



HE'S OUT-HERBERT- AND
YOUR CANTEN MIXTURE
WON'T SAVE HIM

NOVEMBER 9
1932.

HOOVER

SMOOT-
HAWLEY
MIXTURE

REAL 4% BEER

THE BLOODY ANGLE

GOP.

Uncle Chas
1932

This may interest you in view of the B.E.F!

I have recently read with much interest "The American Army" by Maj. Gen. W. H. Carter, Retired, published in 1915. Perhaps you have read it. On pp 52-53 (Carter) there are statements and a table-disclosing startling facts which just now should interest the public in view of the inordinate bonus demands being made by the World War "veterans". I give below an extract of part referred to:

"Immediately following the return home of the volunteers engaged in the Spanish War a stream of applications for pensions began and in a brief time a tabulation of the applications was made by the Commissioner of Pensions.

A comparison was made with the applications from five regiments of Regulars and five regiments of volunteers participating in the Santiago Campaign with results as shown below:-

<u>Volunteers:</u>	<u>Killed</u>	<u>Wounded</u>	<u>Missing</u>	<u>Claims filed for pensions.</u>
1st Dist. of Columbia	0	0	0	472
9th Massachusetts	0	0	0	635
33rd Michigan	0	0	0	573
34th Michigan	0	0	0	615
8th Ohio	0	0	0	662
Total	0	0	0	2,957
<u>Regulars:</u>				
6th U. S. Infantry	17	106	17	162
7th U. S. Infantry	33	93	0	249
15th U. S. Infantry	18	90	0	37
16th U. S. Infantry	13	107	17	143
24th U. S. Infantry	12	75	6	125
Total	93	471	40	766

" x x x pension agents found an open field in the Camps of the Volunteers in the War with Spain, where their operations were shocking.

"Thousands of well-meaning young men who had patriotically enlisted, after rigid physical examinations, made their arrangements for pension applications before taking the field or performing any duty whatever."

Capt Carters Map



PS: In reading Upton's writing, I am struck with the fact that sometimes he was unconsciously eloquent--for example, page 392, The Military Policy:

Above the confusion and turmoil of the time, the spirit of the President again rose supreme. He did not act in haste, but taking time to act and reflect, &c., &c.

You will no doubt agree with me that this is "great writing" in the true sense, and I shall be glad if you can convenient return it with any comment. I believe that Gen. J. H. Wilson (whom I knew) once said to me that Lincoln would never take an important action if he thought it out of time or if was personally below par in mental or physical condition.

AS

Copy of map given me by the Chief Engineer
Colorado Southern R.R. - part of Burlington System



Small squares are
one mile square which
indicates the scale

LT. COL. WILLIAM W. EDWARDS,

FORT D. A. RUSSELL,

WYOMING

April 5, 1927

My dear Captain Carter:—

It is certainly a great pleasure and satisfaction to find anyone, who is so anxious to give assistance to us in our work on the regimental history as you are, and we cannot fully express our appreciation to you.

Your letter of March 18th was handed to Colonel Latrobe, our regimental Commander, to read and he also wishes me to express his personal thanks and that on behalf of the Regiment.

The work of collecting data progresses rather slowly, as we

are trying to get all the information we can, before beginning to write a Connected narrative.

A letter, the Colonel wrote to the Adjutant General some time ago may possibly bring Mackenzies Report of 1874-5 as well as other interesting and valuable material. At least we are hoping so. The itineraries of Lieutenant Hoffman and Captain Claus are, I suppose lost.

Anything you can forward us from time to time. Such as the galley proofs of your story: "On the Border with Mackenzie", will I assure you be put to good use and the Regimental Fund stands ready for any reasonable expense in connection therewith.

Thanking you again. Sincerely Yours -
William Waller Edwards
Lt. Col. 4th Cavalry.

Army & Navy Club,
Washington, D.C.
June 15, 1928.

Memorandum

This bronze tablet - 30" x 30" - was placed over the fireplace in the lobby of "Spur Inn", May 1928, as a voluntary and generous gift to commemorate some of the events of that historic period - 1871 to 1875 - by C. A. Jones of No. 61 Broadway, New York City, whose son, Clifford A. Jones, jr., is now the manager of the great Spur Ranch, containing 673 square miles of ranch lands situated in Dickens County, Texas, in the region once known as the "L'lano Estacado" ("Staked Plains") in the Texas "Panhandle".

"Soldier Mound" was the big supply camp to which all of the supplies were hauled from Fort Griffin, Texas, 130 miles distant, and from which our pack trains were loaded which were used on our many expeditions and scouts from that point, and as far West as Forts Sumner and Bascom, New Mexico.

It was known as "Anderson's Fort" and was named after Major (later Major-General) Thomas M. Anderson, Tenth U. S. Infantry, who commanded this camp composed of companies of the Tenth and Eleventh U. S. Infantry, and who piled boxes, barrels and bags in the form of a rectangular defensive work which might be used as such should the Indians pass the flanks and to the rear of the Cavalry columns.

As the sole surviving officer of that command and the only one so badly and permanently injured in action at Canon Blanco, now a part of Spur Ranch, as to be compelled to go on the retired list by reason thereof, Mr. Jones insisted on placing my name on the tablet, although it is dedicated to General Mackenzie and "all of his gallant officers and soldiers who freed West Texas of the predatory and murderous bands of Comanches, Cheyennes, Kiowas, Arapahoes and Lipans", opening up that vast tract to settlement and the advance of civilization to the extreme Western and Northern borders of the state.

R.G.Carter, Capt., USA, Ret., Formerly 4th U.S. Cav.

c o p y

Standlind Crude Oil Purchasing Company
Tulsa, Oklahoma

May 31, 1932.

R.S. Ellison, President.

Lieut. Col. Geo. P. Ahern, Recorder,
Order of Indian Wars,
2006 Munitions Building,
Washington, D. C.

Dear Col. Ahern:

I have just received the copy of proceedings of the annual meeting and dinner of the Order of Indian Wars of U. S. held February 20, last, at the Army and Navy Club in Washington. I appreciate your thoughtfulness and kindness a great deal in sending me a copy of this report.

I note that Capt. R. G. Carter is your new Commander so I am confident that the year 1932, notwithstanding its difficult business conditions, should be a successful and worthwhile year for your splendid order.

If I can be of service in any way to you at any time on matters of mutual interest I will be very happy to have you call upon me.

Sincerely yours,

/s/ R. S. Ellison

Copy for Capt. Carter

1 September, 1932.

Mrs. Louise Wheeler Bartlett,
Castine,
Maine.

My dear Mrs. Bartlett:

I wish to express my most grateful thanks and my very warmest appreciation of your very generous and thoughtful gift of a revised edition of the "History of Castine". I shall always value it as one of my choicest possessions.

In my letter to Miss Harden I merely outlined that most wonderful trip I made in 1897 to Castine, Brookfield, Fort Point, Hampden, Bangor, Prospect, Belfast, Rockland and Bar Harbor, via Eggemoggin Reach by day boat from Rockland. I stayed at the Acadian for three weeks with General James Oakes, U.S. Army, and his family, sitting at table with Frost, the artist, who showed me each day the beautiful sketches he had made. I think he was about the best of our American landscape artists. I met Colonel Tilden and Colonel Roberts who commanded the Second Maine in the brigade of the Fifth Army Corps in which I served as a boy from 16 to 19 years of age. He fished a great deal from the wharf. I knew many officers of the 16th (Col. Tilden's regiment) captured on the right flank at Gettysburg, the 17th Maine and other Maine regiments. I served myself in the 22nd Massachusetts Vol. Infantry. But my most pleasant recollection was my meeting with your dear father, Dr. Wheeler, and my many enjoyable rides all over that beautiful country west of Castine.

In one of them I found the tomb of Dr. Wm. Crawford who married my gr-grandmother, for whose grave I was making the search, Mary Goldthwaite Archibald, in the chapel at Fort Pownal (Fort Point) which her father, Colonel Thomas Goldthwaite, built, before the old fort was dismantled and destroyed and the family driven across to Castine. Williamson's History of Maine is not altogether correct historically. I went to Belfast and visited his son.

After my visit and during my exhaustive researches in the Massachusetts archives, The Historical General Library in Boston, the Boston Public Library, and the Maine Historical Library (of which I am a member), I found much to disprove many of Williamson's and other writers' statement regarding my gr-gr-grandfather, Colonel

Page #2.

To - Mrs. Louise Wheeler Bartlett

1 September, 1932.

Goldthwaite. He held a regular provincial commission under the King. When he received orders through Captain Moyatt, coming from General Gage through Admiral Graves and with only about 15 men in the fort, to dismantle it, he was compelled to obey it or suffer a court martial and possible death. This was before the battles of Lexington and Concord and when he was out of touch with Boston. Feeling ran so high that nearly a thousand men from all over the country gathered under Colonel Cargill and after driving him out destroyed the fort, all of the buildings, including the chapel. I wrote a brochure, "Colonel Thomas Goldthwaite, Was he a Tory?", which was published by the Maine Historical Society. It has been out of print for years and I have only my personal copy, otherwise I would be only too glad to present you with it. I give ample proof that he was loyal to his country, but, after staying at Castine until 1779 and getting no redress from his persecutors, he sailed on one of Sir George Collier's fleet -- then blockading Penobscot - the La Blonde Frigate, -- Captain Andrew Barclay -- and thence from New York to England from whence he never returned.

On one of my trips with your father I found among some court records way back somewhere in the country, a copy of the Act of Confiscation which took all of his land -- about 25,000 acres -- about Fort Point, Prospect, Stockton, etc., which, of course, he never recovered, altho Dr. Gardiner recovered most of his thousands of acres on the Kennebec after the war.

I visited the home at Prospect where his daughter had lived with one Joseph Martin, a Revolutionary soldier, to whom Col. Goldthwaite gave a farm to take care of her for life, as her insanity was incurable. I found the cellar overgrown with wild raspberries. Here she lived and died almost in full sight of the old fort where she had spent 12 years of her happy girlhood days, and she is buried at Stockton Springs, as I wrote Miss Harden.

A Miss Hichborn, a descendant of Joseph Martin, who did live at Stockton, had the Account Book ("Wast Book") of the garrison all in a copper plate handwriting of Frances Archibald. I have a typewritten copy sent me by Joseph Williamson. I have a silhouette of Mary Goldthwaite Archibald made when she was a young girl.

I don't think I ever had a more enjoyable ^{an adventurous} trip in my

30 September, 1931.

Mr. Percy H. Johnston,
Secretary & Treasurer,
National Security League,
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

You certainly have a nerve to write me asking for funds to help along your society after receiving my letters to General Bullard a few months since in answer to his insulting letter, and my resignation from the same and giving specific reasons therefor. Those letters must be on file. If not you had better hunt them up. If my letters were "not worth answering" (Gen. Bullard's language) then any help I might give you now would hardly be worth while.

You must think I am a d fool to be wasting what little pay I receive from the Government in paying that man a salary of \$4000 per annum, when the only work he gives in return is acting as a figure head and putting his rubber stamp on your letters and other literature. I have been at the head of two patriotic societies and received no compensation for doing more work than he does, and I neither expected nor wanted any. He does not even function. Why should I be now contributing towards augmenting his pay as a Lieutenant General, U. S. Army, when I need it in my old age for my own support and comfort? If you have never placed me on record as resigning from your society, you had better do so at once, and then if you want to form a society of minute men or a vigilance committee with a live wire at its head to stamp out the threatening dangers which you picture so vividly, of thugs, communists, gangsters, murderers, racketeers, Russian Reds, etc., etc., count me in as a member although I am 86 years of age, but don't call upon me for money to pay a dummy who only fights with a rubber stamp for so much per year salary.

Very truly yours,

R. G. Carter,
Captain, U.S. Army, Retired.

10 November, 1933.

Mr. Charles A. Hamilton,
National Press Club,
Washington, D.C.

Dear Sir:

I hope you will pardon my seeming delay or neglect in failing to acknowledge your fine write up of me in the Washington POST of Sunday, October 29th, my birthday.

Please note my grateful thanks and warmest appreciation of the same; also, the more extensive sketch of my long service in the Army, just received, by your friend, Bascom N. Timmons, Staff correspondent of the Dallas, Texas, Times-Herald, of Sunday, November 5. Both feature articles practically covered my military service and were most gratifying to me.

Sincerely yours,

R. G. Carter,
Captain, U. S. Army, Retired.

UNITED STATES
DEPARTMENT OF THE INTERIOR
GEOLOGICAL SURVEY
WASHINGTON

17

DEC - 8 1933

Captain R. G. Carter,
A. and N. Club,
Washington, D. C.

My dear Captain Carter:

In response to your card of November 29:

I have taken pleasure in sending you, under separate cover, a copy of the Stony Man, Va., topographic map. The cost of this is 10 cents, which amount please remit at the earliest practicable date, returning the enclosed carbon copy of this letter in order to insure prompt identification. An index to topographic mapping in Virginia is enclosed, as of probable interest.

Very truly yours,

R. Shelsie

Chief Clerk.

Enclosure 261578.

VD 12-7-33.

1. Winnebagos
2. Sans Arcs
3. Minneconjours
4. Ogalallas
5. Brules
6. Cheyennes

Mailing List for
 "The Old Squants Story"

The Gen. Historical Society - Boston, Mass -
 Gen. Eben Swift, St Nicholas, Wash Mass
 Recrman, Mass - Mil - Order Royal Legion

Cor - Ferdinand St & Columbus Ave

- A. S. Hardie - ~~Woodstock~~ ^{Woodstock} Vermont -
 Gen Charles King, Hotel Cadton, Milwaukee, Wis
 Gen. Edw - S. Godfrey, Woodstock, N. J.
 Gen. Leroy P. Miller, Wash. St. 170 Spruce
 Richard L. Noxie - 1632 K St - St. Paul, Minn
 Henry Mulcaife - 147-4th Ave N.Y.
 John D. C. Morris - 475 5th Ave - Farmingdale, Long Island
 Frank Russell, Plymouth, N. H.
 Samuel P. Yellman - 1435 Lex Ave. N.Y.
 David A. Lytle 505 E. Lancaster Ave, St Davens, Pa
 Wroth Osgood - Clinton, N.Y.
 Henry P. Perrine, Trenton, N. J.
 Mason M. Maxon - 3015 Euclid Ave, N.Y. ^{Quinn, Ohio} _{via Albany}

THE
HISTORICAL LANDMARK COMMISSION
OF
WYOMING

COMMISSIONERS
R. S. ELLISON, CHAIRMAN
CASPER
J. S. WEPPNER, SECRETARY
ROCK SPRINGS
WARREN RICHARDSON, TREASURER
CHEYENNE

Casper, Wyoming

January 5, 1929

MRS. CYRUS BEARD
ASSISTANT SECRETARY
CHEYENNE
D. W. GREENBURG
PUBLICITY DIRECTOR
CASPER

Captain R. G. Carter
U.S.A. Retired
Army and Navy Club
Washington, D. C.

Dear Captain Carter:

I have just noted in the December 31 issue of
Winners of the West, your map of Texas, Oklahoma,
Kansas, New Mexico etc. at \$1.00. I hope you will
send me a copy of this map as soon as it is ready
for delivery, as I am very much interested in our
early history of this section.

I am wondering if I have not heard my good
friend Major Ostrander of Seattle speak of you, as
he was through here last fall, stopping over long
enough for a one day visit up to old Fort Reno on
the Powder River where he served as a soldier in
1866 and 7.

If your map is ready and I should send my
check in advance, please do not hesitate to so
advise me.

Sincerely yours



RSE:RD

ORDER OF INAIDN WARS OF THE UNITED STATES
WASHINGTON, D. C.

2006 Munitions Bldg.,
February 1, 1932.

*mail return
M.C.O. return*

ORDER NO. 5)
1932) ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

Pursuant to Section 19 of the By-Laws, the following officers
have been elected to take office as of February 20, 1932:

✓ Commander -----	✓ Capt. Robert G. Carter
Senior Vice-Commander -----	Maj. Gen. Charles D. Rhodes
Junior Vice-Commander -----	Brig. Gen. Thomas H. Slavens
Historian -----	Brig. Gen. Edward S. Godfrey
Chaplain -----	Dr. Alexander Leo
Recorder & Treasurer -----	Capt. Peter F. Meade

Council:

Lt. Col. George P. Ahern
Col. Gustav J. Fiebeger
Maj. Richard D. La Garde
Maj. Gen. Wm. A. Mann
Col. Wm. A. Shunk
Lt. Col. James A. Ukie
Dr. Thomas N. Vincent

All officers-elect are requested to be present at the annual
meeting for installation. The meeting will be called to order at 6:30
P. M. at the Army & Navy Club, February 20, 1932.

For The Commander:

GEORGE P. AHERN,
Lieut. Col. U.S.A., Ret.,
Recorder.

OFFICIAL

The commissary building looks very familiar to me, our road to Jacksboro run directly by it. The morning after the Salt Creek massacre (Henry Warren's train) I went over to the hospital with General Sherman to see the wounded man who had hobbled in during the night. I scouted all over that country to Denton, Decatur, Weatherford, Cleburne, Hillsboro, to the Wichita River, Pease River, to the headwaters of the Colorado, Red, Trinity and all the forks of the Brazos.

I am sending you a photo of the bronze plate unveiled at the "Spur Inn", Spur, Dickens County, Texas, on August 16 last. I am getting letters from there, Plainview, Abilene, Fort Worth, etc., - really more than I am able to answer, as I have nearly lost my eyesight. Some years ago I published 5 monographs relating to my service in Texas. They are now out of print. If, however, you are a publisher I have much more material which it might be for your interest and profit to publish, all relating to those early days.

My correspondence with Mr. Osborne of Breckinridge has been a very pleasant one. I feel grateful to him for the opportunity of getting in touch with you, and again thanking you for your courtesy and generosity in sending those pictures, which I shall prize very much.

I am, with best wishes,

Most sincerely yours,

R. G. Carter,
Captain, U. S. Army, Retired.

P.S. The troops garrisoning Fort Richardson were the 6th Cavalry from 1867 to 1871. The 4th Cavalry from 1871 to 1875 (changing about), and the 11th Infantry coming late in 1871 from Marshall, Jefferson and Clarksville, Eastern Texas, and then the 10th Cavalry from 1875 until its abandonment in 1879.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN:

This is to certify that from August 7, 1870 to June 28, 1876, I served as an Officer of the Fourth U.S. Cavalry. From June, 1872 until June 1876 I knew James W. Cramer as an enlisted man of the 4th Cavalry. He served in my Company. I am now the only living officer who commanded that Company ("E") while he, Cramer, served with it. He was a good, faithful and gallant soldier. Although a Company wagoner, he performed the same duties as all other soldiers of the Company in the field, with all the hardships and exposure incident thereto,- no soldiers were excused from such duties in those days. On the morning of May 18, 1873 he had a horse shot under him while engaged in a desperate action with Confederate Lipan, Kickapoo and Mescalero Apache Indians at Rey Molina, Mexico. From May 30 to July 5, 1873, I was Quartermaster of a Horse Board, purchasing horses for the regiment. Cramer was in my detachment during this period. It was a march of nearly 400 miles. The season was an unusually wet and unhealthy one. The horses had to be driven loose about 200 miles. The men were much exposed. The duty was very trying and arduous, especially at night. The horses had to be herded loose and closely guarded to prevent stampede, which required all of the men for that duty. Our camps were in the river bottoms near streams for water. I had no medical officer. Cramer caught a severe cold, became run down, contracted malaria, was a very sick man and entirely without medical attention and in a wild country where I could not secure a doctor. During this entire period he had chills and fever

and did his duty without complaint,- I may have excused him from duty for a day or two. Although he was not discharged from the service on account of disability, but by expiration of term of service, there is no doubt in my mind that he contracted the disease from which he is now suffering on that march, and, of course, it necessarily follows that this disability which debars him from labor of any kind is a direct incident of his Army service. Therefore, there can be no question but what he is entitled to the pension he has applied for and I am glad that I am one of the few surviving officers of the regiment to testify to the foregoing facts, all of which I have full knowledge; and these facts are borne out by his having suffered more or less from chronic malarial poisoning ever since his discharge in 1877.

Washington, D.C.,
June 17, 1908.

R. G. Carter

Captain U.S. Army, retired,
Late Fourth U.S. Cavalry.

About 5950 words
Robert G. Carter
The Army & Navy Club
Washington, D. C.

LINCOLN
AND
THE MAINE LUMBERJACKS

Abraham Lincoln has been described by those who never saw him --- authors, artists and sculptors --- but who have stretched their imagination by means of photographs and prejudiced writers as being tall, lean, bony, lanky, gawky, awkward, grotesque, disjointed, et cetera, and his hands and feet out of all proportion to his 6 feet, 4 inches, and all of the busts and statues, even including that remarkable statue by the sculptor French which has been placed in the beautiful Lincoln Memorial, attest to the truth of this statement. The true Lincoln has never been shown in bronze, marble, granite, or in portraits. These artists and sculptors never saw him at his best or worst and therefore were never able to judge, even from his physical makeup, or to fathom the soul or depict the character of this most remarkable man who, next to Washington, fully represented then, as he does now, in face and heart and soul the true pioneer spirit of America -- long since passed out of our lives.

I was born in 1845 and am now 89. As a boy of 16 I was the youngest of four brothers who served in the Civil War, from the bloody battle of Antietam -- known to the Confederates as Sharpsburg -- to the Petersburg trenches of 1864 -- in the first brigade, first division of the Fifth Army Corps of the Old Army of the Potomac. I had to stretch the truth a little as the minimum age for enlistment

was then 18 years. Some boys at my age, in order to evade the recruiting officer, adopted the novel expedient of standing on a small cardboard with the figures 18 on it and in answer to the question, "How old are you?", stammered out, "I am just over 18!" By this subterfuge many thousands entered the army at my age and younger.

We saw Lincoln very often, generally at his worst, as he often came to review us, generally preceding or following some great battle. Just following the battles of Antietam, September 17, 1862, Fredericksburg, December 13, 1862, and Chancellorsville, May 1 to May 6, 1863, were the dark days for all of us, and Lincoln was at his worst. The terrible strain had begun to tell upon him and any other man would have been completely crushed. The deep furrows and lines on his face indicated to all of us young boys the terrific struggle which he was undergoing; the bitter disappointment he then felt over the incompetency of many of his Army corps, division and brigade commanders in the field. He was beset on all sides. He wanted and sorely needed somebody to command that splendid army of volunteers, made up, as it was, of the best blood in the North, a commander who could and would fight it to a finish, and who could accomplish decisive results.

McC--- was a thoroughly book-trained soldier, graduating at the head of his class at West Point in the Engineer Corps; he had learned the art and science of war more perfectly, perhaps, than any other graduate of his time and could give most educated soldiers "cards and spades" pertaining to all of the fundamentals or formulas for the perfect organization, intensive drill, discipline and esprit de corps of a well-trained army. But he knew little or nothing of the art of

fighting after he had it well in hand, and it made little difference whether he had 50,000 or 100,000 men, or whether he did or did not outnumber his enemy two to one, he was always training and preparing and never ready for battle; always exaggerating his enemy into an overwhelming force -- which, to him, proved to be a veritable bete noir; always slow, halting, undecided and hesitating to begin the real fight; the contest that, sooner or later, must decide the true issue, and then, at the crucial moment, when his very best reserves which he had been holding back for a coup de grace and should have been hurled into decide the battle then and there to give the enemy a knock-out, finishing blow, he still held it in leash, idle, inert, expectant, but their fighting power rendered useless for that battle, all through McC---'s lack of knowledge of the true art of fighting. Lincoln held on to him, however, against the advice of a majority of his friends and his cabinet. But finally was forced to seek another commanding general.

After conferring with a number of his friends who came to him with most doleful tales of wholesale desertions, inefficiency, and discouragement -- with their reactions, coupled with rumors of mutiny, some time in January 1863, shortly after the disastrous and inglorious B--- "mud march" of that month, he had finally concluded to appoint Gen. H--- to command the Army of the Potomac. At the battle of Malvern Hill some of H---'s admirers had bestowed upon him the rather unusual title of "Fighting Joe". Perhaps this high sounding name had influenced the President in his selection.

On the field of battle H--- was an inspiring figure; his men cheered him and were warmed by his presence. He was brave,

handsome, and had fairly earned distinction. Certain other qualities, however, had somewhat offset his fitness for high responsibility. He was ambitious -- if that is a fault -- and he was also inclined to insubordination. Later in the war both Grant and Sherman had discovered this trait and had asked for his relief in the Western Army. He had also been incautious in his criticisms of his fellow officers. Lincoln was fully aware of some of these traits.

Lord Charnwood, the English writer, calls him "a fine, frank, soldierly fellow, who seems to have been finely strung." He adds, "The very little wine he drank perceptibly affected him, but this he gave up altogether in his campaigns."

But as H--- was an officer extremely popular with the country at large and was called "Fighting Joe", Lincoln, against the advice of his friends and his cabinet, ~~it was~~^{and} with these circumstances in mind ~~that~~ he appointed him and then wrote him that famous letter of January 26, 1863, which, when it was sold at auction many years ago, the auctioneer extolled it as "an unusually fine example of the art of letter writing," and it brought a good price. As I recall it, the letter ran thus:

"I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac, but in certain respects I am not quite satisfied with you; and I have heard in such a way as to believe it of your recently saying that 'both the Army and the government needed a dictator.'

"Of course it was not far this, but in spite of it, that I gave you the command. Only those generals who gain successes can set up dictators. What I ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to

the utmost of its ability. I much fear that the spirit you have aided to infuse into the army of criticising their commander and withholding confidence from him, will now turn on you.

"Neither nor a Napoleon could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it; and now, beware of rashness. Beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance go forward and give us victories. From now on let your watchword be, Fight! Fight!! Fight!!!"

Truly a most remarkable letter. How did H--- take it, and what were the results of this advice? His biographer states that H--- was "enchanted with such a rebuke as this". "He talks to me like a father." We shall see whether Lord Charnwood was correct in his statement that H--- "gave up drinking altogether in his campaigns." He had never seen H---.

Lincoln, who also had never seen H---, and after his experience with McD---, McC---, P--- and B---, now resolved to see this much advertised fighter and judge for himself whether that army which, while it had met with some most disheartening reverses, was still the magnificent Army of the Potomac, ~~and~~ could stand any more disasters while waiting for somebody who would know how to fight it.

So, on April 6th he came to visit us. Mrs. L--- and little "Tad" accompanied him. The interview between Lincoln and H--- was a long but friendly one, lasting several days. There was some further talk about H---'s habits.

H---, after expressing his gratitude to the President, then suggested a review of the entire Army, --- first in its camps, then en masse on the plains of Stafford. To this Lincoln assented.

It had been raining steadily for several days and the country was one vast quagmire, deep mud everywhere, as only old Virginia could be in those days of clay roads.

Lincoln had been a circuit rider in his early days as a lawyer, but while some young West Point graduate could give him points on a graceful seat and carriage in the saddle, his position in the same was secure and easy with the long stirrup and leg hold of the Western rider of that period. His was not a jockey seat.

On April 7 he rode our camps. Somebody, perhaps as a joke, had selected for him a 14-hand pony-built horse; his feet nearly touched the ground. He had not, of course, come prepared for riding; was dressed in black -- a long, black frock coat, and pants; black stock necktie and "dickey". He had on that high stove-pipe hat (a beaver). He wore no boots and his trousers were not strapped down. No riding clothes in camp would fit him.

He rode on the right of Gen. H---, who had a large and imposing staff; among them was my brother, who was on duty at headquarters in command of one of the companies or bodyguard of the Commanding General. There were miles of camps. As one camp after another was passed, the staff and field officers all joined this vast cavalcade, amounting finally to several hundreds, who were riding on both sides and near to the President, all mostly at a fast trot.

Soon his black clothes were spattered with mud; even his stovepipe hat and face including his beard, had not escaped it. His pants soon rode up to his knees; his drawer strings became untied and, as he rode along he presented a spectacle which drew

laughter from those about him and in some of the camps. He certainly was, at that moment, a grotesque looking figure.

My regiment, the 22nd Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, was encamped on Potomac Creek, a mile or more from "Stoneman's Switch", one of our supply depots, near where "Brook's Station" is now located on the R. & F. R. R. We were drawn up in line for a salute. Lincoln had to pass us on a narrow wagon road but a few feet away.

As he turned his bespattered face and body towards us, his feet almost dragging on the ground and drawer strings dangling, many of our old war scrappers were inclined to laugh. "Steady! Men", rang out the voice of our sturdy little Colonel, "Present Arms!!" "Give the President a cheer." The laughter ceased almost as though by magic and as we caught his face wreathed in one of the most amiable smiles one ever saw on a human face and coming, as it did, from a face furrowed with care, sorrow and uncertainty, it reached the hearts of those battle veterans and the laughter at once gave place to three ringing, lusty cheers.

In our division were two splendid lumberjack regiments, one from the headwaters of the Penobscot -- the 2nd Volunteer Infantry, and the other, the 20th Volunteer Infantry, from the headwaters of the Androscoggin --- both from the old "Dirigo" ("I lead") State of Maine.

The Second Maine was in our brigade of the Fifth Army Corps and had been in every battle from Bull Run to Fredericksburg. It was only a few hundred yards to the left of our camp.

Like all woodsmen and axemen these regiments had built in this winter cantonment a beautiful log camp. The ten streets, one

for each company, even all of uniform width. The huts were all of uniform dimensions and the corners notched, shaved down with axes, and joints perfectly fitted. The cracks were all filled or "chinked" and plastered with red Virginia mud, which, when dried, shut out all cold. There were cracker box doors, all carefully hinged with leather strips from old shoes. Stone fireplaces had been installed by the mechanics and masons. The chimneys were carefully and neatly stacked "cob-house" fashion, all with split out wood, and all plentifully plastered inside and outside with the ever present mud and baked as hard as bricks from the log fires inside to prevent their catching fire.

Over each street a large green arch had been sprung; in the center of each, in relief, was a perfect ^{and} artistically worked out letter in evergreen, for each Company from A to K, inclusive.

As Lincoln, after passing our line, approached this unique camp, he turned to H--- and said, in the hearing of my brother who, as has been stated, had joined the escort from headquarters, and was riding near him, "What camp is this?" His eye had instinctively taken in this log camp, nowhere seen before on his long ride. "It is the camp of the Second Maine Volunteer Infantry," was the reply of an aide. Lincoln gave one long look as though his memory had reverted back to his old pioneer log hut at Hodgenville and his rail-splitting days, and said, "They must be loggers". "They are, Mr. President. They are lumberjacks from the forests of the Penobscot in Maine." "I knew they must be axemen, nobody could make cabins or construct a camp like this unless they had handled an axe; this is the finest camp I have seen."

Never will the author forget the look of supreme pleasure which came over the sad face of Lincoln as he gazed upon this wonderful log camp of these Maine axemen. It is more than probable that he had not seen one for years or, at least, since he had made his home, after marriage, in Springfield, Illinois.

~~The author~~^I had visited some years ago the rude one room log cabin in which Lincoln had been born, February 12, 1809, at Hodgenville, Kentucky. That early home of his childhood had evidently been hastily constructed, and, either through carelessness, neglect, or having been moved and hastily reconstructed several times at different expositions, the last one, as it is now recalled, at Chicago, in 1893, the "chinking" had dropped out, the cracks had not been refilled, nor plentifully plastered and pointed up with mud.

Compared to these almost palatial log huts of the lumberjacks from Maine -- upon which he was so wistfully gazing -- his birthday cabin had a certain neglected appearance, although it had been under cover for several years in the beautiful marble memorial which was dedicated by President Wilson during his term of office. It had been built, however, under the supervision of former Secretary of War William H Taft, as chairman of the Commission, (formerly President of the United States, and later Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.)

The next day, April 8, the President reviewed the men on Stafford Plains, at which Mrs. Lincoln and little "Tad" were present, and then he returned to Washington, firm in the belief that "Fighting Joe" was going to give him a complete victory at Chancellorsville after seeing that splendid veteran army drawn up before him and every man ready for battle.

Looking over some old letters, I find the following from my brother who was on duty at Gen. H---'s headquarters:

"Gen. H--- is now in command and truly, father, I have more faith in him than in B--- for he does not acknowledge himself incompetent, but asserts that he can whip them out and out. He doesn't want people to think of him as "Fighting Joe", a dashing, "harum-scarum" foolhardy fighter, but would have them trust in him as a wise and able general. Hurrah for him, I say, and on to victory!" "We all wait now for future events, and the horizon casts its shadow before. May everything be full of glory for our country."

As the President rode along the lines, the flags were dipped, the bands played, "Hail to the Chief" and the drum and bugle corps "sounded off."

The Corps were reviewed separately, the waiting units in ranks, in the meanwhile stamping their feet and thrashing their hands, while standing "at ease" to keep warm, as it was a bitter cold day with a stinging wind. The batteries passed first, then the infantry in close column by divisions closed en masse.

It was a most beautiful and inspiring sight, never to be forgotten, -- this military pageant of over 100,000 veteran soldiers passing by in a steady stream. Hours went by, the sunlight and shadows chased each other over the plain, mile upon mile of huts, shacks and dugouts, reminding one of an immense prairie dog village, the spires of F--- in the distance, the batteries in the rear and nearby the shining R--- River.

When the light caught upon the bayonet tips and flashed over flags and equipment of regiment after regiment, brigade after brigade

and division after division, as they swept by the reviewing stand in almost endless procession, one could scarcely refrain from dwelling with wondering eye upon such a beautiful, almost fairy-like scene.

The uniforms were clean, the rifles bright and everything indicated the conscious pride which that perfectly organized army felt in presenting to the President, especially after all of its discouragements it had been subjected to, only the best side of the thoroughly disciplined soldier.

The drums, bugles and bands kept up their ceaseless music, and the light still danced among the moving columns. But at last the rearmost regiment came, dipping its flag in salute, and disappeared. The immense cavalcade of officers, aides and orderlies rode back to their camps. The magnificent spectacle was over. It was full of bright visions, splendid groupings, wonderful effects, rarely seen in a boy's lifetime, and never forgotten by the old Army of the Potomac.

What must have been the thoughts of President Lincoln as he glanced during that entire day, along the almost interminable columns of bronzed faces, knowing, as he did, that in a few days they were all to go forth, under their new leader, "Fighting Joe," to the blood and carnage of Chancellorsville.

The date had been set several times for the beginning of this campaign, but it rained and rained and the entire country was a sea of mud. Orders had been issued for the men to carry 8 day's rations, 3 in their haversacks and 5 either in their blanket rolls or in their knapsacks, -- while the officers were required to carry their rations and blankets on green pack mules, led by the drummers

and buglers. Never before had we been required to carry such loads and never before had pack mules been used instead of wagons for the commissioned officers. It looked as though "Fighting Joe" meant business and the men's spirits and esprit de corps was consequently raised to the high water mark.

On April 27 the dismal and always dreaded "Pack up" call sounded and soon we were off. Our route lay through Stafford, Hartwood Church, Morrisville to Kellys' Ford on the R--- River, which we forded without any obstacles being placed there by the enemy. Crossing Mountain Run we came to the R--- River late in the afternoon of the 29th. Here we found a number of prisoners who had been captured by our cavalry advance guard at or near Ely's Ford where they had been on picket. The ford was thus uncovered. They underwent the usual amount of chaffing by our wags.

Just before dark, stripping off our clothes and making a compact package with our ammunition inside and with our rifles run through, we placed the pack on our heads, and with the water up to our necks we forded the river. Cavalry had been placed below the ford to catch the small music boys should the current sweep them off their feet.

It had been raining and our clothes were wet. Drying them before huge fires on the south bank of the stream we settled down for a good night's sleep. But by midnight it began to rain again in torrents, and daylight found us plodding with our heavy packs, in mud almost to our knees, with our skirmish line thrown out, feeling our way to Chancellorsville. The Fifth Corps -- my division (Griffin's) leading, was the first troops to reach there, exactly at 12 o'clock,

April 30th. The Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, crossing the river above at Germania Ford, joined us about 1 o'clock. It was a most wonderful march of concentration. Griffin's (First Division) moved out on the old F--- turnpike about two miles, crossing Mott and Golin runs, but meeting a battline near Zion Church, composed of Anderson's Division of Jackson's Corps, with guns in position. We returned, without engaging them, to the Chancellor House and shortly after, bivouacked in the woods on the east side of the road, near the old brick house, once a famous road tavern.

On Saturday we reconnoitered towards Banks Ford on the "River Road", while the regular division (Syke's) engaged a part of Jackson's Corps on the turnpike. An observation balloon was up over F---~~S~~.

On the return we were cut off for several hours near the intersection of the "Old Mine" and "River" Roads, during which we lost several men wounded by artillery fire, but at daybreak regained our bivouac near the Chancellor House. Here H---'s boastful order was read out to us: "The enemy will have to come out and fight us or ingloriously flee."

On Saturday, May 2, we were sent to the extreme left on the Mineral Spring road. After working all day constructing most formidable breastworks and at about 6 P.M. we heard a terrific rifle and artillery fire on our extreme right flank, Syke's division of regular troops was quickly sent to the Bullock clearing, while we were held in readiness to follow. This firing proved to be "Stonewall" Jackson's surprise attack upon the unprotected flank of the Eleventh Corps. It resulted in a complete rout of that corps, and all night through the dense forest there was a terrific cannonading and rattle of rifle fire, curiously intermingled with the continuous and melancholy chorus of thousands of whippoor-wills.

Jackson's plan was, after the entire right flank of the army had given way before his impetuous assault, to push up a narrow cart road through to the Bullock clearing and cut off the Union Army, lying north of it, from both Ely's and United States Fords and compel its surrender.

As his own troops were, at that hour, disorganized and intermingled, such a move in column and deployment in those dense woods in the face of nearly 20,000 troops, would have proved not only a ghastly failure but absolutely impracticable, and a military impossibility. Our troops were already in a heavy battleline directly across that path and Jackson's plan, would have proved as disastrous a failure as Pickett's charge at Gettysburg a few months later.

Much discussion has taken place since the war as to just how Jackson received the wounds which resulted in his death, while he was reconnoitering the Bullock path. It will probably continue as long as the historians disagree upon Napoleon's disaster at Waterloo.

I have the testimony, however, of the Colonel of the First Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, with whom I served after the Civil War for years; also, a sketch drawn for me by two captains of that regiment showing not only the exact position of their picket line that night, May 2, 1863; also Jackson's with his staff as they sat in the moonlight on the Orange Court House Plank Road, when he was fired upon, only 70 yards distant, by the First Massachusetts pickets. These statements are on record in the Adjutant General's office in Boston. In addition, a friend of mine in the 20th Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, who was wounded and captured that night but escaped during the confusion attending Jackson's being brought to the spot where he lay

at or near Dowdall's Tavern, and of being met by men of the First Massachusetts, whom he first reached, and who described in detail of Jackson being fired upon and wounded by their fire.

His left arm was amputated near Wilderness Church by Dr. McGuire of his staff, and has been buried, strange to say, all these 71 years in the family burial lot at the Lacy House near Wilderness Run. A stone marks the spot. He died at Mrs. Chandlers' near Guinea Station in full view of the R. & F. R. R., and his body is buried at Lexington, Va.

Our reaction to his death was not so great, while this bloody battle was still continuing, as one would conjecture, since many of our own best officers had been sacrificed in this terrible contest. There is no doubt, however, that Gen. L-- keenly felt his loss when he declared in a spirit of great depression, "I feel as tho I had lost my right arm."

At noon on Sunday, May 3, after the position at "Fairview" had been carried and the Union troops forced back, H--- was brought to the Bullock log cabin and placed near it in a large ~~Marquee~~^{Marquee} headquarters tent. But "Fighting Joe" was no longer himself. Many years after the war he confided/^{this}to Gen. D--. Instead of coming out of this formidable breastworks, showing himself to the men and leading them in an offensive battle as had been planned for, and accepted by him, through Generals G. K. W. and H. J. H. He was now laid out in that tent.

On Saturday night, May 2, stragglers from the routed 11th Corps had been coming through our lines posted in the forest, six miles from where they had "skedaddled" in front of our picket line. We had challenged and receiving answers only in unintelligible

English, we had first fired upon and then captured them and sent them to division headquarters for investigation. Coming in at day-break from our night picket line, we reached the breastworks. The corps had gone!! My regiment followed swiftly towards the sound of the guns -- terrible rifle and gun fire, where Birney's and Berry's divisions had been fighting during the greater part of the night to regain their positions in our lines.

We now met the wounded of the Jersey Brigade of the Third Corps, carrying several captured battle flags. Upon a stump in the forest sat the form of a woman. We rubbed our eyes to make sure. There was no mistake. Her long black hair had fallen from its coil; no covering was upon her head; over her shoulders hung loosely an old rubber blanket. It was Annie Etheridge, the well-known heroine of Birney's division. She had been out all night, exposed to the constant rifle fire which we had heard; had been hit several times through her clothes and had a slight wound, and, now pale, weak and exhausted this noble woman was cheering on the poor fellows whose life blood was still dripping from the stretchers as the carriers sped on in rapid succession by her position to the field hospital, which had been located under a huge oak tree near the Bullock cabin. Her large, expressive eyes, clean-cut face and firm mouth betokened the courageous, daring woman who won the respect of all alike during those dark and perilous days.

"Gentle Annie" she was called. She first went to the front with the Second Michigan, but when that regiment was transferred to the 9th Corps in 1862, she went to the Third Michigan. Her father was a major of that regiment and had been killed in battle; her uncle was a surgeon in the Third. When that regiment was merged

with the Fifth Michigan she became attached to the latter as a volunteer nurse. After the war she married a Mr. Hook and in 1896 was living in Washington, ^{D.C.} I frequently saw her, especially at G. A. R. Reunions. Some years ago a historical sketch of her was published in some periodical giving a full account of her life and services. She is prominently mentioned in "Women's Work in the Civil War". She is the only woman who ever received the "Kearny Cross", the red badge given for Civil War service, by Gen. "Phil" K-y.

Our position was now at the Bullock cabin. The right flank of my regiment in that new battle line was within 30 feet of H---'s tent. I went by that tent many times to get water for drinking and cooking purposes from the Bullock Spring. From Sunday noon, May 3, to Tuesday night, when the raging storm drowned us out of our trenches, I saw him (H) lying there helpless and without the power to get up and take command of the Army. Although he outnumbered the enemy more than two to one he not only was on the defensive but inert, helpless and absolutely so drunk that he could not move. There was nobody in command of that great Army. The senior corps commander refused to assume command unless H--- himself or his Chief of Staff, who was miles away at F---, would officially direct it. H--- had lost his nerve completely. Somebody had given him a drink to steady his nerves. Another friend(?) had given a second -- so a member of his staff stated ^{in my hearing} years later -- and so it went on, until those of us who saw him daily from May 3 to May 5, realized that he was not only incapacitated for any duty with the Army, but all of our marching and fighting had, as before, gone for naught and that "Fighting Joe", whom the President had selected after warning, to fight us to a finish, was now a paralyzed wreck.

On Tuesday night, May 5, word went around that we were going to withdraw and recross the river, and that my brigade was to cover the withdrawal. That meant that we were to hold the lines at all hazards until the entire army had crossed the bridges and we could not move until sometime before daybreak on Wednesday, May 6. The raging storm increased. Just before dawn, without interference by the enemy, we started. We wallowed up to our knees in the clay mud for two miles to the river. I slipped on this greasy clay, struck my ear on the hammer of my rifle; the blood spurted down my face and neck. No surgeon was near to stop the bleeding.

We had to swing both bridges across United States ford, dismantle them; load all bridge equipment on the wagons and then with pontoon cables haul everything up over the steep bluff, under cover of 30 guns in position should the enemy follow up our movement. The storm increased. We were directed to disband and make our way the best we could to our abandoned camp on Potomac Creek, as no formation could be maintained in the darkness over impossible roads, through forests and ploughed fields. That night of May 8, 1863, will never be forgotten as long as a man lives who made that night march, and exists to tell the tale, ^{as} singly, by twos and in small bunches, ^{we trudged mile after mile} through the almost endless night over that trackless country. We reached our old soaked and wind swept camp at noon on May 9 and dropped, worn out and exhausted on our old bunks, dead to all the world.

Some years ago, members of the Third Corps, especially of his (H---'s) old brigade and division which H--- commanded at Yorktown