Unidentified Artist, *Unidentified Black Soldier*, 1864, Yale Collection of American Literature, Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library.
Unidentified Artist, *Unidentified Woman*, ca. 1860s. New-York Historical Society, PR085.11
Elizabeth Tillotson with Georgiana (standing) and Lucy in 1862. Son Leon is on the right. His image was effaced by damage to the tintype when George tried to clean it. (The Gilder Lehrman Collection)
Unidentified Artist, *Unidentified Woman*, ca. 1860s. New-York Historical Society, PR085.11
John P. Nugent to his mother, November 18th, 1862

Dear Mother,

Alissonia

Tenn Nov 18th/62

I sit down to write you a few lines as I have the chance of sending it by hand there was not much news of consequence in my trip through Kentucky the only thing that happened to me was that my shoes gave out and I had to travel about five hundred miles bare foot my feet were so sore that I could hardly walk one of them had thirteen blisters under the bottom it was a trying time with all the men we marched over twelve hundred miles you can hardly think how the poor men looked marching Twenty five miles a day barefoot and hardly clothed enough to cover their nakedness I am not in very good health I have had the diarrhea for more than two months and have it yet the very worst kind I would like very much to go home and see you but they The Genrl. will not [allow] any one to have a furlough Mrs Chaney Allen Cook’s sister sent me three pairs of socks by the Leut when he was home Our company that left home with 112 men is now reduced to 47 The Capt is going home to get conscripts to fill out the regiment, he is one of the best men that ever lived he treats the men just like they were his brothers but his brother the 1st Leut is one of the meanest rascals that ever lived. I have not heard from Sister Apra since I left Tupelo. Give my love to all the Family accept a larger portion for yourself I remain as ever your affectionate Son

J P Nugent
When first the Rebel cannon shattered the walls of Sumter, and drove away its starving garrison, I predicted that the war then and there inaugurated would not be fought out entirely by white men. Every month's experience during these two dreary years has confirmed that opinion. A war undertaken and brazenly carried on for the perpetual enslavement of colored men, calls logically and loudly upon colored men to help to suppress it. Only a moderate share of sagacity was needed to see that the arm of the slave was the best defence against the arm of the slaveholder. Hence with every reverse to the National arms, with every exulting shout of victory raised by the slaveholding Rebels, I have implored the imperiled nation to unchain against her foes her powerful black hand. Slowly and reluctantly that appeal is beginning to be heeded. Stop not now to complain that it was not heeded sooner. It may, or it may not have been best—that it should not. This is not the time to discuss that question. Leave it to the future. When the war is over, the country is saved, peace is established, and the black man's rights are secured, as they will be, history with an impartial hand, will dispose of that and sundry other questions. Action! action! not criticism, is the plain duty of this hour. Words are now useless only as they stimulate to blows. The office of speech now is only to point out when, where and how to strike to the best advantage. There is no time for delay. The tide is at flood that leads on to fortune. From east to west, from north to south the sky is written all over with “now or never.” Liberty won by white men would lack half its lustre. Who would be free themselves must strike the blow. Better even to die free than to live slaves. This is the sentiment of every brave colored man among us. There are weak and cowardly men in all nations. We have them among us. They will tell you that this is the “whiteman’s war;” that you will be “better off after than before the war;” that the getting of you into the army is to “sacrifice you on the first opportunity.” Believe them not—courage yourselves, they do not wish to have their cowardice shamed by your brave example. Leave them to their timidity, or to whatever other motive may hold them back.

I have not thought lightly of the words I am now addressing to you. The counsel I give comes of close observation of the great struggle now in progress—and of the deep conviction that this is your hour and mine.

In good earnest, then, and after the best deliberation, I, now, for the first time during the war, feel at liberty to call and counsel you to arms. By every consideration which binds you to your enslaved fellow countrymen, and the peace and welfare of your country; by every aspiration which you cherish for the freedom and equality of yourselves and your children; by all the ties of blood and identity which make us one with the brave black men now fighting our battles in Louisiana, in South Carolina, I urge you to fly to arms, and smite with death the power that would bury the Government and your liberty in the same hopeless grave. I wish I could tell you that the State of New York calls you to this high honor. For the moment her constituted authorities are silent on the subject. They will speak by and by, and doubtless on the right side; but we are not compelled to wait for her. We can get at the throat of treason and Slavery through the State of Massachusetts.

She was first in the war of Independence; first to break the chains of her slaves; first to make the black man equal before the law; first to admit colored children to her common schools, and she was the first to answer with her blood the alarm cry of the nation—when its capital was menaced by rebels. You know her patriotic Governor, and you know Charles Sumner—I need add no more.

Massachusetts now welcomes you to arms as her soldiers. She has but a small colored population from which to recruit. She has full leave of the General Government to send one regiment to the war, and she has undertaken to do it. Go quickly and help fill up this first colored regiment from the North. I am authorized to assure you that you will receive the same wages, the same rations, the same equipments, the same protection, the same treatment and the same bounty secured to white soldiers.

You will be led by able and skillful officers—men who will take special pride in your efficiency and success. They will be quick to accord to you all the honor you shall merit by your valor—and see that your rights and feelings are respected by other soldiers. I have assured myself on these points—and can speak with authority. More than twenty years unswerving devotion to our common cause, may give me some humble claim to be trusted at this momentous crisis.

I will not argue. To do so implies hesitation and doubt, and you do not hesitate. You do not doubt. The day dawns—the morning star is bright upon the horizon! The iron gate of our prison stands half open. One gallant rush from the North will fling it wide open, while four millions of our brothers and sisters shall march out into Liberty! The balance is now given you to end in a day the bondage of centuries, and to rise in one bound from social degradation to the plane of common equality with all other varieties of men. Remember Denmark Vesey of Charleston. Remember Nathaniel Turner of South Hampton; remember Shibeck, Green, and Capelund, who followed noble John Brown, and fell as glorious martyrs for the cause of the slaves. Remember that in a contest with oppression, the Almighty has no attribute which can take sides with oppressors. The case is before you. This is your golden opportunity—let us accept it—and forever wipe out the dark reproaches unsparingly hurled against us by our enemies. Win for ourselves the gratitude of our country—and the best blessings of our prosperity through all time. The numeral of this first regiment is now in camp at Readville, a short distance from Boston. I will undertake to forward to Boston all persons adjudged fit to be mustered into this regiment, who shall apply to me at any time within the next two weeks.

FREDERICK DOUGLASS.

Rochester, March 2, 1863.
Well, children, where there is so much racket there must be something out of kilter. I think that 'twixt the negroes of the South and the women at the North, all talking about rights, the white men will be in a fix pretty soon. But what's all this here talking about?

That man over there says that women need to be helped into carriages, and lifted over ditches, and to have the best place everywhere. Nobody ever helps me into carriages, or over mud-puddles, or gives me any best place! And ain't I a woman? Look at me! Look at my arm! I have ploughed and planted, and gathered into barns, and no man could head me! And ain't I a woman? I could work as much and eat as much as a man - when I could get it - and bear the lash as well! And ain't I a woman? I have borne thirteen children, and seen most all sold off to slavery, and when I cried out with my mother's grief, none but Jesus heard me! And ain't I a woman?

Then they talk about this thing in the head; what's this they call it? [member of audience whispers, "intellect"] That's it, honey. What's that got to do with women's rights or negroes' rights? If my cup won't hold but a pint, and yours holds a quart, wouldn't you be mean not to let me have my little half measure full?

Then that little man in black there, he says women can't have as much rights as men, 'cause Christ wasn't a woman! Where did your Christ come from? Where did your Christ come from? From God and a woman! Man had nothing to do with Him.

If the first woman God ever made was strong enough to turn the world upside down all alone, these women together ought to be able to turn it back, and get it right side up again! And now they is asking to do it, the men better let them.

Obliged to you for hearing me, and now old Sojourner ain't got nothing more to say.

EXODUS OF REBEL WOMEN.

We illustrate on this page a scene which is frequently renewed at Washington, viz., THE DEPARTURE OF Secesh Women for Richmond.

One day last week the steamer New York took 450 women and children from Washington to the realms of Secesia. They had, or claimed to have, friends or relatives in Jeff Davis's kingdom, and were sent South at Government expense. Among the number were several young women whose departure from the Federal capital will lighten the duties of the provost-marshal. The Washington Star says:

Had their baggage passed without inspection they would have added much also to the necessities of the Southerners in dry goods, shoes, medicines, and many other articles and goods much required at the present time in Jeff Davis's domain. Eight officers were engaged all last night in examining the baggage that had been sent down. In many of the trunks were found dress goods of various kinds and textures, pins, needles, thread, etc., which articles were, of course, excluded.

In one very large trunk a sufficient quantity of dry goods was found to fully stock a country store. Some of the trunks had ten, fifteen, and as high as twenty-five pairs of shoes. No passenger, however, was allowed to take more than two pairs. One lady, when asked why she desired to take so many, replied that she generally wore out two pairs per month! All this morning the wharf and the neighborhood of Sixth Street was crowded with ladies and gentlemen, who resorted there to witness the departure and for the purpose of saying farewell to friends.

Judging from the expressions we heard in the crowd secesh sympathizers predominated. A gentleman asked an old lady who was going off whether she was pleased at her departure. She replied, “Yes, thank God! It is a great pleasure to get to a Government conducted by gentlemen, and not by Yankee boors.” A crowd immediately gathered around, and then commenced expressions of contempt from fair lips for the United States Government generally, and the President and Cabinet in particular. One young lady remarked to a friend as she bade her good-by, “Be sure and write quickly; you know how to get the letter through.” Another lady remarked that she hoped to return ere long, but with the victorious Confederate army.

Dear Father,

Greene July 31st 1864

I did intend to write to you yesterday as I was sick and did not go to school but Ma had company and I did not get a chance, I was sick with sick headache and as you have it as considerable you know how to pity me, but I am quite well now. Caroline Warner has got the whooping cough and I don’t know but I may have it, but I hope not. I suppose you will think I have not improved much in writing but if you could read my other one perhaps you can this. I have been up to Uncle Iras I went up with Aunt Mary on the Packet. I enjoyed the ride very much and my visit with Estelle also, they were all very well, uncle Ira was working for Mrs. Cummings at haying, he has been sick most all summer. Aunt Martha was spinning, and Estelle goes to school. Our school keeps but two weeks longer and I shall be glad when it is out for I am tired of going this hot weather, it is very warm and dry, Ma says there is but a little over three months before your time will be out. O Pa how glad we shall all be when you get home again, you won’t go to war again will you. Leon is full of mischief he sits here, by me, sticking paper over his eyes, nose, and face, no wonder he grows so fast, is it. Grandpas folks are all well, Leon sends his love with mine to you. I hope you can read this without much trouble, Good bye for the present.

From your affectionate daughter,

Dollie
An Act for Enrolling and Calling Out the National Forces, and for Other Purposes.
Congressional Record, March 3, 1863

Whereas there now exist in the United States an insurrection and rebellion against the authority thereof, and it is, under the Constitution of the United States, the duty of the government to suppress insurrection and rebellion, to guarantee to each State a republican form of government, and to preserve the public tranquility; and whereas, for these high purposes, a military force is indispensable, to raise and support which all persons ought willingly to contribute; and to whereas no service can be more praiseworthy and honorable than that which is rendered for the maintenance of the Constitution and Union, and the consequent preservation of free government: Therefore –

Be it enacted by the State and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That all be able-bodied male citizens of the United States, and persons of foreign birth who shall have declared on oath their intention to become citizens under and in pursuance of the laws thereof, between the ages of twenty and forty-five years, except as in hereafter excepted, are hereby declared to constitute the national forces, and shall be liable to perform military duty in the service of the United States when called out by the President for that purpose...

SEC.13. And it be further enacted, That any person drafted and notified to appear as aforesaid, may, on or before the day fixed for his appearance, furnish an acceptable substitute to take his place in the draft; or he may pay to such person as the Secretary of War may authorize to receive it, such sum, not exceeding three hundred dollars, as the Secretary may determine, for the procuration of such substitute; which sum shall be fixed at a uniform rate by a general order made at the time of ordering a draft for any state or territory; and thereupon such person so furnishing the substitute, or paying the money, shall be discharged from the further liability under that draft. And any person failing to report after due service of notice, as herein prescribed, without furnishing a substitute, or paying the required sum therefore shall be deemed a deserter, and shall be arrested by the provost-martial and sent to the nearest military post for trial by court-marshal, unless, upon proper showing that he is not liable to do military duty, the board of enrolment shall relieve him from the draft.
"I, William A. Smith, only surviving parent of Judy Ann Smith, Jane Smith, William Edward Smith, and Thomas Smith, do hereby agree to relinquish these children above named to the guardianship and control of the Managers of the Colored Orphan Asylum for so long a period as it shall be their pleasure to retain them. And I do also agree to pay twelve dollars monthly towards the support of the said children, while they remain in the said Institution.

WSmith

Witness

Catherine Kelchass

New York, January 27th, 1841
It was toward the close of the afternoon of this day that some of the wounded from the field of battle began to arrive where I was staying. They reported hard fighting, many wounded and killed, and were afraid our troops would be defeated and perhaps routed.

The first wounded soldier whom I met had his thumb tied up. This I thought was dreadful, and told him so.

“Oh,” said he, “this is nothing; you’ll see worse than this before long.”

“Oh! I hope not,” I innocently replied.

Soon two officers carrying their arms in slings made their appearance, and I more fully began to realize that something terrible had taken place.

Now the wounded began to come in in greater numbers. Some limping, some with their heads and arms in bandages, some crawling, others carried on stretchers or brought in ambulanced. Suffering, cast down and dejected, it was a truly pitiable gathering. Before night the barn was filled with the shattered and dying heroes of this day’s struggle.

That evening Beckie Weikert, the daughter at home, and I went out to the barn to see what was transpiring there. Nothing before in my experience had ever paralleled the sight we then and there beheld. There were the groaning and crying, the struggling and dying, crowded side by side. While attendants sought to aid and relieve them as best they could.

We were so overcome by the sad and awful spectacle that we hastened back to the house weeping bitterly.

As we entered the basement or cellar-kitchen of the house, we found many nurses making beef tea for the wounded. Seeing that we were crying they inquired as to the cause. We told them where we had been and what we had seen. They no doubt appreciated our feelings for they at once endeavored to cheer us by telling funny stories, and ridiculing our tears. They soon dispelled our terror and caused us to laugh so much that many times when we should have been sober minded we were not; the reaction having been too sudden for our overstrung nerved.

On page 524 we illustrate a most disgraceful episode of the Battle of Bull Run, which would be incredible if it were not attested by so many reliable witnesses: we mean the Bayoneting of our wounded by the Rebel Troops. The following evidence of Surgeon Barnes, given to the reporter of the New York Tribune, is unfortunately too precise and clear to be questioned:

Surgeon Barnes, of the New York Twenty-eighth Volunteers, was in the fight all through, and came out of it in his shirt sleeves, having lost coat, sash, watch, and all his surgical instruments, having been charged on by the Black Horse Cavalry and compelled to leave the field, being driven from under a tree where he had established his temporary quarters, and where he was attending to the wounds of about twenty-five injured men, part of whom were secessionists.

Surgeon Barnes went up to the battle-field in the rear of the attacking column, and, as soon as our men began to fall, he took a position with his assistants under a tree, in a little ravine. The wounded men were brought to him, and he took off his green sash and hung it on the tree to signify that the place was under the charge of a surgeon. The injured men were brought in rapidly, and in fifteen minutes he had under his charge nearly thirty. As fast as possible he attended to their hurts, and in a short time had been compelled to perform a number of capital operations. He amputated four legs, three arms, a hand, and a foot, and attended to a number of minor injuries. By this time the enemy had discovered the place, and the nature of the men in charge, and began to pour in musket-balls, and projectiles from rifled cannon. The place became unsafe for the wounded men, and it was seen to be necessary to remove them. The Surgeon's Assistants and servant had become separated from him, and he had no one to send in ambulances, and was obliged to leave the wounded men and go himself. It was no easy matter to procure ambulances enough, and it was probably thirty minutes before the Surgeon returned with the necessary assistance. When he returned he found that everyone of those wounded man had been bayonetted or sabred, and was dead. They were literally cut to pieces.

Other evidence abounds. An officer of the Massachusetts 5th, lying wounded on the field, heard the order given by a rebel officer to “bayonet the sons of — of red shirts!” Cannon were trained on the soldiers who were bearing off the field the body of Colonel Cameron, and five were killed. The ambulance in which Colonel Wood (New York 14th) was being carried was repeatedly fired at.