

fields, we decided at Appomattox to live in harmony under one flag. The soldiers are satisfied—"the Blue and the Gray" have joined hands; but the politicians, or at least some of them, seem to be unaware that the war is over, and still drag us into the controversy.

"The Boys in Blue?" Why, that was in 1866, and this is 1896—thirty years after we had fulfilled our contract and turned over the goods; and was ever work better done?

Then we could have anything we wanted; now we are "Old Soldiers" and it is 16 to 1 against us when there is work to do. A new generation has arisen, and the men of 1861 to 1865 are out of "the swim," unless their vote is wanted. We generally vote right. We were safe to trust in "the dark days" and we can be trusted now; but Young America is in the front rank and we must submit.

The soldier was a queer "critter" and could adapt himself to any circumstance. He could cook, wash dishes, preach, pray, fight, build bridges, build railroads, scale mountains, dig wells, dig canals, edit papers, eat three square meals a day or go without and find fault; and so with this experience of years,—the eventful years of 1861 and 1865 before me, when the door is shut and I am no longer effective and cannot very well retire—to the poor-house, have concluded to write a book. I am not so important a character as either Grant, Sherman, Sheridan or Logan; but I did my share toward making them great. I'll never have a monument erected to my memory unless I pay for it myself; but my conscience is clear, for I served more than three years in Uncle Sam's army and I have never regretted it and have no apologies to make. I did not go for pay, bounty or pension, although I got both the former when I did enlist and am living in the enjoy-