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PRICE TEN CENTS.

THE GREAT WAR RELIC.

Respectfully dedicated to my Comrade,
George E. Reed of Post 58, Dept. Pa., G. A. R.,
of Harrisburg, Pa.,



For his Valuable War Relic,
"The Campaign of the Sixth Army Corps," the Editor
assisting me to compile this work.

VALUABLE AS A CURIOSITY OF THE REBELLION.

*Together with a Sketch of My Life, Service in the Army,
and how I lost my feet since the War;
also, many interesting incidents illustrative of
the Life of a Soldier.*

George E. Reed

COMPILED AND SOLD BY

CHAS. L. CUMMINGS.

LATE PRIVATE CO. E. TWENTY-EIGHTH MICHIGAN INFANTRY VOLUNTEERS.

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In Memoriam.

BY MRS. W. W. WALLACE, WATERLOO, IOWA.

We gather once more in the silent city,
And press its aisles with a reverent tread,
This day 'neath the folds of our starry banner,
'Tis the nation's good pleasure to honor her dead.

We come to pay homage to loyal devotion,
Rehearsing their valor in story and song,
Bringing our garlands of fragrance and beauty,
For laurels and wreaths to the victor belong.

Ah! they were your kindred, you loved them so fondly,
Your husband, your father, your brother, your son,
We mingle our tears and we share in your glory,
For they were our soldiers, every one.

And sadly we think of the many brave heroes,
With never a tablet, and never a stone,
And this offering of love is our common tribute
To the soldier we know and the soldier unknown.

Through the long bloody struggle, the wearisome marches,
The ceaseless tramp, tramp, of the poor tired feet,
No faltering, no pausing, no rest from the conflict,
But marching and fighting to victory complete.

Famished and foot-sore, they trod the savannahs,
Bearing the tri-colored flag of the free;
And the hill tops resounded to freedom's hosannahs,
As on from Atlanta they marched to the sea.

Ye sons of the valiant, the true and the loyal,
Who stand by the graves of your brave kindred slain,
Kneel! kneel on the green sward, and swear for your country,
These martyrs of liberty died not in vain.

Swear to guard ever this heritage loyal,
Baptized in their blood and bedewed with our tears,
That no traitor shall blot out one star from our banner,
Nor its glory grow dim in the long future years.

We'll cherish and keep this inheritance holy,
While the angel of peace spreads her wings o'er the land,
And our hymns of thanksgiving shall swell like the chorons,
The stars sang together in unison grand.

Then unfurl to the breezes our glorious banner,
Let it wave over mountain and valley and sea,
Fair emblem of liberty, float on forever,
The flag of our soldiers, the flag of the free.

And bring hither flowers, beautiful flowers,
Rarest and fairest that ever were seen,
Royal red roses and pale water lilies,
Mingled with chaplets of loveliest green.

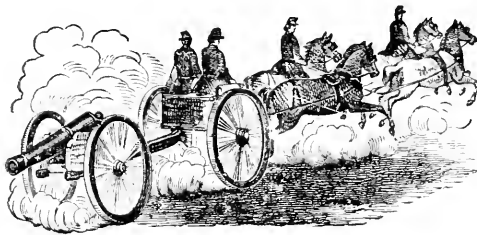
Scatter them tenderly, lay them down reverently,
On the green graves where the dead heroes rest,
They who fought gallantly, they who died willingly,
Freedom's defenders, the bravest and best.

In loving memoriam still we will gather
Where gleams the white marble and blossoms the rose,
Bringing our fair floral tribute to brighten
The nation's valhalla, the soldier's repose.

We leave them at rest on the bosom of nature,
With angels on guard at the shrine of our love,
They sleep their last sleep, they have fought their last battle,
They are now mustered into the army above.

A
POETICAL DESCRIPTION
— OF THE —
SIXTH ARMY CORPS CAMPAIGN

DURING THE YEAR 1863.



— BY —

George E. Reed,

While a Private in Co. A, 95th Regt. Pa. Vols., 2d Brig. 1st Div. 6th Corps.

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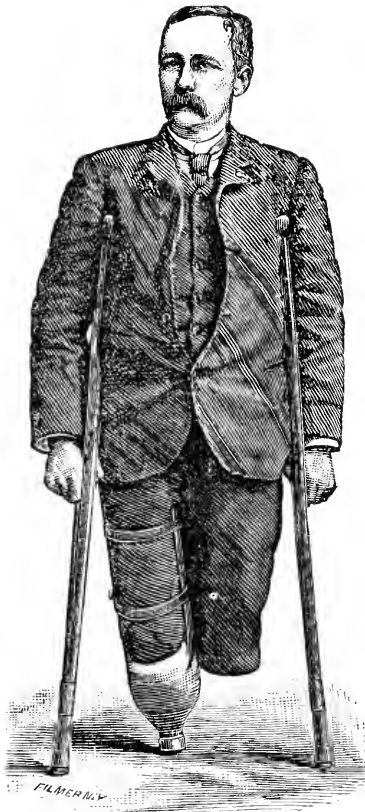
Together with a Sketch of My Life and Service in the
Army; how I lost my feet seven years
after I was mustered out of service; a History of the Grand
Army of the Republic, and a number of other
articles relating to the Rebellion.

— COMPILED BY —

CHARLES L. CUMMINGS,

LATE PRIVATE CO. E, 28TH MICHIGAN INFANTRY, 2D BRIG. 1ST DIV 23D CORPS.

ELECTROTYPED BY
MEYERS PRINTING AND PUBLISHING HOUSE,
HARRISBURG, PA.



THIS Pamphlet contains as much of my personal history as is considered of any importance to the general public. During the War of the Rebellion, I did all in my power for this country, and seven years later lost both feet. Not at all disheartened at my misfortune, with 65 cents I started in a peddling business as soon as I could walk without my feet. The ups and downs of that experience finally demanded a change from merchandise to something not sold by the trade or merchants. It was a difficult task for a man of my ability to produce an article of any value, that was not already on sale in the stores, until, as is fully explained on another page, I procured material that commends itself to a place in all libraries on account of its historic value, as it is, no doubt, the only article of the kind written by a Private, while enduring the hardships of the campaign. The incidents, recitations, etc., were selected with a desire to increase the value of this work, as it is my wish to fully compensate all who will kindly assist one who abandoned school, home and all that was dear to a boy of 16, to fight and march in the ranks of the vast army that astonished the world and have been an invalid and a cripple since. I have learned this much during my life, that it requires less nerve to face bullets than to

stand on the street to solicit alms. That I cannot do, neither can I see any necessity for it in a land I helped to save, the loss of my feet since the war notwithstanding.

I trust that this little book will compensate all who patronize one who is disposed to support himself and family by his own exertion. Sometimes people inform me there is to many of my kind. That is indeed, very encouraging. Who could appreciate health, wealth and happiness if there were not others all about them less fortunate, to remind them of the blessings they enjoy. Reader, if you have not purchased this book, it will be sent to your address, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

Address,
CHAS. L. CUMMINGS,
Care of P. O., HARRISBURG, PA.

A Sketch of My Life, Service in the Army, and how I Lost my Feet since the War.

I WAS BORN at Adrian, Michigan, March 14, 1848. On the 26th of September, 1864, was sworn in as a private in Company E, Twenty-eighth Michigan Infantry Volunteers at Kalamazoo. On the 26th of October, the organization of the regiment having been completed, we left Kalamazoo for the South, and took railroad transportation over the Michigan Central to Michigan City, Indiana; at this place we were switched off on to the Louisville, New Albany & Chicago railroad. Arriving at Louisville, Ky., we proceeded through the city to Camp Nelson, where we learned to cook coffee, bacon and beans in the most approved soldier fashion. A soldier's inquisitiveness is remarkable. In a few days the boys had learned the streets of the city and could tell the precise location of all points of interest; knew the surroundings of Louisville quite as well as the oldest inhabitant. Finally a call for volunteers from Companies E and I arrived at our little canvas city. Fifty men were finally selected from each company and they marched proudly away, feeling they were the best men in their respective companies, for, while the officers were making their selections, they claimed the duty required of the volunteers was a hazardous one, that of guarding one thousand cattle through a region filled to overflowing with bushwhackers. I don't remember how long the balance of the two companies remained in camp, but our city and suburb explorations were suddenly interrupted one day by an order to strike tents, which we did with a will. When the knapsacks were packed and the baggage loaded, we marched to the Louisville & Nashville railroad depot, where we found the remainder of Company I was with us and we took charge of two men, bushwhackers, condemned to death for having murdered some innocent and aged citizens near Munfordsville, Ky., and our duty proved to be to guard them to Munfordsville, where we arrived during the night. In the morning a heavy rain had set in, which continued nearly all day. Placing the prisoners in an ambulance, a part of the men having been mounted, we marched out towards the place where the crime of murder and arson had been committed. Before this point had been reached, however, those not mounted were halted to await the return of the executioners, and act as reserves, in case of an attack. This being our first march, on account of the rain and mud, the latter not quite up to our necks but near enough, was severe and tested our soldierly qualifications; but the boys bore up manfully. We returned to Munfordsville at night and were delighted to see our former comrades all well. We forded and pontooned the cattle across the Green river; inspected with much interest the old battle ground, and moved on with our charge as happy as a reunited family; sang that famous old song "We are Coming Father Abraham," "Old John Brown," and all other popular songs. Our line of march was in a southerly direction, along the Louisville & Nashville Pike, which was in a horrible state of dis-repair, but the adhesiveness of the inevitable red mud compelled us to march over the pike, bad as it was, which *was* broken

limestone, and it cut our shoes and sometimes our feet dreadfully. On account of the season it was cold and stormy. We had to learn to sleep in the mud and later in the snow, yet we had a great deal of pleasure, notwithstanding our numerous hardships. The cattle were fed corn bought from the planters who lived along our route. Sometimes we would remain several days on one plantation. Then the boys would have their explorations on private account and if they found more than they could carry, a note of the locality was taken and, re-inforced, a second visit would be made. But these expeditions had to be strictly private. On account of being sick with diarrhea, I did not participate in the moonlight raids, performing my duty and trading rations for milk when off duty occupied the most of my time.

Early in December we arrived near Nashville. Turning the cattle over to the other troops, we joined our regiment—*i. e.*, the remaining ten companies, which arrived at Nashville on the 5th of December, having guarded a train of five hundred wagons from Louisville. A book entitled "Michigan in the War," compiled by Jno. Robertson, Adjutant Gen'l since 1861, says the Twenty-eighth took an active part in the engagement at Nashville, Tenn., from the 12th to the 16th of December, "where they established a reputation as a gallant fighting regiment, and at once reached the uniform high standard of Michigan troops." After the battle the regiment was assigned to the Twenty-third Corps, and took charge of the prisoners corralled in the penitentiary. Our camp ground was just outside of the prison walls and soon became very muddy. We were supplied with Sibly tents with little stoves in them, and I think twelve men slept in one of these tents. The prisoners were fed what soldiers call soft bread, the regulation bakers' bread, beans, coffee and boiled beef. It was amusing to see them change some of their clothes and, thus disguised, fall in line the second time and thereby cheat Uncle Sam out of an extra ration. But, poor fellows, when captured they were half starved, and living on Yankee rations over drawn was fatal to many of them. While off duty we went over the battle ground and the city, and not many sights worth seeing escaped the vigilant eye of the rank and file.

Early on the morning of the 26th of December the prisoners were marched out, closely guarded by the regiment, which was yet quite large, the sifting process had not yet depleted our ranks. Our next duty was to load the prisoners on the freight trains, and that occupied our undivided attention until away in the night. Having left my watch with my uncle in Nashville, I am compelled to omit the exact hour. When, while the train I was on stood at Edgefield, several of my comrades and myself had just clambered back into our car, after having filled a half dozen canteens with water in a pond near by, the moon, which had been obscured by the heavy clouds, suddenly burst its luminious rays upon our precious reservoir and disclosed the carcasses of several dead horses or mules. Just then the train started; we waited and watched those drink the water who had not made the discovery. They said it was a little brackish, but it was *nect*, but displayed no other signs of distress, and, trying to forget the disagreeable fact, we quenched our thirst with dead mule tainted water. For stealing water from the engine tank, I was placed on guard in a car on the night of the 27th, and remained there until we arrived at Louisville, Ky., Jan. 1st, 1865, and had a jolly time seeing the sights that New Year's day. On the 2d, we returned to our old camp at Nashville, where we remained, doing light duty, fancy drilling in the mud, and sometimes some very lively running away from the Eighteenth Michigan, who were doing provost guard duty in the city.—woe to the man who fell into their clutches—until the 11th of January, when we embarked on the steamer Lawrence,

for Eastport, Miss., so said rumor, current among the boys. When we arrived at Paducah, Ky., however, we continued up the Ohio river to Cincinnati, O. One boy in my company died of the measles while en route. I put my blankets about him and got him as close as possible to the chimneys; but his time had come. From Cincinnati, the regiment went by rail to Alexandria, Va., where we were quartered in the "Soldiers' Rest," so called, and were fed by contractors, who furnished the worst they could find. On the march a soldier will put up with anything without a growl or grumble; yet, while in fine barracks and contractors furnishing less than they are paid for, and cooked in the most disgusting manner, the boys naturally kicked. On the 19th of February, we embarked on board a large transport, passed around Cape Hatteras in a gale of wind that caused the seas to sweep our decks occasionally. Our good ship hove to in sight of Fort Fisher one day, and we were informed by some officers from a gunboat that had ordered our captain to heave to with a shot across our bows, that Wilmington had just been taken, and our ship was put about and we were landed at Moorehead City, N. C., on the 24th and were conveyed by rail to Newburn, N. C. Here we were reinforced by the Second Massachusetts Heavy Artillery and other troops, comprising the First division of the Twenty-third Corps.

The regiment was assigned to the Second brigade, so our position was known as Second brigade, First division, Twenty-third corps. On the 2nd of March we moved with our division (Rugers') toward Kingston, rebuilding the railroad and constructing corduroys across the swamps, got out of rations and endured the usual hardships incident to the life of a soldier while on the march. We joined General J. D. Cox's command, thus constituting a part of the force concentrating in the vicinity of Wilmington intending to co-operate with General Sherman's army on its approach to the coast. On the 7th we halted, threw up light works for practice and seemed to be safely fortified, as we had our wagons and artillery (Sixth Michigan and Third New York) with us. On the 8th General Cox was attacked by the enemy and about seven hundred men under the command of Colonel Upham were captured. Our brigade double-quickened two hours, arriving on the field just in time to prevent the enemy from penetrating Cox's lines between Generals Palmer's and Carter's divisions. The Twenty-eighth was engaged in heavy skirmishing all that day and the following night. On the 9th they trotted us around in so many different directions that I thought we must have been defeated and were on the retreat, when I got caught fast in the green briars. Believing the safest place for me was with my company, and the boys more fortunate were passing me, I let go my knapsack and blanket and nearly froze the following night. On the morning of the 10th the enemy broke our lines again, and the Twenty-eighth, with the balance of the brigade, having previously proved their staying as well running qualities, were hustled over to the weak point, and, charging on the double-quick, created confusion among the Jonnies, returning with several hundred prisoners and a few field officers. Judging from the strength of the enemy when they had reformed, we concluded we had saved the Third New York battery. We held our line, supporting the before mentioned artillery, and were engaged in a terrific conflict in the afternoon. Some old veterans said the infantry firing was the heaviest they had ever experienced. I was more afraid of the shells than of the smaller shot, which, after the first ten rounds I did not mind so much. The enemy, being decidedly repulsed, retired that night, leaving their dead and wounded upon the field and burned the bridge in their rear when they crossed the Nuse river. While waiting for the engineers to rebuild the bridge, the dead were buried and the wounded cared for. Some of our boys went over the field

and found the line of battle had been in the shape of a horseshoe, and about seven miles in length. Our strength was estimated at fifteen thousand men, the Confederates much greater. March 14th, we marched through Kingston, but a few miles from the scene of our late conflict, at a place called Wise's Forks. After working all night to erect some magnificent earth works, we resumed our march on the morning of the 15th. On the 21st we arrived at Goldsboro, when the brigade was placed on duty guarding the line of the Atlanta & N. C. railroad. I was assigned the duty of guarding the home of an old man and his family, except his two sons, who had been forced into the Southern army. It was a pleasant duty, excepting the moans of this poor old man worrying about his dear boys.

On the 9th day of April, we marched to Goldsboro. While here the Twenty-eighth guarded the First Michigan mechanics, while they built a bridge for Sherman's army to cross before entering Goldsboro. The first to arrive was the Bummers, so called, but they were Sherman's best men. They foraged for the whole army; a hardier, jollier, more self-reliant set of men would be hard to find than Sherman's destruction corps; they fought on the same tactics as Indians and the famous Pennsylvania Bucktails, every man for himself when pressed, yet with a care to the line, front, rear and flanks, and they were supplied with the best mounts the country afforded. When the whole army had arrived at Goldsboro, we marched into Raleigh and camped in and around the city; the Twenty-third corps, near a spring that supplied thousands of men and mules with excellent water; the Twentieth corps, near the insane asylum; Sherman's headquarters was near the female college. Headquarter guards I do not remember, yet along the road leading to headquarters I recollect the Tenth and Seventeenth corps. I think the city was surrounded with the Yankees for a few days, when there was a grand review and many of the old vets were sent home. But that pleasant duty was not assigned to the Twenty-eighth. We soon left for the western part of the state to perform the duty of reconstruction at Greensboro, Charlotte, Lincolnton and Dallas. While in the West the boys had an opportunity to and did explore every wood raven, hill and field; all the old mines, cotton gins, flour and cotton mills were examined. They soon knew how much corn or cotton grew to the acre, who lived here, there and yonder, who had been in the rebel army, the names of the native girls, where the best peach orchards were located, where the best strawberries grew; fitted up cosy little cabins and seemed settled for life, attended church, washed their clothes and made themselves look and feel like men, and tried to forget that they had ever engaged in the destruction of mankind. In the fall we were again divided; Company E went to Raleigh, and the balance of the regiment to Goldsboro. Company E was assigned to department headquarters and acted as guards.

I was detailed to drive a carriage for Gen. T. H. Ruger, who was in command of the Department of North Carolina and held that position until mustered out. Whenever the General or his family desired to visit any particular family or locality they never volunteered any directions—showing how well they understood what a soldier was. They were satisfied that any soldier, one week in the city, knew the precise location of every church or other public building; every mansion worthy of note; the most attractive streets and roads in or about the city. I was never corrected, and that shows what I knew about the city after being there four weeks. When General Grant visited or left the city, which he did in '66, I always conveyed him to and from the depot unattended by guards or escorts.

June 6th, 1866, we embarked once more; this time on a passenger train—and were conveyed to Detroit, Mich., where we were finally discharged, and, after

feasting at some long tables set upon a beautiful green which had been selected for the purpose—loaded with everything good to eat and served by lovely women, our soldier life was ended and the dearest of friends parted never to meet again, men who had slept in the mud, in the snow, and in a dusty road under a full noon sun of the South, men (so called, yet only boys) who had shared the last cracker in the haversack, broken in half the one ear of corn stolen from the mules at the risk of being shot by the vigilant guards, boys who, while on the march, had built a little fire, made coffee in five minutes and drank it in three, divided the last few ounces of water in the dear old battered cloth covered tin canteens and had become so endeared to each other that they seemed inseparable, parted on that bright June day. When I arrived at Allegan, where I resided when I entered the service, was a few months more than eighteen years of age; found employment as an apprentice to learn the machinist trade; had worked but a few weeks when I was taken sick with my old complaint contracted in November, 1864. Finally I found work on a farm. In the spring of '67 went to Wisconsin; soon took sick again, and so it went. I was pushed from pillar to post, and, becoming discouraged, ventured on the railroad because, when I did work, I would get better wages than at any other employment. The Grand Rapids & Indiana was the first road. While in the army I had learned to obey orders very promptly, and, being always sober, quick to learn my duty and ever ready to perform the same, I never had any difficulty in securing a situation; which I was often compelled to do on account of sickness. I worked on the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railroad, North Missouri, Chicago & North Western, Lake Shore & Michigan Southern. I quit working as a night switchman in the Fort Wayne yard of the P., F. W. & C. railway in August 1873, and went on the Toledo, Wabash & Western railroad as freight brakeman; had been in good health for nearly one year and weighed about one hundred and eighty pounds, was five feet nine and one-half inches in height. On the 29th of the following October, was at LaFayette, Indiana, the western terminus of our run, which was from Fort Wayne, known as the middle division at that time. On the 28th there came a fall of snow several inches deep, and on the 29th, was rainy and slippery. About four P. M., with several others, I started from near the passenger station to board a freight train just arriving from the West, and, being the foremost one of the party, took the forward end of the car, but slipped and fell under the wheels, which crushed the flesh and bones of both legs near the ankle, and three days later it was learned that the left leg was broken above the knee when I fell. Surgeons Glick and Wallace took the case and did all that lay in their power. Dr. Glick had been a prominent surgeon over ten years in the United States Navy before the war and served four years with an Indiana volunteer regiment during the Rebellion. Dr. Wallace was an excellent surgeon, also. Everything possible to do was done by these scientific gentlemen to save my feet, yet, on the 17th of November, the left was amputated, and in January an abscess having formed in the thigh where the fracture was (which proved to be an oblique one and could not be united) broke and caused considerable anxiety to all concerned. It proved to be a blood purifier. In a few days after this important event the right foot which, until about January 1st, had been doing well, turned, and, to save my life, it was amputated six inches below the knee.

About the 25th of January, I began to feel more confident of recovery, still I never for a moment gave up. The healing, amputations and fracture caused considerable pain, the bedsores were worse, if possible; still I had hopes. The bone in the left leg—it being impossible to keep an extension—lapped five and one half

inches and united firm and solid, but I cannot use an artificial limb on account of a projection of the bone, and I don't feel inclined to undergo another amputation, as life is so short to suffer all that for style. One day in the latter part of January, a lady came into the room, (there is nothing remarkable or unusual about that, for the ladies are always visiting the sick, the poor and the unfortunate). As soon as I discovered that this kind-hearted individual had a package with her, I began to wonder what it contained, and while I was guessing she removed a yard of cotton twine, then a newspaper; then more twine and another paper; at last, having arrived at the contents, she removed a slip of paper the size of this page, printed on one side, and laid it gently on my breast. Then, as she retraced her steps a few paces, I eagerly picked up the slip and read the heading, "On the Evils of Dancing."

In April, I commenced to sit up; in May, I began to learn to walk; in June, I went to Ft. Wayne. I had some friends in La Fayette who were trying to have me sent to the almshouse before I could walk alone. On the 23d day of this month, I found out I could walk without assistance, and got out on to the street, where I met an old railroad friend, who, after failing to persuade me to take a drink, gave me one dollar, believing I would make a proper use of it. I invested sixty-five cents in a half dozen patent lead pencils, and continued to sell them for two years. But the people taking advantage of my desire to sell my wares, took up so much of my time to answer their questions, that I was compelled to give up the business. My next venture was selling or vending goods upon the streets. In this business I remained, barely existing, until January 4th, 1886, when being about ready to give up, I made another change. While selling pencils, I travelled considerable in the West. While on a train one day, a passenger who occupied a seat in front of me stopped the conductor and said to him, "I notice you are lame; what's the cause of it?" The conductor, good-naturedly, replied that he had lost his leg above the knee and was wearing an artificial one which was slightly out of repair. Passenger—"How in the world did you do that?" The conductor replied, seating himself by the "Give-us-all-the-particulars-passenger," that he seldom had time to tell the whole story, it being rather lengthy; but as Decatur was the next stop, and this a through train, he would tell him all about it. *How it happened:* "I was running a freight seven years ago from——to—— I arrived at——about 9 o'clock and was due to leave at 3 A. M. Before retiring, I told the clerk at the Hotel De——, where I always stopped when at that end of my run, to be sure and call me at 2.30, so I would have time to take the number of my cars and see that the way bills were all correct. Being very tired, I was soon fast asleep. The next thing I knew, the clerk was pounding away on my door, and told me it was 2.50 then; that he had been over to the firemen's ball a few minutes and had not returned in time, as he intended to; having but ten minutes to dress and do thirty minutes work in, I got up and ran to the yard in such a hurry that——I forgot it." Just at that instant the train stopped. The conductor jumped up and called out: "Decatur; twenty minutes for dinner; change cars for St. Louis." The man in front of me seemed dumbfounded, until I got up to leave the car; then he looked at me and rubbed his eyes; took a second look and asked: "Say, did you lose your legs the same way?" "No, mine were amputated."

During nearly thirteen years on the road, hobbling around on three sticks, I have found that inquisitive people seldom buy anything from those who have been unfortunate and depend upon the sale of small wares for a living, and that is why cripples who are peddlers dislike to answer questions. It irritates them and

unfits them for business, and well they know the man who asks the most questions has no use for their goods. That is one reason why I cannot sell merchandise; another is, high protective license, that all except Italians must pay regardless of their present condition, excepting in a few cities and States where there are special laws. I have seen men who had the authority to collect licenses who had no more regard for a man in my condition than they had for a three legged cur dog. The only smart thing I ever did was when I made application to become a member of the Grand Army of the Republic. On the 6th of August, 1880, I was mustered into Post 58, Dep't of Penn'a, Grand Army of the Republic, of Harrisburg, where I now reside; Wilson C. Fox, Commander; Frank B. Kinnear, Adjutant. I can truthfully state that had I not been a member of the order I could not have made a living. On account of their influence in the protective license towns, I got a permit to sell my wares upon the streets for a few days; but the inquisitive continued to inquire on what road I was hurt, was both feet off, how much did I get from the company, how much taller was I before the accident occurred, was I troubled with pains in my limbs (stump neuralgia), do I ever feel my feet. They can be felt any time by moving the cords. Can I use artificial limbs? No; why: my limbs are not in proper condition. Does it hurt to walk this way? Yes. Then, why don't I get something else? Why don't I get employment? Nobody wants to employ me, so I do like the Italian rag-pickers—employ myself. Then they want to tell me about the man who had his arm bit off and seeing men who had lost both feet walk on the end of their stumps, and get insulted when I tell them it is a physical impossibility. Can a man confined to a peddling business endure all this? And I have not told the half. If he can, he's a good one. Why is it that because a man is injured on the railroad, if he is honest enough to admit it, people naturally accuse him of having been drunk at the time. Are these persons thinkers? Did it ever occur to them that only the most self-reliant, quick of sight, hearing and understanding *only* the stardest manhood can endure the hardships incident to the life of a railroader? Do they know that freight men take their life in their own hands when they set foot on the hurricane deck of a box car? Do they know of a more liberal, hard-working, sober and trustworthy class of working men than railroad employes? If railroad men are all drunkards, careless and thoughtless, why do millions of people risk their lives and property in their care. They deserve the respect of all.

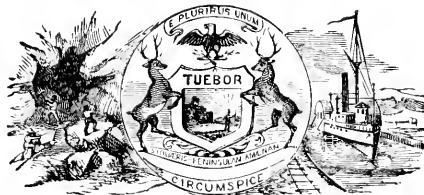
On account of having exhausted my resources, and having become disheartened on account of the discouraging treatment received from inquisitive people during my travels through twenty-five States, I told my comrade, Geo. E. Reed, of Post 58, Harrisburg, the condition I was in, and, with a half laugh, he told me there was one of two things a good American citizen would always do when he was busted. He would either write a book or take up a collection, and to assist in the first venture, he gave me his great *War Relic*, which is not only rare, but valuable as a curiosity of the Rebellion. The poetical description of the campaign of the Sixth Army Corps he wrote while in camp and on the march in 1863, on old envelopes and such bits of paper as he could get from his comrades. There is but one objection to a *War Relic*. Some people, like the Irishman who was holding the surgeon's horse, being struck in the face with a spent ball, which passed through into his mouth and was promptly spit out upon the ground by Pat, who stood gazing angrily at it when the surgeon, who was quite a wag, and had observed Pat's remarkable coolness, remarked, in a serious *toite*: "Why, Pat! why didn't you keep that?" "Vat for?" inquired Pat. "For a

war relic," was the surgeon's answer. "Sure, and hadn't I enough uv the domd thing?" was his prompt and characteristic reply. I hope the people are not all like Pat, having had enough of it, for this is my last resort. I do not think I should be denied the pittance asked for so valuable an article as is contained in this little ten cent book. When Comrade Reed had decided to furnish so much good material, the Adjutant of my Post, Frank B. Kinneard, (of the firm of Kinneard & Shade, Printers and Binders), printed five thousand pamphlets for me in January, 1886, and I made a new start in life.

While canvassing in Boston, Mass., I saw on many of the doors—"No peddlers, no beggars or canvassers allowed in this building." Here is one intended to strike terror to the heart of the whole fraternity. Suffice to say, it comes from Boston. "No wood wanted; match peddlers never leave this office alive; we have two barns full of suspenders, and don't want any more; bootblacks, beware; no coal, as we heat this office with our breath; beggars bounced bodily; coffins constantly on hand for advertising agents; nixey soap; office hours for book agents, etc., etc., from 11 P. M. to 4 A. M., Fourth of July." So many seem to want to get a whack at the book agent. With a smile and a bow that would tickle a cow, the book agent enters your room. His moustache he will twirl, and wink at your girl, until she breaks his soft head with a broom. It never occurred to me that these terrorizing notices were intended to order out any of those men who made marches longer than that of Hanibal to Italy or of Napoleon to Moscow, or one of those who had endured hardships and trials seldom equaled in the annals of warfare and are now dependent upon the sale of small wares for their support.

Now, my friend, thanking you for your favor, I will close to make room for more interesting matter written by abler men.

CHAS. L. CUMMINGS.



CAMPAIGN OF THE SIXTH ARMY CORPS, SUMMER OF 1863.

[The verses here given were written by George E. Reed, while in the army as a private in Company A, Ninety-fifth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers, attached to the Second Brigade, First Division, Sixth Corps. In the introduction to the work the following statement is made: "The following pages are intended to convey to the public a knowledge of the campaign of the Army of the Potomac during the summer of 1863. In order to accomplish this end, and, at the same time, tell the story in as concise a manner as possible, the author has pursued an entirely different course to that hitherto adopted by writers on the same subject. In this respect the work will be found original, but in all others he claims no further merit than is deserved for a careful compilation of facts from his own observation."]

On the 28th of April we left our camp,
By way of exercise to take a tramp;
To the Rappahannock river we sped our way,
To find the Rebel Army in battle array.

No sooner there than we espied,
Our enemy beyond the river's tide,
Snugly stationed in their rifle pits,
Already prepared to give us fits.

We had to cross the river, without doubt,
Which General Sedgwick soon found out.
He had the pontoons hauled to the river bank,
And soon they were filled with many a Yank.

General Brooks soon gave the word to start.
The engineers pulled the boats very smart;
To the middle of the river we had got,
Without the rebels firing a shot.

The sentry then, on the opposite shore,
Espied the boats, some forty or more
Whereupon he fired his gun,
Then up the hill he quickly run,

To alarm the men in the rifle pits,
Who were almost scared out of their wits;
They fired one volley and quickly run,
Strewing the ground with many a gun.

Then our skirmishers advanced with caution,
Thinking they might be acting the 'possum.
And after the rifle pits we had gained,
We found that three men had been maimed.

Once over the river and upon the plain,
We would not be drove back again.
On the plain we rested full one day,
To arrange the lines in battle array.

Next morning clear, and by sunrise
The booming cannon rent the skies.
The firing of the signal gun
Proclaimed the work of death begun.

Soon our starry banners were in the town
Of Fredericksburg, of battle renown.
The city was taken with a shout,
And the Confederates put to rout.

They fled out of the city, and up the hill,
Boasting many Yankees they would kill.
Soon they were in their rifle pits,
Fully prepared the Yankees to whip.

Our General soon he made a decision,
And ordered up the Flying Division;
They went up the hill with a shout,
And captured a battery in a redoubt.

It was the Washington Battery, of New Orleans,
And as fine a one as ever was seen.
The artillerists were a picked crew,
And had to surrender, all but a few,

Who escaped up the Orange plank-road,
And to see them go without a goad,
Except a few Yankees in the road,
Who did enforce the martial code.

When we reached the top of the hill,
Orders were given our canteens to fill;
This was done in very short time,
And we all again fell into line.

The Confederates continued falling back,
While Federals followed close in their track,
Until we reached a clump of pines,
When there was a stoppage in the lines.

This was caused by a dead artillery horse,
And to remove him we had, of course.
Which was done in a very short time,
And we again advanced in line.

Until we came to Salem Church near,
We did not hear the Rebels cheer;
Our skirmishers then were advancing slow,
As this part of the country they did not know.

Up to this time we had it our way,
But we came on the Rebs, who in ambush lay,
And they poured volley after volley into our line,
Killing and wounding many in a short time.

A flanking fire had broke our line,
And we had to fall back in double-quick time;
This we done with severe loss,
As we had a very large field to cross.

The Confederates close at our heels,
Thinking to skin us like so many "eels."
Until we reached our supporting line,
Things to the Rebels looked very fine.

Our second line stood like statues of stone,
And many a Rebel was cut to the bone.
The enemy then they broke and run,
This to our second line was fine "fun."

The Rebels then all made for cover,
And the fighting of the day was over,
Some laid down on the ground to sleep,
While others laid there in grief to weep.

The moon came out and shone very bright,
And the battle-field was a ghastly sight.
To remove the wounded was our intent,
And quickly out details were sent.

We removed alike both friend and foe,
 As this is a christian country, you know;
 All the wounded we sent to the ambulance train,¹
 And then we returned to sleep again.

We awoke in the morning, the sky was clear,
 And the enemy's lines were very near;
 Their sharpshooters often firing a shot,
 Our skirmishers kept cool, and answered not.

In this position in the hot sun, all day we did lay,
 The Rebels in front began a brass band to play,
 The music from it sounded very fine,
 And General Lee was arranging his line.

To capture the Sixth Corps he made his brag,
 As he thought he had us all in a "bag;"
 We have seen this bagging process before,
 And the one he had was awfully tore.

The sun had set nice and clear,
 And then we heard firing in our rear,
 Then orders were passed along the line,
 To sling our knapsacks in a short time.

This was done all very quiet,
 And to make the river we had to try it;
 When we started, it was double-quick,
 Over fences and through a creek.

At last we reached Rappahannock's bank,
 And there laid down many a tired Yank.
 We laid there until morning, it began to rain,
 Which caused the men to curse and complain.

At daylight we crossed to Stafford Heights,
 All very tired after several days' fights,
 We laid there two days in the woods,
 And having this rest we felt pretty good.

During this week many died for freedom's cause,
 Supporting the country and the laws,
 Peace to the ashes of the fallen brave,
 Who died the best government on earth to save.

We left Stafford Heights one morning clear,
 And to White Oak Church our course did steer,
 Ere long we reached our old camp,
 But we had just one mile further to tramp.

At last we came to the end of our race,
 And in the cabins our things did place;
 This was the Thirty-third New York's old camp,
 And thus was ended our first tramp.

In this place we lived like fighting cocks,
 We even had basins made of wooden blocks;
 Every cabin had a good place for fire,
 And about nine o'clock we would retire.

At this place two weeks we staid,
 Then was transferred to another brigade;
 This caused us to move our camp further south,
 And all of the boys were down in the mouth.

Our new camp reached in a field of green,
 As fine a place as ever was seen,
 On each side of the street was a row of trees,
 And the Sixth Corps mark was flung to the breeze.

At this place sixteen days we staid,
 Until Lee thought Hooker he would evade,
 And into Pennsylvania make raid,
 As his cavalry horses were pretty well played.

General Kilpatrick, with his cavalry, was sent,
 To find out Lee's movements was his intent;
 He come up with Stewart at Brandy Station,
 And whipped him there like *damnation*.

Here General Kilpatrick showed up Lee's plan,
 And General Hooker did it carefully scan;
 The Sixth Corps then again was ordered to the river,
 Which made the Confederates shake and quiver.

We crossed the river under a heavy fire,
 And captured the Second Florida regiment entire;
 This was done one fine afternoon,
 And we throwed up two redoubts very soon.

Which was done just for a blind,
 As to fight both parties declined;
 We laid on the plain three days or more,
 And then returned to the northern shore.

We left one night, in a heavy rain,
 And for Potomac creek did aim;
 We arrived at the creek at break of day,
 And on its banks all day did stay.

The enemy crossed after us very soon,
 As we could see from our balloon;
 We started from here at eight at night,
 For Stafford Court House, with all our might.

As for the Confederates, we were not afraid,
 But the Surgeon's mule he made a raid,
 Running around wherever he choose,
 And broke the ribs of a man named Hughes.

When we arrived there, we began to tire,
 And some rascals set the jail on fire—
 The flames from it made the sky very bright,
 And about some crackers there was near a fight.

We had one hour given us for ease,
 And then started for Dumfries;
 This day was the hottest, so far, this year,
 And many men were sun-struck, near.

We halted three hours, near by a creek,
 For the men to rest, and to attend the sick;
 And then we started, with a pleasant breeze,
 And about six o'clock arrived at Dumfries.

The sick soon came following after,
 And their marching caused some laughter—
 Staggering under knapsacks, every one,
 That they carried in the sun.

We got our supper, and laid down to sleep,
 And ugly bugs over us did creep;
 We were up next morning, at break of day,
 And for Fairfax Station started on our way.

We arrived at four o'clock near the station,
 And the next day had a jollification—
 Whiskey was plenty, and some got drunk,
 One man had his cartridge-box on left in front.

Some of the men got so tight,
That among themselves they began to fight;
This lasted all day, until near night,
And they presented a comical sight.

We then packed up, and all fell in line,
With orders from our General to move at nine;
We started then for Germantown,
A place near Fairfax, of famed renown.

We arrived at last in some shady woods,
And got well supplied with sutler's goods;
We laid here seven days, I don't think eight,
And then were ordered to another State.

The night before we started it very hard did rain,
Which caused some trouble to a regiment from Maine—
They packed up and went to the railroad station,
As heavy firing was heard without cessation.

After marching all night to this position,
They found it was niggers blowing up ammunition;
So, in the morning, they returned to camp,
Very much dissatisfied with their tramp.

When they returned, we were all in line,
The rain still coming down very fine;
We started out, with arms at will.
Until we came to Drainesville,

Where we encamped on the side of a hill,
But as for mud, we had our fill;
To dry our clothes was our desire,
And so we built a very large fire.

Next morning we awoke feeling very merry,
And then we started for Edward's Ferry;
We arrived there early in the afternoon,
And we crossed the Potomac very soon.

We crossed the river on a pontoon bridge,
And encamped for the night on a high ridge;
Next morning for Hyattstown we did stray,
Passing through Pooles and Barnesville on our way.

We reached Hyattstown at near sundown,
And encamped about one mile from town;
Next morning, in a drizzling rain,
We started on our march again.

New Market passed, and Ridgeville,
The column kept on marching still;
Mount Airy next was on our line,
The corps, to here, had made good time.

Julesburg, then, was almost in sight,
Where we stopped in the woods all through the night;
Next morning as we laid on the ground,
The country people came flocking around.

To see Potomac's army they were bound,
And hand provisions to the soldiers around;
The ladies, here, they done their best,
To relieve the soldiers who were distressed.

And when in the village, passing by,
They viewed the soldiers with a pitying eye;
This village was Union to the core,
And boasted of having a "Grocery store."

We left this place in the morning fine,
 And arrived at Westminster at dinner time;
 On this place General Stuart had made a raid,
 And the inhabitants were very much afraid.

Even the ladies, here, were full of fears,
 But they gave each passing regiment cheers;
 Our band was put at the head of the line,
 And played some airs that were very fine.

We halted here till each man eat his fill,
 And then we started for Bixler's Mill;
 At the mill we remained one day and night,
 And there seemed some prospects of a fight.

We left this mill at night, with all speed,
 Under our new commander, General Meade;
 Out a road we marched until early dawn,
 And then found out that we were wrong.

The column halted and we all laid down,
 On the turnpike leading to Littlestown;
 When we arose, very much refreshed,
 For Gettysburg we marched our best.

We passed Point Pleasant on our way,
 Stopping beyond, just for a short stay;
 Of a breakfast here I would like to relate,
 But we lost it just on the line of the State.

The way was this: We stopped to partake
 Of a meal they said we'd have time to make;
 This was all our hearts could desire,
 But we had to start again, after lighting a fire.

So again we started, all weary and tired,
 But our hearts with patriotism were fired;
 We stopped long enough our dinner to make,
 And, when near Gettysburg, the day was quite late.

Just thirty-seven miles we came this day,
 To meet the enemy in battle array;
 We rested half an hour on a hill,
 And then went in some Rebels to kill.

We were sent to support the gallant Fifth Corps,
 Who were fighting some twenty thousand or more;
 At it we went with a hearty good will,
 The cheer of the corps was heard loud and shrill.

We drove them from behind their stone walls,
 Amidst showers of bullets and cannon balls;
 One division was sent to the right,
 To assist the Twelfth Corps the Rebels to fight.

This was done on the second day of July,
 And caused many of the enemy to bleed and die;
 Near them too, was our own glorious Fourth,
 Which brought sorrow and joy throughout the North.

It rained full two days while at this wall,
 The drum corps was unable to beat sick call;
 We advanced on the enemy in the morning fleet,
 To try and discover any signs of retreat.

On the head of the column they soon opened fire,
 And our brigade then soon did retire;
 But next morning early, at the break of day,
 We discovered the Rebels had all run away.

In pursuit the Sixth Corps did quickly go,
 And the marching we done was by no means slow;
 Over the battle-field our course we bent,
 And skirmishers out were very soon sent.

The field presented a heart-rending sight,
 To see so many killed and wounded outright;
 We went on until a large barn we did find,
 Filled with their wounded, and in flight left behind.

We kept after the Rebels, as a matter of course,
 Until we came to a tavern, called the Black Horse;
 Here they had left some thousand, or more,
 Of their companions-in-arms, bleeding in gore.

It was here we crossed a very large creek,
 And some of their ambulances in the mud did stick;
 We kept on in the mud until near night,
 When we found our advance was engaged in a fight.

We had caught up with the Rebels' rear,
 Then all of the boys gave a hearty cheer;
 Their wagon train in the gap we did spy,
 And our artillery at it quickly let fly.

All this was done in a very short time,
 And brigades advanced in battle line;
 This being done, it was very near night,
 And we all felt pretty tired after the fight.

We advanced in the wood, and there laid down,
 About one mile from Fairfield town;
 We laid at this place one night and day,
 Then onward after the Rebels we sped our way.

To Emmettsburg we shaped our course,
 After the defeated, fleeing Rebel force;
 The city was reached, after some delay,
 As the roads were miserable all the way.

Beyond the city we arrived at last,
 And bivouacked in a large field of grass;
 We laid down here, and it began to rain,
 While waiting for our supply train.

The train came up, we got our tack,
 And the weight of our haversacks cut our back;
 The crackers we got were numeratively few,
 Some said six, but the most said two.

We got our supplies, and then we did sally
 Down the beautiful "Catoctin" Valley;
 Along it we went at a rapid rate—
 The handsomest part of Maryland State.

The ladies—how beautiful! "*God bless the fair!*"—
 Lined the roads and sang many a patriotic air;
 Some waved flags, while others sang,
 All looking out for the handsomest man.

To hand water to us was their ardent desire,
 For the weight of our haversacks made us perspire;
 We came to "Catoctin" Furnace that afternoon,
 And out of it popped a jolly old coon.

He told us his occupation was heavy clerk;
 Some talked with him, and from his vest did jerk
 A plug of tobacco, which we all gave a flirt,
 He getting the balance—our feelings were hurt.

We left this place after thirty minutes rest,
 And in marching to Middletown we done our best ;
 It then became very late in the afternoon,
 And we had to cross South Mountain soon.

We came to Newman's Cut just at dusk,
 And over that night march we must ;
 As we started to cross, it began to rain,
 Which caused many of sickness to complain.

We reached the top in the middle of the night,
 And laid down in a horrible plight ;
 We staid there until next morning came,
 Then started off 'midst mud and rain.

On the road we came the mud was knee deep,
 But on our course to Middletown we did keep,
 Until we came to a very fine creek,
 Where the Corps was halted, and we washed our feet.

When near Middletown, all shivering and shaking,
 Is where we heard Vicksburg was taken ;
 This caused much joy throughout the Corps,
 We then got four days rations more.

We laid near the town all that night,
 And then heard tell of a cavalry fight
 That occurred at Boonsboro', not far away—
 Thither our corps was ordered next day.

We arose in the morning, after a good sleep,
 Cooked our breakfast—we had plenty to eat—
 Out on the turnpike our corps soon did get,
 Where we saw some flying artillery upset.

This was done on the day before.
 Our cavalry captured eighty Rebels, or more ;
 Over the mountain, and down a hollow,
 The Eleventh Corps we did quickly follow,

Until we came to the centre of the town,
 We turned off to the right, and on a hill laid down ;
 This we done in strong line of battle,
 As musketry in front so loud did rattle.

We laid here until the next day,
 Then the firing appeared to be far away ;
 We left this hill at the break of day,
 And started for Funkstown, five miles away.

And when we reached near Antietam creek,
 Obstacles in front of us there we did stick ;
 We left the turnpike and went into a field,
 Laid down behind a knoll, ourselves to shield.

Here we supported a section of battery,
 And we done it quite easy, without any flattery ;
 We laid here one night and day,
 Driving by degrees the Confederates away.

Next night on picket we were sent,
 With cheerful hearts our steps we bent ;
 We relieved the posts along the whole line,
 And reached a pleasant grove at supper time.

We did not remain long here in suspense,
 As a man hurt his ankle getting over a fence,
 So back we came through some fields of wheat,
 Then cooked our supper and set down to eat.

This we done in high old fashion,
 Details went full two miles for rations;
 After taking our supper we laid down to sleep,
 In a large field covered with wheat.

We arose in the morning feeling gay,
 And after the Confederates sped our way,
 Passing through Funkstown we then did espy,
 A hospital filled with their wounded near by.

This was a most pitiful, but common sight,
 To see their wounded left behind in the flight;
 We passed through this town at ten in the morn;
 I heard an old miller say they stole all his corn.

And then they had made good use of his mill,
 For they had encamped just beyond on a hill.
 Between the town and hill, Antietam creek flowed,
 Where they had rifle pits commanding the road.

In the rifle pits they did not long stay,
 But marched on to Hagerstown, two miles away.
 We crossed the creek and went up a hill,
 Where our corps was handled with great skill.

Regiments were deployed on each side of the road,
 And batteries put in position the Rebels to goad,
 Skirmishers sent out at the head of the line,
 And with the Confederates expected a shine.

Our cavalry all the time closing in on the right,
 And at Hagerstown had a very hard fight;
 They charged through the city, as every one knows,
 And captured many of our Rebel foes.

Our corps then marched to the left of the town,
 The rain in torrents came pouring down,
 We still marched on in battle line,
 For about an hour or perhaps less time.

We had not gone far before we did spy,
 Some Rebel skirmishers in a field of rye;
 Skirmishers from our corps were then sent out,
 And they very soon put the Rebels to rout.

Advancing to the crest of the hill,
 Soon they gave the Rebels their fill;
 This being done it was very near night,
 And darkness put an end to the fight.

Our line remained the same next day,
 In front of the Rebels in battle array;
 At night it began very hard to rain,
 And in the morning they had flown.

When we discovered it, after the Rebels we went,
 Passing through wheat fields we got very wet,
 This caused us very much to shiver,
 Until we arrived at (Williamsport) Potomac river,

Where they had crossed two hours before,
 And then were on the Virginia shore;
 At Williamsport, reinforcements came,
 From Western Virginia, through mud and rain.

They came about two hours too late,
 To drive the Rebels from Maryland State;
 They crossed the ford right at the town,
 The river being high, caused many to drown.

Some of their wagons in the river we spied,
The tops of them just above the tide;
Our corps then marched to the right of the town,
We went up a hill and there laid down

For the night, as we all felt very tired,
And sleep and rest we all required.
We arose in the morning after a good sleep,
And then after the Rebels right lively did keep.

We kept on marching but had no fight,
And when at Boonsboro' it was near night.
Close to the village a fine creek we found,
In which to take a swim all were bound.

To take a swim was all our desire,
As the marching we had made us perspire,
We were all dirty, dusty and tired,
And a very good wash we all required.

Then we passed through Middletown on our way,
And arrived near Berlin, after some delay;
We laid at this place on a very high hill,
And the boys made a dash on a sutler's till,

Getting his nickels, which were but a few,
Also his condensed milk, and peaches too.
Next morning over the river we started,
Us and our Maryland very soon parted.

We passed through Lovettsville on our way,
On the afternoon of one fine Sunday;
The visitors here displayed the "Starry Flag,"
And the corps on it three rousing cheers had.

The men had on *Bell-crowned Hats,*
Claw-hammer Coats and White Cravats;
We kept on marching until near dusk.
As for sleeping and eating, of course, we must.

We bivouacked here in a field for the night,
And burned a large barn for one Mr. Bright;
This man was a Rebel, so all did say,
He used to supply the guerillas with hay.

We laid at this place two nights and one day,
And then started for White Plains some distance away.
We halted that evening near a stone bridge,
And encamped for the night on a high ridge.

Next morning we started on our march again,
And about ten o'clock arrived at White Plain;
At this place one night and day we staid,
The weather being very hot while here we laid.

Some men gathering blackberries were captured near,
By Moseby's guerillas hovering in our rear;
We left this place just at coming night,
And for New Baltimore marched with all our might.

We arrived at it near the break of day,
And in a large field five hours did stay;
For Warrenton then we made our way,
And arrived at it after some delay.

The delay was caused by a swollen creek,
And some of the men in it did almost stick;
We marched right on, beyond the town,
Into a clover field, and there laid down.

In this field one day we staid,
Then orders came to move our brigade
A little further to the right of the town,
Where the citizens on us cast many a frown.

We encamped at this place one week or more,
Then was ordered back to New Baltimore;
We started for it one evening so gay,
And our brass band some fine airs did play.

Each drum corps beat with all their might,
As the column marched out the turnpike.
We arrived at this place at twelve at night,
And laid on the grass five hours quite.

Then our breakfast we relished, after this tramp,
And about ten o'clock went into camp,
Near a fine woods, with plenty of shade,
Snugly ensconced was our brigade.

We here had to guard Thoroughfare Gap,
Wash, eat, lay down, and take a nap.
One fine moonlight night, at this place,
Some guerillas thought the brigade to disgrace.

To capture our Brigadier was their lay,
And carry him and his staff away
To Richmond, where Stoughton they took before,
But they missed their mark and felt very sore,

For the General turned out and made fight,
Along with his staff, who soon put to flight
The guerillas, who came there that night,
And were scared out of their wits, quite.

We encamped at this place some forty-seven days,
Amusing ourselves in various ways;
The officers had just completed a fine race track,
Half a mile from starting point and back.

They had not time to try one steed,
As orders to move came from General Meade;
The day we started we had inspection,
And our brigade passed without objection.

In the afternoon orders came to march,
Citizens rushed into camp and for grub did search;
We left this place just at sundown,
And at nine o'clock reached Warrentown,

Where we bivouacked until morning came,
Then started on our march again.
For Culpepper Court House we made our way,
Passing White Sulphur Springs on this day,

Which was once a famous summer resort,
And took the change of many a sport;
This place was visited by many a southern belle,
And no doubt paid the proprietor well.

The buildings were very much dilapidated,
And this property was all confiscated.
Here we crossed the Rappahannock river
On a corduroy bridge, which much did quiver.

We kept on marching with all our might,
And came near Culpepper late at night,
Where we laid down on the side of a hill,
The night being cool we had many a chill.

We arose in the morning and marched again,
Some distance, through a drizzling rain,
To a place on the Sperryville pike,
Without any prospects of a fight.

We went into a wood and there encamped,
All very tired after a twenty-three mile tramp,
And here remained four days, I think, quite,
Then removed our camp east of the pike.

At this new camp all things were gay,
Old Jonah his violin did play—
In the woods we had a good dancing floor,
To accommodate some three sets or more.

One night, at this dance, there was a jollification,
Plantation Bitters were drank without hesitation,
And one and all were jolly and frisky,
As some of the boys made a raid on whiskey.

It was put up in boxes, as you must know,
And when the boys got it, right quickly it did go;
Men were seen running around with a bottle,
Asking their friends to wet their throttle.

Some got drunk, now I must be frank,
So much so they could not find their camp;
Every one to please his friends done his best,
And one whole company was put under arrest.

This did not last long, as you must know,
As orders came to the Rapidan to go;
We started for it one Monday fine,
And passed several corps in battle line.

We marched through Culpepper with martial tread,
A violent "Sesesh" from a window stuck her head,
She cursed all the Yankees and wished them dead,
Which caused merriment; some said "dry up, go to bed."

This woman was rank as "any other man,"
And about three o'clock we reached the Rapidan;
Our corps went here the Second to relieve,
Who took the place of cavalry, I believe.

The night we arrived here I heard a man say,
That a captain was murdered by the name of McKay;
He was shot while going to his tent at night,
Supposed by a conscript, just out of spite.

Next morning as his body laid there on the ground,
All of his company were summoned around,
To see if the murderer could be found out,
As he was in the company, there is no doubt.

The oath they took was made this way:
Their right hand on his body they did lay,
Then in the other they took the Holy Book,
And some of them with a tremor shook.

But the murderer could not be found;
He was in the regiment, I'll be bound.
We picketed the river full one week,
Then Lee from Meade thought he would escape.

He tried to turn Meade's right flank,
While we laid on the Rapidan's bank;
We left at eight o'clock on Saturday night,
For Culpepper Court House with all our might.

Where we arrived about daylight,
 Without any prospects of a fight ;
 For here we rested and eat our fill,
 Just outside the town, on a hill.

At ten o'clock we started for Rappahannock Station,
 And before sundown was at our destination.
 Here we encamped in a piece of wood,
 Had a very sound sleep, and felt very good.

We laid at this place the most of next day,
 Then recrossed the river in battle array,
 When we advanced as far as Brandy Station,
 Our cavalry driving them without moderation

We advanced to the Station in line of battle,
 The firing of carbines in front loud did rattle,
 And the enemy here were drove out of sight,
 Darkness coming on put an end to the fight.

We stopped in a woods and our supper cooked,
 The sky from the camp-fires very bright looked.
 At this place we stayed, I think, five hours near,
 Then left, as the Confederates we did not fear.

We then marched fast to Rappahannock Station,
 And from the Rebels met with no molestation ;
 So over the river we did quickly retire,
 And at daylight set the bridge on fire.

This was a grand and splendid sight,
 To see this structure in one blaze of light ;
 We then marched on to Bealton Station,
 The Army of the Potomac, the *Pride of the Nation*

Here we halted, just for a short time,
 To rest ourselves, then again fell in line ;
 The buildings at this place were all set on fire,
 And burned to the ground as we did retire.

Remember, the Rebels here we did not fear,
 As our cavalry was in our rear ;
 At Warrenton Junction we halted in a wood,
 Had four days rations served ; they came very good

We stopped here four hours for a rest,
 Then for Bristoe Station marched our best,
 Where we arrived, very tired and sore,
 As the miles we came were just twenty-four.

We laid down here, in a field, for the night,
 And arose in the morning at daylight,
 Having enjoyed a good night's sleep,
 Cooked our breakfast and a hearty meal eat.

We marched on to Manassas, then did hear,
 Heavy firing, it appeared to be in our rear ;
 It was the Second Corps with the Rebels engaged,
 They killed a great many and five hundred caged.

They thought here to capture our supply train,
 But the brave Warren to them spoke very plain ;
 He placed a line of battle in the railroad cut,
 Who annihilated the Rebels, all but.

This was all done without being seen
 By the Rebels who thought it very mean.
 From their artillery they had to quickly retire,
 As on it our men kept such a murderous fire.

They ran away from their pieces which were four,
 And they were captured by the gallant Second Corps ;
 Ten men from each regiment were then detailed
 To drag off the pieces which the Rebels failed.

We kept on marching for Centreville,
 Where we halted on top of a large hill ;
 Here we thought that we would stay,
 But orders came to move away.

Just at dark we started for Chantilly,
 The country to this place being mighty hilly ;
 This was a short march, but very fast,
 For we arrived at about ten, half past.

We laid in a field the balance of the night,
 And in the morning moved across the pike ;
 This was done in line of battle,
 And our men did charge and kill some cattle.

Then details were sent to cut down trees,
 While others threw up rifle-pits at their ease ;
 This being done, we all laid down for the night,
 But next day we had some prospects of a fight.

In the afternoon, at four, I think, was the time,
 There was some firing on the picket line ;
 This caused a stir throughout the camp,
 But the pickets, alone, made the Rebels decamp.

They were guerillas, but numeratively few,
 There being nothing to steal, wanted something to do ;
 Next day was Sunday, the weather fine and clear,
 But our corps was doomed not long to stop here.

On Monday we started on our march again,
 One man with sickness, did complain
 Of his ankle, the day before he did strain,
 And he wanted to ride in the ambulance train.

To get along he tried, with all his might,
 For the surgeon told him he would have a sight,
 That was, providing there was no fight,
 To ride in the ambulance until night.

We marched this day up to Gainesville,
 And of persimmons eat our fill ;
 In a field we stopped, near the railroad station,
 As we heard firing in front, without cessation.

The Rebels were disputing the passage of the Gap,
 So we laid down in line of battle and took a nap ;
 We arose in the morning just at four,
 And started off for New Baltimore.

Passing along the road to Buckland Mills,
 We had to climb some very high hills,
 And when we got near New Baltimore,
 Some cavalymen we seen who were killed day before.

All of them were stripped of their uniforms quite,
 And presented a most horrrrble sight ;
 We arrived at New Baltimore early that afternoon,
 And stacked our arms on a hill very soon.

Some of the men laid down to sleep,
 While most of them went out to kill sheep ;
 They belonged to a Rebel, named Moorhead,
 But the men did not stop until all were dead.

Then some of the boys did quickly see,
Some hogs belonging to a Rebel, Mr. Oglesby,
They also fared the fate of the sheep,
When we all set down and commenced to eat.

Our supper we had hardly got done,
When orders came to move to Warrenton,
Where we marched off to the right of the town,
And some men a building began to tear down.

Then a man named Duffee soon hove in sight,
And put the would be carpenters to flight ;
His appointment is inspector of the corps,
He said of boards they should take no more.

We remained at this place 'til the following Sunday,
It would have been just as well to move on Monday ;
This was done on account of the scarcity of wood.
The camp that was picked out was very good.

Our tents we pitched in a place so fine,
And remained here but eleven days' time ;
While we laid here in this piece of woods,
Details were made to unload goods

Close by, down at the railroad station,
And while there we had a jollification :
Sutler's goods came up on a supply train,
His Plantation Bitters the boys did drain.

Doing here pretty much as we pleased :
News got around that the Sutler lost a cheese.
That soldiers are honest, you cannot deny,
But the bitters and cheese they knocked sky-high.

Next day our boys were all relieved,
And the Sutler said he firmly believed,
The detail took all the bitters and cheese,
And done with them just whatever they pleased.

The morning we left this camp, it was said
That Moseby's guerillas on our train made a raid,
And captured some mules, in number seventy-five,
But the guard to the emergency was fully alive ;

Who recaptured them all but four or five,
Which the guerillas to keep, very hard did strive ;
To them this was a very poor raid,
And I do not hardly think it paid.

In the morning to Rappahannock Station, we did go,
Where we met some of Ewell's Corps, our old foe ;
Skirmishers from our division were soon sent out,
Who drove them into their rifle pits and redoubts.

Brigades then advanced in line of battle,
As skirmishing in front so loud did rattle ;
Some regiments got ready to make a charge,
Over a field, in front, which was very large,

To their rifle pits, down at the river near,
And to stick their heads above them they did fear ;
This being done it was quite near night,
And the sun on our bayonets shone very bright.

The columns advanced up to the rifle pits near,
Then all of the men gave a hearty cheer.
When the word "Charge" was heard above the din,
You ought to have seen the Sixth Corps go in.

To the redoubts and breastworks we did quickly go,
 Capturing many of the Confederate foe,
 Who were made to surrender, and nothing shorter,
 After fighting about two hours and a quarter.

They had a pontoon bridge in their rear,
 And for it some of our regiments did steer;
 Having gained this there was no fear,
 Of the balance of the brigades getting clear.

Their guns they strewed promiscuously around,
 And to throw their artillery in the river was bound,
 But this our men very soon put to a stop,
 For those engaged in it were quickly shot.

The prisoners all looked like Sir Falstaff's recruits,
 And were almost scared out of their boots;
 Some were glad at prisoners being taken,
 While others complained of their heads aching.

Thirteen hundred prisoners were taken this day,
 And not very dear for them did we pay;
 Muskets to the number of eighteen hundred
 Were captured; also, their artillery, which thundered

On our devoted division while the fight lasted,
 And many a brave man's hopes here were blasted;
 They also lowered to us eight battle flags,
 Men never looked on such detestable rags.

Their ground red, the stars white, and bars blue,
 Such were the banners of this traitorous crew;
 Next afternoon over the river we did go,
 Passing a great many cabins of Rebel foe,

Which were plastered with mud, nice and tight—
 These they occupied before the last fight;
 Some of these were not quite all done,
 But we made good use of every one.

We moved our camp to the extreme right,
 With the Hazel river fully in sight;
 Here I went on guard at a flour mill,
 And often of slap-jacks I would eat my fill.

I awoke one morning, as you must know,
 When I found out my cakes were all dough,
 For we left this morning just at six,
 And by night found ourselves in a fix.

This was caused by the sticking of our supply train,
 As the roads were muddy from a former rain;
 We worked hard and large logs carried,
 And about five hours here we tarried.

We kept on marching to the Rapidan,
 All as mad as the devil, or "any other man;"
 We stopped at night in woods on a hill,
 About one mile from Germania Mill.

We arose in the morning, it was pretty cold,
 And soon crossed the river, all very bold;
 We stopped close to the river bank, on a high hill,
 Then and there many a man had a heavy chill.

Then here we remained until near night,
 When we found our advance was engaged in a fight;
 This was General French's gallant Third Corps,
 So we had to march to their succor.

We went into a woods, then out in a field,
 Where we built a breastwork, ourselves to shield;
 As the lines in front had quite a lively fight,
 Which was stopped by the coming on of night.

After we had lain some four hours here,
 For Robertson's tavern we started in good cheer;
 To here we did not go to get something to drink,
 And that for a moment, I don't want you to think.

But we went there the Confederates to fight,
 And when our corps arrived it was daylight;
 When we set down our breakfast to eat,
 Then after the Rebels we all did keep.

We kept on marching down the turnpike,
 When the advance of the Second engaged in a fight;
 At this time it commenced very hard to rain,
 Which caused some with sickness to complain.

We then marched off in a very large wood,
 Where in the rain some four hours we stood;
 Then all inverted our arms in the ground,
 While the Rebels in front were in plenty found.

They kept up a very strong skirmish line,
 Rain still coming down all the time;
 The right of our regiment rested on a creek,
 And a bridge we built over it very quick.

This was done to connect our line,
 And was completed before supper time;
 Next day was Sunday, and bitter cold,
 The Rebels in front showing themselves bold.

We left this place at one o'clock at night,
 And marched some distance to the right;
 Where we soon prepared the Rebels to fight;
 Unslung our knapsacks to make us light.

Then the pioneers did them all guard,
 And we carried nothing our steps to retard;
 To make a charge was our intent,
 But before we done it some men were sent

Out front to take a view of the ground,
 Who soon returned and said they found
 A mill-race there, about five feet deep;
 Had we made the charge many now in death would sleep.

As it was the cold weather we much did feel,
 The water all day in the sun did congeal;
 We laid in the woods without any fire,
 And from it at dusk we did retire,

To our old position, we had left before,
 All feeling very cold and sore,
 We laid here all the next day,
 Until it came night, then started away,

Again to cross the Rapidan river,
 The night being cold we all did shiver;
 We recrossed the river just at daylight,
 The frost on the ground showed very white.

Here on a plank road we marched to a mill,
 Then halted, and of breakfast eat a small fill;
 We started, went about two miles, and stopped again
 In a fine woods, and all day did remain.

This we done in battle line,
 Feeling hungry all the time ;
 After this we started for Brandy Station,
 To which place we marched with moderation.

Having arrived here we did find
 Some of the Third Corps who were kind
 Enough to give us some of their tack
 As they from the Rapidan were just back.

We kept on marching to our old camp,
 And so thus ended our fall and winter tramp ;
 Having laid here quiet just four days,
 We then removed our camp a little ways,

Over the Hazel river, in a fine wood,
 Where we put up cabins very good ;
 We plastered them up with mud and moss,
 I tell you we lived good in them, "Old Hoss."

We have two bunks in our room, you know,
 Space for three above and as many below ;
 Whippey, Doyle and Phipps, occupy the one above,
 And the ones below they as soldiers love,

Which is Buck, Old Man, and Little Dan,
 And through the winter will keep warm if they can ;
 As we have re-enlisted in the Sixth Corps,
 To serve our country three years more.

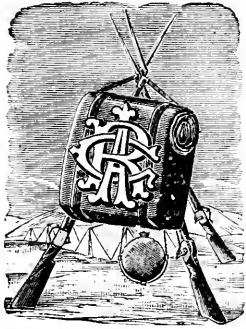
After Mr. Geo. E. Reed had completed the preceding poem while in the service, he re-enlisted in December, 1863, as a veteran in Company A, Ninety-fifth Regiment, Pennsylvania Volunteers—better known as the Gosline Zouaves. While at home on a veteran furlough, arrangements were made for the publication of his remarkable work, and many thousand copies, in pamphlet form, were sold in 1864. During the terrific conflict at Spottsylvania Court House, he had the misfortune to be taken prisoner, on the 12th of May, '64. The same day eleven men, all of that famous regiment, lost their left arms. While at the Florence, S. C., prison pen, he was placed in charge of the small-pox and gangrene hospital, and performed several surgical operations upon his unfortunate comrades with no other implements than a pen-knife and pair of scissors, something unprecedented in the history of surgery. One of his patients, John W. January, now postmaster of the Illinois House of Representatives, had both his feet frozen and gangrene set in, and to save his life the above mentioned author amputated his feet, also both feet for several other comrades, who still enjoy good health.

Dear reader, that is the kind of a man who wrote the War Relic, surely it is valuable as a curiosity of the rebellion.



THE GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.

An Historical Sketch, by Comrade Robert B. Beath, Post 5, Department of Penn'a, Past Commander-in-Chief.



THE "Grand Army of the Republic" is an organization composed exclusively of those who served in the Union Army or Navy during the Rebellion; and is the outgrowth of a natural desire on the part of the participants in the conflict of arms, to strengthen and perpetuate friendships formed amidst hardships and dangers, and through the strong bonds of fraternity, enjoy the social advantages of frequent meetings with old comrades, and with them plan for the care and comfort of the sick and disabled or destitute of their number; to honor the memories of the dead, and to cherish and maintain the principles upon which the order is based.

Although but nineteen years have elapsed since the organization of the Grand Army of the Republic, the names of those to whom the order owes its conception are not on record, and the data concerning the initiatory movements is unattainable.

It is generally agreed, however, that Dr. B. F. Stephenson, now dead, was the organizer, if not the originator, of the first post, which was formed in Decatur, Illinois, in the Spring of 1866, and it was through his exertions that posts were organized in that and adjoining States. These lacked a central or general organization and regulations, until a meeting was held in Springfield, Illinois, in July, 1866, by the representatives of over forty posts of that State. General John M. Palmer was there chosen Grand Commander. Dr. Stephenson acted as Provisional Commander-in-Chief, with Colonel J. C. Weber as Adjutant General, and headquarters at Springfield; and when posts had been formed in several States, Col. Stephenson, in pursuance of General Order No. 13, dated October 31, 1866, convened their representatives for the formation of a national organization. A convention was accordingly held in Indianapolis, on November 20, with representatives present from posts in Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Missouri, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Wisconsin and the District of Columbia.

The meeting was a large one and attracted general attention. General John M. Palmer, of Illinois, presided, and the encampment adopted plans for the organization of posts, State departments, and a national encampment, substantially as they are in force to-day.

Eligibility to membership was declared in the following terms: Soldiers and sailors of the United States army, navy or marine corps, who served during the late rebellion, and those having been honorably discharged therefrom after such service, shall be eligible to membership in the Grand Army of the Republic. No soldier or sailor who has been convicted by court-martial of desertion or any other infamous crime shall be admitted. No person shall be eligible to membership who has at any time borne arms against the United States.

The objects to be accomplished by the organization were stated to be:

1. To preserve and strengthen those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors, and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion.

2. To make these feelings efficient in works of kindness and material aid to those who fought with us by land or by sea for the preservation of the Union, and who now need our assistance for themselves or their families, by making provision where it is not already made.

For the protection of such as have been disabled either by wounds, sickness, old age, or misfortune.

For the maintenance of the widows of such as have fallen, and the support, care and education of their children.

3. To establish and secure the rights of these defenders of their country, by all moral, social and political means in our power.

To inculcate upon the whole country a proper appreciation of their services, and a recognition of their just claims.

But this association does not design to make nominations for office, or to use its influence as a secret organization for partisan purposes.

4. To maintain true allegiance to the United States of America, based upon a paramount respect for and fidelity to the national constitution and laws, to be manifested by the discountenancing of whatever may tend to weaken loyalty, incite to insurrection, treason or rebellion, or in any manner impair the efficiency and permanency of our free institutions, together with a defense of universal liberty, equal rights and justice to all men.

Section three, as given above, has been since stricken out, and the introduction of partisan questions has been prohibited: "No officer or comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic shall in any manner use this organization for partisan purposes, and no discussion of partisan questions shall be permitted at any of its meetings, nor shall any nomination for political office be made."

Rules and regulations for the government of the order were adopted, and the encampment adjourned, intrusting to the officers selected the work of systematizing and perfecting the organization. These officers were: Commander-in-Chief, General Stephen A. Hurlbut; Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, General James B. McKean, of New York; Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief, General Nathan Kimball, of Indiana; Adjutant General, Col. B. F. Stephenson.

The second national encampment met in the council chambers, Philadelphia, January 15, 1868; the following departments being represented in addition to those named in the first meeting: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, Michigan, Minnesota, Tennessee and Louisiana.

The convention found itself in anything but a proper condition for intelligent action. There had been no intercommunication among the different departments, no correspondence with head-quarters, and no general interchange of opinions, theories and ideas, but each delegate had apparently come with his own more or less crude ideas. Neither the Commander-in-Chief nor the Adjutant General laid before the convention any suggestions as to the result of their experience. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, the delegates, with great harmony, constituted the proper committees, and succeeded during the session, in revising the regulations and ritual, a labor which, by no means perfect, resulted in great improvement upon the previous regulations and ritual. More was accomplished, however, at this convention, by the opportunity offered to compare various views, and the bringing together for discussion of the different opinions entertained by members from all parts of the North, as to what the organization should be, than in the mere matter of revising regulations or remodeling the ritual.

The national encampment which convened in Philadelphia, was, therefore, an era in the history of the order. It resulted in the establishment of head-quarters at the National Capitol, which, to a certain extent, not only nationalized the order, but gave great facility of communication, and for the first time enabled a correspondence to be opened with the leading members of the organization, and with the various departments and commands throughout the United States. At this encampment the following officers were elected: General John A. Logan, Commander-in-Chief; Comrade Joshua T. Owen, of Pennsylvania, Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief; Comrade Joseph R. Hawley, of Connecticut, Junior Vice Commander-in-Chief; Comrade Ed. Jardine, of New Jersey, Inspector General; Comrade T. C. Campbell, of Ohio, Quartermaster General; Comrade Jno. Bell, of Iowa, Surgeon General; and Comrade A. H. Quint, of Massachusetts, Chaplain General. Gen. N. P. Chapman was appointed Adjutant General.

The unoccupied States and Territories were organized into departments as rapidly as possible, and all those who had been comrades in arms, encouraged to establish Posts and bring themselves within the benefits and influences of the order, and at the next annual encampment, which assembled in Cincinnati, on the 12th day of May, 1869, we find thirty-seven departments reported, representing two thousand and fifty posts, and an increase of sixteen departments during the year.

General Logan was re-elected at the encampment held in Cincinnati, May 12, 1869, and again at Washington, May 11, 1870.

In 1868, General Logan directed the observance of May 30th as a MEMORIAL DAY, and the national encampment, on his recommendation, incorporated the

same in its organic law, making the observance of that day general and binding on the organization.

At first this met with considerable opposition and unfavorable criticism on the part of those outside of the order, as threatening a revival of sectional animosities which should be buried forever; but the results have justified the wisdom of the action. There having been no *personal* hatred to the Confederate soldier, even in the field, there certainly was none after they laid down their arms. The ceremony was intended to honor the Union dead, and to teach the rising generation lessons of patriotism, and not to stir up strife between the victor and vanquished. All adverse criticisms have, however, been silenced, as year after year the ceremonies grow in impressiveness and in the number participating.

Several of the States have made this Memorial Day a legal holiday, and throughout the country its public observance attracts general attention and respect.

The order of General Logan upon this subject read as follows:

HEADQUARTERS GRAND ARMY OF THE REPUBLIC.
WASHINGTON, D. C., MAY 5, 1868.

GENERAL ORDERS No. 11.

1. The 30th of May, 1868, is designated for the purpose of strewing flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in the defense of their country during the late Rebellion, and whose bodies now lie in almost every city, village and hamlet church yard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way, arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the Rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than by cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives where the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to their adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time, testify to the present or to the coming generations, that we have forgotten, as a people, the cost of a free or undivided Republic. If other eyes grow dull and other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remains to us. Let us, then, at the time appointed, gather around their sacred remains, and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of spring-time; let us raise above them the dear old flag they saved from dishonor; let us in this solemn presence renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us, a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.

2. It is the purpose of the Commander-in-Chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to call attention to this order, and lend its friendly aid in bringing to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

3. Department Commanders will use every effort to make this order effective.

By order of JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-Chief.

N. P. CHAPMAN,
Adjutant General

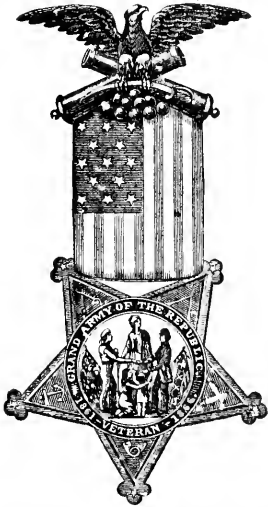
A special meeting of the national encampment was convened in the city of New York, in October, 1868, when a committee was appointed to consider suggested changes in the rules, regulations and ritual, and report to the next encampment. It was particularly designed to incorporate in our order a system of "degrees," such as are in vogue in some other organizations.

The committee, composed of excellent material, with Comrade James Shaw, Jr., of R. I., as chairman, presented to the encampment at Cincinnati, in 1869, a code of laws and a ritual dividing the membership into three classes—Recruits, Soldiers, Veterans, and this report, with a few immaterial changes, was adopted by that encampment.

It was there decided that all the post, department and national officers (and representatives to the latter) and all who had been members of the order for eight months, should be entitled to the higher grade, on taking anew the obligation imposed on each member. Recruits were required to serve on probation for a certain time without the right to vote, before advancement to the second grade.

The radical action of the national encampment met with most serious opposition, the entire membership seemed awakened to the fact that a great mistake had been made, and their rights jeopardized by their representatives. During the time this system was in force, posts were lost by the hundreds and members by the thousand, and after two years trial the national encampment abolished the system and returned to the first principles.

At the special meeting above mentioned, on motion of Comrade F. A. Starring, of Illinois, a committee was appointed to consider the subject of a badge for the membership.



The badge is bronze, made of cannon captured during the late rebellion, in form a five pointed star, similar in general design to the two hundred medals of honor authorized by act of Congress to be given to soldiers and sailors most distinguished for meritorious and gallant conduct.

The reverse side represents a branch of laurel—the crown and reward of the brave—in each point of the star. In the centre the national shield, surrounded by the twenty-four corps badges, arranged numerically, each on a keystone, and all linked together, showing they are united, and will guard and protect the shield of the nation. Around the centre is a circle of stars, representing the States of the Union and the departments composing the Grand Army of the Republic. Credit for the design is due to Comrade F. A. Starring, at that time Inspector General of the order.

With some slight modification, the cut here presented shows the design of the face of the badge adopted by the committee, and which is now used.

General Ambrose E. Burnside, of Rhode Island, was elected Commander-in-Chief at the encampment held in Boston, May 10, 1871, and served two years

with distinguished ability, doing much to place the order on a higher plane than it had before occupied.

General Louis Wagner, of Pennsylvania, succeeded Governor Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, as Senior Vice Commander-in-Chief, acting as Commander-in-Chief for some months, during General Burnside's absence in Europe. General James Coey, of California, was elected Junior Vice Commander. Headquarters were transferred to the city of New York, and Captain Roswell Miller was appointed Adjutant General, giving for two years valuable service for which he declined any recompense. Under his supervision the books and records were so systematized that no important change has since been required. Captain Miller is now manager of one of the most extensive railway corporations in the country, the Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul.

General Burnside having positively declined a third term, General Charles Devens, Jr., of Massachusetts, afterwards Attorney General of United States, was chosen his successor at New Haven, Connecticut, May 11, 1873. He was re-elected at the session in Harrisburg, Pa., May 12, 1874. During his administration the headquarters were in Boston, Mass.

Governor John F. Hartranft, of Pennsylvania, was elected Commander-in-Chief, at Chicago, May 12, 1875, and he established head-quarters at Philadelphia,

with Colonel Robert B. Beath as Adjutant General. Governor Hartranft was re-elected at Philadelphia, June 30, 1876.

At the Providence encampment, in June, 1877, General John C. Robinson, of New York, was elected Commander-in-Chief, and head-quarters were removed to New York city. Colonel James L. Farley was appointed Adjutant General. Comrade Robinson was re-elected at the encampment in Springfield, Mass., in June, 1878.

The twelfth annual session was held in Albany, in June, 1879, and was a meeting of considerable interest. Comrade William Earnshaw, Chaplain at the National Home, Dayton, Ohio, was elected Commander-in-Chief. Head-quarters during his term were at Dayton, where the thirteenth session was held in June, 1880.

At Albany the rule or custom of re-electing the Senior and Junior Vice Commanders-in-Chief was broken, in order that the honors of the highest positions might be passed around to a greater number of comrades, and this rule was afterward applied to Commander-in-Chief.

General Louis Wagner, of Philadelphia, was elected Commander-in-Chief at Dayton, and he appointed Colonel Robert B. Beath as Adjutant General, with head-quarters at Philadelphia.

A very large gain was made in the membership this year. Commander-in-Chief Wagner, at his own expense, visited a large number of departments, and attended meetings and re-unions of soldiers at distant points, with a view of making more widely known the objects of the Grand Army.

Comrade Geo. S. Merrill, of Massachusetts, was chosen to succeed Comrade Wagner, at the fifteenth annual meeting held in Indianapolis, June, 1881. Col. Wm. M. Olin was appointed Adjutant General, and the head-quarters were removed to Boston.

In June, 1882, the national encampment was held in the city of Baltimore, and Comrade Paul Van Der Voort, of Nebraska, was chosen Commander-in-Chief. Comrade F. E. Brown was appointed Adjutant General and head-quarters were established at Omaha.

The seventeenth annual session was held in Denver, Colorado. Comrade Robt. B. Beath, of Pennsylvania, was elected Commander-in-Chief and the head-quarters were established at Philadelphia, with Comrade John M. Vanderslice as Adjutant General.

At the encampment held in Minneapolis, Minnesota, in July, 1883, Comrade John S. Koontz, of Ohio, was elected Commander-in-Chief, and he appointed as Adjutant General, Comrade W. M. Alcorn, and established head-quarters at Toledo, Ohio.

The nineteenth annual session was held in Portland, Maine, June, 1885, and was largely attended. Comrade Samuel S. Burdett, of the Department of the Potomac was elected Commander-in-Chief. Head-quarters were established at Washington, D. C., and Comrade John Cameron appointed Adjutant General.

The twentieth annual session of the national encampment convened in San Francisco, Cal., August, 4, 1886. Comrade Lucius Fairchild, of Wisconsin, was elected Commander-in-Chief. Samuel W. Backus, of California, Senior Vice Commander; Edgar Allen, of Virginia, Junior Vice Commander.

To give the general public an idea of the attendance at these gatherings, we will state that at the camp-fire held on the evening of August 7, to which G. A. R. men only were admitted, there were consumed 1500 pounds of corned beef, 1000 pounds of ham, 900 gallons of coffee, 10,000 sandwiches, 25 dozen beef tongues, 800 loaves of bread, 200 pounds of hard tack, 300 pounds of cheese, 50 gallons of mixed pickles, 450 pounds of sugar and 200 pounds of butter.

The 21st annual session of the National Encampment convened at St. Louis, Mo., September 28, 1887, and elected John P. Rea Commander-in-Chief; Nelson Cole, S. V. C., and John Linehan, J. V. C.

The 22d annual session will convene at Columbus, Ohio, during the summer of 1888.

The following statement exhibits the amount of money disbursed (March 31, 1886, to March 31, 1887,) toward the relief of those whose health became impaired during the hardships of the civil conflict, and who are now infirm and worthy of a helping hand:

DEPARTMENTS	Amount Expended.	No. Comrades Relieved.	Others.	Total No. Assisted.
Arkansas,	\$66 90	15	3	18
California,	4521 11	198	167	365
Colorado,	2005 58	83	39	122
Connecticut,	9845 07	549	532	1081
Dakota,	1557 37	75	26	101
Delaware,	550 91	33	4	37
Florida,	41 50	2		2
Gulf,	233 85	16	23	39
Illinois,	11045 39	716	363	1127
Indiana,	5823 12	581	297	878
Iowa,	5636 87	415	225	640
Kansas,	6547 07	557	239	796
Kentucky,	167 46	25	18	43
Maine,	5135 22	192	103	295
Massachusetts,	51011 32	2326	1257	3583
Maryland,	1786 84	150	36	186
Michigan,	9742 77	1463	1066	2409
Minnesota,	3908 04	166	87	253
Missouri,	3659 78	199	189	388
Montana,	590 63	18	9	27
Nebraska,	2109 37	136	96	235
New Hampshire,	4622 36	381	116	500
New Jersey,	8506 18	466	127	593
New Mexico,	55 35	3		3
New York,	48896 75	2965	1357	4352
Ohio,	17066 66	1793	1459	2952
Oregon,	928 79	44	10	54
Pennsylvania,	38027 70	3266	1269	4535
Potomac,	1765 77	153	6	159
Rhode Island,	1480 02	42	28	70
Tennessee and Georgia,	255 52	2		2
Texas,	62 25	3	3	6
Utah,	446 45	17	20	37
Vermont,	1404 93	109	43	152
Virginia,	216 80	37	5	42
Washington Territory,	202 55	5	4	9
West Virginia,	578 57	45	39	84
Wisconsin,	4150 41	337	94	431
Total,	\$253934 43	17607	8999	26606

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

The subject of this sketch, Geo. B. Buzzee, only son of David B. and Eliza M. Buzzee, of the city of New Brunswick, State of New Jersey, who entered the army, May 28th, 1861, having just reached his eighteenth year, deserves some mention of the service done his country during the late rebellion.

When the call for troops was made, he manifested a great desire to give his services to his country, and but for the earnest opposition of his parents would have enlisted some time earlier than he did. It was not long, however, before his patriotic feeling became stronger than his love of home, and without his parents knowledge or consent, he enlisted as a drummer in company G, First New Jersey Volunteers, which Capt. Alexander M. Way was then recruiting, and was sworn into the United States service at Trenton, before his parents were informed that he had fully determined to go. As soon as the facts became known to them, they visited the boy and kindly reasoned with him as to the impropriety of his conduct, and the inexpediency of his course, being so young and inexperienced, and promised if he would agree to it to procure his release. All efforts to induce him to change his mind proving futile, his parents reluctantly withdrew their objections, and endeavored to comfort and strengthen him in the discharge of his duty. He passed safely through the marches and battles, beginning at the first battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, until the battle in the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, when he was taken prisoner, with many of his comrades, and hurriedly carried to the Rebel prison at Andersonville, Ga., where he was kept until the 12th of the following September, at which time he was taken to another prison pen in Florence, S. C., and from which he, along with many more, on the 17th of

September, escaped, for the purpose of getting back to the Union lines. After traveling several days and nights through the woods and swamps of that region, his feet became extremely sore and his strength so greatly exhausted that he gave himself up to a rebel farmer, and was returned to his miserable captivity. The poisonous briars and mud of the swamps caused gangrene in his feet, which was soon followed by dumb palsy, and chronic bronchitis, and the combined effects, with the bad treatment received from the rebel prison keepers, soon ended his life.

He was taken to the gangrene hospital, being almost helpless at the time of his arrival there. The hospital for our men was a shed similar to those used in brick yards in this locality, being built without any ends or side. Under this shed we drove forked sticks in the ground, about one foot long, and on them placed young saplings, and upon these we would place pine boughs, which were picked from the stunted trees around the hospital; our patients were placed on these cots, without any covering whatever, excepting what clothing they might be possessed of at the time of being brought to the hospital. This was in the month of December, and very cold; it being the coldest winter they had in South Carolina since the winter of 1856-7. To give warmth to the unfortunate patients we would build, every night, a fire of large logs, always making it at the windward end of the shed, so as much heat as possible would draw through. This did not afford much heat, and the smoke from the pine was almost stifling. On the evening of December 10, 1864, it was bitter cold, we were sitting around our log fire, he attracted my attention by making a motion that he wanted to be carried to the fire to get warmed. I immediately went to him, and picking him up, started for the fire at the end of the shed, and was in the act of sitting down on a log, that we used as a seat, when he gave a faint shudder, and stretched himself out dead in my arms.

Although this bereavement in some respects was peculiarly sad, the boy being their only son, captured within less than a month of the expiration of his term of service, and daily expecting to go home with his company, the sadness which the relatives and friends would otherwise have felt, was to a great degree lightened, if not entirely removed, by the fact that that his death was peaceful and full of hope—his last words were “tell mother I die happy.”—*Geo. E. Reed, Post 58, Harrisburg, Pa.*

CURTIN AND STANTON.

On the files of the War Department, ex-Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, says, are two rather spicy dispatches, one addressed to him by Secretary Stanton, and the other his reply.

It was late in the war, probably in the spring of 1864, that Governor Curtin went to Washington to see the Secretary of War, and, after giving him a harrowing description of the condition of Federal prisoners in Andersonville, he appealed to him to save them.

Mr. Stanton said he did not see how he could do anything. “Why,” said the Governor of Pennsylvania, “we have thousands of Confederate prisoners; let there be an exchange.” With some heat, the Secretary asked if he meant to propose that we should take back a lot of diseased enfeebled men, who could not return to the ranks, and give the Confederates an equal number of healthy and well-fed men, who could at once recruit their armies.

Governor Curtin said that was exactly what he was after. “Well, sir,” said Stanton, “a man who professes to be loyal to the Government ought to be ashamed to make such a treasonable suggestion.” Curtin is an irascible gentleman, and he left in a choleric condition.

Immediately after he got home, he received from the Secretary a dispatch about as follows: “In the interests of loyalty to the Government and the speedy suppression of the rebellion, you should resign at once, and retire to private life, which you never should have left.” Curtin replied to the Secretary: “In the interest of humanity, you should die and go to the devil, where you ought to have gone long ago.” This shows how courteous great men sometimes are.

INGERSOLL IN THE ARMY.

"An interesting instance in war history was developed in the pension office the other day," said an Illinois veteran this morning, "and it is a bit from the annals of Colonel Ingersoll's command. While his regiment was bivouacked at the fair ground at Peoria, covering several days, the weather became intensely cold. The condition of the public feeling at that time, together with the desire of the Colonel to give the boys some discipline, led him to throw out all the safeguards of camp, and guards were put on duty. It was very disagreeable, and the Colonel said it was a pity to keep the poor fellows on picket where there was no danger.

"It was just before the command moved South that the commander was married. The weather was as disagreeable as one could imagine—snow, ice and cutting winds. Nevertheless the guards were on duty, just the same as they were where the fighting was expected. All of the arrangements for the marriage of the commander were made, when he rode out to the fair grounds to see the boys. Riding around the lines he discovered the pickets shivering, and his sympathies were thoroughly aroused. Finally he was halted by one poor fellow.

"'Colonel,' said he, 'I am about to freeze. You must give me a bottle of whiskey and an overcoat or relieve me, or you will move with one less private.'

"'You shall have all three,' replied the Colonel, and, suiting his words with action, he pulled off his overcoat, and as he handed it to the guard said:

"'There, take that overcoat. In the inside pocket you will find a bottle of whiskey. Now, you are relieved from this duty. I won't have any picket duty such a day as this.'

"And the Colonel rode off to the city. It was discovered afterward that the overcoat he gave to the soldier was the one made with his wedding suit. Well, the man served through the war with Colonel Ingersoll, and emerged with impaired health. He has rheumatism, which he declares was contracted while on guard duty that day, when he was almost frozen. He recently applied for a pension and told this story in his proof of disability contracted in the service.

"Colonel Ingersoll never believed in discipline," continued the veteran, "and I may add he never had any discipline in his command. I was with him, and if there was one thing he despised more than another it was what he called 'show business'—the routine work intended to discipline. He believed that his command ought to make up in bravery what it lacked in discipline when the moment for action came. And I may say he inculcated much of that feeling in his men. He used to preach to them that it made no difference when a man died, or how he died, and seemed to want the men to be in a mood of recklessness all the time—not in a mood to throw away life, but to stand up and imperil it to win a battle.

"The Colonel had one trait of character which endeared him to every man under him. It was that of acquainting himself personally with each one. And he was the arbitrator of many little troubles, personal and impersonal, with the men. He would sit around with the privates, down on the common level, and tell stories and address them by their Christian names, and they all felt that he was their individual friend, which was true, for an insult to one of his men was an insult to him."



A soldier had the pictures of his wife and mother in separate cases in his blouse pocket, and a ball passed through both, and lodged in the inside one, the cases thus saving his life.

CASE OF PURE LUCK.

"Talk about luck," says Col. A. R. Magill, State Insurance Commissioner of Minnesota, and then he proceeds to tell this story, on the truth of which he is willing to stake his chances for the next gubernatorial nomination. "When the Army of the Potomac, in the spring of 1862, moved into the fortifications at Manassas and Centreville, which had been vacated by the rebels, the boys spent much of their time gathering relics from the battle-field of Bull Run to send home to their friends. One day a gawky member of the Fourth New York brought in an unexploded percussion bomb and proceeded to draw the load before sending it away. He might, if he had had brains enough to last him over the door sill, have taken it to an artilleryman and had it safely unloaded, but instead of this he took it to the blacksmith shop, where, with hammer and cold-chisel, he sat down in the middle of the floor, took the bomb between his legs, placed the brass screw at the point and gave it a smart lick with the hammer. The next instant the atmosphere was dense with disintegrated blacksmith shop. A section of the batting roof had business over in another county, and a chunk of the side wall went down to visit the neighboring camp. Pieces of iron and steel that were once tools took an immediate vacation and fled to parts unknown. In short, the shop was completely demolished."

"But what of the man?" we asked of Colonel McGill.

"He's the chap I was coming to. When the boys rushed over to see what was the matter, there he set bolt upright in the midst of the debris, with his legs straddled out, a hammer in one hand and a cold-chisel in the other, and trying to spit a hair off the end of his tongue. 'By gosh,' he said, as he slowly crawled to his feet, 'I guess the folks 't home 'll have to git along 'thout that shell.'"

"The only injury that had been done to him was the singeing of his hair and whiskers. He wasn't even very much frightened till the next day."

A RELIC.

The following bit of literature, written to relieve camp life, has just again come to life. It is called "Chronicles of the Kansas 1st."

1. Man that is born of woman, and enlisteth as a soldier in the Kansas 1st, is of few days and short of rations.

2. He cometh forth at reveille, and is present also at retreat; yea, even at tattoo, and retireth, apparently, at taps.

3. He draweth his rations from the commissary, and devoureth the same. He striketh his teeth against much hard bread, and is satisfied. He filleth his canteen with aqua-pura, and clappeth the mouth thereof upon the bung of a whiskey barrel, and after a little while he goeth away, rejoicing in his strategy.

4. Much soldiering lath made him sharp; yea, even the legs of his pants are in danger of being cut through.

5. He covenanteth with the credulous farmer for many chickens and much honey and milk, to be paid in ten days; and lo, his regiment moveth on the ninth day, and is seen in those diggings no more forever.

6. His tent is filled with potatoes, cabbages, turnips, krount and other delicate morsels that abound not in the commissary department.

7. And many other things not in the return, and which never will return; yet for truth it must be said of the soldier of the Kansas 1st, that of a surety he taketh nothing which he cannot reach.

8. He fireth his Minie rifle at midnight, and the whole camp is aroused and formed into line, when lo! his mess comes bearing in a nice porker, which he declares so resembled a Secesh that a wise precaution led him to pull the trigger.

9. He giveth the provost-marshal no small trouble, often capturing his guard and possessing himself of the city.

10. At such times lager and pretzels flow like milk and honey from his generous hand; he giveth without stint to his comrades. Yes, and withholdeth not from the lank, expectant Hoosier of the Indiany 24th.

11. The grunt of a pig or the crowing of a cock awaketh him from the soundest sleep, and he sauntereth forth until halted by the guard, when he instantly clappeth his hands upon his bread basket, and the guard looketh with pity and alloweth him to pass to the rear.

12. No sooner hath he passeth the sentry's beat, than he striketh a bee-line for the nearest hen roost, and seizing a pair of plump pullets, returneth soliloquizing to himself: "The noise of a goose saved Rome. How much more the flesh of a chicken preserveth the soldier!"

13. He playeth euchre with the parson, and by dexterously turning a jack from the bottom astonisheth him.

14. And many other marvellous things doeth he, and lo! are they not already written in the morning reports of Company G.

A MILITARY JOKE.

After whipping Hood and Forrest at Nashville, Thomas embarked his army at Clifton, going up the Tennessee River, arriving at Eastport, Miss., where the 16th corps stopped and the other portions of the army went on across the country to form a junction with Sherman in Georgia. Those that went took all the rations with them, although General Smith pleaded for part of them for his men. Still he had to submit and send for more rations, and we subsisted on shelled corn for ten days. Some of the officers did not like it, and one, a captain in our regiment, the Fifth Minnesota Infantry, got one of his men to play a joke on the General. Accordingly he got a large piece of mule rope, such as they tie from tree to tree to hitch mules to feed them, tied it around the private soldier's neck, and providing himself with a club about three or four feet long, he went leading the man up past General Smith's headquarters. The General happening to be on the porch, called out: "Captain, what are you going to do with that man?" The captain stopped suddenly, and after raising his hat and giving the proper salute, replied: "General, he has had his hay and corn, and I thought I would lead him to water."

CONVERSED WITH FORREST.

"Yes, I had a conversation once with Gen. Forrest," remarked a citizen of Arkansas, in reply to a question asked by a friend. "I had just joined the army and knew nothing of the rigid fashions of war. One night, after we had traveled all day, we stopped in the woods, and were told that we would remain there until morning. I did not think it was right to keep us in the dark, and made a remark to that effect.

" 'Why don't you go and ask Forrest?' some one remarked.

" 'I am not acquainted with him,' I replied.

“That makes no difference.’

“That’s so!”

“Not a bit. He would be glad to see you. I would ask him, but I borrowed a couple of dollars from him the other day, and as I have been unable to repay him, I have been keeping out of his way.’

“I found Forrest sitting under a tree, on a camp-stool, closely drawn up to an improvised table.”

“‘Good evening,’ said I.

“‘What do you want?’

“‘My name is Dick Anderson.’”

“‘All right.’

“‘I belong to your command. We have been riding all day without knowing where we are going, and so I thought I’d come around and ask you.’

“‘You are very kind,’ said he.

“‘Not at all,’ said I.

“‘Now, Anderson, I don’t mind telling you confidentially, but I do not want the whole command to know it.’

“‘That’s all right, General. I won’t tell anybody.’

“‘Won’t say a word?’

“‘No sir.’

“‘You must not, you know, for the enemy might get hold of it. Lean over here and let me whisper to you.’ I leaned over and he whispered, ‘We are going to —.’ Well, sir, I hurried away, and I’ll pledge you my word and honor if, by ten o’clock the next day, I didn’t think we had already got there. That was the only conversation I ever had with Gen. Forrest.’”

How Billy Wilson was Used.

Colonel Billy Wilson, who took a regiment of Zouaves from New York city, at times thought he owned the regiment, and some of the boys determined to give him a lesson.

We were encamped down near Baton Rouge, one of those miserable, rainy, foggy days in that climate, when one feels like getting up a quarrel with something. We were standing picket under a pecan tree, all about were patches of switch cane, as wet as water could make them. It was early morning. One of the boys exclaimed: “There comes Wilson!” And another said: “I would rather see the devil himself.”

“What’s the matter?” responded a third.

“Now just you boys hide and let me handle Billy.”

Billy was riding along the path carelessly, as officers of the day are apt to do, looking for the picket, who was standing sheltered by the wet cane.

“Halt!” came the order.

Billy halted, then was about to cross the line; he heard a gun lock click, then looking more carefully, he saw the picket with gun aimed.

“Dismount!”

He dismounted.

“Take your horse by the bit with your right hand, place your other on the top of your head.”

’Twas done.

“Forward, march!”

Billy hesitated; the rifle that had been lowered was again raised. “March!”

in tones that meant obedience. Billy obeyed, marching through the cane, which was like a lake for both him and the horse. When through, he looked around and said:

"Are you alone?"

"No."

"Where are the others?"

"Watching you."

"What orders have you received?,"

"Not any."

"Well by—, you don't need any."

The Working Department of the Army.

In the last of the series of annual reports of the operations of the quartermaster's department of the army for the year ending June 30, 1865, there is a total of nearly five hundred millions appropriated for that branch of the service. All of this amount was spent up to the 30th of June, 1865, except twenty-seven millions.

This money was expended to provide means of transportation by land and water for the troops and their material of war. It furnished the horses for artillery and cavalry, the horses and mules for the wagon trains, supplied tents, camp equipage, forage, lumber, and all material for camps and for the shelter of the troops. It built barracks, hospitals, and store-houses, provided wagons, ambulances, and harness, except for cavalry and artillery horses, ships and steamers, docks and wharves, constructed railroad and other bridges, bought clothes for the army, and was charged generally with the payment of all expenses attending military operations not assigned by law or regulation to some other army department.

That department transported the stores of all other departments from the depots to the camps, upon the march and to the battlefield, until they were finally issued to the troops.

What can surpass 1,769 miles of military railways repaired, maintained, stocked, and operated by the agents of this department! What quantities of iron used to repair so many miles of track, and what great quantities of iron destroyed by the contending forces! Rolling mills were established by the troops; mills capable of re-rolling fifty tons of railroad iron a day. Three hundred and sixty-five locomotives, 4,203 cars were operated by General McCallum in the last year of the war.

The number of army railway men employed in April, 1865, when the war was closing, was 23,533. The military telegraph lines were kept up at an expense of \$75,000 a month. The number of miles in operation during the last year of the war, was 8,201 on land, 121 sub-marine. During the whole time of the war, 15,000 miles of military telegraph were constructed and operated. In the year 1863 the telegraphic expense averaged \$38,500 per month. The total expenditure of the telegraphic business from May 1, 1861, to June 30, 1865, was \$2,655,500. The amount of forage, fuel, and regular supplies handled and consumed is simply too great to calculate.

A private soldier received ten wounds, and yet sat on a log and fired as long as he could see the enemy.

A SOLDIER'S BIBLE, ALMANAC AND COMMON PRAYER BOOK.

A private soldier by the name of Richard Lee was taken before a magistrate for playing cards during divine service. It appears that a sergeant commanded the soldiers at the church, and when the parson had read the prayers he took the text. Those who had Bibles took them out, but the soldier had neither Bible nor common prayer book; but pulling out a pack of cards he spread them before him. He just looked at one card and then another. The sergeant of the company saw him, and said, "Richard, put up the cards; this is no place for them." "Never mind that," said Richard. When the service was over the constable took Richard before the mayor. "Well," says the mayor, "what have you brought the soldier here for?" "For playing cards in church." "Well, soldier, what have you to say for yourself?" "Much, sir; I hope." "Very good. If not, I will punish you more than man was ever punished." "I have been," said the soldier, "about six weeks on the march. I have neither Bible or common prayer book, I have nothing but a pack of cards, and I'll satisfy your honor of the purity of my intentions." And spreading the cards before the mayor, he began with the ace: "When I see the ace, it reminds me there is but one God; when I see the deuce, it reminds me of the Father and Son. When I see the tray, it reminds me of the Father, Son and Holy Ghost. When I see the four spot it reminds me of the four evangelists that preached, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John. When I meet the five it reminds me of the five wise virgins that trimmed their lamps—there were ten but five were wise and five were foolish and were shut out. When I see the six it reminds me that in six days the Lord made heaven and earth. When I see the seven it reminds me that on the seventh day he rested from the great work he had created and hallowed it. When I see the eight it reminds me of the eight righteous persons that were saved when God destroyed the world, viz: Noah and his wife, with three sons and their wives. When I see the nine it reminds me of the nine lepers that were cleansed by our Savior; there were nine out of ten who never returned thanks. When I see the ten it reminds me of the Ten Commandments which God handed down to Moses on the tablets of stone. When I see the king it reminds me of the King of heaven which is God Almighty. When I see the queen, it reminds me of the Queen of Sheba who visited Solomon, for she was as wise a woman as he was a man; she brought with her fifty boys and fifty girls, all dressed in boys apparel, for King Solomon to tell which were boys and which were girls. King Solomon sent for water to wash; the girls washed to the elbows and the boys to the wrists, so King Solomon decided by that. "Well," said the mayor, "you have given a good description of all the cards but one." "What is that?" "The knave," said the mayor. "I will give your honor a description of that too if you will not be angry?" "I will not," said the mayor, "if you do not term me to be the knave." "Well," said the soldier, "the greatest knave that I know of is the constable that brought me here." "I do not know," said the mayor, "if he is the greatest knave, but I know he is the greatest fool." "When I count how many spots in a pack of cards, I find three hundred and sixty-five, as many days as there are in a year. When I count the number of cards in a pack I find there are fifty-two, the number of weeks I find in a year, and I find four suits, the number of weeks in a month. I find there are twelve picture cards in a pack, representing the number of months in a year, and, on counting the tricks, I find thirteen, the number of weeks in a quarter. So you see, sir, a pack of cards serves for a Bible, Almanac and Common Prayer Book."

INCIDENTS.

Among the wounded who arrived in Louisville, after the battle of Murfreesboro, was Joseph Rock, a private in company B, 23d Kentucky, aged eighteen years, who was in the thickest of the fight. He was shot in the right breast, a minie ball striking the buckle of his suspenders, driving it through a portion of the lungs, and lodging under the skin in his back. The surgeon cut through the skin and took out the ball and buckle, which were fastened together. Besides this, he had three balls to pass through the leg of his pants, and the stock of his gun was shivered while taking aim.



The following is a specimen of the news dealt out to the Southern people. It is from a New Orleans journal: "All the Massachusetts troops now in Washington are negroes, with the exception of two or three drummer-boys. General Butler, in command, is a native of Liberia. Our readers may recollect old Ben, the barber, who kept a shop in Poydras street, and emigrated to Liberia with a small competence. General Butler is his son." As General Butler had the pleasure of taking possession of New Orleans, the people of that city had an opportunity of testing his "quality."



In the same company of one of the Ohio regiments, were sixteen brothers by the name of Finch, all from Dayton, in that State, though born in Germany. This remarkable circumstance—sixteen members of one family in one company—is unparalleled.



As a regiment was on the march to Gettysburg, some of the soldiers stepped out of the ranks and "confiscated" a couple of geese and at the suggestion of an ingenious fellow and a natural "bummer," one of the drummers unheaded his instrument and put the captured birds in. Shortly afterward the Colonel came along, and noticing the boy shirked his usual drum whacks, rode up to him and said:

"Why don't you beat that drum?"

"Colonel," said the startled musician, "I want to speak to you."

The Colonel drew still closer to him, and bending down his head said, "Well, what have you to say?"

The drummer whispered: "Colonel, I've got a couple of geese in here."

The Colonel straightened up and gravely said, "Well, if you're sick and can't play, you needn't," and then rode on.

It is needless to add that the Colonel had roast goose that night.



At Cold Harbor a shell exploded in an Ohio regiment advancing against a battery, and sixteen men were wiped out in an instant. Of these nine were blown to fragments and the others horribly mutilated. The battery was firing thirty to forty shells per minute, and this was the work of a single one. One discharge of grape in the same fight killed fourteen men in a Michigan regiment, and a New York regiment that went in with seven hundred and three men in line came out with two hundred and sixty. On one acre of ground the burial party found over seven hundred dead men. In a bit of woods where the battle lines had clashed, more than two thousand dead were found in a space not wider than a square in a city, and no more than three times as long.

LET 'EM WAVE.

The following hit on an old captain in Connecticut is too good to be lost, so we give it to our readers :

An old veteran, rather grim and gray,
 Scolded his buxom wife one day,
 Because some things that babies wear,
 Were swinging in the front yard air.
 He said he thought the better place
 Was in the shady back yard space,
 Since garments of that make and kind,
 Had best be always kept behind.
 She only smiled to be thus blamed,
 And asked him why he was ashamed
 To see the Patriot's loving sign
 Hang gracefully from their own clothes line.
 "How Patriot's, madam," cried the man ;
 "Really, I do not understand?"
 "Ha ! ha !" laughed the wife,
 Her face free from care,
 "That's the Flag of our UNION
 Waving there !"

P. S.—Then they kissed and made up and the captain said : "Let 'em wave."

A queer relic is a Confederate musket, in the barrel of which two bullets met, splitting the barrel open like a banana-peel. The bullets can be seen. The rebel bullet had got about one-third of the way out, when it met the prying Yankee bullet on its way in, and then there was trouble at once. Of course the Yankee bullet had no business there, or at least it should have waited until the other got out.

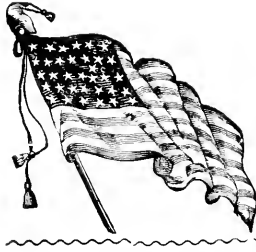
General Buckner says :

One of my pickets and a Federal picket were on posts where a stream was between them. At that time the soldiers of the Confederacy resembled Jack Falstaff's soldiers in their march through the country. The Federal picket halloed over, saying : "Hello ! Johnnie ; you fellows fight pretty well in those clothes, don't you ?"

"Fight —— : just wait till you see us naked."

Victor Hugo's work, the *Les Miserables*, got into the Confederacy. It was printed on all kinds of paper, largely wall paper. It circulated among the troops, who, when Longstreet's corps reinforced us from the army of Northern Virginia, got nicknamed "Lee's Miserables."

There was a funny scene on the second day of the battle of Gettysburg. A captured Confederate Colonel was sitting comfortably sheltered behind a rock laughing, till the tears rolled down his cheeks, while a private of the 88th and one of the 69th New York had dropped their muskets and were hammering each other with their fists in order to decide which took the prisoner. Lieutenant Chas. M. Grainger, of the 88th, on his way to the rear with a shattered elbow escorted the Colonel away.



THEY PUT OUR FLAG IN HEAVEN.

'Tis said the path to Heaven's gate
 Is very narrow and perfectly straight,
 And all the pilgrims who enter in
 Must first divest themselves of every sin.
 Now this may be true, but suppose the One
 Who judges the deeds each mortal has done,
 Takes in all the surroundings that have our nature's bent,
 And overlooks some of the deeds to get at the intent?
 For many boys who helped put our Flag in Heaven
 Died without having one sin forgiven.
 Now, what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
 And you'll all say my question is fair—
 Shall an old Volunteer, who fought three or four year
 In putting our Flag up there,
 Though imperfect himself, shall he be laid on the shelf,
 While one who did nothing, gets there?

There was one in a charge—shot through the head!
 His comrades rush on—they leave him for dead;
 But after the fight, as they bear him away,
 As his eyes close in death, this they hear him say
 (As his arms fall all pulseless down at his side):
 "Say, boys, did you lick 'em? confound 'em!" —then died.
 Now, his neighbor, a deacon, staid at home and did well,
 For he doubled his money on all he could sell.
 He prayed that our country by peace might be blessed,
 But he charged the war widows as much as the rest.
 Now, what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
 And you'll say this question is fair—
 Shall an old Volunteer, who fought three or four year
 In putting our banner up there,
 Though a sinner himself, shall he be laid on the shelf,
 While the deacon's old carcass gets there?

There are many crumbs falling from Uncle Sam's table,
 And every last man gets all he is able.
 Now, this is all right, but here is the thing,
 Shall these crumbs be passed 'round by a political ring?
 Politicians think most old soldiers fools,
 So the best of crumbs are given to tools.
 They expect us to stick like an old army louse,
 And promise us the very best seat in the house.
 Now, what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
 And you'll admit that my question is fair—
 Shall an old Volunteer, who fought without fear,
 In putting our Flag up there,
 Though no politician himself, be laid on the shelf,
 While the gang and their tools all get there?

And in this, the self-boasting land of the brave,
 This land that all you old comrades help save,
 When the days were the darkest, with a love most intense
 Politicians paid you monthly, five dollars and sixty-five cents.
 Now, when was this done? perhaps you have wondered,
 'Twas when greenbacks were worth thirty some cents per hundred,
 With same money bondholders bought bonds at their face,
 And were repaid in coin, to the nation's disgrace.
 Now, what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
 And you'll say this question is fair—
 Shall an old Volunteer, who stood up without fear
 In putting our banner up there,
 Though a pauper himself, shall he be laid on the shelf,
 While the bloated bondholder gets there.

But there is one thought that almost makes amends :
 'Tis the thought that the ladies are ever our friends ;
 And they'll be our true friends 'till the last of us die,
 For they love with a love that no bondholder can buy.
 To every last woman I have this to say,
 If you are loved by an old soldier don't turn him away ;
 But accept of his offer, don't treat him rude,
 Nor cast him aside just to capture a dude.
 Now what I want to know, from friend or from foe—
 And you'll all say this question is fair—
 Shall an old Volunteer, who staid there three or four year
 In putting our Banner up there,
 Though not young himself, shall he be laid on the shelf,
 While the dude in tight breeches gets there ?

—Geo. B. Fleming, in the Ft. Wayne (Ind.) Daily Journal

A CONFEDERATE INCIDENT.

When things were hot around Atlanta, Captain Evan Howell received an order to reconnoiter across the Chattahoochee river and ascertain if the Federal troops had retired. The night was black as ink. He read the order to his men, but was surprised to find them all disqualified for the risky job. One couldn't swim, another had rheumatism, still another always took cramps in the water, and so it went down the line. But the order had to be obeyed. So Howell plunged into the river and made for the other side. He was a remarkably good swimmer, and felt sure he was making no noise, yet he became so frightened, that each stroke seemed to arouse the whole Federal camp. Now and then a lightning bug appeared, and, confident it was the flash of a Yankee musket, he ducked under water. By-and-by he got so near the shore that he could wade, and was creeping along as cautiously as possible, his teeth chattering with fear, when all of a sudden he struck against an old tree that had fallen into the river. Just then a bull-frog gave a sonorous blurt and jumped into the river. Unable to restrain his self-possession longer, Howell threw up both hands and yelled in terror: "I surrender, I surrender." When he finally reached the camp not a Yankee could be seen, but a smoldering fire gave evidence that they had recently camped.

A party of Georgia gentlemen were discussing the high prices in the South during the latter part of the civil war. "I paid \$40 a yard for a suit of gray cotton jeans," said the first speaker; "the suit of clothes cost me \$600 after being cut and made." "The biggest trade I ever made," said another, "was \$30 for a spool of cotton thread." "And I," said the third one, "paid \$15 for a shave."

THE MEN WHO CARRIED THE MUSKETS.

What kind of men they were, and of what the G. A. R. is composed.

General Grant writes that "the humblest soldier who carried a musket is entitled to as much credit for the results of the war as those who were in command."

Who, having a knowledge of it, can ever forget the daily life of a soldier. If ever there were men in the world gifted with the most perfect self-reliance American soldiers are the men. To fight in the grand anger of battle seems to require less manly fortitude than to bear without murmuring the swarm of little troubles that vex camp and march. No matter where or when you halted them they were at home. They knew precisely what to do first, and they did it. They would march into a strange region at dark, and as soon as fires would show well they would twinkle over hillside and field. The little dog tents lying snug to the ground, looking as if they had grown there. Soon the aroma of coffee and bacon suggested creature comforts, and the whole economy of life in canvas cities moving as steadily on as if it had never intermitted.

The movements of regiments were as blind as fate. Nobody could tell at night where he would be on the morrow. Yet at the first glimmer of morning the camp was astir, and preparations began for staying there forever. An axe, knife and a will were tools enough for a soldier house builder. He would make a mansion and all its belongings of red cedar; a couple of dog tents would make a roof worth thanking the Lord for; he was mason and joiner, would turn cabinet maker and have his tables and chairs, and often a side-board; sometimes he glided into upholstery and had his bed of bamboo, as full of springs and comfort as a patent mattress. He could turn tailor, and understood the mysteries of the sauce pan and camp kettle—he could not cook like a Soyer yet he could exactly like a soldier. He would fit up a cosy little cabin; you could see him making a fire-place, and quite artistically plaster it with the inevitable red mud. Now and then you could see a brick chimney—the bricks are from some old kiln or from a deserted mansion. Yonder a bower house, interwoven with evergreens, is almost ready for its owners. Often inside was found bits of carpet, a cracked mirror, or other article necessary to comfort. In a few days the business of living had fairly begun. There was hardly an idle moment. Here and there a man is cleaning his musket. No one would suppose these men had but one terrible errand. They were tailors, they were tinkers, they were writers; they fenced and boxed, cooked, eat and drilled, and the man who says camp life was lazy knows but little about it.

Then they had their explorations on private account—every wood, ravine, hill and field was explored. The productions of the country, both animal and vegetable, were inventoried, and one day would render them as conversant with the region as if they had dwelled there a life time. They tasted the water in every spring and well; knew how much corn or cotton grew to the acre; tried the watermelons, bagged the peaches, knocked down the persimmons, milked the cows, roasted the pigs, and plucked the chickens. They knew who lived here, there and yonder; who was in the rebel army, and the names of the native girls. If there was a cave, a queer tree or a strange rock about they knew it. The most exquisite fossil buds, beautiful

shells and rare minerals are collected by these brave and dashing naturalists. A week of improvement in camp and the boys seem settled for life. Just before tattoo some night down comes the order to march at five in the morning. A fine drizzling rain has set in, the fires look large and red and cheerful; the boys have turned in when the order arrives. There is no complaint, no murmur, no watching; they can't be cheated out of their sleep—it takes a green recruit for that. Every blanket has a sleeping soldier underneath.

At three in the morning, tents are struck, knapsacks packed, baggage loaded, and the roll called. Soldiers have notions, and one is that they must destroy their improvements, and soon what is left in camp is in flames, and the boys are off over the hills.

On the march, no sooner is a halt ordered than little fires begin to twinkle along the line—they make coffee in five minutes and drink it in three—take a drill on a hardtack, and are refreshed. At home anywhere, used to anything—they could lie down in the dusty road under a full noon sun of the South, and fall asleep in a minute. A dry spot is as good as a mattress; the flap of a blanket makes a good pillow. Whole army corps without a shred of tent, lying anywhere and everywhere in an all night rain, and not a growl or grumble. They would stir out in the morning; and if they swore, and some did, it was with a half laugh. The sleepy fires were stirred up and then came coffee and they were as good as new.

Blood is thicker than water, and these same boys became like iron. Yet whilst this was going on the regiment that marched with a thousand muskets now stacked five hundred. Bullets did not do it all, just the terrible sifting process. The regiment was screened like grain. The sturdiest manhood remained; and from that same self-reliant and sturdy manhood came the final victory.

Then grew the G. A. R. The organization was formed with the three watchwords to stir the blood of its members: Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty; it puts behind it the suggestions of the partizan; it scorns all selfish motives; it is as patriotic to-day as when its members bared their breasts to shot and shell on land and on sea, beneath their country's flag. It is bound by the strongest tie that can bind men together, the sharing of common dangers in a righteous cause. Day by day thins its ranks, and soon the solitary commander will call the last roll and answer it alone—thus will pass from the earth the men who while they lived filled the measure of their country's glory. In the number of men engaged, in the battles, sieges and casualties, in the new inventions adapted to war purposes, in the vast extent of territory which was the scene of warfare, in the importance of the issues and the grandeur of the results, the War of the Rebellion was not surpassed by any war of which history makes mention. The conflict between the Monitor and Merrimac revolutionized naval warfare and abolished the existing navies of the world. Office, wealth and honors have mostly passed the veterans by, yet they have glory enough. Their names are written in Fame's proud temple. Humanity will never forget their heroism. Were not these soldiers heroes. Is there a deed of heroism embalmed in Roman, Greek or modern history that I cannot parallel from our own war. Tell me of the Roman who, armed, equipped and mounted, sprang into the chasm that Rome might be saved, and I point you to Sheridan at Cedar Creek on his black horse, spurring into the jaws of death. Tell me of the three who held the bridge, one of whom remained until his comrades cut it away be-

hind him, and then sprang into the tawny Tiber and swam across, and I point you to Corse at Alatoona Pass, with one ear shot away, holding the fort against enormous odds, while Sherman signals "Hold the fort, I am coming." Tell me of Xenophone's march to the sea, and I point you to a grander and more glorious one—Sherman's March to the Sea. Tell me of Hannibal crossing the Alps, I point you to Hooker's battle above the clouds at Lookout Mountain. Tell me of Paul Jones lashing the Bon Homme Richard to the Serapis, and fighting his own ship until she sank, and then boarding and capturing the Serapis, and I point you to Cushing with instant death upon him, dashing his torpedo boat against the Albemarle and blowing her to pieces. Tell me of Nelson, at the battle of the Nile, putting his spy-glass to his blind eye, saying "I cannot see the signal to stop firing;" I point you to Farragut, lashed to the mast amid a storm of shot and shell in Mobile Bay. Tell me of Wellington uttering the memorable expression of Waterloo, "Up guards and at 'em;" I point you to our Wellington—Grant—saying in the Richmond campaign, "I'll fight it out on this line if it takes all Summer." Tell me of Napoleon at Lodi seizing a standard and leading a brigade across the bridge; I point you to Kearney, with battle flag in his hand, leading a charge at Fair Oaks. Tell me of the charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, of which Tennyson sang: "Cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them volleyed and thundered, while into the valley of death rode the six hundred." I can furnish a fellow to this immortal deed: Major Peter Keenan, of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry, was ordered by Pleasanton, at Chancellorsville, to charge with four hundred men Stonewall Jackson's corps of ten thousand; with a proud smile lighting up his face he answered "I will do it," and he and his men were literally impaled on the bayonets of the enemy.



Once more our thoughts go wandering back to where those comrades stood,
 In smoke-swept, battle-blighted field and blood-bespattered wood.
 We see them standing in the line with eager, flashing eye,
 We hear again their voices in the ringing battle-cry.
 We see them falter, reel and sink upon the crimson sod,
 We catch their whispered message ere their spirits go to God,
 We see their upturned faces, as amid the shot and shell,
 We charge with stubborn fury o'er the spot on which they fell.

* * * * *
 We think of this as o'er their graves in softly falling showers,
 We cast with tender, loving hand our offering of flowers,
 And as beside their silent homes we stand in mournful groups,
 We almost seem to hear the measured tread of spirit troops,
 As down they come in column from the heavenly camp above
 To join with us in spirit in our annual work of love,
 And angel whisperings seem to fall upon each comrade's ear,
 Their gratitude at being thus remembered year by year.

The Weeds of the Army.

BY COMRADE CAPTAIN JACK CRAWFORD, THE POET SCOUT.

Some of the papers tell us that the boys of the G. A. R.
Never smelt powder in battle nor went to the front in the war ;
They brazenly tell us our roster bears only the names of those
Who paused at the roar of conflict and northward pointed their toes.
They say that the true, brave soldiers have never entered our ranks ;
That we never were known to muster but a lot of political cranks.
As one of the papers put it, "we are but the weeds of the crop ;
But loafers and shirkers and cowards, who never heard muskets pop."

Pray, who are these traitorous writers, who are casting their venomous slime
O'er the men who gave *all* to their country, at that trying and terrible time ?
They are the poor, cringing cowards, who never dared go to the front,
And stand with our brave, fearless soldiers and help bear the battle's brunt,
They clung to the skirts of the women, and as soon as our backs we had turned
Our flag and our cause and our country, the cowardly miscreants spurned.
Go seek them wherever they loiter, from the gulf to the northernmost lakes,
And you'll find them but treacherous, venomous, hideous copperhead snakes.

Let us pause on a shaded corner, and see a procession pass
At a great Grand Army re-union, when the veterans form in mass.
Just note the dismembered bodies, the crutches, and canes and the scars,
That mutely tell the sad story of the bloodiest of wars.
See the tattered flags they are bearing, all riddled with shot and with shell,
The flags they carried undaunted right into the gateway of hell.
See the bodies bent and disabled, made so in the battle's fierce blast—
Are these the weeds of the army at whom these insults are cast ?

Brave Garfield, our honored martyr, wore the badge of the boys in blue,
And Hancock, the mighty soldier, was a comrade, tried and true ;
And Logan, our own loved Logan, undaunted in peace or in war,
Was proud to be called a member in the ranks of the G. A. R. ;
And Grant, that intrepid chieftain, who was honored in every land,
Stood up in the ranks of veterans a comrade noble and grand.
And Sherman, our uncle Billy, God bless his old grizzly head,
Rejoices in being a comrade of the boys he so valiantly led.

Go search o'er the whole broad country for the heroes who fought in the war,
And you'll find on each notable bosom the eagle, and flag, and star ;
'Tis worn as a badge of honor, o'er hearts that were loyal and true,
And is borne by the greatest soldiers who ever the bright sword drew.
Just glance o'er the mighty roster, and pause at each honored name,
And reflect for a passing moment o'er each hero's deathless fame,
Then answer me this one question, if you find it is in your power,
If those are the weeds of the army, in God's name, where is the flower ?

GEORGE E. REED,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER IN

TOBACCO, SEGARS, &c.

302 Market Street. Harrisburg, Pa.



A
RELIC
OF
THE CLOSE
OF THE
WAR.

Here is to our father in Washington, Abraham be thy name. Thy victory is won in the North as in the South. Give us this day our daily rations of salt horse and hard tack; forgive our thievish conduct, as we forgive our Quartermaster and Commissary; lead us not into battle, but send us home to our kind parents, for thine is the power over soldiers and negroes for three years unless sooner shot
Amen.

THIS TOAST ORIGINATED
IN THE
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.
ON THAT ACCOUNT
WE ADOPT THE
SIXTH CORPS BADGE
TO INCLOSE IT IN, AS THE
WAR RELIC IS ABOUT
THAT FAMOUS CORPS.

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