

**MISSION RIDGE AND
LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN:
WITH PICTURES OF
LIFE IN CAMP AND FIELD**

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Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain: with pictures of life in camp and field by Benj. F. Taylor

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BENJ. F. TAYLOR

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PICTURES OF LIFE
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BY
BENJ. F. TAYLOR.

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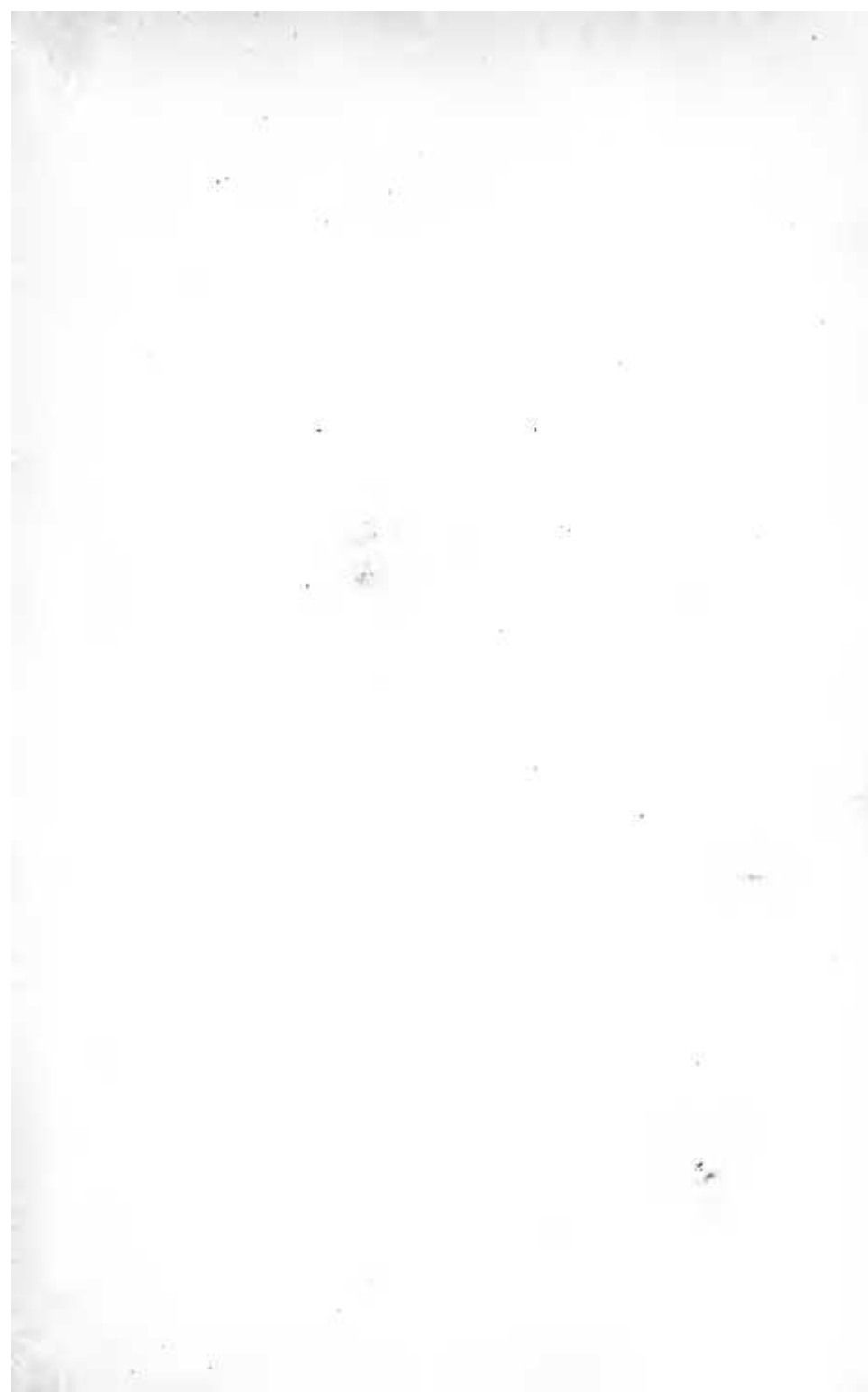
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1872

TO

The Boys in Blue

*THIS LITTLE PACKAGE OF LETTERS
IS RESPECTFULLY
INSCRIBED.*



ON THE THRESHOLD.

A FEW fragments of old letters compose this volume. They are not in disguise. They wear the every-day apparel of first expression just as it was fashioned at the Front. They are to a chapter or two of History only what the work of the wood-engraver is to the printed page—just a few pictures to brighten the well-considered utterances of the historic Muse.

Written eight years ago to the Chicago Evening Journal, thousands who lent them life or gave them heed have passed away. But the deeds have not perished; the story remains; the pictures are undimmed. Illustrating American manhood, those deeds are the heritage of all the people.

One bright day in May, a year ago, the author stood in Rose Hill Cemetery, Chicago, between the quick and the dead. Pausing on the threshold of this little book he is standing between the living and the dead

once more, and he thinks the same thought and says the same words:

We have come into court, this court of the Lord,
To bear witness for them that can utter no word.
Bare-hearted and browed in this presence we stand,
For the gift Pentecostal comes down on the land;
To speak for the speechless how witnesses throng,
And the earth is all voice, and the air is all song!
There's a fleet of white ships blown abroad on the deep,
And their courses forever they peacefully keep,
And they toss us a roar and it melts into words,
And they strike to the heart like the sweeping of swords:
"Would ye honor the men you must look in their graves,
Who did score danger out with their wakes from the waves."
There are soft, fleecy clouds fast asleep in the sun,
Like a flock of white sheep when the washing is done,
Not a breath of a battle is staining the blue,
It is nothing but Paradise all the way through!
There are domes of white blossoms where swelled the white tent,
There are plows in the field where the war wagons went,
There are songs where they lifted up Rachel's lament.
Would you know what this mighty beatitude cost,
You must search in the graves for what Liberty lost!
Ye that trod the acanthus and trampled it down,
And it turned at the touch a Corinthian crown!
Disenthralled from your graves you have left them alone,
We will borrow them now for these dead of our own!
Let us bury all bitterness, passion and pride,
Lay the rankling old wrong to its rest by their side,
Keeping step to the manhood that marches the zone,
And believe the good GOD will take care of His own!

IN CAMP AND FIELD.

FROM ONE WORLD TO ANOTHER.

IT happened to me to follow, for a time, the fortunes of the Army of the Cumberland; not to grasp a musket, but to wield a meaner implement and trifle with a pen. And yet you must believe that some stray nerve of mine felt down its way at last, to that pencil's point, and almost before I knew it, I was writing my heart out in admiration and love for the fortitude and valor of those Federal journeymen of ours, splendid in doing, and grand in suffering.

To pass in forty hours from fields where a thistle is a sin to regions where bayonets sprout as dense as the springing corn in June, is like being born into a new world. If the reader will visit one of the noble Chicago Elevators—those immense houses for a mighty hand to move in, that tosses about the grain as lightly as the farmer sows the seed; if he will watch the golden produce of a broad State received as easily as