

without the spilling of blood. 'This seems to be a decree of High Heaven, even among the affairs of men. And God has made no exception to this decree, in the salvation of men from their personal sins. I was indeed willing to unite with the party, the Republican party and the abolition movement for their high and holy purposes, and to be associated with such men as Rev. Henry Ward Beecher, Rev. Henry Highland Garnett, Theodore Tilton, Lewis Tappan, William Still, of Philadelphia; Charles Sumner, Thaddeus Stevens and many other such men, whose platform was justice and right and freedom extended to all without regard to color or previous condition of servitude, and to enforce these rights and privileges even at the point of the bayonet.

At New Haven we had been promised \$15 bounty on our enlistment, but this had not been allowed, no effort, it seems had been made to pay us this money, but we did not shirk our duty because we had not received our just dues. We had long been accustomed to such impositions; but we said that we would honor Old Glory, obey God, and contend for our prize, Liberty, and will contend in this conflict until the sound of clanking slave chains shall be heard no more in the length and breadth of this fair and goodly land, When kings, princes and nobles shall have been swept into merited oblivion and the Civil War

forgotten, posterity will catch the glowing theme of Liberty and enroll with rapture the names of those heroes who bought this boon with blood on the battlefield.

The regiment paraded the streets while multitudes looked with wonder, some laughing, others cheering, mothers with their babies in their arms, crying and holding on to their husbands, as they marched away to do battle for the noblest of causes. It was a scene never to be forgotten. We marched from Chapel street, where we embarked on a Government transport. As I went on board the vessel, mother, father, wife and children, ladies and gentlemen, of my friends, both white and black, were bidding me goodbye and expressing the hope that I might have a safe return. I cannot express the sobbing emotions of my heart, when I ungrasped the hands of these loved ones and friends and turned my face away from them, knowing that I might be going to my death and never again see them in this world.

When we reached Annapolis, Md., we were encamped three miles out of town. Here for the first time we put up our tents. It was cold and damp. We dug holes about two feet wide extending from within outside the tent, and placed sheet iron over these and in these small trenches started our fires. In this way we were able to have heat within and force the smoke outside.

The colored people in this place were afraid to speak to us. Their masters looked on us with contempt. On Sunday a reverend gentleman came into the camp to preach to us and we listened to a very interesting sermon. After remaining here for eight or ten days, we received orders to strike tents. We left for Hilton Head, S. C., arriving at this place April 16, 1864. We marched through the main street and went into camp with the Twenty-sixth, of New York. On May 25 the paymaster arrived at Beaufort, S. C., where the Twenty-ninth Regiment was at this time stationed, and our spirits were greatly lifted up when we saw him, for as yet we had received no pay for our services. But when we were told by him that we could receive only \$7 per month each, for our services our spirits fell. So I, together with the rest of my comrades, was really disgusted with this failure on the part of the Government to give us a decent compensation for our work as soldiers. The officers advised us to take it and assured us that at the next payment we should receive our full compensation. We decided to follow their advice. We quieted our passions and went to work like good soldiers. My great desire was to get into contact with the Southern forces that we might be working out the decision of this great problem. I had no ill feeling for the Southern white people, some of

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faced ridge, to pass him meant suffering and death. We were surrounded by Dutch Gap Canal, James River, over which we had to cross on a pontoon bridge, and Fort Hell to be captured and taken. But knowing that Generals Weitzel, Sherman, Doubleday and Butler had 35,200 men under them, we went bravely forward, determined that Old Glory should not trail in the dust.

We crossed the pontoon bridge near Deep Bottom and marching about two miles, halted in a corn field. Here we rested, but in momentary readiness for a call to action as the rebels were very near us. We were soon aroused and called to the fort at Malvern Hill. Here we entered into an engagement with the rebels and many were wounded, killed and taken prisoners. I had a very narrow escape and thought several times that "my time" had come. I remember a twenty-pound cannon ball coming towards me, I could see it distinctly through the smoke. It looked like it had been sent especially for me. I said quickly, "Lord, you promised that a thousand should fall at my side, but that it should not come nigh me." It was quick praying, quick thinking, quick coming; but when the ball was within about three feet of me it struck the ground and bounded over my head. So I was saved. God's promise was fulfilled in my case.

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though this is called the white man's country, they need us in war as in peace, to make and to keep the country. And why is not this fact fully realized by the white people? We are more than ten million strong and are ready at any time to lay down our lives for the nation and to give our lives in service, in times of peace, in all lines of activity. This we are doing. The progress which the Negro race has made since the war is an enviable one. No people or race would be ashamed of it. We have made this progress as honest, industrious citizens. We have shown our manhood in both times of war and peace, and our record has been written. Then why are we not accorded the place that we have rightly merited? In the sentiment of the white people there lurks a deep-rooted prejudice against us, and in their course of action discrimination is made against the Negro. We do not understand why this should be, unless there is a feeling on the part of the white people, that there is danger that we should become too prosperous and too many—the feeling which the ancient Egyptians had against the Hebrews—hence, they took steps to check the Hebrews. These may be the steps taken by the white man to check our progress. But the same God who overruled the destinies of the Hebrew slaves and brought them to their Promised Land, will take care of us and, we too, one day, shall

enter our Promised Land, of equal rights and liberty.

On the 29th, there as a fierce encounter. The battle was indeed a slaughter pen. The enemy fought like tigers. The battle became general along the entire line. Adjutant Spaulding was wounded. Corporal George Burr, Company L; Corporal Sidney, of Company E, and many others were killed. Private George E. Peters, Sergeant George Halstead, James Evans and many others were wounded. I, myself, feared, shook, and thought that my time had come. I was full of thoughts of my loved ones at home. I knew that they were praying that I should be delivered from the jaws of death. This thought cheered and comforted me; and yet I saw friends falling around me, whose loved ones and friends, were also praying for their protection. Their prayers were not being answered and why? Why should I think that the prayers offered for me were more availing than those offered for them? Why should I have any special reason for encouragement? These thoughts come to one when he is in the midst of circumstances which seems to upset many of our principles of religious faith. They come to us not only in war but in work. They must be reckoned with. The only answer that I could find as to why the prayers offered for me were availing up to this time, was that my

time had not come, and that it had not come because God had not ordered it, and God had not ordered it because He had something for me to do. Of course, He had heard the prayers which had been offered for me and they entered into His decree regarding my life. The only answer we can find to many perplexing questions which come in life is, "It is God's way, His will."

I was very busy in supplying the regiment with food, vinegar and water, and such edibles as I could get together. The doctors were busy sawing off legs and arms, and binding up wounds, and giving medicines to the wounded and sick. The women were busy in preparing bandages, lint, and doing what they could in the alleviation of human suffering. God bless the dear women who had the faith and the courage to breast the trials and hardships of soldier life. These scenes would have made your heart sore. Dear reader, the wounded and dying scattered over the battlefield thick, the hurrying to and fro of the physicians and the nurses; the prayers and groans and cries of the wounded, the explosion of bombs, the whizzing of bullets, the cracking of rifles; you would have thought that the very forces of hell had been let loose. And, indeed, it was a hell, the horrors of which no one could ever forget.

We finally retreated under the cover of the cavalry. The colored troops were the first to en-

ter the field and the last to fall back. We thereby demonstrated to our President, Abraham Lincoln, and our General, U. S. Grant, that we were among their best supporters. The white man had no record to make. He was known as a fighter for centuries, our record was to be made and we were making it. The flag of our regiment could be seen floating among the pines. We were glad that Old Glory was above us with her folds pierced with many bullet holes. We returned to camp and took our former position in front of Richmond, where we remained for awhile.

We were again in battle array, having been marched up to the rifle pits. Our field officers being absent, we were under the command of Captain Camp, of Company D, our own colonel, W. B. Wooster, was at home on sick furlough. Lieutenant Colonel W. L. Ward, who had been promoted to the rank of colonel, was in charge of the Forty-first United States Cavalry Troop. The lieutenant colonel said to us, "Boys, we must fight to-day, let me have your best. Duty demands it. I will stand by you until the last. Watch, keep in line, and obey orders." He brought us up double-quick to the rifle pits and the bugle sounded charge. We charged, firing, yelling, using our bayonets and our arms in the most cruel manner, but still in accordance with the tactics of warfare. We were there to kill in

as the guide. There were six Union soldiers as advance guard, then came President Lincoln, his son, and Admiral Porter, while on his right and his left were other officers. He was followed by six sailors with their carbines. This march created the wildest enthusiasm of the Colored people. They had lived to see the day of their liberty dawning. I was reminded of what had been done for the ancient Hebrews by Moses when he led them out of the land of their bondage, into the land of their promised liberty. Lincoln was indeed our Moses. He led us forth. He gave us our freedom. I noticed one white lady in a window, who turned away from the whole scene as if in utter disgust. There were still two sides to the question, then and there are two sides to it today. How long will these two sides remain, is the question. As the President looked out upon the poor Colored people and remembered how many lives had been lost in working out their salvation, he was not able to keep the tears from his eyes. They were tears of gladness and sorrow, of regret and delight; but, the tears of my own people were the tears of the greatest joy.

The President went to the state capitol where he made a short address in which he said: "Now you Colored people are free, as free as I am. God has made you free and if those who are your

superiors are not able to recognize that you are free, we will have to take the sword and musket and again teach them that you are free. You are as free as I am, having the same rights of liberty, life and the pursuit of happiness."

While at Richmond, we engaged in many foraging expeditions. We found such things as eggs, chickens, butter, bread, fruit, tobacco. There were bales of tobacco in the streets free for every one who enjoyed the weed. And I must say that many were delighted with their free smokes. There was plenty of Confederate money too, which was often blown about by the wind as so much worthless waste paper. Well it was waste paper. With the passing of the Confederacy, the money value passed away on all such currency.

On April 16th, 1865, we were painfully shocked to hear of the death of President Lincoln, at the hands of an assassin. No one can measure the consternation which struck our hearts. This great and wonderful man who had guided the Ship of State through four years of such perilous waves and winds, that he should thus pass away and in such an infamous manner, was more than we could stand. But it was so. Our faith was almost staggered, that faith which had sustained us in so many battles, was now staggering under a blow which was severer than any