Here.

written for the

Vain.

New York City

Feb 15th 1874

No 24

[Signature]

Two Veterns House of

[Signature]
Two Veteran Heroes of Antietam

The day of the battle Sept. 17th, 1862

Antietam presented two figures to me while men
screamed on the battle of my
memory. The first was that
of the venerable Christian officer
then a general commanding in
a corps of McClellan's Army.

He was conducting his troops:
first following his men as in
line of battle. They moved
across an open field. He
appeared full of order & activity
when giving his commands.

Now encouraging the
willing & exhorting, never bring
up the reluctant fragment.

I could not hear what he

Said I was not near enough to catch his words. But he looked to me like an old hero I had read of in Greek story-tongs, sitting up high on his strong horse whom. His face, he rarely appeared by his bridle; his pure white hair long enough to float about his neck which had broad brimmed soldier’s hat could not conceal nor conceal. It was great means fields! I knew him well, he always had a heroic soul. As inspector general, going from post to post an his tours of duty he had been remarkable for his subtle work. His Sunday reading of God’s word to the officers, 4 men on the frontiers, had
for years been told us young officers I had been an
inspiration to us. Indeed
my heart thrilled as I saw
his grand gesture. I was
soldier that memorable
morning, while I was
forming my own small
brigade and endeavoring to
follow him. The air was
full of bursting shells. The
shells rumbled more already
thick enough and many
a poor fellow was laid low,
as Mansfield left a host of
mounds to charge and toward
lines leftmost troops.

Suddenly my hero fell wounded
and was known to the rear.
So was but a few days before
that we had earnestly
sought the

[Handwritten text not legible]
War Dept. to assign him to an active command, for he had been long enough in the defenses of Washington. Where inferiority seems to have little praise had come to him for his indefatigable labors in forming camps, organizing troops, and helping the more famous officers at the front. His motto was: 'I will be better known as the Commander than by the Corps.' On his return to the front he wrote from Washington: 'I am going into battle. I am not with the Army. I have my head sent to my friends in Middletown. His official record as town clerk in Gennett, Belknap, Register (please put it into full typewritten in if it is worthy of it) is phenomenal.' (New Introduc)
I was among earliest experiences to behold the noble
Nearerfield in action to
see vindicated by his sudden
gall. That scene, Mr Pignor,
the handsome man, the
wild conflict & view sad, sad
close, I carry it as an permanent
present picture, a memory of willing
sacrifice of this best specimen of
one of our noble men for
life of our country.

The other notable figure flashed
upon the bloody field
and came before my excited vision
just before the end of most
eventful day. It was that
of my own Nearfield

Commander Gen.

E. V. Summer
held loosely, voice extended as the wheels toward the fugitives, and cried:

"Oh, men stop, stop! How can you disgrace an old soldier like me!" Again

again he rested before them

he laid with them his face

his voice was quiet, his words

the other officers had rallied the

men around them and called the

all his brigades—of the first

grown across the ground fully.

thoughts seemed as indistinct with

corresponding like truth to life. The brain

narrative. Nearly

summer would have an appropriate

movement and Americans would

find in it an inspiration of genuine

reality.
The left summer left was turned under the cover of the field spread convenient gullies. Officers tried hard to stop this onslaught, but it could not be done. Soldiers almost always gave back when they perceived an attack from a flank fire or from behind them. First the left, then the center, then all of Sedgwick's division was falling back - some men groups were scattered, some marching in better shape.

The grayly clad warrior galloped to the front of them, followed by a few officers and orderlies. His hat was off, his sword hanging by his side. Both hands, the reins
Here is the man straight as an arrow, dignified tall, well proportioned; already over sixty five years of age, large, high head and front, pleasant off duty, bent inclined to sternness in his office or on the field. His large action horse & baying in the saddle moved as one figure, and then was from than the expression of tremendously after the run. He was quiet, little, upright, action began by the foot, of maston, Semmes' corps passed from the little grove across the open field to the thicker woods where the weary confederate men moaned, set a time and at last, The stone of short shell burst out along his whole front, worse than before.