer can do the duty of three commissioned officers on the battle field how many non commissioned officers will it take to do the duty of three commissioned officers in the quiet camp?

The conditions in the statement are well known to the soldier and when he finds the required term he will find where a nation can save enough money to pay off one fourth of its fighting men.

The reader may not understand why it was so many officers took down sick just before a campaign and went into hospitals some of course took sick through the ordinary channel that is some disarrangement of their internal functions from changes of atmosphere such are not here under consideration.

It must be remembered that sharp bayonets whistling balls and screeching shells carried germs of death capable of extinguishing life nearly as soon as a candle can be blown out. Swords were not dangerous things at least not known to the writer to have been fatal in any case but the rudiments of death found in the other instruments mentioned are well shown by the graves of nearly a million men at the close of the war. It was but natural that the thought alone of such death messengers centering in the heart of every soldier permeating his entire system was sufficiet to unstring his nerves and to force him to seek a place free from the cause of his complaint. It is of no use to deny it we all got suddenly sick just before a battle but all could not so easily get away. The officer could get away ten times easier than the private could hence it was that so large a per cent of officers were absent discharged and in hospitals when the fighting days came on.

It was believed when the army was withdrawn from Cold Harbor that all of the men were not gotten out of their cells that some remained in them and dug as long as their hard-tack held out but it is certain that about 2,000 remained there under ground sleeping the sleep that knows no waking.

During the night our backing left us and at 3 am on the 13th the picket line was to make its escape if it could. The men were ordered to tie their kitchen utensils so as to prevent noise and at the set time in single file crawled into their holes or tunnels. The

danger in passing through the hole was so great that the hindmost man wanted to get out first which caused some kinking in the rope or a tendency of the tail overlapping the body then too the hole was not a straight one but our heads roughly told us when a change of direction was to be made.

Had the rebels been aware of our movement they could have plugged up both ends of the hole while we were in it and would have had no further trouble in burying us to have attempted a top passage over the comb would have exposed us to a raking fire of grape and canister. After we were out of the hole we were glad and some noise was made then the rebels gave us their parting blessing done up in round balls.

At 10 pm crossed the Chickahominy River at Jones bridge and camped on the south side of the river having marched by way of Hopkins Mills making twenty miles without sleep for 48 hours. A young man after having a good nights sleep and unloaded can tramp off that distance and feel but little the worse from it but a soldier without sleep so long during which his nerves had been strung up like fiddle strings on a question of life and death to make twenty miles loaded down under his war equipments and field hold goods and be bumped from one side of the road to the other then back again by the crowd naturally presses or knocks out of him some grunting and murmuring. Yet all things considered but little murmuring was done by our soldiers the fruit no doubt of our free schools which makes our common soldier the peer of any lord duke or king and teaches him the necessity of maintaining a government fostering such privileges and holding out to him knowledge as free as the air he breathes.

At this place thirteen drafted men were assigned to our Company. They had been rushed from their homes up to the front and could see a thousand times more danger than we could so great was the steam of fear in their chests that it dropped from their eyes in a condensed form then too they feared abuse from the old volunteer soldiers and had selected from their number a speaker who in substance addressed the writer.

Mr Sergeant seeing you have charge of the Company to which we have been assigned I have the honor in the name of these my friends and comrades to ask you to see that our suffering be no greater than the actual necessity of a warfare brings on and in return we pledge ourselves to do the duty allotted to us to the best of our ability.

They were informed that in obedience to military law they would all have the protection furnished to the volunteer soldier and that their suffering from outside source would depend on the merits of their soldiership.

On the 14th the march was continued eight miles via Charles City to Wilcox Landing on the James River and there threw up entrenchments to protect our supply train which was fifty miles long, while it was crossing the river.

On the 16th our Division being detached from its Corps embarked on Transport Star for Point of Rocks and disembarked on the morning of the 17th and marched eight miles to Bermuda Hundred and reported to Gen Butler.

I had heard of the pomposity of of that man and there had the displeasure of seeing some of it. The soldiers were standing in groups and in large bodies when the General rode among them ostensibly to show what a great man he was but he did not look down on the common soldiers before him holding his eyes as if set on some peculiarity in the sky and would have trampled the men under foot had it not been that his horse had better sense than its rider seemed to have. Cocked eyes are all right in a religious meeting or when their owner is down on his knees praying but liable when riding among men crowded up to do injury.

On the morning of the 18th our Company was sent out before daylight to reconnoiter or feel for the enemy as we called it. After we had marched some distance or to where I supposed the Johnnies lived I halted the Company and told our drafted that they might soon expect to hear balls and that they were safer in the Company than they would be if they broke and run. While I was talking a little Irishman took sick and as I supposed swallowed some tobacco to help him in his spasm however he made out to say between upheavals of his stomach

O boss O Boss do let me go back. I'm so I'm so sick I know I'll die.

I told him to die in the company that it would not frighten us much as we had witnessed such scenes and moved the Company forward but had not advanced far when the rebels sent a blast of balls high over our heads but our drafted thought the balls were cutting the lobes of their ears off. Seeing they were about to break I commanded Lie down. I then stepped between two of the drafted men seizing them by their coat collars held on to them. It seems I can yet feel the waves of tremors as they passed in quick succession through their bodies and as the balls flew over us the men reminded me of two puff-balls dancing on the cap of a thrashing machine in motion but the little Irishman got away and if not dead may be running yet. Having filled our mission we returned to our Regiment.

On the 19th rejoined our corps below Petersburg and were shelled from rebel guns as if they had plenty ammunition.





## Chapter 18

# Trials and Suffering

Lee and Jeff – Smelling Brimstone

No writer can fully describe the Trials and Suffering through which our soldiers had struggled in the past forty five days or from the time of crossing the Rapidan River on the 4th of May. Scarcely had there been one hour during all that time that the soldiers had not been harnessed in their accoutrements and scarcely one hour had their ears been free from the thunder of battle whistling balls screeching shells and groans of dying men. Quiet sleep that soul restoring agent could not be had except as dozed on the march and drowsed on the battle ground amidst the work of death. Gnawing hunger could only partially be appeased by nibbling at a dry flinty cracker and at times not in that way and thirst was often quenched by tainted water taken from a horse track by the side of some putrefying carcass.

Cattle in a farmers barnyard had their shelter food and pure water but those soldiers had not.

Criminals in sheltered prisons had their soft bread pure water and clean beds but those soldiers had not and wild beasts of the forest could roam at large and take their rest but those soldiers could not.

Though their suffering seems to have been more than frail man is able to bear they bore it and bore it patiently scarcely ever did a murmur pass their lips and they did not falter when compelled to stand before glittering bayonets and blazing guns though weak and weary they freely gave the little strength they had to their country knowing that the preservation of the sacred principles so dearly purchased by the blood of their fathers depended on the success of their loyal sons in arms and thanks to the god of battle weak thirsty and hungry as they were they carried our proud flag through fire and blood untill there was not an armed foe left to disgrace it and they placed it on a rock of peace.

Thus those brave soldiers suffered and struggled untill they had driven a hundred thousand traitors to our country from the Rapidan back in their strong fortifications at Richmond where the chief of traitors had his den and in hearing distance of the thousands of loyal men his cruel heart was starving to death but this driving back of the enemy was not without great loss of life almost the entire distance seventy five miles had been converted into one long graveyard in which were buried including rebels if they may be considered a loss 21,000 men and its surface was painted with the blood of 120,000 men.

When I read on one page the terrible loss of life and the suffering that rebel war brought on and then read on the next page that the secesh flag has been unfurled on public occasions to honor the old leaders of the rebellion I feel old as I am that it is my duty to take up the musket and shoot untill all rebel blood is wiped from our land. It does seem we should have a law making it a crime as counterfeiting is for any person in the United States to make a flag or to have in his or her possession a flag not recognized by our country as a national flag.

How often we hear old Union soldiers perhaps they may have lost a father a brother or they may have been mangled themselves in the war speaking of it as the late unpleasantness. Why thus sugar coat it? Why not call it by its appropriate name as for instance Hells rebellion?

If loyal men will persist in easing that hellish crime down the time may come when it will be known as the Grand event of the South.

It has been said that in order to harmonize the North and South or to reconstruct the southern states some sugar must be spread on their bread. Why not then on the same principle give sugar to robbers and murderers to reclaim them. It seems that if it was necessary to sprinkle sugar on rebels bread that something like the device used by White Caps should have been stamped on the slice too carrying the impression that it is not safe to set up a secesh flag against the stars and stripes.

When my mind runs back over this long grave yard or battle field and see the dead dying and wounded as I then saw them while flames of burning pine leaves and brush rolled over their poor prostrated bodies like a prairie on fire I conclude that if Hell is a litteral fire it cannot be made too hot to burn the rebel leaders who took a part in bringing on the war and I have no doubt but what where Davis and Lee now are there is a strong smell of brimstone and that the intensity of heat is so great that anything like flint stone softer than their calous hearts would soon be changed to liquid form but if dynamite bombs of a thousand pounds each could be dropped on them at the rate of one per minute they in part would receive the punishment their cursed souls deserve.

Some may say it is sinful to thus speak of the dead even though they had been devils but if any person feels disposed to scourge me for what I have written against those miserable souls let that person before laying the lash on in his intelligent mind go with me through the infernal war secession brought on. Now I think if you can see all the anguish and tears of mothers wives and orphan children the war caused you will withdraw one fifth of the lashes you thought I deserved if you can estimate the suffering it brought on the soldiers from thirst hunger and fatigue say nothing about mangled bodies you will withdraw another one fifth if you could see the flames of burning dry leaves and sticks lapping over thousands of helpless wounded soldiers as was the case where battles were fought in the woods you will withdraw another one fifth if you could now see the blood streaming from all the wounds the war caused you would withdraw another one fifth if you could hear all the dying groans the war caused you would withdraw all the lashes and if you knew the hundredth part of the suffering felt in the many broken family circles the war caused you would say do not allow yourself to be limited in describing the traitors who caused all this suffering. All that took a part in the rebellion if they are not now in hell soon will be unless saved by repentance.

Had the last war suffering been buried in the last grave for the last dead soldier on the battle ground it would not have been so bad. Twenty five years have been strung on the string of the past since the close of the war through these many long years crippled soldiers have hobbled about on crutches and wooden legs seeking the necessary comforts of life if comforts they might be called. Others during this period of time under broken down constitutions have patiently toiled to support their families and others have been forced to live through this time as paupers depending on charity for food and clothing.

Yes the terrible stroke of the war-club has been felt and endured all this time not only by crippled soldiers but in war widows' homes not any want however in the home of the general's widow where thousands of dollars have been placed by the Government but in the widow's home whose husband had been a fighting soldier and who receives as pension a trifle compared with that the officer's widow receives and the many orphans have not only been grieving the loss of their kind fathers through this quarter century but must continue to mourn for them untill they meet them on that sunny shore where rebels have no inheritance.

## Chapter 19

# Generalship of Grant and Lee

Things Mixed - Try next Lesson - Lees own Acknowledgement - The Forces and How Situated - Strange Country and Strange People - The Long Graveyard

Much has been said in reference to the Generalship of Grant and Lee some holding that Lee was more than a match for Grant but such had generally been in sympathy with the south or knew but little of the advantages Lee held over Grant.

Authors of history have given much taffy to the south so their school books would find a market in that locality but they simply sowed seed of exaggeration that ignorance might grow.

In studying such history the school boy will likely ask his teacher

If Lee whipped Grant in the battles of the Wilderness Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor Why is it that the whipped army drove the victorious army from the Rapidan back to Richmond?

If the writer had the question to answer he would say Well sonny the author has things mixed. Try next lesson.

It must be conceded that the Union loss in those battles exceeded that of the rebel and should not be otherwise expected when it is known that our men had the dens to tear down before the beasts could be killed that is they had the rebel entrenchments to shoot down before the rebels could be killed. It is well known that a gunner protected by good works has a better lease of life than three unprotected who must stand before his gun. They did not often charge on us we did on them they did not expose their bodies below their eyes except in a few instances to our bullets we nearly always exposed to theirs from the tops of our heads to the soles of our feet but in the face of all advantages in their favor they did not gain what their positions entitled them that is the killing of three Union soldiers to one of their men being killed the result stood about as 1 to 1½.

If historians will insist that the Union army was whipped in those battles as insignificant as I am I shall differ from them.

A half a dozen skunks made a raid on a hen coop a half a dozen roosters resented the offense and set up spurs against skunk teeth. The natural advantage being on the skunks side they killed two roosters while but one skunk was killed but the roosters drove the skunks back.

Now if historians will say the skunks whipped because they killed the more then I say it is better to be on the whipped side or the side that drives the other off of the ground.

The rebels may say they were not driven back or off that they were pulled back or flanked back. O yes that brings up the question of Generalship of Grant and Lee which I did not finish but if they will be so kind as to make the above assertion there is no need that I attempt to show Grants superiority over Lee when they admit it but here is Lee's acknowledgment.

When I expect fight Grant is flanking me and when I dont expect it he is sure to give it.

I think I stated that our best warriors came from farms and shops and think I am well sustained in the ability as found between Grant and Lee. Lee had all the advantage of a military schooling Grant had and he had far more experience in commanding an army and in engineering a campaign but the proud and haughty Lee raised on the fodder of ease and fashion was in a test of ability compelled to offer up his sword in way of surrender to a working man with a course blouse on.

In this campaign when Grant and Lee crossed swords for a deadly conflict to decide the existence of a rebel confederacy Lee was backed from his front to the source of his supplies by railroads and strong forts so that when forced out of one he had a stronger one to enter into. Then too the citizens along his way were all his friends and spies and he knew every by path as well as a farmer knows the cow-paths on his land.

According to Official Records at the time Grant crossed the Rapidan Lee had 72,278 effective men Grant 98,019 but Lee was reinforced by troops from the south and Shenandoah Valley so that his force nearly equaled Grants.

Grant was not only in a country strange to himself and knew it only as he saw it on the map but among a class of citizens strange to themselves, strange to their country and strange to their God and could make no use of them as spies. His supplies had to be brought up on wagons from a point far in his rear every mile of which had to be well guarded by troops so that it is doubtful if he had a force at the front equal to Lees. Lee acting on the defensive and in strong entrenchments gave him three times the advantage over Grant attacking him.

Lee under such circumstances should have prevented a force much stronger than his from taking Richmond. But there was a power a something about that Framer that caused the walls of Jericho to fall and its city leader too.

The power may have grown out of the fact that city people are book people and that what is not in the book is not in their heads throwing them at times like a ship without a rudder.

Farmers and laborers are incidental people and what is in nature is in their heads so that when an unexpected emergency arises and their rudder is knocked off they have at hand a hundred more as good to put in place. I venture the assertion that had Grant been in Lee's place and Lee in Grant's the long grave yard would have been from the Rapidan to Washington instead of to Richmond.

I do not bring this matter up under an ill feeling toward city folks but that those who think that good worth can only be found in the city are likely mistaken. It is in cities too but you will find it in shops where hammers ring instead of tongues and on farms where flowers are real instead of artificial.

END OF TABLET THREE, page 217

## Chapter 20

# Killing the Confederate Worm

### Weldon Rail Road – Night Charge

Grant on arriving at Petersburg with his Army could do no more flanking to get nearer Richmond and at once began to weave the cocoon to incase the dying confederacy. The Worm as it is said died hard that is it squirmed and kicked to the last breaking many of the stiches in the sack designed to be its shroud but the spinning wheel still spun the threads while the loom thumped them in. The work was slow but sure every wiggle of of the Worm entangled it the more in the web of its prison adding new cords around its neck.

The Worm's head was resting on the platform of the Weldon Railroad from which it drew its nourishment and the duty of cutting that artery was assigned to the 2d and 6th corps. So on the 22d of June 1864 our Regiment with its Corps commenced to find its way to the artery and soon found Hill's Corps in its way which made a dash on the 2d Corps capturing a few thousand prisoners from that renowned Corps.

The 6th Corps succeeded in taking the rebel breast works in its front but as things stood our books did not balance right and it was determined to make a dash in the dark of night and get enough prisoners from the enemy to make Dr an Cr foot up nearer alike. I cannot say which general of the two Right and Hancock planned this silly raid it has always remained like the trick of Benny and Sammy that caused the death of their neighbors cow it was never made known.

But all being ready a plunge forward in the dark was made through swamps and thick underbrush. The movement soon became as badly disarranged as it had been badly arranged and soon we knew nobody and nobody knew us still on we went neither knowing where nor what would become of us and if there was a commander with us he did not command and in fact could see nothing to command every soldier run independent on his own ticket forward or backward as his notion guided him.

The writer being anxious to see the tickets counted out run quite a distance in the direction of the polls but things begain to seem suspicious as if he might be elected to Libby Congress and halted but knew no one groping in the dark around him. Names of unfamiliar regiments were being called for but the writer did not call for the 126 Ohio just then but he changed front to rear not in a way to betray him but with all coolness the occasion allowed and was happier in finding his Regiment when day light came than he would have been had he been elected to Richmond.

Though not positive that I was among rebels at that time I have been haunted by the belief that there was a time when I was in the rebel army.

It was clearly the wild goose chase of the war only the ganders did not pipe their well known honk. No shooting was done on either side which was about all the intelligence displayed in the affair because the shooter would have most likely shot his friend no Official report was made of it it was so dark that a star could not be seen in it to put on a shoulder.

On the 23d a push forward was again made to destroy the Weldon Railroad meeting with much opposition from the enemy but resulting in tearing up a portion of the road after which we were forced back to our line of works ending for a few days the struggle to capture the road all that had been gained was the extension of the Union line to the left at

a cost of several thousand men. The loss to our side was 604 killed 2,494 wounded 2,217 missing.

Our Regiment with its Corps fell back to a point near the William's House and entrenched.

## Chapter 21

### Writing Home

Brave Letter Writers - Gentlemen Useless - Waiting for Letters - Widows Son and Letter

Having nothing here harder to do than picket fighting we received the rest we so much needed and an opportunity to write.

My Dear parents friends or sweetheart as the case was I now take up my pen to inform you that I am still living and hope these few lines etc.

(C) Soldiers here and there and every where could be seen under shade trees in the sun and under pup tents holding a piece of a cracker box on their knees on which they were writing to friends the terrible trials they had passed through and the many narrow escapes from capture and death.

The thrill in the thread of the various epistles depended much on the existing relation between writer and one written to if to friends grown out of matrimonial ties they were full of great daring and great work sufficient to cause the reader to think one hundred such men could put the rebellion down but if written to sweethearts they were more than full of great exploits and wonderful achievements sufficient to carry the impression that twenty such men could suppress the rebellion. But then there was little room for exaggeration. To write the truth could not be much improved by fiction. All had done dared and endured enough to embellish their names for all time to come.

The writer is one of the number that held a board on his knees that day and has yet a dogwood leaf he folded up in a letter he sent to a lady who after the war became his wife and perhaps but few others can boast of a leaf twenty nine years old.

Soldiers not writing did not intrude in the sacred ground where loving words were being penned to dear ones at home. It was then that the soldier in his soul lived in the bosom of his family though his body was far away. It was then he was talking to parents though his voice could not be heard. It was then he was loving a sister though he could not grasp her hand. It was then tears fell from his eyes while thinking of his wife though she could not see them fall and it was then his soul sank in sorrow when he thought of the babe he left in its cradle though he could not press it to his bosom he saw it pictured in his mind.

Two things in the army run together as naturally as water and grease from a kitchen slop-barrel viz Writing Home and cleaning up officers grounds. It was right to clean the ground but it was wrong for the persons whose business it was to clean it to order others to do it for them simply because their right to boss seemed to have no limit. If there is a soldier that was not annoyed while writing a letter by being detailed to clean up officers ground I would like to have that soldiers picture to place with my curiosities.

The common soldier had as much love for his family as the highest officer could have for his family he desired as much that his family might have the necessary comforts as did the officer that could send to his home so much money out of his big pay he did the duty assigned to him as faithfully as did the general he walked while the officer rode he guarded the horse all night while its rider slept he fixed up the tent in which the officer rested his unwearied limbs and he cleaned up the ground on which official unsore feet trod in short he was forced to take care of the officer like a father is of his little boy often too when he was hardly able to care for himself.

Some may ask Could you sit down and see your general or your superiors of high rank cleaning up his or their quarters? I ask is an officer's flesh better than any other decent man's? Mr Barlow in his Colony could find no use for idle gentlemen and such were just as useless in the army as a pair of blind eyes is to a dog.

When I think of such inconsistency and much more that might be added and of our Government bestowing such large sums of money to officers and to their widows and so little in comparison to those who did the solid work it takes a better Christian than I am to keep from prefixing a word commencing with a D and ending with an n before the pronoun it.

It was well that the men had an opportunity to write to their homes. Their friends had not heard from them during the past fifty days and they had heard of the terrible battles of the Wilderness, Spottsylvania and Cold Harbor and knew that the commands in which their dear ones belonged had been in those battles. Day after day they had called at their post offices but no letter came every disappointment tore a new wound in their despairing hearts untill all hope of ever hearing from their loved ones was fading away but thousands of aching hearts were made glad by the letters written on that day and who can tell the joy in the mothers' souls when their trembling hands unfolded the letters and with eyes full of tears of joy read

My Dear Mother

I take my pen in hand to inform you I am still living etc.

Yes this form of introducing a letter though as old as pen and paper and long since discarded by learned letter writers was within itself a full message and furnished just what the mother was so anxious to know still living.

But thousands whose hearts were bowed in grief called in vain for a letter years rolled by still no letter came the aged parents went down to their graves without hearing I am still living.

The hand that had written to them before crossing the Rapidan could no longer write. The eyes that had gazed on the lines of that last note were closed in death. The soul that gave expression to its written words had gone to its God and his body was buried in the Long Grave yard.

A widow had nothing of this world that could give her comfort except her only son. His country needed his service and she said Go George and defend our flag. Mother you are old and you cannot support yourself why should I go? I shall wash clothes for a living and I will give the dearest earthly friend I have to my country in the person of my brave boy. Go then Dear George and may the blessing of Heaven and my love go with you.

She too called at the post office day after day but no letter came from her boy. Finally a letter addressed to her came but not in the hand writing of her son and read

My Dear Mrs —

I am sorry that the battle on the 12th at Spottsylvania makes it the duty of anyone to inform you that your dear son was killed while in the front line where he so bravely defended his flag.

I send to you in a package that which guided his feet on the path of life.

Yours Truly

\_\_\_\_\_



The letter dropped from her trembling fingers and tears fell on it as it lay on her lap and for a short time her face remained buried in the folds of her handkerchief then her mind soared above the storms of life and she said in a low but audible tone

I have done all I could for my country. I have done all for Jesus that my poor soul and hands could do and blessed be the name of Him who doeth all things well. I may now see my boy sooner than if he was still living.

She then unwrapped the package in which she found a testament indicating that it had been well studied and she knew it to be the one she had slipped into his pocket on the morning he left her lonely house. She opened the precious book and the first verse her eyes saw read

As unknown, and yet well known: as dying, and behold, we live; as chastened, and not killed.

She next read on a fly leaf of the same book

I dedicate myself to my God and to my Mother      George W.—

None of the many letters bearing the words to let you know that I am still living carried the weight of solid joy to any mother that the words chastened and not killed did to the heart of that poor widow.

Three long years she begged for a pension from the government her son died to save during which though old and weak she toiled over the wash tub not only for bread and clothing but for fees required in proving up her claim.

One evening at the close of a hard day's washing she was sitting by her fire thinking of the many things needed and how she might best apply the few cents received for her work. She thought of the food and clothes needed and of the rent she was owing when she heard a knock at her door. She thought of George hoping some error might be in the letter and went to the door where her land-lord handed her a note and walked away. She took it to the light. It was a notice that if the rent was not paid on the next day she would be turned out.

I would have given him she said all the money I have had he not gone away so soon. If I could only get my pension now I would not owe anybody and could keep cold and hunger away.

She took from the stand the book which had been a guide to her son's feet read a few verses then asked her Father to remember her in her hour of need that if it was His will, to take her home. Then retired to bed.

Her tears had not been falling long on her pillow when her pension came but it was not signed by the slow U.S. Pension Agent but it had been signed by the Angel of death granting her a release from all sorrow and allowing her a free mansion in Heaven.

She had washed many pieces of white linnen but none so clean as her soul had been washed by the blood of Jesus.

There had been no Congress to place from two to five thousand dollars per year in her hand with out so much as her asking for it as had been the case with others but then her son did not die a long time after the war ended a natural death he fell in the front line of battle where generals were seldom found and then he had no stars on his shoulders. Stars and stars more than all else have fixed the amount of pension and big monuments in

favor of some but the stars now shining in that young mans crown far outshine any galvanized stars ever placed on man's shoulders and he is under a government whose Ruler makes no unjust discrimination between man and man.

Note. - This story of the widow and her son is not true in all its details but is built on a fact.

This time of rest also furnished an opportunity to make out company pay rolls so that the men could draw the money their families so much needed.

A long nosed lieutenant had been assigned to our Company in name more than in use at least we had no service out of him that Quackenbos thought worthy of noting down in his School History.

The writer and the long nose Lieutenant were busy at the rolls for our Company when the Lieutenant's crow-eyes detected a slight error the writer had made in the marginal notes on the roll. The writer was young and had no experience in making out such papers and no paying right to make them but was doing his best.

The Lieutenant no doubt had heard other officers giving what they called hell to subordinates and thought it a good chance for him to practice and for about five minutes blew his bazzoo as if the writer was a dog forgetting apparenly that at first there was not an officer in the regiment could make out the rolls so they would not be returned for correction.

In view of rank the writer could do nothing other than take his abuse but he stored in his mind a determination to lick the Lieutenant after the war was over. So in 1888 at the Grand Encampment in Columbus O. they met for the first time since the war on equal standing but twenty odd years had passed and the welding heat had cooled off then too the writer was not certain about an unknown result and did not lick him.

Terrible was the revenge stored up in the minds of thousands of soldiers to be taken when the first opportunity presented itself on insolent officers.

In reading history we read that general so and so was picked off by rebel sharp shooters but the writer is not sure that all of them were picked off in that way or from that side when he remembers the threats he heard. If a man will kill another for five dollars what will he not do when boiling over in rage? Love is a good commander. Gentleness can control men but insolence is liable to be controled in the end.

## Chapter 22

# Imported Worm Dying

### Weldon Railroad Destroyed - Womans Bravery

The confederate Worm to a certain extent was an Imported thing designed to destroy the fabric or principles of our Government and was as poisonous as a centiped. The importers knew just where to land this Worm that in the Southern States there was an element or class of people too proud to do their own work such as their Creator intended they should do and wanted that others should do it for them and the importers knew that in the Northern States there was a class of people opposed to coercing a man against his will to do the work of another man. So it was that the Worm was entrusted to a few old sore heads in the south with a view of disrupting the states of the Union using slavery as a tool and the opposite sentiments of the people as a means to kill a rival nation solely at its own expense and by its own hands.

The Worm destroyed much in the way it was intended it should finding many people in the North known as Copperheads to give it aid and sympathy but the thing had about run its course and was in a dying condition a few more kicks and cuffs and its carcass would cease to wiggle. So the 6th Corps was again ordered to destroy the Weldon Railroad over which foreign supplies were being sent to supply the reptile and on the 29th and 30th of June 1864 tore up about ten miles of its track and burnt Reams Station.

Near the station lived a man who was doing service in the rebel army and had in front of his house a fine potato patch for his family to subsist on while he killed Yanks.

The tubers were large enough to make quite a knot on the end of a fork and being young and tender gave a pleasing sensation in the neighborhood of a hungry soldiers tongue.

The writer saw quite a number of soldiers in the patch hoing up "taters" with bayonets and being a farmer could not stand idle and let his comrades do all the hoing and he proceeded to their assistance. While going around the corner of the house he saw the lady of the premises sitting on the porch watching the tater hoers he remembered how he had been thumped over the back by that class of southern soldiers while milking their cows and looked to see if rolling-pins and broomsticks were near at hand then looked at the ladies face to learn her intention and to estimate the amount of fire in her eyes. She was perfectly calm and greeted the writer with a sunny smile which seemed to say Take all I have if you think it is right. As tempting as the potatoes were the writer turned and walked away feeling he would rather defend such a noble woman than to rob her.

She had true bravery not such as is found in the lower class of animals but such as grows out of refinement. She could sit on her throne and command with a silent tongue or with a sweet look with a power that does not exist in a sword. A sword might have scared the writer away but he probably would have renewed his effort soon after but that kind look lasted all day all night and has lasted near thirty years since.

Lee knowing that every jar of Grant's loom dealt a blow on the head of the confederate worm sought to relieve the siege at Petersburg by drawing Union troops to some other point and the opportunity when Hunter fell back into Western Virginia which left the Shenandoah Vally unprotected was taken.

Lee then directed Early having 20,000 troops to sweep down the Valley invade Maryland and threaten the National Capital which he knew swarmed with useless shoulder-strap men. Lee knew that the great body of such men there, was of no use to an army but that if he could capture them they would answer him as trading stock that is he could get some of his fighting men back in the way of exchange and he knew that if he gave back a dozen of such men for one of his private soldiers the National Government would be out jockeyed.

Lee well knew that the Union Army placed no value on such officers but that it did value the records money Lincoln and all useful officers in that City and he felt sure that Grant would send troops up there to protect them thereby in part cripple the loom for a season.

Grant knew that there was in Washington enough of such useless men to equal Early's force in number and that a corporal squad of Early's would lick the whole posse of them and that it would not even be safe to depend on them to defend a patch of ripe mellons. So he ordered the 6th Corps to look after things up there.

## Chapter 23

# Battle at Monocacy

Early smelt Sow-belly - To save Baltimore and Washington - Forced Back

On the 6th of July 1864 our Regiment with its Division marched to City Point fifteen miles and embarked on Transport City of Albany and arrived in Baltimore on the morning of the 7th. The 1st and 2d divisions of the Corps were sent to Washington. Both these cities were in danger from Early's army. On the morning of the 8th our Regiment with a part of its Division took cars and arrived at Monocacy Junction on the evening of that day.

At this place there were a few hundred day men to protect the B. and O. Railroad and had six three inch guns which added to our force gave about 5,000 men to resist Early's 20,000 and his fifty Napoleon heavy guns.

On the morning of the 9th and while rations were being issued Early it seems sniffed our sow-belly from afar and wolf like made a dash for it but soon learned it would take some fight to get it.

It was then for the first we had a good chance to fight them as they had been fighting us from the Rapidan to Richmond that is to select our position and compel them to come up to our guns. Our men were formed in line south of the railroad bridge and had a good position on the left bank of the river while the hundred day men held the stone bridge of the pike road preventing the rebels from getting in our rear.

It seemed useless for so small a force to make a stand against 20,000 having fifty pieces of artillery but it was necessary to save Baltimore and Washington from being captured until troops could be sent up from Petersburg.

Early could have killed us with his big guns by keeping out of musket range but he knew that the Yanks were slow to run back and that if he captured one of the big cities it must be done quick. So he sent his men forward to do up things in a hurry telling them there was nothing but hundred day men before them.

We were just back of the hill waiting for them and had been well warmed up to anger heat by their shells exploding among us and allowed them to come up unmolested so that we could see their eyes and more effectually give them what a traitor deserves through the language of our guns. They knew that every word meant to them git and git back they did and were heard to say There are those d—n blue patches again. They knew our cops badges and learned that there were more than new recruits in the diggins.

(C) After again forming their broken lines they charged in on our left. The 126 O. being on the extreme right was under cover of the hill then sent to the left just as the gray-backs were charging down through an open field when they saw us charging on them they did not know how many more were coming from behind the hill of course we were going for them as if we had plenty of backing but the rebs turned and went ditching that is there was a deep dry creek channel into which they crawled and went back for new orders.

During all this time we had been expecting the balance of our Division to come to our assistance but for some cause had been delayed on its journey.

The men were then weary. The sun was sinking low and they had no Joshua. They had bravely repulsed two charges but they could no longer withstand such odds against them. It has been stated by some writers that Gen. Wallace at that stage of the fight

ordered a retreat but if he did it came too late to save the men. The truth of it was an order by Early delivered to us by an overwhelming force of his men in our front and on both flanks doubling us up on a pile made it necessary to be killed captured or to retreat and it was every man get away if he could on his own plan. It is wonderful what great generalship is laid out on the pages of history. Writers of such history have not been guided by observation but by official reports which usually have a string fastened to them as if the general had done all the business then too they inflate the general about all his pants will bear placing him in the center of the fight and making him appear as the sole regulator of all being done but in reality how different.

The fact is their place is not in the center it is back where they can best see what is going on but not so far back as to make good field glasses of no use to them but how often it has been the case that had they not been so far back they might have merited more of the honor bestowed on them and benefited the army with some of the great generalship recorded to their credit.

The writer does not know where our General was at the time of this Battle he may have been in cannon range not those little ones the hundred day men had but those big fellows Early had or may have been in Baltimore but if he was where he could view the situation and had the intelligence which no doubt he had it seems he would have ordered a retreat just after the enemy had been repulsed the second time and thereby saved much of the loss to our side of 98 men left dead on the field 579 wounded and 700 taken prisoners. A full view of the advancing foe could be had from the heights just in our rear which leaves no excuse for the General in this sad affair.

Let him, who will, boast of fine generalship but we must say that after the battle had commenced we never saw any of it much greater than would be expected from an eighth corporal.

Seeing I could do nothing more with my Company I resolved to do all I could with my gun while retreating which caused me to get away too slow. The rebels in following up our men cut off my retreat through the gap of the hills. Four rebels in a squad were making for me demanding my surrender. I had not enlisted for such a purpose and told them so through my gun but firing too quick shot one of them through his left arm instead of his heart and then started to run when one of them shot me through my right thigh and I fell forward into a thicket of brier bushes. The tumble though not intended no doubt saved my life as it caused them to think I was a dead Yank and they passed on. I must have been reloading at least when I came to myself I found the gun in one hand and the ramrod in the other which served the purpose of parting the brier bushes so I could crawl through.

I had worked myself well up the steep hill side where I must have fainted from exertion and loss of blood at least when I regained a knowledge of myself or situation I felt as if I had been asleep then with what little strength I had determined to save myself from being captured if I could. I had no severe pain but felt as if I had an attack of the nightmare holding me down. I wanted to get away but my limbs refused to carry me. I could see the blood not only dropping but pouring from my leg and knew I had not much of that left to waste. I then remembered I had a compress in my knapsack and had succeeded in getting it well drawn around my leg when I saw a member of my Company John Snyder and called him and by him was assisted back to a house while exposed to rebels in cross - the railroad they sent a shower of balls which ticked on the rails like a dutch watch but they did not tick on our bodies.

We had just entered into the house when the rebels came in taking my assistant a prisoner and robbed me of such things as was of use to them and informed me that an ambulance would soon be on hand to assist me on my way to the city we so much desired to

take. I was anxious to go to Richmond but I wanted my escort to be true American citizens well armed and made up my mind that if they got me into an ambulance they would have to do so before dark.

There was a deep ravine below the house well covered with under brush in which I intended to hide as soon as night set in when the favorable time came I made an effort to get on my feet but could not the night-mare and I lay and listened for the ambulance but I afterward learned their ambulances were loaded down with their own wounded.

Three other Union soldiers wounded had taken refuge in the same house one of which seemed to have the night-mare too and mistook the sensation for the coming of the silent death creeper. All night long which to us poor fellows was a long one he prayed at the top of his voice for the good Lord to not cut him off in his sin to not cast him into the lake of burning brimstone but to cleanse his heart and to take him to glory. Even the night-mare became disgusted with him and left him.

In the morning after drinking stimulating tea he limbered up and took an invoice of his effects omitting his defects and found that his feeling exaggerated the amount of his body shot away and that he had about nine chances to live to one to die he then used more profane language than I ever heard fall from the lips of a saloon keeper in the same length of time.

So it is too often the case that a man when he finds his candle about to go out will throw its snuffings, in Gods face then when he finds that it will burn a while yet he will give its use to the devil.

A soldier of my Company had managed to keep out of battles. One day the Colonel said

Sergeant are your men ready for duty?

All except one.

Where is he?

Back where he always is when needed.

Have him brought up with a bayonet behind him.

The Lieu. Colonel seeing him brought up said

Sergeant if you see this man going back again shoot him then to the man If I see you going I will shoot you.

The man told me he had a presentiment that if he went into battle he would be killed. I replied I had sympathy for him but he could not be excused. He went into this Battle and was killed.

This same Lieu. Colonel was one of the best of officers and not only well but bravely did his duty on many battle fields that mysterious admonisher of fate whispered to him to day will be your last fight. He told a few officers and went into the battle of Opequan and was carried out a corpse.

A comrade and myself had been warm friends fried our crackers in the same pan and had slept side by side under the same blanket.

After the Battle of Monocacy he went to Richmond a prisoner and I went to the hospital.

So the reader for a season is kindly invited to go with the writer through hospital life.





## Chapter 24

# Hospital Life

Man strangest of Animals – Ladies of Frederick City Angels

The heads of the house in which it had been my bad and good fortune to be domiciled were at war too and seemed to be in peace on domestic affairs but on national differed as much as did the North and South. He represented Lincoln she Davis. She was no match for him in strength but if the fight was one of tongue she could lick him every time with both hands tied on her back but they were both so good to me I often thought I would like to pay them for their kindness.

Heads of families that took a stand on one side of the press knew but little of the trouble in families where both sides were being pressed in the form of lingual literature and punctuated as notion guided. In all such production the marks were as curiously made as they were curiously used for instance. A direct quotation was set off by a mark on each ear. An exclamation was sure to be followed by a dash. When special attention was desired an asterism was made by a blow on the eye and a period was set in place by the toe of a boot. Such people too had cause to rejoice when war printing went out of style.

On the 11th of July 1864 the vicinity had been cleared from armed rebel troops and I was taken to the hospital in Frederick. The hospital at that place occupied quite a space of ground having field tents nicely arranged so as to form streets one side was set off to accommodate rebels the other Union soldiers and a glimpse on the rebel side revealed the fact that our little force at Monocacy had laid as many of them up to cool off as they had of us aside from what their ambulances hauled away which was good considering they had four shooters to our one.

The hospital property belonged to the Union of States there was nothing queer in that but it was to me queer to see a union of friend and foe on the same ground a union of men who but a few days before had shot at one another to kill then trying to heal the wounds their guns had made. Of course the rebs had nothing to heal our wounds but our surgeons and our medicines were healing their wounds so they could take the field and shoot at us again.

Of all strange animals man is most strange. The ox will not gore another then lick the wound to heal it that they may again lock horns but man will. I can see religion in the healing of a wound but none in the tearing of it open after it has been healed. It is too much like holding a bottle of St Jacobs Oil in one hand and a hateful knife in the other.

The above does not apply to the south because man did not then exist there except as prisoners. Down there bruit like they cut wounds off to cure them or still worse let them rot off.

This strange union did not only exist between soldiers there but between the citizens of Frederick. War enemies as they were they often lived under the same roof drank water from the same well and were about equally divided in number. Their battle at that time was not with deadly weapons but in trying to outrival in careing for the soldiers of their choice.

I had no means of knowing how well the rebels were cared for by their friends but I do know that the Union soldiers were laid on beds of fragrant flowers and the sweetest morsels of life laid on their tongues by the fairest hands of Frederick City. All day long and

day after day did those dear Union ladies hover around us they did not seem to grow weary nor did their rich gifts fail to come.

I had read of angels hovering around a sick bed but it seemed more fanciful than true here were angels tangible we knew they were around us we heard their silvery voices we saw their smiles we felt their hands as they lay on our foreheads and in such a garden of bliss we forgot our wounds.

It is said that kindness begets love. One of those administering angels was as fair and beautiful as it is possible for an earthly angel to be but her grace of manners and kindness far outrivalled the rosy here on her cheeks.

You may call me a crank  
But I did love Miss Shank.

She was so kind and so considerate I fancied she was caring for me all the time though others had equally shared her presence. It was just as natural for a flame of love to spring up in my bosom as it is for a blaze to spring up from burning shavers and I penned down the secret of my heart and sent it to her in the hand of one of her servants but at that time the doctrine of Reciprocity was not being advocated and she did not reciprocate.

Though kind hands cared for these soldiers and best of nursing given it did not prevent it being said "He is dead". Soldier after soldier had fought his last battle and left his wounded body to return to dust. It seemed a battle field without the roar of musketry but the groans were there. He is dead the Ward master was heard to say every few moments and those chilling words He is dead was the only funeral sermon the poor brave soldier received who so nobly defended the stars and stripes a few days before at Monocay. Though he may have had a kind hand laid on his brow it was not a mother's hand. Though he may have seen tears in those dear ladies eyes they were not in his wife's eyes. Though he saw little children by his dying bed they were not his all around him was comparatively as cold as the grave before him and as chilly as the death wave creeping through his limbs. One last look on the world a quiver of his lips a gasp for breath and the Hospital steward said He is dead.

When I think of all that suffering and dying and of the many broken hearts at home and be told that there was no cause sufficient to justify the hanging of the leaders of the rebellion I wonder if there was cause why those poor soldiers should face the missiles of death to capture the leaders of secession but then in this world it seems to make difference as to whom the death sentence is to be read if to a man having a big name the law becomes small inadequate to meet the proportion of the cuss standing between his crime and the Statutes but if to some poor homeless man or a poor widow's son the trial is a short one the law is all pointed and clear and the court soon decides Hang him up by his neck untill he is dead.

## Chapter 25

# Patterson Park Hospital

Description - A good Surgeon - Power of Mind - He would not Die

On the 26th of July 1864 I was moved to Patterson Park Hospital at Baltimore which walled in a square space of ground cutting off a view of the outside world. The inclosed space of land was kept so it reminded the patient that it was a part of the world he saw before his incarceration. Here and there by the side of gravel walks stood some shrubbery doing all it could to put forth its flowers and sweet fragrance to make the life of the enclosed inmates bearable. The sanitary regulation was good so far as cleanliness went but it was too much like laying a patient down in a high box on a bed of roses it was nice for a while but soon became monotonous. True this box had a hole through which the sick and wounded soldiers could crawl in but at its mouth stood sentinels with fixed bayonets and none could crawl out without a pass save shoulder-strap men.

I was a volunteer that is of my own will I gave what service I could be of to my country and could often have deserted had it been my intention. If it be argued that it was not to prevent desertion but to keep common soldiers from bad women down in the city then a palpable error was made by not throwing the restriction over officers instead of over fighting men. I had been at the front and had been sent to the rear wounded and felt at least that I was entitled to a free view of God's world if I could not walk over it and breathe its fresh air. At the front we had all the liberty a soldier could reasonably ask at times we could take strolls and return at will and I did not understand why I should be boxed up like a dried fish in that Hospital having bayonets sticking in the only hole to get out.

I had often heard it remarked at the front that hell was back in the rear managed by green officers but if by any reason of its hide bound construction Patterson Park Hospital could be called hell its presiding surgeon or chief could not be called a devil. No Dr Kemster was a gentleman and had learned how to talk to men a something we are sorry to say many of our officers knew no more about than a hog knows of table etiquette.

I had not been on my couch long before the doctor came in and being nearest the door was the first to receive his attention. He stopped and looked at me. I could see a smile in his face and back of that a sympathetic soul. He seemed to talk as if he was the inferior and the soldier his superior his actions left a cheerful bosom in every patient and caused my eyes to follow him. He was a man rank did not convert into a fool and was well calculated to cure more patients without medicine than many of our surgeons could with medicine.

In my ward was a soldier that had been shot through the lower part of his chest and had been instructed by his doctor that if he had any arrangement to make before death he had better attend to it soon. The poor fellow did not cry neither did he fret over it nor about his home but by his actions said Well if I must soon die I must have all the fun I can get while I live. The celebrated clown Dan Rice could not have made much more fun than that fellow made and no one seemed to enjoy fun better than he did. Did he die? Not then but in course of time was pronounced out of danger.

I saw others slightly wounded and grieving O my poor mother. O my dear wife and children. What will become of them there they lay they may have had a finger shot off but then that was enough to kill their bodies while grieving did the rest. I learned while in

hospitals that it takes a serious disease or wound to kill a man if it cannot have the aid of his mind.

I did not fret about my wound but I was worried about mother. I had written to my parents informing them that I was not in a dangerous condition but I knew mother's disposition that she would think I was making light of my case and much desired to go home. So one morning I asked my kind Doctor if I could go home. He shook his head and said Not yet but as soon as I think you are able. Time passed and I was about to renew my application when my good Doctor came in with my furlough and transportation papers and informed me that the ambulance would soon be round and that its driver should see me safe on the train.

Some surgeons would have snapped me off and if I ever got a furlough it would have been through repeated begging but this surgeon remembered my request. It was a kind act of him but not more kind than the soul he carried in his bosom.

## Chapter 26

# Furloughed Home

The Journey - Kind Treatment - A ride with a Copperhead - Hoopskirts - They were not Friendly - A Mothers Love

About 1 a.m. my train run into the depot at Pittsburg. My route required a change of cars and I felt I had traveled as far as my strength would allow without rest and did not know how I could get off and find a hotel in the dark and was looking around for some kind face to assist when a young man lay his hand on my shoulder and asked

Would you like to go to the soldiers Rest?

Two crutches were soon under my armpits and was conducted but a few steps to where I found what seemed to be more than its name implied Soldiers Rest.

What would you like most to eat and to drink? Allow us to do all we can for you. Dont worry. Now go to sleep we will see that you get your train said the ladies of that paradise.

Yes fair angels were in Pittsburgh as well as in Frederick careing for crippled soldiers. God bless them it is doubtful if they knew how much good they were doing many a poor soldier knew but could not tell. It was just such a place as I needed if I did not deserve it. I could do nothing and could say nothing that seemed like pay for their kindness but I have always remembered it as one of the brightest pictures on the pages of the war. A good bed and stimulants did much in toning up my nerves but their kindness more it drove away the gloom of night sat my mind at rest and I was more happy than miserable.

About 9 a.m. on the same day I arrived in Urichsville and took the hack for New Philadelphia.

The rig was a two seated thing arranged so that passengers on one seat faced those on the other and their knees locked like the teeth of a hair-comb pressed between the teeth of another comb.

On that part of my journey my company consisted of an elderly gentleman and lady. The woman's weight would have tipped the beam at about 300 lbs and she was nearly as wide as she was long so that when stuck into her seat she looked like a felt hat partly stuck into a tin-cup and about that age of the world hoopskirts were at their greatest heighth or dimensions I should say and the craze was drawing largely on the vines of the forest and for that lady to show the people that she had hoops on required their diameter to equal her heighth plus the radius of the circle. I might have seen of what material they were made but I did not look it was no use my wound emphatically informed me that they were grapevines not well trimmed but well seasoned.

Her husband occupied more than half the seat I was on and was a large man in size and was largely overgrown in self esteem but he and I with reference to to the woman presented to travelers we met the appearance of two baby kangaroos sticking their heads out of their mother's pocket. His disposition to not favor me in the condition I was convinced me that he was a rank copperhead and to ride with such a scoundrel at that time gave me more pain than did my hoop thumped wound.

It is doubtful if I could have endured the journey under other circumstances but the thought that I was nearing home that place of all most dear on earth I had left just two years before was too sweet for the sour grape vines and copperhead venom to kill every jar of the hack I knew was shortening the distance between mother and me the jirking of the team did not offend me had the hag been overturned and her precious hoops been broken I would not have grieved.

Two long hours I had been under copperhead pressure and grape vine coils when I saw in the distance the old familiar church spires and knew that if I could hold out ten minutes longer I would then be relieved from the pressure unnatural and silly pride had brought to bear on me but I had not so long to wait the hack stopped and the hag got in motion. I knew a great struggle was going on over me. I could hear grunts and I felt additional pain and finally felt like a pig after its mother had raised her ponderous body off of it. I was then taken to a hotel and placed on a hard bench in its barroom.

The town was not or had not been known as a copperhead hole perhaps but few cities had sent to the army a better per cent of its population than New Philadelphia had which no doubt had left a prevailing influence of the wrong ism. I could see familiar faces but to me they were not friendly. I was in need of help. I needed bathing and stimulants nothing came in the way of kindness all had to be ordered and came as cold as the extortionate prices demanded for them and they seemed to say I guess you got what you needed down south.

I had expected at least some recognition from old acquaintances but all seemed as cold as the ice bound regions of Greenland and I was thinking how I might get to my home out in the country when my sister came into the hotel.

Father and mother had not heard from me for quite a length of time and had been sending to the Post office every day for some time past. On that morning father before going to his place of business directed that Louisa should go to the office again and said if no letter came that day he would start on the next morning to bring me home.

So it was Louisa that came into the hotel where I was but not the Louisa I had kissed good bye two years before. I had expected to see her the same twelve year old girl she was when I left home but there she stood before me so much taller so much more beautiful and so much more lady like that she knew me better than I knew her. She was the first ray of warm sun light to penetrate that hotel for me the wintry icicles soon melted away and she seemed the first rose to bloom on a spring morning. I was then anxious to know what changes time had made in my sister Martha.

Yes father and mother and all the rest of my friends were just four miles out in the country and we were soon seated on a rig and making the distance yet to go shorter. We had so much to talk and was not half done when my eyes saw the dearest house to me hands had ever made. It was not dear in its material or construction only a heived log house having a frame addition joined to it but it was where father and mother lived.

I had made up my mind to put my best foot foremost and to do nothing that would cause mother to think my wound was other than a slight one and I dismissed the rig some distance from the house so that I could show that I was able to walk by using crutches.

Mother was sweeping the porch and I had hobbled up to the yard gate before she saw me. I expected she would come to meet me but she did not. The broom fell from her hands and she put her apron over her face and cried.

I wish I could in some way explain to children how much love and kindness they owe to their angel mothers but I cannot. I have no language that can throw the faintest shadow over the field of a mother's unbounded love for her children but if I could why should I. God

has given us a knowledge and a sense of appreciation that enables us to be a thousand times more kind to our mothers than we are but while they are living and their hearts yearning for us we neglect our duty to them and think in the common way of life that it is only a mother's duty to care for us. Thus we slumber on the bed of false repose while mother's hands are careing for us and doing many things our hands should do to smooth her path through life until we wake up after mother is gone.

How many children would then if they could turn aside the curtain of death tell their mother how much they love her and how much they would do for her if she could come back but it is then too late. The ears that had waited so long to hear kind words are deaf. The hands that had done so much are folded to rest. The eyes that could not sleep when sickness was in the family are closed and the heart that loved so much can love no more in this life. Your tears may fall on the clods of her grave and you may bury her coffin beneath flowers but it is all too late. You did not tell her how much you loved her while she toiled for you. You did not rest her weary hands. She went to her grave without knowing how much her child loved her.

I knew then that every tear that fell from mother's eyes flowed from a fountain of love and a sympathetic soul. I was not worthy of one of them but I was her child and the ball that struck her child struck her heart and the wound was bleeding anew not in crimson but in drops clear as crystal and as pure as the morning dew. O a mother's love who can describe it. It is wider and deeper than the ocean and cannot be bounded by shore lines. If she had children surviving her it cannot be buried in her grave. No it will twine around the hearts of her children until the frosts of many years have settled on their heads even then to them the dearest earthly name is Mother.

If in the final winding up of the family circle the grave destroys these fond recollections. I could wish that my soul be blotted out with them but such a thought may be sinful. We do not know the divine order of things beyond the grave other than what the Bible teaches but if instead of enjoying the recollections of a mother we enjoy something better surely every moment of our lives should be spent in trying to get to Heaven.

Nature had asserted itself her soul like a cloud of rain drops had to be relieved and while the sparkling drops were reflecting the golden rays of the sun I felt unworthy to approach nearer and stood still but not long the arms that had nursed me when a child would have done so again and carried me into the house had they been strong enough.

There was no fine carpet or costly furniture in our house but there was a sacredness a something wealth could not give it was more precious than fine jewels it was loving hearts. Martha had grown so much and looked so fair I felt proud of my sisters.

I had not been long in the sitting room when I heard father's well known step on the porch and his voice asking

Did you get a letter from Francis?

Yes mother answered.

Where is it? Let me have it.

Come over into the room and read it.

As father entered the door of my room he directed his eyes to the bureau where he expected to find the letter and for a few moments did not see me. I could see in his face well drawn the outlines of deep anxiety as if he feared the letter might convey the intelligence He is dead.

That view of his face taught me in part how much a father's heart yearns for his child even though it may have been an undutiful one and in part how much a child owes its parent in way of respect but never can pay in full.

I know that in this world there are many strange things that our life is a life of mystery but I cannot understand why it is that I saw so little good comparatively in my parents while they were living and so much good in them after they are gone that I would like to pay. If I could have had a clearer perception of their worth and love I could have often made them happy instead of giving them needless pain. All that I can now do in the way of showing them gratitude avails nothing. It is too late.

Mother coming in with father said here it is. That index of his soul in his face then portrayed alternately joy and sympathy one moment glad to see me the next sorry to know I was hurt.



## Chapter 27

### At Home

Peaceful Home - Kindness too Cheap - A Deserter - Return to Hospital - An Omen - The Name of Jesus and Mother - A bold Front - Let me see your Pass

A good nights rest and kind treatment repaired much of the effect of my journey. In fact the trip aside from loss of sleep did not injure me had there been no big women and no big grapevines all would have went well.

A peaceful home is dear at all times but it becomes dearer after living a long time in no house and where one half of the people try to kill the other half a something to often the case in a family house but there is no need it should be and will not be except in case where there is a member that cannot control self but feels competent to boss the rest. The writer can give some good advice how to build up a peaceful home but he never gave a very good example and he has often thought that one reason why so little kindness is shown in some families is because it does not cost much that if it cost an outlay of much money many would have it to adorn their homes that are shifting along without it.

Water does not cost much but is a good agent in quenching thirst and in putting fire out.

Kindness does not cost much but is a good agent in soothing the troubled mind and in putting firery anger out.

Physical force and profane language cannot reclaim an evil temper but kindness can.

Where kindness is alive the devil is dead.

Of course in the time of being at home on furlough I received more kindness than I would have received under other circumstances. I had been away a long time and where life was very uncertain and where food and shelter often could not be had but it was kindness and I shall never forget it so long as I can remember father and mother.

Having the treatment that only a mother can give and the enjoyment of a dear home my wound healed beyond expectation and the time of my furlough expired while it seemed but half up.

Had the soldiers who were sent to hospitals sick and wounded and kept there under bayonets been sent to their homes no doubt thousands of them now mouldering in National Cemeteries would be living to day.

While it is true that patients had the best sanitary regulation in hospitals

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it is true that they had the worst of prison life as much so as have criminal patients in our county jails and as much from the care that none but a mother can give. If you can give your patients satisfied minds you can give them a greater healing power than can be found in medicine if their ailing be wounds.

It should not be expected that patients in hospitals hemmed in by a line of bayonets excluding friends from their bed sides can be satisfied then too in hospitals there was the nonsensical blubber-swell that of compelling patients to rise to their feet and salute the surgeon when he came in the ward. I venture the assertion that to subject a well man to

such indignity he will look like a corpse in six months if he is not one at the end of that time. Such compulsion is not compatible and is antagonistic to the American idea of man. I might kiss a man somewhere between the top of his head and his heels of my own will but I do not want to be forced to do so. It has been said that it is the office to be honored and not the officer. Well all right but it has been known to do the officer more good than the office. Dang it that's where the hurt comes in.

My furlough having about expired I made an effort to have it extended and sent to the Hospital surgeon a certificate from my home physician certifying that I was unfit for duty but the cramped rules of that institution were such no extension could be allowed in that way that I must report back in person dead or alive or be considered a deserter. I was twelve days over time in my effort which made me a deserter. So I started to run the gauntlet the farther end of which was the box in which my furlough had been dated.

Father and mother accompanied me to the rail-road station and it was understood between them that they would let me off easy but it was of no use they simply tried to cover a large field of love with a small blanket.

They would have carried out their parts well had it not been for a little circumstance occurring just as the train was pulling out of the depot. I stepped out on the rear platform of the train to take what was likely to be my last view of that town. I then saw father and mother standing where I had left them and still looking toward the train. Mother's eyes saw me but not long her handkerchief covered them. I learned she took it as an omen that I never would return.

It has been said that the name of Jesus is the sweetest name to mortals given but to be honest with my soul I must confess that I have never learned to love that name as dearly as I have learned to love the name Mother. Yes mother when I was a helpless babe in her arms cared for me and taught me that in her I could find a friend in all my wants and in all my hours of pain neither did her love cease to flow for me when I became a man nor up to the hour of her death and when my country called me from her side that fountain of love sprang forth in crystal drops. I then thought Mother O dear mother let them fall hide them not from my view that I may see them and through them better remember thee when thou art gone.

No when her last hour came and as long as life was in her bosom love was flowing from her heart even when she could no longer talk and when her strength was nearly gone she raised her hand in love and her moist eyes followed me until the curtain of death was suspended between us.

I am now old and it has been many years since my mother died but I often seek a quiet place where I sit down and think of her there in reverie. I am carried back to the days when I was a child and feel mother's arms around me and her warm breath falling on my brow. I know Jesus can do greater acts for us than a mother can but I do not know how he can do them in a more loving way.

I returned into the car and sank back on my seat and it seemed I sank from all worth living for except home. I dearly loved our flag and had done all I could for it but I then loved my parents dearer than I could love my country and had it not been for the hope I had of again returning home I would have died at their feet rather than to run the gauntlet before me in which I was liable to be arrested as a deserter.

Soon officers on patrol duty came into my car and it seemed every time their lips moved they were asking to see my pass. I knew by experience that the best I could do was to show a bold front so I approached rather than to evade them and every new relief squad came aboard was a new thorn in my flesh until the conductor cried out Baltimore.

I hobbled out of the depot and my crutches helped me toward the hospital as if I was needed there right quick. Patrols met me on the way. I looked at them as if doubtful of their having a pass soon I found the hole leading into the box not the rough-box in which the nearly dead were stored and I was about to say to myself Good good when the sentinel there posted blowed out

Let me see your pass.

Military rules must be strict and must be strictly enforced but with judgment. I was a wounded soldier unfit for duty and my crime was over time on furlough. Had that guard been an old experienced soldier he would apparently have overlooked date and said Pass in.



## Chapter 28

### Arrested at Last

Yellowlip Soldiers - A little Strategy - The Punishment - Dat night Gaud -  
Weakness to shed Tears - Five Cent's worth of Beans

Arrested at Last and that too within one step of where I would have been safe or free from courtmartial.

That sentinel no doubt had worked himself into the Invalid corps through false pretense of illness and had never been at the front or in battle as I had reason to think the other patrols I met had been. Soldiers that had been in the storm had learned how to treat a comrade and made no arrests except in extreme cases a rule which was backed by many old reliable officers as will be remembered in the case of Col. Smith letting the soldier go free after the farmer left and of Gen. Grant not punishing the tobacco user for giving up his gun while on duty but this need not be explained to old soldiers they all understand it and they all hated yellow-lip soldiers like the one that arrested me and who had flinched before the battle by feigning sickness or generally a crick in the back.

When I was to be taken to the guard house I asked the Sergeant of the guard to first take me to Dr Kemster he refused to do so. I then told him I had a verbal message for the Doctor and that if he stood in the way of it being delivered at once it might effect the stripes on his arms he replied write it and I will take it to him so I penciled the following and remained under guard for a reply.

Dear Doctor

In waiting for an answer from you I waited too long to return under protection of furlough. I am now a prisoner at the door of this Hospital.

The Doctor ordered Let that prisoner go to his ward.

In course of time the Doctor came round and said he was sorry I had not complied with furlough making it his duty to inflict punishment. I told him I had tried to do my duty before I was wounded.

I think the reader can see how old soldiers worked things and that they never hung a comrade on the sharp pin of the law for petty violation. There was something about a soldier that seemed to tell just what he was and old soldiers knew a yellow-lip or a green soldier as well as a cow knows a calf that does not belong to her stable.

My punishment was in watching of nights to prevent fire from breaking out in the kitchen department of the Hospital. The cooks managing the kitchen in day time were negro wenches and so black anything peeling off of their hands could easily be detected in New Orleans molasses but after they got out things looked as clean as they could have been made by white hands.

It may be a matter of dispute as to which side received the more benefit out of that punishment so far as the matter rested with me. I felt that one day in my home was worth more to me than ten days of my service in that kitchen could be to the Government.

A soldier that will go hungry while guarding food ought to starve to death on the spot. It is a well known fact that no white woman can bake beans that will have a finer

taste hanging to them than a darkey woman can. In the pantry of that kitchen large stacks of such beans had been stored for the morning meals and every morning during my term of service as guard one of those stacks looked as if a hen had been scratching in it for a nest and every morning when the cooks came in a threatening voice could be heard asking

“Now what pussen went and done dat agin? Shooa him mus hab ben dat night guad.”.

Ten consecutive nights were as long as those good natured domestics could bear up under such grievance then my kind Doctor informed me that I should take quarters in the tent-field in the rear of the main box.

The annex to the Hospital covered quite a tract of land and its lonely streets and dismal avenues with its hundreds of white tents uninhabited standing like so many marble monuments reminded me of the city of the dead. I felt that I had been carted into it a semi corpse without a friend to bury me and I resolved that I never would turn an old horse out on the commons to die if I did not die myself in that grave-yard.

The punishment inflicted for being a few days over time on furlough I could bear but the punishment for sampling the toothsome beans when I was hungry I could not bear. Of all punishment none so unbearable as solitary confinement.

It may be considered a mark of weakness in a soldier to shed tears over what he must endure but I confess I often found myself in one of those lonely tents with something moist dropping from my cheeks and I am sure it was not sweat.

I walked the streets of that non catacomb city in search for something alive but in vain even the cats and toads had forsaken it for a place more congenial.

After seven days living or more properly dying in that comb void of a cat not like the larva on sweet but like the penitent on husks my kind Doctor sent me to Pennsylvania where I might have the brotherly influence left by Mr Penn for my reclamation from an unholy desire to eat five cents worth of Uncle Sams beans.

## Chapter 29

# Chestnut Hill Hospital

Soldiers Rest - What our Government should Know - It made the Doctor feel  
Good - Let the Wind out of Lordyism - A Rap on the Door

On my way to Chestnut Hill Hospital I remained over night in the Soldiers Rest at Philadelphia City. The traveler on his journey will often find gardens so rich in bloom that they seem to be grand pictures or the reflection of Heaven on earth but those rests for weary soldiers were neither pictures nor were they reflections, they were real and brought sweet rest and solid comfort to many a soldier.

On arriving at the Hospital I found it to be round like a barrel receiving and discharging patients through a bung hole hence as much a prison as the one I left and the regulations of both were well calculated to kill the mind while quinine and blue mass had their effect on the body.

It has been said that hospitals were iron bound to prevent leakage or desertion. Is it not true that such hoops of oppression are better calculated to cause than to prevent desertion? Is it reasonable to suppose that a soldier in need of provisions such as should be found in a hospital will desert them? No but he will flee from unjust treatment especially from the silly duty that of being forced to salute men. Yes I am bold to say that unreasonable demands for self gratification more than for public benefit has caused more desertion from an army than fear from an armed enemy has.

Life in Chestnut Hill Hospital was much like that in Patterson Park but I must say that the Surgeon in the former enjoyed a salute more than any other man I ever saw. He had his ward-masters to have their patients all seated each one by his bed-side that was able to get out of bed and there await the coming of his greatness no matter if it took all day and no matter if some of the patients had a leg or an arm off all were compelled to stand up at a given signal and make the Doctor feel good or elevated by a grand salute to his honor.

If you have seen a leather bag poured full of water you can form an idea how the kinks in that Doctor swelled out from the effect of the salute and it seemed on such occasions the texture of his trowsers became as much strained as a pomace bag under a hydraulic press surely if saluting does the office as much good as it did that man a heavy detail from every company in the army should have been made every day to do nothing other than salute.

A man from the farm or shop takes no stock in such foolishness and cannot be made believe that it is an important factor in quelling a rebellion and regards it as being foreign or lordly froth yet existing in some who have not had their blood cleaned in accordance with the American idea of man.

No necessary duty however dangerous it may have been created in me a desire to desert but silly aristocratic froth bubbling on the blood of some of our sham officers did make me feel like going where such foam did not exist in large quantities and where I could blow what was found off without fear of going to the guardhouse or of being put on double duty.

I would have the soldier strictly comply with necessary military law but as much as is possible I would throw him on his own dignity and responsibility. I would have him defend

his country just as he does his personal property and I would have him with his bayonet let the wind out of every bubble-bag growing out of lordyism or vain conceit.

Such a course would not only give good official character but it would make soldiers true to their country to themselves and to their officers and I venture the assertion that one hundred such soldiers will lick five hundred not certain on which side their hatred most centered.

Lordyism may be tolerated in old countries where the people know no better and have been taught from infancy up that rank, position and dollars without regard to moral worth tend to make blood better than that found in a poor man and though the absurdity to a great extent has been allowed to simmer in an egotistical pot in this country it never can be cooked so that it will have a fine flavor or a tender touch to the American tooth. Culture and refinement will produce better conduct and better symmetrical forms but the same kind of blood God put in Adam is yet in his descendants without any improvement by man on what God's notion of blood should be.

Such gross ignorance as inheriting a finer blood has not only been a curse to civil society but to our army and if our Government must have its offices saluted let it require its solders to go to the office and salute it only when the officer is absent.

Force a man to salute you  
If you would have him boot you  
Surely he will not suit you  
Instead will always snoot you

But the soldier that could lift his head above bondage and silly forms could see in Chestnut Hill Hospital an honor to the bold defenders of our country. It was cleanly kept and had good wards good beds good food and good bath rooms all of which sufficient seemed to restore the worn out soldier to good health without the aid of bitter quinine and the no less bitter saluting froth.

The writer with many other soldiers of various hospitals was furloughed home to cast a vote in the Presidential election of 1864 and must say while a soldier I never went on any expedition that my will entered into more freely than into that one in it I knew I could do my country a great good and at the same time enjoy the greatest earthly blessing such as can only be found in a dear home.

One evening after the family had retired and all was dark and still father and mother heard a rap on their door. Had the mysterious sign that told them in Mineral Point their son would never come back transformed itself into a ghost to tell them he is no more? No they opened the door shook his hand gave him something to eat and found him to be their living boy.



## Chapter 30

# Greatest Battle of the War

Democratic Doctrine - Shoot the Flag Down - Well might Democrats Squirm -  
Strike Calhoun and Davis - Democrats Shot the Flag Down - Hurrah for  
McClellan - No Never - Every Citizen - A Consummate Fool - Struck Dead -  
Cause of the War - Vallandigham - Morgans Raid

The greatest battle recorded in American history was fought on the 8th of Nov. 1864 a battle in which all civilized nations either directly or indirectly took a part. The struggle was to decide whether rebels could set up a confederacy within the lines of the United States or not and the principal contending parties were the Republicans on one side and the Democrats on the other.

The greater part of the latter force was in the southern states in open hostility and trying to shoot down the flag of our country. The remaining part was in the Northern states using their tongues printing presses and votes in favor of establishing a confederate flag. Of course a large portion of the latter party could not shoot in the ballot box but it could shoot its lip over our picket lines.

The former force contended for one country one flag and one people and held the proud banner of our land above the blood that traitors or the latter force caused to flow beneath its folds.

The writer has no desire to erect the old bloody shirt but feels that he cannot complete his task without tearing off at least a small strip from the bloody garment the Democratic party manufactured so that he can hand a patch of it down that young people may know what the Democratic party was in 1864 when this great Battle was fought and every thread of this patch shall be pasted down just as the Democratic loom lay them together not adding in the least because he does not want his reputation injured by manufacturing such cloth.

The Democratic party had been thirty years spinning the yam for that hateful shirt but in all that period of time it kept its wheel buzzing finally twisting out such strings as follows from which the bloody shirt or secesh flag was made.

Nullification of the Tariff

A state or states may Secede

Slavery has a right to go where the Constitution of the United States goes

Squatter Sovereignty

If the opposing party to State Right doctrine succeed in electing its nominee for president in 1860 then the Southern states shall secede and if the U.S. Government resist, its flag shall be shot down and trailed in the dust.

Such were some of the threads woven into the bloody-shirt by the Democratic party and hoisted over the Southern states as its banner of secession. Well might the Democratic party squirm when the Republican party holds up that bloody-shirt that stinken rotten

production of modern Democracy to public view. Every Democrat should feel and know that his party was the sole cause of every drop of blood that flowed in the war its treasonable hands or conduct brought on of every dollar the war cost and of every bitter pang that grew out of it.

Should any Democrat feel offended after reading the above he should not strike the writer down but he should go to the graves of Calhoun and Davis and there thump their old dry bones until his wrath is appeased.

Thus it was that the Democratic party became a rebel party and true to its damnable threats on Ft Sumpter and elsewhere it did shoot down the stars and stripes of our country.

We have heard it said that all rebels were Democrats but all Democrats were not rebels.

We boldly assert that every man who voted a Democratic ticket in the fight of 1864 voted in the interest of the rebel cause and that Geo. B. Mc Clellan became a rebel if he was not one before when he accepted his nomination and indorsed the proceedings of a copperhead convention that had declared the war to preserve the Union a failure and that had declared not another man and not another dollar to suppress the rebellion. Never did the rebel army on a battle field gain a victory that gave it more hope and more reason to rejoice than did the action of the Democratic convention at Chicago in 1864.

Hurrah for Mc Clellan was heard on the other side of the water by every nation desiring the overthrow of the United States.

Hurrah for Mc Clellan was heard in the rebel army just in front of the Union soldiers.

Hurrah Hurrah for Mc Clellan was heard in the dens of the Knights of the Golden Circle and in the throat of every copperhead that disgraced himself and his country.

Is it reasonable to suppose that the enemies to our country the armed rebels against us and the rank copperheads that spewed their vile venom on the sacred altar of our nation would have cheered for Mc Clellan if he was a Union man if he was in favor of shooting down a traitor that shot our flag down and if he intended these states should never be dissolved. No never.

But thanks to the God that rules over the destiny of nations a popular majority of over Four Hundred Thousand rolled out of the ballot box in this Greatest Battle of the War fought in Nov. 1864 in favor of Abe Lincoln the renowned war chief the preserver of the Union the great captain of the Republican party. Did rebels and copperheads ever cheer for Abraham Lincoln? Not much. Why not? Because he did not belong to that crowd and had no sympathy for any one daring to insult or to shoot our flag down.

All good citizens have cause to rejoice that the party that called the war for the Union a failure was defeated in this Great Battle. Had the Democratic party been victorious on that day and carried out its resolutions which it would have done the bloody shirt or secesh flag alone would stand where the stars and stripes now wave.

It has been said that there were as good Union Democrats in the army as there were good Union Republicans.

We maintain that there was not a sane soldier in the Union army that voted the Democratic ticket during his period of service. Show us a soldier that shot at a rebel to kill that read the proceedings of the Democratic convention in 1864 then voted to have the nominee of that convention be President of the United States or in other words show us a volunteer soldier whose ball and vote was fired in an antagonistical way and I will show you a consummate fool or an idiot.

The writer does not overlook the fact that in 1863 his Regiment cast 313 votes for Brough Rep. and 39 votes for Vallandigham Dem candidates for Governor of Ohio and admits that in his Regiment there were 39 full blooded true Democrats but as to whether or not they were good Union soldiers let those who know the rebel standing of Vallandigham at that time decide. When those 39 straight Democrats were asked why they supported a rank copperhead replied our fathers always voted the Democratic ticket so we thought let her go Galliger right or wrong.

It is true that we had many brave soldiers in the army who had been Democrats previous to the war but they also had been good American citizens so that when they went into the army they left their old politics at home and if they voted at all while in the service their votes and their guns so harmonized that our country owes them as much respect as it owes to the same number of Republican soldiers.

The result of this Great Battle was the destruction of every thread or issue the Democratic party had brought forward in the past thirty years out of which it had made the bloody shirt.

Though the national fire on that day destroyed the texture of the rebel rag it must be admitted to the disgrace of our country that its ashes still exist in the form of a sheet and is brought out on public occasions by southern Democrats in preference to the stars and stripes but the substance was consumed by the flames of cleansing fire that rolled out of the muzzle of the ballot box on that memorable day and on the monument of brimstone erected over those dead Democratic issues the traveler may read

#### Struck Dead by Abraham Lincoln

The Democratic party since 1860 has not brought forward an issue that entered into or that forms a part of the principles making us to day the grandest Government on the face of the earth but the party opposed all of those grand principles and has only existed as an opposing machine. I do believe that if Christ was on earth and the Republicans would nominate him for president the Democrats would buck against the Son of God with the Devil for its ram.

The writer traveled five hundred miles to fire off his pistol in this Great Battle that crushed the Democratic spinning wheel and is right down glad to know that his little gun did as much execution as a large cannon could have done.

Barnes in his School History thickly sugar coats the cause of the war of the rebellion so that his book might find a sale in the south when he attributes the cause to the difference in climate and in industrial pursuits etc. Why not tell it to our children straight and say it was Democratic cussedness it was the Democratic spinning wheel twisting out Squatter Sovereignty resulting in the untimely graves of a million of our best citizens or that it was an unholy desire of the aristocracy of the south to jump on poor black human beings and ride them over western territory as they would dumb bruits and as they did negroes in the south.

The above will not seem so harsh to the reader if some of the sorrow that grew out of the war is weighed along with it.

In justice to many who took up arms against the government I must say they were simply a deluded set because they had been taught from infancy up that slavery was right just as the offspring of tong people have been taught that their blood is better than that found in some other people and I beg of them that they take no offense when I say the copperheads belonged to the southern crowd it is true they yelped in the north but they yelped for secession hence the south must furnish them a kennel.

That the reader may know the only difference between a rebel soldier and a rebel copperhead I shall say that the rebel soldier had grit enough to stand before a Union soldier and fight while the rebel copperhead had no sand but reptile like in a cowardly way crawled in the rear of the Union army and there got in his dirty work.

It must be admitted that the Union soldier found in the rebel soldier his equal in bravery and it is a fact that a soldier will admire true bravery though it be found in his deadly foe in battle and will hate a base coward hence it was that the rebel soldiers overlooked the work the cowardly copperheads had done for them and despised them but little less than did a Union soldier.

Their hatred for such was made quite conspicuous in the fact that the south would not give the cowardly copperhead Vallandigham standing room on its soil after he had been set over the line but sent him to Canada on the first outgoing blockade runner and again. A very fine exhibition of the respect a rebel soldier had for a rebel copperhead was given to a farmer when rebel Morgan was making his famous raid along the North bank of the Ohio River.

Gen. Morgan was exchanging a pair of his jaded horses for a good span when their owner

“Ginrel I alus had sympathy and alus had great interest in the rebellers. Why are you taking my horses and leaving me them old critters? Law sakes alive Myranda would nt be ketched behind sick things.”

“Mr Farmer your sympathy avails us nothing we must have the best horses to best protect your great interest in the rebellion.”

“But Ginrel when the rest of your men comes long mebbe they’ll take these critters and take em off too.”

“Not if you will take off your hat and hurrah for Jeff Davis.”

The next troops to come along were the Union in pursuit of Morgan and they received the charge Morgan had loaded into the farmer but it is needless to add that Myranda was not disgraced by riding behind Morgans critters.

It may be asked why call the copperheads cowards when they so boldly gave expression to their treasonable sentiments if so the answer will be found in this. In war parlance it was said a dog not brave enough to do its yelping on a battle field was a base coward so those northern curs yelped for the southern dogs but their tails were too short to wag with them on a battle field.

## Chapter 31

### Playing Citizen

Its Flames - There is Sorrow - Play Party - Return to Hospital - Mothers early Home - Sent to the Front - Starving

The weather being chilly I was reminded of the fire place where I had warmed myself on several occasions so I soon found myself again in Hardin County and if the weather was cold while there I did not know it in fact nothing of a cold nature could remain cold before the blaze I shall remember as the brightest I had seen for some time. I had seen many a fire on many a hearth but none had brighter coals or furnished more comfort than did this fire.

Its flames cracked the tone its sparks danced on their upward flight and though the fire was lively it was not so snappy as some fires I had seen down south. Well where all was so lovely bright and cheerful nothing but loving words could be said but how often in the midst of joy we find sorrow. Yes the parting hand and parting word must be given and in this case with but little hope of again meeting the eyes that met mine in the door of the old log school house.

I returned home and while there the young folks honored me by giving one of those old fashioned play parties in which the right to kiss and to get married was not restricted by law or challenged by prospective mothers-in-law.

The hall on that occasion was alive with the finest looking young ladies in the country and of course without regard to merit gave me special attention but Dear mercy I cannot tell to how many of them I was married in a few hours time and that too without a thought of my being killed in the army and leaving the entire neighborhood a field of war widows to be pensioned.

In one of their plays in couples they marched around in a circle and sang

I am an old soldier  
Just came from war  
Just came from war etc.

Of course I took it all in for what it was worth and thought the lady hanging on my arm pulled down somewhat more than customary and that roguish eyes were peeping at me on all lines that might be drawn across the circle to the point I held.

No colonel after being saluted by his battalion ever felt his oats more than I did mine on that occasion and it required all the contracting power. I had to keep myself from swelling out like the hospital Doctor at C.H. Hospital did and I have always thought that had shoulder-strap men been saluted by such fair ladies instead of by soldiers I would not have blamed them had they busted there and then.

On my return to the hospital father and mother accompanied me to Canton where sister Eliza Ann lived. While on our way and a few miles south of Canton at mother's request the carriage was stopped mother raised her hand and pointed over to some cleared land and said "There was the home of my young days the home of my parents."

The house that had been her shelter had crumbled away but the hill with its lofty brow was there standing like a monument to mark the site and from its bosom still flowed

the old spring of water that ever perpetual time keeper had faithfully remained with its long silvery pendulum hanging to the foot of its frame - the hill - clicking off the intervals of time and it seemed to welcome mother to all that was left of her dear old home. Only a few moments in her mind she lived there again with her dear parents brothers and sisters when a cloud drove away her sunny vision leaving her eyes gazing on a blank page where all had faded loving hands had written in years gone by.

The house the path to the spring the garden with all its flower beds had disappeared and her loving parents who had spoken so many kind words a sister and several brothers who had often sat with her on the mossy banks and listened to the music of that ever busy pendulum had gone to live beyond the measure of time all this and the moving forward of the carriage reminded her that there is nothing of an earthly nature lasting and that she too must move on until she finds a home where time is one eternal day and all as lasting as the pillars of God.

One night with my dear friends then the rail way train carried me from those I so dearly loved to my hospital.

I had been my own doctor in what I regarded the best treatment for my wound that of keeping inflammation down through the application of cold water. You may cover wounds with poultices, and ointments but there is nothing better to cover them with than fresh water several times a day when the weather is warm.

The Doctor soon came round and examined my wound and marked me down for field duty. I felt I was not able to do the duty the Doctor had not experienced hence no knowledge of. The flesh was young and tender to the touch and I knew I could not use my leg in walking but a short time but in accordance with the old rule I choose the lesser of two evils and concluded to suffer from my wound rather than to remain in the Hospital and suffer the humiliation of saluting that Doctor. Had the poor fellow ever been saluted like the writer was at the party he could not have extracted so much honor out of being saluted by invalid soldiers.

I left the Hospital to rejoin my Regiment then near Petersburg and arrived at City Point late in the night and reported to the commander of that Post who sent me to what its inmates called the Bull-pen and he gave me as my escort a soldier having a fixed bayonet where I found quite a number of soldiers who had been on their return to the front and a glance at their features left the impression they were deserters and had been doomed to be shot to death but in my own case I did not feel alarmed as my discharge from hospital had been presented.

I had been without food in the past twenty four hours and asked the guard where food could be obtained he informed me that I could get nothing until 9 o'clock next day that then a bell would ring at the kitchen where I must then go for it.

A soldier does not expect the sun at all times to shine on his path but when his food is eclipsed by intervening rascality he is not a good soldier if he will bear it submissively.

## Chapter 32

### Cast into Hell partly Alive

Filthy Bed - Body-lice - Lazarus and Abraham - The Bull-pen - Scratching -  
Doomed another Night - How Officers Lived

I found myself under a large shed which if it had a floor its boards could not be seen through the thick rubbish carpet made by tramping vegetable matter on them. After I found that there was no chance to appease my hunger I sought rest for my weary limbs but could see no place through the dim light of a candle fit for a hog to slumber.

I could have stretched myself out on the natural bosom of mother earth and felt no inconvenience other than the chilly air had I been permitted but to lie down on that mass of pulverized filth that had passed through the lowest degree of adulteration was more than the dignity of any American soldier should submit to. I remained standing as long as I could or until my legs refused to longer bear me up then pig like with my feet I pawed up a nest to protect me from the cold. I experienced some trouble in getting a body of the stuff to remain piled up it seemed to be of a sliding nature inclined to spread out but after much coughing and sneezing caused by the poisonous dust I sank down in it in search of rest.

I had on former occasions found rest by the side of thundering guns and in the midst of exploding shells but in that nest fashioned like a sows I could find nothing but the worst excruciating misery. Had all the itch diseases known to man been thrown in my blood I could not have been fired up more than I was in that filthy nest where moments became hours and hours months making the night seem a period of eternity.

Daylight came. I then made an inspection of my nest. O horror it was a living shifting mass of dust and body lice not vestimenti because they had worn their vests off crawling over one another.

The thought that I would soon be taken out of hell somewhat revived me. Had I been a rich man I would have called for Lazarus but then my tongue was so parched and my strength so near gone I could not cry very loud then too between Abraham and me there were the long gulfs of the James and Potomac rivers. If my voice had been stronger I would have prayed Abraham to send his servants to warn my comrades to shun the hell in which I had been caught.

The Bull-pen included all the ground closed in by a guard line and contained no water for washing or for quenching thirst. Beyond the guard line was water to which we attempted to go but were turned back by guards and by them informed that to get out we must have a pass.

The bell tolled the hour of 9 o'clock and about thirty starved men more through search than from expectation of food gathered around a window hole in the side of the kitchen which hole resembled that seen in the side of a hog-pen for throwing out waste matter there three crackers and a little piece of something of the consistency of dirty lard was handed out to each one of us. Had the bell tolled our funeral march back to the inner court of the hell it would have been more appropriate or had the kitchen contractor been sent where the men caused him he would in part have received what he deserved.

I supposed the Post commander was a city bred man and enforcing city habits that breakfast would be a light meal and dinner a heavy one but mainly encouraged myself in the hope of soon getting out of that place.

I learned that the men were not deserters and that they had not been sentenced to be killed but nevertheless were suffering the cruelest death that of starving and of being devoured by lice all too that some party might reap a profit in the contract business of supplying food.

The only living hope we had was the expectation of being let out and when the passing hour failed to bring relief it was anxiously expected the next would six of them passed and brought nothing but the sound of the kitchen bell. A farmer may have a thousand cares outlined on his face but the sound of his dinner bell will cause them to disappear and while the bell was sounding I felt glad and was at a loss to know why my comrades were not glad too who had been there longer than I had. I thought that a city dinner feast where roasts and toasts cakes and pies ought at least create a smile on a starving man's face but instead they looked the pictures of despair.

The little hole in the side of the kitchen was opened and a tin full of liquid resembling water flowing from an oil factory with here and there a grease spot on it was handed out to each one of us. After seeing nothing more was being handed out I remarked that I preferred to eat my bread broken in the broth. A rough voice answered You have your allowance for this meal.

We drank our broth if such it might be called then compared notes it was found that a spoon-ful of partially cooked beans rattled in each one's cup. It was not the custom of the kitchen to give suppers and if we could not live on what had been given to us we had only to do the next thing die simply from want of nourishment and the no want of body lice sucking from us the blood we brought in to the pen.

So far as I learned there was not a soldier among us that had violated a rule some had been on detail duty some had been home on furlough and some in hospitals sick or wounded but all were returning to their regiments and alike had been forced into that place of suffering.

There were streets, alleys and broad fields on which we could have camped free from such filth and lice but on them we could not have been so easily held that a profit could be made by the starving process. If it be maintained that it was not intended to reap a profit out of the soldiers at that time and place by cutting their rations short then it must be admitted that they whose business it was to furnish the food were animals without human souls and the great abundance of food within their reach is sufficient proof to justify our assertion say nothing about the other cruel treatment to the soldiers that were then Cast into Hell partly Alive.

The writer with several other soldiers had traveled all the way from the hospital to City Point without restraint thrown over us other than what the guide in charge of our transportation papers gave in telling us to be on hand when the trains or boat started out so we would not be left behind and not one was left all would faithfully have reported to their regiments and there was no necessity of our being penned up in that money making machine as if we were bounty jumpers and I will say take any one of the soldiers there penned up though the lice had sucked four fifths of his blood out of him he still retained more loyal blood or true patriotism than could have been found in the managers of that Bull-pen.

All day we hoped that in the next hour at most we would be let out but hours came and went untill night threw its black cloak over us. Next day came and went but brought no deliverance from filth lice and hunger.



The little imitation of food so sparingly deli out only aroused a desire for nourishment even the lice did not look to that kitchen hole for their existence but depended on blood brought to them in new soldier arrivals.

Just beyond the guard line were fine quarters occupied by shoulder-strap men men who were drawing big pay men known to historians only as rebellion busters men living on soft bread ham and eggs men who had nothing comparatively to do perhaps did not carry out their own chamber pots. Yes these men were idlers and in heaven my comrades had been workers and were in hell all the reverse as mapped out on the pages of the Sacred book.

In Heaven when the natural order of things became disarranged war naturally grew out of the disturbance and as naturally did a declaration of war grow out of the situation at City Point. It was clearly a case where it was to good on one side and too bad on the other.



## Chapter 33

### The Gate to be Horned Down

Bold Resolution - Guards to be Seized - Sad but Stern Faces - A Test -  
Attention - Experience in War - Corn-cutters

The writer has no knowledge of any one ever revealing the bold resolution adopted by the suffering soldiers in the Bull-pen at City Point which in substance was

We will get out of hell or die.

Such a bold and fearful resolution adopted by about thirty soldiers poorly armed in the face of the power against them may seem to the reader to be the worst production of insanity but if you have no knowledge of the desperate means to which a man starving and being devoured by lice will resort go to the history of Andersonville prison and learn but then any suffering in any rebel prison could not be fairly used as a unit to determine our rage because the sufferer in those prisons knew that he was in the hands of his deadly foe and could not reasonably expect very kind treatment but the sufferer in this pen was under the charge of officers supposed to be acting in the interest of his country and he was cruelly used by them he knew that the store-houses and docks in City Point were full of food for the soldiers and he was starving he could see rivers of water beyond the guard line and he was filthy and thirsty and he believed that all his suffering for such necessities had grown out of a cursed desire of some party to become rich from the non administration of the full ration his Government had paid for and intended he should have.

The details of the movement were that after dark set in the guards at the gate were to be seized and disarmed. No soldier in line of his duty was to be injured but every shoulder-strap man that interfered was to be reminded in a feeling way that he had been directly guilty of starving soldiers for the money he could make out of such business. Each soldier that succeeded in escaping was to report at his Regimental Quarters otherwise to leave his dead body on what might be called the out yard of hell.

On that day and in that loathsome lousy dirty pen could be seen sad but stern faces inspecting the few guns at hand. But little attention was paid to the kitchen bell it brought no comfort save what could be extracted from a few crackers and a lump of grease. The grease pictured water might have quenched thirst had it been cold and unadulterated.

The sun was in the western sky fire was in the eyes of a little army of outraged men men who had given their country good service and were willing to die if necessary in its defense but were not willing to starve to death from being robbed out of their food without putting forth an effort to save their lives.

Time was decreasing but firmness increasing a few more hours would bring relief though it should be in the grave a few more hours and scoundrels would be taught that they were robbing the wrong set of men.

Attention. Fall-in for your regiments.

The above commands unexpectedly greeting our ears put an end to what might have been a bloody little war.

The reader may ask If there was such an abundance of food in City Point at that time why were you fed on a few crackers and a tin-ful of James river water for a days' ration. If so we ask Why were the Credit Mobilier and the Star Route frauds perpetrated against the government. He who can give a correct answer to either of the questions can answer both of them.

The writer is not prepared to say that rations were furnished to soldiers in the Bull-pen on a contract plan but knows that every word of this sketch in the main is true and no doubt many soldiers can back it up with affidavits and should the reader conclude that the Post Commander was a party in the robbery from the fact that it was carried on under his nose and before his eyes without receiving his interference. I will not say that such a conclusion is wrong.

Had the Government expended the money it paid out to company commissioned officers in the late war to good detectives for ferreting out and bursting up hellish frauds the Government would have been better protected its soldiers better fed and its money better expended. Experience in this war taught that companies were as well managed in battle by non-commissioned officers as they had been by the comparatively few commissioned who were not absent sick on such occasions then too it must be remembered that the former officers carried guns which left a very decided impression on the enemy while the latter carried swords leaving no mark on the foe or on anything else.

The writer has been in quite a number of battles and can truthfully say he never saw a drop of blood drawn by a sword neither has he heard of such a thing except in history where it is indirectly declared to strengthen the idea that the officers put the rebellion down and he firmly believes that there was not in the late war enough blood shed by infantry swords to paint the blush hue on the side of a peach hence he concludes that an officer with a sword is just as useless hanging behind a company of soldiers as is a horse-fly hanging on the hind end of a cow to make her give more milk.

I do not mean to convey an idea that all sword-men were cowards. No some of them had the true grit of a soldier and would have merited a part of the honor given them as the sole rebellion smashers had guns been placed in their hands instead of worthless corn-cutters.

In this war about 62,500 commissioned officers carried swords at an expense of about \$61,600,000. per year to the United States probably two fifths of them were in the battles or saw them from afar but it is not extensively known that any or all of them ever killed one rebel yet somehow I know not how or why it is said they put the rebellion down. Now had these 62,500 men carried guns and been held up to the front by an iron bound oath as the privates were they would have earned a part of the \$61,600,000. they got and a part of the honor they get as being the great heroes or saviors of our country and the sergeants of the army would have been relieved from doing three fifths of commissioned officers duty on sergeants pay. Yes should we have another war cut down official salary and with the money thus saved protect fighting soldiers from base frauds.

## Chapter 34

### On Duty at the Front

Fat Lazy Lords - Mouth Shooting - Loose Starch - To puncture Frauds - The Poor fight the Battles - Fiddle thats Nothing - None braver than Co. E. - Unfit for Officers - Effects from being Starved - Dont pay too Much - Soldiers must look out for Themselves

On the the evening the break was to be made out of the Bull-pen the writer found himself in his Regiment a few miles from Petersburg and where near at hand was a class of people entitled to so little respect that the right to kill them was free to all but he has had a thought that the gun that killed one of them could have been better used at City Point.

Big fat lazy lords have with all their kindred sacks of foam gorged themselves with the richest food but it is doubtful if they ever enjoyed a meal with as much relish as the writer did on that evening with his old comrades. There was nothing grand in the simple food of hard-tack and sowbelly that entered into his long time empty digestive organs but there was a richness a grandure a freedom in the air that permeated his soul and taught him that he was free from rear fields on which were found starchy men delighting in showing their shoulder-straps and their conceited unlimited authority.

When a soldier at the front becomes sick or wounded his comrades have a kind regard for him and are sorry to know he is suffering pain and woe to anyone that dares to insult that soldier but I want to say to those who had not been over rear-fields that the severest pain a good soldier can have is one caused by a shot from the mouth of a starchy officer who perhaps had never seen a battle and whose only merit was found in his father being rich or in his uncle being where he could have influence. All rich have not poor or incompetent offspring for commanders but taking them as a whole they were poor in camp poor on the march poor in battle but rich in number about head quarters and back on detail duty.

It is not inferred that all officers on rear duty were starchy. No some of them had been on the tented-field and on the battle-field where a peculiar storm of lightning thunder and hail had pecked all that stuff out of their cloth if it had ever been in their goods and such were readily known by their walk by their look and by their tongues just as readily as a physician can tell a sound man by his walk look and tongue.

They who did not pass through the front, hospitals and particularly Whashington City have but little idea of the amount of starch palmed off on the Government during the war by rich daddies great uncles and related congressmen. If such had a son or a nephew of no use to the world they put shoulder-straps on him and realized out of the government from one to several hundred dollars per month in the transaction thereby cheating the Government no only out of dollars but the talent needed in the army and how forcibly it teaches the need of a detective force to puncture the enemy.

The writer is aware that starch is of use in its places such as in drawing rooms and in giving body to loose shoddy goods that they may be palmed off on market but it never will put a body in a soldier that will wear or be of use in an army.

If the student in history will make use of the above for his key he will be able to unlock the mystery and know why it is that farms and shops have furnished our best warriors and statesmen and will also know why it was that many of our soldiers before

whom presidents and kings should bow were so grossly insulted by little bags of starch having a pumpkin for a head and two shoulder-straps for a trade-mark.

Should the reader think that the writer is throwing mud on the aristocratic people or that he was a disappointed office seeker I will say such is and was not the case he got all the office he wanted and perhaps all he was competent of filling and admits that he has a disliking for all haughty self conceited importance and holds that the distinguishing characteristic between a laboring man and a rich non laborer as a competent officer is found in the fact that the former has learned how to speak to men without leaving a domineering twang hanging to his expression as is so generally the case with rich people when they speak to the poor and when I say rich man I do not so particularly mean a man owning a large amount of cash as I mean a man owning a large amount of sham pretense and largely overestimates the true value of his oats in short I mean such as teach their children to not speak to or to play with children poorly dressed to only play with master Tommy and I hold that such teaching disqualifies them when grown up to hold influence as good commanders over the poor who must fight our battles.

A man may be well schooled in military tactics and he may have a thundering voice but if there is a spirit of despotism in him he can have no effective control over men who have no respect for him. The "Gee" "Haw" "Wo" "Hiss-there" "Sic-'em form of commands to human beings may do in foreign armies but will not do in the U.S. army. No I am not throwing mud but the sentiments I think of the soldiers who in reality did put the rebellion down.

A ration was insufficient for the writer's supper but his comrades had not been starving and they liberally contributed to put food where it was much needed so that his blouse would not reach twice around his body and though many years since have passed it seems he can yet see that old frying-pan over the fire loaded down with water-soaked snow-white crackers with here and there a bubble of grease peeping its head up from wherever it can as if by its form to demonstrate how hollow the hungry soldier was. Yes turn them over that I may see their browned checks steady don't let any fall overboard and that old black coffee-bucket blowing off its aromatic breath free for heaven and earth to smell and its whistling down breaks to stop that it might stimulate me will always pass in review before my eyes.

O what a pan-ful of life it was. Many have feasted on a variety of good things but it is doubtful if they relished them as I did those fried crackers. Had it not been for zip zip slam bang on the rule of tit for tat as practiced

END OF TABLET FIVE, page 362

on the picket line near by I would have fancied myself at my mothers table. The bangs did not annoy me but those zips though I had heard them on former occasions and had become quite accustomed to their familiarty in close proximity to my ears. I must confess that on that occasion when I needed food more than I needed killing being near enough dead they embarassed me that is they were too fresh to suit my taste and feeling. A few draughts of the steaming coffee strengthened my nerves so I could look up when I saw the boys standing round with heads up and wearing a smile which seemed to say Fiddle thats nothing when accustomed to them. Well yes but they have been known to injure a mans feeling so that he never felt anything afterward.

When the crackers had been deposited where they did the most good I was about to make inquiry of the boys how they had fared since the battle at Monocacy but a look over the remnant of what the Company had been was sufficient it furnished answers tongue

could not give since then it had marched and countermarched several hundred miles it had been out in all the storms that came from heaven and those from hell of the confederacy such as Snickers Ferry, Charlestown, Smithfield, Opequan, Flint Hill, Fishers Hill and Cedar Creek and had left in those storms including Monocacy twenty four of its members being over one half it had when I left it and on the features of this remnant those had been pictured by the hand of war the effects of long marches drenching rains and struggles of battle but behind the sorrowful scene like the sun behind the billows of the ocean shining brighter and brighter as he lifts his head higher and higher above the waves could be seen its old determination growing stronger and stronger to save the Union and I have no hesitancy in saying that there was not a braver company mustered into the service than was company E of the 126th Ohio Regiment.

Though this company had men as brave and perhaps as intelligent as could be found in its regiment it was shamefully treated in the selection of men for commissioned officers. From the time it made its debut on the battle-field when its three commissioned officers became sick and resigned it had practically been managed by its non-commissioned officers down to the close of the war but in name it had the honor of men in other companies promoted and set over it as its officers though they were good soldiers they were no more worthy of the position than was the most humble private of the company but the hanging of shoulder-straps on any one of its members would not have added richer laurels to his crown anymore than the hanging of a rag on a pear-tree would add to the flavor of its fruit but it would have added dollars in his pocket and his being known in history as a rebellion buster.

(C) Next morning a good square breakfast being placed on a good round supper changed my feeling and form. When I left the Bull-pen I was so thin had a fly stung me on my left side I could have allayed the itching by scratching on my right side and had there been a pain in my side I could not have told the doctor which side it was in but no difference ointment applied on either side would have struck the seat of pain at about the same instant.

Though a captain had been assigned to my company it did not make my duty any easier. Card playing took up so much of his time that he had but little to spare in making out papers.

If what I have seen can be used as a guide in setting my opinion down I shall say that official talent was more earnestly put down in putting money down in putting cards down than it was in putting the rebellion down. The want of interest in exerting their talent in a better cause than that of gambling may have grown out of the fact that their salaries were too large to have the rebellion put down on small or quick time. The writer will say if others will not that he is as honest as people generally are but if you want him to be "right smart" about his work don't pay him an enormous salary on time. It is a mistake to think officers are fools they know when on big pay per month that to make the number of months less is to make the big expected pile of money less it is true the officers themselves did not put the rebellion down but it was their business to say Go boys and fight.

Calling the roll and drawing rations drawing clothing issuing clothing making details reporting details on guard mounting was the duty of an orderly sergeant but when he kept the company books made quarterly-returns pay-rolls inventories and descriptive-lists he simply did for nothing what higher officers drew pay for.

What old soldier will ever forget roll-call and that answering here here in many directions. Every company at the sound of the bugle was required to form in line on its ground in the mud in the rain in the snow in the cold or in whatever the weather might be good or bad where each member responded here to the call of his name.

Perhaps no military order having so little benefit growing out of it was more rigidly enforced than that of roll-call. It may be claimed that it was a means of detecting desertion if so it was unnecessary because the orderly sergeant knew when a member of his company was gone as well as a father knows when one of his children is gone but if it had one good reason for being enforced it had many better why it should not have been.

The soldier's bed was the ground floor of his tent on which he walked or crawled as the height of its roof governed and the amount of water snow and mud carried on his bed depended on how often he was compelled to go out of his tent. The time for roll-call was a few minutes before that of extinguishing lights and the rain snow and mud carried into their tents at that hour may have made their clothes damper and their beds softer but I do not think it made their limbs stronger and their health better there is no doubt but what it sent more soldiers to hospitals than balls did and that it put more men on the pension roll than the rebels did and if it was a means of preventing desertion the means were too dearly paid for it was simply a means of murdering good soldiers to prevent bad ones from deserting. Had it been required that all officers should fall out on roll-call the thing would have died out early in the season. No military blanket should be made so narrow that it will not cover officers and fighting soldiers alike. Obedience to superiors is settled in the oath a soldier takes and does not come under the blanket idea referred to.

The calling of the roll did not prevent desertion it did not enable the orderly to more accurately report the number of men in his company except just at that time and an accurate report at that time was of no more importance than any other time.

I have heard soldiers crying out here for several of his comrades. Soldiers must look out for themselves.



## Chapter 35

### Drawing Rations

Vegetable Cake - Power of Coffee - Head Quarters Beverage - Beef all Neck -  
Soldier's part of the Hog - How Divided - Where Talent and bravery is Needed

Drawing Rations was one of the most essential duties the soldier had to perform a duty which had it been too long neglected would have been disastrous to the army and though there was nothing particularly good about it only the drawing of such nutrition as could be found in a dry cracker and in a small piece of the underpart of a pig it was promptly attended to and we regarded it as a means of strengthening our position even more than the throwing up of earth-works indeed it made a little breast-work in which the soldier felt more like living than could possibly have been made out of raw earth.

I do not overlook the fact that to the above delicacies must be added sugar and coffee and at times the front end of a cow beans and potatoes but the latter two articles though stipulated as parts of a ration were so seldom drawn they might have been left out.

Sugar to season we had all the season and there was scarcely a season a soldier did not have it to season but though the soldier was well supplied with sugar he had no fruit to season save a compressed vegetable matter composed of dried pumpkins dried onions in short nearly the entire vegetable kingdom dried and pressed into a cake which should a pedestrian find on a Chicago street would pronounce it dynamite and run and for a soldier to have added his sugar it would have been an overmixing of what had been overmixed. Speaking of that stuff I shall say that I have known starving soldiers to eat it in a few extreme cases.

Coffee in civil life has been regarded as a life extinguisher in military life as a life preserver and seemed to be as essential for the soldier as is steam for a steam engine. I have seen soldiers seemingly so near dead that they could not put on the finishing touch of kicks revived by drinking a cup of coffee so that they could spring up on their feet and again give the war-whoop. Be it said to the credit of our Government it supplied its soldiers well with a coffee beverage. At some army head-quarters they seemed to be well supplied with a beverage producing a queer effect on those who drank it that is it stimulated their baser principles to action and deadened their finer qualities entirely destroying their manliness making them look like fools act like fools and to be fools. As an illustration of its effects I shall relate an incident which occurred at Petersburg at the time the enemy's works were taken.

A colonel had been in command of his regiment about three years and knowing it would require a nerve like steel to charge on the strong works at once went in training for that purpose using his favorite head-quarter beverage and was seen riding along in rear of his battalion just before its forward movement holding to the horn of his saddle with one hand and to the mane of his horse with the other and while his head lopped from one shoulder to the other he was continually crying out Where is the \_\_\_\_th Ohio Regiment all too while his regiment was before his half closed eyes.

The writer by reason of his rank was not in a position to sample the queer tea hence cannot write intelligently on its merits or on its demerits but is inclined to think from observation that it was no great auxiliary as a rebellion crusher as it seemed to create rather than to suppress confusion. Yet notwithstanding in history are the names of many

who freely drank it celebrated as being heroes in the class said to have busted the rebellion. If that beverage had the efficacy to thus embellish war names why was it not jiggered out to gunmen so that all would have the benefit of the Jimcrack and share alike in the honor of putting the rebellion down.

What I mean by the front end of a cow will take in all of the dressed meat of that animal except where the steak is found. If the members of Company E of the 126th Ohio Regiment had never seen a beef dressed they would have had no other belief than that a cow was all neck from the end of her nose back to the end of her tail or had been built like a snake. All companies had about the same complaint in regard to the beef-meat they drew.

Should the reader ask what became of all the steak I shall answer ask all the officers.

The drawing of the underpart of a pig took in the whole hog except its head, shoulders hams and a wide strip along its back. When it is known that 1,500,000 soldiers went on that part of the hog it is known that the rest of the army went nearly the whole hog.

Much has been said against the army-cracker but I do not want to speak ill of a friend a friend that preserved my life in the dark days of war when I was out in the storm and cold far from home and the good things mother cooked. Aside from its solidity or flinty property it made an excellent substitute for bread but with its flinty nature it was a good substitute for the pocket-flint from which sparks of fire using steel could be struck to light pipes and to start fires in the absence of matches then too it was so light to carry a soldier could carry a large number of them in his stomach and hardly know they were there except from the solid feeling they created. Soft bread was too bulky to carry but in camp it was a grand article of food.

Drawing Rations for a company of soldiers was no small task for an orderly sergeant and if ten shoulder-strap men in a war ever did as much solid work as one orderly sergeant did it was not in the late war. As I never had straps put on my shoulders other than those that lapped over, father put on while in my teens. I am at a loss to describe their elevating influence. I have a very vivid and distinct recollection that those Dad put on my shoulders had a tendency to lift me up to elevate me to a good standing in society but the straps Uncle Sam put on men's shoulders must have had a much better quality of yeast or foam in them because they seemed to have very suddenly raised men so high that the giddiness of their exalted position unmanned them so they could not attend to their own business necessitating orderly sergeants to send a detail of men up to fix their quarters and to clean them the quarters I mean then too it was required that a sentinel should stand day and night at the door of their highness for what useful purpose I know not surely friends would not have stolen their bodies away from such a bowery of bliss and the enemy could not have done so without first cutting through several battle lines but suppose they could or would have been stolen who will say we had not plenty more just as good even among those forced to do such unnecessary duty in all kinds of weather merely to give eclat to what was too pompous.

If from any reasoning it might appear that a sentinel should be posted in front of an officer's tent the detail for that purpose should have been made up from shoulder-strap men. the good Lord knows there were enough of them and on enough pay that they should have taken care of themselves without any nursing from privates having enough to do in caring for themselves and in keeping the enemy at bay.

Had the few articles making up a soldiers ration been issued at one drawing it would not have been so bad at one time we would have a call Come and get your hard-tack at

another Come and get your sow-belly then Come and get your cow-neck etc until] salt and pepper ended the vexation. Often after a hard day's march an orderly sergeant and his detail in the dead of night was compelled to crawl out of bed and go a mile or more through the dark after his companies share of the second choice of cow-meat or its running gears after its steak disappeared.

At the time of Drawing Rations hundreds of men having hundreds of gum-blankets could be seen going to the different commissaries where crackers sugar or coffee was piled up on the blankets for the different companies the borders of the blankets gathered up in the hands of their bearers the home march commenced making the view like that of a caravan of Italian peddlers. After a companies' caravan arrived home and deposited its bundles on the ground the work of subdividing commenced the divider was the orderly sergeant the divisor the number of men the dividend the proceeds or what was left after being shaved perhaps by agents and the quotient that which if the soldier could not live on it he had only to die.

The divider after crying out come and get your rations got down on his knees not to do the work nearer in a Christian way and counted out so many crackers then with a hand looking as if it had not been washed since the war began grabbed into the pile of sugar guessing out so much then into the coffee-pile in like manner repeating until each member had his quotient often in case of a remainder a second round was given in the same way. Cow-neck and sow-belly were cut in as many pieces as there were members of a company giving to each one a piece fully equal to the weight of a skinned mouse.

I repeat that an orderly sergeant had ten times more work to do than a captain had and he did it for one fifth as much pay as a captain received and when he did captain's duty in addition to his own he received no extra pay for it but I do not know that he should complain of that because he could do the work of both and hardly know his own had been increased aside from making out pay-rolls and returns.

Just what the Government wanted with those superfluities called first and second lieutenants I never learned they were as useless and as irritating to a fighting soldier as were body-lice they were like fleas in camp and sometimes like fleas just before a battle but fleeing then enabled them to be fleas again when the guns ceased to roar. Yet for fleeing they should not be blamed who would be so foolish as to stand before an armed enemy with nothing better for a weapon than a piece of strap-iron the writer with all his assumed bravery if so unequally armed would turn tail and run like a cat fleeing from a dog.

Call me a grumbler a crank or what suits your idea the fact remains as thousands can testify that orderly sergeants managed companies in camp and on the battle-field as well as they could have been by a full kit of shoulder-straps hence proving that such a gang toddling after a company was merely as expletives and could have been left out without injuring the army and had the monthly pay given to such expletives been given to the fighting soldiers the pay of the privates would have thereby been increased \$5. per month in a company of fifty soldiers resulting in a great blessing to their families compelled to live on \$13. per month of depreciated paper having a purchasing power equal to \$7.50 in gold.

Just how those poor families paid rent and lived the writer does not know perhaps the mothers who had the trial of it in those dark days when wheat was \$2.50 per bushel and all else accordingly high can tell if their suffering then did not end in death.

Yes if I am a crank wind me up until a tension breaks in twain the cord of injustice in the way of pay and usage as drawn between officer and private that a few will not draw so much pay while the more deserving many draw so little pay. I am not striking at the official character of any officer that did what was assigned to him to do but at his use for the pay he received as compared with the use of a private and what he received.

If the discrimination as practiced was to purchase talent then it was not only dearly purchased but poorly stationed because in no man and in no place in war is talent also bravery more needed than in the front line of battle. He who will take his gun in one hand his life in the other step into the front line and boldly march up in front of belching cannon and spewing muskets does an act that gold cannot pay and should be recorded in history high above the acts of any man who holds at the time a position often miles back in the rear though he be all talent. Good rear tact in war should be well paid but good front tact and attack should be better paid because on them in front more than all else depends victory or defeat.

All old soldiers who have been there know that as danger and hard work increased from rear to front so did safety and big pay increase from front to rear or in other words the hindermost dogs got about all the juice in the bone.

## Chapter 36

# Military Drill

Benefits Derived - How Troops go into Battle - Reviews - Dull Bayonets

Military Drill such as squad, company, battalion and brigade was perhaps more frequent than necessary especially when soldiers had too much exercise from other duty but it was a means of schooling in the use of fire-arms in facing in flanking and in preserving lines and it was a means of preventing wet-rot there was no danger from dry-rot in a country so subject to rain and where shelter was so little known but wet-rot in many cases would have set in had the boys not so often been forced out for an airing.

After several days in camp if left alone the men were as much inclined to doze in their tents as are coons in a hollow tree which the eternal tooting of the bugle for some duty prevented and it is not known which had the greater tendency to kill the over-prevention or the coon-disease it was on the plan of cutting a man's feet off to prevent erysipelas from running down into his toes but enough of the prevention should have been enforced probably one tenth of the tooting and tutoring would have suited our liking if not our need as it was a soldier between toots had no time to darn what should have been his darned old socks.

The science of Military Drill except loading and aiming a gun never cut much of a figure in battle in less than five minutes after a line started on a charge it was every man for himself and on his own plan of moving so long as he moved on the foe and what had been a straight line might be likened to a line of chaff caught up in the wind and carried forward so as to cover the most ground.

The arrangement or more properly disarrangement of troops on a charge grew out of the fact that some went on double-quick some on quick some on slow and some on a little less than slow time but each went according to the amount of loyal steam in his chest and the amount of danger before him discarding all he had learned in the way of guiding right, left or center hence I way that all right dressing all guiding this or that way the soldiers were so often tooted out to learn never was of use in battle but if the soldier had learned to be an expert in using his gun so as to load quick to aim quick to pull the trigger quick the powder was quick enough and if he had learned to handle his bayonet in a business like way he was well drilled in about all he had to do in battle.

All other maneuvers such as forming in line, sheeling, to the rear in column, closing in mass and forming hollow-square made a grand exhibition on review when well executed but in time of battle there were no visitors to entertain no high officers within viewing distance save through field glasses and there was – well there were too many other duties just then closely related to a soldiers feeling and the interest of his country to admit of any nonsense but as before stated it was nice on reviews and if it was known that some big officer or high toned citizen had arrived in camp the boys knew what would follow and rubbed up their brass without further orders a review would follow as surely as thunder follows lightning.

At first it was thought reviews were partly necessary but afterwards known to not be quite that much but suppose they were necessary to give Gen. Topheavy on his arrival some knowledge of the troops under his command were they necessary to give Mr Puffwell from

New York or Mrs Sniffler from Boston knowledge reviews were just as likely to occur when either of the latter two came as when the former arrived.

I would not have opposed reviews had they been conducted nearer on the line of intelligence but when soldiers were compelled to pack up all their worldly goods such as clothing bedding food cooking pots shooting irons and strap them all on their backs making the men look as if peddling fanning mills and under such burdens forced out under a burning hot sun to go through all the different kinds of drill a general can think of to gratify his friends. I say such reviews are simply repetitions of ignorance and should we have another war the Society to Prevent Cruelty to Animals would do as well to look after the soldier as after the ox.

It may have been a nice thing for the viewers but it was not for the viewed that is it was nice for those who rode but not for those who camel like walked and run with burdens on their backs.

The schooling in Military Drill and the exhibiting of the science on reviews would have been interesting to a soldier had he been permitted to leave his chattel property no including ham butter and eggs in camp but as it was he looked and felt like a weasel under a pound of wool thickened with tad-locks.

Though the soldier's life was all drill and drill of some kind there were soldiers and companies could not learn to make a respectable exhibit of the art being a disgrace to their companies and regiments. In almost every company there seemed to be a few men born in the dark of the moon or when it was too dark for their parts to be put in proper place so they would work well they were always too slow or too quick and out of form and there were entire companies as bad simply because their tutors had also been born when the sign was wrong.

There was for example a company in our Regiment when commanded to charge bayonet would set its right feet back as if shoving a large log endways or so far back that its right knees almost rested on the ground we often wondered if its bayonets were duller than ours and if they were really such hard things to shove in. All such were on parade about as admirable as a big warty toad on a parlor floor.

## Chapter 37

# Inspection

Filthy Habits - Darwin Source of Man - Soldiers should be Clean - No excuse for Officers - Like Fleas in Pants

An Inspection of arms and accouterments however much the soldier detested it was perhaps one of the most essential orders issued in camp and the uncertainty of the coming of the event was all the better inasmuch as it made it necessary to be prepared at all times as if for the coming of the night-thief.

I do not wish to speak ill of any comrade that fired a ball at a rebel but it is a fact that some men had it not been for Inspection would have accumulated enough dirt on their persons to have obviated the necessity of throwing more on them when they died.

Slouthfulness coming under the eye of the inspector brought severe rebuke to the sluggard and if such were sensitive enough to have their feeling touched they evaded public censure by keeping clean.

He that will be filthy when there is no excuse for it has not crawled far from Darwins, source of mankind and is hardly entitled to the common courtesy paid to man. Sanitary law as well as social etiquette demands that a man be one thing and filth another and in no sense is it allowable that the two be amalgamated and through life run together.

If there is one place more than another where cleanliness should be observed it is in the army. If a citizen rots down from filth into a dung hill the country does not loose so much in its expectancy but if a soldier rots down from the same cause then the country looses the sworn duty the soldier agreed to perform and then a country is endangered to the extent the number thus rotting down bears to the whole number of soldiers required for its defense.

The life and surroundings of a common soldier rendered it almost impossible for him to keep clean. His floor was the ground his chair the ground his table the ground his bed the ground his house a 4x5x2 ft. tent in which two or more lived and often if he got enough water to make his coffee he did well but when water could be had there was seldom an excuse for wearing a shell of dirt and grease.

It was different with the uncommon soldier he had a large tent supplied with fixtures all hauled from place to place after him at public expense and nicely set up for him at privates' expense he did nothing that would soil his hands but lived the life of buck-Indian compelling all drudgery to be done for him as if labor was beneath his dignity and when water was scarce he had a guard placed over it and preserved it for his own official use.

I often thought a common soldiers life was much like that of father's hogs the big boar chased the little fellows away and ate the best of the slop but it resulted in some good it placed the inspector in a position he could unmercifully abuse a private without hearing the rejoinder Wash your own dirty face.

Cleanliness was not all that grew out of Inspection it furnished an opportunity for the supernumerary fleas to get in their sting more frequently and to show off the wonderful authority vested in a little proboscis or sword. On such occasions it was both amusing and agravating to see the creatures hop about. The two lines of soldiers they perambulated and

penetrated became as itchy as they would have been had the animals been lodged in each soldiers breeches and it is likely had these animals given as much annoyance to the rebels as they did to the Yanks the war would have ended before the heavy bounty men were called out.

All lieutenants were not like fleas. No a few of them did not allow little plasters on their shoulders to suck all the manly juice out of their souls and if they were of no use they did not annoy those who were.

Note. — In the Religious Drill allow me to use the plural pronoun for the writer.



## Chapter 38

### Religious Drill

How to Kill and How to Live - Neither Teachers nor Students - No Uniformity - Teaching of the Schools - Same Book - Meaning of Highway - Power of the King - What the Teacher of the First School Taught

It is strange yet true that in the same camp the sciences How to Kill and How to Live were taught and practiced by the same students. The former science taught how to put a ball or a bayonet into a man to kill him. The latter taught "He that killeth with the sword must be killed with the sword."

It is claimed by some commentators that the influence the latter science had over sword-men prevented the shedding of blood with a sword in the late war but we think the claim is not well founded from the fact that a large per cent of those who carried swords were neither teachers nor students in the latter science and many of them seemed to not have even learned its elementary principles yet their swords remained as free from blood as did the swords of the professors in the latter science.

We are inclined to think that could the adherents of the latter science as well as the non adherents who carried swords have gotten in the relative part of the sentence taught without subjecting themselves to the condition set forth in the independent part many a rebel would have learned to fear a sword as he did a gun.

We do not feel competent to teach the tactics God intended His army should observe hence will not attempt to play the part of a critic other than merely express our views extending the same right to those who may differ from us.

It is a fact that in the Religious Drill there was not the uniformity found in the military drill. Military drill was taught by all its teachers about the same way while Religious Drill was taught in about as many ways as it had teachers but we will class all the ways in two schools viz First School and Second School.

#### The First School taught

That to live a life in glory a man must feel that he is a sinner and repent of his sin then go to Jesus and seek forgiveness after which to not yield to willful transgression.

#### The Second School taught

When you feel you have sinned come to me your teacher and for a fee I will take your case before the Virgin Mary or the Court of saints and plead it for you. Come often. Don't forget the fee and I will get you that bright life in which you desire to live.

In addition to the above we will say that the impression has gone out whether true or not that the teachers claim they have power to forgive sin.

As some if not all of the drillmasters of the two schools were paid out of the Public treasury the people have a right to a free expression of their opinion as to the quality of goods received for the money paid for the goods. Every cent of money expended for good moral and spiritual teaching was money well expended but money paid out for teaching that does not lift men out of the dens of vice such as the card-room ball-room liquor-room

gambling-room and prostitute-room dens was money paid out for a teaching that does not lift men six inches above the lower floor of hell.

The dissimilarity in teaching by the drillmasters of the two schools is quite apparent even to the unlearned yet each school claimed to instruct according to the Tactics whose author is no other than the Son of God and who said in his Book of instruction

“And a highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be call The way of holiness; the unclean shall not pass over it; but it shall be for those: the wayfaring men, though fools shall not err therein.”

If the religious movements are all so clear and simple that the unlearned need not err in obeying them we do not understand why the learned or teachers should. It is quite likely they do not err so much in knowledge as they do in ambition to become celebrated as founders of some organization.

We concede that in these different drills each school had some fine displays which seemed to be in accordance with the code of rules set forth in the great Drillmaster's Book but that Book teacher

“Whosoever shall keep the whole law, and yet offend in one point, he is guilty of all.”

A highway does not mean highways.

The way of holiness does not mean ways of holiness. Yet each of these schools had a way but not the same way they seemed to travel in opposite directions like two men starting from the middle round of a ladder one up and the other down and we do not understand that one of these ways had any more holiness than is found on the Broadway or the widening out end of the ladder.

We make the above statement on the authority of the teaching found in the Book of instruction which in substance Caches.

It signifyeth nothing to change our way for another way if another way change not us or in other words.

If we change our unholy cloak for a holy cloak and wear not the holy cloak alone we simply continue to live in the unholy cloak as if no change had been made.

The Author of the Book of instruction for the Religious Drill is the Creator of all things and is often called the King of glory. He has created all things hence has unlimited power over his creatures holding the lives of his subjects in His hand. His form of government is His own and no one has a right to dispute His authority to oppose His law or to endorse the confederate government set up by the Devil.

The King of glory saw that the natural tendency of man was to become a soldier in the confederate army whose general had been cast out of Heaven “and it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.” So he prepared another camp pure and holy for those that would honor his name and be his soldiers and he set forth in his Book in plain words what was required of a soldier to perform on his march to the new camp.

Without enumerating all details we will say that the plan of march for the Religious Drill is that each soldier shall work out his own salvation with fear and trembling and is to present his body a living sacrifice holy acceptable unto God which debarrs any pope or priest from acting as an attorney except in his own case and he will do well if he wins that.

We do not mean to convey an idea that drillmasters cannot give counsel but we do mean that they hold no agency in pardoning sin in others not even so much as the holding of an ink-stand while transgression is being blotted out.

We remember that Christ said "Whosoever sins ye remit they are remitted unto them" but we also remember that his disciples received the Holy Ghost in such a way they could perform miracles and if any person thinks he can remit sin let him perform a visible miracle and we will think too that he can remit and that he is worthy of the fee exacted from poor sinners but so far as we are individually concerned we propose to not go over to his shingle but to go straight to the one on which we read

"Ho every one that thirsteth come ye to the waters and he that hash no money come ye buy and eat."

No the eternal interest of an immortal soul is of two much value to trust it out to jobbers on the wayside but we are digressing more than transgressing.

The different drills of the different schools are so well known to the reader that we in this book need say but little about them. The old saying that every tub stands on its own bottom does not imply that liquids can safely be stored in them from the fact that if the tubs have become rickety from dry worldly winds the salvation of some poor soul might leak out and be lost in view of which we would have every person to carefully examine the cask for his own benefit and to not solely be guided by what any drillmaster in the schools may say. Yes see that the tub you choose stands on a good foundation that it is well bound and that it is well swelled up with pure living water then get in and bask in God's eternal sunshine untill you pass the guard gate and answer to your name in the camp beyond the power of darkness.

We have classed the schools of the Religious Drill in accordance with the position of honor that will be assigned to them when the great grand review of the King's army takes place this we think we have done on the authority of the Drill-book which teaches that the King has a very decided preference for those that obey him and are pure in heart serving him in spirit instead of through outward form or through idols such as images crosses beads etc.

The teacher in the First School taught a spiritual work that the soldier must be a volunteer and work out his salvation that he must believe on the Lord Jesus that he must believe himself to be a sinner that he must then repent of his sin and go to Christ not to some other man but to the Savior and ask him in a contrite spirit to be cleansed after which he must keep his feet on the highway of holiness and if at any time he allowed himself to ramble by the wayside his name would be dropped from the muster-roll if he did not get back on the narrow path.

There was something grand in the character and dignity of the First School a something sublime in its teaching that lifted a sinner's feet out of the mire and placed them on the rock of righteousness a something that enabled an observer to point out one of its students or soldiers in a throng of worldly people as readily as white sheep can be selected from a drove of black ones.

We are bold to say that any Religious Drill that fails to reform its soldiers at least enough that they may be distinguished by some mark of piety from ungodly people is not worth the lamp oil consumed in its barracks and the sooner such a camp is broken up and its soldiers return. Where they never left their sinful homes but return their false uniforms over to their false drillmasters and quit the business the better it will be for them. A school

that will pretend to be holy and not make holiness a condition of membership is a base fraud a mock and is hypocritical and in the Book of instruction we read

“The congregation of hypocrites shall be desolate, and fire shall consume the tabernacles of bribery.”

A righteous school is more than a picture of Heaven it is a living reality capable of enjoying the fruit of its labor and of exerting good in the interest of its Designer.

An unrighteous school is more than a picture of Hell it also is a living reality capable of receiving the bitter fruit of its labor and of exerting an influence in favor of its designer the Devil.

There are, strictly speaking, but two schools or two armies one is God's the other the Devil's and each one has its own peculiar uniform to wear. The color of the uniform God selected for His army is a pure spotters white and He will not permit the smallest spot of any other here on one of His soldiers.

The Devil like the unlamented Jeff Davis allows his army to wear any color it can steal but the Devil and his army cannot steal a pure white without first throwing a stain on it then when God casts it away the Devil picks it up. Yes the Devil has soldiers as spotted as skunk-cats.

The First School teaching and living a divine spiritual life was readily known by its white robe free from the stain of vice but it is sad to know it does not teach to-day as it taught some years ago then its lines were drawn to tear down the walls of satan and its tackle was planted to draw the world over to the school but somehow we know not how it became tangled in its own ropes so that the power it exerted was thrown in favor of drawing the school to the world or the reverse of what was intended.

Thirty years ago this school kept its drill barracks in order as if for the coming of its great Commander at any time and its soldiers were not permitted to become yoked up with unbelievers in the enemies tents. Yes it is sad to know that to a certain extent its camp has become a den of thieves or robbers where vile schemes have been resorted to for the purpose of extracting money from the people. Fairs and baby shows should be exhibited in their place that is in the Second School.

Many of the soldiers of the First School have allowed satan to stain their uniforms through foul methods of collecting money for the school also at card tables and in dancing shops and in defense of such sin they tell us that a dollar obtained through corruption becomes incorrupt when placed on the Lords table as if he sanctioned such bartering for money and was willing to become a party in base schemes by receiving the money that there can be no sin in the innocent amusement of card playing as if gamblers were not born in such amusements and that dancing shops are all right because King David danced.

We have read that King David danced but we have not read that he went to a shop where all the different grades of morality except the good had congregated for that purpose. No we are not ready to believe that David was ever in any way yoked up with unbelievers for his amusement and we feel quite sure that he never went to a ball-room and there put his arms around a woman that had not enough covering on her shoulders to make a good pair of suspenders and then bobbed his head up and down like a duck dodging thunder.

Thirty years ago this school taught much that was sin that it now teaches is not sin the time may come when it will regard no crime a sin but God is unchangable and will not change to suit a retrograding school.

Yes it is painful to know that many that had been good soldiers of the First School have been drawn to the world as easily as a cork on a fishing line can be drawn to shore.



## Chapter 39

# Second School

First Article - Second Article - Third Article - Fourth Article - Fifth Article -  
Sixth Article - Seventh Article - Eighth Article - Ninth Article

When we speak of this school under the heading of Religious Drill we have reference more particularly to its worship than to its piety believing that according to the Bible the modifying element religious should have the prefix it but the reader is not asked to be governed by our opinion as to this prefix you have the Bible and the history of the school before you. Draw your own conclusion.

Schools like men are known by their history just as fruit trees are known by the fruit they bear.

Over eighteen hundred years ago this school drilled strictly in accordance with the Book of instruction sent to it by the King and had one of the best drillmasters St Paul known to the world and when it thus drilled it was purely the First School as classed in this book but after the death of St Paul it fell into the hands of new drill-masters and as the years rolled by its muster roll rolled over Italy Germany France and England and all who learned to drill as Paul taught made for themselves better homes and for their country better citizens but then as now when man begins to work for Heaven the devil begins to work for Hell and the old sinner knows as well where and when to get in his work as does a sheep killing dog.

It was about the Fifth of Sixth century that the devil pictured to the drill-master of the then one school the glory he would have in constituting himself the god of the world. So if we may call this school a child we can say that at that age of the world it was conceived in sin born in sin and has lived in sin since birth and forms the Second School.

The First School did not loose its existence at the time the Second was born or when a large portion of the Roman Church apostatized and set up for themselves the Second School. It will be remembered that at that time those that remained faithful to the old Church were driven up into the Vaudois Valleys by the seceders hence the First School was preserved.

That old drill-master and his successors the pope unlike the great Drill-master when the kingdoms were offered could not say "Get the hence Satan." The temptation was too great so they called their subordinates together and held councils in which the teaching of the Second School was adopted so the pope would appear a god infallible and make all kingdoms bow at his will and pay him homage.

We have no copies of the minutes of the councils held and in the absence of a copy can only frame the articles adopted for the gratification of the drill-master from what we know and have heard of the teaching and conduct of the school from that time up to the present and as to whether such councils were held or not or as to whether the following articles have or have not been adopted by the Second School cuts no figure. The question is Has the Second School taught and practiced the substance embodied in the articles if so it must at some time adopted them and that too without finding their substance in the original Text book or Bible. They are as follows

First                    That the Virgin Mary pope and priests are factors in pardening sin.

- Second      The cross should be worshiped instead of him crucified on it.
- Third        That the pope is infallible and takes the place of St Peter and that all law both civil and ecclesiastical and all nations must become subject to his control.
- Fourth      That people must make a confession of their sins to priests.
- Fifth        That when Roman priests consecrate bread and wine for the sacrament the natural bread and wine becomes changed to the material body and blood Christ had.
- Sixth        That there is a place known as Purgatory into which all mankind go and stick there untill prayed out by Roman priests.
- Seventh     That any deception tending to give the pope power to control the world must be resorted to.
- Eighth      That to hold the people to our doctrine they must be debarred from reading the Bible.
- Ninth        That if people teach any other doctrine than the articles we adopt they shall be called Heretics and be burned to death at the stake.

While we do not know that such a council or councils were held we presume they were because history teaches that the Second School has taught and put in force the substance of the above articles not we think through ignorance but through an unholy desire to rule the world and for its pope to be worshiped as a god.

The rotten absurdity in such declarations is so apparent to Bible readers that comment on them seems a waste of time. Yet we will not pass them without punching a little just enough to let some stink out of them so that the non Bible readers of this school may get a smell of the putrefied soup dished out to them by their drill masters instead of spiritual food.

It may be said that the writer got his share of worthless soup at City Point and should make no mention of those swilled and swindled on papal doctored soup. Yes yes but we remember that we found seven beans in one tin-cup of City Point soup but it has not been proven to us that anyone ever so much as found the value of seven beans morally or spiritually in a whole tubful of Rome soup.

We will take the articles in the order written and as if they had been adopted all at one time and if we miss truth and justice it will be an error of the head and not of the heart.

#### First Article

The first item seems to conflict with some statements we have heard as to the teaching of the Second School but when it is known it has a statement for Bible readers and one for non Bible readers the conflicting part is fairly understood.

If any of the personages named in this article is empowered to forgive sin that a man commits against God we say we have failed to find in the Bible where or from whom they he and she received their commission for such a high office we do not say that such



authority was never given to men those who were thus empowered were also empowered to perform miracles but we venture the assertion that all the Roman popes priests Jesuits and monks dead living and to be born put together cannot even change the sex of a louse.

No they are only poor mortals and cannot pardon their own sin and if we go back to France and England we will find that many of them have been the foulest persecutors and murderers that ever lived and no doubt the pope and priests of today would be were it not for the power against them. Tell us that devils can deceive but do not tell us that devils can deceive but do not tell us that devils or murderers can pardon sin or act as an attorney in any case except their own before the bar of God.

The false pretense in the article the writer has from hear say and can hardly believe that any sane man in this enlightened age of the world would pretend to teach or believe such bosh but if our information is correct we will say to our Roman neighbors you had better take your sinful dirty shirts to some other laundry to be washed. Take them direct in prayer to Jesus whose blood and no other can cleanse your soul. Christ will do your washing for nothing then why pay a priest for what he cannot do.

### Second Article

The second item takes in about all there is in idolatry. We have heard it said that these deluding drill-masters do not worship the cross that they simply hold it up before their eyes and look beyond it to him who was crucified on it. If a truly penitent man desires to see Christ he will not get behind a stump and he will not hang between his eyes and his Savior a screen of any kind but wants a full fair open view of him.

They who worshiped the golden calf claimed it was not god that they looked beyond the calf to the true God but their conduct was called idolatrous so we hold that all fixtures made by the Second School such as crosses images of the Virgin Mary and of the saints must all be put in the pen with the calf and the worshipers of such idols in that other pen having a smell of brimstone.

Had this idolatrous school been contented in worshiping little toy gods and trinkets of its own making it would simply have been a secular matter but when it tried to shove its nonsense on all mankind it became a public matter and the public has a right to speak against such sin or to condemn worthless goods received for its money as was the case in the army if Roman drill-masters were paid as chaplins.

When Lord Cobham that noble son of England was asked by the blood thirsty tyrants of Rome Will you not worship the cross replied by asking Where is it and many other true Christians of France and England when asked by Roman priests whose only object was to bum to death men and women who dared to oppose the pope Will you not worship the cross replied No I worship him who suffered on the cross but for giving such answers thousands and thousands of true followers of Christ fell martyrs beneath the cruel torch of Rome.

If the Second School maintains that it does not worship its trinkets let it explain why it called those people heretics and murdered them for the answers they gave.

### Third Article

The third item is not only a slur a disgrace thrown at the holy character of St Peter by the Second School but it was a powerful instrument in the hands of the Devil with which the purpose of a hell was reversed for a season resulting in the burning of the righteous instead of the wicked and it seemed to have transferred all the hellish machinery from the bottom less pit to the fair fields of the valleys of Piedmont France and England where it

was set up and superintended by the dignitary calling himself infallible and the successor of St Peter and operated by those his so called holiness consecrated to be drill-masters.

What a missapplication of language found in the third article. Think of the absurdity of an infallible being doing dirty work for the devil yea a work so horrible so revolting and sickening that the Devil himself must have turned his face in shame from it. Yes think of changing the natural use of hell to an unnatural use that of burning the true followers of Christ instead of burning those that followed Satan or more to the point went before him through the valleys referred to.

If the Second School must bungle up the meaning of words let it call the Devil infallible but not a corrupt pope who was not only guilty of murdering adult Christians but of murdering thousands of little babes which could not lisp the name of Jesus but could look his innocence. No in the name of all that is reasonable call none of those popes infallible that must appear before the bar of God with all that innocent blood on their skirts.

It is claimed that way down there in the regions of black despair where the damned are sent that they are not burned in literal fire but the hell that those self styled infallible holy substitutes for St Peter created on earth was literal fire in which they burned to death so many helpless men and women simply because they would not recant from a true belief in Bible doctrine and yield to the absurd doctrine of Transubstantiation and to the idolatrous form of worship put in practice by the Second School. If the popes unholy heart would have been satisfied in massacreing men and women the enormity of his crime would not have been so villainous but according to a book called Cross and Crown innocent

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children were dragged on the streets of Paris with ropes around their necks to a bridge from which they were thrown into the river unborn babes were torn from their mothers and their brains dashed out against the walls of streets in three days time fell a hundred thousand Christians under the Roman halberd and torch all this barbarious cruelty but it is doubtful if barbarians would be guilty of such a heinous crime was carried out by the dogs of Rome whose sicers on were Roman priests and the general manager of the business was that self styled Infallible Holy Substitute for St. Peter.

Great god without doubting Thy ability we ask can there or will there be a place in Hell as hot as those murderous fiends of Rome deserve. We believe it was necessary for Thy Son to suffer for fallen man but we do not understand why those Christians called Vaudois and Huguenot who were trying to do Thy will should be thrown into rome's fire or to wade through such hellish flames to get to Heaven but if those dear Christians could stand in the smoke and fire which was consuming their bodies and there lift up their eyes to Thee and say "Thy will be done" surely we who are free from such persecution ought to give Thee thanks.

If infallibility or the meek and lowly character of Christ was ever manifested in mere man it was in those dear primitive Christians who without a show of resistance meekly and lowly submitted their bodies to be tortured in that Roman hell and how clearly do their Christian lives teach us how nearly the boat of the First School has drifted to the shore of the world and how much of its heavenly gloss has been worn off by its sailing in shallow water or too near breakers. It is doubtful if there be many of its soldiers to day who would through a desire to imitate their Savior meekly bow their heads beneath the Roman halberd and fiery torch. No they would not suffer the picture of a torch to be branded on their faces as did the Huguenot but instead would brand one on the nose of a Roman prist that

would make him a far better light to see his way though purgatory than does his little taper candle.

We are glad to know that the tyranny resorted to by the Second School to subdue the world reacted against the promoters of it in such a way that the school only exists today as a sore on the face of civilization but we should not overlook the fact that the virus of the sore is as poisonous now as it was three hundred years ago and that gangrene is widening its border so that it seems only a question of time when all creation will again be a cankerous sore only to be healed by bathing it in human blood. The school's marriage law its pretense of charity its opposition to public schools and its prohibiting the bible From its common people or soldiers for the purpose of gaining strength to be used as a leverage in overthrowing true religion and civil government and to establish the pope on the ruins thereof all clearly teach that its old object has not been abandoned.

If our Government will not wake from its slumber and take measures to heal this sore it may awake in the dead hour of night by the thundering guns of Rome. We boast of our free country we rejoice in our civil liberty but we may yet weep under the yoke of the pope and we may yet learn more from experiencing the Vaudois and Huguenot suffering than we can learn from books. But it should not be forgotten that if that dreadful time must come that we will remind him who is seeking to be the god of this world that he will not find us to be the meek Christians the Huguenots were found to be. No we will not submissively bow our heads under his ax and our bodies into his hellish fire but By the Eternal he will find in us somewhat of the Vaudois spirit with the exception we will not stop to pray just when the finishing touch should be put on.

So little of even morality is required as a condition of membership in the Second School that with its marriage law and class of people it increases in number like mice in a cheese factory.

Beware then Lance the sore in time. Do not allow it to burst of its own accord and again throw its vile corruption over the world.

#### Fourth Article

As to the fourth item we should have but little to say. If people for themselves will not read the Bible but remain so ignorant as to think they should make confession of sin to a mere man instead of to Christ their only Savior we pity them but remind them that in this auricular confession they are not only being swindled out of their money but out of their soul's eternal salvation.

My dear Roman friend you need not read very far in the New Testament to find that Christ said "Come unto me, all ye that labor and ar heavy laden, and I will give you rest." but you never can read far enough to find in that book where he said Go to the Virgin Mary to the pope or to any Roman priest for rest. No you might with as much propriety go to a steer for milk as to go to a mere man for the pure milk of salvation who perhaps has not half enough for himself to save his own soul. Do not employ an attorney to look after the interest of your immortal soul and pay him a fee but go to Christ yourself send no one He bids you come and buy without money and without price.

Perhaps your drill-masters teach you that through consecration to high office they received a sufficient amount of the material blood of Christ to cleanse your sin that they can make a little God within themselves on the same plan they make them out of baked dough if so let us drop the absurdity of the idea and reason as if such consecration had taken place.

What then must we admit. Does it not occur to you that we must admit that the material blood of Christ not many hundred years ago flowed through some of the foulest hearts that ever lived or that ever disgraced the human family. Can you not by following back along the historical chain made by the pope and priest-hood of this Second School find where a foul murderer a tyrannical smith welded or consecrated a new link to this chain if you can then we ask Can you not see the source from which this so called blood of Christ came with which your drill masters pretend to wash your souls.

Who would be so silly if he wanted a clean white garment to dip it into a barrel of tar. Yet you Mr Roman soldier figuratively do that very thing if you purchase pardon from your drillmasters you simply wash in the corrupt blood transferred from link to link from the murderers down to the link from which you purchase your supposed pardon from sin. If it be argued that the priests do not pretend to forgive sin then why make confession to them and pay out your money for what they do not pretend to do. If they pretend to take your case to the Virgin Mary and ask her to intercede in your behalf the absurdity is none the less because all the saints in Heaven or God Himself cannot pardon a sinner unless the sinner complies with the plan of salvation. Christ said Come unto me. He did not say you should send the priest, Virgin Mary or any one in your stead.

If we are not correct in the above we are in this. You are simply trying to get your case before the Savior in a way he did not direct and you will find when the great Inspection takes place that if your sins did get as far as to the Virgin Mary they still lie at her feet unwashed by the blood of Jesus. Why will you not go to Jesus in the way he directs you. If you will persist in going away round by the black swamp to make your confession of sin you will sink in the mire of damnation and get to Hell instead of to Heaven.

The fact is there never was any of the very flesh and blood of Christ in any or all of the links of this chain or in the bread and wine your priests have buttoned their pants around.

We have thus reasoned the subject not to offend but according to our best judgment of truth right and justice. We know according to the temporal law that if a baker makes a clean cake with his own hands his hands must be clean so we conclude that in the spiritual law for a man to be made holy through consecration he who performs the act of consecrating him must be a clean or holy man otherwise the Holy Ghost will not perform its work. You might as well expect to keep powder and fire together in the same gun-barrel as to expect to keep the spirit of God and that of the Devil together in the same man.

If we are correct in our view and if the present priesthood is holy simply through this transferring process of holy blood we must conclude that the Roman chain does not reach from pope. Innocent to pope. Guilty nor from pope. Guilty to pope Pious it certainly must have been ended somewhere and a new chain started if not then the lower end of this concatenation should not be called pious or holy. If a tube be upended and dirty water be poured in at its top it will come out at its lower end dirty when nothing filters it. So we have no faith in the material blood of Christ being handed down through a chain having so many bad links in it.

It has been truly said "that an open confession is good for the soul and that when we have done an injury to a brother we should go to him and confess our fault" but in that act alone we are not to understand that the sin or burden has been removed. No the load must be carried to Jesus. No other power can give us a stool of mercy on which we may find rest.

Then let us say to you who are carrying your sacks of vice and immorality to Roman priests that you are taking your production to the wrong dept that when you die you will find that your raw goods had never been shipped to the refining depot in Heaven and that your confession would have resulted in as much good had you made it to a coon as to a

mere man. Tell your drill-masters all the bad things you do if you so desire but do not neglect to take your own case to Jesus in the way he has directed you. Remember that in the Government of Heaven there are no common carriers that each and every soldier must carry his own load of sin to the fountain of Mercy and that all who neglect to do so will not have on the King's uniform when the great Inspection takes place. If in case you have not the clean wedding garment on. What reply will you make when the inspecting Officer orders you out of ranks on account of your spotted uniform. Will you then say I took my load of sin to a Roman priest if you do the Officer will say Then go to the Roman priest for your rest. I ordered you to bring your load to me you have disobeyed. Begone.

Confess your faults one to another but ask Christ yourself to blot them out.

#### Fifth Article

To do what is claimed in this item would be to perform a miracle and the nearest approach to a miracle yet made is found in making some people believe such doctrine. It is wonderful wonderful in this that the intelligence of the soldiers of the Second School does not order a bayonet charge on those who advocate it and that any after rubbing their backs against the wall of civilization be found to teach it and thus dishonor Christianity. We know there are things that our faith must lay hold on that we cannot see feel taste or handle but here is a thing a little God made from baked dough we are asked to believe in we can see the bread before it is consecrated and we can see it when it is called a God but we cannot see that it was changed to flesh.

Now if we feel this little God it feels just like bread if we eat of this little God it tastes like bread if we handle this little God we find it to be no heavier than bread and if we analyze this little God we find it to be bread just what it was before the priest had anything to do with it and similar results are found in the wine pretense yet we are asked to believe in the trick.

Christ never intended that his followers should believe a humbug or a lie but that they should believe what was real or the truth and all of his miracles were so real none could doubt that saw them they knew by tasting that the water had been changed to wine they knew by being filled that the five loaves satisfied five thousand people and they knew there was no humbug when they saw Peter walk on the water.

But these drill-masters of the Second School said to the people Now look out we are going to put bread in this end of the horn and you will see it come out at the other end the very identical flesh of Christ. Well truly they did see the wad come out but they could not see that it had been changed to flesh or from the stuffing that was put in. Next the wine pretense came off but with no better result and when the people expressed their unbelief in such false pretenses the jugglers such as Bonner Gardiner and Wriothesley stepped forward with torches in hand and said "you are heretics and we will bum you to death."

It was enough The Vaudois, Huguenot and English Christians could not believe that they whose hands were so ready to commit murder could perform a miracle yet it is quite likely that if the drill masters of this school would pretend to convert a cow pumpkin to a nugget of gold its soldiers kept ignorant as they are would believe in such transformation but if they would put the nugget on market they would find its bullion value was only equal to that of cow pumpkin.

When we look back over the history of this school another thing seems as strange as a miracle and that is that God when it set up a hell on earth and was murdering in the cruelest ways the ingenuity of man aided by the skill of the devil could devise did not with one stroke of His arm wipe it out of existence.

If we admit its doctrine of transubstantiation that the bread is changed into the body and the wine into the blood of Christ we must then admit that these drill-masters make the Son of God over and over then eat and drink him up as often that they again and again crucify him in a more horrible way than did the Jews. Yes cannibal or dog like eat the natural flesh and drink the natural blood of Christ our Lord and Savior.

Can or did any person of sound mind ever believe such erroneous doctrine. It makes no difference. Popes, priests, Jesuits, monks and friars carried out the school's threat and massacred about one hundred and fifty thousand Christians who would not believe in the Roman eucharist pretense and the infallibility of the pope.

But the Second School says it is no sham pretense that Christ said of the bread "This is my body" and of the wine "This is my blood" and that no one has a right to construe it in any other sense.

If we are only to take scripture in a literal sense. What will we do with such declarations as "I am the door" "I am the vine" "Behold the Lamb of God" and "That rock was Christ." Will Romans maintain that Christ is a wooden door that he is a vine on which squash grow that he is a woolly four legged sheep and that he is the common negro-head stone. They must so maintain if they will not accept or allow figurative language. How well does the life saving property of bread represent the life saving power of Christ and wine represent the quickening power of Christ and wine represent the quickening power of the Holy Spirit just as the martyrs claimed and for which Rome called them heretics and put them to death.

The writer some years ago thinking that perhaps history had not done this school justice went to hear one of its drill-masters teach. After the soldiers had performed with water somewhat like ducks had cut some outlines with their fingers and had paid homage to the dumb toy-gods of which there were not a few a man clothed in disguise not only in dress but in speech made his appearance. All being ready the sermon sounded

Hah-da-dah, da-dah-dah-dah,  
Hah-da-dah, da-dah-dah-dah etc.

It was to our ears as the tinkling of a cymbal except it did not have a true metal ring but sounded like the blending together of a sheeps and a calf s voices. We were provoked but why should we be when all including preacher could extract no sense out of the Hah-da-dah except the haw sound a word used to turn oxen to the left. If that was his object Dear bless him we will say that he and his cattle were as far to the left as they could get.

#### Sixth Article

A fact bearing heavily against this item is that the prophets Christ and the apostles had no knowledge of such a factory to purify the dead at least made no mention of a place called Purgatory located and designed as taught by the Second School. Webster only knew it as a Roman term. Civilization knows it only to exist in Roman brain. Yet all that should not be taken as proof that there is not such a place now if it be admitted that Romans can make a real little God out of a piece of bread. If they can do that Could they not throw a world into space. could they not destroy the natural use of their brain and erect a phantasm place on the ruins thereof or Could they not change the planetary system and use the moon for a purifying shop for their financial gain. Certainly certainly we guess so.

The question with Romans is not Is there such a place but Does the pretense of such a place bring in the money we want.

The writer does not know the price charged per quart for the purifying grease or oil used in this Purgatory and does not know how many quarts have been sold neither does he know how much of the stuff it takes to purify an ordinary soul nor how many souls have been there cleansed but thinks it would require several barrels to clean some of the souls of this school that went there a few hundred years ago hence he can form no idea of the amount of money Purgatory has brought in but knows it has dotted our country with many fine buildings that might be used for a better purpose.

Had God created a Purgatory it would not be such as is this Roman Purgatory its design and purpose would have been based on a just law but as man has brought it into existence notwithstanding his infallibility it seems that the conditions under which the refining process is supposed to be perfected are far from equitable.

It does not seem just that a man who has been a thief and a robber therein accumulating much wealth by turning over his store to the priest should be prayed out of that place of torment on time so much shorter than his unfortunate honest brother that died penniless having nothing to turn over to the priest for his purgatorial prayers and again. There is much reason for doubt and complaint of a dissatisfactory nature growing out of the inconsistency of this infallible phantasm Purgatory on the ground that if a black goat has the money it can buy from a priest a ticket that will carry it on the first outgoing train from Purgatory to Heaven. No faith in Christ. No repentance needed only money and the black goat goes to Heaven and there has all the pleasure that a white sheep has.

How unfortunate for the rich man that died that this Roman shop had not been set up before his death and how sad it is that so many sinners have died unable to make some financial arrangement with a priest to pray them out of Purgatory and there too is that poor old man the Devil Gone gone he had not a cent to give. Poor fellow. If it be held that Satan was too bad to be prayed out we ask what became of Wriothesley, Gardiner and Bonner.

It is quite likely that if the soldiers of this school would shut down on mass-fee and stop expending for Purgatory purposes that the teaching of the existence of such a place would stop too. Reading the Bible would have the same effect and also show the necessity of making a preparation before death for Heaven. The Bible teaches that Christ opened up a way from earth to Heaven and called it a Highway but it does not teach that beyond earth he located on his way a town or station called Purgatory for a refining mill.

But we understand that the Second School erected a shop somewhere in the immediate vicinity of hell or so near that the sulphuric gas rising from the bottomless pit pervades the atmosphere of the shop to such an extent that an inmate thereof however tight fisted he may be will soon shell out the last cent he has to get out of the smoke. A glass factory company having free use of a natural gas-well has not so good a franchise for making money as has this Purgatory company.

We have not been down to this shop on an inspecting tour and cannot speak of it advisedly but we have a thought that the idea of sending a current of foul air highly charged with brimstone and salt peter through a mans nostrils must have a decided power in forcing money out of his pocket. Why just think of it Hell tapped and drawn on for free gas free heat and free smoke to chase money out of a man's pocket. Golly it beats sticking a revolver under his nose all hollow.

Stock in this Purgatory company cannot be bought at any price it is all owned by Mr Devil and his nearest friends. Not for sale.

Taking our mundane sphere as a starting point Heaven is up and Hell is down. Now if we get on the straight narrow path the highway laid out and built by Christ leading from earth to Heaven every step we take on this road places us on a higher level. How then on

this journey ever and ever going higher and higher can we go down to Hell or to where Romans go for purification. Then too if this path is a straight one it can have no bend in it leading round by way of Hell but suppose the straight path to start from Hell and that our abiding place is on the line of this path to Heaven. What then. Why Romans are simply taking the back track.

Is it not clear to Bible readers that Christ's way is a highway that the other end of his way from us ends in Heaven and is it not as clear that the roman way is a low way ending in Hell or its neighborhood.

They who will not read the bible and be guided by its instruction simply because their drillmasters forbid them to read it will come out at the end of the Roman lane where they will smell brimstone through all eternity and their priests who pretend to pray them out for their money will come out there too all at the same end of the lane and all will find that no highway was ever built from that smoky region to Heaven.

“How shall we escape if we neglect so great salvation” Heb. 2,3.

“Work out your own salvation with fear and trembling” Phil. 2,12.

Hence your drill-master cannot save you he cannot work out your salvation and if you would escape Hell you must with fear and trembling work out your own salvation while in this life. Be not deceived.

If the soldiers who are purchasing salvation from Roman drill-masters would expend that money for doughnuts press the grease out of them and use it in lubricating boot jacks it would be a matter to dispute as to which of the investments would bring the better returns.

Who can tell the amount of swindling practiced under the disguise of a church-canvas. A man dare not go outside and rob a fellow being but in a church-tent he may sock it to him for all the fellow is worth. Congress has been making appropriations for cleaning out cess-pools. Should it not give something to clean out a pool that sucks in a hundred dollars for a cents worth of morality.

A church that puts a clean suit on a man is well worth supporting but a church that does no better than to put or leaves a pair of dancing shoes on a man's feet a deck of cards in his pocket a horn of whiskey in his stomach and profanity in his mouth is unworthy of support and should have no way provided for it out of Hell. No.

It should have no territory  
Save the field of Purgatory.

#### Seventh Article

If we lift our mind above cruel murder we see nothing in this item that differs much from what may be found in ordinary dime museums except that in dime shows the people are not forced to believe the pretense in the trick while in this show the people were forced to believe in the juggle under the penalty fixed to the crime of being a heretic.

No matter how great the deception. No matter how much the opposers must suffer everything and anything that helped to shove the Roman car of jurisdiction into every land and nation was resorted to but the abominable frauds hung on the car for a propelling power crushed the infernal vehicle when in England it collided with the throne of King Henry 8th and exposed in the ruins of the wrecked car the deception and treachery of the would be infallible holy substitute for St. Peter.



Previous to the crash the tricks in a great measure had worked well or as Rome intended they should deceiving many of the unlearned people and converting them to the roman church but after the crash like pills often do they took the back track and acted as an emetic against the papal head of Rome though without cleansing effect.

We read that a house built on a sandy foundation will not stand but this house this Ten-centmuseum built on the fragments of the grossest deception has been permitted to stand over twelve centuries and perhaps will stand as long as Satan can use men in the building up of his kingdom.

The writer is not prepared to mention all the bogus relics and tricks this Ten-cent-show placed on exhibition but will refer to a few it carried into England.

Skulls, bones and teeth also tongues said to have belonged to those who lived many thousand years ago the instruments with which Christ was crucified the clothes wherein he was wrapt in infancy the manger in which he was laid the vessels in which he converted water into wine at the marriage feast the bread which he brake at the last supper his vesture for which the soldiers cast lots portions of the burning bush of the manna which fell in the wilderness of Moses rod and Samson honey-comb of Tobits fish of the blessed Virgins milk and of our Saviors blood to which must be added the wonder working images said to have been made without hands.

All such humbuggery and much more was loaded on the car and shoved into England to deceive the people that the pope might establish himself in that country. Bonner Gardiner and Wriothesley had charge of the show and held the torch to bum to death all that would not believe in the jugglery.

Skulls, bones and teeth of people that lived many hundred years ago have been dug out of the earth but the trouble in this show was it happened that too many skulls of the same saint were on exhibition that a wheelbarrow load of teeth belonged to one individual that a dozen tongues belonged to the same man that too many spears had been used to tally with the wound that the pieces of the cross said to be of that Christ carried would have made a load for an elephant that the very clothes said to have wraps the infant Savior would have clothed half the babies in town that the very manger in which Christ was laid was so many that a hundred head of cattle could have been fed in them at the same time that the very wine vessels would have stocked up a whole sale dealer that the very bread Christ brake would have made a big army dinner that the very vesture was so many as to make or equal a jew store that so many fragments of the very bush would have made a brush fence forty rods long that the rods Moses used were not fewer than he was years old that Tobit's fish must have been a whale that the Virgin's milk would have made a large tub-ful and last but worse than all the wicked pretension that it had specimens of the blood that had been in Christ's veins which in connection with its sinful transubstantiation claim was enough to rouse the indignation of the people but Bonner was there in charge of the show in one hand he held authority in the other a torch to burn to death all who protested against such infamous trickery and such a misconstruction on the teaching of the Holy Sacrament.

Many people who will be remembered for bringing a high degree of civil and religious attainment in England and elsewhere were tom from the bosom of their families and consumed by the fiery torch Rome's tyrants held simply because they would not recant from true Bible doctrine reject Christ and bow to the pope. Among the many names of the blessed Martyrs we find Cobham, Saunders, White, Taylor, Latimer, Ridley, Cranmer, Hunter and Wycliffe though the latter was not burned to death to whom not only England but the entire world owe gratitude for comparative freedom from the tyranny of Rome.

King Henry 8th though a roman was not a tool for the pope as some of his predecessors had been he set himself at the head of the Church which greatly enraged the pope and he launched against Henry a Bull requiring him to appear at Rome to answer for his insolence and to be excommunicated but Henry knocked the horns off of the animal and sent it back to the pope a muley.

The pontiff then offered the Kingdom of England to the King of Scotland on the very easy terms of "Just going down and possessing it" which raised the mane on Henry's neck and he to retaliate allowed the Reformers or Protestants to take charge of the pope's Ten-Cent-Show and to expose not only Romish trickery but popish infallibility.

It is needless to say that under the new management the show soon became The Greatest Show on Earth. Great because the entire Shooting-match the pope had sent out became consolidated and exhibited under one canvas so that the people could see how many things the unerring god at Rome had sent out each and all labeled and marked to be the very identical one thing.

O fraud fraud Hast thou no cheek to blush. Hast thou no face to picture shame. Not when labeled with Satans hand.

What a show it must have been. Think of it. All the fixings that go to make up Romish religion. What a laugh there must have been when it was found that Saint \_\_\_\_\_ had so many skulls when St. Apollonia had a wheel barrow load of teeth in his mouth when it was found that a certain Saint had so many tongues in his mouth. It is said that at this stage of the exhibition a brief interruption occurred by some one crying out "Those tongues must have been in the mouth of grandmother Brunehilda."

The Reformers made good use of the Roman idol gods as well as of the many things for the very one thing and in a way that it did not fail to convince the people of the fraud that issued from the throne of the infallible substitute for St Peter.

Perhaps one of the greatest frauds set up by the god of Rome aside from the pretended blood of Christ was that of an idol set up at Boxley and called the Rood of Grace. It was a wonderful piece of workmanship not only in its construction but in the way it worked itself it worked its head hands and feet rolled up its eyes and shed tears and made jestures which were represented as miraculous but the show was now run by different or new proprietors. Bonner could not stand on the stage and say "If you dont believe in this God I'll kill you." No the Bishop of Rochester was there and before the people he dissected the Dang thing so that Romans who had worshiped it as they should have the true God could see that its guts were only a mechanism whereby its movements had been made or caused.

Many old women with crosses hanging by their sides who had stood before this god and cried when it cried now hung their faces in shame and well they might they had not drawn on common sense but on the infallibility of the pope.

Bloody Mary after the death of King Henry returned the show to the pope and restored to Bonner his burning torch. Fire, death and hell again reigned in England. Bonner's fagot was soon rekindled and unmercifully applied to all who publicly denounced the errors of Rome Cranmer, Latimer and many others were then dragged from their pulpits chained to the stake and burned to death in the flames of Roman religion they had preached many sermons that fell like thunder bolts on the jugglery car but the greatest sermon perhaps ever preached in the interest of reforming England and in freeing her from the tyranny of Rome was that mute sermon on the occasion of dissecting Rome's idol God deception instead of blood flowed from the Dang-thing so foul and black that none failed to behold it.

The trickery of all kinds found in the infallible pope's Ten-Cent-Show when it fell into the hands of Protestants its unparalleled false pretenses its sham gods and its sham

specimens of the cross, milk, honey, manna, blood etc. etc. all combined to lift common intelligence high above the heathenish pretended wisdom of the infallible pope and his servants so that the show and torch never after had its former influence.

The show is yet in existence and can be seen in many cities even in enlightened America but thank God without Bonner's torch or power to use it. Yet we should not boast. Rome may take the power as she did in years gone by.

#### Eighth Article

The friction of bodies coming in contact seem to polish their sides but the people of the Second School coming in contact with the more advanced in the knowledge of the truth as it is in Christ do not seem susceptible of taking on a polish that reflects true Christianity and the fact that they are debarred from reading the Bible by the priests will furnish no excuse for their rough appearance on Inspection day.

The question has been often asked How can the drill-masters of this school keep the soldiers from reading the Drill-book or in other words How can they keep them from learning the true principles of Christianity.

The question is not an easy one to answer but we will say that if a young sprout is bent crooked and kept in that way until it grows to be a large tree it will then rigidly maintain its crookedness and if a colt first opens its eyes in a dark cave and be kept there it will know nothing of the warm sun-light and of green fields so it is with the soldiers of this school at a tender age they are bent kept bent grow up bent and stay crooked and like the colt in the cave they are not permitted to see the bright sunlight in God's Sacred book hence they know nothing of the green field promised to them that do His will and being prohibited from reading the Bible they become pliant tools in the hands of priests just as did the slaves to their masters. The negro driver knew that to make a good work ox out of a man he must be kept ignorant of the rights granted him by his Creator. The Romans know that to make working tools of men men who would believe the pope infallible that would believe priests could make Jesus out of baked dough and to commit murder when ordered to do so must be kept from the Bible otherwise they would learn that the Roman Shebang was rotten through and through unwarranted by Scripture and unjustifiable by common sense.

Thus it has been that thousands and thousands of people have not been permitted to learn what their Creator expects of them and what they will have to account for even books and papers that would tend to lead them on higher ground have been excluded from them under perhaps a threat that St. Peter if they read them would not see the cross they cut with fingers but no matter how ignorant its soldiers are kept no difference how many souls go down to hell if it will establish the pope the god of this world Rome's object would then be accomplished. To rule all nations especially America is her object.

What right has a dog to enter a house and stick its dirty nose into the cupboard simply because the doors are standing open. What right has a foreign pope to stick his snout in the civil affairs of the United States simply because its doors stand open to all that will become good citizens.

Already has this gander stretched his long neck over the Atlantic and hissed at Uncle Sams feet dictating how our schools should be regulated and declaring that Roman children are becoming degraded by associating with Protestant children in common schools but it is not so much his fear of disgrace as it is a fear of his children gaining a knowledge that will interfere with his unholy purpose.

Our advice may not be asked but we will give it free. If there is a Roman in the United States that cannot make up his mind to be governed by our law he had better pack up his duds and take shelter beneath the wings of Father Gander whose nest and pond has not much been disturbed by the march of civilization but it may be asked Did we not fight bleed and die for this country too if you did it was not promised for your service that any heathen or foreign ruler might set his kingdom up on soil belonging to the Stars and Stripes.

The non interference of congress as set forth in the Constitution does not and should not protect what Rome calls religion. There are two forms of worship it is true called religion one a true the other a false but a false religion is not religion just as a false god is not the God that reigns in Heaven and it was not the intention of the framers of the Constitution that it should protect a fraud on the cause of Christ. If it can be construed that our Constitution does protect a false religion then it at once should be amended in the interest of decency, humanity and God.

A religion founded on a conscientious belief in Bible doctrine is not to be feared and it should not be interfered with but this so called religion founded on the belief that the Virgin Mary and priests in some way we don't know how neither does any body else are factors in pardoning sin that the pope is infallible and should lord it over all creation that the priests can make God out of a crust of bread then eat Him up at on gulp and that there is a shop beyond this life called Purgatory is to be feared and should be interfered with because it is neither piety nor a faith founded on the teaching of the Bible. No the intelligence that framed the Constitution did not intend it should foster a murdering and soul destroying religion in this God given America.

It should not be expected that this enlightened Government will protect a heathen religion as far from true religion as Hell is from Heaven if it does it will simply protect in this case a sword designed to cut its official head off.

Rome has not forsaken the object she had in view when she murdered and shoved thousands of Protestants into her hellish fires. No she must yet make her pope the chief ruler on earth. Little by little and more by more she is drawing her rope around the neck of America. She is now dictating what our laws shall be. She is now urging the necessity of sending to America Italian, French and German Roman bishops to take charge of dioceses and of the school funds therein and to see that Romanism is taught and the languages of the country from which the bishop came.

Sleep on a little longer fellow country men if you will untill Rome secures the executive and congressional chairs then the last draw of the rope will be made and all will be over with America as a free country. You will then wake up but it may be in the flames of Bonner's torch.

What has been the history of Rome she will repeat. She has never been converted from sin. She has never abandoned her purpose to rule the world. To-day American Christians may fold their arms close their eyes and dream of peace and safety. To-night they may be aroused by the clashing of Roman arms or by the torture of Bonner's torch. Tomorrow they may be in eternity as was the case with the Vaudois, Huguenot and English Christians.

It may be said that the head of the Roman church is a foreign potentate and has no jurisdiction over the National affairs of this country hence there is no danger of him breaking over into our country. You may say to a bull Mr Bull you have no right to jump over into that field but leave the fence low and see if he will obey you. You may say to the pope Mr Pope you have no right to jump into the American field and boss business but just leave the fence down and see if he will stay out.

No doubt Rome has a hellish object in view hence her necessity of resorting to a hellish principle that of keeping the Bible out of the hands of her adherents. She knows that anything that will tend to reform a man will tend to destroy the use who expects out of him. What right has a sect or a man to say You shall not have the lamp God intended to be a light to guide your feet. Would it not be as consistent to deprive a man of his eyesight.

Rome may say If we do not put the lamp in a man's hand we put its light in his ears. Yes well I forgot I witnessed that one time. Certainly I beg pardon but the light was Hah-da-dah, dadah-dah etc.

Quite a reflection of heavenly law  
Was that nonsensical Hah-da-dah  
Hah-da-dah the crow may caw  
Such earlight Fiddle sticks O pshaw.

This Ten-Cent-Show is in our country and spreading like the itch on a hot summer day and we have no King Henry. What should be done to prevent it.

The writer does not pretend to be a statesman but in the absence of a Henry to drive the worthless museum out of our land will advise that Congress make it a crime punishable in state prison for any sect or individual to discourage or try to prevent in any way any person from readying the Bible except as health or eyesight may require.

Let the soldiers of the Second School have that two edge sword and they will soon hack to pieces this Ten-Cent-Show relieve us from the danger of a Bonner's torch and they will gain a victory for the world and for our country of greater importance than the single edge sword gained over slavery.

We believe that the Constitution of our country furnishes protection to all good religious societies but we do not believe that it protects any and everything simply because it may have the word religion written above its door if it does then there is nothing in it to prevent thieves from organizing under such a title and taking whatever they may find claiming that God created all things for a common use and that no man has a right to say this house is mine this field is mine or this cow is mine.

If our Constitution will not allow a society to even rob a man out of the use of his cow How can it allow a society to wrong him out of the use of his Bible. In the one case a man would be robbed out of milk for table use the other out of the milk of salvation for heavenly use but this school says We milk the cow and give the milk to the man. Yes we know you do but it is such poor blue milk that when you pour it out it sounds

Hah-da-dah, da-dah-dah-dah

Daniel could read the hand writing on the wall but he could not skim enough cream off of such milk to keep a mouse alive.

If you want a man to know what you say tell it to him in his language if not talk to goose like.

#### Ninth Article

It seems that in the days when Rome lorded it over creation there were two distinct hells but such was not the case. It seems more probable that hell was divided in two wings and that the devil held the reserve while the pope took charge of the assaulting division but that the two wings belonged to the same body there can be no doubt.

The above may strike a Roman a little below and to the left of his chin and cause him to kick like a colt in a yellow jackets nest but we have no apology to make other than to say kick as long as your wind holds out but don't kick us we are simply writing the substance of history as it has been handed down simply the deeds of crime Rome committed simply what she should be ashamed of and simply what God will hold her accountable for. Yes kick with all the strength you have but let us assure you that you have no right to kick from a feeling sense like the one hundred and fifty thousand Christians Rome so cruelly murdered.

That the reader may have some idea of the different ways Protestants who opposed the absurd doctrine of Rome were tortured and put to death by this so called holy substitute for St Peter we will copy from Cross and Crown pages 39 and 40 and let the reader decide whether the writer is doing this school an injury or whether it injured itself. The Romans blame it all on what they call the secular power but remember that the secular power was then controlled by the Romans.

“Tertian was burned alive. Susanna Michelin was left to die on the snow. Ambrose was hanged. Chiamps bowels were torn out. Geymonat died having a living cat put in his body.

Mary Romaine was buried alive

Trache was hacked with a saber the wounds filled with quick lime.

Michelin had his tongue torn out.

Raridon had brimstone matches stuck into his body and burned.

Revel had his mouth filled with powder and set on fire.

Mary Mounin had the flesh torn from her face and left to die.

Garner was slowly mangled to death.

Marguet was mutilated in an indescribable manner.

Susanna Jaquin was cut in pieces.

A number of young women to escape outrages threw themselves over precipices.

Sarah Rostaqual was cleft up through the middle of her body. Anne Charbonnier was impaled alive and carried like a banner. Rambaud had his nails torn out then his fingers cut off then his feet hands arms and legs were severed by blows of hatchets”

and the same book says

“There is not a rock in the Vaudois Valleys which may not be looked on as a monument of death not a meadow but what has been the scene of some execution not a village but has had its martyrs. No history however complete can contain a record of them all.” To which we add The same may be said of France and England.

Why were those dear people so cruelly murdered? simply because they would not believe a Roman priest could change bread to the flesh and wine to the blood of Christ.

Call this Roman school a true religious church if you will but you cannot make us believe that any religion other than that of the devil will murder people in such cruel ways. If true religion furnishes a reasonable cause why a man should be foully murdered for his conscientious belief in Bible doctrine then it were better if we had no true religion.' It is doubtful if there is or ever was a Roman priest unless he had suffered some contusion of the brain that really believed the lie in Roman transubstantiation doctrine. Yet we know

not they may all be under a strong delusion “that they should believe a lie: that they all might be damned.”





## Chapter 40

### Trial and Martyrdom of Anne Askew

Tortured in a Rack - Joints pulled Apart - Two hours on the Floor - Confession of her Faith - Chained to the Stake - Angel Countenance - Burned to Death - What a Contrast - Think of It - Blood Hounds of Hell

That the reader may better know the difference in the religion taught by Protestants and that taught by Romans we beg leave to copy from Cross and Crown a part of the trial and suffering of Anne Askew which is but a single case among the many thousand martyrs that fell beneath the cruel hand of Rome.

“On Monday, June 28th 1545, she was taken to Gildhall to be examined again by the council. She was taunted with being a heretic, but she denied the imputation, and declared that she had done nothing for which she deserved death by the law of God. When they asked her if she denied the Sacrament of the eucharist to be Christ's body and blood, she answered, without hesitation:

Yes, for the same Son of God that was born of the Virgin Mary is now glorious in Heaven, and will come again from thence at the last day in like manner as He went up. And as to what you call your God, it is but a piece of bread. As an additional proof of this, let it lie in the pix but three months and it will be mouldy. I am therefore persuaded that it cannot be God.”

“Do you deny the bread in the pix to be God?”

“God is a spirit,” she replied, “and not a wafer-cake, and He is to be worshipped in spirit and in truth, and not by the impious superstitious homage paid to a wafer, converted, by popish jugglery, into a God.”

“Do you plainly deny Christ to be in the Sacrament?”

“I believe,” she answered, “the eternal Son of God not to dwell there. I neither wish death, nor fear his might. God have the praise thereof with thanks.”

The council urged her to take the benefit of a priest, but she replied, with a smile, that she would confess her sins to God, from whom alone she could obtain pardon.

Bowes now asked and received permission to question her. “Thou foolish woman, sayest thou, that the priest cannot make the body of Christ?”

“I say so, for I have read that God made man, but that man can make God I never yet read, nor I suppose ever shall.”

“Thou foolish woman, after the words of consecration, is it not the Lords body.”

“No, it is but consecrated bread,” she answered.

“What if a mouse eat it after the consecration?” What shall become of the ? What sayest thou, foolish woman?”

Anne gazed at him a moment, then asked, “What shall become of it, say you, my lord?”

“I say that the mouse is damned, he answered.

“Alack! poor mouse!” she exclaimed, with mock pity.

Some of the council burst into a laugh at these words, and seeing how badly their champion was faring, put a stop to his questioning, and proceeded to the butchery they intended before they came thither.

Wriothesley and Gardiner exerted themselves to induce the council to condemn her, and were successful.

There is nothing so hateful to Rome as civil freedom, and nothing which her greater delight than the trampling down of the barriers with which the laws of a country encompass that freedom. On the 28th of June, Anne and several others of her faith were condemned by the council, as being heretics, and sentenced to be burned to death at the stake.

Anne now appealed to the king for justice, but her appeal fell on an ear of stone. England was Rome, and Rome was hell. How could justice issue from such a throne? She did not fear death, but she wished to have justice. She felt that her rights as an English woman were being trampled under foot by the myrmidons of the pope, and she was brave enough to contend for them to the last.

The Romanists now began to annoy her with efforts to induce her to recant. They sent to her Shaxton, and others, but they failed to change her mind. She told Shaxton to his face that it had been good for him, if he had never been born. On the 13th of July, she underwent a new examination. This examination was conducted by Wriothesley, who wished to compel her to say something that would criminate others, of whom, the Romanists were anxious to destroy, but he failed. He then ordered her to be stretched upon the rack, in order to force her through sheer suffering to say something he might twist into an accusation against them. She was fastened to the rack, and the levers were turned, causing her the keenest suffering. She bore the cruel torture without a cry or a murmur.

Wriothesley was a true son of the Romish Church, and failing in his purpose, threw off his gown in rage, and ordered Rich to do likewise. Then these brutal men themselves seized hold of the levers, and, as if they had not already insulted innocence beyond measure, they paused a moment, to ask Anne, if she was with child.

“Ye shall not need to spare for that,” replied the heroic woman, “Do your wills upon me.” These demons of hell, renewed their task.

The victim on the rack was a woman whose helplessness and gentleness might have moved any hearts but those hardened by the religion of Rome. They were merciless, and stretched her body, until her joints were pulled asunder. She endured it all, however, and to the end refused to say one word which might compromise any one who had befriended her. As soon as she was released from the rack, she swooned from the awful torture. When consciousness returned, Wriothesley kept her sitting for two hours on the bare floor, while he urged her to renounce her faith.

The torture had deprived her of the use of her limbs, which had been pulled apart. Her condition was such that she could have lived but a short time.

A message was soon sent to her, by this tyrant, threatening her with death, if she did not change her faith. She replied that she would sooner die than break her faith.

Bonner, in accordance with his religion, circulated false reports, reflecting on the religious character of Anne, but she met him with an answer, that at no time, since her trials began, had she wavered in her faith.

While she lay in prison, suffering from the effects of her torture, she drew up the following confession of her faith:

“I, Anne Askew, of good memory, although my merciful Father hath given me the bread of adversity and the water of trouble, yet not so much as my sins have deserved, do

confess myself here a sinner before the throne of his heavenly Majesty, desiring His eternal mercy. And for as much as I am by the law unrighteously condemned for an evil-doer concerning opinions, I take the dame most merciful God of mine, who hath made both heaven and earth, to record that I hold no opinions contrary to His Holy Word. And I trust in my merciful Lord, who is the giver of all grace, that He will graciously assist me against all evil opinions, which are contrary to His most blessed verity. For I take Him to witness that I do, and will unto my life's end, utterly abhor them to the uttermost of my power.

But this is the heresy which they report me to hold: That after the priest hath spoken the words of consecration, there remaineth bread still. They both say, and also teach it for a necessary article of faith, that after those words are once spoken, there remaineth no bread, but even the self same body that hung upon the cross on Good Friday, both flesh, blood and bone. To this belief of theirs, say I nay. For then were our common creed false, which saith, 'that He sitteth on the right hand of God the Father Almighty, and from thence He shall come to judge the quick and the dead.'

Lo. this is the heresy that I hold, and for it must suffer the death. But as touching the holy and blessed supper of the Lord, I believe it to be a most necessary remembrance of His glorious sufferings and death. Moreover, I believe as much therein as my eternal and only Redeemer, Jesus Christ, would I should believe. I believe we need no unwritten verities to rule His church with. Therefore look what He hath said unto me with His own mouth in His holy Gospel, that have I, with Gods grace, closed up in my heart. And my full trust is, as David saith, that it shall be 'a lantern to my footsteps.'

"There be some that do say that I deny the eucharist; but those people do untruly report me. For I both say and believe it, that if it were ordered like as Christ instituted it, a most singular comfort it were unto us all.

But as concerning your Mass, as it is now used in our days, I do say and believe it to be the most abominable idol that is in the world; for my God will not be eaten with teeth, neither yet dieth He again. And upon these words that I have now spoken will I suffer death."

Throughout the whole of her persecution Anne had preserved the patient sweetness of her demeanor. All the cruelties of her enemies had been powerless to change this, or to wring from her one unchristian complaint or unwomanly word. She was only in her twenty fifth year, and life was very sweet to her, but not so sweet as to make it worth the sacrifice of her conscience.

#### END OF TABLET SEVEN, page 507

She did not desire martyrdom, but she did not shrink from it, and she bore all her sufferings with a firmness and gentleness never surpassed in the annals of Christian heroism. Not once did she revile her enemies, but like her blessed Master she prayed for her murderers, that they might be saved from the just punishment of their crimes.

(C) At length the day of her execution arrived. A platform had been erected, on which, sat Riottesley and the rest of the Papist party. Anne, being unable to walk or stand, in consequence of her torture on the rack, was brought in a chair to the stake, where she was fastened to the post by an iron chain passed about her waist, and was thus held up to it. Three other victims of Rome were brought out to die with her. Anne was fastened to a separate stake, and the others to the remaining two. They spoke to each other constantly words of comfort, and it was evident to all that the men became more resolute on witnessing the courage and hearing the Christian exhortations of the beautiful woman who

was to die with them. As for Anne, her face was calm and peaceful, “She had an angels countenance, and smiling face,” says one who saw her.

When the preparations were completed, the renegade Bishop Saxton mounted the pulpit which had been erected, and began to preach to the martyrs, urging them to repent of their sins and be reconciled to the church of Rome. In the eyes of the martyrs he was a traitor who had betrayed his Lord as basely as Judas had done. Anne, in spite of her suffering, followed him with marked attention. When he spoke the truth she expressed her assent audibly, but when not, she exclaimed: “There he misseth, and speaketh without the book.”

The sermon being ended, the martyrs began their prayers – the last they were to utter on earth. A great sealed letter, was sent to Anne, offering pardon, if she would abjure her heretical opinions. She would not even look at the document, but waved the messenger back, saying calmly and firmly: “I am not come here to deny my Lord and Master.”

The Lord Mayor, then arose from among the Roman nobles, and exclaimed with a loud voice: “Fiat justitia!”

Fire and smoke, Romes religion, soon ended the suffering of this dear woman and her friends.

Up to the time of lighting of the fire, the sky had been clear, but the torch had hardly been applied to the reeds when the heavens were suddenly covered with dark clouds. There was a sharp peal of thunder. This strange occurrence produced a profound impression upon the multitude assembled about the stake. The Romans who were present cried out that it was a manifestation of God's displeasure at the cruel murder of His servants; but the priests and monks standing by cried, ferociously: “They are damned! They are damned!” At the same time, they gnashed their teeth in impotent rage at the martyrs whose lifeless bodies were being fast consumed by the flames; but whose souls had passed through the gates of affliction to the heavenly land, where the power and malice of Rome could not follow them.

So died Anne Askew, one of the noblest and purest witnesses of the truth of which the Christian Church can boast.

She gave her life gladly for Christ and she has her reward in the grateful reverence which is paid to her memory by the Church of Christ in every land.”

If there is an intelligent man under the shining sun who knows the difference between right and wrong and knows the bloody history of the Roman church will say that the Roman religion is the religion of Christ that man does not make good use of his intelligence and he might with as much consistency declare that Heaven belongs only to murderers.

He who will make a study of the bible then picture in his mind what a Christian is will see Anne Askew and if he will picture what a demon is he will see that Roman bishop Wriothesley. Demon as he was he was the popes representative in England. He was a fit tool as well as the other Roman bishops in the interest of the pope to carry out the barbarous threat set forth in the ninth article.

What a contrast. What a difference in religion as exhibited by the martyrs on one side and by their slayers on the other. The martyr's religion was to obey and love God. The slayer's religion was to love idols and to kill all mankind that would not believe that a priest can make God.

Think of it. This great Roman Bishop. This great Ghomas Wriothesley who if his church had a single shade of true religion he above all Romans should have reflected that shade but instead plying a lever of a rack to tear the limbs from the body of a poor helpless woman and fearing that such torture was not as much as her poor soul could bear had the insolence of a half bred jack-ass to ask her if she was with child.

Had the peal of thunder which so suddenly rang out when Anne's soul was taking its upward flight been a mark of God's displeasure the bolt would have fallen on that tyrants head and sent his soul if he had one on its downward flight to reap the reward his religion merited.

Mrs Anne Askew had two children and she loved them as none but a mother can love. She was forced to leave her husband by their different religion in view of which her own father turned her from his house he having like her husband a large supply of religion having no other source than Rome. Thus was Anne thrown on the world. She had no money to buy a home but with her sweet temper she purchase the love of her neighbors Romans and Protestants alike and when Bonner's torch was applied to her body many Romans protested against such infamous cruelty.

Thousands and thousands of the adherents of the romish Church are not at heart bad people they are sincere in their form of whorship and are trying to work for Heaven but if they would only read the bible they would soon cease to bow before toy-gods to count beads and to have faith in the false pretenses of the Roman church.

But why were the dogs of hell let loose to destroy the life of Anne by dragging her into Rome's fire. What could that poor woman do that would check the onward march of tyranny. Ali much who can tell the power of a true Christian to do good though it may not be exerted in the pulpit. There were many great preachers like Wycliffe Cranmer and Latimer that could preach Bible doctrine and expose the fallacy of Rome but they could not preach a more effective sermon than Anne could by her loving heart and daily walk. Rome's religion when compared with hers was just as suitable just as good just as sweet and just as lovely as a serpent hung around a humming bird's neck.

If a man wants first premium on his horse he does not want a better horse to compete for the prize.

If a man desires to have the people converted to his scheme or doctrine he does not want a better doctrine to interfere hence it was that Anne must be murdered so that her influence over her children and over the people in general might be destroyed.

As before stated we do not know that a council was held for the purpose of framing such items or articles as we have inumerated and set forth in this book but the reader will find that the history of the roman church seems as if it had adopted them.

The old Roman Church was a true Church it did not murder it did not count beads for prayer it did not worship idols it did not under false pretenses administer the holy Supper and it did not teach the existence of a Purgatory with a view of swindling people out of their money and should the reader think that we have said some hard things against this Second School and its drillmasters we ask him to turn to the bible and if it in substance does not bear us out then we are wrong.

Note. - It was in the year 1870 the pope was declared infallible but the roman church holds that all of her popes had been infallible.



## Chapter 41

# The Great Inspection

No soldier Excused – Uniform decides his Fate – No Priests can sell Uniforms  
– Christ only can give It – All will be in Line – Where is Purgatory – Where  
the Inspection takes Place – White Robes on the Right – Bloody Robes on the  
Left – She need not Tremble – God Her Protector – The Cloud Breaks –  
Wear your Crowns

No soldier can tell how soon The Great Inspection will take place therefore he should have the prescribed uniform on all the time day and night as none knoweth the hour in which the bugle may sound its call.

One of the peculiarities connected with this Great Inspection is that no soldier can be excused from making his appearance in it by reason of a non preparation on the ground that he had been persuaded by some certain church dignitary to not have the right uniform on and there is nothing absurd about this peculiarity when it is known that the Book of rules was made free to all and so plain that a fool need not err so far as the selecting of a white uniform is concerned.

Any soldier if he has a white spotless uniform on will be permitted to stand on the right side of the King and he not be questioned as to what he may know about the mystery of godliness. It is his uniform and that alone that will decide his eternal rest or his eternal punishment.

The soldier must in person apply to the Son of God for a uniform. He and no other has it to sell without price and without money. No tailors such as Roman priests have in their shops the required uniform for sale or to give. If they could cut out and fit it through the aid of the Virgin Mary they would still lack the cleansing material to give it a pure white notwithstanding they claim to manufacture it.

Let every soldier on the face of the earth who has not purchased his uniform through a direct application of his own go at once to Christ and secure one. He is able to give one on which there can be no discount and we promise you that if you will not rub it against the walls of vice you will never need be ashamed of it and when the bugle sounds you will not need to call for mountains to hide you from the King.

As before stated the King of Glory has prepared a resting place a camp for His true soldiers when the war against the power of darkness shall end and in that camp no confederate soldier on the seceding side who has failed to purchase a uniform direct from the King can expect to find rest.

The goodness of the King is shown in this that he offers full pardon to all who deserted from his army on condition that they dress themselves in the robe he has prescribed.

Many great inspections have taken place in the armies of the world but were all of them put together it would made a small affair compared with this Great Inspection. All mankind that have lived and are yet to live let them be friends or foes to the King must take their place in the mighty throng which no fallible mind can comprehend and no earthly eye can view were it placed over the innumerable body of souls that shall there be gathered in a moment after the trumpet or bugle is sounded.

On that occasion many different uniforms will be worn all fashioned according to man's notion except that purchased from Christ and they who buy uniforms from man will simply buy a mans notion and pay for it the worth of their immortal souls.

Then were ignorance bliss who would not be a Roman.

In Revelation the King says "I have the keys of hell and of death" and the Revelator while in the Spirit saw the sea death and hell give up the dead which were in them but the King did not say that he had the keys of Purgatory and the Revelator makes no mention of Purgatory giving up its dead.

If we admit that there is such a comer as Purgatory we must then admit that none but Roman priests have keys to open such a shebang and that none but Roman priests ever saw Purgatory give up its dead but then they may see wonderful things with their little wax candles in the dark and gloomy depths of eternity that the Spiritual eyes of the Revelator could not see and if they can make God can they not make a few keys of Purgatory as easily as they made Purgatory.

Now if we shall be changed in the twinkling of an eye at the last trump. How then will the priests have time to collect fees to unlock the doors of Purgatory and let their soldiers out of that by place so that all will be on hand in a moment. It does seem they will have to hustle about more lively than we have ever seen a pury daddy priest yet hump himself. But in case priests cannot make keys for a place where there is no place and if they cannot secure a corporal squad from the King and send it back of to wherever Purgatory is nobody seems to know to batter down the gates where there are no gates to let their friends out of that place. What will become of those poor fellows. Well we guess they will just stay there poke their heads out of the windows and stare at the fire and smoke which otherwise would not be agreeable to them. If that terrible gas from the lower pit turned on them could be turned off it would not be so bad after all but then what would force them to turn their money over to priests.

We can't straighten the thing out if any Roman can let him get up.

It is supposed that some venturous navigator about the Fifteenth century must have entered the James River and discovered the place at City Point into which the writer was trapped in 1864 and after his discovery reported the terribleness of the place to the pope at Rome who thought it must be a young hell and named it Purgatory. If that is the place where Romans are being punished for their money we should not blame any one of them if he gave the last shirt for his back to a priest to help him out. But Rome errs in her belief if that is her Purgatory that those she relieves from there go direct to Heaven because the writer remembers that when he glided over its walls he did not go to Heaven but fell back on Terra Firma.

Now if we can arrange with the pope to establish Purgatory at that particular Point on the James River then we can better harmonize and Rome would have a more faceable sham to present to the people while we could proceed with what we may say of the Great Inspection without conflicting with the Book which teaches that "all must appear in the twinkling of an eye."

That that place was a Point of death there can be no doubt as all comrades that arrived at that Point and escaped the grave can testify and we can say for the more unfortunate who were at that Point and sunk in death from being deprived of the natural bread of life that though you were swallowed up in death the King has keys that will unlock your doors of death and if Romans have any other than this place for their Purgatory and will move it to this Point we can say to such that if any of them should be there so strong as to be able to hold on to their lives until] the bugle sounds they too will be caught up in the



clouds because there are keys to unlock hell but none to unlock an imaginary or phantasm Purgatory.

We do not promise Rome that if she will move her factory to this Point that she will have a better franchise to make money than she has but we do promise that by moving her shop from a spirit place to a Point where the people can have but little if any spirit she would simply bring it where keys can be used and would thereby destroy the gross absurdity now coupled with the idea of a Purgatory existing where there is no place for it to exist then too she would not need to keep the Bible from her soldiers in order to skin them out of their money because the Bible is clear on that Point.

Purgatory in its present condition not being a place and being where there is no place must be in the dark as much as the mind of him who advocates its existence requiring the burning of taper candles so that the Purgatorian can see to go where there is no place to go. It is not strange that such a foolish traveler must scratch foolish crosses on his bosom to remind him of what his heart does not love enough to make an impression on his mind. The Point in question is a real Point and if the Point is as lousy and itchy as it was when the writer was there we can assure the pope that the living need not scratch crosses for the departed if sent to this Point because there they will not only scratch them on their bosoms but all over their bodies.

We will now proceed on the presumption that the pope clearly sees the Point and as if he had adopted it so that none will be left where there are no keys to unlock their door or where there is no place for them to be when the bugle sounds the Great Inspection call.

The writer not being well versed in the Book of instruction is not able to give a good description of the Great Inspection and it is doubtful if there be any that can but as he has started in the work he must go on and asks that his errors be stricken out by a gentle hand.

It seems according to the Book that the Inspection takes place before the resurrection or in the grave were it not so how could the first resurrection take place or how could a thousand years elapse between the rising of the righteous and the unrighteous. But as a thousand years are but a day with the King we speak of it as Inspection day and as the King's soldiers are to inspect the Devil's troops we believe there will be a time when the two armies will be brought face to face whether this occurs in the grave or on a cloud is immaterial but it seems essential that they be brought together somewhere so that the foul murderers may more fully see and realize the enormity of their crime that they may see the difference in a white spotless uniform and one that has been splashed all over with blood.

They who cried Crucify him Crucify him should it seems again stand before the Lamb of God with its blood on their uniforms.

They who called the followers of the Lamb heretics and murdered them with knives halberds spears racks and fire should it seems again stand before their innocent victims and be reminded by their bloody uniforms and cruel instruments of how cruel and heartless they had been.

Allow us to close the Book and to picture the Great Inspection as if it was to take place on a cloud. We cannot show all the ministering spirits we cannot mark the many million soldiers that will be drawn up in line if we could we certainly could not portray the joy and shouts of those in white robes on the right of the King and the groans and sorrow of those on his left clad in their bloody gowns. We shudder. We pause. Let him who can if there be any draw the picture any touch we put to it falls far short of what the real will be.

They who nailed Christ to the cross will there see him in all his glory.

They who murdered the apostles will there see them standing in the throng of the redeemed.

They who murdered Christians because they would not believe that a priest can make God of baked dough will there see them on the right hand of the King wearing a crown of life.

They who in the interest of Rome dashed out the brains of innocent babes against walls will there see them dressed in robes never stained by actual transgression and they who in their anxiety to establish the pope god of the world lost all humanity if they ever had any and burned to death helpless men and women will not only there see their victims clothed in the true uniform but will see beneath the cloud on which they stand the hell fire into which they must fall.

The Inspection will not last long and there is no need it should every soldier will know by his uniform whether he has been born unto life or unto death.

The two schools take in all there ever will be of the human family. Only a small part of mankind has been soldiers of Christ and but few of them comparatively have drilled according to his Book. But it is of the two schools Protestant and Roman drilling for this Great Inspection we wish more particularly to write and we feel our awkwardness in the position we have taken being so incompetent.

We have no right to be judge and executioner on that day and fear we are not a saint hence not even a candidate for such a high office but perhaps the kindness of the reader will allow us to express our limited knowledge of what the Book teaches and all herein not in accordance with the Bible is an error and not entitled to respect.

The place selected for the great event is an imaginary one of our own so that the carnal eye can take the place of the spiritual. You may change it from this place to the grave if you like but you cannot change the result viz the separation of the chaff from the grain which in connection with the life he lived fixes the eternal destiny of man.

It is clear that all who do right will have the right uniform on and it is just as clear that all who do wrong will have on the wrong uniform and the Drill-book explains the difference between right and wrong so plainly that a fool need not err if he will the rules.

As before stated we cannot show number we cannot show individual good deeds written in the book of life nor can we show individual evil deeds stamped on the sinner's heart. An artist could picture people wearing an expression of joy and people hanging their heads in sorrow and shame but in this case more than in any other he could not paint nor can we depict the inward thought that molds the outward sign.

The soldier of the First School will see nothing but his good deeds pass in view before his eyes all his sins having been blotted out he will see that there is no stain on his robe he will see that he is standing on the right of the King and he will see the gate of the golden city opened for him and within the starry camping ground for his eternal rest.

The soldier of the Second School will see all his sinful deeds pictured before his eyes nothing having been blotted out he will see that his robe is stained he will see that he is standing on the left of the King and he will see beneath his feet a sea of fire into which he must sink with all those "who repented not of the works of their hands, that they should not worship devils, and idols of gold, and silver, and brass, and stone, and of wood; which neither can see nor hear nor walk: Neither repented they of their murders, nor of their sorceries, nor of their fornication, nor of their thefts."

Any person knowing that he is guilty of any or all the above sins must know that he belongs to the Second School. Let us admonish such in the interest of their souls to do away with their little crosses toy-gods candles and smoke-pots which are an abomination in the sight of the Lord.

Soldier if you have the love for Christ you must have to be saved you need no trinkets to remind you of him or of his suffering. No you will have a heart that will continually sing praises to him and even lisp his name in dreams. Make no mistake your soul is of too much value to make it the purchase price of idols handed down from heathens.

Let us cut down in our minds the magnitude of this Great Inspection as if it only would comprise a few of the martyrs and a few of their slayers.

“When the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory: and before him shall be gathered all nations: and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats: and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left.”

So we conclude let the Inspection take place where it will there will be a time when the martyrs and those who murdered them will stand face to face.

They then who pretended they could make God and massacred all who would not believe in such a false pretense will simply find they made of themselves devils. They will not then say to the King O King it was the secular power that murdered them as they now say to the people if they do they will be reminded that the secular power was the Roman power exerted only as Rome directed and that the fruit merited by the way Rome wielded her power is only to be found “where their worm dieth not, and the fire is not quenched.”

The King having placed on his right hand the soldiers having a pure white uniform and on his left hand those whose uniforms are all splashed over with human blood a pause may ensue during which an exchange of views will be made and not desiring to be personal say that we believe that Wriothsesley will there see the lovely woman whose limbs he so cruelly tore from her body but she need not there tremble and shrink from that tyrant. No between her and him will stand the eternal God her Protector.

The victims of Rome's religion though they face the popes and priests who are as bloody as blood can stain them and for ought we know may also see the cruel instruments by which they were put to death need not fear. God will be there and draw a line over which no human can pass.

The murderous demons seeing that damnation is in store for them will cry out “Lord Lord have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name done many wonderful works?” but mark the King's answer to them.

“Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels.”

Then the cloud on the left weary of its burden of corruption will break up like ice on the bosom of water and let the murderers sink into a fire no more cruel than had been the hearts of the wretches who were so ready to apply the torch to the bodies of those who honored Christ.

Then will the King say unto them on his right hand “Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world.”

O then the joyous march of the white robed saints. O the shouts of the redeemed as they pass through the pearly gates and behold what “eye has not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.”

O blessed martyrs you who clung to Jesus while Rome's fire was consuming your bodies you who through smoke and fire saw Roman priests glorying in your suffering you who through flames of fire saw your little children weeping for you you who though life was sweet and friends dear would not deny your Lord to save your bodies our carnal eye

and mind cannot follow you beyond the golden gate but all glory to him who is “Lord of lords and King of Kings” you have fought a good fight you have finished your course you have kept the faith henceforth wear your crowns of righteousness.

Wear your crowns in a land of rest  
Wear them where the saints are blest  
Wear them where no Bonner can be  
Wear them where your spirits are free

No silly dough-gods made by priests  
Can enter in that land of feasts  
There will be a God just and true  
A real God that died for you

He died on the cross as a man  
But as a God he lives again  
Lives with you in that joyous home  
Where you are free from cruel Rome

## Chapter 42

# Army Holiday Feast

Mother frying Cakes - Different Patterns - Old Cracker and Sow-belly

On the first of January 1865 having finished making company pay rolls and rubbing up my brass and gun for the usual Sunday inspection I sat down on my knapsack to dream with my eyes open what I dreamed with them closed just before the bugle called us out of our not very warm beds.

Had that bugler been where I was and his bugle in Purgatory there would have been no hard feeling then between him and me. I am quite sure had he seen mother frying cakes as I had for the New year feast the war especially that part of it known as roll-call might have went to grass for the time being.

It seemed awake on that knapsack as I was. I could see and smell the cakes mother had piled up on her table though they were five hundred miles away or where I was in my dream. The cakes were of different patters some of them were full-moon shaped having parallel lines cut partly across their face sides and the strips thus formed had a few twists govern them so that they looked like so many augurs set up in a circular frame others were cut having three or more corners some in long strips the ends of the same strip put together then twisted on the plan of the old fashioned dog-leg tobacco plugs they were all just brown enough to show that they were well done and that sugar had not been omitted.

Near by on a shelf was a long row of pies all of which had veils over their faces except the dried pumpkin and custard as if to conceal their goodness but they like many people could not keep a good thing and let it ooze out so that they looked as if peach-blossoms had been scattered over them or had been exposed to a little shower of molasses. In the oven was a turkey that had done some gobbling but had turned that business over to the members of our family.

The table had been arranged and seemed to groan beneath its burden of holiday meat we had been seated around it and were exchanging congratulations through the mist arising from steaming viands and inhaling their fragrance which of itself was a feast for the soul and I was just lifting a sweet morsel of something rich to my lips when the blasted or blast of the bugle put a stop to home life and reminded me that it was time to call the roll and to fry some crackers and sow-belly for my breakfast.

It was enough to drive the patience out of a saint and I did not want to ponder over it long so I kicked the old knapsack to one side and examined my haversack to see what dainties it contained for a New-year feast. By turning it wrong side out it was found to contain a few hard crackers and a small piece of meat which was neither long nor wide but was thick enough to admit of a thin layer of lean meat between its sides.

While it is true that such a chance fora feast would have been regarded as a god send to me while at City Point and would have there been highly relished it is not true that I could relish it after my dream and after living on such stuff over two years with scarcely a change but I fixed it up according to the army cook-book and while doing so the Johnnies, tried to sling pepper into it. It was no use my Newyear feast was no improvement over what had been my usual everyday feast. After all I had had been cooked it looked like a pan of food set outside of a kitchen fora cat.

Thousands and thousands of People on that day in their beautiful homes free from balls except those in decorated halls were enjoying feasts as rich as fanciful dreams could picture and where ill bred people as neighbors could not fire pepper into the gravy and where they enjoyed their demi-johns far better than we did our half used up Johnnies all too with but little thought of the hungry soldier boy standing between them and their enemy.

## Chapter 43

# The Sutler

What is a Sutler - Cheek and Insolence - Never met honest Sutlers - Flattened Out - Sutlers Captains

Websters idea of a Sutler is one who attends an army to sell provisions.

The soldiers idea of a Sutler is one who follows an army for its money.

Webster is right in what the Sutler should be and the soldier is right in what the Sutler was during the rebellion in the south.

The writer hesitates in setting up his opinion against a Webster not from fear that he might be caught in a web but in the ster (stir) it might create among those who sold ginger-snaps for a cent a piece and a little can of condensed milk for about what a fresh cow would bring in the market. Everything has its proportion so then we might say that a Sutler is to an army what a big boil on the back of the neck is to a man but all things have not a fair proportion and if anything was ever out of all proportion that thing was the army Sutler.

The army Sutler the army first and second lieutenants and the army mule as a whole for cheek and insolence were the direct opposite to the Three Christian Graces but for cheek the Sutler was the masterpiece in the trio for insolence the lieutenant and for the most useful the mule and while at work on the rule of three I might say that ginger-snaps condensed-milk and bologna-sausage were the three aces Sutlers played with which they won seven tenths of the money the boys got for putting the rebellion down.

If there is a Sutler that feels he is unfairly hit by this stroke and will stand up and swear that he did not skin soldiers I say that I am not referring to him.

If there is a lieutenant that will swear that his tongue did not hurt more than his sword did I say I do not mean him and if there is an army mule that will hee-haw-haunk an oath that it was worth more to the Union than the other two factors of the trio put together I say I will not doubt your oath.

It did not necessarily follow that for a man to be a Sutler he should be a swindler and there may have been a few such merchants honest men but the writer had not the pleasure of their acquaintance and advises such if there be any that they do not expose themselves to the trade in war relics or curiosities.

A Sutler with every regiment seemed a necessity whether honest or not and was allowed to hang on behind like the boil whether he created a good or a bad feeling but not always in peace if he became too painful he was punctured and on such occasions his milk-gravy and ginger-snaps became the property of those who could grab them. There were two movements that brought out all the activity of the soldier Viz Getting into a gopher-hole and going for a sutlers-hole and any soldier that was not "right smart" in completing either job in one time and two motions could fairly have been put on the pension roll as totally disabled.

I have often seen a sutlers-tent flattened out as systematically as a yellow boil could be under the stroke of a clapboard and as the flattening out of a boil could only give pain to a single individual so it was with the flattening out of a sutlers-tent except in case where two or more proprietors run the skinning shebang.

The prices fixed on a Sutler's goods were more fluctuating than the army. If the army moved from where it had an outside advantage the Sutler moved on his goods for a better per cent even though he had been realizing ten times the worth of his ginger-snaps and condensed-milk and when near a town or city his prices rose and fell according to the influence he had over the commander in keeping a guard-line around the camp.

Suffering is a good pump to draw money out of a man's pocket and a Sutler knew how to work its lever in his interest as well as a cat knows how to work its paw or a Roman priest his Purgatory-doctrine sending many a poor soldier home with nothing in his pocket save his discharge paper. Do you say he carried home more that he carried home a roll of honor as a rebellion crusher.

I say not because all that was signed over to shoulder-strap men by our historians.

Had the Sutler died with the rebellion no mention here would be made of him had he then died his friends would have no cause for complaint against the rebels for his death. So far as my knowledge extends I could file an affidavit that no Sutler ever shed his precious blood on a battlefield and think if such a thing ever did happen it took place before he could get himself back in the rear but as he did not die then and many of them are yet living and parade with soldiers as if they too taught rebels to not again rebel I cannot pass them by unnoticed.

No one seeing a Sutler in a soldier's parade should think there goes a man that charged on rebels and let some blood out of them but you may think there goes a man that made a big charge on his ginger-snaps. Sometimes I hear a Sutler called Captain. I don't care for that but I don't want to hear him called Soldier.

It was not necessary to be a robber to be an army Sutler but it was necessary for an army to have a Sutler even though he was a robber. Men in the habit of using tobacco or whiskey could not well do without such articles and in the absence of food were often strengthened by a few gingersnaps and could afford to pay a hundred prices for them better than they could afford to starve to death hence I say that any kind of a Sutler good bad or worst at times seemed a blessing to an army but in no sense should a Sutler be regarded as a rebellion crusher from the fact that he used his office to crush pocket-books alone. Yet I should not blame him. Everything in those days made money easily except the private soldiers all officers made money out of their snaps but the privates suffering and death mostly grew out of snaps hotter than ginger-snaps.



## Chapter 44

### A Deserter Killed

To scare Soldiers - Three causes of Desertion - Why Kelly Deserted - Mother his only Friend - Did not answer on Roll-call - Captured Killed

On the 11th of March 1865 private Kelly of the 67th Pa regiment having been sentenced to be shot to death for deserting the 126th Ohio Regiment with its Brigade formed a hollow square having its outward rank thrown back so as to form an avenue around the square shaped by its inner rank for the purpose of allowing the band, coffin-bearers prisoner and guards to pass through not so much to add punishment to the doomed man as to leave an impression on the mind of soldiers what their fate would be in case they should desert but the effect fell short of the object sought from the fact that soldiers are not children and had seen too much shooting to be so easily scared and it seems to prove that the intelligence of officers was somewhat below that of privates.

In course of time a soldier sees so many frightful sights that witnessing the killing of a man will not unnerve him and if he is inclined to desert the time will come when he will not answer to his name on roll-call. There are three leading causes of desertion Viz

- 1st A want of sympathy in the cause for which the war is carried on
- 2d A love for home
- 3d The insolence of officers

Either of which may give birth to a deserter two of them quite likely the tree certain and no parading a man to be shot for it will prevent.

The latter or third cause of desertion is the great Daddy of all causes or in other words has caused more desertion than all others combined and would be by far the easiest removed. Let there be a military law permitting a private to lift his foot on quick time to the sitting cushion of an officer guilty of insolence then desertions will be so seldom that perhaps the death penalty for that crime can be omitted.

So far as the writer learned the cause of Kelly's desertion it grew out of the second cause. He had learned to love his mother far dearer than he had learned to love his country and he felt that his first duty belonged to her who first cared for him and had done more for him than his country could ever do. He had not forgotten that when he was a helpless babe his mother did not forget him but had administered to all his wants more from love than from duty and that had he then been compelled to look to his country for help he might have died in his cradle uncared for and unloved by any one and he remembered that when he left his cradle to face the cares of life up to the stage of his manhood his mother had been his dearest friend in all his sickness and trouble but the cruel war that separated so many loving hearts did not miss these two. No just as in many other cases this son and mother parted with but little hope of ever again meeting in this life but his country called him his manly heart responded to the call and both he and his mother hoped and trusted that their kind Father in Heaven would again bring them together. Mother I have no money to leave with you but I can leave with you the assurance that I will be true to you while time with us shall last. Good bye were the last spoken words the loving mother heard from the lips of her boy.

Time went and sorrow came. The hands that had cared for the son could no longer care for the mother the lips that had been pressed against the son's were scorched from fever and the eyes that had so lovingly met the son's were bathed in tears and there was no hand to wipe them away. This the son did not know until he received the following letter.

Dear Son

I am sick and feel that a few more days will end my pain that a few more days may place me beyond the sorrow of life.

O if I could see you while I am awake as I see you in my dreams caring for me. I know that my pain would be lessened and my wants supplied and perhaps a few years longer shun the cold grave but as that cannot be this can I can love you as long as time lasts with me.

Your Loving  
Mother

He read the letter then folded it and pressed it to his bosom as if it was the form of his mother. The manly face that had been as clear as a cloudless sky became gloomy and as if by an impulse over which he had no control leaned his gun against a stump and hung his cartridge box on its bayonet then in an aimless way walked here and there regardless of the missiles of death in search of victims that penetrated the air around him. He was a poor boy with but one friend in the world and that friend his mother who was now sick now in need of help now dying.

He loved his country and was willing to defend it but he loved his mother dearer and felt that to her he owed his first service because she had purchased it and paid for it a thousand times over while he lay on her arms a helpless dot of humanity.

Mother sick Mother in need of help Mother dying were his only words as he wandered to and fro. Finally he sat down on his knapsack in deep thought not to mark out his duty that was clear to his mind but to map out a course of procedure. Failing to obtain a furlough nothing was left but the rest of his plan which involved the safety of his life but his life was of no value to him if he could not use it in comforting his mother on her dying bed. He answered to his name on roll-call that evening but did not next morning he was on his way to see that mother that saw him in her dreams and to give her all the aid he could.

He had eluded many sentinels and had many narrow escapes from being captured but being so near home he believed himself outside of the danger line and took the public road on which to travel that he might the sooner see his mother. While in a body of timber land and where a road crossed the one he was traveling on his eyes half blinded in tears were fixed on a little log house not far away over which some blue smoke from its chimney was curling up and seemed to say she is yet alive and he did not notice a man traveling on the road crossing his. It was too late to hide.

Halt Cried out the man. Soldier it is my office to examine papers of travelers belonging to the army. Please let me see your pass.

Mr Officer I was refused the paper you so kindly ask to see. This is the only pass on which I am traveling and should it seem to you as it does to me a sufficient pass I shall soon see my mother if she is yet alive said the heart broken boy as he handed the letter from his mother to the officer.

Where does your mother live.

Just over there he pointed with his trembling hand but it was doubtful if his eyes swimming in tears as they were could see the little cabin. Take me if you will where I must kneel on my coffin and there die the death of a deserter but one favor and only one will I

ask of you. Take me first to my mother that she may know that her son died true to her if not to his country.

I have no right to go with you one step on your line of desertion. You must go back with me to the Provost Martial said the officer as he drew a revolver from his belt.

In a short time he found himself forced back to the front tried for deserting and sentenced to be shot to death.

He was only a private soldier his tears and love for his mother availed nothing in a court of big men who had either of their mothers been dying would not only have received a furlough but perhaps a special train and escort to carry them to her bed-side. But this private soldier though there was much that should have mitigated the sentence he must be made an example of the army must be scared to prevent others from deserting hence it was that the ranks were opened and Kelly marched between them then to the center of the square where he was shot dead by the side of his coffin.

Orators may dwell on the grandure and love of country and say Our country first but reason dwells on the sweetness and love of mother and says Our mother first.

I know not Kelly and his mother may have crossed the river of death about the same time but I do know that the exhibition and execution of this soldier did not leave the impression on the writer intended by the court at least he felt more like deserting after that than he had felt before not that he thought the sentence unjust but because he thought a crime that will justify killing a private soldier ought to justify killing a commissioned soldier. Had Kelly been blessed with two straps on his shoulders they would have saved his life and his sentence would simply have been a dishonorable discharge from service.

If there is a single thing that will justify such unfair discrimination among soldiers the writer does not know what that single thing can be. A government so corrupt should not expect private soldiers to be in sympathy with it.

Officers were paid according to rank and they had positions of trust according to their rank many of them received thirty times as much pay as a private did and it is supposed that they were worth thirty times as much to the country. Now is that was true then an officer guilty of desertion should have been killed thirty times to a privates one time or in other words a private should have had thirty chances to escape death to an officers on chance but military courts in which a private had no say did not deal out justice from such considerations which might involve their own future safety they simply discharged the officer and killed the private for the same or like offense.

Let military law-balls be moulded so they will hit an officer just as they strike a private then we will have a government worth fighting for. The common soldier should be as fairly treated as the uncommon soldier is then deserters will be such as would be of no use to an army if they did not desert.

American citizens are not oxen and will not be driven worth a cent and will not bear unjust burdens like people in half civilized countries and if all officers that have inherited an over dose of lordyism were sent to their brethren in heathen lands it would tend to make desertions in our army fewer and it would not need be so often said General so and so was picked off by a rebel sharp shooter.

Note. - This story of private Kelly may not be true in all its details but is in the main if the writer was correctly informed and it furnishes a striking illustration of what the author of this book is striking at that is the absurd discrimination as shown by our Government between the uncommon officer and the common soldier.



## Chapter 45

### Still Weaving the Confederate Shroud

Rebel Lee had a kind of a Loom - Strong Fortifications - Cannon side by side like the teeth of a comb - Secret of Success - Naughty 126 O.W. - Like a Lion - Great Scissors

Since the middle of June 1864 Grants loom at Petersburg was kept thumping day and night weaving a shroud for the rebel confederacy in fact the noise was more like a factory full of looms except the noise resembled big-thunder competing for a greater number of cracks in a given time.

Rebel Lee was managing a loom too but for what good purpose he nor no one else ever knew but his machine did not work well at least it was everlastingly throwing off fragments that fell in our midst much to our discomfort. Lee's loom was as long as Grant's each being about thirty six miles long and boldly fronted each other like two parallel ocean waves.

Thousands and thousands of men had been at work on these walls nearly one year not only for protection from hundred pound balls but to resist any effort of the enemy to charge over them and the deep ditches wire-work and abatis in front of the walls seemed a sufficient barrier against invasion. Thus the two armies became sealed up and the exciting picket fighting was about all that reminded the soldier that the war was not over.

But it has been said that for a storm to come a calm must precede. The soldier from his loop-hole could see the condition of things and that the greatest struggle for Union had not been made or recorded on the pages of the past but was yet to be printed on a future leaf. It seemed to him that in the past in the Wilderness Spottsylvania and at Cold Harbor he had braved and met about all the danger mortal man could face and live and just how he could climb the wall in front of him and over cannon that there lay on the fashion of teeth in a comb or like logs in a corduroy road and over bayonets that stuck their points up like beardy wheat on a field his eyes could not see and his mind could not plan. What soldier however brave could undertake the task without regarding it the gate or last step into eternity.

It was dreadful to see dreadful to think of and more dreadful to undertake but as he walked back from his peep-hole shaking his head he remembered that Grant that great General whose flesh had not been softened in the stew pot of useless pride and whose soul was not stiffened in the starch of vanity was managing his loom and steering the boat and if he headed her for that boisterous wave she would glide over it and he straightened up his head as if ready for the charge.

Reader do not think that the writer has too much to say about starch if you was not a soldier you have no idea of how the stuff worked in the army of the number of fools it made of young men boys that had been put in command through unfair means and not only boys but of men old enough to have sense. You may ask where did the stuff come from. Well I will not answer but turn back over the pages of history and learn a lesson you will find that for every good officer born and reared in the so called high fashionable circles you will find ten better ones born and reared in the circles where wealth is made not stolen but created and where a man learned to respect his fellow being regardless of wealth.

There is a cause for the ten better ones not that the per cent of that class is greater but there is a secret which all will do well to learn and observe in their business relation with men. A man that can get down off of his exalted stool and make a common man feel uncertain as to which of the two is the greater man is well qualified to command then if he fails in strategy the love of his men for him will carry him over his errors and to victory if it can be obtained on the stick to it plan. A candidate for political honor understands the secret and he works it for all it is worth before election day but after elected like the military officer his starch if he has any will work out.

Men may be at heart in sympathy with the cause for which they are enlisted to fight but if the principle of of their commander has been cast in the mold of aristocratic insolence it is quite likely that victory for the time being may go to grass and their commander to that other place spoken of in St Matthew 23:33.

Why did the army not fall back on the North side of the Rapidan river after the battle of the Wilderness as it did on several other occasions simply because its chief knew the secret of success a soul that could live under the folds of a common soldier's blouse. He was so much like his men in humility that his men tried to be like him great in war and they carried their chief not only to Richmond but to Appomattox and there into rebel Lees quarters to dictate to that general the terms on which the rebel army should be surrendered.

Sherman was a good commander but he was careful to button his pants around a gentleman.

Hancock was a good officer but he was careful to conceal his useless vanity or corset. So I reaffirm that if any man is tainted with lordyism and wants to command an army having U.S. on its belt plates he had better first wash all that stuff out of his breeches.

On the 9th of February 1865 the 126th Ohio Regiment was moved to the left where it built winter quarters just in rear of Fort Welch.

Drilling inspecting and parading when not fighting on the picket line became so monotonous to this Regiment that it looked round for a change seeing a sutler store near at hand it just swooped down on it like an owl on a chicken. It is needless to say that all the good that shebang contained was soon deposited in the various tents like bees carry honey to their homes. It was funny while it lasted but it brought on a reaction something like this

The 126th O.V.I. having raided and destroyed a sutler store is therefor debarred from furloughs.

By Order of Maj. Gen. \_\_\_\_\_  
Cam'd'g. 6th A.C.  
\_\_\_\_\_ A.A.G.

Of course the order destroyed a very desirable privilege but not the liability of the Regiment committing some naughty tricks again in the future and the business of seeing other boys going to their mammas while we could not was not so pleasant but we wiggled along as if it was of little consequence untill the 25th of March when it was desired to take the rebel picket line in front of our works for the advantage it would give when the shroud was to be carried over to the Johnnies.

On that day a regiment had been sent forward for the purpose of securing the line but was repulsed with much loss. The fire from the picket line was not the only to be

received but that from the big guns mounted on the rebel main works which coughed up grape and canister like volcanoes throwing out gravel and fire had to be faced and seemed as dangerous to life and limb as to slide through a thrashing machine where the straw goes in. The regiment had not advanced far when its wounded were carried back bleeding gasping and dying soon the pall-bearers became what was left of the regiment.

The old 126 Ohio was laying watching what was going on like a lion watching two flocks of mountain goats contending for supremacy and it was well known at Head Quarters that if the 126 Ohio failed to get where she was sent the project had better be abandoned a fact which in this case as in many others caused its Colonel to cry out

Attention-battalion. Fix-bayonets. Forward. Guide-right. Double-quick. March.

Great Scissors for a few minutes there was a tornado between Fort Welch and the rebel kingdom sending smoke heavenward and thunder bolts forward soon the storm subsided and when the cloud of smoke and dust had lifted itself so that the onlookers could see beneath it it was seen that the 126 Ohio was remodeling the rebel works for a Union picket-line and had 200 rebel prisoners.

Why was it this. The regiment that had been repulsed had as good fighting men as had the 126 Ohio. It was simply because the colonel of the 126 Ohio was not a little green insolent boy whose rich daddy could see merit where it did not exist and had only to ask the govenor to put straps on his boy and the new officer was born. Of course neither of the colonels could do anything in the fight but they left a feeling for good or bad in the fighters.

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I say rich daddy not inferring that rich people cannot raise a good young one but do infer that only rich people have influence to palm off worthless articles and it is well known that they made a bad use of their influence causing the needless death of many a soldier in a long war that might have been cut shorter by competent officers. Tender sardines are all right in their place but they should not be chased out before stronger fish.

After the 126 Ohio right in the face of the enemy and its many big guns had formed the picket works so that shooting could be done in the direction so much needed and had freely given all the lead it had to the enemy it was relieved and went back to its camp as if it had done nothing to speak of where in the manufacture of coffee it made up for the two days it had been without.

The guns having been cleaned and boxes replenished with ammunition the boys lay down in their tents to rest and to suffer the penalty for flattening out a sutler. The sentence was as indefinite as it was definite that is it had a beginning but no ending pinned to it the beginning was of no importance but the ending was and it was the petering out of the unlimited thing the boys were discussing when the bugle sounded for dress-parade. After the battalion had been formed and the usual movements on such occasions gone through the Adjutant in a loud voice read

The 126th Regiment of Ohio Volunteers by reason of its bold dash and successful capture of the rebel picket line on the 25th of March 1865 has not only the highest compliments of its Corps Commander but a full right to furloughs

By Order of Maj. Gen. \_\_\_\_\_  
Cam'd'g. 6th A.C.  
\_\_\_\_\_ A.A.G.

But the high compliment was all the benefit that grew out of the order. The day of grace was ended and the night of destruction was at hand. Thunder on our right thunder on our left and thunder in front told that the storm was near. For several days all was confusion nothing was at rest portions of the picket line were strengthened and forts reinforced. The rebels succeeded in getting into Fort Steadman but were soon driven out. The shroud was finished all except a few draw strings and it became the duty of the fighting soldiers when ordered to carry it over those fearful works and to make all preparations for the burial including the taking of the life of the hateful thing to be buried.



## Chapter 46

# Battle of Petersburg

Flesh metal Proof - Waiting for the Signal-gun - Og of Bible Times - Gallant Boys - America Free - Victory Victory - Plant the Flag - The Worm killed - War Over

On the 2d of April 1865 all being ready the several corps were ordered to kill the confederate worm to lay it out and to put it in its shroud. So about 3 a.m. on the morning of that day the 126 Ohio with its Brigade marched out in front of Fort Welch and closed in mass just in rear of the Union picket line with the 126 Ohio in the front line as usual.

A few moments ensued waiting for the signal gun in our rear to fire the command for the forward movement during which each soldier had his own thoughts as to the practicability of attempting to do what had been regarded by so many as an impossibility. Why said Waltz Is a man's flesh proof against metal thrown from cannon. Will there be an avenue leading up over the rebel works wide enough for a man's body that will no be literally pierced from end to end by balls, grape, cannister and all the deadly solids that can be stuck into the hollow teeth of that big iron-comb. Yes said Baker but it will not be lower than the level of the clouds. Several cold and dry shots from tongues were fired off during this pause.

It is singular that soldiers when in what seems the mouth of death will mount on the tongue of the monster and use its floor as a stage from which to deliver their essays of fun. It has been said that there is a time and place for all things but who would think that on the margin of a man's own grave would be a suitable place for him to voice comical expressions but whether in or out of place many of them have been as useful as a lamp in a dark room and have been the means of carrying our flag to victory.

The most thrilling imagination thrown in a cut would not overpicture the fearfulness of the situation as it loomed up before the men waiting for the signal gun to sound what seemed more like the death knell of every man than a command for forward. It is true the picture could be exaggerated that is it could be drawn having horses walking on their hind legs in front of the soldiers and their riders pointing swords heavenward. While it is not impossible for such a thing to occur it would be so much unlike a real battle that old soldiers might fail to recognize the design of the cut and take it to illustrate an army in full retreat. Big officers never went over there untill the fighting soldiers had made it quite safe.

The writer was standing in front of his company trying to speak words of encouragement to the men when the signal gun delivered its message he did not say Forward-march but Come boys soon there was in the dark no organization by company or otherwise it was every man tear through the abatis and kill as many rebels as he could all on his own plan. Had the giant Og of Bible times been with us his head would have been in that part of the heavens filled with fire and iron but as chance had it our boys were below the main current of death and had often met more destructive resistance from common breast works than from those mammoth walls capped with machines of death that could not effectively belch their contents on the army that struggled beneath them.

Gallant boys. Brave soldiers for the Union worthy of more than their country can give them there struggled in the dark untill the hateful abatis the tretchorous wires and

ditch had been crossed and heroes as they were mounted the wall and with balls bayonets and stocks of guns forced the enemy to surrender and taught it the supremacy of the stars and stripes all too without the aid of a shoulder-strap man after the flash of the signal-gun proving that privates have and can win a battle without even so much as a corporal officer to command them. I do not say that no officers followed but I do say if they did follow it was all they could and did do. Yet historians have it that the officers busted the rebellion. If a sucking colt would follow a wagon drawn by its mother to town and some one would write that the sucking colt drew the wagon to town instead of its mother such a writer would be set down for an ignoramus.

At this stage of the battle the light of day begin to dawn not only the light of the rising sun in the east but the light of the rising sun of justice freedom and liberty that shall forever shine on American people. Yes I trust it was the dawning of a new day that shall know no more rebels in our land no North no East no South and no West and shall know but one flag and that flag the Stars and stripes.

On that morning as the sun overpowered the darkness of night and drove it back so did the Union army overpower the dark rebellion and drove it back but it was not hard to drive back it seemed to drag its own bruised carcass back in search of a place to die like a smashed cat.

We often see it in print that Gettysburg was the turning point of the war but we as soldiers believed that in that battle we got about the kind of a bend in our backs that the rebels got in theirs at any rate after that fight Lee went back with all his plunder as he pleased Meade followed after as he pleased but he was not pleased to tread on Lees tail and that fight ended in such a way that it left us no assurance that we could soon go home but the stroke that made a grand turn in the war was this stroke at Petersburg which flattened out the haughty bend in the worms back and pictured home to us as if we were there and as the worm dragged itself back to die it had not only its tail tramped but its entire body pounded untill at Appomattox it turned its belly up and died and was laid out in the shroud Grant's loom wove for it.

The turn of things on that memorable morning was a turn that filled our souls with gladness. At the dawning of day we could see comrades bleeding dying and dead and it was sad to see our fallen heroes but high above the sobs of death could be heard the shouts of Victory Victory Victory.

Plant the flag just over the graves  
Over the graves of the Heroes that fell  
Plant the flag with its starry waves  
Over the graves of the Heroes that fell

They left their friends and homes so dear  
And yielded to their countries call  
They seemed to have but little fear  
That they on battle field would fall

Of their country they thought the most  
Thought of it more than tongue can tell  
This is the proof without a boast  
Gallantly on the field they fell

They met the foe in deadly strife  
Met it the rebellion to quell

Where each one gave his precious life.  
The life of the Hero that fell

Their lives were given for you and me  
The precious lives they loved so well  
Were freely given their country  
When on the bloody field they fell

Sleep Heroes beneath these flowers  
The flowers we lay on your grave  
How sad and lonely are the hours  
Yet grand the cause you died to save

The turn of things here unlike the turn at Gettysburg turned all on the side of Union to rejoicing soldiers laughed officers laughed through spy-glasses mules laughed in their peculiar way all that was loyal laughed over the back broken worm. The rebel worm like other worms though nearly hammered in two parts could yet crawl. On our left the rebels still held several miles of their line and it became the duty of the 6th Corps to take them.

Our men were badly mixed but that made no difference each man seemed anxious to take what was left of the confederacy himself all being anxious all went at it with a will and took fort after fort until there were no more to take winding up at Hatchers run at about 10 a.m. with every fort on that part of the line and several thousand prisoners in our hands.

The soldiers being mixed up as they were their officers could only follow after like boys carrying whetstones and water for a set of harvest hands. The writer remembers that when he carried the whetstone and water for harvesters if he did his duty well he was made the owner of a new straw-hat but those who imitated water carriers on that day received therefor brevet appointments and the honor of putting the rebellion down. Well I dont care for the brevet part but those who cut and thrashed the crop did not so much as get a smell at the whiskey-jog on the old style. No so far as historians could see the officers did the entire job.

Good officers no doubt conceive victory but historians should not overlook the fact, as they do, that the honor of victory growing out of battle takes its birth in the bravery and pains of the private soldiers. It is a fact that nine tenths of official service ends when the command forward is given after that the intelligence strength and bravery of the common soldiers alone determine the result.

The 6th Corps having taken about seven miles of the enemy's works fell back on the captured line to take the remaining thirty miles but was pleased to find that the other corps of our army was attending to that so we lay down on our arms to rest and to get what we could find in our crackers.

While here resting we had a full view of a brigade of our army charging on Ft. Hell. I am not sure that I have the correct name of the fort but I am sure that it reminded us of the terrible-description. I had read of that undesirable abiding place with this difference Ft. Hell was on a high hill while hell is said to be down well we dont know where it seems to crop out on all the slopes known to man but this brave brigade wearing the blue uniform badly torn but gallantly worn and flopping its fragments of cloth in keeping with the motions of the stars and stripes under which it marched pressed on.

In front of this fort and for three fourths of a mile down the incline all obstructions had been moved so that every ball from the fort might fill its mission. It was up this slope

that the brigade marched step after step while shot and shell mowed its ranks like a scythe cutting grass to us the sight was fearfully grand what a picture. No what a reality before our eyes it was fearful to see men march up to the mouths of cannon but grand to see their bravery in defending our flag. But on and on they struggled until the living found shelter beneath the towering fort where they rested a few moments and for a while it seemed none were brave enough to climb on the parapet or to expose his head to rebel guns which meant certain death.

Who was the first to climb on that wall. Was he one of those historical rebellion busters. No it was not such it was a common soldier with his flag to the breeze and his common comrades followed him like sheep jumping over a fence and his uncommon comrades were the last to follow. The smoke that curled up heavenward for a few minutes over that fort is perhaps the only monument ever erected to the memory of that brave color-bearer.

The worm being driven out of its strong hold at Petersburg fell back on the line of the Danville and richmond rail-road and near Farmville being surrounded and pounded admitted its hide dressed under the command of one of the greatest Tanners the world ever knew. Yes on the 9th of April the worm rolled over and died and its copperhead friends in the North that had loved it so dearly were not permitted to see it in its shroud or to let their affectionate tears fall on its grave.

Thus died one of the most damnable worms of corruption that ever polluted the face of civilization. Its seed sprang from the devil and was nourished by men who had learned to believe that God did not intend that a human being should perform manual labor having flesh so fair as theirs. That the unholy desire of holding in bondage human beings to do the dirty work worthless white beings should do caused the war there is no doubt.

## Chapter 47

# Southern Incentives for Cocking a War Cannon

Southern Perfection - Quadroons and all other Ruins - Not own his Child -  
Father Father -Mamma Mamma - Everlasting Fire

Had the South been schooled in the higher branches of civilization as the North had been the war-guns would not have been cocked at the time they were if ever at all in a civil war in this country. The nearest to perfection if perfection it may be called the average southern man had attained was in putting negroes under the lash and in their veins all shades of blood from the blackest to the fairest for the money he could realize in selling his product on the auction block. Thousands and thousands of men and women were sold and bought having as much white blood in their veins as had those who sold and bought.

Quadroons and all other roons that made up the ruins in the two blood races were held as chattel property and sold as hogs were on the market often happening that a man sold his own blood not only to more respectable people but to the lowest types of humanity. The heart broken child on the auction block would turn its soft eyes bathed in tears toward its natural and unnatural parent imploring his protection but the little weeping eyes the little trembling hands and the little throbbing heart helpless as it was to protect itself from the cruelty of the slave driver could find no protection no love and no sympathy in him it had a right to call father.

It sometimes happens in the bruit creation that an animal will not own and protect its offspring but it so often happened in the days of slavery that a man would not own and protect his child and for a few dollars traded it off to a tyrant lower if possible in the scale of degradation than the salesman that sold the fruit of his body.

It is true yet as it was in days gone that father and child will meet and not know the relation existing between them and often the father will know his child but the child will not know its father and the father is ashamed to say My child. All this grew out of black slavery and remains a curse a stain a mark on the white race of people equal to the mark put on Cain. If it is not true that such a business was carried on then why is it that we find all shades of complexion from the whitest Caucasian to the blackest African.

It is claimed that in Heaven parents will know their children and that children will know their parents. O what a meeting that will be but the pleasure will depend on the sanctity of the marriage vow in this life and the getting to Heaven will depend on the conversion of all that believed in the doctrine of slavery as well as from any other sin.

(C) Sheep of all colors will be safely ferried over the dreaded river and turned loose on the green pastures of eternity. The white lambs the black lambs and all the lamb-rooms will there sport on the sunny banks and in flocks playfully gather round their parents. We do not know just how it will be there. I believe all will be washed as clean as white linen and I believe that dark goods can be washed as clean as white linen can be without changing their color but it does seem reasoning from natural law that in that beautiful land where all must be as pure and as holy as Him on the throne that there will be some parents that will not want to recognize or own their children. O I pity the white man that steps on that golden shore with his white and beautiful wife hanging on his arm when all his children or lambs of many colors having straight wool curly wool thick lips and thin lips flock round his feet pat their hands and cry out Father father father. How embarrassing it will be when

he attempts to explain the situation to his lawfully wedded wife in introducing to her one of his little curly lambs of which she has no knowledge.

If vexation at this stage would end it would not be so bad but what will be the feeling of that dear white wife and of that crest fallen white husband and father when that little curly thing runs to a black woman standing near by buries its face in the folds of her robe and cries out Mamma mamma mamma. How then can the husband the father the adulterer agreeably compromise the situation with his wife he could only hang his head in abject shame.

The wife perhaps might be willing to own ten or fifteen of the little white lambs of the complex flock as her own but the thirty or forty more or less black ones disposed to call her husband father she feels has no right to call her mother. All this would be more than the soul can bear were it not that Christ wipes away the tears binds up the broken heart and hides from view all that was so corrupt in this life. What a sweet comfort the vilest sinner even a slave owner a slave driver or a slave manufacturer may find in accepting the plan of salvation in being washed in that blood that cleanseth from all sin.

I have no doubt but what people in former times believed that human slavery was of divine origin even that great man called the Father of our country no doubt believed so but he and all others of such views were never at any time willing to have the yoke of bondage put on their necks and the lash on their backs and their little babes sold as pigs.

To comply with but one half of the Golden rule can at most only make one half a Christian and I do not understand that the good half of the soul can enter through the pearly gate with the bad half hanging to it. No the bad half must be cut off so that the good half may enter into life maimed rather than to have both halves cast into everlasting fire.

Hence I conclude that if God ever sanctioned slavery He intended it should be so conducted that master and slave could at any time swap positions without the use of boot-money so far as suffering goes and I believe that had the South been better enlightened in the true principles of Christianity or even in the common law of justice it would not have wanted to Cock a War Cannon to force the extension of such a base crime into our western territory but would have yielded to the will of the people as expressed through the ballot-box of 1860.

## Chapter 48

# Duel Fighting

The Devil introduced it - Foreheads Rearward - A stain on the Face of our Country - Court Judges shoot the Life out of a Man - Mistaken Idea - The South gets the Benefit

I must refer to another southern idea or error which had much to do in cocking a war-cannon. Duel Fighting is as old as the oldest heathen nation and at what age of the world the devil introduced it is unknown but it has been handed down from generation to generation and perhaps will be as long as Satan has a corporal squad to manage it.

Civilization tends to wipe out the barbarous practice of a man challenging another to take the life he cannot give back and of loosing in the contest a life of but little use to good society.

There was a time when men fought duels who had quite a large clear field between their hair and eyes because they knew no better but in our age of the world having a higher degree of refinement men who fight duels have their foreheads inclined rearward their eyebrows trending about midway between their eyes and hair their upper lips projecting sucker-fish style over their underlies and have not had the good advantages found in pious families.

It is a blot on the face of our country that we have men who think it manly to fight duels and do fight them in opposition to law and go unpunished court judges lawyers doctors and editors can and do in open day light walk out on the street and shoot the life out of a man as if he was a rat without fear of having unfashionable ties put around their necks but if a poor or laboring man commits such a crime he can figure out pretty closely about how long he has to live all that seems reasonable in such discrimination is it is a means of furnishing devils time to repent at least to a part of the demons worse than those who fight prearranged duels.

Before the war and since Duel Fighting in the south was regarded as the proper way to settle an offense and pistols were drawn to adjust very slight insults resulting in a man or two being carted out to the grave yard. Of course it was a means of doing away with the tag-end of society but it was murder and a man too well bred to commit such a crime or refused to accept a duel challenge was regarded as being a coward. Hence it was that people in the South looked on people in the North as being cowards and conceived the mistaken idea that one southern man could lick three northern men on a battle field which caused them to cock a war cannon when its ammunition was two thirds weaker than the estimated value they put on it causing them to get licked in a "right smart way" as the rounding up at Appomattox proved.

The North learned through this was that seventy five thousand of its men could not in three months time whip the South that it takes a fraction over six northern men to lick a half a dozen southern men as a rule. If we were not all good Union citizens we were all Americans and as if cut from the same piece of cloth except color.

Though the North whipped the South the South has all the profit that grew out of the war that is the war cleansed her from the crime and curse of slavery gave her a higher state of morality which has nearly wiped from her bosom the heathenish practice of dueling and where her obstacles stood to hinder her march to prosperity and to Heaven such

obstacles as the whipping-posts duel-posts and slave auction-blocks now stand church-houses school-houses and factories all this had been more than a simple donation to the South from those stigmatized as Lincoln's hirelings and dubbed as war-bummers. In what way more in this it cost our Government \$2,800,000,000. and a dreadful loss of life to reform the South to place in her hand the key to prosperity to teach her that the stars and stripes will not permit any other flag by force to claim one foot of U.S. soil and to place in the hands of four million slaves the precious seal of their liberty and to do all this many thousand Union soldiers lost their lives.

Does the South thank the North for all this if so let her go to the many National cemeteries where lie the fallen heroes kneel by their graves and thank the dust of the gallant blue for all that makes the south a desirable abiding place to-day and if the South has penitent tears to shed for the wrongs she committed let her shed them on the graves of the heroes she so barbarously starved to death in her prisons and I conclude that if the power of God through the exhortation of His people could not abolish the southern evils perhaps it is well that she cocked her war cannon on the strength of her Duel Fighting and thereby caused the North to look up its shooting-irons.

But aside from political party strife to-day our country is one country our flag is one flag and our people are one people free and equal to run for the prize at the end of the race. The hostile cannon is hushed the musket is still the smoke no longer lingers over the battle-ground the ghastly bleeding wounds are not seen the piteous groans of the dying are not heard and though we are sad when we see the vacant chairs in our homes where once sat our loved ones. Yet we rejoice that the cruel war is over and that we are now the grandest nation on the face of the earth.



## Chapter 49

# President Lincoln Assassinated

A Gloom – Traits of Lincoln – Put the Trouble where it Belongs – How  
Murdered – Flag Disgraced – In what Grand

The Army of the Potomac while yet rejoicing over its victory at Appomattox was hushed to solemn stillness by the sad intelligence that President Lincoln had been assassinated.

A gloom a cloud of darkness fell over the army as if the sun of light and hope had set to rise no more and the eyes that had been gazing on the dilapidated fragments of Lees once proud army returning to their homes were turned toward Washington as if in search of the dog that dared to take the life of our noble President the life of him who had been the grandest president our country ever knew the life of him who was a man with men as tender as a woman with women and as gentle as a child with children. Though his soul seemed a fountain of love and sympathy yet there was a rock a firmness immersed in it which taught that right must be maintained and enforced at all times and in all departments.

Lincoln the greatest president our country ever had and perhaps ever will have was reared on a farm brought up pure simple and untarnished by the silly aristocratic parental admonition of “Abraham don't play with poor Tommy nor speak to him” hence it was that he could sit in the Executive chair and talk to the most humble citizen just as he did to the most lordly statesman and to be loved not only by all good Union people but by many that had taken up arms against our flag. A child could go to him and plead for his clemency as effectually in behalf of its condemned brother or father to be shot to death for desertion as could a lordly committee of potentates in the interest of their supposed high born blood.

Being raised on a farm he knew no foamy swell and knew no law other than justice to all unmeasured by wealth or poverty and though merciful as a saint he did not swerve from his sworn duty and he put his foot down firmly in dealing with rebels as he declared, might be necessary, in his speech at Trenton and how clearly he set himself before the people when he declared in his inaugural address

“In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil War. The Government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in Heaven to destroy the Government; whilst I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect and defend it.”

Thus he freed himself and his party from the gross charge of being the cause of a national disturbance and saddled the cause of the rebellion where it belonged that is on those who made themselves the aggressors or on the hot headed politicians of the south who had made up their minds that if they could not rule they would ruin the union of states and after being taught by Mr. Professor Bayonet that they could not dissolve the union of states they then influenced a miserable wretch to finish the roll of their crime on the person and life of President Lincoln.

On the 14th of April 1865 the President with his wife was quietly sitting in a theatre at Washington when John W. Booth of some notoriety entered in a cowardly way the box and shot Mr Lincoln in the back of his head.

The President expired early in the morning on the 15th and his body was taken to Springfield Illinois where it quietly rests free from pain and the insults of a political party that so basely disgraced the nation.

When I look back to the dark days when treason and crime of the blackest hue was the theme and glory of a certain political party I feel offended and sorry when I see our proud national flag hanging on a hickory pole or being carried at the head of a so called Democratic procession.

Don't strike me Mr War Democrat if you had the honor of being a soldier in the Union Army for what I write. Remember that when the war closed you simply crawled into the corrupt political tank that contained all the rebels and copperheads then living and by your teaching as they taught and by your voting as they voted you became mixed up with rebels and copperheads who have never been purified by an oath of allegiance to our country nor have they expressed a regret that they not only shot our flag down but Abraham Lincoln with it.

If a dog will run with a pack of sheep-killing dogs the people have reason to suspicion that dog. If an ex Union soldier will affiliate with rebels and copperheads the people have a reason to suspicion that ex Union soldier.

Yes my dear Democratic ex Union soldier you have become mixed up with the corrupt elements as much so as water and rot-gut whiskey would be mixed when poured into the same cask together but perhaps it is all well as it is you might not feel at home with those that preserved the Union you may not feel like rejoicing with those that rejoiced at Appomattox and you may not have had a tear to shed with those that wept when Lincoln fell a martyr in the sacred cause of liberty and justice.

I should have no objection to things being stored where they properly belong. Let the chaff be thrown on the dung-pile so that the grain be pure and not filthy. Let no people unless they repent march under a flag their hands once tore down and stained it with the blood of its true defenders and let no people that rejoiced when old Jeff's neck was freed from the rope it so much deserved and who gloried in the death of Lincoln be called good American citizens if they have not shown fruit of repentance. Our flag is too lofty too pure and too sacred to have its clean folds thrown around treason and crime in a protecting way.

We as a people should be reunited bound together by the strong bands of loyalty as one people for one country and one flag but loyalty and treason should not be welded together. Let the reasonable bar first be refined in the forge of our Constitution so that it will have no impurities then it will readily adhere to the good metal and have a true U.S. ring.

What is the make up of the people that hoist our banner to-day. Many are loyal to it while many rejoice in the fact that they had been rebels and copperheads and occasionally they bring out their secesh flag. Such business is not done by members of the Republican party only by those of the Democratic party hence we should not be abused for making mention of what a party tolerates in its ranks. It is too premature to forgive men of their crime while their necks are too stiff to ask pardon or while they continue in their crime.

It has been said that if we as a nation are again united we must forever bury all the unsightly horns that have grown out of the Democratic party. Well yes. Perhaps so but dang the thing some of its horns though dead are so crooked and twisty that they screw themselves out of their graves and on the surface of civilization stare us in the face while the wind blowing through their hollow cavities in a sonorous way blurt out or produces the sound of "Our Grand Old Party."

Just above these self resurrected shells perched high on the ensign of our national greatness the living Republican head free from crooked scabby horns and curly knots may be seen and heard asking the dry shells beneath it "Grand in what." Truth and justice the Goddess of Liberty steps forward and seats herself on the tombstone of perverted Democracy and answers

"Grand in human slavery.

Grand in State sovereignty.

Grand in foul rebellion.

Grand in shooting down the stars and stripes on Ft. Sumpter and elsewhere.

Grand in starving to death thousands of Union soldiers in its prisons.

Grand in shooting down many thousand of our brave soldiers who were protecting the greatest flag on earth.

Grand in murdering Abraham Lincoln" and then she asserts

"If all this be national greatness If all this be national grandure Do not I pray you in the name of high heaven ever degrade the Republican party by bringing it up to a standard of national greatness and grandure and do not in the name of justice pollute it by calling it Grand Old Party."

It may be said inasmuch as many Democrats remained loyal and made good soldiers that the writer is reflecting too heavy on the Democratic party.

The writer has too much respect for such to call them Democrats to call them by that name would imply that they shot one way and voted another way or that they were simply the tail of a serpent striking its dagger into its own head and body.



## Chapter 50

### Going for Rebel Johnson

Pell melt Run - Close up Close up - Loyal Music - Rebels no right to Dictate -  
All belongs to the Soldiers - Who harbored the Worm - Need of loading the  
Musket - Enemy in Possession - Soldiers joined the Enemy

After laying at Burkville several days it was thought advisable to detach a corps from the Army of the Potomac and send it to aid Gen Sherman's army in the capture of rebel Johnson's then in North Carolina so on the 23d of April 1865 the 6th Corps packed up what goods it owned and run not walked in the direction of Danville as if it was absolutely necessary to kill Johnson's army on the spur of the moment.

Had our Corps met Johnson's army in battle it is doubtful if its suffering would have been greater than it was on that pell-mell-run who can tell the pains the number of early graves and the increase of pension it made all growing out of desire no doubt that it might be said "He is conspicuous for his rapid marches." While it is true that any date would not have been too soon to kill that rebel army it is true that it was wrong to worry the life out of so many good men to raise fodder that would tend to promote a commander to a higher office.

The top thought many of our officers had was The sooner I can move my men from one point to another even though it does kill half of them the sooner it will be said of me "He is a dashing general. He is a great commander and must be promoted."

It was such a top thought no doubt that caused the canteens and frying-pans hung on the boys during this march to keep time to the double-quick step somewhat on the plan of a long tail to the pumping motion of a sheep. Pack-mules and all on foot alike suffered but those on horses had nothing to worry them other than their continual yelling out

"Close-up Close-up Close-up your files" and they seemed to have no better knowledge of what a man can endure than some drivers of what a mule can bear and I again repeat that a commander on a march should be made walk if his troops do and to carry as much burden as the common soldier even then better care should be observed in the selection of them.

On the 27th the citizens of Danville heard and saw what they had not in the past four years Viz Loyal music and loyal armed soldiers on their streets. Nothing gave us more pleasure than forcing loyal music into rebel ears and though weary and foot-sore we willingly would have marched on every street or untill every rebel of that town had heard the strains of Red White and Blue.

Hearing the news of Johnson's surrender we went into camp three miles south of the city feeling glad that the battles were over and that our next marching would be in the direction of home and the boys were as ready to undertake a force march in that direction as they had ever been toward rebels strongly fortified because toward home were the shining fields of peace and plenty toward rebels the dark storms of sorrow and misery.

Four years in front of a fire where mother is does not seem a very long time but four years in front of a rebel fire is a period of time unfairly measured by the ordinary method of reckoning time. Who would not rather live a thousand years in a peaceful home where parents brothers sisters and plenty make glad the passing years than to live one day on a bloody battle-field amidst the clashing of arms the groans of the dying and where starvation

is known but shelter is not none but an idiot would refuse the former and none but a fool would choose the latter nothing but a patriotic love of country could induce a sane man to venture his life where it would be so uncertain or where if spared he would be left a wreck of his former self.

If then all the sorrows of a thousand years in home life are not equal to or so dreadful as those of one day in battle who then not a copperhead will say that the Union soldier is not worthy of the pension his government allows him or who that is a loyal citizen will say that all such soldiers are not worthy of the entire worth of the country they so gallantly rescued from slavery from armed rebels and from the disgrace of a secesh flag.

What right has a rebel or a copperhead to stand up in Congress and dictate what the Union soldier's pension shall be. If it be maintained that they are not now rebels why do they continue to idolize the rebel flag and rebel bones. The only thing in order for them to do is to get down on their knees and humbly thank the Union soldiers for not making a skylight in their bodies somewhere between their lower and upper limbs. It may not be admitted and it may not be so much as thought of that all that makes us the grand nation we are belong to those that carried our flag to victory.

Every negro that was under the yoke of bondage owes the worth of his freedom to the soldiers.

All respect paid to the stars and stripes on sea or on land belongs to the soldiers.

All honor growing out of the fact that but one flag waves over our country to-day as its banner except when unconverted rebels being out their rag in memory of Jeff belongs to the soldiers and were all this turned over to them they would only in part be paid for their suffering which no tongue can tell and no pen describe.

When I say that the soldier's life was one of deprivation fatigue hunger and danger all coated over with the many gross insults he endured it is but faintly expressed. The soldier's suffering did not only grow out of all made front-life so dreadful but out of the conduct of disloyal people in his rear who encouraged armed rebels in all ways except in giving them their strength in battle such rear-cowards are the most persistent in declaring that a soldier should not have a pension if he did not leave a portion of his body on a battle-field. Dear bless their narrow contracted minds to such. I say that every dollar our nation was worth at the close of the war and perhaps every dollar you are now worth was saved to our country and to you by the Union soldiers who sacrificed pleasure liberty blood and life on the altar of our country that you in common with better citizens might retain your titles to wealth.

Had the South overpowered the North your property might have been confiscated hence every dollar of wealth saved by our soldiers from confederate control by law of justice belongs to them as much so as would a peck of beans belong to you raised and earned by your own labor. Don't say that \$13. per month bad paper paid the soldiers for all did and suffered while you in your homes yelped for the enemy.

They who fought and talked on the wrong side should not try to kick the pension table over all such enemies should be made pay to the soldiers interest on every dollar they hold as their own if not they should be made to keep their mouths shut when pension matters are discussed. What right has a vicious breathy bull to dictate the pay laborers shall have for fencing in his cursedness. None but just as much as rebels have to decide the pay Union soldiers shall have for stopping their cursedness.

I have described the rebellion and its cause as if it had been a worm and still say however poisonous it may have been to the civil right of man we must confess that it crawled through such men as Washington Jackson and others and if such men had the

intelligence history sets to their credit they knew that slavery was wrong in principle and would in the future disturb the peace of the country.

I have charged the rebellion to the Democratic party because every rebel soldier was a Democrat and every man that expressed for the rebellion his sympathy was a Democrat and when I subtract the number of all such from the total number of Democrats in 1860 the remainder is so small comparatively that I feel justifiable in making the charge.

Had the love for the secesh flag been buried with the confederate worm at Appomattox I could overlook the past history of the party but when it yet brings out that rebel flag on public occasions and erect monuments over the graves of traitors I feel as if the old muskets should be loaded and fired until the last nit and louse of the rebel worm has been blown out of existence.

The reader may hold that it is unfair to attribute such unpatriotic conduct to a party because many of its members have in a disloyal way disgraced themselves their homes and their party that should have been killed before the guns were stacked at Appomattox.

My dear reader if a hog lays down in a mud hole and gets more than one half of itself muddy it is said that the hog is muddy but if it slips down and a little mud adheres to its hind end it is said that it has a spot of mud on it so you should not overlook the fact that not only the hind end but the head and body of this party always has and does lay in the nest - the South where about all the trouble especially secession has been hatched out that our country has had it is not merely a spot on the hind end of the party but its head and body are foul hence. I have a right to say corrupt party.

A hog when it finds itself dirty will back up and try to rub it off on the fence but the Democratic party when it finds itself dirty will back up and try to rub it off on the Republican party as was the case when it declared that the Republicans brought on the war.

If the head and body will allow lice to stick in their hair and make no effort to cleanse themselves it does seem that the head and body or whole party should bear the blame and it is clear to any intelligent mind that if a party will tolerate or harbor within its fold members guilty of hoisting a rebel flag and of erecting monuments emblems typical of greatness over the dead bodies of rebels noted only for their treacherous conduct without its protesting I say it does seem that such conduct becomes the conduct of the party.

It is not to be supposed that when the rebel worm was flattened out at Appomattox that its spirit was destroyed. No that continued to live in the bosoms of Davis, Lee and in fact in all that took up arms and tongues against the Government. Not one of them so far as I know ever expressed a regret that he had been a rebel that he had trailed the U.S. flag in the dust and had killed many of its defenders. Every one of them that carried a brand of treason in his forehead voted the Democratic ticket and to-day have control of the Government they sought to overthrow. Yes the fire-fiends that tried to burn the house down are now in possession of the house and in a position to destroy all that blood and money saved from destruction.

All this is strange but not stranger than the fact that soldiers who did good service for the Union and while their guns had hardly cleared the smoke from their barrels voted for the party they shot at to kill. If it is true that a small portion or tail of this body in the North remained loyal then that portion had a right to privileges on a campaign field and any soldier had a right to give it his support for positions of trust but this small portion never entered the political field as a party the large or disloyal portion grabbed the small portion swallowed it down where it has since the war existed in the bowels of unpurified corruption.

But there is another strange thing I should not overlook that stands as an endorsement of the crime the Democratic party committed and places the endorsing party as deep in the mud as the endorsed party is in the mire that thing is found in the party that preserved the Union of states. This endorsing party was like the cow that gave a bucket of milk then kicked it over that is it restored to our land the milk of victory over secession at a cost of over 300,000 precious lives and nearly \$3,000,000,000. to capture the leaders of the rebellion then let them go unpunished as if their crime was nothing to speak of and as if lives of soldiers and the peoples money were of no value. When my mind runs back over such base crookedness I say as did the Dutchman “De more I lives de more I find py gracious oudt.”

It is claimed by many that the cursed working of Free Masonry saved the leaders of the rebellion from the death they deserved as to whether the claim is true or not I cannot say but it looks like the ear-mark patented by that concern but pin the dirty rag where you will it will not hide the shame of the Republican party that set at liberty unpunished the rebels that raised a hell in the United States and how plainly it teaches that none but those who do duty in the front line of battle and are free from secret oathbound societies should dictate terms of peace and to sit as a court when a rebel leader is tried for his crime.

Had our fighting soldiers presided as jury and court over the instigators of the rebellion they would have decreed that Davis his sham cabinet Lee and all others not total lunatics guilty of bringing on the war and held office in that disgraceful affair should under very short notice go and live with their elder brother that raised a similar disturbance in Heaven.

The thoughts or assertions dear reader penned in this book do not only spring from the writer. Go to the homes of the fatherless children and to the broken family circles this rebellion caused and there listen to the voice of justice. Go to the National Cemeteries where sleep the heroes that fell in the struggle to preserve the Union and there listen to the still voice of justice as to what should have been done with the villains that brought on the war. Yes dear reader go to the graves of the many thousand unmercifully starved to death in dirty lousy rebel prisons and if you will not there listen to the mournful echoes of the dead that reverberate beneath your feet listen to the voice of your own knowledge of justice as to what should have been done with those hell-born rebels but what was done with them. Well they were just kept for railway presidents and for congress-men and were made the idols of the political party that brought on the war and when they died a natural death monuments were built over their graves and secesh flags waved over the unveiling ceremonies.

A tower on infamy built  
To hide a traitors guilt  
A shaft that should have been of bones  
Instead of granite stones

To wave over the devil's nit  
Of course the flag was fit  
But to stand o'er a rebel bruit  
Ali the stone does not suit

A secesh flag piled up on a rebel's grave would make a fit monument typical of the worth of the past life of him buried beneath it. If a stone at his grave must be used let it be a negroheadstone bearing the inscription



Here lies a rebel  
He was a devil

To build a fine monument over a rebel's grave is to set a value on treason and is as inconsistent as it is to sham off a mud dollar for a gold dollar. Yet in our country a thousand monuments stand over a thousand rebel graves and the thousand builders of them are a thousand rebels to-day if they are yet living.



## Chapter 51

### Discharged

In Richmond - Jeff and his Cabinet - Where big sinners Belong - Natural use of a Hell Changed - Jeff Deceived - Clothes saved Him - In Purgatory - Going for God's Country

The 11th of May 1865 was one of the happiest days the writer ever had outside of his father's house. Nearly three years of army life nearly three years from home and nearly three years that his life and body was the property of the Government and subject seemingly to an unlimited number of officers some of which were sensible some partly so and some not quite so much so together with short rations but long marches soft muddy beds but hard fighting and cold camp fires but warm rebel fires all of this and much more in connection with a few lines written on a piece of paper and officially signed freeing him from army life and restoring to him the rights of a free citizen was a part that made this day so cheerful but the grandest part was the fact that the rebellion was crushed and that he could return home feeling that he had tried to be a good soldier and had done the little he could in preserving the Union.

Early in the morning of this day after bidding farewell to his comrades the writer found himself on the railroad train for richmond and often looked out on the road he had footed to Danville and was not long in deciding car-travel no small improvement over foot-travel. Farms and villages rapidly took positions in his rear as if refusing to stand between him and his home and no passing scenery however beautifully adorned seemed so dear as home and no one at home so dear as mother I do not mean to infer that father brothers and sisters were not as dear as is possible for earthly beings to be but mother was all that and more though mortal she seemed immortal though in the body she seemed an angel and to have the sweetness of him who bore the cross and suffered in behalf of others. Any one that cannot remember or appreciate the kindness and love of his mother has a right to the benefit furnished in a lunatic asylum if his mother lived to care for him in his boyhood days.

Arriving in Richmond the first thing to attract my attention was Libby Prison. It was a large structure and its walls had in the past four years inclosed a thousand times more suffering than had the pope's Purgatory boundary.

Hell may have had a greater number of souls to torture but it seems it could not have sent a greater pang to the soul than did this annex to that place of punishment and should the reader conclude that old Jeff was no better than old Split-hoof. I will not take time to differ from him but will say had old Jeff and his tool cabinet at the close of the war been socked into that hell of their own design and there tortured a they tortured prisoners that fate placed where mercy did not exist and kept there untill their limbs rotted off and untill their sides would have lain together like two sides of sole-leather for want of food to keep them apart their punishment would have been as just as that of any sinner's ever sent to hell.

It has been said that kindness is the best punishment to inflict on an evil doer perhaps so for little sinners but the Bible teaches that the place to send big sinners is Hell and our Government should have penned them up in Libby instead of giving them clean beds and feeding them on good things for a season then letting them have their liberty.

After gazing on that southern hell whose inmates had been freed by the boys in blue and whose ex presiding officer or devil was skipping the country clad in his wife's habiliment. I felt glad that I had not been captured by his evil spirits and doomed to suffer in what only seemed to differ from that hell where the fire is not quenched in this the sinners are cast into the bible hell while the righteous were forced into Jeff's hell but as the sequel showed there was no need of the Dragon fleeing from his crime other than to keep from the fighting soldiers of the Union. Had he went to Washington he would have been more secure from harm than he would have been in Charleston with the remnant of the rebel army at his back.

Old Jeff as well as our soldiers was much mistaken as to what his fate would be in case he was captured. He knew that no dog ever deserved death more than he did in view of which he endeavored to escape the punishment by disguising himself in his wife's clothing but there was no need of his being alarmed and no need of his drawing on his wife's trunk not even for so much as a safety-pin because in the hands of our Government he was as safe as a toy-god in a Roman church.

The old wretch Jeff Davis President of the Southern Confederacy in arms to destroy the Union of States had sense enough to know that he had been basely guilty a prime factor in killing many thousand Union soldiers and in starving to death many thousand prisoners and he knew that the U.S. Government was fully aware of his foul crime and he believed that the U.S. Government had some sense too but in that it seems he was deceived so far as dealing with him for his crime was concerned. Think of it. This great Government killed private Kelly for deserting to see his dying mother but it pardoned old Jeff though he was guilty of about all that makes up damnation. If any one takes exception to this let him prove that it is not true.

I remember attending school in the days when the rod seemed to be as necessary as any other piece of furniture in the school-room and there came a poor young man whose clothes were not sufficient to protect his back from the cold blows of the wind and from the hot blows of the rod there also came a rich young man whose clothing was so good that wind blows and rod blows never injured his feeling the poor boy was an obedient boy but his clothes could not save him from the 16'2 ft. pole measure of timber the rich boy was a disobedient boy but his clothes fit him so well that they never were recut or remeasured except by the measure of applause. Kelly's clothes were poor and could not save him from being shot to death. Jeff's clothes were rich and glittered with his wives jewels saving him from becoming a regulating ball at the lower end of a rope pendulum.

A big name and a fine coat  
Here saved a tyrant's throat

When I look back over the Official record of our Government profane language gathers on the point of my pen like down on the hind end of a new born chicken but it wont do to put it in print.

By this time civilization was appearing in what had been the nest of the authors of about all the cursedness that could grow out of rebellious hearts and this appearing in the streets presented the appearance of a few glittering stars shining through the remnants of what had been a thunder storm and I am sorry to say that up to this day some of those dark remnants cast their shadows over the city as if to remind the earth of what had been its disgrace and as I stood and gazed on its streets and domes blackened by the torch of its own hand and yet smoking from the fire of its own kindling I

remembered that here dark and deep plots had been formulated to break up the Union to destroy the Public records at Washington to kill Union soldiers and to starve to death helpless prisoners.

Charleston was the mother of rebellion and she has given birth to a number of such illegitimate young ones or bastards but Richmond fathered the last unholy child gave it a treasonable character and led it in crime equaling the center of woe a short distance down the river. Excuse me for again referring to the Bull-pen no person more than I has cause to regret that our world was ever darkened by such a dark spot.

Being weary and sick of the dismal sight I lay down on the ground under the shadow of old Libby where I hoped to find rest and to dream of a better place but the night was more horrible than the day had been as I fancied I could hear the groans of the many thousand comrades starved to death within the walls that towered above me. Yes within those walls a place unfit for bats and serpents were cruelly starved and fed to lice many of our brave soldiers untill God retrieved them from suffering. What was their crime that their punishment was so great. Guilty only of bravely protecting the flag the American citizen is so proud of and of preventing a confederacy being sliced from our Union. Just up on the hill in seeing and hearing distance of all that suffering sat the head of the rebellion planning and devising hellish schemes to overthrow the Union Davis that one eyed man without one trait of a human soul in his bosom could look down on Libby Prison and hear the piteous pleading and groaning of the dying he could see arms and legs sawed from Union soldiers not to prevent death but rather to cause death or to prevent the victims of ever being of use in the army and he could daily see carts bearing off the dead bodies of those his cruelty starved to death and in short he could see any and all suffering with the satisfaction of a hyena if it tended to weaken the Union army. Yet not withstanding all this our Government could see no cause why the old cuss should be put to death after he had been captured.

Early next morning found me on the stream aboard the Red Jacket and floating down toward the gulf and for some cause unknown was set off in Purgatory but I held in my pocket something better than the prayers of a priest it was an unincumbered title to a free citizenship in a country more like Paradise otherwise I would have fallen a prey to the priest instead of him making a successful prayer for me.

Though I held an instrument of writing to protect me I did not feel safe in City Point because I could not think of or see a point that did not point to the bull-pen or direct my attention to that money making Purgatory in which I had been so recently shamefully starved and louse eaten so I stood behind a pile of rubbish and there trembled with no assurance of safety untill the Charlotte Vanderbuilt in mercy took me aboard and wafted me toward Gods country.

On the 19th of the same month I sat down and quietly rested where father and mother lived where I could retire at night with some assurance that I would not be molested by a bugle call to fall in and where I felt free from hard duty hard-tack tough rebels and tough beef neck.

Among the number that welcomed me home though they were all dear and near to my heart none were so dear and angel like as was my mother. Of all that spoke kind words none could speak so kind as mother. Of all that smiled none could smile so sweet as mother. She is now dead but her smiles her love her kind and good admonitions still live with me and if I obeyed them better I would be a better man and a better Christian.



## Chapter 52

### Commissioned Army Officers

Greatness of Office - How they should be Appointed - Higher the Easier - Responsibility - Short \$19. per Day - Why Rebellion Busters - Brigadier Generals - How Officers are Measured - Official comforts and Authority - Width of the Front - How Officers had Things - How their mind soared - Worth of their Franchise

Note. -In view of the fact the world has been taught and made believe that Commissioned Army Officers are the greatest men on earth the writer feels that to express the facts connected with their military worth as compared with that of the private soldier's is to express what but few will believe. There was a time when in New England it was unsafe to condemn the belief people had in witchcraft and it may now be unsafe to write against what everybody has been taught to believe but he is writing the war as he saw it not what may be popular and must say that he never saw a deed of valor performed by an officer worthy of more praise than he has seen deeds performed by a private. If the reader will turn to Scott's Infantry Tactics he will find how and where officers are stationed in time of battle and it may be marked down that they never got closer up except when there were big breast works to get behind if they did they simply got out of their place or where they could not so well do what was their business to do. The whole subject hinges on Which is the greater He that said do it or he that did it.

A man holding a commission in the Army of the United States held perhaps one of the grandest positions this side of where all tears are wiped away and where there shall be no more sorrow. He who found himself on Uliputian territory was careful to not set his ponderous foot down on Liliputs but he who found himself in possession of a commission in the army I speak of them as a whole had but little respect for those below his supposed greatness.

The Mississippi River though inferior to the Gulf of Mexico carried an untold amount of filth into the bosom of that body of water. A Commissioned Army Officer though inferior to the army carried an untold amount of unnecessary misery into that body of fighting men and it seemed no cider beam could press more juice out of a tub of pomace than could a little four comer patch unadorned save its border press out of the man on whose shoulder it rested. A pole-cat having the juice pressed out of it in a King's Court could not be more disgusting to the lords than were some lieutenants to the army.

I have known some companies to have about ten lieutenants instead of two yes that little patch seemed to have made five fools out of the one he may or may not have been before the patch was sewed on his shoulder. No greater man than the average company lieutenant supposed himself to be has lived since the days of Cesar he was equal to the combined efforts of a turkey-gobler and a pea-cock contending for the greater spread and his only use was to furnish amusement to those who could laugh at vanity in others.

Should any one say that it was necessary to have such officers following after a company to take the place of a captain in case he should be disabled I say not necessarily

because his place was better filled thousands of times by non-commissioned officers who had not made themselves so obnoxious to the men.

Twenty thousand such lieutenants at an expense of about \$82,000,000 to our Government in the late war carried useless swords and but few if any of those swords were ever stained with rebel blood. Had guns been placed in their hands they would have made quite a corps of soldiers and would have no doubt tormented rebels instead of Union soldiers or would it not have been better had that money been added to the pay of men who shot the rebellion down instead of giving it to men whose only use was following after like pups behind a moving wagon.

A captain is a necessary officer in a company of soldiers but his selection and retention should be solely governed by a vote of the company he is to command and should the company see fit to take his official patches off he should be reduced to ranks as non-commissioned officers are His pay per month should be about \$45.

The reader may think \$45. inadequate where there is such great responsibility. The responsibility is simply that of keeping the book straight and of making out returns etc more clerical than otherwise all more pleasant and easy than a private's duty that of standing guard day and night in cold and in rain holding as it were the life of the nation in one hand and its enemy back with the other and that of doing for lazy officers what they should do for themselves. So far as responsibility in battle goes it seems evenly divided between captain and private at least when the privates run the captain runs too often having about 100 yds the start and when the run is for dear life 100 yds the advantage is no small consideration.

The writer has had the honor of doing a private's duty and a captain's, in camp, on the march and in battle and had no trouble in deciding that he would rather do the latter's duty for a private's pay than to do the former's duty for a captain's pay and he has a belief that he who has traveled from Privatetown to Generalsburg found every step of the road up the lane easier and more pleasant than the one he left behind him and contrary to justice found that the easier the step was the greater was the pay and honor bestowed though not merited.

It has always been the case that the horse that pulls will get licked while the balky one in the team will be petted. I do not infer that a general so far as his work went was balky he may have pulled his office toy-wagon well but when I suppose him to have been hitched with the boys who drew the mighty war-cart loaded down with all the pain and sorrow that made army life so dreadful I do infer that he was as a balky horse and did not deserve the oats taken out of the troughs from the horses that pulled the load of misery by the public press and put in his trough in the way of He Busted the Rebellion. If the historian holds that he means the army when he names its general. I say Say what you mean in words that will express your thought and let there be nothing misleading about it.

I recognize the fact that success depends largely on how and where troops are posted in battle and that it is the general's duty to plan and direct the posting but any general would willingly map out and direct a thousand battles rather than shoulder a musket and go into one of those fiery hells then if the general deserves praise. Does a private not deserve a thousand times more than the general does.

I am also cognizant of the fact that when a general did his duty he felt a great responsibility resting on his mind and at times may have felt that he was not wholly out of the way of balls that found their way back several miles to which must be added the vexatious thought of making some blunder that might tear off his official patches and thereby be deprived of drawing big pay was certainly no small stress on his mind there too was the eternal worry of keeping subordinates down that he might not be superseded in



office and that of devising some scheme to supersede his superior in office that his salary might be increased and if he was a loyal man he was anxious in behalf of his country just as any other loyal man was let him be soldier or citizen all of which I believe tended to burden his mind a part of which was public utility the rest self gratification.

A corn on every toe I would not prevent me from walking ten miles to see an army officer the above will not apply to in a more or less degree and if there be one living or dead that it does not strike fair between the eyes I say I do not mean him. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan came nearest perhaps returning to the country the worth of their salary of any of the high officers but they fell short \$19. per day if a good private was worth only 50¢ per day.

If it be claimed that any Commissioned Army Officer by his mapping out a campaign or by fine generalship on the field ever in the late war returned to his country an equivalent in way of his service using as a basis a private's pay. I say it has never been proven in print and that the writer never saw on a battle field any convincing proof of it and he was in battle under several of the best generals in the Potomac Army. All old soldiers know that all officers' use practically ended after the commands for the forward movement on the enemy had been given after that it was "Lick'em boys if you can if you cant Run back like the divil."

Of course to the above there were some exceptions such as shifting of troops to meet the enemy but any sergeant would have gladly went back and attend to that through a spy-glass without pay just to get out of the fight and old soldiers also know that the outcome of a fight depends more on the brave ingo of the private soldiers than it does on the non-ingo of those who view the battle from afar. "Why dear bless you," says Jim, "40,000 generals so far off behind glass-guns could not lick 40 old grand-mothers armed with mush-sticks." If Jim is right and I concede he is then I ask in the name of all that is right What great conquering influence or effect did generals have or throw over brave rebels standing behind cocked-guns or in other words What did generals do that they should be called Rebellion Busters and be paid as if they had been such.

We often hear very thrilling stories of how some general planted the flag on rebel works. You may mark it down if he did plant the flag there it was after the privates had chased the rebels off.

Is it not clear that our historians are taking the laurels won by privates and hanging them where they do not belong that our country is taking the money our heroic brave boys earned a thousand times in the smoke of battle and giving it to those who simply planned the battle and then said "Go into it you private men." But then the general's house and the legislative house is all the same residence or kitchen in which they cook and season their own allowance and such official cooks would be fools if they did not cook their own hash well and private soldiers that will vote in such cooks should not squeal if their ration is cut from the tough neck.

Brigadier generals were not quite so unless as were company lieutenants yet brigades have often lost their brigadiers without suffering inconvenience. The writer remembers that when his Brigadier was captured in the Wilderness his Brigade did not know it untill about nine days after and had been fighting all that time. I have often thought that a corporal and a few men detailed could have filled the place of a brigadier and his staff as well they could guard a pile of hay for mule feed.

Brigadiers and their staffs cost the Government about 44,960,000. Corporal details for that purpose would have cost about \$2,680. Don't get the idea that the average brigadier had more good war-sense than the average corporal had.

I am willing to give all credit to Commissioned Army Officers that is justly due them and believe that no tongue can praise some of them more than they deserve but remember I am measuring the officers by a private yard-stick a stick that measured every foot of ground from Bull Run to Appomattox a stick that measured off what the South deserved but the Government was too weak to deliver the goods a stick that measured the worth of bonds and that measured off the ground on which no flag shall stand other than the stars and stripes and when I lean or stand this measuring stick that for so little pay endured the drudgery of camp the pain of the march and the fire of battle up against him who was nursed by private soldiers throughout the war who rode on the march and who saw the battle from afar and it be found that it does not only measure his length but towers above his head like a church steeple over a drum stick do not accuse me of lacking respect for superior officers.

Though a general or any officer well up in rank was not a fighter in the sense a private soldier was he had an important office to fill an office that carried all the worry and anxiety of officers set forth in this chapter and if he had half the good judgment and strategy his salary paid him for he should have mapped his campaign and handled his troops with an unerring precision far outrivaling the infallibility of a Roman pope for which he should be spoken of pretty well up on the page of history and be celebrated as one that helped to bust the rebellion and not as the sole torpedo that blew that concern up.

Now let us see what the Commissioned Army Officer had to comfort his weary body and to soothe his tired brain or what was given him as compensation for his military worth and suffering.

Two little patches about 4x2 inches merited or unmerited and having a galvanized border and some fixtures set inside of the border and mounted on his shoulders gave him absolute sway over the feeling and body of any private soldier as follows to wit.

He could step out on a camping ground and abuse a private with no restraint other than his own conscience which he seldom had.

He could sit down and order his tent fixed up and grounds cleaned as if it was not his own work to do or as if he was too good to work.

He could force men to stand guard at his tent door as if his usefulness placed him in danger of being stolen away. This duty may have been necessary when the enemy was near but the general had a pack of officers on his staff and if they were not fit to watch him a little I do not know what they were fit for.

He could and did draw his meat as direct from the hind quarter of the beef as it could be cut and there was no authority to make him take his turn from the neck.

If the water in a spring was so scarce as to only furnish enough for him he could and did set a guard over it so that privates could not take any of it.

If he wanted to go out of camp and bum a while he asked no one for a pass but went. When preparing for a march he ordered a detail to take down his large tent to pack up all his fixtures and to load them on a wagon or wagons furnished for his use.

When on the march he rode on a horse and at his pleasure ordered weary soldiers to close up then at night ordered a detail of men nearly dead from hard marching under their loads to fix up his tent and to guard all night the horse on which he rode that his rest might be sweet and undisturbed.

When near the enemy if he had a star or more set on one of his patches he could stop and seek the safest point from which to direct the movements of his men. Aidencamps or orderlies carried orders to his inferior officers who in turn sent them to theirs etc until they reached the men that were to execute them and he knew should a stray ball make it

all dark around him his body would be sent to his home and buried with much honor if it did not fall in the hands of rebels and he knew

Should victory crown the struggle of his men  
It would bring rich laurels on his shoulders then

And

When he drew his big monthly pay  
He could roll up his eyes and say  
O Golly that is a big pile  
For bossing things a little while

Historians often have a wide scope of country which they call the front the width of which depends on the distance the commander is back in the rear if he is back ten miles or more they speak of him as being at the front. Military tactics does not fix or locate a rear boundary to what is commonly called the front or battle-line but good judgment will not make this scope or front wider than it is long and good judgment or even nature tells a man that the nearer a fellow is to the rear edge of this front-strip the nearer he feels out of danger and especially will he have such a feeling when the air is unusually heavy with lead coming from just beyond the front-line. Why I have often highly appreciated just enough distance toward the rear to admit of my standing behind a comrade and if a man will feel so good or safe having a soldier standing between him and the enemy how would he feel away back having a large hill of land between him and the enemy. Then if deprivation suffering and the exposing of life for a common cause more than all else merits the sympathy honor and money of a people is it not clear that these treasures have been bestowed on the wrong class of soldiers. Will our historians say that in giving this blood bought money to the officers that it is understood to be given to the army just as it is understood that the honor of victory is given to the army when printed General so and so Busted the Rebellion if so I say it was not given where it will buy bread, clothing and rent for those who so dearly earned it.

I have admitted that a general did at times dash up to the front line but like a flea he was no sooner there than gone.

Now I will let the reader form his own opinion as to what the feeling of an officer was back from the front line and what the feeling of a private was whose position placed him where his bosom was exposed to all the hellish missiles of war or where he parried off the hateful bayonet thrust at his heart and I will let him draw his own conclusion as to which deserved the greater pay and honor he that said: "Go and fight" or he that went and fought.

The Commissioned Army Officer may not have had the downy bed he had at home but he had a bed hauled after him wherever he went much better than the beds many privates had at home and if a six-mule team could not draw his luggage after him he ordered the number of teams that could all his needs that looked like manuel labor he ordered done for him. He was lord and king on his throne and the soldiers were his subjects. I will not say that he had no trials but I say when a gloomy cloud hung over his head he had the bright lightning of gold flashing before his eyes as salary its thundering noise rolling into his coffer and the balmy breeze of "He did it" to disperse the bloomy cloud occasioned perhaps by a shell bursting three hundred feet over his head and several miles from the gun that sent it.

If there was a man in the army that could lie down on his couch and rest with nothing to disturb his slumber save the pattering rain drops on his heavy canvas-tent and the feet of a sentinel splashing water just outside that man belonged to the class known as generals.

The excitement of the day strong drink and rich food may have made him restless during which let his mind fly where it would it returned with a velvet hand to smooth his brow. If his mind soared to his dear family it returned to tell him that all was plenty at home that his \$625. monthly salary was equal to twenty five times the necessary expenses of his home that Lize, Jane, Peg and Pol could each get a new silk dress every month that Jo, Fred, Ben and Dan hardly knew what to do with their spending money and that not one of the family need do my work to soil their hands or tan their faces.

When it soared to Washington it returned with the dearest words that ever melted on the tongue of mortal being he could read in golden letters on the roll of honor held before his eyes by the tiny glossy hand of the fairy mind the good and great things in store for him at the Capitol but if he preferred he could close his eyes and let the fairy angel brush his hair back and whisper into his ear the following nucleus around which hung the eternal shining jewels of glory.

1<sup>st</sup> If you will hold on to your commission until you are 65 years old you will then be put on the retired or do-nothing list and still draw an enormous salary.

2<sup>d</sup> A general will just as naturally leap into Congress as will a frog into a cesspool.

3<sup>d</sup> By reason of the greatness supposed to exist in a man having General prefixed to his name there is hardly so much as even a boot jack lying in the way between him and the president's chair.

4<sup>th</sup> The historian in all the battles you ordered fought will picture you in the thick of the fight on a fiery horse that walks on its hind legs. Your cloak and hair blowing back your sword cutting the air in buck-wheat cakes and the enemy badly demoralized just in front of you or as if falling back like lodging grain all this even though you may have been so far back when the battles were fought that you put your ear to the ground to hear the booming of the cannon but whether near the front or far back it will be said of you "He Busted the Rebellion."

Fear not history will be so written that the student will learn to believe that you licked the rebels while the soldiers in amazement stood back with their guns and looked on. Yes your standing order that your meat shall be cut from the hind leg of the animal will be nothing in point of honor and goodness compared with the animal or golden calf you will be for the people to worship. Why think of it would you throw your old saddle over a stump and a ball knock the horn off of it more would be said in the public press about it than would be said if a private got his head shot off.

5<sup>th</sup> When you die if Congress is in session it will adjourn in respect for your greatness it will eulogize and extol your great worth and deeds as best its best orators can and immediately after convening will see that your dear

widow gets a rousing big pension whether she needs it or not and also see that a large appropriation is made to defray your funeral expense and to build a towering monument over your grave and as soldiers guarded your body in life they shall still guard it in its tomb. All this in connection with your exalted position your exalted privileges over men and your enormous salary should make you the happiest man on earth.

Is it or is it not a fact that there were a hundred thousand private soldiers in the late war that would have filled the place of a general as well as it was filled in any Corps simply to get out of the hard foot march the hard battle struggle and the hard chewing of beef neck and is it not true that there were a hundred thousand ambitious citizens aspiring for Congress who knew that the general held the latch string to that door that would have done his duty as well as it was done and would have gladly given that officer \$6,000 per year for his franchise. If so is it not clear that the general has been overrated and over paid if the private has been fully rated and fully paid.

As before stated the writer does not aim to slander any officer through false accusations but simply in his plain way tries to cut and fit trowsers on the rule of He that most suffers and most puts his life in danger for a nation is most worthy of gratitude and is most worthy of the nation's money. He is aware that the record of the dead or killed in the late war shows a heavy per cent of officers but remembers that many of the dead officers did not endanger their lives so much through bravery before the enemy as they did through insolence before their own men.

I believe there were generals that merited the rich crowns set on their heads except being the sole Rebellion Busters and every dollar put in to their pockets by an adoring people but while I believe that I believe this that there were many privates whose service, daring and suffering made them worthy of more money than the world has to give and of crowns a thousand times richer than any general ever deserved.



## Chapter 53

### Private Soldier

How Treated - Dead by the Roadside - You'll do for a Soldier - What was done after a hard March - His Hope - His Hope - His feeling in Battle - Heroic Deeds - Merit where it Belongs -What his mind told Him - Must have pet Idols - How Officers were Killed - Greatest name Private Soldier

The life of a Private Soldier in the late war as well as in any war was hardly so good as the life of a farmer's dog. A farmer will see that his dog is well fed that it has a good kennel in which to sleep and will resist an insult to his dog more readily than one to himself. Some dogs can go a notch higher and find comfortable quarters at the family fireside and some town dogs can still them a notch better and find a seat on a woman's lap but a Private Soldier in the army rarely if ever found such exalted privileges.

Our Government did not intend that its soldier should have such a life as he had but it was brought on him by the contract system it seems of letting out the business of supplying the army with rations to jobbers and by putting straps on men and boys whose worth if they had any would have been better brought out in a reform school but a shorter way to bring it out would have been through boot-toe persuasion had soldiers been allowed to administer it.

All officers were not fools but some officers were all fools and it was the latter class in a great measure that made the soldier's life so miserable. Army regulations as well as the Bible forbids the use of profane language but neither can control a foul tongue in a foul mouth.

At the time a Private Soldier took an oath to defend his country and to obey superior officers he did not think he was losing his right to resist an insult in the old way but he did and became as a slave to his master he may not have had Uncle Tom's religion but he had that slave's inability to protect himself.

I need not remind old soldiers of what they endured. No thirty years of bleaching sun has not faded it from their memories nothing but the dark grave can hide it from their vision or memory and any attempt. I may make to describe it to those who were not in the army must fall far short of what it was. An artist can picture a dying man but he cannot picture his feeling so I can tell some things soldiers endured but I cannot tell the pain it gave them.

What soldier when I say soldier I mean him who fought and not him who said fight will ever forget his defected feeling when he first went into camp when he saw nothing to eat save a few fire-clay crackers and a little piece of raw meat no chair to sit on and no bed to lay on other than the damp ground.

The most notable feature about the fire-clay cracker was it outlasted chewing withstood the chemicals for digestion and baffled the doctors as to what caused chronic or camp diarrhea and never by reason of its sharp edges would have slipped through the alimentary canal had it not been lubricated with the grease of fat meat and the oil of bugs and worms inhabitants of both cracker and meat. It is well perhaps the soldier did not draw his full allowance of crackers had he he would have died a lingering death more horrible than that caused by a ball of less density and smoother surface.

Whatever may be said against the soldier's bed this must be said in its favor. It was always made up and ready for him and often made by the treading of feet softer than he desired it and it had an application of rain water more frequently than his bed at home had. One difference in a soldier's bed and an officer's bed was The officer selected his bed while the soldier selected his right where he was ordered to stack his gun.

It would require many pages were I to enumerate all that tended to make a soldier's life in camp miserable suffice it to say that he bore his suffering and did what was his duty to do without hardly a murmur but when forced to do for officers what they should have done for themselves he issued a curse equal to the Roman Bull-curse.

On the march a Private Soldier if he belonged to infantry had no horse to ride he walked and run loaded down with his war outfit for fighting his four days rations for living or such a part of them as the jobbers gave him and some other things necessary to keep him from dying all that though heavy to carry thirty miles a day was light to comfort him when compared with the heavy six mule load of stuff hauled to comfort him who rode on a horse or an officer.

No soldier will ever forget the sorrowful sight while on the march of seeing his comrades lying by the roadside some dying and some dead. Brave boys they had been but dust excessive fatigue and a blazing hot sun added to a want of rest and sufficient food was too much for their frail bodies to endure and while smiling on the flag of their country they sank down on their only bed and took that rest where the wicked cease from troubling.

How often it was the case that when a soldier fell out of ranks to fill his canteen with water to quench his no longer bearable thirst that one of the Rebellion Busters damned him back to his file. but one time a soldier that had arrived at that state of feeling which made but little difference whether he lived or died broke for water some distance away and was no sooner at the water than was an officer who at once opened up his battery of profanity words were cut short by soldier aiming his gun at the officer's heart which suddenly suppressed the oath on that tyrant's lips and forced him to say "Well you'll do for a soldier." The soldier filled his canteen all the same. Had all soldiers such grit their lives would not have been so much like a dog's but in all cases the soldier should first know that he is right.

On and on plod the more stronger soldiers until late in the night when the business of right dressing and stacking arms for the bivouac was perfected then to weary to made coffee and to fry meat they lay down to rest but not all some were detailed for picket duty some to fix up officers tents some to guard the horses on which officers rode and some to go back a mile or more to draw non-official beef-neck for their companies steak was official because officers being court and jury had decided that an officer's right to beef centered in the thick flesh of the hind leg even those not put on duty had no assurance of rest if the commander was a fidgety fellow as many of them were with such it was eternally Fall-in. Take-arms. Shoulder-arms. Right-dress. Front. Forward-guide-right March. Halt. Right-dress. Forward a little in the center Front. Right-face. Forward-by file left -March. Halt. Front. Right-dress. Back a little in the left center-Steady Front. Stack-arms. Break-ranks etc until time to resume the march if it was to be continued.

But what a deplorable condition the men are in having had no rest during the night. How can they carry their loads and march thirty miles as they did yesterday. How can they stand the heat of a hot sun they cannot they will sink down and take that rest which none but the dead know the fatigue corps will bury their history with their bodies none will miss them except their dear ones at home and their comrades who may survive them.

There may be occasions rendering it necessary to move troops from one point to another with all haste but I think it was done nine times in ten that it might be said "He is



noted for his rapid movements” and how forcibly it teaches that commanders whose judgment fall below mediocrity should never have been commissioned as officers in the army. Is it not a fact that such worthless officers sent more soldiers to their graves and made the pension roll greater than the confederate army did if so Do not charge all of the hell that grew out of the war to rebels and copperheads but get it right where it belongs to the business of putting straps on boys and men whose only fitness was in wealth and outside influence. Is there a way to avoid it. Yes Let the soldiers determine how many sword men they need in their rear and what the business of each shall be then elect them by ballot from the ranks and by the ranks and return them back to the ranks if they be found to be incompetent then merit will come to the surface like cream on milk.

The Private Soldier in camp and on the march had a reasonable hope that if his rations held out he would live through them but could have but little hope in battle because there his bread though hard as flint was insufficient in quantity to shingle his vital organs to protect him from the momentum of solid shot. Life to him was as dear as it could be to any person and being a poor man as soldiers generally were he knew that his family sorely needed the few dollars his monthly pay brought but it was not to make those few dollars he went to war. No he could have made much more at home it was a pure patriotic love for right that caused him to aim a gun at the wretch that sought to tear down the flag of his country relying on the pledges of his Government to care for his wife and orphan's should he be killed and a pension should he be disabled.

Who can describe a soldier's feeling when he is to go into battle. None can and none know but he who has the trial of the business of risking life to take the life of others. A sensitive man shrinks from the duty of killing a dog and almost as much from the duty of killing a rebel even though the chances of his safety were alike in either case. It is true that a worthless dog so long as he is not vicious should not be killed but those rebels were not only worthless and injurious to our country but they were vicious and deserved to be killed there and then without any hesitancy yet it was not pleasant duty but what was really so objectionable about it was they had all the facilities for killing Union soldiers that Union soldiers had for killing them and they lay in their intrenchments where they could shoot with but little danger of being shot while the Union soldiers had to charge in the face of their fire unprotected and it was just before starting on this charge that a feeling so wilting and sickening stole through his body and soul that he would have given all his earthly goods as boot money to have swapped positions for the time being with him whose business it was to say “Go and fight” but did not go into the business himself.

I have so often referred to officers as not being fighters. I fear I worry the reader but let him bear with me as I have, all said and written by others against me or as if general so and so did the entire business which in theory and practice was not the case. When you hear a soldier saying he saw his general up in the thick of the fight you have one of three conclusions to arrive at and perhaps all of them Viz

- 1st That the fight was not very thick.
- 2d That the soldier is lying.
- 3d That the general was grossly out of his place.

Suppose that a Maj. general did rush up on the central part of his corps where the fight was thick where by reason of smoke and other obstructions he could not see one hundred yards on either side of him. Of what use would he be then to either wing of his command having a front of a mile or more distance. Not any. As before stated his place is back where he can best see the movements of his men and those of the enemy let it be

from behind a rock or some other place of safety and though he may be of much use to an army the difference in his service and that of a Private Soldier is all the horror and misery found by going into battle and by not going into it.

The writer has seen generals riding along the front line taking observations but not when the battle had a head on it larger than a skirmish fight and has reason to believe that they have been caught in quite a shower but when that happened they had business in the rear and they attended to it right off.

A Private Soldier's feeling cannot be described when just over there were thousands of rebels behind thousands of well loaded guns small and great and well fortified when he knew he must march up in front of them exposed to their piercing balls and exploding shells and knew that if he did not die in a pool of his own blood he would have to tread in the blood of his comrades so the readers must decide how they would feel were they under order for such an undertaking and how they would feel if they could stay back almost out of danger and simply say Charge and I have no doubt but what they will decide with me that there has been a very unjust discrimination in pay between officers and privates.

Of course the smaller fry such as brigadiers colonels etc were required to follow after keeping their respective distances back but of what use were they when in the roar and din of battle their voices could be heard no better than the tick of a watch at the time of a clap of thunder they may have yelled at the top of their voices but it gave no more force to the army than would bullfrogs squeaking give to the onward movement of a railway engine. It was only when there was but little fighting they could have orders executed but their whistles like Dr Franklin's were too dearly paid for.

I have seen so many deeds of valor true heroic deeds performed by Private Soldiers who seemed to place no value on their own lives while their dear old flag was in danger that in the face of all that has been written or may be said against my position. I declare that the names of such soldiers should be engraved on the rock of fame high over the name of any Maj. general that played a part in the late war and declare that if any officer will seek to have his name above such Private Soldiers he should be prosecuted for seeking honor under false pretenses and also declare that any speaker or writer that will set up a false idol to worship on the merits and patriotism of others would have no hesitancy in robbing Christ to honor Cesar.

As before stated I am not seeking to slur or to pluck a leaf from the wreath of honor any officer may have won but when I measure honor by the rule of suffering and of putting life in danger for the end to be obtained I say an officer stands by a Private Soldier like a pismire would stand by a lion and I think I have a right to judge because I was a witness on the case three years where the parties won their honors.

But there is one question that seems to strike me amidship and that is Did not the lower grade of officers follow the soldiers into battle. I admit that some of them went into it and went bravely too but they stood or went behind walls of human flesh and their liability of being killed depended on how many men stood before them but of what earthly use could they be with their swords while the enemy was a hundred yards off sending death in our ranks. Had they carried guns and used them instead of carrying useless corn-cutters they would have better helped to maintain the honor of our flag but here follows another question. Did they not keep the men in order and up to their places. To old soldiers I need not answer the question but to those who have not been in battle I will say No emphatically. After the men were started on a charge it was every man for himself and the body of the men soon became in the shape of the shadow of a cloud sweeping over a pasture field and altogether contrary to prescribed rules in tactics hence proving that officers no longer had control and so far as keeping men up to it was concerned I will say

that when soldiers took it in their heads to go back they went and that officers had no more power to hold them than geese would have to hold a drove of buffaloes on a stampede. The fact was that the officers were as ready and willing to go back as were the privates.

If an officer deserves to be praised for his bravery or the part he played he deserves it on the same principle that the little boy did that followed his father out in the woods to kill bears. All things fairly considered I can only speak of our late commissioned officers like merchant Hands spoke of his barrel of eggs. "Some of dose eggs vas very mooch goot and some vas mooch worser as not goot."

It is not to injure any one deserving praise that I write but to get merit where it belongs to correct an eroneous idea formed in the mind of the people that the officers alone busted the rebellion which has formed a covering to hide the shame of brigadiers in Congress legislating bug salaries and big pensions for themselves and of standing the worthy soldiers off with a mere pittance.

(C) There was not a Private Soldier in the late war that could lie down to rest feeling elated over his pay and what his mind had to tell him. If his mind wandered over his condition as a soldier it often returned to tell him that he had been insulted under-rated underpaid and underfed that his life in many respects was not so good as that of a negro slave. When it wandered to his home it returned to tell him that his family was suffering for the necessary comforts of life that his monthly pay though small in gold was one half less as paid in depreciated paper and did not so much as pay the rent of the house in which his family lived that his wife to support herself and children must daily toil over the washtub or farm-hoe that when sickness lay its heavy hand on one of his dear ones there was no money to buy medical aid and food and perhaps while the struggle is between life and death and when the mother in the interest of her sick child has exhausted her means and strength and knows not what next to do the house owner demands the rent due or that the wife the mother of the sick child get out of the house that then his wife to pay the rent without food must yes forced to labor over the wash-tub while she hears the piteous cries of her sick babe and that while her ears hears the mournful groans of her fever scorched loved one her eyes though swimming in tears can see just on the other side of the street Mrs General sitting in her easy arm-chair in all splendor of a Queen having servants to do all that is to be done even to arrange her dress-tail and to comb her head.

The soldier that he may not hear the sorrow in his home emerges from his narrow little pup-tent and with flashing eyes he looks a mile or more to the rear and sees Mr General sitting in his large house-tent and having a sentinel tramping a beat for no purpose other than to salute the General's callers while he and his comrades must stand between the General and the enemy and he can see no good reason why Mr General should receive \$7,500. per year while he receives only \$156. per year and he again lays down on his belly and crawls into his tent to seek the rest he needs when his turn came to fight but how could he find rest on a bed of sorrow made so by an unjust discriminating hand a hand which held the motto "Justice to all Special favors to none."

But how could rest be found where it did not exist. His ever active intelligent mind as if with a painter's brush pictured not only his own suffering but the misery and sorrow in his home so in lightning speed he sent his mind in search of relief to Washington but it returned to tell him that he was only known there on the pay-roll as a Private Soldier that it mattered not how hard and dangerous the duty of such was his low rank did not entitle him to more pay that such was not in line to be elected to a fat office that if such died or was killed Congress in no way could take the time to adjourn for the purpose of eulogizing him and could not take the peoples money to give him a high tone burial capped with a towering monument or to give his widow a rousing pension and that the best thing he could

do was to make up his mind to rot on the field if the fatigue corps did not find a chance or time to bury him in the trench.

It is such unjust discrimination between officers and soldiers practiced by the Government that the writer aims to strike not the officers and would if he could wipe it from the face of our Country. If a sword-man did all good he could he could do no more. If a gun-man did all the good he could he could do no more and as to which of the two was of the greater value to our army depends on which killed the more rebels and on which was in the greater danger of losing his life.

But says one "You give the officer no credit for his skill and the good growing out of his strategy. Are you not aware that fine general-ship of our officers has been the means of saving the lives of thousands of soldiers." Well yes. Let me see. All as if fine gun-ship never saved our army including officers, mule-teams and the title to every acre of land we possess on which the government bonds are based.

In what battle was your fine generalship displayed that ranked above the intelligence of an ordinary man or that seemed to partake of the supreme. Was any battle fought on any plan other than the one of "Lick em boys if you can." Was it in the wilderness where Generals Shaler and Seymour had one hour of time to change front but did not so as to meet rebel Gordon forming his men to take us on our right flank. Had our men there not depended on those generals they would have changed front themselves and would have prevented the great destruction of life that occurred there. Was it at Spottsylvania. where Gen. Wheaton held his brigade back of the hill as if expecting the 126th Ohio regiment could alone take the confederate works which almost caused the total destruction of that gallant Regt. Was it at Cold Harbor where the writer did not see a general from the first of June until] the twelfth but then I forget we were on one side of the dirt-pile and the Johnnies on the other. Was it in the mine explosion at Petersburg. I know it could not have been at Harpers Ferry at the time Miles surrendered. Well perhaps it was at Bull Run where it was Bull run Cow run Calf run Mule run and All run on the Union side.

But whether I have an example of it or not the fact remains that an army needs a commander well schooled in the art of handling troops a good strategist and he should make the best of all means within reach for the good of his troops and country in short he should be to the army what a rudder is to a ship but as the rudder compared with the other timbers of a ship carries but little of the ship's load so does the general carry but little of the load that makes army life so dreadful in fact his office is desired rather than disliked.

I do not claim that the mental work of a general was easy though he had a corps of advisers of his own choosing to assist him he may have worked in his tent on his war map until] late in the night but he did not stand out in the rain and cold all night like the sentinel at his door did he may have had some worry while riding on a horse as to how the column should be arranged for the march but he did not walk and run under a blazing hot sun with a heavy load on his back like the soldiers did he may have been so anxious for victory that he strained his eyes looking through a spyglass to see the movements of his men engaged in the work of death but he did not have the enemy's powder flashed into his face and eyes like the Private Soldier did he may have had some doubt of his body being sent home in case a stray ball would kill him if he fell in the hands of the enemy but the private knew should he be killed no difference in whose hands he fell that the trench would be his final resting place if not on the surface of the ground and this same general knew that his great pay enabled his family to live at ease in a costly mansion on the richest food and wear the finest clothing money could buy all too without even so much as punching the fire up and he also knew that the little pittance that a Private Soldier drew as his pay simply forced that soldier's family to be slaves and beggars.

I think I am right in saying that there was not a general in the late war when pay and ease were consulted would have traded his position for that of a Private Soldier. No he would have preferred to do the general's duty for nothing rather than do the private's duty for a general's pay. Then in the name of justice if we would obey her law why were the generals given so much pay why have they been kept on it since the war closed and why do their widows draw such enormous pensions. Ah fraud deception partiality greed all manipulated in the interest of self. It is all plain enough they captured the sobriquet Rebellion Busters though it is doubtful if they killed one of the 250,000 rebels that were killed. It was like the bees that gathered a lot of honey and the bears that stole it from them and the injustice will exist so long as brigadiers are given the right to say what their pay shall be and what the pay of a Private Soldier shall be.

Why is it that Mrs General can draw \$2,000 pension per year without even so much as asking for it while Mrs Private can if she lives long enough after her husband's death draw \$144. per year as pension providing she has strength to earn the fees required to establish her claim in the face of a law better calculated to defeat than to assist her and must wait longer for her pension than it took to put the rebellion down. Do you say that such discrimination is justice if it is then truly modern justice is a farce so ludicrous that it exalts one woman and humbles another though their virtue be alike but it is not justice it is down right rascality based on the old heathenish idea that a general's wife has finer flesh and blood than a private's wife has. No no says one it is not from such an idea it is on the principle that had the general lived he could have made more money for his wife than a private could have made for his wife. Certainly certainly I admit that especially had he remained in the army or been put on the retired list on big pay but I maintain that on the open field of life where man returns the worth of his pay free from the plan of dog eat dog or man rob man the general would find his equal if not superior in the private to make money. If there was a good reason why a general should have the great pay he received there was a better reason why it should have been stopped as salary at the close of the war or when his military use ceased.

It is strange yet true that nations, creeds and individuals must have pet idols to worship. The Roman church must have its toy-gods to worship. The remnant of the rebel confederacy which by the way is not small in number finds its god or idol to worship in the bones of old Jeff Davis which it packs from place to place like a dog will carry a beef-bone. A nation will select for its idols certain men and will take the heroic deeds wrought out by the suffering and bravery of its common soldiers and hang them on its un-common soldiers with as much impunity as a negro will have stealing chickens and having thus clothed its idols will spare no eloquence no parades and no money in worshipping them.

It does seem that the whole system of such false worship has been handed down from the dark ages from those who believed some mysterious power existed in dead matter and that certain men were real Gods. If we must worship men which is more sensible than to worship toy-trinkets and putrefied bones let us adore those whose own individual deeds of greatness growing out of suffering and risking life for the good of others or a common cause commend them to our hearts and at no time should we make substitutes for such heroes and give them the glory.

He that says a general was worth more to our country than a private was bases his statement on the worth of strategy. He that says a private was worth more to our country than a general was bases his statement on the fact that the private did the solid work suffered a thousand times more and endangered life a thousand times more than a general did and adds He that is not a fit subject for the lunatic asylum will take a general's place a

thousand times where he would not take a private's place once providing his qualification suited him for either place.

The writer bases what he has to say on one half experience that is he had some experience as a private but none as a general on the other side and remembers that on several different occasions when the troops were gathered in mass not to be swindled out of \$15. each for purgatorial purposes such as praying for the dead but to charge into that annex to hell and there in the midst of burning salt-peter sulphur and char-coal quickened and enlivened by the bursting of metal and flying of lead unite in preying on the living. I say it was when he was about to charge into such a hell that he would freely given all his three years pay in the army had it met his purpose or duty just for the privilege of standing back with him who ordered the charge.

In our quiet peaceful homes where nothing molests or makes us afraid we can hardly appreciate or estimate the value of distance per rod to the rear in time of battle even one inch beyond the reach of bayonets has saved the life of many a soldier every obstacle in the way of a ball on its flight toward a man is in a measure his protector and the greater the distance a man is back the greater the number of such protectors he will have then if life is worth more than money is it does seem that he who must most put his life in danger is worthy of most money.

When I say that a Private Soldier deserved as much honor and pay as a general did I do not reflect dishonor on that officer he should feel that he is highly rated when made equal with him who has the greatest name our country knows the name Private Soldier.

The American flag draws its honor and power from the American Private Soldier.

Our countries hope is found in its Private Soldier. He is the guardian of all property held by citizens of the United States.

END OF TABLET TEN, page 726

## Chapter 54

### Pension

How the money Circulates - Pension well Earned - Soldier's Objection - Government pays enough Money - Brigadier's Asylum - Finger Pension - The Darkey Answers - No distinction should be Made - Unworthy of Protection - The day Past - Fading Flowers - Loyal Citizens

The matter of Pensioning soldiers should not be considered a system of drainage on the wealth of a country but as a means of irrigating or fertilizing it. It does not only create a ready army in case of rebellion or invasion but it creates wealth which would remain undeveloped if the money was not put in circulation and a grand feature about it is it not only puts it into the pockets of those who saved it for the country through suffering but it puts it where it is most needed.

It is a well known fact that the laboring class of people does the solid work in war that being true it follows that the Pension cannot be hoarded up by it but immediately passes from it to the merchants from them to manufacturers then back to the laborers to again be put on its circuit leaving a benefit to all its recipients hence increases the wealth of a country as irrigation increases the worth of certain land.

I do not hold that the issuing of a Pension is just the thing for a banker but do hold that in a great measure it prevents the banker from drawing two pensions one on his bonds the other on his mortgages.

(C) The soldier that went through the late war suffered more than a man usually suffers in a life time when his country is at peace his food had he drawn a full ration as intended and no doubt paid for by the government would not have been so bad but as he did draw it it was not only short in quantity but bad in quality or such as a farmer would throw into a garbage-tub and a well fed dog refuse to eat his water to drink was often that that had passed off from the washing of thousands of stinken feet dirty shirts and filthy socks by those above him on the line of the brook of water and it was no harder to hold it on his stomach than it was to hold down the wormy bread and meat he was forced to eat his clothing was good enough but loaded down as he was he could not carry enough of it to make him comfortable his bed was the snow mud or solid ground just as the season of the year and other causes made it and the house in which he lived the eternal world just as nature formed it except in case where it had been a little improved on by way of a puppet which afforded some protection from snow and rain as far down as his shirt went but not from water that flowed on the surface of the ground his mind was never at rest while the foe was near he fought it on real ground in his imagination and in his dreams really dying mentally and phisically and his ever worrying dread that his pay was insufficient to meet the necessary expenses of his family together with the heart rending thought of his long separation from his dear ones all this with much that might be added. I say was enough to break down the strongest constitution in a few years' time and to send the soldier home a complete wreck of his former self and to an untimely grave.

The simple fact that the soldier put his life in danger in the interest of our people not only on the natural stormy ground but on the unnatural stormy field where rebel lightning and thunder burst from under a black cloud of treason sending its deadly bolts at him who dared to defend our national flag should commend him to the highest regard of an American citizen if not it should place him at least free from a beggar's stool and the death

of a pauper which has not been done in many cases but instead he has been stigmatized a Bummer and Fraud.

Let a curse rest on him who dares to thus insult a soldier.

When the soldier returned home he found that he had not only lost his health and strength in the service of his country but that he had also lost his old or former position in business that he must begin a new to support his family. What had he to begin with his health strength and money being gone. It was as if he had the rock to carry fora great wall but no muscle but all was not gone the Government he so bravely defended remained and from it he expected what it promised him better recognition than he had received not as gratuitous but as an unpaid debt a debt as fairly made as that to pay interest on the bonds.

The Government agreed to pay interest on the body of a bond untill it became dead it also agreed to pay interest on the disabled body of the soldier untill it became dead but I do not understand why the former should be paid in gold and the latter in paper neither do I know why the one is called interest for the bond and the other Pension for the soldier nor do I know why the one should be so freely paid and the other so begrudginly or as if it was an unjust debt by many who if they are not loyal should get out of the country.

“Me soldier does not object to receiving his Pension if that is the right name for it in paper but he does object to rebels and copperheads having a say as to how much of it per month he shall receive. The simple fact that the South was reconstructed is no proof that it was converted had it been the secesh flag would not be brought out on public occasions the fall of Fort Sumpter would not be celebrated and old Jeff’s bones would not be idolized and worshiped as if he had been a loyal hero. Does it not look as if some more shooting should be done down there but what right has such base rebels and their allies in the North to go into congress and fix up a Union soldier’s Pension. Can a soldier expect just treatment from his enemy but the majority put them in congress the majority allows them to stay there which implies that the war to preserve the Union was wrong and that right had been crushed at Appomattox if so restore to the south its flag and territory its human slavery and mixing up of white and black blood then let the people choose their banner go to their respective sides and not mix up in a legislative body as they are doing. The writer is not in favor of restoring to the South its old secesh flag but he is in favor of introducing all remaining rebels in a very feeling way to the powerful lately invented big guns.

The United States Government pays out annually enough pension money which if paid according to degree of disability instead of degree in rank its soldiers would be better Pensioned but as it is one man will draw many times more money than another though both be disabled in the same degree as for instance

A Lieut. colonel for loss of his index finger is allowed \$15. per month.

A private soldier for the loss of his index finger is allowed \$4. per month.

Now I do not understand that the Lieut. Col. would necessarily suffer more pain and in any sense be more disabled by having his finger shot off than a private would but it seems our law makers decided that it was four times harder for a man to carry galvanized straps on his shoulders than it was to carry a ten pound gun hence they gave the patch-man about four times as much Pension on like degree of disability as they gave the gun-man.

However unjust such discrimination may seem the soldier must bear it because the people by their votes say so. You remember that soon after the war congress halls were converted into what might be called a Brigadier Asylum. Union brigadiers and rebel brigadiers were all there housed as a legislative body to determine in connection with other matter what Pension should be given to men of their rank and to men that carried guns. Of



course the rebel brigadiers could expect no Pension but they fancied they could see greatness in the prefix to their own names and could see no reason why it did not exist in the prefix to the names of Union brigadier's and at once became ready tools.

The Union brigadier had often gazed on the star planted on the patch his shoulder bore and he believed that it was equal to if not greater than this world that its brightness outrivalled that of the sun and could hardly understand how any mortal being could bear up under such greatness without being translated on the spot but he knew he had lived through it all because he could see on his shoulder the very identical place where the thing had rested and he turned to the member on his right and asked

“Say Mr Georgia. Do you believe knowing as you do that a star was such a great thing on a man's shoulder and that two leaves there placed were proportionately great that a gun was one quarter as heavy on the shoulder as those two leaves were.”

“Na-h. Certainly not. But Mr New York I see that the finger you would use in pointing out the sight and site where the star sat twinkling in all its splendor has been cut off leaving you disabled to point out to an admiring world the only secret of your greatness. The lieutenant colonel having his index finger off is also deprived in pointing out his two leaves.”

The house soon concurred in the opinion that a man would four times rather point out a leaf on his shoulder than to point out a gun there hence the Pension for the loss of an index finger in the one case being four times greater than in the other is easily accounted for. All ratings in favor of an officer and against a private by the officers where the degree of disability is alike in each has for its basis no better foundation than self esteemed importance and self interest as in the above.

When we remember how important some officers supposed themselves to be the wonder is that they did not make their Pension a thousand times more than they did and they try to cover their absurdity by saying that an officer was worth more to his country to the army and to his family than a private soldier was. Great Scissors if that is true and should we have another war by all means put shoulder-straps on everything from president down including army mules take no guns on a battle field just shoulder-straps nothing else and learn a lesson.

As before stated the shams and false pretenses brought to bear in obtaining commissions does not furnish proof in all cases that the best talent was brought out hence the unjust discrimination in pay and in Pension on that ground is as unjust as the false methods under which commissions were obtained but for argument let us admit that the service of Lieu. colonel was worth that of thirteen privates. Did he not get as much pay as thirteen privates did. Certainly you say Was he not paid a salary in full for his worth over a private. Yes. Well then by what method of fair reasoning should that colonel have four times as much Pension for the loss of his finger as a private gets.

“Dunno Massa. Guess him must be 'bout fo times bigger in his conceit ob himse'f and can't no longer git his finger so well into udder gemmens pockets.”

If any one can give a better answer than the Darkey let him step three paces to the front.

The fact is that when officers and privates were mustered out of service they alike became common citizens and it is presumed that if one class was worth in the army more than the other it was fully paid the difference in worth and it does seem that when the roar of battle ceased when the arms were stacked on the field of victory when the stars and

stripes looked down on the rag treasonable hands had made when officers could no longer ride and damn weary sick foot soldiers to close up to make body servants of them in camp or to parade them under a burning hot sun for the gratification of visitors and when the joyful march to the bosom of friends at home was completed. I say it does seem that when all that was over our Government should be impartial in treating its heroes that it should make no distinction in rank when rank no longer existed and that it should Pension its defenders according to degree of disability each received in line of duty and not according to degree of office held.

If a distinction in rank must be made for merit it ought to be made in favor of the class that did the solid work in putting the rebellion down that suffered more in camp that endured more on the march and that stood foremost in battle and if that class be the officers then the Pension law is right as it stands otherwise wrong.

Any nation that will wrongfully discriminate between its soldiers is unworthy of being protected but asks one "Do not Germany, France and England recognize a greatness in officers whether it exists in them or not and pay and Pension them as if it really did exist in them." Yes yes and so does India and all other heathen nations in which the absurd idea took its birth and from which the illegitimate child has been handed down and which civilization has been unable to kill as much so as it has been unable to destroy the crime of theft and murder.

This supposed greatness existing in officers has been the prime cause of too much unfair Pension legislation.

I admit that we had as great officers as the world ever knew but in admitting that I do not wish to be understood as implying that the greatest one of them was any greater than the greatest private that might have been selected from the army. Our private soldiers were educated men as much so perhaps as were our officers and they were private soldiers because all could not be officers and they were private soldiers because all could not be officers and because they had not the wealth that sole promoting power in our country.

Our officers generally became officers not by having the honor shoved on them by the soldiers but by shoving themselves into the offices and once in an office the regular order of promoting carried many of them far beyond their ability.

Yes they had all the help rich daddies and uncles could give in the way of pushing them and the incentive power that run the mill was not merit but the ease honor safety and big pay to be found there as compared with a private's life of carrying a gun many of them got there as fraudulently as do many into political offices therefore I have no hesitancy in saying according to the best of my belief that if twenty per cent of the privates was corrupt then sixty per cent of the privates was corrupt then sixty per cent of the officers was. Then in the name of justice I ask Where does the supposed greatness in officers come in that they should have such exalted privileges excessive pay and Pension all too in the face of the fact that many of them had been raised fed clothed and educated at the Government's expense. Does it not look as if where brigadiers reign a premium had been put on corruption.

But asks one "Does not history teach that the officers Busted the rebellion. Does not that celebrated poem Sheridan's Ride which has been read and declaimed throughout the world conclusively show superior worth in officers." Well if the officers "Busted the rebellion" it was needless for the government to call out near two million of privates for that purpose and it was needlessly cruel for it to shoot to death those that deserted if their help was not needed and it was wrong in it to only discharge one of those Busters when he deserted if his help was so great and as to Gen. Sheridan bringing order out of chaos at Cedar Creek Oct. 19th 1864 is more fanciful than true. On that memorable day Gen. Wright

and Gen. Custer had succeeded in reforming their lines with a view of retaking the lost ground and were ready for that purpose at the time Gen. Sheridan came up and it is doubtful if forty men in the Army of the Shenandoah at that time knew that Gen. Sheridan came up so I fail to see that Sheridan's presence or return inspired the men with such enthusiasm and prowess that defeat was changed to victory.

Gen. Sheridan was all right but people that can be made believe all fiction in history and in poems are all wrong and they are those that made it possible for brigadiers to legislate money out of deserving soldiers pockets to be put into official pockets.

I hold that the officer should be Pensioned just as the private is but that the Pension as it falls due him should be subtracted from the amount of salary he received until the minuend equals the pay the private received for the same length of time in the U.S. service.

The day for doing the soldiers justice in the way of pensioning them has long since past. Three score of years have been recorded on the book of their past. Many of them are now sleeping in their quiet tents waiting for the bugle sound that shall call them to their eternal camping ground. The gray hair dim eyes and feeble bodies of those that remain with us teach that they too will soon fight the battle in which they must die. A few more days or years at most it will be said of those that carried our flag to victory and conquered the foulest rebellion that ever disgraced a Christian land

“They are all gone.”

If you have a kind word to say to a soldier say it now soon it will be too late. If the government ever intends to Pension its soldiers free from unjust discrimination it should do so now soon it will be too late. If thousands of claims filed for Pensions are to lay in the Department uncared for four years longer as they have from 1890 to 1894 they may be allowed when the claimants are bivouacing on the shining shore of the redeemed but it will then be too late.

If a loyal people will take the money expended for flowers on decoration days and with it erect monuments at the graves to the memory of their heroes it will not be too late they will not fade away as do the flowers but they will last to remind rising generations that the heroes sleeping beneath their feet had freed their country from the curse of human slavery and the disgrace of a secesh flag.

Wilting and fading flowers are only expressive of the short esteem in which our soldiers have been held and are fitting for the promises that so soon faded away. The blooming bud may remind the soldier mother of her boy but she needs it not the silent room the vacant chair the aching heart never cease to tell her “He died for his country.”

It does seem that if the Pension matter is ever fairly regulated it will be when it is turned over to a committee of disinterested loyal citizens not self interested and free from the domineering influence of brigadiers. The money now expended for the purpose is sufficient to Pension all entitled if the grabbers are kept back from the pile.