

**MEMORIAL OF LIEUTENANT
HOWARD M. BURNHAM, UNITED
STATES ARMY, WHO FELL IN THE
BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA,
TENN., SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1863**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649410231

Memorial of Lieutenant Howard M. Burnham, United States Army, Who Fell in the Battle of Chicamauga, Tenn., September 19th, 1863 by Various

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VARIOUS

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HOWARD M. BURNHAM, UNITED
STATES ARMY, WHO FELL IN THE
BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA,
TENN., SEPTEMBER 19TH, 1863**



Your Aff. Son
Howard

MEMORIAL

OF

Lieutenant Howard M. Burnham,

UNITED STATES ARMY,

WHO FELL IN THE

BATTLE OF CHICAMAUGA, TENN.,

September 19th, 1863.

PRINTED FOR THE FAMILY.

**SPRINGFIELD:
SAMUEL BOWLES AND COMPANY, PRINTERS.
1864.**

TO THE
SURVIVING HOME-CIRCLE
OF
AN ONLY SON AND BROTHER,

WHO HEROICALLY SACRIFICED HIS YOUNG LIFE
IN THE
RIGHTEOUS WORK OF CRUSHING A WICKED REBELLION,
THE
FOLLOWING MEMORIAL OF HIM

IS
Affectionately Inscribed

BY
THEIR FRIEND AND NEIGHBOR,
THE COMPILER.

Longmeadow, February 19, 1864.

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MEMORIAL.

THE large proportion of youth, that have fought and fallen in this war, will ever lend to its history a tender interest. And yet these youthful heroes, as a general rule, were not like the Spartan, born and bred for warriors. No mother had her infant, at birth, laid naked in a shield, with the words, "either with this or upon this," as its motto for life; and no father afterwards led his boy to the altar, and made him there swear eternal hatred to his hereditary foe.

This gigantic conflict found our population versed, mainly, in the arts of peace. Almost every boy, indeed, might know something of the famous generals, and battles of the world, and have his young soul stirred with legends of the knight errant and crusader. He was expected to know something of those French, and Indian wars, that left their bloody chapters in our colo-

nial history ; and caught, perhaps from the lips of his grandsire, the brave patriotic spirit of '76. And there seems implanted in the boyish heart an instinctive love of gunpowder and fire-works, of martial music and military parades, that finds vent most conspicuously on each Fourth of July.

So also we had our military academies, where a favored few were educated for the profession of arms—and various schools of a more peaceful character, where the military uniform, and drill were required, as promotive of discipline and recreation.

Old soldiers and officers of the previous wars in Florida and Mexico had, almost all, tired of “the pomp and circumstance,” that so impresses the rising generation, and even our old-fashioned musters, and training days were fast going, with their faded regimentals, into entire disuse. Through our rural districts peace flowed as a river, and the day seemed at hand when “they shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks.”

Yet the eager enthusiasm of mere boys to enlist, was a marked feature in the grand uprising of the nation ; and not a few striplings, invested suddenly with the full panoply of war, reminded one of David in the armor of Saul. Many felt

old enough to fight, who must needs wait several years to vote; and not a few, who had never gone from the paternal roof to encounter the stern realities of life, were for the first and last time to brave them, out on the battle-field. It was touching to hear such mingling their cheers the heartiest in the final leave-taking of a regiment—and to see the joyous look on those fair, young faces, that were ere long to be browned, and worn by weary marching, and blood-stained in the angry strife.

The breaking out of the rebellion not only unsettled the foundations of our government, but sadly deranged many parental plans and arrangements for their offspring. Yet it also brought order out of confusion, in many marked instances. It was welcomed by many youthful spirits as the turning point of their destinies. Plans for life, that had been vague and visionary, all at once took form and substance. Hopes and aspirations, that were in the bud, suddenly unfolded into the flower of manhood. In a word, the crisis had come not only for the nation, but especially for each young life in it; and nothing was waited for but the consent of father and mother to enlistment. Here we are venturing on holy ground. Nor does it become the writer to discuss freely a subject that has never been brought home to