

**WHEN LINCOLN KISSED
ME; A STORY OF THE
WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649196203

When Lincoln kissed me; a story of the Wilderness campaign by Henry E. Wing

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

HENRY E. WING

**WHEN LINCOLN KISSED
ME; A STORY OF THE
WILDERNESS CAMPAIGN**

WHEN LINCOLN KISSED ME

A STORY OF
THE WILDERNESS
CAMPAIGN

BY
HENRY E. WING

*Formerly Correspondent of the New York Tribune
with the Army of the Potomac*



THE ABINGDON PRESS
NEW YORK CINCINNATI



Copyright, 1913, by
HENRY E. WING.

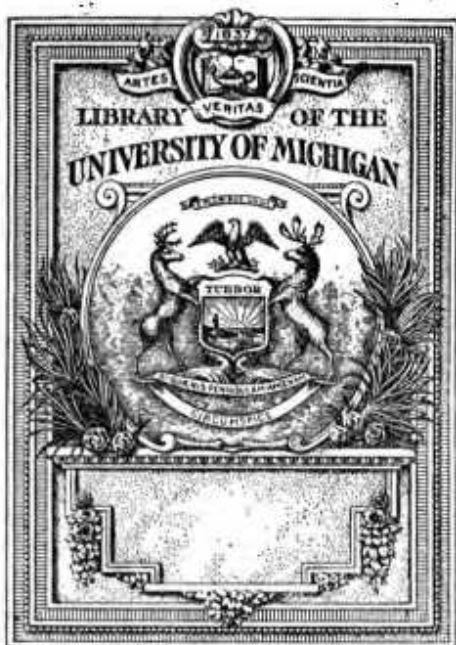
Printed February, 1913
Reprinted October, 1964

A BIT OF HISTORY

THE REV. HENRY E. WING, who so interestingly tells this Lincoln story, is a member of the New York East Conference. Twenty years of his ministry were spent in Iowa, but since 1892 he has made his home in the East. At the time of the events narrated Mr. Wing was correspondent for the New York Tribune, assigned to the Army of the Potomac. To his intimate friends he has long been known as a raconteur of unusual ability, with experiences in varied fields well worthy of permanent record. His modesty, however, is as characteristic as his story-telling.

The appearance of this and other war-time stories after a lapse of fifty years is due almost wholly to the

369099



WHEN LINCOLN KISSED ME

ANXIOUS DAYS



ON May 4, 1864, a great army of citizen soldiers, comprising representatives of hundreds of thousands of families from every Northern community, had vanished without warning, leaving absolutely no sign of their destination or hint even of the direction in which they had disappeared. There followed three or four days of such heart-breaking apprehension and bewilderment as the loyal nation had never before experienced. I did not then comprehend, and probably cannot yet quite appreciate, the tension of painful anxiety that held the whole country in its

11

12

13

14

Un