Lincoln's Curse of War's Horrors.

Think what it means! It means that boys like you and me were, not so long ago, have stood up and shot each other down — trampled over each other and have left each other wounded and bleeding on the ground, in the rain or the heat, nobody to give 'em a drink or to say a kind word nothing but darkness and blood and groans and torture. Sometimes I cant believe it's true. Boys from Illinois where I live, shootin' boys from Kentucky where I was born! It's only when I see them comin' in I realize it — boat load after boat load, wagon load after wagon load. It seemed sometimes after Bull Run and Frederick's burg and Chancellorsville if they didn't stop unloadin' 'em I'd go plumb crazy. But still they come and only God knows when they will stop.

Autograph of a Page from "Father Abraham"
by
Ida M. Tarbell

Digital Image, 2011. The Ida M. Tarbell Collection, 1890-1944, Allegheny College Pelletier Library

Lincoln's Sense of War's Horrors.

Think what it means! It means that boys like you and me were, not so long ago, hunted up and shot each other down

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