

ADDRESS.

The original delivered from memory at the Laying of  
the Corner Stone of the Soldiers' Monument.

Gettysburg, Penn., 1865.

---

No.39, Vol.10.

SUBJECT.

The American Soldier.

---



ADDRESS.

The original delivered from memory at the laying of  
the corner stone of the Soldiers' Monument,  
Gettysburg, Penn., 1865.

---

No. 32, Vol. 10.

---

SUBJECT.

The American Soldier.

---



# Lethbridge

As I stand here today before  
a peaceful audience, composed as it  
is of beautiful ladies, joyous children  
and happy citizens, and think of my  
last visit <sup>to this place two years ago:</sup> and ~~of~~ the terrible scene in  
which it was then my lot to bear a  
part, I can only exclaim, <sup>how</sup> How changed!  
How changed!

It is the same rich landscape, broad  
and beautiful, covered with every variety  
of natural objects to please the eye.

The same wooded ridges and  
cultivated fields, the same neat little  
town clinging to the hillside, the same  
broad avenue of approach, the same  
ravines and creeks, but thank God



As I stand here today before  
 a beautiful audience, composed  
 of beautiful ladies, young children  
 and happy citizens, and think of my  
 last visit to this terrible scene in  
 which it overcame them, I am  
 heartily glad to see you here  
 and hope you will be  
 of great help to them.  
 It is the same old story, the same  
 old beautiful, cruel and un-  
 of natural ability to show the  
 the same wonderful things and  
 cultivated fields, the same old little  
 town, clinging to the hills, the same  
 hard summer of oppression, the same  
 same old story, but that is



the awful magnificence of hosts arrayed  
against each other in deadly strife is  
wanting

Yonder heights are no longer crowned  
with hostile cannon; the valleys do not  
reverberate with their fearful roar; the  
grove and the house do not give  
back the indecribable peal of the  
musketry fire.

And Ah! how like a dream, <sup>but</sup> seeme  
that sad spectacle of broken tombstones,  
prostrate fence and the ground  
strewn with <sup>our own</sup> wounded and dead  
companions.

Then there is, <sup>after battle</sup> the mingling of friends  
and enemies with suffering depicted  
in all possible modes of portraiture.

The Surgeon with resolute heart



the awful magnitude of his suffering  
against such other in daily life is

unnumbered  
For the rights are no longer common  
with hostile cannon; the valley do not  
rejoice with their joyful men; the  
grove and the house do not give  
back the innumerable feet of the

multitude  
And the two like a dream, some  
that last of which of both the  
hostile force and the general  
struggle with, surrounded and dead

Confession of the  
There is the mingling of friends  
and enemies with suffering depicted  
in all possible modes of fortitude  
the language with which this



8

~~affliction work.~~

and bloody hands, the pale face of  
<sup>negatives separating the fields for dear ones</sup>  
friends, the busy sanitary and  
christian workers, <sup>all</sup> pass before my  
mind in group after group.

My friends, my companions,  
my countrymen, suffer me to congrat-  
-ulate you anew today, <sup>in the 49th year of July 1863,</sup> that this sad  
work is <sup>completely</sup> done; and that sweet peace  
has really dawned upon us.

On the 19<sup>th</sup> of November  
1863 this National Cemetery, a pious  
tribute to manliness and virtue, was  
consecrated.

The Hon. Edward Everett delivered  
an address in his own rich, clear  
elegant style, which having been  
published has long ago become historic  
and affords us a complete and graphic  
<sup>al</sup> account



and about the same time  
of the day, the day before my  
Christian service, I was before my  
mined in group after group.  
My friends, my companions,  
my countrymen, suffer me to forget.  
What poor ones they, that the Lord  
will be true, and that sweet peace  
has really descended upon us.  
On the 17th of November  
1860 the National Convention, a fair  
tribute to manliness and virtue, was  
convened.  
The then Edward Everett delivered  
an address in the room rich, clear  
the next day, which having been  
published has long been a  
and efforts at a complete and perfect



of the campaign and battle of Gettysburg. I am deeply grateful to this noble patriot for his indefatigable <sup>industry</sup> in securing facts, and for the clear narrative he has left us of this battle in which every living loyal soldier is now proud to have borne a part.

He, joining the patriotic band <sup>of authors</sup> that are honored by his eloquence, has gone to his reward, and let his memory ever be mingled with those here upon whose graves he so earnestly invoked your benediction.

Mr. Everett was followed by the few remarkable words of President Lincoln.

While Mr. Lincoln's <sup>name</sup> is so near and so dear to us, and the memory of his work and sacrifice so fresh, I deem it not



of the campaign and battle of Gettysburg  
I am deeply grateful to this noble  
patron for his magnificent in-kind  
in running facts and for the clear  
narrative he has left us of this battle  
in which every living legend returns  
is now proud to have done a part  
of joining the patriotic band  
that are honored by his presence, he  
goes to the records, and let his memory  
even be mingled with those who upon  
whose graves he so humbly stands  
your dedication  
The Society was followed by the few  
remnants of the old church  
The church is no more and  
so has to be and the memory of his work  
and sacrifice as fresh. I have thought



inappropriate to repeat his own words.

"Fourscore and seven years ago our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure.

We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We are met to dedicate a portion of it as the final resting place of those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.



unpleasant to repeat the same words.

5

"I have one and seven years ago  
our father brought forth upon this continent  
a new nation, conceived in  
liberty, and dedicated to the proposition  
that all men are created equal.  
Now we are engaged in a great  
civil war, testing whether that nation,  
or any nation so conceived and so  
dedicated can long endure.  
We are met on a great battlefield of  
that war. We are met to dedicate a  
portion of it to the final resting place  
of those who here gave their lives that  
that nation might live. It is altogether  
fitting and proper that we should do  
this.



5  
But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate,  
we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow  
this ground. The brave men, living  
and dead, who struggled here have  
consecrated it far above our power to add  
or detract.

The world will little note nor long  
remember what we say here, but it can  
never forget what they did here.

It is for us, the living, rather to be  
dedicated here to the unfinished work  
that they have thus far so nobly  
carried on.

It is rather for us to be here dedicated  
to the great task remaining before us,—  
that from these honored dead we take  
increased devotion to the cause for which  
they here gave the last full measure



But in a larger sense we cannot believe  
we cannot understand, we cannot believe  
this government. The poor man, living  
and dead, who struggled for his  
country it for whom we know to be  
a debt.  
The world will little see how long  
unnumbered what we say here, but it can  
never forget what they did here.  
It is for us, the living, rather to be  
dedicated here to the unfinished work  
that they have done for so many  
centuries.  
It is rather for us to be dedicated  
to the great task remaining before us,  
that from this sacred spot we take  
our sacred devotion to the cause for which  
they here gave the last full measure



of devotion, - that we here highly resolve  
 that the dead shall not have died  
 in <sup>vain</sup> that the nation shall under God,  
 have a new birth of freedom, and that  
 the government of the people, by the  
 people, and for the people, shall  
 not perish from the earth."

The civil war is ended; the test was  
 complete. He, Abraham Lincoln  
 never forgot his own dedication till the  
 work was finished.

He did display even increased devotion  
 if it were possible.

The dead did not die in vain, and  
 the nation has experienced already the  
 new birth of freedom of which he spoke.  
 Oh that in the last three



of destruction - that we have high regard  
that the dead shall not have died  
vainly that the nation shall remember  
have a new birth of freedom, and that  
the government of the people, by the  
people and for the people, shall  
not perish from the earth.

The civil war is ended; the task was  
completed. The Abraham Lincoln  
never forgot his own destination till the  
work was finished.  
We had hardly even commenced freedom  
if it were possible.  
The dead did not die in vain, and  
the nation has affirmed that the  
new birth of freedom is not dead.  
God that in the last hour



of darkness and crime God had  
 seen it good to have spared us that  
 great heart, <sup>out of which proceeded such</sup> ~~valuable~~ words of truth & encouragement

How very much of grateful  
 recollection cluster around the name of  
 Abraham Lincoln as we pronounce it here  
 among the dead who have died that  
 our nation might not perish from the  
 earth!

These grounds have already been  
 consecrated, and are doubly sacred from  
 the memory of our brethren who lie here,  
 and from the association with those  
 remarkable men Mr. Everett and Mr.  
 Lincoln who gave tone to the services of  
 consecration two years ago; whose own bodies  
 are now resting beneath the sod, but whose  
 spirit is still living and unmistakably



of darkness and cold  
seem it good to have opened up the  
great heart. <sup>And yet with freedom and</sup>  
There very much of grateful  
revelation cluster around the memory of  
Christian. Which as we have seen is the  
among the best who have died that  
our nation might not turn from the  
path!  
These grounds have already been  
connected, and as they were from  
the memory of our father and his  
and from the association with the  
unmistakable name. The South and the  
which was given to the  
celebration two years ago, when our  
are now resting beneath the soil, but when  
which is still living and immortally



animating every true American heart  
this day.

We have now been called to  
lay the corner stone of a monument.

This monument is not a ~~mere~~<sup>mere</sup> family  
record, not the simple memorial of individual  
fame, nor the silent tribute to genius.

It is raised to the soldier. It is a  
memorial of his life and his noble death.

It embrace a patriotic brotherhood of  
heroes in its inscriptions, and is an  
unceasing herald of labor, suffering, union  
liberty and sacrifice.

Let us then, as is proper on such an occasion  
as this, give a few thoughts to the American  
soldier.

We have now embraced under this generic  
name of soldier, the dutiful officer,

3—  
The monument

The soldier



commencing every two hundred years  
this day. The day was then called  
up the corner stone of a monument.  
This monument is not a family  
monument, but the simple monument of individual  
fame. For the silent tribute to genius  
It is raised to the nation. It is a  
monument of his life and his noble death.  
It embodies a patriotic sentiment  
drawn in its inscription, and in the  
surrounding details of labor, suffering, and  
death and sacrifice.  
It is thus as a lesson or such as to  
as this gives a fine thought to the nation  
which  
The day was marked with this  
name as the day of the day.



the volunteer soldier, the regular, the colored  
and the conscript: but in my remarks I  
will present you the private volunteer as  
the representative American soldier.

4th  
Victory

In <sup>the early part of</sup> 1861 the true citizen heard  
that traitors at Washington had formed  
a conspiracy to overthrow the government,  
and soon after that the stars and stripes  
had been fired upon and had been  
hauled down at the bidding of an armed  
enemy in South Carolina.

The Capital of the nation was threatened  
and that our new President had called  
for help.

How quickly the citizen answered the call!

Almost like magic he sprang forth a  
soldier.

His farm or his bench, his desk or his







counter was left behind, and you find him marching through the then gloomy, flagless, defiant streets of Baltimore fully equipped for service, with uniform gray, blue, red or green, it then mattered not; With knapsack, cartridge box, musket and bayonet, his outfit was all that was required.

He was a little awkward, his accoutrements much awry, his will unsubdued.

He did not keep step to music, nor always lock step with his companions; he had scarcely ever fired a musket, but he had become a soldier, put on <sup>the</sup> soldier's garb, set his face towards the enemy, and God willing, he purposed never to turn back till the soldier's work was done.

You meet him at Washington







(perhaps)

(on Meridian Hill: discipline and drill  
seize upon him, restrain his liberty and  
mould his body.

Colonels, Captains, Lieutenants and  
Sergeants, his former equals, order him  
<sup>and he must obey them.</sup>  
about, 'Oh what days, and oh what  
nights!' There is home and affection!

There is the soft bed and the loaded  
table! Change of climate, change of  
food, want of rest, want of all kinds  
of old things, and an influx of all sorts  
of new things, make him sick - yes,  
really sick in body and soul.

But in spite of a few doses of quinine  
and a wholesome hospital bed and diet,  
(as the soldier of '61 remembers them) his  
vigorous constitution and indomitable heart  
prevail so that he is now able to crop





12  
The American people, disapproving of the  
policy of the government, have elected  
a new president, and the new  
administration has taken office.  
The new president, Mr. Taft, is  
a man of high character and  
ability, and is expected to  
bring about a more efficient  
government.  
The new administration has  
already taken several steps  
to improve the government,  
and it is expected that  
the new president will  
continue to improve the  
government.



the Long Bridge and invade the sacred red  
clay of Virginia with his companions in  
arms. Yet perhaps -

Should you now observe him very closely  
you will perceive his enthusiasm increasing  
faster even than his strength. <sup>He</sup> is on the  
enemy's side of the river: now for strict guard  
duty, now for the lonely picket amid the thickets  
where men are killed by ambushed ~~enemies~~ <sup>enemies</sup>.

How the eye and the ear, and, may I  
say it, the heart, are quickened in the ~~new~~ <sup>new</sup> and  
trying vigils.

<sup>As in the soldier.</sup>  
Before long <sup>he</sup> is inured to these things; he  
becomes familiar with every stump, tree and  
pathway of approach, and his trusty gun and  
stouter heart defy any secret foe.

Presently you find him on the road  
to battle; the hot weather of July, the usual  
road







44  
no rounds off?  
no all the rounds, cartridges &

the superadded "three days rations strung to his neck, and the long weary march quite exhaust his strength during the very first ~~month~~ day. He aches to leave the ranks and rest, but no! no! He did not leave home for the ignominious name of "Straggler" and "Skulker." Cost what it may he toils on.

The Acotink, the Cat Run, the never to be forgotten Bull Run are passed. <sup>of a sudden</sup> Here, change and terrible sounds strike upon his ear and bear down upon his heart; the booming of shotted cannon, the screaming of bursted shells through the heated air, and the Zip, Zip, Zip of smaller balls; everything produces a singular effect upon him. <sup>again</sup> All at once he is <sup>thrown</sup> ~~thrust~~ quite unprepared upon a new and trying experience; <sup>for</sup> now he meets the groaning ambulance and the bloody stretcher. <sup>the sight</sup> Limping, armless,



1000  
The number of specimens

the specimens, these have been  
in his work, and the long way  
about the strength of the  
the order to have the work  
Mr. Smith has been for the  
name of "Strophomena" and "Strophomena".

it may be the case.  
The fact is, the work  
Full form is given, <sup>of a number</sup> ~~of a number~~ <sup>of a number</sup> ~~of a number~~  
the work is given, the work  
the work is given, the work  
the work is given, the work  
the work is given, the work  
the work is given, the work

the work is given, the work  
the work is given, the work  
the work is given, the work  
the work is given, the work  
the work is given, the work  
the work is given, the work



legless, disfigured wounded men. To the right of him and to the left of him are the lifeless forms of the slain.

Suddenly a large iron missile of death strikes close beside him and explodes sending out twenty or more jagged fragments which remorselessly maim or kill five or six of his mates <sup>they had the opportunity to strike</sup> before they have struck one blow for their country.

His face is <sup>now</sup> very pale. And will not the American soldier flinch and turn back?

There is a stone wall, there is a building, there is a stack of hay - it is so easy to hide.

But no! <sup>He will not be go backward!</sup> "Oh God support and strengthen me!" 'Tis all his prayer.

Soon he is at work. "Yonder is the foe."

"Load and fire," "load and fire," <sup>But the fog comes</sup> "Our flank is turned!" "Our men retreat!" With tears



together, dignified, surrounded men to the  
 right of him and to the left of him are the  
 lifeline forms of the brain.  
 But think a large new movement of death  
 strikes close beside him and reflects  
 something out through a more jagged fragment  
 which remarkably manner or still far or  
 out of his matter before they have struck me  
 then for this country.  
 This far is, very far. Can't will not the  
 common action think and turn back?  
 There is a stone wall. There is a building  
 there is a stretch of day - it is so easy to see  
 before me. The road is not a road but a path  
 me. In the air is a paper.  
 from it is at once for him is the far  
 good and his. Good and his. The hand  
 is there. "Our men return." But the

2  
3  
4  
5  
6  
7  
8



pouring down his cheek, he slowly yields and joins the retiring throng. Without any more nerve and little strength, he struggles back from a lost field.

Now he drinks the dregs of <sup>suffering</sup> ~~misery~~, without blanket for the night, without food, without hope, it is no wonder that a panic seizes upon him and he runs demoralized away.

This disreputable course however, is only temporary. The soldier before long forgets his defeat and his sufferings, brightens up his armor and resumes his place on the defensive line.

He submits for weary days to discipline, drill and hard fare; he wades through the snow of Winter and the deep mud of a Virginia Spring.

He sleeps <sup>upon the ground</sup> upon the deck of the transport.







steamer and upon the floor of the platform car. He helps load and unload stores; he makes fascines and gabions; he corduroys quagmires and bridges creeks and bogs. Night and day he digs or watches in the trenches.

What a world of new experience. What peculiar labor and suffering he passes through, the soldier alone can tell you.

He now marches hurriedly to his second battle; soon <sup>again</sup> he is in a series of them: fight and fall back: fight and fall back!

Oh those days of hopelessness, sorrow, toil and emaciation. How vividly the living soldier remembers them! <sup>those days</sup> Then he cried from the bottom of his heart: "Oh God how long, how long!"

Would you have patience to follow him



...and upon the fact of the ...  
...the ... and ...  
...and ...  
...and ...  
...and ...

...the ...  
...of ...  
...and ...  
...the ...

# The ...  
...is ...  
...and ...  
...the ...

...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...  
...the ...



through the comingling of disaster from the battle of Cedar Mountain to the same old Bull Run, you would emerge with him from the chaos and behold his glistening bayonet again on the successful field of Antietam, where a glimmer of hope lighted up his heart.

Would you go with him to the bloody fields of Fredericksburg, staunch his wound in the wilderness of Chancellorsville, and journey on with him afterwarde to this hallowed ground of Gettysburg, and could you be enabled to read and record his toils, his sufferings and all his thoughts, you might be able to appreciate the true American Soldier. You might then recite the first chapter of the cost of the preservation of the American Union.



through the surrounding of discolored from  
the battle of Cedar Mountain to the same  
let Bull Run your would manage with  
him from the chest and behind his  
glancing against again in the successful  
field of Antietam, under a glimpse of  
the lighted up the heart.  
Should you go with him to the North  
field of Antietam, Antietam  
around in the wilderness of Chancellorsville  
and manage on with him Antietam to  
the Antietam ground of Antietam, and  
could you be enabled to read and read  
his tale. His confidence and all his  
thoughts, you might be able to find out  
the true Antietam Antietam Antietam  
the Antietam the first chapter of the Antietam  
the Antietam of the Antietam Antietam



5 m. West

In September 1863, after the battle of Gettysburg, the government sends two army corps to reinforce our brethren in the West.

The soldier is already far from home and friends, but he is suddenly apprized that he must go two thousand miles farther. He cannot visit his family to take leave of them. He has scarcely the opportunity of writing a line of farewell.

The chances of death are multitudinous as they appear before his imagination, and the hope of returning is very slender.

Yet again the soldier does not falter. With forty others he crowds into the close unventilated freight car and speeds away night and day without even the luxury of a decent seat.

With all the peculiar discomforts of this







journey, the buckings and the waitings at the railroad junctions, the transfers from car to car and from train to train; being confined for days without the solace and strength derived from his coffee, there is yet something compensative in the exhilarating influence of change: ~

And there is added to it in passing through Ohio and Indiana a renewed inspiration as the people turn out in masses to welcome him and to bid him God-speed. ~

As <sup>little</sup> young girls throw wreaths of flowers round his neck, kiss his bronzed cheek and strew his car with other offerings of love and devotion.

Such impressions as were here received were never effaced. They touched the rough heart anew with tenderness



For many the knowledge and the writings of  
the various functions, the transfer from  
one to another from time to time, being  
confined for days without the notice and  
strength derived from the office, there is  
not meeting comparisons in the following  
influence of change: ~  
But there is added to it no future thing  
who and whether a renewed inspiration  
as the people turn out in masses to witness  
them and to feel from the objects  
the power and the energy of the  
power and the work, the the highest chief  
and then the can with the strength of  
the and the power.  
But inspiration is over the renewed  
and more affected. The teacher the  
work that comes with the power



and being a reminder of all the old home affections, only served to deepen his resolution sooner or later by the blessing of God, to reach the goal of his ambition; that is to say, with his compatriots, to secure to his children and to other children enduring peace with liberty and an undivided country.

He passed on through Kentucky, through the battlefields of Tennessee already historical.

The names, Ashville, Stone River, Murfreesboro, and Tullahoma, reminded him of past struggles and portended future conflicts.

He is deposited at Bridgeport Alabama, a houseless, cheerless, chilly place on the ~~border with~~ <sup>border with</sup> Tennessee; possessing no interest further



and being a reminder of all the old times  
affection only serves to deepen the  
reaction more or later by the absence  
of it, to reach the goal of the reaction;  
that is to say, with his confidence to  
renew the children and to other children  
in a new place with that and an  
unfamiliar country.  
The scene on through the valley, through  
the battlefields of former wars  
historic,  
the names, the hills, the trees,  
the monuments and the names, monuments  
and the struggle and the battle  
the conflict  
the spirit of the struggle, the  
the struggle, the struggle, the struggle  
the struggle, the struggle, the struggle



than that furnished by the railroad-bridge destroyed and the yet remaining rubbish and filth of an enemy's camp.

Before many days the soldier threads his way up the valley of the great river which winds and twists its way amid the rugged mountains, till he finds himself beneath the rock-crowned steep of Lookout.

Flash after flash, volume after volume of light-colored smoke, and peal on peal of cannon: the crashing sound of shot and the screaming of shells are the ominous signs of unfriendly welcome sent forth to meet him from this rocky height.

Yet on he marches in spite of threatening danger, in spite of the ambush along his



them that furnished by the railroad - the  
hundred and the yet remaining hundred  
and fifty of an average camp  
before morning days the others than  
his way up the valley of the great river  
which winds and twists its way round  
the rugged mountains till the final  
himself beneath the rock-covered steps  
of descent.  
That after fish, volume after volume  
of light colored matter and fish on fish  
of common, the crushing sound of that  
and the screaming of shells in the  
mountain range of unbrokenly broken  
and fast to count how many the only  
height  
but as the mountain in spite of the  
happening in the of the mountain range



route, till he has joined hands with his Western brother who had come from Chattanooga to meet and to greet him.

This ~~was~~ where the valley of Lookout joins that of the Tennessee.

At this place the stories of Eastern and Western hardship, suffering, battling and danger are recapitulated and made to blend into the common history and the common sacrifice of the American soldier.

Here there time I would gladly take you step by step with the soldier as he bridges and crosses the broad and rapid rivers, as he ascends and storms the heights of Mission Ridge; or as he plants his victorious feet, waves his banner and flashes his gun on the top of Lookout Mountain.



wrote, till he had poured hands with  
 his Hebrew brother and had come from  
 Charleston to meet me at great pain.  
 He was within the valley of death  
 since that of the American.  
 At this time the shores of Cadmus and  
 Hebrew brother, suffering, brother and  
 danger are recapitulated and made to  
 stand up the common thing and  
 the common sacrifice of the American  
 soldier.  
 The three times I would gladly take  
 up of old with the soldier as he  
 and cover the dead and wounded men  
 as he would and above the light  
 of his life, as he found the  
 with me but, under the banner and  
 the gain as the life of the American



I would carry you with him across the death bearing stream of Chickamauga.

I would have you follow him in his weary, barefooted, wintry march to the relief of Knoxville and back to Chattanooga.

From his point of view I would open up the Spring campaign, where the great General initiated his remarkable work of genius and daring.

I could point you to the soldier pursuing his enemy into the stronghold of Dalton, behind the stern impassable features of Rocky Face,

Kennesaw, Adairsville, Cassville, Dallas, New Hope Church, Pickett's Mill, Pine-top, Fort Mountain, Kennesaw, Culpe's Farm, Smyrna, Camp-ground, Rock-tree Creek, Atlanta







from ~~every~~ <sup>so many</sup> points of view, and forests, are names of battlefields upon each of which a soldier's memory dwells.

For upwards of a hundred days he scarcely rested from the conflict.

He skirmished over rocks ~~and~~ hills and mountains; through mud, streams and forests.

For hundreds of miles he gave his aid to dig that endless chain of entrenchments which compassed every one of the enemy's fortified positions.

He companied with those who combatted the obstinate foe on the front and on the flanks of those mountain fastnesses which the enemy had deemed impregnable, and he had a right <sup>at last</sup> to echo the sentiment of his indefatigable



from the friends of our cause, and from  
our members of the committee, who have  
a noble courage and  
for the sake of the church, they do  
sincerely wish from the conflict  
the church should see the end of the  
movement; though much, strong and  
powerful.  
For the sake of our cause we give the  
aid to the church, which is  
instruments which compare very well  
of the church faithful people.  
The comparison with the  
conflict, the church for the first  
and on the basis of the  
faithful which the church has been  
in the church, and to the church  
and the church of the church.

10/17/72



leader, "Atlanta is ours, and fairly won."

Could you now <sup>be wise</sup> (have patience) to turn back with him and fight these battles over again, behold his communications cut, his railroad destroyed for miles and miles; enter the bloody fight of Atlanta, follow him through the forced marches, <sup>via Rome, Ga.</sup> away back to Resaca, through the obstructed gorges of the mountains into Alabama. You would thank God for giving him a stout heart and an unflinching faith in a just and noble cause.

Tired and worn he reposes at Atlanta, on his return, but one single night; when he commences the memorable march toward Savannah.

The soldier has become a veteran; he can





"I think it was, and fairly soon."  
 Could you now (have patience) to turn  
 back with him and fight the battle  
 over again, double the communication  
 cut, the railroad destroyed for miles  
 and miles, under the heavy freight of  
 timber, follow him through the forest  
 through, <sup>the</sup> ~~any~~ back to there, through  
 the obstructed gap of the mountains into  
 Alabama. You would think that for  
 giving him a short rest and an  
 unflinching fight in a just and noble  
 cause.  
 They are now the forces of Alabama  
 in the action, but are single night-fighters  
 to overcome the inevitable moral force  
 of the Union.  
 The whole the Union a victory, the



march all day with his musket, his knapsack, his cartridge box, his haversack and canteen upon his person: his muscles have become large and rigid so that what was once extremely difficult, he now accomplishes with graceful ease.

This <sup>fact</sup> must be borne in mind when studying the soldier's marches through Georgia and the Carolinas.

The enemy burned every bridge across stream after stream: the rivers, <sup>especially</sup> ~~ordured~~ with swamps, for example, the Comulgee, the Conee and the Ogeechee, were defended at every crossing.

That they were passed at all by our forces is due to the cheerful, fearless indomitable private soldier.

Oh that you had seen him as I have







done, wading creeks a half mile in width and water waist deep, under fire, pressing on through wide swamps without one faltering step, charging in line upon the most formidable works which were well defended! ~

You could then appreciate him and what he has accomplished as I do. You could then feel the poignant sorrow that I always did feel when I saw him fall bleeding to the earth.

I must now leave the soldier to tell his own tale amongst the people: of his bold bloody work at McAllister against the torpedoes, abatis, Artillery and <sup>up the river!</sup> mucketry.

Of his privations at Savannah;  
of his struggles through the swamps, quicksands, and over the broad rivers



have working, creek a half mile in  
width and water would deep, muddy  
filling on through with rough water  
not falling off, changing in line upon  
the most favorable water which was  
well defined!  
You could then appreciate the  
the accomplished as I do. You could  
then feel the fragment correct that I  
change but feel when I can find  
leading to the south.  
I would now have the ability to tell  
you the progress of the people of the  
last week of the winter against the  
progress of the winter and winter  
of the progress of the winter.  
The progress through the winter  
such as, and over the road



of the Carolinas. Of the fights, fire,  
 explosions, ~~death~~<sup>helter</sup> <sup>doublets</sup> and triumphs suggested  
 by Enfieldville, River and Birnie's  
 bridge, Orangeburg, Longace Creek,  
 Columbia, Cheraw, Fayetteville, Aurore,  
 and Bentonsville.

I will leave him to tell how his hopes  
 brightened at the reunion at Goldsboro.

How his heart throbbled with gratitude  
 and joy as the wire confirmed the  
 rumored news of ~~Lee's~~ defeat as soon to  
 be followed by the capture of the enemy's  
 capital and of his entire army.

I will leave him to tell to yourselves  
 and your children how he felt and acted  
 ; how ~~how~~ proud was his bearing, how  
 elastic his step as he marched in review  
 before the President of the United States,<sup>at Washington</sup>!







~~My dear Mary~~  
 I would do the soldier injustice not to say that there was one thing wanting to make his satisfaction complete; and that was the ~~sight~~ <sup>sight</sup> of the tall form of <sup>that</sup> Abraham Lincoln, and the absence of ~~the~~ bitter recollection ~~that~~ which he could not altogether exclude from his heart; that he had died by the hand of a traitor assassin.

I have given you only glimpses of the American soldier as I have seen him. To feel the full force of what he has done and suffered, you should have accompanied with him for the last four years. You should have stood upon the battlefield during <sup>the</sup> struggle, and you should have completed your observation in the army hospitals and upon the crowded grounds



11/11/1847

I would do the whole infinitely more  
 say that there was one thing wanting to  
 make the satisfaction complete, and that  
 was the sight of the full form of  
 William Lincoln, and the absence of the  
 other recollection ~~that~~ which he would  
 not altogether exclude from his heart  
 that he had died by the hand of a  
 traitor assassin.

I have given you only glimpses of the  
 American soldier as I have seen him.  
 I feel the full force of what he  
 has done and suffered. You shall see  
 compared with him for the last four years  
 you might have stood upon the battlefield  
 during the struggle, and you would have  
 completed your education in the things  
 of this world and upon the crucible ground of battle.



with the dead.

81

The maimed bodies, the multitude of graves, the historic fields, the monumental stones like this we are laying today, <sup>after all</sup> are only meager memorials of the soldier's work.

God grant, that what he planted, nourished and has now preserved by his blood, I mean American liberty, may be a plant dear to us as the apple of the eye, and that its growth may not be hindered till its roots are firmly set in every state of this Union, and till the full fruition of its blessed <sup>fruit</sup> is realized by men of every name, color and description in this broad land.

Now as I raise my eyes and behold the place where my friend and trusted commander, Gen. Reynolds, fell, let me



With the best.

81

The maximum of the mountain  
growth, the highest hills, the mountain  
above like this one are lying today for  
only a few moments of the day.  
The growth, that would be the mountain  
and the one hundred of the day, I  
mean American liberty, may be a kind  
new to us as the apple of the eye, and  
that its growth may not be hindered  
till its roots are firmly set in every state  
of this Union, and till the full freedom  
of the Union is reached by one of us  
more, who are now working in the  
world's land.  
How as I have one eye and child  
the face of the world and trust  
common to the world's eye, let me



add my own testimonial to that of others, that we lost in him a true patriot, a true man, a complete general and a thorough soldier.

Upon him and the others who died here for their country, let there never cease to descend the most earnest benediction of every American heart.

Let me congratulate this noble Keystone State that it was able to furnish such tried and able men as Reynolds who fell, and Meade who lived to guide us successfully through this wonderful and hotly contested battle.

In the midst of all conflicts of all sorrow and triumph let us never for an instant forget that there is a God in Heaven whose arm is strong to



and my own testimony to that effect  
that we had no true friend, a true  
man, a complete friend and a strong

friend.

After this and the other two cases the  
for this country, let the new case be  
decided the most recent foundation of  
my American trust.

Let me congratulate this nation.

They have state that it was able to furnish  
such tried and able men as Spaulding  
and Fell, and Smith and Smith to  
guide us successfully through this  
wonderful and only contest with  
for the minds of all people.

Of all errors and triumphs let us never  
for an instant forget that this is a  
great nation whose name is strong.



help, whose balm is sweet to alluage  
every pain, and whose love embraces all joy.

To him then let us look in gratitude and praise that it has been this will so greatly to bless our nation; and may this monument ever remind us and our posterity, in view of the fact that we prevailed against our enemies, "that righteousness <sup>exalteth</sup> ~~exalteth~~ a nation, but sin is a reproach to any people."



Self made man, who has  
every form and name of a  
gentleman, and has the  
best of the world in general.  
He is a man of the world,  
and is surrounded by the  
best of the world, that we  
can find. He is a man of  
the world, and is surrounded  
by the best of the world,  
that we can find. He is a  
man of the world, and is  
surrounded by the best of  
the world, that we can find.