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DESCRIPTIVE LECTURE.

Both Sides of Army Life.

THE GRAVE AND THE GAY.

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Class 2541

Book 445

BOTH SIDES OF ARMY LIFE: THE GRAVE AND THE GAY.

There are many living whose earliest recollections are recitals of incidents during the War of the Revolution by aged grand or great-grand parents, or others who had vivid recollections of the war which gained our independence as a nation and established the United States of America as a separate republic, founded upon the principle of self-government.

The valor of our fathers, the heroism of the colonists, and the long struggle against a mighty and powerful nation, with ultimate victory and independence, so often quoted, kindled the fires of patriotism upon the altar of American hearts. The subsequent wars of 1812 with England and of 1846 with Mexico, which resulted victoriously for us, tended to educate us in the belief that we were *invincible in war!*

Fourth of July orators stirred our hearts with apostrophes to the American Flag, which was declared to be the greatest flag on earth, as it waved unmolested on every sea and in every land under the sun, giving protection to an American citizen *everywhere* on the habitable globe, and guaranteeing him his rights and privileges, as an American, at home or abroad.

The American Eagle, perched upon the staff to which was attached our flag, was eulogized as the proudest and greatest bird in all the earth! He could fly higher, swoop down lower, soar longer, and measure more from tip to tip than any other national bird. All this with reference to the flag and eagle was *sentiment*; but it educated Young America patriotically, so that when the glorious old stars and stripes—emblems of national unity—was fired upon at Sumter, the Northern heart was fired with indignation, and this *sentiment was to become crystallized into the solid steel of military activity*, and was to be proven the VERY EMBODIMENT OF INVINCIBLE FORCE!

At the call to arms to maintain the integrity of the Union and the dignity of the old flag, the "boys" came from hamlet, village, town and city; from the woods, fields, workshops, stores, banks, colleges and pulpits, to sustain the Government, crush out rebellion, and prevent the severance of the States.

The history of the early days of the struggle, with necessary organization and preparation, with its disasters and consequent effects, we need not detail. To obtain a starting point, and also to narrate events coming directly under the author's eye, we view the second defeat at Bull Run, the immediate gathering of the army, the hurrying forward of new troops into Maryland, and follow the fortunes of the First Division of the Twelfth Corps, which at that time was reinforced by the 13th New Jersey, 107th and 150th New York, all new regiments, and all being attached to the 3d Brigade.

Though under fire at South Mountain, the brigade took no part in that battle; but early on the morning of September 17, 1862, as the gray dawn was pushing back the blackness of night, revealing the blue of day, we were ordered by the gray-haired Mansfield to push back the grey of treason and show the enemy the pure blue of loyalty! Up the wooded slope—over the dead and dying—meeting the stretcher-bearers carrying the dear wounded boys—through the woods to the edge of the cornfield—the scene of a desperate and bloody charge! Just there, under a large tree, with the Surgeon of the Regiment, wounded severely, by his side, sat one of the 107th New York boys, with both limbs broken by a solid shot; and he, in his agony, knowing death must soon come, was calling, *Mother!* MOTHER! MOTHER! Brave hearts trembled—strong men wept—indescribable emotions swept over mind and heart—*Forward!* FORWARD! the command rose higher, and on we went—through the cornfield—up to the Hagerstown Pike, leaping the five-rail fence on either side, and meeting a volley from the enemy which carried death and disaster to many. *Down men!* ran along the line; the rebels advance, firing as they come; it is a critical moment; the ground occupied had been won by hard fighting; the “Pike” was important; but there was a great gap to our right—and on the left we were advanced considerably beyond the line; the enemy sees the gap at the right—run for it, and are about coming down on our flank to crush us when we are ordered to fall back in line to the edge of the woods at the historic cornfield. Reinforcements, which could not get into the break in the line in time, meet the oncoming rebels with a terrific volley and send them back sullen, but defeated in their intended purpose.

The fight had raged furiously on the right, and down by the Dunker Church there had been great strife; the ground had been lost and won time and again. Now, that the conflict in our immediate front had been temporarily decided, the brigade is ordered into the woods to the left and in front of the Dunker Church, with instructions not to fire a single shot; to lie flat on the ground, and await the coming of the enemy; when the rebels advance upon us to fall back steadily and in line to the brow of the hill, behind the batteries planted there, and halt. Lying in the woods, observing the movements of the Confederates, we saw them form their line; they advance at a “trail arms,” evidently contemplating a surprise; we allow them to come within fifty yards, and then we rise and retreat in good order, receive a volley, fall down behind the artillery, which immediately pours grape and canister into their very faces, the concussion causing many to rise up twenty feet in the air, as though shot out of a gun! The brigade was withdrawn; the regiments encamped after roll-call and recording of casualties; the 13th New Jersey lost one hundred and sixty-five.

Attached to Company K of the 13th New Jersey was one Sam. C. Davis, whom “the boys” nicknamed “Jeff” Davis; one of those cross, crabbed, cranky, crusty, cantankerous fellows, sometimes met with, who was against everybody and expected everybody to be against him. One of the boys espied something on Jeff’s knapsack—and, by the way, he was short and stout, and always carried about four times as large a knapsack as any other member of the company—and he cried out, “I say, Jeff, look at your knap-

sack; take it off and look at it." "Mind your business," said Jeff. "Oh, Jeff, see your knapsack!" cried out a number in chorus. "Mind your business, and don't bother me," replied Jeff; finally, after considerable wrangling, he dropped his load, unstrapped his coffee-pot, held it up, and the light streamed through a hole made by a ball. "Consarn them 'ere pesky rebels," yelled Jeff, "they put a hole clean through my new coffee-pot, and I paid forty-five cents for it!" "But see your frying-pan, Jeff," called out another. He slowly raised it up, saw that the rim had been shot away from a large part of it, and angrily said, "They could not even let my frying-pan alone, consarn 'em, the pesky fellows," and then threw it as far away as he could.

Neither brigade or corps took any part in the Fredericksburg disaster, being "stuck in the mud," making, on an average, about five miles a day. After the failure of Burnside, Hooker was placed in command of the army, and immediately issued orders increasing and changing the quality of the rations. A German named John Icke, coming down the company street with both arms full, met the author and, smiling, said, "See vat Hooker feeds us mit; he is fattenen us up fur de schlauter-house."

At Chancellorsville, on Friday afternoon, we were ordered down toward Marye's Heights, out into a swampy forest, to "feel the enemy." To better enable us to do this, perhaps, we were drawn up into an open field and ordered to leave our knapsacks. We *did* leave them, for not a single soul has ever seen one of them since! The value of my own was not very great; and I have long since buried any ill-will harbored toward my late antagonists, having shaken hands "across the bloody chasm" with many of them; still, it is *hard to forget*. In a certain knapsack left that day there was a certain package of letters, from a certain person, tied up with blue ribbon! The fellow who got those letters has *never been forgiven or forgotten*, because those letters were from "the girl I left behind me"—my "own Mary Ann!"

We were not *driven* out of that place; we merely went about a mile further to the right and *back* of that field where the knapsacks were left, and thus gave the suffering and needy army of Lee some new clothing. Back on the "Pike," beyond the Chancellor House, across the creek, and into the edge of the woods we went, halted, and lay upon the wet, marshy soil all night. Saturday morning a line was formed and works erected. Down on our left and front was the Eleventh Corps. Sharp volleys of musketry are heard; closer and closer it seems to roll toward us; batteries at the rear, as well as in front, add to the din; the First Division is ordered out of its works, and goes to the rear of the Eleventh Corps, in support of it; the battle rages fiercer and fiercer; a terrific and long-continued roll of musketry tells of reinforcements to the enemy; the Union line receives the onset, wavers, doubles up, and runs! The flushed Confederates pursue; teams, wagons, artillery horses, men, pack mules, and ambulances, all mix together and push against the First Division of the Twelfth Corps, while some of the more desperate, panic-stricken men of Schurz's Division of the Eleventh Corps, in order to save themselves as they think, endeavor to drive back the First Division; it, however, "hangs on" until the routed ones not captured all get beyond its lines, when it, too, in compliance with orders, moves off toward its old position. In the edge of the woods we are halted by an obstruction in the form of the

enemy occupying the very works we built and had left shortly before, to strengthen the line on the left. All through the night we retained our line without works or barricade. With the dawn of the Sabbath day began the terrible conflict which raged almost without intermission through the day and a part of the night.

The First Division fought by brigade lines, three lines to each brigade, consequently was under fire and engaged until nearly or quite noon, when it was relieved by fresh troops; but the relieving forces "marched" to the rear faster than we did, they being driven by the charge made to capture the thirty-six pieces of artillery bristling on the crest of the hill to the Union left of the "Pike" and just behind the creek. Elated with the success of the day before, inspired by the arrival of fresh troops, and believing themselves invincible on that field, the Confederates *determined* to carry the hill, break our line, and win the fight. Steadily they advance, though thirty-six double-shotted guns belch forth fire, and death, and destruction in their very faces, opening wide swaths in their ranks! Without flinching they move forward, close up the gaps made in their ranks, and, with their eyes, and hearts, and purposes fixed on the batteries, they reach the guns as the artillerymen fire the last shot, while the horses are being attached to take them away. One brave fellow, whose name will not be written very high on the roll of the honored dead or conspicuously gallant,—a member of the 13th New Jersey,—with both limbs broken, mounted a gun as it was being taken away, by drawing himself up by his arms astride the cannon. Thus, with broken, dangling limbs, he clings to the gun as the horses gallop; but, when down by the Rappahannock the artillery had reached a place of safety and halted, he was found still clinging to his piece but in death!

The tide of war was against us. Slowly but surely the lines fall back, abandoning position after position, defence after defence, until the Union Army was occupying an entrenched line on the hills above the swelling Rappahannock. Here the defeated, though not dispirited, army lay, while the drenching rains wet us all and caused the river to rise higher and higher; apparently, even Providence was against us, for it was impossible to cross the river or to lay pontoon bridges. The swollen stream at last subsided, bridges were put in place, corps after corps was successfully landed on the other side, and the army, saved from capture or annihilation, marched sadly back to its old cantonments, save the dear boys who freely gave their lives, limbs and blood for the proud, yet sorely stricken, country they loved. John Icke, the night he took his old quarters, as he threw into the stockade all he had left, said, "Didn't I tell you Hooker was fattenen us up fur de schlauter-house? *We've been there!*"

John C. Maddox was a member of Company G, 13th New Jersey Vols. When the roll was called he did not answer to his name. It was said that he was seen alive, going to the rear as fast as it was possible for him to get there. Several days passed, but no Maddox appeared. Finally, one fine day, in walked Mr. M., as "large as life and twice as natural." His Captain, (who had been "sweet" on his sister,) inquired where he had been, what had befallen him, etc., to all of which Maddox gave unsatisfactory answers. The Captain, fearing harsh measures might prejudice his case with the sister,

marched him up before the Colonel, who inquired, "Maddox, where have you been?" "To Washington, sir," was the answer. "What was you doing there?" "I was on detached service, sir." "Who ordered you away from the regiment, and when did you go?" "Well, sir," replied Maddox, "I have as brave a heart in my body as any man, but the most cowardly legs you ever saw. When we were going into the fight, and the minnies whistled '*where is he? where is he?*' I said, 'Brave heart, go on, there is honor and glory before you!' Then the shells called out, 'That 's him! that 's him!' and I said, 'Courage, brave heart, there 's glory here!' but these cowardly legs of mine turned about, against the protest of my brave heart, and actually *detached me*. I ran off the field, crossed the river in a wagon, and ran all the way to the Long Bridge. It was my cowardly legs that did it." He was court-martialed, and sentenced to forfeit ten dollars a month for six months out of his pay. Poor, brave heart, suffering for the deed of a pair of cowardly legs.

The Confederate General Lee doubtless thought the Union army had suffered in *morale* as well as in men—was dispirited, and, therefore, could be easily beaten. In any event, he started East. The Twelfth Corps moved on his flank, and, by forced marches, was in his front when his head of column reached Littlestown, Pa.; and there, with the assistance of cavalry, drove the rebels out of the town and back upon Gettysburgh. The next day Reynolds fell; the struggle on the left became desperate—its outcome was of momentous importance. Sickles, with his shattered and decimated corps, was "holding on" and striving against great odds, and at great disadvantage, to maintain his position. At this critical juncture, the Twelfth Corps was ordered on the double quick to Sickles' relief. Down through the ravines, up the stony slopes, through fields and orchards, on we swept, reaching the scene of conflict and pressing the rebel right flank as we moved forward, grape and canister, shot and shell, and rifle ball, hurled at us with unceasing vigor, betokened the magnitude of our reception and the desperation with which the enemy was pushing against our left to break the line and force us to select another position to give him battle on. With equal determination, Sickles, and Slocum with his Twelfth Corps, pushed the fight, until, as darkness veiled the earth and that field of carnage, the enemy desisted and the position was ours.

Under the friendly covering of the night, the Twelfth Corps was withdrawn and placed on the extreme right of the line, behind Rock Creek. The Morning of July 3, 1863, dawned upon both armies fully prepared for a decisive battle. Up to noon there had been considerable artillery and rifle firing, but no general engagement. At a given signal, the artillery of both armies inaugurated the greatest artillery duel of modern wars; the noise, and shock, and shriek, was incessant, terrific, and the fire deadly. The flower of the Confederate Army is massed against the key to the Union position. Under that fearful thunder of guns, in the face of flashing rifles before their very eyes, with a heroism worthy a holy cause and an apparent disregard of consequences, that *almost* invincible band leap forward to the task assigned only to meet with stubborn resistance and a *positive* negative to the plan of the commander-in-chief. Again and again did their intrepid commanders hurl them against that living wall of invincible wearers of the blue, only to meet death

and be broken to pieces, until at last, worn out with the struggle, the few remaining of that brave band were unable to again go up to the charge. While this momentous struggle was progressing the whole line was more or less engaged. On the extreme right, an aide-de-camp handed the Colonel of the 2d Massachusetts an order to "advance his line." This necessitated the weakening of the line held by a part of the First Division of the Twelfth Corps, by withdrawing from the works and separating the men so as to fill the gap caused by the withdrawal of the 2d Massachusetts. The 13th New Jersey, or a part of it, held the works about to be vacated. When all was ready, the 2d Massachusetts gallantly clambered over the works, formed line, and moved forward. Not over twenty yards had been traversed, when a fearful volley of musketry was poured into them, and seventy-two of the dear, brave boys went down! The Colonel, instantly realizing that a mistake, or a *criminal blunder*, had been made, ordered his men back, and the former positions were again taken by the regiments composing the brigade. Within sight lay the dead and wounded; heroic men braved death to bring them in, for every one was mercilessly shot at, some being killed and others wounded; still they lay there calling upon us to relieve them, and for the love of God to give them water! There are some things man cannot do; one is to see suffering, hear cries for help, or stop his ears when appealed to by the love he bears his God, his family, his country, or his mother, and then *refuse* assistance. True humanitarians procured stretchers, water, bandages, etc., and, scaling the works, went forth on an *errand of mercy!* Remorselessly, and, as it seemed, savagely, were they *shot down* ere they reached a suffering soul! Again and again were like efforts made, the men holding white flags aloft, only to meet the fate of their predecessors. *It was certain death to show yourself!* All that long, hot afternoon the poor boys lay there calling for help, water, and mother! Some, with a little strength left, crawled slowly and laboriously toward the line only to perish before the goal was reached! It was stated afterward that the order to the 2d Massachusetts was *not* to "advance the line," but to "advance skirmishers."

When the gems studding the arch of blue above us shone brightly that night, the First Division of the Twelfth Corps was withdrawn from the line, being relieved by a newly uniformed and equipped contingent of Maryland troops, afterward learned to be "emergency men." The First Division marched back on the road toward Littlestown, then took a road running south, and, after a few miles had been covered, came up with a division of cavalry and there bivouacked for the night. Early the next morning we were on the move, and followed a road which we supposed would bring us in front of our old position. In this we were not mistaken; all along the march stragglers from the retreating Confederate Army were "picked up," who gave us the intelligence that Lee had retreated. The division came to Rock Creek, crossed over, and entered the line of works just at the place we had departed from. The newly-uniformed Maryland boys *were there*—there in the body, but lifeless, and cold, and still, with no welcome for us! The enemy, hearing the noise of departing the night before, and supposing the line was being evacuated, in order to accelerate the speed of the troops, *charged the works!* *The Maryland Union boys fought Maryland rebels, and,*

like when Greek meets Greek, then "*came the tug of war!*" On *our* side of the works the ground was strewn with Maryland men, and the earth was red with *Union* Maryland blood; so, on the *other* side there were great numbers of *rebel* Maryland men lying, and the earth was dyed with *their* blood.

Lee was followed to the Rappahannock, the Twelfth Corps going on the upper part of the river. While encamped at the fords, the New York draft riots were in progress, and some regiments were sent to New York to assist in quelling them. In one of the regiments composing the 3d Brigade were two brothers by the name of Anderson. One was sick in hospital with typhoid fever; the other attended him when off duty and ministered to his wants. One day, when the well one was on picket, the sick boy inquired for him and was informed that he was down the river on the picket-line. That night at about one o'clock, in his delirium, he eluded his watcher, and, clad only in a loose robe, in the chill of the night he wended his way to the remotest picket-post of the regiment, where his brother was then on duty. He dare not leave to care for the loving sick boy; all that he could do was to give him his own blanket and coat and cause him to lie down until relieving time. In the morning they brought the dying boy back; before noon he had gone with the "silent majority." With cracker boxes and odds and ends of boards, a box was made; the dear dead boy was wrapped in a blanket; an American flag was placed on the box holding his remains; with muffled drums beating the dead march, with arms reversed, the "boys" followed that stricken brother,—who, *all alone*, walked behind that rude box,—down to the spot where the dead boy's love for his brother had taken him; there was he borne, and lovingly and tenderly buried!

In the fall of 1863, the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps were consolidated, designated the Twentieth, and ordered to the Southwest. The Second Division, under General Geary, fought Hooker's immortal battle of Lookout Mountain—"the battle above the clouds." The First Division was stretched along the Nashville & Chattanooga Railroad, guarding it against the incursions of the Confederate cavalry. The "Western Army," as it was sometimes called, did not take very kindly to Hooker's corps of former "Army of the Potomac" designation. Day after day, as the soldiers were passing over the railroad from the hospitals to the front—the convalescents and healed wounded of the battle of Chickamauga,—they saluted the Twentieth Corps with—"paper collar soldiers;" "do you get 'soft bread' every day now?" "you fellows can't fight;" "Lee nearly always beats you;" and, "we'll show you how to fight." The boys took it good naturedly and bided their time.

Walking down the railroad from Normandy to Duck River bridge, one day, one of the 3d Brigade boys met a little colored boy, apparently seven or eight years old. The colored fellow said, "Massa, does you want a cook?" "What's your name?" the soldier asked. "Green," responded the boy. "Green what?" inquired his interrogator. "Green nothing," replied the lad. "Where's your father and mother?" "Done ain't got no fader—never had any; done ain't got no moder either now, 'cause she's rund off and left Green, to be a ossifer's cook, and I want to be a cook too." "Come along," said the wearer of the red star, "and you can be my cook." No sooner was Green installed as cook for the mess than he began making inquiries how he might

become white. David Hicks, a jolly, rollicking fellow, who stuttered greatly, took Green in hand and proceeded to instruct him how to "turn white." Dave said, "G-g-r-r-reen, y-y-ou m-m-ust h-h-ave y-y-our w-w-ool shaved of-f." Green submitted gracefully. Dave dexterously used the razor, but left a bunch of wool the size of a silver dollar in the centre of Green's crown, for, as he told him, "it w-would k-k-ill any d-d-arn n-nig-g-ger to t-take all his w-w-ool off at once."

Attached to one of the regiments was a character by name Young. Of course, he was dubbed "Brigham" Young. His cap was always on sideways; his clothing never fit him; his pantaloons were always "hiked up" on one side, while the other leg was under foot; his feet were so large that it was said the Quartermaster rarely could find a *seventeen* for him, and, consequently, it was often absolutely necessary *to cut off the toes of the shoes to make them long enough*. The size of his feet, as he laid with them to the fire, prevented the heat from reaching his body, so he would curl himself up alongside his fire and burn his pants bottoms off. "Brigham" was a hearty fellow—always looking for something to eat. It was intimated that, on a "pinch," he *would steal* provisions; but, as he was never *caught*, it was thought by some to be a slander. One night, however, when "Brigham" was one of the guards on the commissary tent, about twenty-five pounds of pork, twenty of "hard tack," several quarts of beans, dried apples, vinegar and molasses, with many pounds of sugar, coffee, etc., were found to be missing. A search of the quarters of the guard revealed nothing; the missing provisions could not be found. Again "Brigham's" tent was searched. Down about two feet, under boards covered with earth, was found the plunder. Temptation was stronger than "Brigham;" the sight of so much to eat was too much for him. The courtmartial did not take into account his weakness; he was assessed ten dollars a month for six months.

While guarding the railroad it was necessary, for the protection of the regiments, to place a cordon of pickets about the camp of each. The usual distance was from a fourth to half-a-mile beyond the camp. One dark, cold night, during the winter of '63-4, a shot was heard on the picket-line, followed quickly by several others, indicating that something was wrong down near Duck River, about half-a-mile beyond the camp of the 13th New Jersey. As quickly as possible the regiment was ordered out and in line. As soon as all was ready, silently and as noiselessly as it could, the regiment moved out of its camp, across the railroad, over one field, scaling a fence, crossing another field, and, halting in line of battle behind a fence; right in front, within ten yards, was the enemy in force—*two white doukeys!* Chopfallen, half-angrily, and with muttered threats against *somebody*, the Colonel ordered a return. Reaching camp, the irrepressible Maddox was found. He had been on picket. Hearing a rushing, thundering sound coming nearer and nearer his post, he said he "thought" the whole Southern Confederacy had broken loose and was coming down pell-mell onto him; so, as a good soldier and faithful sentinel, he had "fired at the advancing enemy and *then run to camp to warn the regiment!*" The next morning, after roll-call, as each company "broke ranks," every man went down to Company G's quarters, and, standing in front of Maddox's tent, placed each hand behind an ear, and moving his

fingers to represent the flapping of a donkey's ears, cried out, in imitation of that sleek, solemn quadruped, "Auh-uh! Auh-uh! Auh-uh-uh!"

Early in the spring of 1864, the Twentieth Corps was united at Chattanooga, and formed a part of that invincible host which, under the intrepid, independent, fearless and victorious SHERMAN, was destined in one year to *fight its way* from Chattanooga to Savannah, and thence to Raleigh. In the early part of May we pushed up against the rocky Dalton, and pressed the enemy back. Down to Buzzard Roost the corps hurried, carried its slopes, and triumphantly marched through the gap. At Resaca, the corps hurled itself against the rebel right, charging batteries and works, and capturing guns, prisoners and battle-flags. The Second Division was faced by massive works, which bristled with guns. With spade and shovel the works were undermined, and the "white star" boys dragged the guns from under the eyes of the enemy and drew them to the rear. After the battle was won, the soldiers of the other corps said, "Boys, you are not paper collar soldiers; you don't eat 'soft bread' every day; and *you can fight!* We take it all back!"

At Pumpkin Vine Creek, Hooker and his body guard "ran against a snag." The First Division of his Twentieth Corps was hurried forward, carried the bridge, drove the rebels some distance, and halted for a few moments' rest. Hooker personally ordered the Colonel of the 13th New Jersey to deploy the regiment as skirmishers, and directed the other regiments of the brigade to follow in line of battle. Forward moved the skirmish line; on behind followed the battle line; down the rocky slopes of that pine forest, with blinding rain beating in their faces and heaven's artillery thundering above them, did the patriotic boys go; on and on, further and further, faster and faster, they went, until, without warning, hidden from sight and protected by the storm, the enemy had drawn them upon their works and batteries! No louder was the roar above them from the clouds than the crash of shot and shell, and explosion of schrapnel, and the roll of volley after volley of musketry, which poured into them and mowed them down as grass before the scythe! A mere handful of men had been thrown against the strongest part of an intrenched line, strengthened with batteries, (masked and undiscoverable save by the puff of smoke as they were used), and the works filled with the best soldiery of that army. *Somebody blundered!* It was *not* a disaster, but a fearful and useless waste of life. John Icke declared that "Hooker had taken us to the 'schlatter-house' agin!"

Day by day ground was taken; every week marked substantial gain and victory for the Union cause. The Chattahooche River was reached and crossed. The Fourth Corps was sent above some miles. After a few days of preparation, and all was in readiness for aggressive work, a detachment from the Twentieth Corps went out to meet the Fourth. The "heads of column" met where roads running east and west and north and south crossed. The Fourth "filed left" into the road running south, while the Twentieth "filed right" and took that side of the same road. Thus, marching side by side, the "heads of column" moving together, a sudden sound of gun ahead and noise of shell above warn of danger. Each column moves to the side of the road it has been traveling, forms line and moves forward to contest the crossing of Nancy's Creek. The schrapnel bursts above us; the iron falls on

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At Pumpkin Vine Creek, Hooker and his body guard "ran against a snag." The First Division of his Twentieth Corps was hurried forward, carried the bridge, drove the rebels some distance, and halted for a few moments' rest. Hooker personally ordered the Colonel of the 13th New Jersey to deploy the regiment as skirmishers, and directed the other regiments of the brigade to follow in line of battle. Forward moved the skirmish line; on behind followed the battle line; down the rocky slopes of that pine forest, with blinding rain beating in their faces and heaven's artillery thundering above them, did the patriotic boys go; on and on, further and further, faster and faster, they went, until, without warning, hidden from sight and protected by the storm, the enemy had drawn them upon their works and batteries! No louder was the roar above them from the clouds than the crash of shot and shell, and explosion of schrapnel, and the roll of volley after volley of musketry, which poured into them and mowed them down as grass before the scythe! A mere handful of men had been thrown against the strongest part of an intrenched line, strengthened with batteries, (masked and undiscoverable save by the puff of smoke as they were used), and the works filled with the best soldiery of that army. *Somebody blundered!* It was *not* a disaster, but a fearful and useless waste of life. John Icke declared that "Hooker had taken us to the 'schlatter-house' agin!"

Day by day ground was taken; every week marked substantial gain and victory for the Union cause. The Chattahooche River was reached and crossed. The Fourth Corps was sent above some miles. After a few days of preparation, and all was in readiness for aggressive work, a detachment from the Twentieth Corps went out to meet the Fourth. The "heads of column" met where roads running east and west and north and south crossed. The Fourth "filed left" into the road running south, while the Twentieth "filed right" and took that side of the same road. Thus, marching side by side, the "heads of column" moving together, a sudden sound of gun ahead and noise of shell above warn of danger. Each column moves to the side of the road it has been traveling, forms line and moves forward to contest the crossing of Nancy's Creek. The schrapnel bursts above us; the iron falls on

campaign. Among the regiments to receive an extraordinary number of recruits were the 2d Massachusetts and the 13th New Jersey. A sergeant of Company K, 13th New Jersey, was seated in his tent one bright September day writing. A large, bushy head was thrust inside, and a coarse voice gave expression to "How are you?" The sergeant was astonished—did not know the man; but, going outside and facing the soldier, asked, "Who are you?" The answer came from a large, pompous, coarse, swaggering individual; with much show of braggadocio, "My name is Ike Kelsey; I'm a charcoal burner from Passaic County, New Jersey; I've heard this was a good regiment, and that Company K was a first-rate company, so I've 'listed in it, and have come here to help put down the rebellion. The pesky rebels can't kill Old Ike—d'ye hear me—I'm talkin' now! *No, sir-ree! they can't kill Old Ike, bè gosh!* Not by a tarnal sight, they can't, BE GOSH! Ike's good for 'em, every time!"

Company K had another queer recruit—Joe Wright. He seemed to have been *thrown together*. Was a little bit of a weazened, bony piece of humanity, without symmetry or order in his make-up. He was X-eyed and colorado-maduro colored. He was very anxious to learn how to "train," but would always get his piece in the left hand and step off with the right foot. On drill or parade he was always out of line; when it was "right dress" Joe looked (or seemed to look) straight ahead; when it was "front" Joe's eyes would seem to be looking toward the right. At last, it became necessary to take him out all alone for drill, and to teach him that "eyes right" meant, for him, to look straight ahead, and "front" meant to look toward the right; thus, by reversing the orders, Joe could "train" all right.

While garrisoning Atlanta, an attack was made upon the city: a feeble one, it is true; nevertheless, it occasioned a gathering of the troops and a march out some five or six miles. When some three miles out on a road leading to the north, in a little clearing at a crossroad, a strange, sad sight was observed. A cart, with one ox before it—a ricketty, broken vehicle—a thin, half-starved ox, fastened by old ropes and leather straps to the cart. In the cart a little pine box, about two feet long, unpainted and unplanned. By the side of the cart an opened grave; by it an *aged negro*, with locks as white as snow. In the little box, *the body of a white child!* The father was killed in the Confederate Army before Atlanta; the mother died of grief; the child dead because there was none but the old slave to nurse it! He was the only mourner; he was also the grave-digger, and the undertaker! Oh, war! how terrible thou art! Rebellion, what misery didst thou cause! Unholy ambition, with what sins canst thou not be charged!

"The March to the Sea"—that brilliant exploit, immortalized in song and prose—was severe and laborious; howbeit, it was enjoyable until the last two weeks of its duration. On the "trip," after encamping one night, the sergeant in charge of the Twentieth Corps Provost Guard heard groanings and exclamations as if some one was suffering excruciating agony. In compliance with standing orders that headquarters was to be quiet, he sent some one to ascertain the cause and instruct the party to keep silence. The messenger returned with the statement that Ike Kelsey was dying and wanted to see the Sergeant. (Ike's company was then Corps Provost Guard.) Hastening to the place from whence the sounds proceeded, Ike was found writhing with

colic and exclaiming, "Ike is goin' to die, sure! Ike can't stand it long! Sergeant, write to my wife—tell her where I am buried, and that I was a good soldier. The rebels can't kill Old Ike, be gosh! but Ike is goin' to die, sure!" Then he cried like a five-year-old boy. The surgeon came and prescribed for him, the sergeant went to attend to his duties, and all was quiet. The next morning, the first man the sergeant saw was "Old Ike," who burst out with "They can't kill Old Ike, be gosh! Ike is good for the Johnnies yet! I'll give 'em hail Columbia when I git after them, by gosh! Now I'm shouten', sure! *They can't kill Old Ike, be gosh!*"

Dawn in the rice swamps, before Savannah, our rations gave out. Fort McAllister prevented the transports from reaching us—and Savannah could not be taken unless McAllister could be reduced or captured. The days pass on; hunger is the portion of the army; starvation stares the "vets" in the face. Rumors of "something going to take place" were rife. On Chave's rice mill was a signal station. There also was Howard, and Slocum, and Sherman. We learned to cast our eyes up there as wistfully as ever did the Hebrews longingly gaze toward Heaven for signs of deliverance. At last, the signal flags convey important messages. A dull sound is heard away off toward McAllister. It flashes down the lines—the joyful intelligence does—that *Hazen's Division has attacked the fort!* Was there ever doubt of success along that line of hungry "Yanks?" No! Did any one believe that Fort McAllister *could* hold out against *that* assault? No! Why? THE ARMY WAS IN NEED OF FOOD! Every man who went up against that Fort *meant to take it!* It was taken; Savannah fell, and the army was saved.

Great numbers of refugees had clung to the army, and they suffered greatly. Their eyes had been turned Northward, anxiously looking for deliverance for many days. Their expectations and hopes were not in vain. When the army came, like Israel of old, which followed the cloud and pillar, and tramped the wilderness behind Moses, so they, in their simplicity and ignorance, followed, expecting to find the promised land of freedom; but, to many, death was the real liberator—disease, exposure, and want of food causing hundreds to perish.

Once more Sherman was to surprise the country, and the army too. Cutting loose from his communications, and without provisions for his army, he crosses over into the Carolinas, instructs his men to live on the country, and proceeds on his triumphal way.

To the credit of Sherman's "bummers," let it be said, that, living on the country as they did, gathering provisions under well-defined rules and under duly authorized officers, they took *only* useful articles—these were bonnets, parasols, crinoline, etc.—such things as were reminders of femininity—and they *used them* freely!

Passing along the road in South Carolina, at a bend on a hill, was noticed quite a gathering of women and children of dusky hue. As the column reached the point of their observation, one elderly, turbaned "aunty" lifted arms and eyes heavenward, and, swinging her arms back and forth, shouted out, while tears rolled down her fat, shining cheeks, "GLORY HALLELUJAH! the Yankees have come!" repeating it several times. Suddenly, as if moved upon by another power, she dropped her hands, and, rolling her eyes in utter

bewilderment and astonishment, exclaimed, "*Fore de Lor', chillen, dey done aint got none horns!*" An explanation of the old lady's amazement is found in what has so often been asserted as a fact that it *was* said by their masters the Yankees had horns growing out of their foreheads.

"Living on the country" did not always insure sufficient to eat. At Chewaw, in the midst of a very poor country, where the Cash family has terrorized so long, we lived on parched corn two days. A few days later, we captured a bank and had *millions!*—in Confederate scrip—but it would not buy a loaf of bread or any useful article.

The Twentieth Corps Headquarters' Train, while moving along a road behind the troops, was attacked by mounted infantry. The company was deployed as a line of battle, and charged toward a woods into which they had retired. "Old Ike" did not seem to be in fighting trim that day (he never had been under fire); sort of lagged behind, and was not at all anxious to "put down the rebellion." The sergeant, to whom he had confided so much previously, seeing Ike's dislike of war and carnage, went to him, and encouraged him by saying, "Ike, now's your time to win fame and glory. There's the rebel army (there may not have been twenty within ten miles—they had fled), and now is your time. Load and fire as fast as possible. Remember, you are battling for the Union and your native land. Give it to the Johnnies strong." So down went Ike behind a log, loaded, lifted his piece at an angle of about ninety degrees, and, with head down to the ground, fired! The sergeant called the desperate man off the field, fearing he *might* hurt somebody! Let it be here recorded, for the benefit of posterity and future historians, that the rebellion *did* "go down" *after* Ike enlisted and *not before!*

Grant had compelled Lee to surrender. Johnston was pressed by Sherman, and he, too, capitulated, ending the struggle, freeing four millions of bondmen, saving the Union of our fathers, and proving that the flag *is* the emblem of national unity. Our fathers, seeking a device, as a distinguishing mark for our flag, chose not anything which was perishable, but emblazoned it with the *eternal stars!* The star of Bethlehem was the light which led the wise men of the East to the great light of the world. Our stars are lights of freedom to all nations of the earth. The star of Bethlehem revealed the fulfillment of the promise of deliverance to God's people. Our stars deliver men of every clime from oppression and wrong, and keep the promise of equal rights for all.

The sentiment which *had* crystallized into the solid steel of action, *did* become the embodiment of invincible power; and out of the crash of arms there was evolved a grand and glorious victory for the "boys who wore the blue;" while our "star spangled banner" waved more proudly and defiantly than ever; for it *did* wave over a "land of the free and the homes of the brave," with not a star dimmed or extinguished, not a stripe missing, nor its pure white soiled. Never had it been trailed in the dust,—the Northland, with all the loyalty of the border States and the South, rising in all the grandeur and sublimity of a holy patriotism, had declared that, "*By the Eternal, the Union must and shall be preserved!*"

The 8th day of June, 1865, the 13th New Jersey was "mustered out" of service, and immediately returned to the State. Two weeks later, at Newark,

the regiment was settled with by one of Uncle Sam's paymasters, and Companies C and K, which had been recruited in Paterson, proceeded to the depot to take the train home. A number⁹ of the "boys" from other companies—Maddox was there too—accompanied them to say good-bye, and sever the bond which had for nearly three years held them together. The last farewells are shouted, as the conductor calls out, "All aboard!" Every window on the depot side of the train is raised; out of each protrudes a head with a hand behind each ear, and, as the train starts, each man gives Maddox—the noblest (?) and bravest (?) soldier (?) of all—this never-to-be-forgotten parting salute: "Auh-uh! Auh-uh! Auh-uh-uh!"

The author had a great-uncle, a veteran of the war of 1812, living in the upper part of Passaic County, N. J., whom he had promised to visit and talk with about the war if he lived to return. During the summer he kept his promise by paying the aged veteran a visit, finding him almost blind. (For the sake of historical truth, let it be said that within three days *after* he left the poor old man went "stone blind"—*talked blind*.) A few days after arriving at the home of the old soldier, the author asked him: "Uncle, do you know a man living somewhere within ten or fifteen miles, named Ike Kelsey?" "I-k-e K-e-l-s-e-y! I-k-e K-e-l-s-e-y!" he replied; "why, yes; he's the biggest liar in the country! He says he killed ten thousand rebels, and if he had n't enlisted the rebellion would be going yet; that *he* went down South to '*put down*' the Confederacy, and it went down! Yes, I know the *liar*; he lives five miles from here, and says he was in your Company, but I do n't believe him." He concluded to make Ike a visit; tramped over the distance, and espied Ike mowing in a field, who, seeing him, dropped his scythe, ran to meet him, and shouted out: "Heigho, Sergeant! glad you thought enough of 'Old Ike' to come and see him. The 'rebs' could n't kill 'Old Ike,' could they, *be gosh!*" Ike invited him to the house, introduced him to "Sarah Ann" and fourteen or fifteen children—somewhere near that—they were not counted up—some being great, large, strapping fellows. Ike began to talk about *his* service, and valor, and courage, and exploits. The Sergeant thought that Ike (and the boys) would not be very well pleased if his stories were denied; indeed, discretion dictated silence. At the close of a three hours' visit, which included dinner, a mental calculation proved that, according to Ike's own figures—and it is said figures are always truthful—Ike Kelsey, the great Passaic County warrior, had actually *killed* (?)—all alone, himself,—*fourteen thousand nine hundred and sixty-seven rebels!*

The "boys" who had stood side by side when shot, and shell, and bayonet were doing deadly work—when the very earth seemed to reel and the heavens bend; who stared annihilation in the face, and seemed to peer into the unseen future world; who, after years of blood, disaster, and death, and nights of terror, and solemn, silent requiems over the brave dead; who, after mornings, and noons, and nights devoted to covering with mother earth the bodies of the loyal slain,—beheld *one day* when the orb of peace had risen up out of a nation's night, and, pushing aside the gathered grey of treason, revealed to all the world that the pure, true blue of loyalty had risen above rebellion, withering it by its power, and permitting a million men to return to peaceful pursuits and enjoy a land they had saved by their sacrifices.

To perpetuate the *memories* of the struggle; to *fraternize all* who responded to the call of their country; to provide for those who were maimed or disabled; to guard from want the widows and orphans of deceased comrades in arms; in a word, to do for the *Union soldier and his family* what the Government, or others, *could not do*, was the GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC founded. In its brotherhood are men of every shade of political and religious belief. Around its altar meet, in loving memory of the dear absent heroes who *died* that their country might *live*, those who fought in every branch of the service, each striving, in FRATERNITY, CHARITY, and LOYALTY, to emulate the example and practice the virtues of that ONE who nearly two thousand years ago went about doing good, and gave HIS life that every man might *live*.

The Grand Army of the Republic is solemnly engaged in a gracious and loving mission; and, though sometimes regarded with suspicion, *is used by no man or set of men for personal or political aggrandizement*. Every member is the peer of every other; the only *real* superiority being that of moral or intellectual capacity. It *does* care for its wards; expends more for charity—which is always tendered as a *right* rather than a favor—in a twelvemonth than any other organization on earth: educates and cares for the orphan, provides for the widow, and drives “the wolf” from many a door. *It buries the dead soldier honorably!* No more is heard in this land that taunting couplet:

“Rattle his bones over the stones,
He’s only a *pauper* soldier whom nobody owns.”

It is educating the youth of America in patriotism. The young men of to-day, and the boys who will be young men in the next decade, *are more patriotic* than their fathers. The Union of the States and the flag means much to them, because, for twenty years, this organization, by its work, has kept alive and ever before the public *the principles* which prompted them to battle for the Union and the flag.

But there are *other* GRAND ARMIES! THE GRAND ARMY of *noble dead!* 304,369, at the close of the war—now increased to nearly 1,000,000—bivouack on the eternal plains! and have answered the “roll-call” by the chief mustering officer of the universe.

And where are ye, O fearless men?
And where are ye to-day?
We call:—the hills reply again
That ye have passed away:
That on Frederick’s lonely height,
In Georgia and in Pennsylvania ground,
The grass grows green, the harvest bright,
Above each patriot’s mound.
The starry flag, ’neath which they fought,
In many a bloody day,
From their old graves shall rouse them not,
For they have passed away!
The bugle’s wild and warlike blast
Shall “muster” them no more;
An army now might *thunder* past
And they not heed its roar.

THE GRAND ARMY of *sufferers!* The wounds made by the war in human hearts have not all healed yet! Wives still think of husbands slain, mothers of darling boys offered up as sacrifices upon the altar of their country, children of the father who came not back. There are still desolate homes and hungry hearts longing for the buried love, and palsied arms which *might*, if they *only could*, clasp the dear form once again. Yes, the *memories* of the days of poignant sorrow are fresh to-day, and the Grand Army of *sufferers* is being *recruited* as fast as the Grand Army of the Republic is *depleted*; and this must continue until the *last "boy"* who wore the blue is "mustered out;" *aye, continue beyond it, for he will leave somebody who will suffer in mind and heart because he has gone to join his comrades!*

THE GRAND ARMY of *patriots*, who, of necessity, remained at home, furnished the "sinews of war," and made it possible for the army in the field to remain there, and be fed, and clothed, and provided with weapons of war. Let it ever be remembered that *all* the honor and glory is *not* due to those who served in the field or on shipboard. All honor to the loyal, true, patriotic, brave men, who thought duty demanded that they should remain at home,—and there, in every way in their power, aided and encouraged those who were fighting the battles of the republic; who gave of their substance to enable the drafts upon the Government to be met; who cared for the families of absent soldiers; who voted heavy taxes *against themselves* to meet the financial requirements of nation, state, county, and town. While every anathema in the catalogue should be hurled against the cowardly skulker who went to Canada, or who was *against* the success of the Union cause, every word of praise proper to be spoken should be used in favor of the conscientious, honest citizen, who *at home* did his full share in the war for the Union!

THE GRAND ARMY of *young patriots*—the boys who will soon be men,—who will not be found wanting when any power on the globe measures swords with America; whose prowess will be as great, and whose military honors will be as resplendent, as that of their revolutionary sires or the "boys" of '61; who *will not, nor cannot*, forget the lessons now taught them by the GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC!

Comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic:—

Keep bright the record you have made
 In honor of the nation's noble dead.
 And when in future the time shall come,
 That slow, to the beat of the muffled drum,
 Is borne the form of the *very last*—
 And the Grand Army is numbered with the past,
 The cause of the order shall not sever
 From the nation's heart of hearts forever.
 And when our "*Fatigue*" on earth is o'er,
 And the "*Assembly*" is beat on a better shore:
 The *ranks shall be full* when the "*huc*" is made
 To form the *Eternal "Dress Parade!"*

Engagements to deliver the Lecture can be made by addressing the Author, E. L. Allen, Highland, Ulster Co., N. Y.

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