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## "Remembrance Will Cling to us Through Life": Kate Bushman's Memoir of the Battle of Gettysburg

### **Abstract**

Kate Bushman never expected that the Civil War would visit her tiny town. Nor could she have predicted the life altering impact of Gettysburg's grisly scenes, indelibly etched into the folds of her memory. The best evidence of that transformation is the remarkable memoir of the battle and its aftermath that she obediently entered into her leather-bound scrapbook sometime in the early 1870s. Leaving no room for pretense, she recognized that the events she witnessed were significant, and that hers was important historical testimony. No longer just another devoted wife, mother, and Unionist, she was "an eye witness." [*excerpt*]

### **Keywords**

Adams County Historical Society, ACHS, Adams County, Pennsylvania History, Civil War, Battle of Gettysburg, Gettysburg, Civilian Account, Kate Bushman, Sharpshooter, Memoir, Breckenridge Street, Eyewitness Account

**“Remembrance will cling to us through life”:  
Kate Bushman’s Memoir of the Battle of Gettysburg**

**BRIAN MATTHEW JORDAN**

Kate Bushman never expected that the Civil War would visit her tiny town. Nor could she have predicted the life altering impact of Gettysburg’s grisly scenes, indelibly etched into the folds of her memory. The best evidence of that transformation is the remarkable memoir of the battle and its aftermath that she obediently entered into her leather-bound scrapbook sometime in the early 1870s. Leaving no room for pretense, she recognized that the events she witnessed were significant, and that hers was important historical testimony. No longer just another devoted wife, mother, and Unionist, she was “an eye witness.”

“Incidents of the Battle of Gettysburg” appears here for the first time in print. Kate Bushman’s descendants recently donated the original manuscript to the Adams County Historical Society, and there it has been made available to researchers. I have made precious few editorial changes to the original manuscript, despite Bushman’s legendary run-on sentences and neglect of most all grammar conventions. Those who spend time with this account—either in person or in these pages—will be rewarded by its unflinching honesty. These reminiscences not only enhance our understanding of the unsuspecting civilians ensnared in the battle’s maelstrom, but are peppered with poignant asides that will be invaluable to scholars. We glean telling insights into the way rumor became the currency of Civil War armies, and overhear some fascinating exchanges between soldiers and civilians.

Historians will be particularly interested in Bushman's perceptions of the rebel enemy, which track between outright disgust and pleasant surprise. She tantalizes us too with her description of Confederate sharpshooters engaged in the act of killing. Despite a flood of recent scholarship about death in the Civil War, we know surprisingly little about the relationship individual soldiers had with war's fundamental work—and even less about how they coped with the guilt that undoubtedly ensued. “Many a Laugh we heard from their lips when they would see one of our Poor fellows fall,” Bushman writes, offering one potential clue. She likewise relates the fascinating tale of a Confederate soldier who killed a Yankee drummer boy on the streets of Gettysburg. The anxious rebel not only “related his coldblooded Tragedy” to Bushman, but insisted upon showing her the exact site where the young boy died.

Bushman vents her frustration that imperious federal troops continued to occupy Gettysburg even after the main armies left town, another subject that deserves more scholarly attention. And by describing the hordes of anguished widows, devoted nurses, heroic surgeons, and brazen souvenir hunters who converged upon Gettysburg during that summer of 1863, she reminds us that the aftermath of battle is frenzied—not forlorn. The aftermath was not epilogue for this memoirist. She knew that whatever the Army of the Potomac's victory at Gettysburg had accomplished, the real work was yet ahead. Having experienced battle firsthand, she was unlike most northern civilians—unwilling to forget. She had felt the bullets whistle by; heard the piteous sobs of the wounded; smelled the dead as they decomposed in the July heat. “Their Remembrance will cling to us through life,” she averred. So too will Kate Bushman's.

Incidents of the Battle of Gettysburg July 1, 2, 3, 1863  
by an eye witness.<sup>1</sup>

On the last Friday in June the Rebel Cavalry made a raid into Gettysburg for the purpose it was said of getting Horses and provisions but some thought more for the purpose of Reconnoitering.<sup>2</sup> There had been [so] many rumours previous to that of the Rebels coming that the citizens of Gettysburg and the Neighbouring Town had partly prepared themselves for them by running off their Horses and Cattle and also shipping of[f] other valuables. Nevertheless it found us somewhat alarmed when we saw a horde of drunken disorderly and dirty looking fellows for I cannot say Soldiers riding through our streets. We our selves did not feel verry cheerfull when we heard a great noise and in looking out discovered the Rebels tearing down a Grogery that stood a short distance from our home. Well I can assure you there was not much Dinner Eat that day, and what was our feelings you can Imagine when I turned around to see three of them standing in my dineing room however I tried to look as fearless as possible and bid them the Time when they asked me for some Dinner which I gave them. They were very Polite and Gentlemanly Especially one of them. One was a little more boisterous asking for different articles which the

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1 Bushman's memoir is presented here as originally written, spelling intact. Minor editorial changes have been made to improve the readability and flow of the document.

2 On June 26, 1863, several hundred Virginia cavalrymen under the command of Lt. Col. Elijah V. White and Col. William French effortlessly brushed aside Capt. Robert Bell's Adams County cavalry troop and the verdant men of the 26<sup>th</sup> Pennsylvania Emergency Militia Regiment in skirmishes west and north of Gettysburg.

one reproved him for however he said if I would give him a small bottle of Molasses a very good kind for his Captain he would be under Obligations which we gave him willingly.<sup>3</sup>

The one commenced talking to my Husband about the War and trying to justify themselves but he being a bitter enemy of the South gave them no Sympathy he told them he had no good feelings for them that he was a Union Man they then said they Respected him the more for that and that they had no respect for Copperheads. They then commenced talking of our Generals and said General Mc[C]lellan was our best General. I told them I had no faith in him, and asked them why they thought so much of him when they said because he is our Friend as well as yours.<sup>4</sup> I then said that is the reason I hate him we do not want a half Rebel General, do you want your Generals to be the Friends of the North? They said of course

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3 Some historians have supposed that Lee's General Orders No. 72, which admonished the Army of Northern Virginia to respect civilian property, successfully restrained Confederates from looting during the invasion of Pennsylvania. Recent scholarship, however, has offered a much-needed corrective. See especially Steven Woodworth, *Beneath a Northern Sky: A Short History of the Gettysburg Campaign* (Wilmington, Delaware: Scholarly Resources, 2003), chapter 2, and Jason Mann Frawley, "Marching Through Pennsylvania: The Story of Soldiers and Civilians During the Gettysburg Campaign" (Ph.D. diss., Texas Christian University, 2008).

4 Recent historians have taken more seriously those Civil War Americans who suspected Major General George Brinton McClellan of treasonous ends. See especially Richard Slotkin, *The Long Road to Antietam: How the Civil War Became a Revolution* (New York: Liveright/W.W. Norton, 2012). On political feuds within the federal armies, see also Allen Guelzo, *Gettysburg: The Last Invasion* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2013), and Jonathan W. White, *Emancipation, The Union Army, and the Reelection of Abraham Lincoln* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 2014).

not. I said well neither do we. I would shoot such a General. He got pretty firey and said I am not in a proper Condition to talk to you as he was somewhat under the Influence of Liquor and I had regained my courage and gave them answers that they did not relish. They gave the Little ones some Rebel Money as a remembrance thanked us and went away perhaps to meet a Bloody Death God alone knows those that Left their Homes had cause to regret it for they Ransacked them.

In the Course of a few days the Report came that the whole Army was coming that is the Rebel Army which of course spread consternation over the town having seen the mischief a few could do we could Imagine what an Army would do, and we tried to prepare ourselves accordingly by Packing away small valuables and hiding both for our selves and Neighbors we ourselves had two Large Stone Boxes of goods in our House one of Valuable silks up in a Chamber and another very large one which I made the Men just put in a careless place in my kitchen behind my stove, putting an old oil cloth on used it to cut meat and every careless way I could as if it was an old Kitchen table and while they the Rebs were in the House they sat on but had no Idea what was in and our Little ones were as cautious as ourselves and two days before the Battle as I was sweeping my Pavement happening to look up I saw some Union Cavalry Riding up our street Breckenridge Street as the one came opposite myself I looked up and he bade me the time and asked me some questions concerning the raid I soon discovered he was a Gentleman and a Union Officer. I answered to the best of my ability what I knew and then I told him of the Report about the army coming and that the camp fires could be seen along the South Mountain I then asked him if our Army was prepared for them and he said do not be alarmed Madam in Twenty four hours we can have fifty Thousand Men here yes seventy five Thousand men but keep quiet which I

did only telling my Family, which News quite reassured us the day before the Battle I told my Husband I would bake the next day quite Early he said I better not on Monday I had washed as usual and contrary to my Husbonds wishes I prepared to bake I told him I wanted one bakeing of Cherry Pies which was also the Last for that summer so I got up very early sat my bread [out] got breakfast and commenced Ironing but gave that up hung my wash around on chairs in a spare room and before nine o'clock had my Pies baked and the bread nearly so. When the report came that our Army was comeing along Washington Street and were tired and overheated when my Brother in law proposed carrying buckets of Water up to the head of our street for the Soldiers to drink as they marched along. I then told my Husband who was quite Indisposed at the time to stay in with the Children and when to take out the bread I would hold the Water and cups so my Brother in law and myself held the buckets from the first Man to the Last of the passed some other Neighbours carrying the Water to us. Besides I had ordered nearly all my hot bread brought up and distributed some tearing off the whole top of the Loaf and the Officers Horses dashed so close past me as to raise my skirts.

One old Gentleman Officers rode up to me and reached his hand as I thought for a drink which I handed him he said no Madam I want to shake your hand God bless you for what you are doing. I then wished him God speed as he rode off some poor fellows would say Lady pleas give me a drink may be it is the last one I will ever get others would say Lady please give me a Little in my can teen maybe some poor Wounded Soldier will want a drink thinking of others perhaps going to their own Death oh how my heart Ached for them. I saw the first shell that was thrown and saw our poor fellows commanded to fall in Line and go Double quick and the shells flew over our heads and the officers bade me go in or I might get killed one shell



explodeing just about one hundred yards from where I stood we were pretty well exhausted the Weather being extremely hot and we had put on good clotheing and more of them not knowing how soon we would have to Leave our hard Earned Homes besides I had Large Packets in all my skirts Loaded with mementoes of the past and consequently was doubly burthened we then went in and Sister insisted we should all come there as there Celler was the best if we would have to go in it which we did I comeing up ocasionally to go home which was adjoining Lots besides I was afraid if my Husband or boys would go out they might be captured by the Rebs.

However before we entered the cellar the word came that the Town was to be shelled we must all Leave which we prepared though reluctantly to do and it started with the Family my Husband saying he would follow we went as far as Cemetry Hill when I looked back saw my Husband Looking out of an upper Window when I faltered and told the Children I would go back if Father was safe we were all safe and if he got killed I wanted to die with him they tried to urge me on and our Daughter and a small boy went on at my entreaty myself and others returning I then went up to an Officer and asked his advice he said Madam go Home stay in your House if you have one and when we got to the House where Jenny Wade was Killed they came out and plead with me to stay there but I went Home and just as I turned to go I noticed one Officer ride up to another and tell him something he raised his hands and said my God not General Reynolds Killed<sup>5</sup> so it went from officers to officer and seemed to spread consternation over the whole army well I came back home and we then went into the Cellar

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5 Maj. Gen. John Fulton Reynolds, a Pennsylvanian, commanded the First Corps, Army of the Potomac. He was killed while posting Brig. Gen. Solomon Meredith's Iron Brigade in Herbst's Woods on the morning of July 1.



*Death of Gen. John Reynolds in Herbst Woods. Library of Congress.*

after we had been in some time there was word came that our Army was Retreating and the Rebs were taking possession of the Town which caused great excitement.

The Citizens [were] fleeing in every Direction but I was Determined to stay until we were compelled to Leave so I came up to look about and as I got to my Kitchen door I found two of our Soldiers sitting there I said men do you know that the Rebels are coming they said yes where can we hide told them to go to the cellar it was none of the best but was better than to be a Rebel Prisoner they said they were so hungry I cut two slices of bread around the Loaf and buttered and told them to hurry down and I would bring them more when I could I then went to the door and saw there guns I qwick them and handed them saying if the Rebs sees your guns they will know you are here and I walked back in the kitchen there lay their Haversacks. I stood in the door and with my foot pushed them behind the door carelessly threw an old bag over them just as several Rebels walked in I tried to Look the bravery I did not feel and bid them the time one came in Looked all around but did not ask any questions. They then began to gather in pretty

thick and I staid home awhile the two Union Soldiers said that our men only shamd retreating that they were Looking out a good Position and that they had staid back to cut down the fence for General Shimelfellings<sup>6</sup> Horse to get through and that it was killed under the old General as it was going through and that they did not know when he had got to. We afterwards ascertained that he had got under a pile of rails in a Neighbours Lot<sup>7</sup> we were then back and forwards from the Celler to the House and while in the celler there was some quite Laughable Incidents. There was a Neighbour's Family Father, Mother, Son, and three Daughters the Son when he heard the Rebels were comeing run away to hide and when we found him he was sprawled on the floor with his head under a bed and his Limbs sticking out and the old Man had crept back and got in a keg of soft soap holding up his arm and seeing our faces he remarked if I git off mit dat its goot and at one time when the bullets were flying thick and fast the Old Lady ran up the celler steps and said to the Rebels oh Mans Mans quit shooting we are all so skeert down here which caused a roar of Laughter at another time the old Man wanted to go Home and carry his celler full of water, so that if they threw shells in the House they would not explode. That caused our visibilities to burst forth again after the firing commenced in Earnest we concluded to stay Home as the House was full of Rebs. They treated us Respectfully and what we had that they asked for we gave them but could give them no sympathy as we were staunch Unionists the balls

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6 A veteran of the Prussian army, Brig. Gen. Alexander Schimmelpennig commanded a brigade in Maj. Gen. Carl Schurz's Division of the Eleventh Corps, Army of the Potomac. When Schurz was promoted to corps command, Schimmelpennig took charge of the division. His regiments were thrashed during the fighting north of town on the afternoon of July 1.

7 Gen. Schimmelpennig rather infamously slinked into hiding behind the Garlach house on Baltimore Street.

came in our House thick from our Men for we were right in the Rebels Line of sharp shooters and a many a Laugh we heard from their lips when they would see one of our Poor fellows fall at one time as our son was creeping over to the next Lot for a Pail of Water a Ball came and went in one side of the bucket grased the other side and went out at the top he dropped the Pail crawled home and the Rebels brought us the Water after that. And at another time I was Leaning against a Partition and a bullet came through two walls Lodged in the one close to my head splintering the Partition and twice the Guns on Cemetry Hill were turned on to the Street with the Intention of shelling that part of Gettysburg thinking that the citizens had all Left. And some Officers rode up and ordered them to desist. There was two shells thrown a few steps from our Home into a Log House that was occupied only by Rebels and Killed two men and Left the arm of another at one time when the Balls were comeing in the house so fast they said we had better go to the Celler. We started to go just as I put my hand on the Celler door a bullet came through the shutter passed over our heads and went through a near Window and at another time my Husband just stooped and a bullet whired over him that would have Killed him if he had not have been stooping. At another time one flew right aside of him and one entered the side of a box that one of our sons a Lad was lying in we had a little son six years old was standing looking at the Rebels fireing at our men he was shaking his head at them every time a ball came crashing in. I suspected he was going to say something for he was a brave little fellow he stood it as long as he could at Last he said if you buggers would quit shooting at our men they would not shoot in our House naughty as the word was I Laughed and thought Amen there was one bragadocia among them that declared every Large Gun he would hear he would say that is our Gun I told him it was not so it was ours when the Battle was at its worst on Thursday he said that is nothing

to what you will here tomorrow I said Tomorrow, you will be gone. I do not know why I said it but I had a presentiment that they would be gone he wanted me to get him something to eat but I told him I would not if he was my Grandfather. I disliked him so much that I taunted him whenever I could the firing was terrible on Thursday P.M. we scarcely spoke to each other we were terribly calm during them [three] days fight when Night came they told us we could go to bed and get up early and he would come again and they would show us something that they were going to Batten down several Buildings that they pointed out to us I said a sham[e] you will be gone you are whipped my Husband looked at me so queer and I stuck to my word that they would be gone they all went out and we prepared to retire and when we went to get in bed we found that a bullet had went into the bestead pinning the quilt and sheet in the rail in the morning when we got up my Husband look out and said Wife

I believe you were right I believe they are gone but there was a few Loitering about though the main Army had fled we then started out to see whether the two Union soldiers could come out with safety my Niece and I went down to Baltimore Street as we were passing a Alley we looked up and saw our Braggart of the day before we called to a Neighbour to come and arrest him which he did picking up an empty gun he ran up to him saying surrender which he did willingly enough for he was a coward we then went out Baltimore Street towards the Cemetery



*Mary Virginia Wade, who died  
July 1, 1863 during the battle.  
Adams County Historical Society.*

and we heard Jenny Wade was shot we went out to see her she was our next door Neighbour and we had known her from Infancy she was killed at her Sisters and when they saw us they screamed afresh we went in to see her poor Jenny she looked so Natural just as she did when she went out to her sisters for safety.

I must here relate an Incident of the first day's fight. Our son a Lad was Clerk in the Merchants Establishment whose goods we had in the House. He had come home in the Morning to see us intending to return but could not with safety and we wished him to remain in the evening. The Town was pretty quiet he thought he would go and see if all was well with them and I proposed going myself to ask one of the Rebels that was Patrolling that part of our street so I went and asked him he said if it was really necessary for our son to go that he would send an Escort with him but his advice would be for our son not to go as he might be taken Prisoner. My son then came to where I was and the patrol was quite talkative and told how he had shot a little Drummer boy just at the head of our street. He said he had halted him and the Little fellow would not halt when he the Reb fired the Drummer Boy taking two or three steps fell Dead. You may imagine our feelings as he related his coldblooded Tragedy. He then said come along I will show where it was. We walked up and there Lay his Haversack and a Linen Tent cover and two Flannel shirts he said to me take the home Madam you can make use of them. I hesitated but at Last a thought struck me maybe I would find his Name and send his Parents word. I took them home and being a little cautious put them in a tub of Water I had in the yard. I happened to look inside of the Field discovered his Drum and Thoughtlessly said here is his Drum repeating it a second time when the Reb said I will take that to our bous if I would have only been a Little more thoughtfull I could have thrown the

tent over it and taken it Home well the nex day as our son was Looking out of the Window a bullet from a Sharp shooter struck that Rebel crashed through his head strikeing another one in the shoulder Killing the one and Fatally wounding the other. You may rest assured we did not waste any sympathy there – it was said that there was one of the Rebel sharp shooters shooting at our men, and that he had fired through a hole in a window light eleven times we had one in our house they called Terry I do believe he shot one of our Men every time he fired and yet he was to conscientious to take a pair of shoes of[f] a Dead Man's feet preferring to go barefooted and I told him myself he should take the shoes he said no Madam I cannot rob the Dead and he was s kind as it was possible for [him] to be. There was several that did not fire of[f] a bullet they gave us their word they had to sham fire and one poor fellow was so Ignorant and Cowardly that he did really not know his own name he had his gun loaded to the muzzle but never fired a load of[f] he cut one of his buttons of[f] of his coat put it on a string and hung it around our babes neck and appeared to Love the little one they were very carefull with our Property and was as Gentlemanly as could be not using a bit of profanity in their Language we have in our possession a Pillow Case that was hanging on a towel rack that has five bullet holes in it we had thirty four bullet holes in four of our rooms. After the three days fight when we emerged from our cellars and ventured on the streets the sights that met our eyes and the groans of the Wounded and Dieing will never be forgotten though the traces of the Devastation are well nigh obliterated their Remembrance will cling to us through life some poor fellows their bloated and blackened corpses could scarcely be taken atall for white men other Lay as calm and placid as if their Last breath was breathed among the loved ones others so mangled as not to be Recognizeable others with some token of the Loved one in

their hands or near their breast.<sup>8</sup> All Laid as decently as circumstances would permit in graves or trenches prepared for them one circumstance I shall here relate a Lady had come from Massachusetts to look for her Husband and not hearing any thing of him returned Home and received a Letter from a Companion in Arms that her Husband was Killed on the third days Fight in Mr. Sherfy's Peach Orchard and was buried in the Centre of three graves she returned and found the spot and wanted his body but orders had been received not to send any more Dead bodies away she was refused she then plead for them just to open the grave that she would know him by the shirt a striped Flannel they done so and it was her Husband she cut a piece of[f] of his shirt and placed it next [to] her heart marked his grave and returned with her baby boy to their desolate Home intending to return in the Fall for the Body but was never heard from more here I must say a few words about the Rebels. The[y] seemed entirely hardened as regards their Dead and Wounded having to be compelled to bury them and refusing to come for the Wounded and I heard from eye Witnesses along their Retreat that many of their wounded were dragged by the feet from the Ambulances and put in Fields and fence corners and stones piled on their lower limbs to keep them from moveing and in that condition Left to die others put in shallow graves with their Limbs sticking out their faces barely covered I myself covered some as well as I could offering a prayer for their souls. Every Public building and Church was

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8 In the mid-nineteenth century, a “good death” was one that occurred at home, surrounded by family and domestic comforts. Drew Gilpin Faust has demonstrated that soldiers who died on strange and remote battlefields frequently sought to align their last moments with these cultural expectations about death. Clutching family photographs or some physical reminder of home was common. See Faust, *This Republic of Suffering: Death and the American Civil War* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 2008).



a Hospital and many private dwelling the Citizens taking active parts in caring for the Wounded and preparing comforts for them<sup>9</sup> they were also assisted by several of the Sisters of Charity from St. Josephs Emmitsburg<sup>10</sup> our own sons assisted the Surgeon to Amputate Limbs and dress wounds and were so good at it that young, as they were were taken for Medical Students. They soon had Hospital Grounds Laid out about two Miles from Gettysburg<sup>11</sup> and tents erected with all the other Arrangements for a Splendid Hospital shady Woods a good spring of Water nice bake House all in good trim the Christian Commission overseeing all the arrangements and where all was cared for alike Union and Rebel and where they were fed and petted actually petted by some and not starved to Death like our poor fellows were in their filthy Prisons<sup>12</sup> oh my heart almost turns to Steele yet at the Recollection of their Sad fates

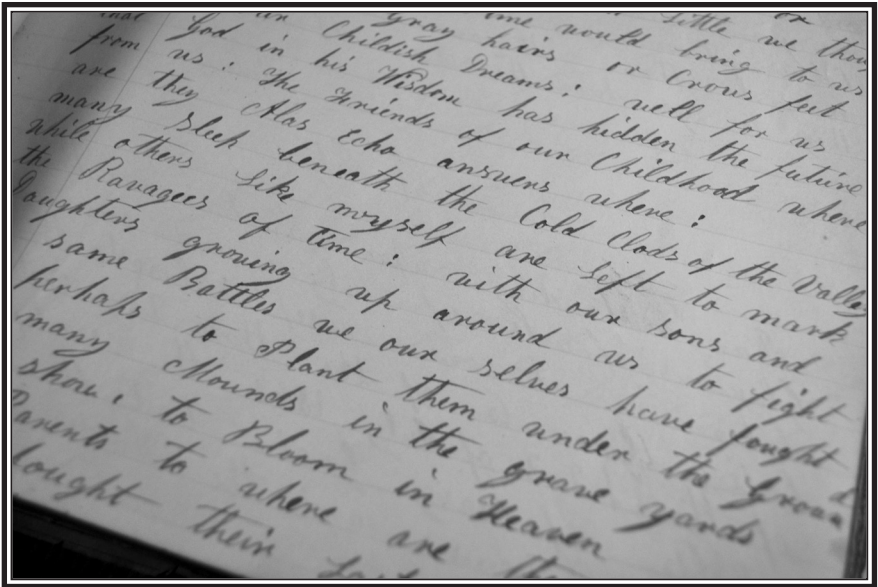
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9 On the treatment of the wounded and hospitals, see Gregory A. Coco, *A Vast Sea of Misery: A History and Guide to the Union and Confederate Field Hospitals at Gettysburg, July 1-November 20, 1863* (Gettysburg: Thomas Publications, 1996); Gregory A. Coco, *A Strange and Blighted Land: Gettysburg, the Aftermath of a Battle* (Gettysburg: Thomas Publications, 1995); Michael Dreese, *The Hospital on Seminary Ridge at the Battle of Gettysburg* (Jefferson, North Carolina: McFarland, 2005); and Roland R. Maust's massive *Grappling With Death: The Union Second Corps Hospital at Gettysburg* (Dayton: Morningside Books, 2001).

10 On the efforts of Catholic nurses during the Civil War, see Sr. Mary Denis Maher, *To Bind Up the Wounds* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1989).

11 The sprawling Camp Letterman, located on the York Pike.

12 In the war's final year, the treatment of Union prisoners of war in Confederate stockades provoked outrage among northern civilians. Though these sentiments cooled considerably after the execution of Captain Henry Wirz, the commandant of the notorious Andersonville prison in Georgia, the disturbing memories of southern prisons endured.



*Memoir of Kate Bushman. Adams County Historical Society.*

and the citizens were all busy trying to make these Homes look a little Natural we were kept pretty busy bakeing and preparing other things for the Soldiers ourselves amongst them many times they would come in and wait untill our bread was baked for fear another party would come and take it and also putting their own price on it some time a goodeal more than we wanted to take but they would Lay the money down declaring it was worth more and they were glad to get it at that sometimes another party would come in and beg for it when the first party would sell it at a still higher price always insisting upon us takeing it which we could handly do having never sold any thing to eat it seemed wicked but they Laughed at us and would then tell us of the enormous prices they had paid for provisions<sup>13</sup> we were pretty well worn out with work and the excitement

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13 Less than a week after the battle, the *New York Times* published an editorial that savaged Gettysburg civilians as profit-minded sharps. Bushman is no doubt responding to the affront with this oddly self-conscious passage.

and horrible sight seeing and the rush of visitors some times every bed and room occupied by Strangers that came to see the Devastation, of three Days terrible Slaughter Houses Riddled with bullets and shells fences destroyed the beautiful Fields of Golden Grain just ready for the Reaper Laid waste not a wheat head left to show what the Field contained every Land mark Destroyed Cattle running at Large not knowing where to find a shelter oh God from such sights Deliver our Loved ones the Grounds strewed with shells bullets blankets tents and Clotheing and all the equipments of an Army which the poor people commenced gathering up to wash and use in the place of those stolen from them and there was no orders to the Contrary until they were all washed when one of our Official Tyrants named Capt Smith<sup>14</sup> with a horse of wolves like himself went round and robbed them of the things and even taking private Property and even went so far as to curse the Women and Children for even picking up what the ground was strewed with and actually rode in to a Cabinet Shop after a Little six year old son of ours curseing and cutting at the child for picking up a ram rod and they Lay on the ground by the Thousands. Whether the Government ever got the proceeds of his Marauding we do not know but this we do know that if ever curses followed a Man they followed Capt Smith.

Visitors coming now to view the Beautiful Cemetry with its silent Sleepers and the Beautiful green breastworks can not realize the Dessolation and Acheing Hearts that three Days fight Left but the unknown graves are the Saddest Memorial of the War to me.

The Hospital was full of sad sights enough to soften the hardest hearts. One case is particular or rather two that is

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14 Captain W. Willard Smith, who served as aide-de-camp to Maj. Gen. Henry W. Halleck.

worthy of Note there was a soldier that had both Arms both Legs shot off and both eyes shot out and Lived he pleas for some one to kill him and the other case was only a finger shot off and he Died some were cheerfull under great afflictions<sup>15</sup> while others were completely sorrow stricken under slight Wounds one poor fellow I shall never forget I was out talking to him on Sunday evening he had Lost his right Arm and was doing well and was as merry as could be I said are not you [sorry] that you fought against the North he said Laughingly no indeed if I get well and they fight again I will fight with the one [arm]. I talked to him a while trying to convince him he was wrong but failed and he was such a good Natured fellow I could not get vexed and we parted he expressing his gratitude to us all for the Kindness shown them and about one hour after we left he went to cross over to the other side tents and fell and started his shoulder to bleeding and before Morning was a Corpse.

And here I must say in Justice to the South that During the three Days that they were in our House that I did not hear as much corseing and swearing as I did in one hour after our Men got back in the town and I told our Men so for we could not walk three steps without having our ears Polluted with the most horrid oaths besides the Southern men were more Courteous and Gentle to Females and ours were rude and profane...

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15 The use of the word “cheerfull” is important here. Historian Frances M. Clarke argues that the war neither shattered the antebellum sensibilities of northerners nor generated any widespread disillusionment. She insists that Union soldiers’ pronouncements of cheerfulness in the face of adversity should not be discarded as nostalgia; rather, such statements betray the process by which nineteenth century Americans grappled with loss and suffering. Culturally conditioned to ascribe purpose in the absence of meaning, northerners quite literally soldiered on. See Clarke, *War Stories: Suffering and Sacrifice in the Civil War North* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 2011).