

In Memoriam

**The Garden of Death -
The Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mlahone**

The Sesquicentennial Observance



*"There is a special providence
in the fall of a sparrow..."*

THE GARDEN OF DEATH :
THE FALLEN SPARROWS OF FORT MAHONE

April 2, 2015
Angela Smythe

There is no map (table of contents) for the Garden of Death.
To walk this garden, you must follow the path

PROLOGUE

The month of April 2015 will commemorate the sesquicentennial year of the conclusion of a war which cost well over half a million American lives lost on American soil. Foremost in the observance of what has become our nation’s secular “Passion Play,” the names and deeds of its fallen heroes will be remembered and celebrated, but for the hundreds of thousands of ordinary men who sacrificed their lives in that war, there will be little or no mention. They will remain overlooked in our history’s litany of “great men and events.”ⁱ

The deaths of “The Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone,” like that the bird of that name, small, common and ordinary, will again go unnoticed. ⁱⁱ They are overshadowed by the fall of rarer birds with brighter plumage. The sacrifice they left on that war’s altar will pale in the hierarchy of offerings made by those whose lives the world deems to be of greater value...ⁱⁱⁱ

*“Tis nothing – a private or two, now and then,
Will not count in the news of the battle;
Not an officer lost, only one of the men,
Moaning out all alone the death rattle.”^{iv}*

While but little incidents of a greater history, the stories of the loss of “a private or two” in this Garden of Death reveals to us that “there is indeed a *very* special providence in the fall of a sparrow.”^v On the sesquicentennial of their fall, this Memorial serves to remind us that while “five sparrows (may be) sold for two pennies not one of them is ever forgotten before God.”^{vi}



**The 1857 Poem, The Great Harvester
By Carlos D. Stuart (1820-1862)**

There is a harvester, brave and bold,
Who harvests in many lands,
And all his help in the harvest time,
Is the help of his two white hands:

His two white hands, as soft and white
As the winter's driven snow,
Yet ever he brings his harvest home
To his garner down below.

Sickle and cradle, and swinging scythe,
All are the same to him,
And steady he goes from field to field
Stroking his grey beard grim;

Stroking his beard as he clips the grain,
Binding it up in sheaves,
And pity the gleaner who thinks to thrive
On the grain that harvester leaves.

Death is the harvester, brave and bold
Who harvests in many lands,
And life is the grain he cuts and sheaves
With the help of his two white hands.

The tender grain is the cradle's share –
The child in the lap of time –
The sickle gathers the age-ripe stalks,
The scythe is for manhood's prime.

Gently the childhood field is clipt;
And softly the age-ripe grain,
But the bearded stalks of manhood's prime
Bend to the scythe in pain.

By quiet hearths and o'er beds of down
The harvester's swath is cast,
And many a blood-red field he reaps,
To the song of the battle's blast.

Over the earth and sea he goes –
That harvester, bold and brave –
Nor ever shall rest while a grain is left
For his garner, the clay-cold grave.

For four long years, Death had harvested in American lands, his scythe relentlessly mowing both the tender grain of the cradle's share and the bearded stalks of manhood's prime. By the last days of that war, while nary a grain was left, there remained one last blood-red field to reap. On

April 2, 1865, the Great Harvester would enter Petersburg to claim the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone.

“And am I born to die?”^{vii}



In Memoriam – For The Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone

Miserere Nobis
(Have mercy on us)^{viii}

THOSE WHO HELPED TO TILL THE SOIL **AND PLANT THE SEEDS**

There is a harvester, brave and bold,
Who harvests in many lands,
And all his help in the harvest time,
Is the help of his two white hands:

Pre-Columbian slavery (traditions of indigenous captivity or obligatory service) predated the importation of the European slave trade to the North American continent. Slavery as we commonly understand that institution made its first appearance with the earliest wave of Europeans. By 1861 the South's "peculiar institution" had permeated the framework and the culture of the Antebellum southern States.

However it is no more factually correct to assert that every Southern man and boy who took up arms owned slaves than it is to claim that the "War for the Union" was initially fought by the North to free them or that the North had not earlier been partners in that same infamy. Up until the outbreak of the war the North continued to profit from the fruits of slave labor.^{ix}

Since 1861, assigning guilt for that war and identifying the guilty has become a National obsession shared by those who view that war as a political success. Whether slavery was war's proximate cause or merely the occasion that would unleash long held sectional divisions in which Americans would kill well over 620,000 of their fellow Americans ignores reality: The war was the result of a massive political failure. An evolving democracy when confronted by diverse social and economic challenges on its journey to define a National identity, does not meet those challenges by declaring war on themselves.^x

In subsequent attempts to lessen the guilt for those who prosecuted that war, parroting rationales necessary to justify its staggering death toll neither illuminates its causes nor addresses the historic truth within that war's victory, its overwhelming human loss. Accepting self-serving explanations on face value allows apologists on both sides of the divide to mask the truth, that in addition to any "glory" found by those who prosecuted that war there is guilt enough for all to share.^{xi}

Those who choose to apportion the full guilt for collective sins solely on the dead men and boys seen in Thomas Roche's photographs can rest assured that those they conveniently identify as "the guilty" paid for their guilt with their lives.

While we can only speculate who, if indeed any, amongst the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone were slave owners, we do know the common cause that brought them to the Confederacy's "last ditch" defending Petersburg, the bond of geographical brotherhood.^{xii}

THE GARDEN'S SOIL – PETERSBURG 1865

"The political correctness of today is no way to look at the middle of the nineteenth century... "You have to understand that the raggedy Confederate soldier who owned no slaves and probably couldn't even read the Constitution, let alone understand it, when he was captured by Union soldiers and asked, "What are you fighting for?" replied, "I'm fighting because you're down here."^{xiii}

The instinct to "fight for your own hearth and home, your kith and kin," is primordial, transcending both time and culture. It is "all the good God gives anyone to fight for."^{xiv} Independent of the level of ascribed association within a political ideology, this was the garden's soil in which the Confederacy had taken root. Long after the ground had been tilled, and the seeds of war planted, "fighting because you're down here" remained the common soil which rooted its defenders in the trenches of Fort Mahone as surely as its clay and mud.

A view of The Garden of Death, its only harvest was misery planted by the hands of man.

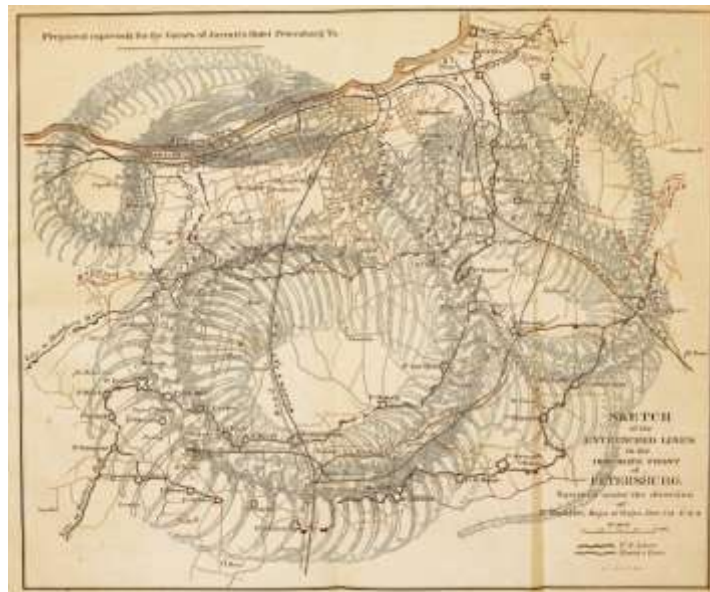


A Dead Confederate in the trenches of Fort Mahone, April 3, 1865
Library of Congress, LC-B8184-10004, Call Number: LOT 4168, no.
16 [P&P] Anthony Catalog Number 3183

Petersburg, the Last Ditch of the Confederacy

“Covered ways, rifle pits, chevaux de frise, breastworks, ditches that could be leaped, and ditches wide and deep, parallels and cross sections, abates and entanglements of every description – the exhaustion of engineering skill. An entanglement of digging such as never before was seen, covered by far the greater part of the distance. For a breadth of more than a mile, the country is literally all dug over. Every manner of earthwork has been thrown up by either army.”^{xv} ***“Lee will make his last grand fight right behind these formidable works, and right here the Confederacy will find its ‘last ditch.’ (Emphasis added)”***^{xvi}

“The amazing thing is what Americans did to an American city.”^{xvii}



“The anaconda folds of Grant’s army hugged closer and closer the doomed city...”^{xviii}

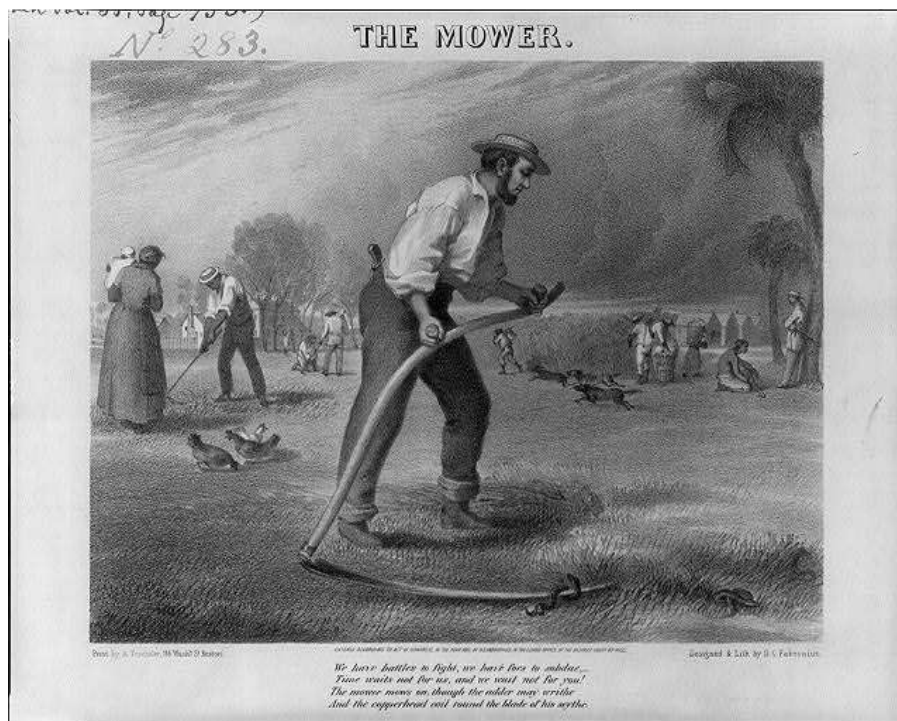
Petersburg’s dogged defense marked the longest and most costly siege ever to take place on North American soil. Its carnage of over 70,000 dead holds the lamentable record for horror done by Americans to fellow Americans. On April 2nd 1865 the killing season was finally drawing to a close, and a failed rebellion’s reserves of seed corn, preserved by any wise gardener, would instead be fodder for the harvesters of the Garden of Death.

WHO WERE THIS GARDEN'S "HARVESTERS?"

Sickle and cradle, and swinging scythe,
All are the same to him,
And steady he goes from field to field
Stroking his grey beard grim;

In the vast harvest of death resulting from our country's greatest political failure there were many harvesters. For Petersburg's defenders, chief amongst them was one whose face the Confederates had for three long years "seen over the coffins of their brothers, relatives and friends," Abraham Lincoln.^{xix} Below, Lincoln is seen cast complimentarily in this role, seen by his supporters as the war's "Mower" complete with the following verse:

"We have battles to fight, we have foes to subdue
Time waits not for us, and we wait not for you!
The mower mows on, though the adder may writhe
And the copperhead coil round the blade of his scythe."^{xx}



<http://www.loc.gov/pictures/resource/cph.3b03424/?co=app>
Reproduction Number: LC-USZ62-55538 (b&w film copy neg.)

“THE BALL HAS OPENED” - SATURDAY AND SUNDAY, APRIL 1-2, 1865

By quiet hearths and o’er beds of down
The harvester’s swath is cast,
And many a blood-red field he reaps,
To the song of the battle’s blast.

Decades after the event, Union photographer and Captain Andrew J. Russell^{xxi} would recall that late on the night of April 1st 1865, he and fellow photographer, Thomas C. Roche, were chatting in his quarters at City Point^{xxii} when the “heavy boom of cannons were heard in the direction of Petersburg.”^{xxiii} Eager for the opportunity to capture the commercial market for what was then believed, and later proven to be, the last great assault in a victorious “War for the Union,”^{xxiv} Roche, sprung to his feet and rushed to the door and remarked “[t]he Ball has opened; I must be off!”^{xxv}

Within minutes, Roche, his assistant and his wagon full of camera equipment and supplies were on their way to capitalize on opportunity.^{xxvi} “The smell of victory was in the air,” along with victory’s profits. “For a commercial photographer, it was the chance of a lifetime.”^{xxvii} Within days, Roche’s glass images of the final defeated dead in a war fought by Americans against Americans would join their brethren taken by other Union photographers at earlier killing fields. His photographs would soon be found in his employer, E. & H. T. Anthony’s, stereo card catalogue touting the success of the “War for the Union” in a series bearing that same name.^{xxviii}

Awaiting Roche’s camera, lying in the Garden of Death, were the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone. Men and boys, having already lost their lives, had their uniform buttons stripped as souvenirs, their pockets’ rifled and robbed of their meager contents.^{xxix} That robbery precluded any last hope of identification for those who awaited their turn to be buried in a mass grave. The images of these defenseless and nameless dead would now be gathered for profit. Death’s harvest would soon be marketed for sale in Anthony’s catalogue by assigning a number to someone who had a name the day before. The Garden of Death had claimed everything.

Today each of those men and boys are still identified by that number or the one later assigned by the Library of Congress. Regrettably, I too must resort to this same method of identification by number when discussing the images of those who once lived.

The absence of a name desensitizes an observer of these pictures from recognizing they are witnessing a person’s death agony. Nameless dead conveniently shield us from a sense of shame. For the victorious Union, Roche’s photographs would become trophies, a visual reminder of the wages of a rebellion of a people whose “... most valuable and sacred right to establish a government that suited them better” had failed because they lacked the power to do so.

“Any people, anywhere, being inclined ***and having the power***, have the right to rise up and shake off the existing government, and form a new one that suits them better. ***This is a most valuable and most sacred right*** - a right which we hope and believe is to liberate the world. Nor is this right confined to cases in which the whole people of an existing government may choose to exercise it. Any portion of such people that can, may revolutionize, and make their own, of so many of the territory as they inhabit (***emphasis added.***)” Abraham Lincoln - January 12, 1848^{xxx}

To the victors, Roche’s photographs provided photographic proof that those who had sought their independence from that Union had finally been successfully “dragged back by force” into the “best government in the world.”^{xxxix}

STAINED AND SORDID SCENES

The Photographs – Monday, April 3, 1865^{xxxii}

The tender grain is the cradle’s share –
The child in the lap of time –
The sickle gathers the age-ripe stalks,
The scythe is for manhood’s prime.

Thomas C. Roche’s stereoscopic 3-D photographs of Confederate dead, taken on the morning of April 3rd in the aftermath of the battle contained the images of men and boys preserved at the moment of their death in and around the blood-soaked clay and muddy trenches of Fort Mahone.^{xxxiii} Roche also took pictures of the environs of the battlegrounds, including that of the Confederate Fort Mahone (“Fort Damnation” to the Union) and its opposing bastion, the Union Fort Sedgwick (“Fort Hell” to the Confederates.)^{xxxiv}



Truly caught between “Hell and Damnation,” Roche’s photographs of Fort Mahone’s Fallen Sparrows were apparently the first ones in a series of 50 photographs that he took over several days, which also included field fortifications and views of the battered, and now captive, City of Petersburg.^{xxxv}

Roche was credited with taking 22 “death studies” identified in Anthony’s Catalog inventory and/or the Library of Congress. Out of that number at least three studies disclose only portions of a body or bodies hidden beneath the soil and in many cases there are variants of the same view.^{xxxvi} Excluding variants, there are a total of 14 photographs, which contain a “complete/visible” subject, or multiple complete/visible subjects only some of which have a fully discernible face. Within these qualifiers, out of the 14 photographs there are a total of 15 discernible bodies. Of the 15 bodies (3182 having 2 discernible bodies), five appear to contain teenagers (3175, 3182, 3187, 3189, and 3190). The youngest of those, the “Littlest Sparrow,” is seen in 3187, which by the earliest account provided by Roche “shows a boy about 14 years old...”

Roche's Photographs - Stereo Card or Other Media (Excludes Variants)



Anthony Catalog Number 3175



Anthony Catalog Number 3176



Anthony Catalog Number 3177



Anthony Catalog Number 3178



Anthony Catalog Number 3180



Anthony Catalog Number 3182



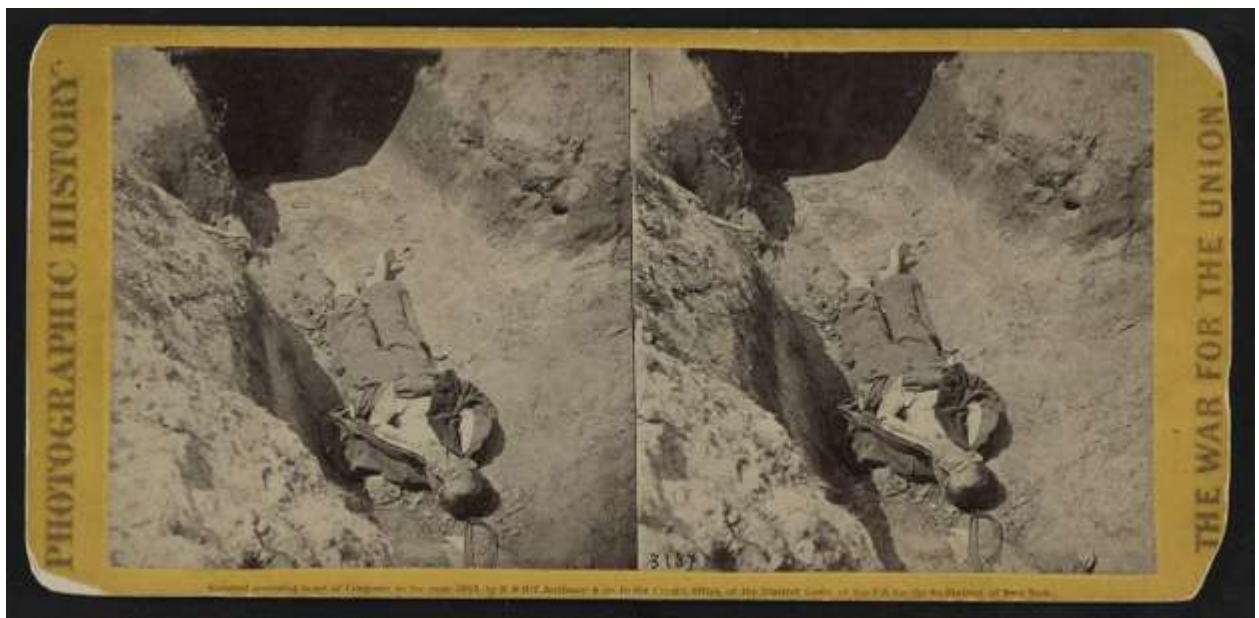
Anthony Catalog Number 3183



Anthony Catalog Number 3185



Anthony Catalog Number 3186



Anthony Catalog Number 3187 (the "Littlest Sparrow")



Anthony Catalog Number 3188



Anthony Catalog Number 3189



Anthony Catalog Number 3190



Anthony Catalog Number 3190X

*Note: Multiple catalog numbers are cited for this photograph, some of them referring to the wrong Roche photograph in the Anthony Catalog. I have identified this image by my own number to hopefully avoid adding to that confusion.

Publication History

Aside from the sale of these images as stereo cards, I found that these pictures first appeared in print in The History of the First Connecticut Artillery; And the Siege Trains of the Armies Operating Against Richmond, 1862-1865 (1893).^{xxxvii} Photographs 3175, 3188 and 3189

appeared on page 96 captioned: “On the Battlefield and in the Trenches.” The Littlest Sparrow, number 3187, was not included.

The Littlest Sparrow first appeared in print in 1911, when Roche’s photographs, credited as Brady’s work, were included in Review of Review’s Photographic History of the Civil War, Vol. Three, The Decisive Battles. He and six of his companion sparrows (No. 3189, No. 3190, No. 3188, No. 3177, No. 3183, and No. 3182) appeared on pages 289-294. The captions provided by the editors elaborated, sometimes inaccurately, on those originally issued with Roche’s stereo card views without providing additional identification details on any of the dead seen.^{xxxviii} From their earliest appearance in print, no one has come forward to identify any of the dead boys or men seen in Roche’s photographs.

For further studies of the images I recommend the following primary sources:

- William A. Frassanito’s study of the photographs found in his book, Grant and Lee, The Virginia Campaigns, 1864-1865, MacMillan Publishing Company, New York, NY, 1983, pages 14-16, and Chapter 10: Group VII: Fort Mahone and Fort Sedgwick, pages 335-377
- The David Lowe and Philip Shiman article, "Substitute for a Corpse," published in the *Civil War Times*, Dec. 2010, Pages 40-41
- Michael D. Gorman’s meticulously compiled “Photographs” section on his website: *Civil War Richmond* provides a list of stereographs issued by the E. & H.T. Anthony Company in their “War for the Union” series.
<http://www.mdgorman.com/Photographs/photographs.htm>

Thomas Roche’s photographs including variants can be found identified by Anthony’s catalog number: <http://www.mdgorman.com/Photographs/Anthony/e&h t.htm>

- A remarkable study; *The Confederate Soldier at Fort Mahone, Battle of Petersburg, April 2, 1865* by Frederick Adolphus. Mr. Adolphus’ comprehensive examination of the uniforms and accouterments seen in the photographs balances the necessary forensics for that level of investigation without abandoning the respect due to these men and boys as deceased human beings. It is an unforgettable study.
<http://adolphusconfederateuniforms.com/the-confederate-soldier-of-fort-mahone.html>
- Library of Congress Prints and On Line Catalog. Note: The comprehensive search parameters for these images and any variants at the Library of Congress entail those of “Fort Mahone”, “Petersburg”, “Roche” and “Trenches.” A simple search under any one

identifier will only produce partial results.

<http://www.loc.gov/pictures/search/?q=Fort%20mahone>

Additionally, some of the images are cross-filed, in particular they also appear under “Casualties on the field of battle during the Civil War”

<http://www.loc.gov/pictures/collection/coll/item/2004667324/>

Stained and Sordid Profits

Less than two months after the fall of the sparrows, Roche’s photographs of them, their faces forever frozen in death, bare-footed with features bloodied, heads shattered and entrails spilling, would be available for purchase in Anthony’s catalog of stereo card views. By May 10th, a dozen pictures could be purchased for \$1.80.^{xxxix} By August 12th a special discount purchase price for (Union) Soldiers’ Albums, offered 18 pictures for 75 cents or 24 pictures for \$1.00.^{xl} For those interested in a “public or private exhibition,” Anthony & Company offered yet another purchase option for those wishing to display the vanquished via their “Revolving Stereoscope.”^{xli}



Contemporary Monochrome stereo cards of dead confederate soldier seen in No. 3188

By 1868, to add a heightened sense of “realism” to the standard monochrome dead, E. & H. T. Anthony would offer color-tinted views for the discriminating customer. Tinting artists used watercolors to add color, ranging from a bit of highlighting on the face to a full colorization. This technique allowed for the gaping head wound seen on the soldier in No. 3188 to be suitably

“enhanced” for that discerning client. The process while time-consuming, resulted in a higher purchase price of \$6.00 a dozen.^{xlii}



Contemporary hand tinted watercolor stereo cards of dead confederate soldier seen in No. 3188
Library of Congress

Twenty-five years later when the views were reissued, prospective buyers were assured that the purchase price of 30 cents each or \$1.50 for a dozen was reasonable.^{xliii}

Today these men and boys’ deaths are still capitalized on by vendors who sell modern reproductions of the 3-D stereo views. Aided with the latest computer enhanced technology, today’s clients can now purchase the dead in vibrant *living* color, allowing them to have a heightened experience of history, complete with a choice of finishes.^{xliv}

Intentionally Omitted
Modern Computer Enhanced View of Dead Confederate Soldier seen in No. 3188

A Pretty Sad Commentary on these “Stained and Sordid Scenes”



Example of the Holmes Stereoscopic Hand Held Viewer

When responding to a collection of stereo views of dead Confederates photographed at Antietam, the man who is credited with perfecting the “American Stereoscope” recoiled in horror.^{xliv xlv}

“Many people would not look through this series. Many, having seen it and dreamed of its horrors, would lock it up in some secret drawer, that it might not thrill or revolt those whose soul sickens at such sights. It was so nearly like visiting the battlefield to look over these views, that all emotions excited by the actual sight of the **stained and sordid scene**, strewn with rags and wrecks, came back to us, and we buried them in the recesses of our cabinet as we would have buried the mutilated remains of the dead they too vividly represented”^{xlvi} **(emphasis added)**

A hundred years later in Travels to Hallowed Ground, a Historian’s Journey to the American Civil War, author Emory M. Thomas, his thoughts haunted in particular by one of Roche’s photographs (the dead man seen with his entrails spilling from his side in No. 3185) remarked:

“Once upon a time a stereoscope and a basket of stereoscopic views were all but fixtures in American homes. Indeed an observer of American life once ventured, “I think there is no parlor in America where there is not a Stereoscope...***That solid citizens of the nineteenth century should purchase a copy of the Roche stereo (card) and keep the view in their parlors to delight and amuse Sunday callers seems to be at least macabre. It is also a pretty sad commentary upon human sensitivity.***” **(Emphasis added)**^{xlvi}

Within these insights, it is important to mention that “the solid citizens of the nineteenth century” for whom these stereo views were produced were the victors in the “War for the Union,” and not the defeated south whose dead fathers, sons and brothers were the subjects of those photographs. A collection of photographs, entitled *Casualties of the Field of Battle*, maybe found at the Library of Congress containing 159 photographs of which less than 10 are noted as involving

Federal dead, none which were stereo cards.

<http://www.loc.gov/pictures/collection/coll/item/2004667324/>

Within every book themed as the war's "Photographic History" the vast majority of the dead are Confederate. In 1911, Francis Trevelyan Miller's hope for his publication was to equally represent both sides of the conflict by providing photographs of living Confederate soldiers. His efforts to do so would prove impossible. In his landmark 10 volumes set, The Photographic History of the Civil War, the overwhelming majority of the uniformed dead pictured are, once again, Confederate^{xlix}

Although the North had hundreds of thousands of its own fallen sparrows, photographs of Fallen Sparrows will always remain disproportionately one-sided.¹

Four Fallen Sparrows in the Garden of Death

Stroking his beard as he clips the grain,
Binding it up in sheaves,
And pity the gleaner who thinks to thrive
On the grain that harvester leaves.

Roche's images are both horrific and compelling. Subjectively, how does one qualify loss? What is the order of magnitude for pity? Do protruding entrails rate higher on that scale than a gaping hole in the skull? Is the death of a young boy more tragic than one in his later teens? Is the death of someone in his late teens more tragic than one in his early twenties? Does a dead shoeless body deserve more pity than a dead boy wearing shoes? Is the sight of only a leg visible from under the mud less or more tragic than the sight of a complete body lying in the mud?

Amongst all the scenes of misery harvested in the Garden of Death, four photographs haunt my soul the most.

Roche Photograph 3175



A boy who could have served as a model for Michelangelo's David or the recumbent Christ held by His mother. Instead, his beautiful face provides his own "Pieta", one not carved in marble held lovingly by a mourning mother, but trapped by the merciless soil in the Garden of Death at Fort Mahone.

Roche Photograph 3187

“When you reap the harvest of your land, you shall not reap to the very edges of your field, or gather the gleanings of your harvest. You shall not strip your vineyard bare, or gather the fallen grapes of your vineyard; you shall leave them for the poor and the alien: I am the Lord your God.”^{li}



The Littlest Sparrow “a boy about 14...”^{liii}

Photograph No. 3187 proves that this “Garden’s” harvesters had indeed reaped to the very edges of the field. The full view discloses that this little boy pathetically is wearing no shoes and only one sock. In the death of this child those engaged in “trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath were stored”^{liiii} had truly succeeded in stripping the vineyard bare.



The original caption provided by Thomas Roche for Anthony's stereo card stated:

"This View was taken in the Trenches of the Rebel Fort Mahone, called by the Soldiers "Fort Damnation" the morning after the storming of Petersburg, Va., April 2d, 1865 and shows a boy about 14 years, who must have been asleep when the attack was made, as he is only partially dressed; he was killed as he came out from a Bomb Proof, he has on the Rebel grey uniform."

*Note – The spelling of “Bomb Proof/Bombproof” varies. Throughout this paper, I have used the term originally provided by Roche in this caption.

One hundred and fifty years later, this image from the Garden of Death continues to haunt us, along with our need to mourn the loss of this unknown child.

When Petersburg Fell^{liv}

When Petersburg fell, we danced above the enemy's trenches.
Empty but for their dead.
The siege was over.
No need for the living to hide in the ground.

When Petersburg fell, we peered into the enemy's trenches,
Perusing the damage we'd done.
Down in the mud lay a dead boy, no older than sixteen.
Someone had taken his shoes.
For a moment I thought he was sleeping there, in the shade of the high
trench walls.
His shirt was open, he had no gun.

A trench is a cold embrace of earth and tears that held my vision, the
boy, and always will.

By Brendan Hamilton (2010)

Roche Photographs 3189 and 3190

Both of the young boys seen in No. 3189 and No. 3190, most likely still in their late teens, visually to me personify the words of loss conveyed in the contemporary poem of their time “Somebody’s Darling”^{lv}

Somebody's darling, somebody's pride,
Who'll tell his Mother where her boy died?

Give him a kiss, but for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer for him, soft and low,
One little curl from his golden mates take,
Somebody's they were once, you know,
Somebody's warm hand has oft rested there,

Somebody's watching and waiting for him,
Yearning to hold him again to her breast;
Yet there he lies with his blue eyes so dim,
And purple, child-like lips half apart.
Tenderly bury the fair, unknown dead,
Pausing to drop on this grave a tear;
Carve on the wooden slab over his head,
"Somebody's darling is slumbering here."



No. 3189, “Somebody’s Darling”: Their curly locked boy dead in the mud and clay, killed by a head wound



No. 3190 While “Somebody’s Darling,” yet here he lies, killed by head wound

Who told their mothers where these boys died? What families “watched and waited” in vain for them? The acknowledgment of loss within a family, that the dead deserve to be cried for, is something that is within each of us. Every death deserves the “dropping of a tear for somebody’s sake,” even if only shed by a stranger.^{lvi}

Whose “Darling” was each of the dead seen in Roche’s photographs? This we likely will never know. What we do know is that each was “somebody’s” darling who never returned and whose loved ones were denied even a grave to mourn over.

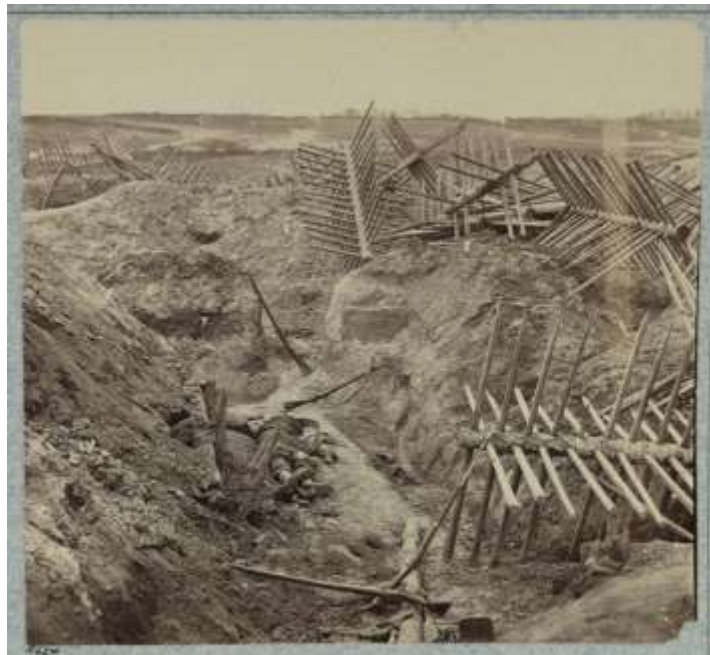
A Yet More Sordid Scene - Staging the Dead

On Monday morning of April 3rd 1865, Thomas Roche’s actions would prove that he was not out to capture history as he walked the bloody ground within the Garden of Death, but to maximize profits. From the Garden’s gleanings, Roche would provide both his employer and the Northern public what they wanted, 3-D stereo card trophies of the war’s last fallen foe. The photographic proof that the long sought allegorical “last ditch” of the Confederacy had finally been found in the reality of the muddy trenches of Petersburg. The fruits of the garden’s harvest of death could not be denied as Roche readied his crop for market.

By comparing two variants of the same scene found in photograph No. 3183 Roche's handiwork can be seen. In the first variant there are no guns, while the second variant contains four guns, artfully arranged.



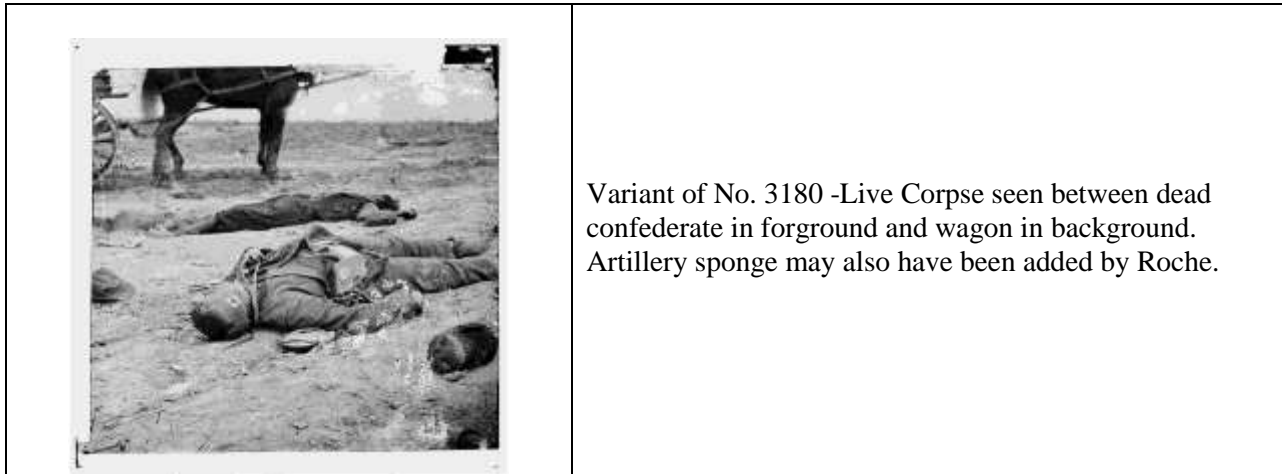
No. 3183 No Guns



Variant of No. 3183 with four guns

Another picture, No. 3175, has one rifle laid artfully across the body and a second rifle with the barrel perfectly balanced on a small rock to keep it clean and out of the dirt.

The use of stage props was not unique to Roche. Earlier Federal field photographers staged death scenes to suit their own purposes, either to better market “history” or maximize the profits from the sale of prints. However, in one photograph taken that morning, Roche took conventional marketing ploys to a new level. In a variant of No. 3180, it was proved by others in 2010 that Roche inserted a live “corpse” into death’s harvest, most likely his unaccredited assistant or teamster.^{lvii}



Roche’s proven willingness to tamper with death’s harvest to the degree he did requires a reevaluation of Roche’s entire “harvest” of photographs. A heightened diligence when viewing them is necessary when there is no obvious killing wound. In each picture, even if the dead are confirmed by a killing wound, that fact does not preclude that the scene itself was staged beyond any semblance of the original circumstances surrounding that person’s death.^{lviii}

If Roche could add a corpse, could he substitute one corpse for two? This thought occurred to me when looking at the boys seen in No. 3189 and No. 3190 because of a similarity I saw in their face and hair. Had Roche just used one corpse, manipulated its position and marketed it as two?

The answer is no. When comparing the two photographs, the distances between the water lines and trench walls do not match. Additionally, upon close inspection, the length of the curly hair shared by both boys does not match. My conclusion is not so much that Roche would not use the same body twice; merely that he did not do so in this instance. However, the boy seen in No. 3189 was obviously staged with a rifle, and it is certainly possible that Roche posed the boy seen in No. 3190, head cradled in hand, to market an already tragic scene with added pathos.

In No. 3185, we are confronted with the gruesome possibility that Roche removed the man's shoes and bent his knees to draw attention to bare feet. The image of the raggedly-uniformed and barefoot Confederate was one that had already made its way into the Northern portrayal of "Rebel" long before it was popularized by the literature and images of "The Lost Cause." While certainly there are many recollections of men at Petersburg being poorly uniformed and even shoeless, it is possible that no such scene presented itself among the dead that morning and Roche provided again what the paying public wanted to see.^{lix} By simply removing this man's footwear, he delivered the personification of the dead barefoot rebel that his cliental expected and would pay for.

However, in Roche's photographs where legs and feet are discernible, all subjects have shoes on except the Littlest Sparrow seen in No. 3187 and the man seen in No. 3185. Moreover, all of the uniforms seen in these photographs appear to be fairly new.^{lx} I tend to believe that Roche simply removed this man's footwear to deliver the personification of the dead barefoot rebel that his cliental expected to see and would pay for.^{lxi}

I believe that in No. 3187, most likely the Littlest Sparrow died as captioned by Roche, when "coming out of the Bomb Proof." There is no visible killing wound. A close up examination of the boy's body reveals dirt and debris running along the top edges of his clothing. From this I believe, even with the absence a killing wound, (a later caption to No. 3187 in 1911 mistakes a shadow on the boy's shirt for a bayonet wound), that the boy photographed was dead and not a repeat of Roche adding another "substitute for a corpse."^{lxii}

In No. 3187, did Roche remove both shoes and leave on one sock for additional emotional impact in what was already a devastating scene of loss? Unknown, but the amount of thought and time behind such subtle staging is something that I do not believe Thomas Roche would invest in that morning.

In No. 3182, it is notable that in the foreground we again have what appears to be a young teenage boy. The details of the second casualty seen in the background are not discernible. Again as with No. 3187, we have what appears to be a young boy, early to mid-teens, killed while exiting a Bomb Proof. Unlike the Littlest Sparrow, he has a visible wound on his forehead. It is impossible to determine its cause from the picture. However, the placement of his hat between his legs and the artful staging of the propped rifle are perhaps yet another example of Roche's "enhancements."

Smoke and Mirrors to Conjure an Army of Ghosts

In reviewing my research notes and Roche's photographs, I began to realize that while the Union lost many men during the waves of assaults on Fort Mahone, it appears that the Confederates did

not suffer comparable losses. This conclusion is supported by what we see in Roche's photographs. Out of all of his photographs, only one contained more than one discernible dead body. Furthermore, many of his pictures show one body in a vast open expanse where one would expect to see more bodies had there been many. Lastly, Roche's need to tamper by adding a living "corpse" to the lone dead man seen in No. 3180 strongly indicates that men did not die in groups large enough to sufficiently satisfy his marketing needs.

The recollection of Confederate General Bryan Grimes, who was in charge of the defenses of Fort Mahone on April 3rd 1865, confirms the scarcity of the men along the Confederate Lines. Grimes said his forces "number(ed) for duty about 2,200 muskets, covering at least three and a half miles of the trenches around Petersburg..." These figures indicate one man per 8.4 feet if spread along one long defensive line and not over what was a two-dimensional winding battlefield with multiple lines.^{lxiii} Add to this General Grimes stated "one third of [his] men [were] constantly on picket duty in [the] front, one third kept awake at the breastworks during the night, with one third off duty at [any one] time." That fact that the men off duty were behind the lines is confirmed by recollections of those who ran to the front when the final assaults on Fort Mahone began.^{lxiv lxxv}

By April 2nd 1865, unlike the earlier battles of the war, there were no rows of Confederate dead to photograph simply because by the final days of the killing season at Petersburg, the Confederate lines were too sparsely manned to provide a field of dead for Roche's camera.

The photographs below were taken earlier in the war. The first shows a long row of Confederate dead gathered for burial following the battle of Antietam (Sharpsburg) on September 17, 1862. The second, possibly taken earlier in the same sequence and containing the same bodies, is a view of the Confederate dead killed within a ditch during that same battle. The second photograph, like those of the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone, was sold as a stereo card.



Bodies of Confederate Dead Gathered for Burial (Antietam/Sharpsburg)
Library of Congress

Battlefield of
Antietam
(Sharpsburg) Ditch
Confederate Dead on
the Right Wing used
as a rifle pit
Stereo Card from the
Robert N. Dennis
Collection of
Stereoscopic
Views^{lxvi}



Roche would have capitalized on the market value of a similar panorama of Confederate dead in that long-sought “last ditch” if such an opportunity existed. He did not, because the scene did not present itself. That morning, he could only garner what the “Garden of Death” offered him and bind it in sheaves the best he could.

SEEKING A LOST GRAIN FROM THE GARDEN OF DEATH

Over the earth and sea he goes –
That harvester, bold and brave –
Nor ever shall rest while a grain is left
For his garner, the clay-cold grave.

Searching for “Somebody’s Darling for Whom to Shed a Tear”

Without names, the “ Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone” had not only fallen, they had lost everything, their lives defending hearth and home, their dignity to Roche’s camera, and their names to a mass grave somewhere within the Garden of Death. In the postwar newspaper coverage of the Confederacy’s “last ditch,” the focus by both North and South on April 2nd was on the deaths of two rarer birds with brighter plumage, Colonel William Ransom Johnson Pegram and General Ambrose Powell (A.P.) Hill. There are meticulous details provided about their deaths both in first hand recollections and postwar newspaper articles. While in General Hill’s case there were competing Union claims of who had killed him, no names of fallen sparrows were mentioned in the news of the battle of that day.^{lxvii}

With the fall and occupation of Petersburg on April 3rd, the local newspapers would cease publishing and when resumed, would no longer be written by Confederates for Confederates. A nation and its army, which ceased to exist within days of their deaths, would leave no official channels to maintain rosters or report casualties to. The search for the names of the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone would be a daunting, if not an impossible task.

The Daunting Search for their Identity

My search began with where they fell in the hopes of identifying what military unit each belonged. From the records of the military units found, I hoped to determine the names lost in the final days of the war using various records including prewar and postwar census. From those named and lost, I hoped to find someone who recalled such persons fall and who described with particularity their wounds, their clothing, their hair or some other unique identifying feature which would match one of Roche's dead. The purpose of the search was to identify at least one of these unknown Fallen Sparrows that we see in Roche's photographs and exchange his number for a name.

Added to the difficulty of fulfilling this purpose was that even if a name could be matched with a picture, the chances were that there would others who could be matched to that picture as well. If an age of a candidate fell within a range between late teens to late twenties, absent any additional identifiers, it would not be unique enough to enable me to isolate the one "sparrow" to which it belonged.

The only realistic hope for an exact match would be for the youngest of the Fallen Sparrows, the Littlest Sparrow. While there might be multiple candidates for the rest of the Fallen Sparrows with many men in the same age range, i.e. described as being shot in the head, there should be only one 14 year old dead boy at Fort Mahone killed at the entrance to a Bomb Proof.

The Littlest Sparrow's tragic early death allowed him out of all of the sparrows to be the most likeliest to be identified. In the search to gather the names of the dead, the primary focus would be on identifying this lost little boy.

Where they Fell Caught Somewhere "Between Hell and Damnation"^{lxviii}

A Union soldier who had gained and then abandoned Fort Mahone in the wave of the assaults on April 2nd and who had lived to recall those events recounted two singularly unpleasant features about the Garden of Death.

IN FRONT OF THE FORT: "There was another obstacle in the form of deep ditches in front of the enemy's works that were filled with fetid water." In the semi darkness early on April 2nd, many men fell into these deep wide trenches before they were aware of their existence,

and in that foul ooze wounded and unwounded men were suffocated together.”

THE FORT ITSELF: “Fort Mahone was a fraud. Looking from Fort Hell (Union Fort Sedgwick) it had all the resemblance of a fort of fair proportions and goodly dimensions. But those that entered it found a sham as rank as the man who spends six days in serving the devil and puts on a pious front on Sunday. ***It was a fort only on the side facing the Federal works. The captors, instead of gaining the shelter and protection they anticipated, found themselves under a galling and deadly fire from the second and third line of rebel defenders immediately in rear of the first.***”(Emphasis added)^{lxix}

Another who was present, recounted additional key details of the design and fortifications surrounding Petersburg.

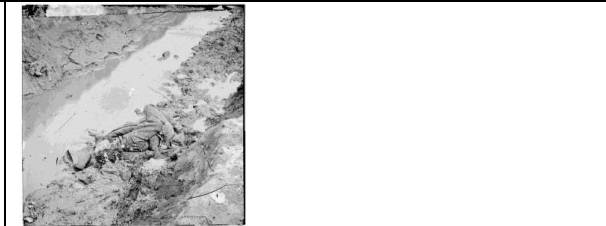
“Covered ways, rifle pits, chevaux de frise, breastworks, ditches that could be leaped, and ditches wide and deep, parallels and cross sections, abates and entanglements of every description – the exhaustion of engineering skill.... ***The civilian can better understand them by conceiving a vast system of sunken roads sufficient to maneuver armies of a hundred thousand men, without exposing any above the level of the ground [COVERED WAYS]. This is one feature of these extensive works, to which must be added the high and strong breastworks, running in zigzag courses [BREASTWORKS], with batteries and redoubts interspersed [FORTS], and then the advanced picket lines, with the various sunken paths of communication [PICKET LINES]; and behind all of the chain of strong forts, with wide and deep ditches, fringed with chevaux de frise, the same as in front of all the other works.***”(Emphasis added)^{lxx}

Using these eyewitness descriptions, I placed Roche’s photographs into four distinctively different areas within the Garden of Death. There were (1) covered ways, (2) breastworks, (3) batteries and redoubts (Forts) within the breastworks, and (4) advanced picket lines.

Group One: Covered Ways

....“The civilian can better understand them by conceiving a vast system of sunken roads sufficient to maneuver armies of a hundred thousand men, without exposing any above the level of the ground ...(Emphasis added)”

Nine photographs, by far the largest number, were taken of bodies in these covered ways with their wide flat channels filled with water and mud, distinctive pathways cut near the top, without any fortifications (i.e. breastworks or chevaux de frise) seen in the background.

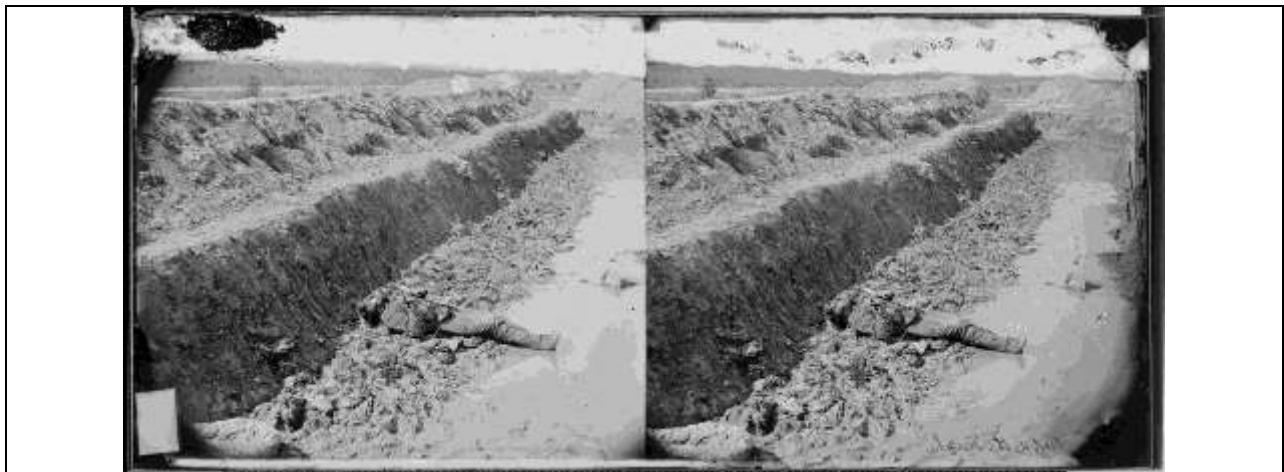
	
<p>No. 3176</p>	<p>No. 3177</p>
	
<p>No. 3178</p>	<p>No. 3179</p>
	
<p>No. 3188</p>	<p>No. 3185</p>
	
<p>No. 3190</p>	<p>No. 3189</p>

No. 3190X	

Variants of No. 3188 and No. 3190 clearly show the wide expansive nature of a Covered Way



Variant of NO. 3188, Library of Congress
 LC-DIG-cwpb-02561 (digital file from original neg. of left half) LC-DIG-cwpb-03607 (digital file from original neg. of right half) LC-DIG-cwpb-02562 (digital file from original neg. of variant)



Variant of No. 3190X

Group Two: Breastworks

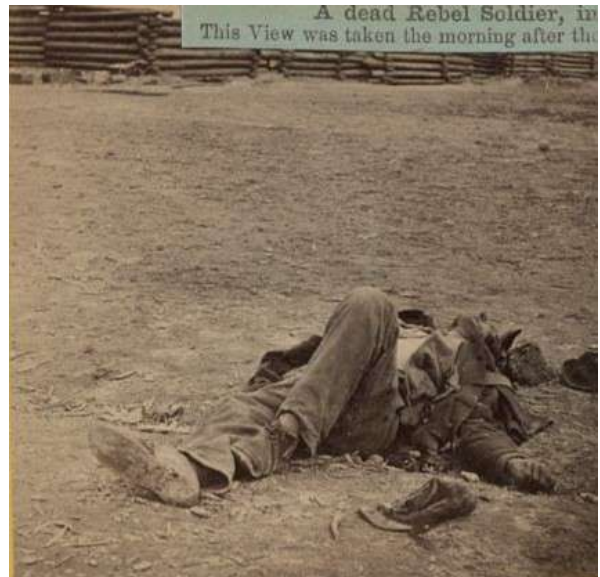
“...to which must be added the high and strong breastworks, running in zigzag courses...”

Two photographs appear to fall into this group. Breastworks are visible in the backgrounds of a variant of No. 3180 and in No. 3186. No. 3180 could be placed in Group 3, inside Fort Mahone, because of the outlying (support) building seen in the back.

No. 3180 and a variant		
No. 3186		



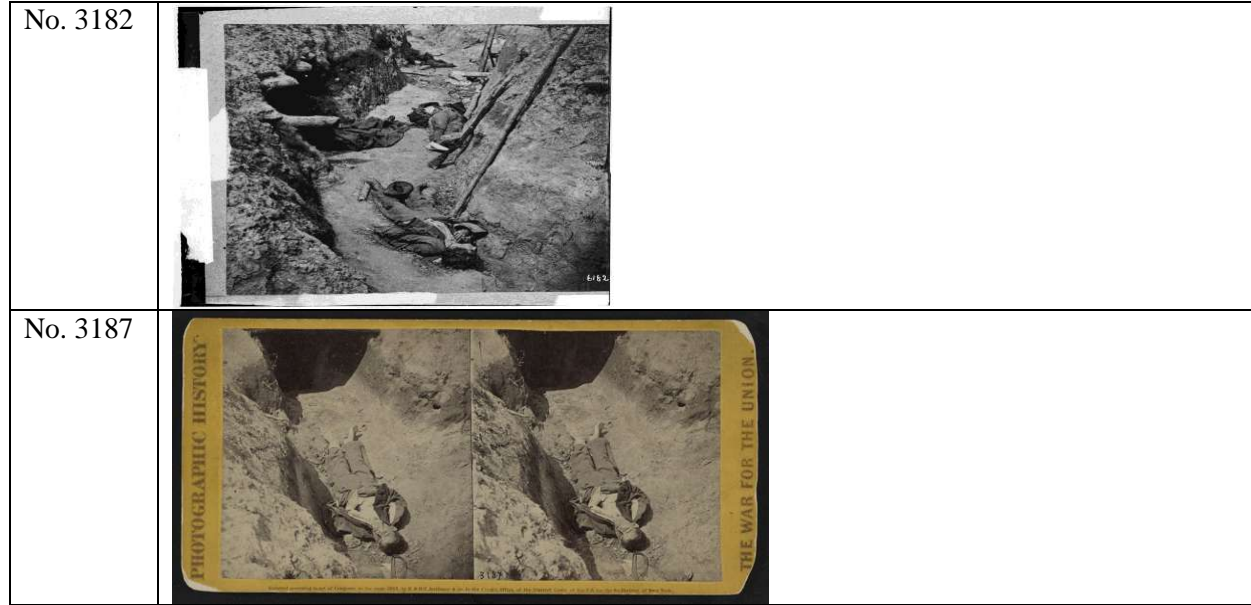
Variant of No. 3180, Library of Congress
LC-DIG-cwpb-02568 (digital file from original neg.
of left half) LC-DIG-cwpb-02567 (digital file from
original neg. of right half)



No. 3186

Group Three: The Bomb Proofs of Fort Mahone Proper

.... with batteries and redoubts interspersed...



Group Four: The Picket Lines

....and then the advanced picket lines, with the various sunken paths of communication...

Two pictures appear to fall into this grouping. While No. 3175 could be placed in Group Two or Three, I placed it here because of the cheval de frise (singular) visible in the background without other visible fort-like structures. ^{lxxi}



Searching Company Records for a Name

If any of these dead men and boys were to be identified, their names again found and returned to them, a comprehensive Confederate casualty list from all known participants at Fort Mahone was required. Unfortunately, unlike the Union's casualties, which were well documented, a correspondingly comprehensive Confederate list, as earlier stated, could not be compiled by a government that would cease to exist within days of their deaths.

Individual company rosters were known to have been retained in the trenches at Fort Mahone. Many of them were absconded by Union soldiers seeking souvenirs, including those of three key North Carolina companies, Company E, 53rd North Carolina,^{lxxii} Company K, 45th North Carolina;^{lxxiii} and another unspecified Company of the 53rd North Carolina.^{lxxiv} While we know the names of those who took some of the Confederate rosters from Fort Mahone, the names on those rosters were never transcribed and the original rosters were not located. These lists might have provided the names perhaps even with notations for those that were junior or auxiliary members (drummers, etc.) This information may have aided greatly in identifying at least the Littlest Sparrow.

“Much of the fighting at Petersburg was done by small units acting on their own initiative. Developments were so sudden and rapid that to await general directions would have invited disaster; therefore each small body met the conditions. The collapse seven days later presented official reports, so very little is or ever will be known of the many conflicts around Petersburg, unless the participants report what came under their observations.”^{lxxv}

Because the fighting was so chaotic and carried out by small groups, I would have to search for individual recollections from those involved who might have witnessed one of the boys or men fall and perhaps provide a name or company affiliation.

The Methodology

I started by compiling a list of all possible candidates under the age of 18. I then searched all available records starting with a list of companies that participated at Fort Mahone as determined from individual and regimental published sources along with information gathered from firsthand recollections from both Confederate and Union participants.^{lxxvi} I narrowed my focus to those names that were known to have commenced service after January 1864, to identify the youngest recruits, whose whereabouts were unknown and who could not be determined were alive after April 2, 1865.

I then searched the 1850 and 1860 census tracts from which these companies drew their membership and added all the names of boys who would have been between the ages of 13 and 18 in 1865 for the purposes of establishing identity, noting any personal information gleaned. In many cases, multiple candidates existed for the same name, i.e., three “John Smith’s.” I then searched postwar records to eliminate each of those identified who survived the war. To my surprise I found that all of those on my list survived.

Looking for a Door

Looking for something I may have missed that might help identify just one Fallen Sparrow, I went back to my research notes and started with the recollection of General Bryan Grimes (1828-1880), as he provided the most comprehensive list of Confederate forces present at the fall of Petersburg.

In February 1865 Grimes became a major general, the last officer of the Army of Northern Virginia to be promoted to that rank. Grimes and his men had occupied the trenches in and around Petersburg in March 1865, participated in the defensive fighting there late in that month and served as rear guard during the retreat from Petersburg. ^{lxxvii}

In Grimes own words: ^{lxxviii}

“ On the night of Saturday, April 1, 1865, my Division occupied a portion of the defenses around the city of Petersburg, my left resting on Otey's Battery, near the memorable Crater, my right extending to the dam on a creek beyond Battery 45, Ramseur's old Brigade of North Carolinians being commanded by Col. W. R. Cox, 2nd North Carolina, holding appointment as temporary Brigadier; on their right Archer's Brigade of Virginia Junior Reserves, Grimes' old Brigade of North Carolinians, commanded by Col. D. G. Coward, of the 32d North Carolina, Battle's Brigade of Alabamians, commanded by Col. Hobson of 5th Alabama, Cook's Brigade of Georgians commanded by Col. Nash, extending to the left in the order above named, numbering for duty about 2,200 muskets, covering at least three and a half miles of the trenches around Petersburg, with one third of my men constantly on picket duty in our front, one third kept awake at the breastworks during the night, with one third only off duty at a time, and they required always to sleep with their accouterments on and upon their arms, ready to repel an attack at a moment's warning. I regret my inability to recall the names and thus give honorable mention to those gallant artillerists who rendered me such effective service.”

The 53rd North Carolina was credited with Fort Mahone's defense by Confederate sources, a fact confirmed as well by the Union forces who attacked Fort Mahone during the initial battle. Grimes would recall that, “subsequently, sixty men of Johnston's North Carolina Brigade, under command of Captain Plato Durham, would recapture Fort Mahone...” And Sgt. Major Hampden Osborne of the 53rd confirmed not only his company's presence but added another, the 3rd Alabama.

“The batteries in Fort Mahone were at that time supported by the 3rd Alabama Regiment of Battle's Brigade, and the position of that regiment – in division formation, in line of battle, on the march, and in camps – was always on our left and now in this trench life it was still our solid

partner. We were twin units in the fearful struggle in recovering the “bloody angle” at Spotsylvania, and we ever rejoiced or wept together.”^{lxxix}

Osborne’s recollection was subsequently amended by yet another veteran, Paul J. Rast of the 3rd Alabama. Rast, in a follow up article to “Comrade Osborne’s earlier report of the struggle for Fort Mahone” claimed:

“The 3rd Alabama is credited with participating in the defense. This is an error. The 3rd Alabama was having a strenuous time in a different part of the line, fully five hundred yards to the left of Fort Mahone. The Alabamians in Fort Mahone were, no doubt, the 61st Alabama...”^{lxxx}

I could not establish and then confirm reports that the 61st Alabama was at Fort Mahone during the battle. Reports varied as to where they fought that day. Nonetheless, both claims centered on the 53rd North Carolina as the primary defenders of Fort Mahone, and it was to the 53rd and General Grimes that I first looked for clues without success.

Another Door Opens and then Closes

Working backwards, I learned from a 1909 Petersburg newspaper article that long time local resident Sidney Green actually served with Grimes Battery in a tunnel at Fort Mahone during those last days.

“...Attached to **Grimes’ Battery**, which was stationed outside of Fort Mahone...Mr. Green says he was in the tunnel when the earth was freshly broken and the odor of the newly dug clay was strong.”^{lxxxi}
(Emphasis added)

From Green’s name I found his service record. Sidney M. Green (1848-1915), who at age 17 was enrolled as a Corporal in the 44th Petersburg City Battalion, Company C, part of Colonel Fletcher H. Archer’s (1817-1902) combined brigade of Junior Reserves which served under Grimes. The 44th, which was organized in 1863, was composed of boys, like Corporal Green, ages sixteen to seventeen and men over forty-five.

Unfortunately, in the 1909 newspaper recollection Green made no mention of the Littlest Sparrow or any of those he served with. Yet considering the extreme youth of the Littlest Sparrow, the likeliest company for him to belong was either 44th or the other company which comprised Petersburg’s local junior reserves, the 3rd Battalion Virginia Reserves. Both had been under the command of Colonel Archer. At about 14, the Littlest Sparrow was too young to have been on their rolls and in rechecking both rosters no boy close to 14 was found.

Notwithstanding the above, it is worth mentioning that several members of the Petersburg Junior Reserves were also listed as musicians, and perhaps the Littlest Sparrow was a member of a regimental band. Bands would often have junior members as young as age 9.^{lxxxii}

In 1906, Benson Samuel Philbrick, Company B, 27th Michigan in his article “Fort Mahone” intriguingly disclosed that:

“Myself and a few comrades traveled along the right to several bomb proofs, calling out there from a number of Johnnies, who surrendered, among whom was a Confederate brass band cooped up in one of the Bomb Proofs. The chef (?) gave his sword to me, which was lost during the melee. **I don’t remember what band it was but would like very much to know.**”^{lxxxiii}

Philbrick provided no indication of any casualties having occurred in that encounter. I found a record of another band, the 26th North Carolina Regimental Band, which had been in Fort Mahone about that time, but was withdrawn on March 31st and subsequently captured during the retreat from Petersburg. From his recollection, we know that Philbrick’s band could not have been with the 26th North Carolina.^{lxxxiv}

The name of the band whose capture Philbrick recalled remains unknown and the possibility still exists that the youngest casualties seen killed while existing the Boom Proofs in No. 3187 and No. 3182 could very well have been musicians belonging to that missing band.

One Last Door Remained to Try...

Despite his extreme youth, there also remained the possibility that the Littlest Sparrow belonged to a visiting company. Yet again, there seemed to be few clues to be found. However one last thought occurred to me, I should search amongst “*those gallant artilleryists who rendered me such effective service*” whose names General Grimes could not remember. Unexpectedly, I found a recollection for a possible candidate to be the Littlest Sparrow, not where it should be, in a recollection from a local unit, but one left by some visiting “Tigers” from Louisiana. Amongst the recollections left by New Orleans’s gallant Battalion of Washington Artillery, I found the remarkable story of a local boy that they took in.

“TRY US”

**The proud motto of the Battalion of Washington Artillery
The Louisiana Tigers**



**“Try Us” from Psalm 26:2:
*“Examine me oh Lord and prove me;
Try my reins and my heart.”***

Formed 1838, New Orleans’ famed Battalion of Washington Artillery was mustered into Confederate service on May 26, 1861, volunteering its services directly to President Jefferson Davis. The Washington Artillery was the first regular unit of the Confederate Army and was the only unit to serve in both theatres of war. Companies 1- 4 served in the Army of Northern Virginia and the 5th Company served in the Army of Tennessee.

As their motto proudly proclaimed, these “Tigers” were indeed “Tried.” Their courage and their hearts were tested and proved repeatedly throughout the entire war, starting from Manassas, through Seven Pines, the Seven Days’ Battles, Second Manassas, Antietam, Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, Drewry’s Bluff, and The Wilderness, before finding themselves in the Garden of Death at Petersburg.

These “Tigers” were fierce. The Washington Artillery companies that had defended Petersburg did not formally surrender at Appomattox on April 9th. Earlier that day they destroyed their gun carriages, buried their (4 Napoleon) guns in the woods, and nearly all the officers and men then chose to “go to the mountains.”



Washington Artillery Detachment in Action (From Col. Miller Owen’s History of the Washington Artillery) <https://archive.org/details/03387899.3431.emory.edu>

The deadly skill and the battle-hardened resolve behind the Washington Artillery’s challenge of “Try Us” were evident at Fort Mahone. The effectiveness of these tigers’ roar, their guns, was recalled by both North and South.

“After the passages of so many years (written in 1917) we now take no satisfaction in detailing the slaughter of an engagement. Suffice to say that in this case, however, the open space inside Fort Mahone was literally covered with blue-coated corpses. In further proof of the fierceness of the fighting in that restricted area, I quote from the record of an officer in the 179th New York Regiment:

“Battle of Fort Mahone, April 1-2, 1865 – Early on the morning of the 2^d, we captured the fort, but could not hold it; we were shot out by Behan’s Washington Artillery in a hurry.”^{lxxxv}

While there were casualties resulting from hand to hand combat, the majority of “blue-coated corpses, which literally covered the open space inside Fort Mahone,” were the result of artillery fire. Those casualties were most likely those who had taken Fort Mahone during the first assault only to find it to be “a sham” fortified only on the side facing Fort Sedgwick (Fort Hell.) Once inside the fort they found themselves subject to the “galling and deadly fire” of the Confederate artillery from the unfortified sides and the rear.



Picture of “Fort Damnation” taken April 3rd 1865 showing Bomb Proofs with no breastworks or traverses on the left side of the picture indicating that is a picture of the rear of Fort Mahone that was unfortified. (damage seen most likely caused by the Confederate Artillery)

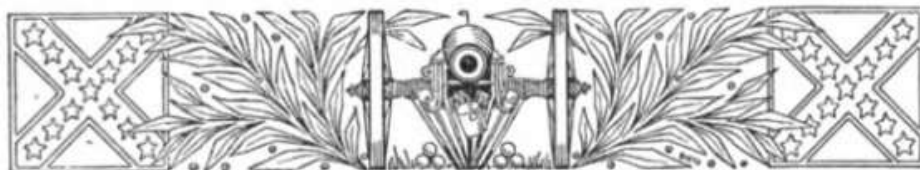
Sgt. Major Hamden Osborne of the 53rd North Carolina would recall that after the first Union wave had abandoned Fort Mahone:

“I then walked over to Battery No. 30, where stood Lieutenant Behan, hat off, rapidly giving orders to his men, who were working the four guns to the limit. Talk about music! As I stood for a minute watching the skill of those veteran gunners, as I heard the boom of the howitzers and the crack of the rifle pieces and the explosion and the crashing of the shells and canisters over the slopes below, I thought no sounds in nature were ever so beautiful. Approaching Behan, with whom I had

some acquaintance, I looked him earnestly in the eye and asked: "Can you hold this angle? His brave soul was in his eyes as he replied loudly: "Don't you see I am giving them double charges of canister? They'll never get up that ravine in God's world sir." Then we all cheered him and the whole world looked brighter."^{lxxxvi}

The Tigers find a "Little Fellow"

"On the 10th of December (1864) we marched, at 6:30 a.m. towards the Weldon Railroad. Enemy's infantry falling back towards Petersburg.... We are ordered to encamp near the ruins of the Watkins House, destroyed by fire by the Federals today. It is distressing to see the ruin and desolation these columns inflict upon inoffensive citizens on their line of March. We cannot believe Americans can do these things...We cooked our supper in the burning embers of the house, and while smoking our pipes a boy, **probably fifteen years of age**, came to the fire, and, leaning against a tree, looked around for a few moments, and then burst into tears. We observed him for a little while, then called him up and asked the cause of his apparent grief. He told us, in a quiet, straightforward way, that this house had been his home ever since he was born; he had left here yesterday morning, when he heard the Yankees were coming; he had left behind him grandmother and mother. They had then several head of cattle, a horse, and everything necessary to make a comfortable country home. He had just returned to find everything destroyed, house burned, cattle gone, fences gone, garden and fields beaten down by the tramping of men and the wheels of ordnance wagons. Where his mother was he did not know. He fairly broke down, and sobbed as though his young heart would break, but, soon recovering himself, he clenched his little fist and said, slowly and with emphasis, "If my life is spared I'll get even with these people for inflicting this wrong upon my mother." And, turning to Chamberlayne, he said, "**Captain, can't I go with you?**" Chamberlayne said, "**Yes, come with me. I'll make a cannoneer of you.**" **We shared our supper with the little fellow, and put him in charge of Chamberlayne's sergeant.**" (Emphasis added)^{lxxxvii lxxxviii}



Was Their Little Fellow also the Littlest Sparrow?

As tantalizing as this new lead seemed, upon further research the answer was no. This boy was not our Littlest Sparrow, however the search did lead to the identification of the Tigers' Little Fellow, 15 year old George L. Watkins.

In my search I found one "lost" boy, but not the one I was looking for.

I first searched for the Watkins House. According to multiple sources, there was a house near Hatcher's Run called the "Watkins House" in Dinwiddie County. The "Watkins House" stood near the southeast corner of what in 2007 was the intersection of Duncan and Smith Grove Roads.^{lxxxix} From an examination of the prewar and postwar census records for Dinwiddie County, there were three Watkins families living in three different dwellings, all within the San Marino Post Office district in that County. None found in those families could be the Littlest Sparrow as all possible candidates survived the war. The 1870 census records also disclosed that all three families were a very poor match to have been the family unit described by Owen as consisting of a grandmother, a mother and one boy of about fifteen. Perhaps I was searching in the wrong county.

Captain John Hamden Chamberlayne (1838-1882), the captain who promised that he would make the Little Fellow a cannoneer provided the clue that lead to the identity of that Little Fellow. On December 17, 1864, "Ham" wrote his mother a letter stating therein that earlier in the month he had been pursuing some "yanks" who were raiding farms, burning homes and barns, and that the pursuit lead through an adjacent county, Greensville County Virginia.^{xc}

I then searched Greensville County and found a Watkins family that could easily fit the dynamics of the story recounted by Owen, the John C. Watkins family. Furthermore I located a modern (2007) recollection by Russell Darden who spoke about the burning of his ancestral Watkins home by Union troops during this same period, complete with the death of his great grandmother on December 7th only 3 months after the death of her husband.^{xcii} Additionally, Russell Darden's ancestral line can be directly traced to John C Watkins in Greensville County, Virginia.

All available information points to the John C. Watkins family of Greensville County as the source of the Tigers' Little Fellow story. Within that family, two of his sons, John C Watkins Jr., age 17 in 1865 and George L. Watkins, age 14-15 in 1865, were possible candidates for the Little Fellow, but both survived the war. Of the two, George L. Watkins is a better match for Owen's description of "a boy probably fifteen years of age." While either boy could have been the Little Fellow neither of them could have been the Littlest Sparrow.

The Littlest Sparrow remains, as he was when my search began, a lost little boy.

A CRUEL HARVEST AWAITS THE NAMELESS REBEL DEAD

His two white hands, as soft and white
As the winter's driven snow,
Yet ever he brings his harvest home
To his garner down below.

"I thought of home far away...I wondered if my fate would ever be known to them. I had a horror of dying alone...I was afraid that none of my regiment would ever find me, and that with the unknown dead who lay scattered around me I would be buried in one common ground. The thought was terrible. ***How I longed for day just that someone would see me die.***" (Emphasis added)^{xcii}

It was in the pre-dawn hours of April 2nd when the battle for Fort Mahone began. Many of these Fallen Sparrows were surely gripped by this same fear while enveloped in that darkness. To die without witnesses was the worst possible fate for a "mere private or two." It consigned them forever to be lost, buried amongst the legions of the nameless rebel dead.

By the time the Army of the Potomac entered Petersburg on April 3rd, 1865, "Lee's once mighty Army of Northern Virginia had more men buried along the Richmond/Petersburg corridor than were marching away from it towards Appomattox."^{xci} Responsibility for the dead usually fell to the victor, for it was his army that held the field.^{xci} The mass grave that awaited the Fallen Sparrows would obliterate their identity. Even if their pockets had not been rifled for souvenirs, their burial party would not have taken the time to identify a mere enemy private. After all, each of these was "*Not an officer lost, only one of the men.*"^{xci}

Civilians were subsequently confronted with thousands of scattered unmarked graves of "*those who did not count in the news of the battle.*" For years after the war's conclusion, ploughs tiling farming fields would unearth the grisly reminders of the earlier killing fields that had surrounded Petersburg.



Harvesting the dead for reburial from the Garden of Death would have looked similar to the picture shown.

Gathering the Dead for Burial
Library of Congress

The Burial for Fallen Sparrows

“The unrecognized dead are left to the last, to be buried in long trenches...”^{xcvi}

“For men buried on the field, coffins were out of the question; a blanket was the most a man could hope for as a shroud.”^{xcvii}

“The corpses are brought into rows and counted, the Confederate and Federals being separated into different rows. At the feet of each row of fifty or a hundred dead, a trench is dug about seven or eight feet wide and about three feet deep – for there is not time for a normal grave depth. Then the bodies, which are as black as ink and bloated from exposure to the sun, are placed in the shallow ditch and quickly covered with dirt.”

Long trenches were dug about six feet wide and three to four deep. The dead were rolled on blankets and carried to the trench and laid heads and feet alternating so as to save space. Old blankets were thrown over the pile of bodies and the earth thrown on top.”^{xcviii}

“Let him who wishes to know what war is look at this series of illustrations. These wrecks of manhood thrown together in careless heaps or ranged in ghastly rows for burial were alive but yesterday. How dear to their little circles far away most of them! – how little cared for here by the tired party whose office it is to consign them to the earth! An officer may here and there be recognized; but for the rest – if enemies, they will be counted, and that is all.”^{xcix}

For Strangers, the Ladies of Petersburg Drop a Tear

After the war, amongst those who led the effort to gather and rebury Confederate dead was the Ladies Memorial Association of Petersburg established in May of 1866. Raising funds to finance burial parties, they gathered together some 12,000 CSA soldiers from the killing fields to rest in the eastern section of the Blandford Church Cemetery. Also transferred by them were Petersburg natives lost in more distant theaters. In the years to follow, other groups gathered the Confederate dead from surrounding areas, until at one time, the cemetery outnumbered the City of Petersburg's population.^c Of the 30,000 interments, "Awaiting the Reveille; 1861-1865" at Blandford, only approximately 2,000 were ever identified. The 189 acre burial ground remains an active cemetery, but there are no burial records that provide clues to any of the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone.^{ci}

Wherever the fallen sparrows were initially buried it can only be hoped that in the years following the war they were among those whose remains were subsequently found and removed to Blandford Cemetery to rest amongst the over 20,000 nameless confederate dead, "saved" by the loving hands of these ladies of Petersburg.

Within the ladies' ranks were "somebody's" mother, daughter, wife, sweetheart or a total stranger, who had and proudly and tirelessly "begged for every dollar" necessary to accomplish that remarkable feat.^{cii}

"Such of the confederate dead as were ever removed from the graves in which they were first placed have been buried in the confederate cemetery on Cemetery Hill. There is pathos in the poverty of the place when one compares it with the beautiful and carefully tended national cemeteries where the federal dead sleep, their graves kept green, their story told in marble and the flag kept floating above their last resting place. Here there is nothing of that, no such posthumous honors for the brave men who died for the lost cause. **Here the boys who wore the gray sleep in graves unmarked.** Here and there are poor little wooden crosses bearing such mottos as "Our Brave Boys", "Rest Gallant Souls", "They will rise again," "After the Battle, Peace" and many others. It was enough to bring tears to one's eyes to read these loving and simple mottos painted upon the cheap wooden crosses and to see the evidence of the people's desire to tenderly preserve the memories of their loved and lost who died bravely in a mistaken cause, while their poverty has held them back. A large arch is being erected of galvanized iron over the entrance to the soldier part of the Cemetery. Upon it are the words, "Our Confederate Dead." (**Emphasis added**)

The most notable thing in the grounds is the granite mausoleum erected for (General William) Mahone. It is a very solid, handsome structure, and bears the letter "M" carved over the heavy doors. ^{ciii}

General Mahone would survive the war. He was not amongst the two eagles that fell One April 2nd, but is among the three eagles interred amongst the thousands of sparrows at Blandford. (Besides Major General William "Billy" Mahone, Brigadier General Cullen Battle and Brigadier General David A. Weisiger are also buried at Blandford Cemetery.)

GLEANINGS FROM THE GARDEN

Gently the childhood field is clipt;
And softly the age-ripe grain,
But the bearded stalks of manhood's prime
Bend to the scythe in pain.

“The Little Incidents of a Greater History” Experiences shared in the Garden of Death by those who survived

“The groping about in apprehension and fear – who can paint such scenes?”^{civ}

“Apparently not many privates survived the war. At least very few have spoken or written about it. Perhaps like me they feel they haven't much to brag of. Then, too, nobody expects much from a private; therefore, he is not obliged, as his superiors are, to explain and contradict, and generally prevaricate, in an effort to sustain his reputation.

The glowing accounts of battles and campaigns have nearly always been written by general officers, or by non-participants who style themselves historians. It seems hardly fair that we privates should be entirely ignored; because without us, there would have been no generals, nor would there have been a war to write about.

In choosing my subject “The Last Days of the War, as Seen by a Private”, I certainly have no desire to parody Gen. Gordon's famous lecture, “The Last Days of the Confederacy.” He was my general and I entertain only respect and admiration for the man. I have never heard his lecture and if in any way I differ from his statements, such discrepancy is doubtless due to the fact that we looked at events from different standpoints. **The general rode on horseback and I went afoot.** ^{cv}



Henry Theodore Bahnson (1845-1917)^{cvi}
Picture from his obituary depicts him in uniform.

“Dr. Henry Theodore Bahnson”
Confederate Veteran, Volume 25, Issue No. 4, April, 1917 Page 174

Private Henry T. Bahnson, who escaped the Garden of Death, provided these remarkable insights. We can learn much about hardship and sacrifice from the words of others, who like Branson, “went afoot...” stuck somewhere between “Hell and Damnation.”^{cvii}

In the Words of Those that Went “afoot”

They were hungry

“On Christmas, 1864, the people of Richmond and Petersburg were going to give the soldiers in the trenches a Christmas dinner with cabbage, beans, chicken, beef loaf, bread and a lot of other good things, enough to give every man a square meal. How glad we were when we heard that the rations were in Petersburg; but, alas, they had to start at the top and come down through all the departments, and when they reached us it hardly paid to throw the tobacco out of our mouths for what we got. It was told that the Bomb Proofs in the rear had all the rations they could eat for a week.”^{cviii}

“We have had the Christmas dinner the people of Richmond proposed to give to the army. Visions of roast turkey and plum pudding hovered before our eyes. We heard fabulous stories of thousands of fowls, hams, etc., piled up in tiers in the *commissariat* in Richmond. At last the day came for the distribution, and the men were eagerly awaiting the arrival of the commissary wagons. They came, and our share for 500 men was one loaf of bread to each company. There was a howl of disappointment, and the men said, “The quartermasters and commissaries have eaten all the good things, and we have the crumbs.” Members of the Otey battery came to my tent and showed me little slices of bread that were their share, and said they intended to keep them as souvenirs, to show after the war. And it is quite probable these fragments are reserved as reminiscences of soldering days in many a Virginia home.”^{cix}

In 1926, when parts of Fort Mahone’s tunnels were rediscovered, a number of relics were found and removed. Amongst the rusted pistols, the broken knives and sabers there was one more, a poignant reminder of the desperate days of hunger.

“A semi-petrified sweet potato was found on a shelf above the water line in a room. This potato had been cooked and showed signs of having been partly eaten, as teeth marks were plainly recognizable. It is easy to imagine a half-starved soldier just starting to eat this potato when a call to arms sounded. He put it in a safe place while he answered this call, never to return.”^{cx}

For a starving man, one lowly potato was a feast to be savored one bite at a time. A tangible reminder of someone's "last supper" that was heartbreakingly never consumed, perhaps even by one of the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone.

"We are really suffering now for food. Yesterday (March 21, 1865 I had to order some ground corn and shucks to be taken from the horses to be distributed to the men." ^{cxi}

"They (the rebel forces) had gone on duty before daylight that morning, and their 24 hours' rations were a piece of green-looking bacon about the size of a man's four fingers, and a hard-baked corn "pone", a trifle larger than a man's whole hand, together with a canteen of water. How men could work, march and fight as they did on such fare will forever be a mystery!"^{cxii}

While only a few yards away lay a harvest of plenty

"The whole country south of the James, as far as Prince George Courthouse, was turned into a pasture for vast herds of cattle, which were guarded by cavalry and butchered from day to day to afford fresh meat for the hard-worked troops in the forts and trenches. Huge piles of baled hay and oats in sacks for the cavalry and artillery horses lined the railway or were accumulated in the camps. The camps in the rear of the works became villages. Every company or battery had log cookhouses. Every regiment had a bakery, from which the troops got abundance of cooked rations, including soft bread every day, fresh beef three or four days in the week, with bean soup or pea soup or desiccated vegetable soup and coffee and tea on tap all the time. In a word, the Army of the Potomac, "lived like fighting cocks," as the saying is; and whatever may have been the demands on their strong muscles in digging trenches, or upon their gallant bosoms in battle, there could be no complaint of empty stomachs or bare backs in front of Petersburg so long as Old Meade was on hand to shake up the Quartermasters and Commissaries!"^{cxiii}

They were cold and wet, And their families were suffering as well

"*Oh the snow, the beautiful snow*, runs the poem. And so we thought once too...*Oh the snow, the cold, cruel snow*, is the parody human misery sings now, in the camp of the soldier, **in the dwelling of the widow and orphan, with flour at two hundred and fifty dollars per barrel and fuel at fifty dollars per cord.** *Oh, the snow – the cold, cruel snow*, sighs the picket on the bleak hillside, blowing his mitten less fingers and stamping to keep warm his stocking less, and it may be, perhaps half shoeless feet. The voice of want and suffering, the

appealing of the poor in this city, and all over the land, takes up the melancholy refrain – *Oh the snow – the cold, cruel snow.*^{cxiv} **(Emphasis added)**

Keeping warm became a constant chore. Cold weather fronts produced temperatures that caused some to suffer frostbite; others came in from picket duty “crying like children” from the cold. In fact, many of these same men had no shoes, blankets or coats.

“A great many of the men without blankets, overcoats or shoes endured the awful weather of last night. It is incomprehensible how they can stand so much exposure.”^{cxv}

“We kept the trenches mended up and clear of mud all the summer and fall months, but as winter came on we began to suffer. Our uniforms were wearing out, and our rations had been cut down to almost nothing. When the cold rains came we could not keep the mud out of the trenches and our so-called Bomb Proofs leaked muddy water on us. General Lee came through every few days, wading sometimes almost to his boot tops but he never said a word about the mud. He knew we couldn’t keep it out.”^{cxvi}

“After the weather got so cold that we could no longer do without a fire a few sticks of cord wood and about a bushel of coal were issued to a company to last 24 hours. We had to burn it in our Bomb Proofs.” The smoke would be suffocating and would eclipse the small amount of heat given off.

Almost every cold rainy night the Federals opened up their mortars and kept us pushing about through the mud nearly all night. This was more than some of the boys could stand. According to the circulars they read, over there they would be out of danger, out of the war, their fighting days over; over here they had nothing to look forward to but starvation, battles, wounds and death. The men began to desert, crossing the works at the dam on dark nights and sometimes from the picket line. The enemy sent over circulars promising every man who would desert free transportation to any part of the North they wished to go, never to draft them in their armies, or they would give them work if they wished at good wages far in the rear, where they would be out of all danger, and if they brought their guns along they would pay them the government price for them. After that we had to keep close watch on our guns. One fellow went over one night with as many stolen guns as he could carry. The weather was very wet and cold all winter. The citizens told us it was the worst winter they had had for years. We were in a bad plight, half frozen, half starved, and deserters were leaving us every night.”^{cxvii}

They were desperate and turned to prayer

“The men have built a chapel just behind my tent, and have prayer-meetings nightly. The whole army has taken to praying, and if prayers accomplish anything we should whip this fight yet. Peace commissioners started for Washington yesterday. No good is expected from the mission.”^{cxviii}

“Eternal and Ever Blessed God, I desire to present myself before you with the deepest humiliation of soul...and when the hour of death comes, may I remember thy Covenant, well ordered in all things and sure, as my Salvation, though every hope and desire is perishing. Amen”
„cxix

And on April 2nd they were fighting and dying

“The awful fire of Fort Sedgwick and Mahone lighted up the very heavens. The deafening roar and crash were simply appalling. The two forts were rightly named (“Forts Hell and Damnation”).^{cxx}

“...later in the fall the brigade returned to Lee’s army and took a position in the line engaged in the defense of Petersburg. Here it remained through the winter of 1864 and 1865 in the trenches, almost continually under fire. The regiment had suffered severely during the Valley campaign and by the spring of 1865 had become a mere skeleton.”

“Along the line of works we occupied we had but one man to five or six feet, an ordinary skirmish line. On the morning of 2 April, just before daylight, the enemy advanced upon our works in massed columns; brushing aside the chevaux de frise, cutting the chains that linked the parts together with axes, and poured over the line occupied by a part of Battle’s (Brigade) and a part of our brigade. Then commenced a struggle which, to my mind, was the most desperate of all the war, and which lasted until into the night...I saw men of my regiment load their guns behind the traverses, climb to the top, fire down into the ranks of the enemy, roll off and reload and repeat the same throughout the day. While in the midst of this din of battle, time after time they would send up the old time defiant rebel yell. Late in the evening, I asked Matt Secrest of my company, whose cheeks from the corner of his mouth to his ears were almost black as lampblack from the frequent tearing of cartridges how many rounds he thought he had fired. His answer was: “I know from the number of times I have replenished my supply of cartridges that I have fired more than 200 rounds.”^{cxxi}

“On reaching the reserve line of breastworks, we were ordered to take position in a ditch, (called a covered way), which led in a slanting and

zigzag direction to the advanced lines captured earlier, and now held by the enemy. The bottom of the ditch was stiff blue clay, through which the water trickled. Our feet stuck fast to the sticky stuff, and more than once I had to stop and dig out my shoe. Every few steps we came upon a dead man, nearly always shot through the head. Our brigade was ordered to charge the breastworks and thirteen of us were detailed to go as close to the battery as possible, and pick off the artillerymen to prevent their firing on our troops in the charge –many of our men, including Major Wilson and Lieut. Schultz were wounded or killed by the galling infantry fire – two of our little party were killed. One of them, Abner Crews, from this county, was next to me,^{cxxii}

“We had made a furrow with our guns in the top of the ditch bank to protect our heads, and through this we fired alternately. I was waiting for him to shoot but he was so slow, that I grew impatient and pushed him to attract his attention. We were squatting on a narrow ledge and my push destroyed his balance. Before I could catch him he toppled over, and as his face turned toward me I saw a bullet hole midway between his eyebrows. Our bodies had been touching from knee to shoulder, but not a quiver did I feel when his life so suddenly went out. A captain volunteered to go back to the lines and bring us more ammunition – he had gone but a few steps when a shell tore off his arm at the shoulder. I hastened to his assistance as fast as the sticky mud would let me, but just as I reached him he fell back in my arms dead – another of our party had been killed; the whole top of his head torn off...

Fort Mahone was only a few hundred yards to our right, and our firing did considerable damage to the charging columns. Again and again the attack upon it was repulsed until the ground in front of it was covered with dead and wounded men. All that long day, God’s Holy Sabbath, we shot and were shot at. Our shoulders were so sore from the rebound of the guns that we had to pad them with our blankets – we made straight for the battery behind us, preferring the chance of being shot to floundering in the mud and stumbling over the dead men in the ditch. A few minutes brought us safely to the fort. (Mahone) There was perfect silence inside it. No one responded to our call. We crawled up along the side of a gun (large artillery piece) and to our horror found it spiked. As I dropped to the ground inside, I stepped on a wounded man and from him – poor fellow, left there all alone to die – we learned that our troops had evacuated the lines two hours before.”^{cxxiii}

Could any of these dead men be one of the Fallen Sparrows seen in one of Roche’s photographs? Does the description provided in any of these accounts match the wounds seen in photographs No. 3188 and No. 3180? Could one of the Fallen Sparrows be Abner Crews who was 29 at Fort Mahone?^{cxxiv}

Private P. (Paul) J. Rast of the 3rd Alabama provided actual names of those who fell from his company, Capt. Wat Phelan, Lieuts. Dan Wheeler and Ed Taylor, Ensign Dink Taylor, Sgt. Sharp, Alfonso Meadows, J.W. Norwood and Tom McDonald. Excluding the officers and non commissioned officers, the ages of the remaining men (Meadows, Norwood and McDonald) precluded them being the Littlest Sparrow, and within their age range they could be any one of Roche's dead men. Was "the poor fellow, left there all alone to die" one of them?

There simply is not enough information given to know.

With both hands torn to pieces at Fort Mahone, another man would subsequently die from his injuries received on April 2nd. While not pictured in Roche's images of the dead, a photograph of this man was taken while still living. His name, picture and story of his death, indelibly brings war home.

"It was early in the day, and he was taken to the hospital and at once put on the train to Danville. When he arrived, in the turmoil and confusion he could not receive proper attention and with both hands disabled he could do nothing for himself. Gangrene set in and as good a man as ever lived died from neglect and starvation."^{CXXV}



Captain Carey Whitaker (1832 – 1865)
43rd North Carolina Infantry

And at the end, after all of the sacrifice, they knew it was hopeless

“We marched back through Petersburg for the last time, the old regiment not much larger than a company. Our hearts were sad. We knew the end was near, the end of our hopes, perhaps our lives. **We were at the last ditch.** A few more battles would drive us to the wall.”^{cxxvi} **(Emphasis added)**

“The writer knew not that full day was decreed to be a much fuller one. He could not see the courier then on the way with evacuation orders – the picture was yet to be burned into his soul, as he marched his detail through a residence street of Petersburg, of seeing scores of weeping women in the doors, some to tender to him and his men simple food, and that prepared in many cases from stores but little more plentiful than that of the Zarephath widow who nourished the prophet, while others could do no more than to come out and touch our gray sleeves and between their sobs say: “God Bless You!”^{cxxvii}

“Speaking for myself, I have few pleasant recollections of the war. To my mind come only sad, and grim, and gloomy memories; the forms of my comrades and friends hurried to an untimely death by disease and wounds; left a prey to the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field – at best hastily and unceremoniously shoveled into a shallow trench; if happily surviving, maimed and crippled, and marred in health and usefulness; the privations and sufferings from fatigue and hunger, and heat and cold, and filthy and nakedness, in comfortless camp, on toilsome march, in ruthless conflict, in loathsome hospital, in pitiless prison; fields deserted, homesteads and towns pillaged and burned, graves violated, sanctuaries defiled; Sabbaths desecrated; the havoc and ruin, the wanton waste and destruction, the merciless carnage; the unutterable agony of heart-rending grief that hung like the smoke of torment over the tens of thousands of bereaved and desolated homes. The abomination of desolation!”^{cxxviii}

“A thick mist hung over the country, mixed with the smoke of the past day’s battle, rendering it a sight of horrid character. Through the thick darkness, a bank of lurid light hung over the city of Petersburg, betokening destruction and ruin in progress.”^{cxxix}

After four years of carnage, both sides are finally unified, if only by shared loss

“We passed by the poor fellow I had shot. His coat was torn in the center of his breast and between his folded hands; the frothy blood had welled up. I could not resist the impulse and gently raising his hat, I gazed on a boyish, beardless face, whose peaceful expression was

marred only by the stony stare of his widely open eyes. I have learned by heart all of the sophisms that prate of patriotism, fight for the right, defending homes and fire-sides, etc., etc., etc. but will a just God, who has commanded "Thou shalt not do murder: be satisfied with such empty platitudes?"^{cxxx}

"No actor on either side that passed through the din and carnage of April 2, 1865 can ever forget it. In moments seemed to be compressed the events of centuries, for history was made that day with lightening-life rapidity. Let us draw a veil over the ghastly, swollen and discolored human bodies that floated upon the slimy waters of the trenches – or that, at other points were imbedded in the nauseating ooze and mud. All around the suburbs and even in the streets of the city were the bodies of unburied Southern soldiers. Sad waste, of tragic life ending and scant the rights of sepulture for many a fair youth for whom a weeping mother watched and waited in a far-off Southern home."^{cxxxi}

"Old men with silver locks, lay dead ... side by side with mere boys of thirteen or fourteen. It almost makes one sorry to have to fight against people who show such devotion for their homes and their country."^{cxxxii}

THE VIEW FROM THOSE WHO WENT “ON HORSEBACK” **A CAPTAIN AND A KING VISIT THE GARDEN OF DEATH**

The Captains and the Kings^{cxxxiii}

The tumult and the shouting dies—
The Captains and the Kings depart—
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget^{cxxxiv}

“History Should Be Unsparing; It seeks the Truth”^{cxxxv}

The “Captain” – At long last, “The Hour for the Heir Apparent”^{cxxxvi}

Since the start of what many called “Lincoln’s War”, both Lincolns had drawn Union fire for Robert Lincoln’s glaring lack of service.

“President Lincoln, too, who has a son of legal age, coerces other men’s sons in to the army, but takes good care to spare his own from all the dangers of the battle-field...Young Robert Lincoln, under the patronage of his fashionable chaperones, is doing the agreeable at watering places, and preparing for a European tour; while his father turns all the bloody campaigns into subjects for improper illustrations and unseemly jokes.”
cxxxvii


“Why is it, we ask, that Mr. Lincoln’s sons should be kept from the dangers of the field, while the sons of the laboring man are to be hurried into **the harvest of death at the front**? Are the sons of the rail-splitter porcelain, and these others only common clay?^{cxxxviii}
(Emphasis added)

With war’s end in sight Lincoln would arrange to hoist his son on horseback to ride behind the lines, ensuring that he did not walk afoot.

“My son...wishes to see something of the war before it ends. I do not wish to put him in the ranks...”^{cxxxix}

A few days after writing this letter to General Grant, Abraham Lincoln's request and his son's wish were "granted." Robert Lincoln was appointed assistant adjutant and took his place on General Grant's staff with the rank of Captain. ^{cxl}

To aid him on his way Robert's father and his now Commander in Chief gave him a check for \$25.00.

<p>February 20, 1865 Abraham Lincoln's Check to His Son, Robert Lincoln, Finally Sending Him Off to Serve at the End of the Civil War with Ulysses S. Grant</p> 	<p>http://www.shapell.org/manuscript.aspx?abraham-lincoln-prepares-robert-lincoln-for-war-under-ulysses-grant</p> <p>Transcription Reads: No. 27 Washington, D.C., Feb. 20, 1865 Riggs & Co. Pay to R.T. Lincoln or bearer Twenty-Five Dollars \$25.00 A. LINCOLN</p>
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However, the news of "Captain" Lincoln's 11th hour service did not stop the criticism or temper the sarcasm regarding the reality of this offering.

"Robert Lincoln, son of the President, it is said, intends entering the army soon, as an aide on the staff of General Grant. Yes: He will probably do so when peace is concluded and the last battle fought. ^{cxli}

"This patriotic example of the President's son should encourage every "loyal" young man to offer his services at once as captain upon somebody's staff." ^{cxlii}

"Bob Lincoln got home from College some time ago. He had reached the age at which free Americans are subject to be made slaves by order of his father...he saved Bob from the draft, and he saved himself a thousand dollars, the cost of a substitute – by commissioning Bob as a Captain and assigning him to duty on the staff of General Grant. Bob may smell the battle from afar, but he will never get near enough to it to risk the abrasion of his (indecipherable) by a confederate bullet. ^{cxliii}
This thing is disgusting. It is a sickening and contemptible sham. And this is probably not the end of it. In due course of time a lying telegram will come along, informing the public that "Captain Robert T. Lincoln, the gallant son of our patriotic President, has just returned from a successful expedition into the enemy's country, which he has conducted with great skill and courage," but the particulars of which will never be known – not even to Bob himself. If Grant's staff needed and addition

to its numbers why was not some Captain, Lieutenant, Sergeant or private who has had any experience in the field appointed on it? Why was Bob Lincoln, who has given no evidence of courage and is not known to possess any military skill, put on the stall? It was done to save him from the conscription ordered by his father, which is dragging the poor man from his weeping wife and wailing children, and sending him to the front to be shot down like a dog.”^{cxliv}

From this “Captain” to his King....

The King and Jokester, All in One...

*“The dead are kindred though opposed
And who will mock the fallen foe...”^{cxlv}*

Lincoln had a propensity and remarkable talent for telling “his little jokes”, spinning tall tales and yarns within homespun humorous anecdotes. While his sense of humor during a four year bloodbath may have lessened his burdens, many were offended by his habit “to turn all the bloody campaigns into subjects for improper illustrations and unseemly jokes.”^{cxlvic}

Caricaturists and satirists alike commonly portrayed Lincoln’s love of humor as “inappropriately frivolous during a solemn and devastating war.”^{cxlvii} And jokes aside, even Union supporters sincerely saw “Lincoln’s War” as a threat to individual rights as guaranteed in the Constitution.
^{cxlviii}

The cartes-de-visite (cdv) shown below addressed both of these complaints by combining Lincoln as King and Jester all in one.



Lincoln depicted as both King and Jester, caption reads:

In Merry Old England it once was the rule,
That the people should have a King and a Fool.
But here we're so frugal - a desirable thing -
That we combine in one the Fool and the King.

In the Marketplace: 2013 http://railsplitter.com/?page_id=3478

“The (Barely) Perceptible Joke While Glory Awaits”

April 3rd – 9: A.M. at City Point:

“I have just arrived here from Petersburg, and have had the pleasure of giving the first detailed news from Petersburg to the President, whom I met with Admiral Porter at General Grant’s Headquarters...When asked where I came from and replying Petersburg, the President very dryly, asked if I saw anybody there I knew. The joke was scarcely perceptible, but still, under the circumstances it will do.”

“Admiral Porter claims Petersburg as his victory. The President asked him how that could be. “Why,” said Porter, “my monitors the other night scared the rebels away. Didn’t they tell you so in Petersburg?” to me. I was forced to reply that I hadn’t heard exactly that remark. “Well,” continued the Admiral, “Mrs. Grant says I can have Petersburg for my victory if I won’t claim Richmond, and I think I had better accept the terms, or Grant will have all the honors.” The President suggested that there was glory enough for all, and certainly all seem to be full of it, from highest to lowest, as this brief colloquy indicated. (Emphasis added)”^{cxlix}



”Last Night Attack at Petersburg”, image on <http://www.craterroad.com/finalassault.html>

Here again a bloody campaign served as the subject for a (scarcely perceptible) joke.^{cl} The preceding evening from his vantage point aboard the River Queen at City Point, Lincoln could hear the thunder of the artillery at Petersburg and see the cannon flashes reflected by the clouds.^{cli} He surely understood the human consequences this foretold for those trapped beneath its barrage. However, by that time most Northerners, including their President, cared only for what it evidenced, the relief that “Lincoln’s War” was finally being won.^{clii} After four long years the deaths of “a private or two” on both sides was easily ignored amidst “glory enough for all” to share. They were an acceptable loss that would not “count in the news of *this* battle.”

Lincoln’s “scarcely perceptible” joke aside, the grim price for glory, the deaths seen the following day at Fort Mahone, would prove far more difficult to overlook or forget. While viewing the resultant horrors that had taken root in Fort Mahone’s Garden of Death, history does not record any additional Presidential jokes or humorous anecdotes as he stood gazing upon the price for victory on April 3rd 1865.

The Captain and His King Visit The Garden of Death

On Monday, April 3rd 1865, twenty-two year old Robert Todd Lincoln finally got his long-deferred opportunity to “see something of the war,” albeit from a protected vantage point. Captain Lincoln ‘s view of the Garden of Death was observed while safely attached to General Grant’s Military “Family” where he served as escort for high-level visitors, which on that day, included his father, Federal President Abraham Lincoln.

Monday, April 3rd

“He (President Lincoln) ... and an escort of two or three men ... were on the ramparts of the rebel works on the morning of April 3rd about 10 a.m. or as near as I can recollect. The party passed our regiment, the 29th N.J. First Brigade, Second Division, Ninth Corps, as we were drawing rations...”^{cliii}

“We started back toward where our army had been in camp all Winter, and on the road thither we passed one rebel fort which had kept shooting our infantry down long after the other forts had surrendered, which fact was shown by our dead lying where they had fallen, piled one across the other for quite a distance all around the fort. The Ambulance Corps had taken most all of the wounded out from amongst the dead. I do not know what the name of the fort was, but some infantryman told me that during the previous winter, it had been nicknamed “Fort Damnation.” while the fort opposing it on our side was nicknamed “Fort Hell.” Very hard names to be sure, but what I saw that morning gave rise in my mind that those were the proper names for those two forts.”

“In the ditch in front of the rebel fort we saw one of our infantrymen, who had been one of those to charge this fort, standing upright, with left foot forward, the right foot a little behind, his musket tightly grasped in his right hand, his forage cap on his head, with a large hole through his cap and skull. He was stone dead, but being over knee deep in the mud and mire of the ditch, could not fall over...”and later that morning: “When we (the party escorting President Lincoln) came to the rebel fort above mentioned, the Ambulance and burial corps had very nearly all the dead taken off the field, still there were enough lying around to show what had been going on here, also the dead man was still standing in the ditch. The party made a short halt to contemplate this scene...”^{cliv}

While the President and his party contemplated this scene, a cavalryman in the escort recalled that he saw tears streaming down Lincoln's cheeks.^{clv} It remains unknown whether Lincoln's tears were shed for that one poor man standing stark dead stuck in the mud, the Federal dead alone, the dead of both sides, or merely for himself recalling the “barely perceptible joke” made a day earlier at City Point at the same time many of these men were dying.

Whatever “humble or contrite hearts” this “Captain and his King” took with them from the Garden of Death On April 3rd 1865, they left as they came “on horseback” leaving behind, mired firmly in the mud, the sacrifice of those who “went afoot.” Included somewhere among those from both sides who had given the “last full measure of devotion”, lay the unburied “Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone.”

Unprotected by privilege, those who had the least in this world had truly given all.^{clvi} The dead faces we see in the photographs of Thomas Roche, will forever conjure before us the garden of horrors the Lincolns viewed that day, and like the visitation of “Banquo's Ghost,” a guilt reserved for its harvesters, which “will not down.”^{clvii}

English Sojourners Visit “The Garden of Death”

Three days after Lincoln's tears were shed; English visitors to Fort Mahone observed that the Confederate dead, most likely including these same men and boys, were still there, rotting under the thousands of turkey buzzards circling overhead.

On the eve of the opening of Thomas Roche's “Ball” on April 1st, 1865, a traveling party consisting of host Thomas W. Kennard, four other fellow Englishmen and three Americans boarded Kennard's luxurious steam yacht, the 430 ton *Octavia* to undertake an adventure, a sojourn to obtain an “English View of the American Civil War.” Kennard and his party were not only the first; they were only civilian battlefield tourists to walk the Garden of Death. After docking in City Point, they proceeded via a private railroad car through war ravaged Petersburg

before reaching the former Confederate Capitol itself at Richmond only four days after Federal troops had occupied the city on the heels of its evacuation fire. ^{clviii}

Wednesday, April 5th 1865, Arriving in Petersburg, “We made our way to headquarters; General Warren kindly escorting us to the different points of interest within his charge, recommending a visit to Forts “Hell” and “Damnation” if we wish to form a slight opinion of the fight of Sunday last.”^{clix}

Their “Slight Opinion of the Fight of Sunday Last”

“The earthworks around the town extended twenty-three miles, and are of the most formidable character, consisting of forts of ingenious and skillful construction; trenches of unusual depth and solidity; abattis, stockades, chevaux de frise, and all bearing evidence of the stern nature of the fight. The dead were buried on the plain, but in the trenches numbers were lying as they fell during the assault, nearly all being shot through the head. Ammunition of every description, broken rifles and bayonets, blood-stained uniforms were scattered all over the trenches, torn up by the explosion of heavy shells in places and literally sown in parts with shot, shell, and bullets – the wonder is how life escaped through such a deadly hail. The Federal troops had gone in pursuit of the retreating Confederates, so that comparatively few remained in possession of the town.”

Despite the scarcity of troops left in Petersburg, the victorious Union army would first bury their own dead before turning to the Confederates. That was standard protocol. In both instances, officers were buried first. Forty-eight hours after Lincoln’s visit on Monday the dead seen on Wednesday still awaiting burial were predominately Confederate sparrows.

“As slowly, beneath a scorching sun and cloudless sky, we near the scene of action, every moment fresh traces of the struggle attract attention. Here a dead horse, a bomb-shell lying beside him, meets our gaze; then another, and another; some in the last stages of decomposition – a dainty dinner for the turkey buzzards wheeling in thousands above...We gained at length the outer trenches; thousands of shells bestrewed the pathway, while rifles, bayonets, musket-balls, cartouche-cases, water flasks, in fact all of the muniments of war, lay piled in heaps where their owners, flinging them aside, had either fled or fallen. Then a blood pool comes, and on the fresh turned earth above there lays the fragment of a skull – a human skull, with hair and brains bespattered around. Shuddering, we turn aside, but only to encounter other horrors more awful. We are in the presence of death; burial parties have not yet reached this portion of the battlefield, and here the dead men lie stark in the sunshine – some still grasps the musket, while others cling to the water-can; many, bathed in their

curdled life-blood, seem but softly sleeping...We move along the breast-works; “abattis,” “stockades,” and “Chevaux de Frise,” apparently impassable, had here been taken and retaken many times throughout the fierce engagement; the ground all strewn with bullets, or torn with shell, where bursting bombs had rent the earth in mounds like rifle-pits; at every footstep dark brown patches attract attention, explaining too truly how blood had poured and souls had fled, while others – soon perhaps to follow – had trampled on the lifeless slain. Our train awaits in an adjacent cutting, nor are we sorry to close our eyes forever on a sight so sickening to humanity.”^{clx}

Kennard and his party left that “sickening sight” behind and continued their “sojourn” to Richmond, finally returning to City Point on Saturday April 8th where they made “*their adieus to all those who had shown our party such great and unusual attentions. The President was on board the River Queen when later in the day, our party pulled alongside, and requested an interview. In a few moments we had all shaken hands with “Cesar...”*”

Lincoln was described as both very care-worn but cheerful at the prospect of the speedy termination of the war. Kennard would remember that “*the conversation [was] interspersed throughout with that lively vein of wit and humor so peculiar to President Lincoln.*”^{clxi}

Lincoln obviously had overcome the sobering effects of his visit to the Garden of Death and the sights that Kennard had described as “so sickening to humanity” and would soon be available for purchase at a “reasonable price.”

An Unexpected Gleaning A Glimpse of The Littlest Sparrow?^{clxii}

While walking the Garden, Kennard, a meticulous draftsman,” [illustrated] the various scenes witnessed, hurriedly taken on the spot ... [and were] remarkably felicitous.” One scene sketched by Kennard is remarkable for other reasons. Drawn on Wednesday, April 5th 1865, it possibly depicts the Littlest Sparrow who was photographed by Thomas Roche at Fort Mahone two days earlier.^{clxiii}

- The young dead figure bears a striking resemblance to the boy seen in 3187, both with one hand crossed over their chest.
- Both bodies lay in trenches within permanent fortifications.
- The body sketched, like that seen in 3187, lies adjacent to a Bomb Proof.



Plate 19, A Scene in the Trenches, Transatlantic Sketches



LIFE RETURNS TO THE GARDEN OF DEATH

“The harvest is passed, the summer is ended and we are not saved. Since my people are crushed, I am crushed; I mourn, and horror grips me. Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there? ***Why then is there no healing for the wounds of my people?***”

Regimental chaplain quoting from Jeremiah 8-20 in a sermon preached before the 26th North Carolina Regimental Band in 1863.

On March 31st 1865 this same band would find themselves in the breastworks surrounding Petersburg when they were suddenly informed to gather their few belongings and move to the rear. This order saved them from the imminent Garden of Death that would enfold the remaining defenders just two days later.^{clxiv}

Nature’s Healing for the Wounds of War “The Blossoms of Remembrance”

Peach orchards in Petersburg long predated the start of the war and were found there during the fall of Fort Mahone. The whole South was noted for its peach trees.^{clxv} On April 2nd 1864 peach blossoms “*as freshly they shone,*” witnessed the last days of the killing season.^{clxvi} That year, an early spring had ironically come to the Garden of Death.

In a tragic premonition, Nature provided flowers for graves yet to be dug; their full blooms coincided with the setting of “the sun of southern hopes,” which would soon go out forever.^{clxvii} On early Sunday morning, April 2nd 1865, along the fortifications of Petersburg, signal guns started a simultaneous advance along the entire Union line. By that evening, it would result in the abandonment of both Petersburg and Richmond and culminate in the Confederate surrender at Appomattox less than a week later.

Numerous first-hand accounts provide the knowledge that peach blossoms were in bloom along the battle lines of Petersburg in early April 1865. While on duty as 1st Division, 6th Corps Division Officer of the Day in command of the picket line before Petersburg on Tuesday, March 28, 1865, Elisha Hunt would remark that “[p]each trees are in blossom near our camp.”^{clxviii} George Bryant Woods would write on April 3rd 1865 “[t]he grass is green and already quite high, and the peach and apple trees are in full bloom.”^{clxix}

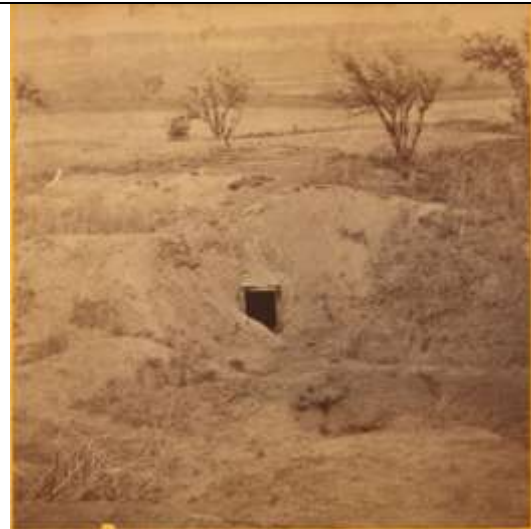
After the season of killing ended, the returning blossoms from a tree uniquely associated with the South would provide the healing for wounds that many on both sides of the battle lines desperately needed. Nature herself would pay tribute to the fallen; her healing balm would be the peach tree, the sign of eternal renewal whose blossoms appear on barren stock before green leaves are sprouted.^{clxx}

As the land renewed itself, the fragile blossoms left behind would bear fruit.

“Beauty for ashes, verdure for death – thus the record of our marches and bivouacs is written. This is what nature has done. .”^{clxxi}



Photograph was taken in 1865 from inside the crater



Stereo Card of “The Crater” Petersburg, Va. – Mature trees in direct proximity

New York Public Library, Stephen A. Schwarzman Building / Photography Collection, Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs

Catalog Call Number: MFY Dennis Coll 92-F71Record ID: 741812

Digital ID: G92F071_063F

Source Imprint: Undated between 1865-1896

Original source: Robert N. Dennis collection of stereoscopic views

Less than a year after the carnage, Nature was renewing itself while honoring the sacrifice of those that would never witness another spring.

“The proprietor of the farm on which the famous explosion of the crater took place has transplanted upon the crater and the contiguous earthworks numbers of the small peach trees which have sprung up on the site of the rebel camps. These with weeds and wild vines will serve to preserve the outlines that mark the spot of one of the most awful tragedies of the war.”^{clxxii}

“It is wonderful to notice how soon nature removes the marring effects of barbarous war... On the bomb-proofs grow an assorted crop consisting of tobacco, wheat, clover and rye. In front of the works I saw a tiny bunch of violets bursting up through a bullet-hole in an old canteen, and nearby it a perpetual rose rested its crimson blossom on a shell that had rushed its stem. Peach trees pierced and shattered with musket balls were in full spring dress, and one bough reclined its flowery head on the grave of some fallen warrior. Nature will obliterate all indications of the terrible struggles enacted here in a brief period and the vast fortifications of Petersburg will only be known as a historical truth.”^{clxxiii}

In the years that would follow, death would be driven from the land and Nature’s memorial to the fallen of both North and South was witnessed and welcomed by many.



An undated photograph of the Crater with immature peach trees and skulls in a row



Two very different harvests: One provided by the hand of nature and one wrought by man

By 1869 the small peach trees along the outlines of the “horrid pit” had borne fruit.

Tangibly...

“On the banks of the crater we noticed a fine growth of young peach trees in full bearing order this season.”^{clxxiv}

And Symbolically...

“Some years after the war, I visited this crater, then grass-covered with a good-size peach tree at the bottom, a sort of living memorial to the hundreds buried beneath.”^{clxxv}

This is the only legacy left by our poor fellows who were on the advance line within one hundred yards of the enemy. Having eaten the fruit while on picket duty, they cast the seed aside and now they appear in one continuous line of forty-five miles in beautiful trees, yielding the greatest variety of the finest fruit.”^{clxxvi}

In 1870, tales of the young trees in bloom were verified by photographs taken of visitors to the Crater (the “Horrid Pit”)



This photograph was taken in 1870 of people visiting the Crater at Petersburg, VA.
<http://civilwartalk.com/threads/petersburg-crater-battlefield-in-1870.91612/>

The peach trees and their stories continued to grow.

“For thirty miles along the earthworks of both armies at Petersburg, there was one pink flower garden of peach trees last May, followed by one vast garden of fruit – all grown from the peach stones that we or

such as we threw away. The terrible “Crater” itself now in spring blushes pink with flowers where it was one red with blood. Beauty for ashes, verdure for death – thus the record of our marches and bivouacs is written. This is what nature has done.”^{clxxvii}

This is Nature striving to cover up and obliterate all traces of the awful carnage enacted by man on this very spot only ten years ago.”^{clxxviii}

There were numerous observations of peach trees; one man recalled this same scene while actually sitting in one.^{clxxix} Observations repeated by so many sources attests to their veracity. The stories may seem romantic, but its “seeds” were generated by actual peach pits themselves.

After the killing season had ended, each side would take solace from the trees and the benediction that their blossoms marked the location where comrades had died and doubtless where many including the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone still laid buried.^{clxxx clxxxi clxxxii clxxxiii clxxxiv}

In 1881, perhaps driven by a need to mark the area where the hundreds of the South Carolina defenders lost their lives in the explosion of the Crater, an additional detail would be added to the story of Nature’s benediction, a white blossom specifically honoring those men.

“There is a delightful thing about Petersburg that never before has been mentioned in print. The city is bordered in its suburbs by a long belt of peach trees, which, in the spring, turn myriad white blossoms out to the sun, and thus give a beautiful girdle to the place once trussed with bands of iron and cordons of steel. In that long and weary year of watchfulness the Southern soldiers were glad to get fruit and the best things that came to them from the Carolinas were peaches, whereof the pink flesh was sweeter than honeydew. The kernels were dropped upon the battleground; the army tramped sorely on to Appomattox; winter came again, and then from the peaches spring fruit trees that have flourished to this day. Down in the sunny South there is a kind of peach that shows a white bud; elsewhere the blossom is touched with pink. All other peach trees around Petersburg have the pink flower, and the battlefield peach thus keeps its mark and proud distinction. So, now, starting from the river at the north, Lee’s line may be traced for six miles or more by the far-reaching orchard planted in blood.”^{clxxxv}
(Emphasis added)

The Only Legacy to Our Poor Fellows

The trees were still present as late as July 1907. They faded away in both print and from the land at approximately the same time construction was started on two monuments erected to the Pennsylvania war dead in their proximity.^{clxxxvi} Nature's tribute to "a private or two" for both sides made way for monuments erected to one side and named in honor of two of its rarer birds of brighter plumage, Major General John F. Hartranft^{clxxxvii} and Colonel George W. Gowen^{clxxxviii}.

Fifty years after the war, the construction of man-made monuments, intended to remove sectional ill will, removed Nature's own monument. Much like the unknown men they honored, Nature's blossoms of remembrance, or perhaps of forgiveness, were overlooked as an insignificant tribute when compared with monoliths carved in stone honoring "rarer birds of brighter plumage."^{clxxxix}

**"Blossoms are Glorious Precisely because they are Ephemeral.
For their Moment, they are shining."^{cxc}**

Today, much like the nameless fallen sparrows themselves, no trace remains of the peach trees and their benediction, the blossoms of remembrance. Their "harvest has indeed passed." Yet, Nature's tribute to these men and their sacrifice, their existence now found only in memory, remains undeniable. An ephemeral reminder of the balm of healing which released the land from horror's grip. A shining moment, when these peach trees, "in full spring dress", did honor to all the unknown dead, amongst them the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone.^{cxc}



EPILOGUE

The dead continue to live by way of the resurrection we give them in telling their stories^{cxcii}

One Confederate boy struggled for several days to get home, avoiding Union soldiers and eating what he could find along the way, he wrote:

“I reached home May 25, 1865. I found my father and mother working in the garden. Neither knew me at first glance, but when I smiled and spoke to them, mother recognized me and with tears of joy clasped me to her arms. My father stood by gazing upon me in mute admiration. Their long-lost boy had been found.”^{cxci}

This story with its happy ending was denied to the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone. None of these men and boys whose faces we see in the Garden of Death ever returned home and their stories exists solely in the grim reality of death seen in Roche’s photographs. Denied a name and assigned a number, what we see and what we can never see leaves us in the presence of overwhelming loss.

We do not know their names. We do not know who loved them. We do not know if their loved ones were ever told of their deaths or only realized it by their continued absence, first over months and then over years. We do not know how long it took to finally abandon any hope of a return of a husband, a father, a son, or a brother. Their families never learned where they were laid, and perhaps even today, they still remain where they fell, overlooked by the kind hands of strangers that sought them for burial in Blandford Cemetery. Lost yet again, perhaps they will forever lie in the ground they died to defend. The only memorial marking where they fell, the blossoms of remembrance provided by Nature, has been lost as well.

The Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone were lost to their world from the moment they fell and today they remain lost to our world in every possible sense of that word. On the 150th observance of their fall, while glancing at photographs taken at the moment of their deaths, perhaps enhanced in vibrant *living* color, the sacrifice in the loss “of a mere private or two” will again be overlooked, lost like tears cried in an ocean.

In a world which reserves resurrection by telling the stories only of those lives it deems to be of “greater value within a greater history,” what hope remains to see any value in the fall of a mere sparrow? *Without even a name to provide us with the “little incidents of little lives”, what hope of resurrection can we possibly give those lost dead whom our history has chosen to overlook whose small stories we can never even know?*

BUT HOPE REMAINS

Not every sparrow that died in the Garden of Death on April 2nd was left to be lost in a mass grave for the nameless. During the early morning evacuation of Petersburg April 3rd, members of the Washington Artillery of Louisiana placed the body of one of their own fallen sparrows, Private Frank E. Coyle^{cxciiv}, killed in the fighting during the 2nd, against the wall of the Second Presbyterian Church on West Washington Street. A note lay on Coyle's chest pleaded that "Some kind friend will please bury this man."^{cxcv}

Later that morning, the triumphant Union forces upon entering the long sought "Last Citadel" were halted by this same man, Petersburg's last defender. The city's sole remaining Confederate sentinel was still doing service from the ranks of the dead.

On the 150th occurrence of that day's event, providentially on Good Friday, April 3, 2015, the unknown "Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone" are resurrected by telling the remarkable story told of another fallen sparrow whose name we do know. From the ranks of the dead, Private Frank E. Coyle would perform one last service.

An Eyewitness Account to "The Burial of Private Coyle"^{cx cvi}

"Early on the morning of the 3rd, the Rev. Churchill B. Gibson, rector of Grace Church came over to ask my husband's aid in the burial of a Confederate soldier he had discovered in the early dawn propped up against the wall of the Second Presbyterian Church just opposite his residence.

A placard was attached on his breast on which was written;

"Frank E. Coyle, Third Company of Washington Artillery, killed at the front on Sunday. Some kind friend will please bury this man."

With the grim, stern visage, with which he fell with his face to the foe, this dead Confederate sat stiff and stark against the wall of the church, his blanket rolled baldric-wise across his chest, his hands clasped across it. Brought on his caisson by his sorrowing brothers in arms thus far, with this mute but eloquent appeal affixed to his breast, he sat a gruesome spectacle – the sole brave defender left to meet the advanced foe.

Mr. Morrison secured the aid of an old colored man, Jack Hill, a slave of Mrs. Julie Meade, who also lived near the church who offered his assistance and with William H. Tappey, a neighbor who also volunteered to help, began the solemn task of digging the grave in the churchyard, Mr. Gibson assisting also with his own hands.

By the time they had completed the work the whole of Grant's grand army was marching up Washington Street in full pursuit of Lee and his handful of veterans. With a rustle of proud banner folds and a peal of stormy drums they advanced, by divisions, by corps, by brigades, thousands upon thousands of men in blue. But neither the blare of the trumpets, nor the tramp of armed men, attired in all the pomp and panoply of war, attracted even a temporary notice from these men busy over that solemn task.

Just as Mr. Gibson, with his sweet, sonorous voice, uttered these impressive words of the Episcopal service, *"For as much as it hath pleased Almighty God in His wise Providence to take out of this world the soul of our deceased brother"*; and they lifted the body wrapped in its blanket, waiting for the words, *"We therefore commit his body to the earth..."* a Yankee soldier, either a sutler or comp follower, evidently a German from his accent, lounged up to the fence with a short black pipe in his mouth and with a red cap on his head, asked in drawling contemptuous tones, *"Putting Jonnie in an ice-house, eh?"*

Mr. Gibson calmly went on with the service, taking no notice of the interruption, and as *"Ashes to ashes, dust to dust"* fell from his lips, a Federal officer of high rank stepped on the sidewalk and ashamed and indignant at the man who had spoken, waved him away with his sword and said in clear, firm tones; *"A brave soldier, no doubt, whom you are giving a soldier's funeral, his blanket and a grave."*^{cxcvii}

Mr. Gibson immediately stopped, and as they had already lowered the body, waved to them not to fill up the grave and taking the spade from Mr. Morrison's hands, handed it to the officer with these grave words, *"Yes, a brave soldier whom you killed. Would you like to throw the first shovelful of earth upon him?"*

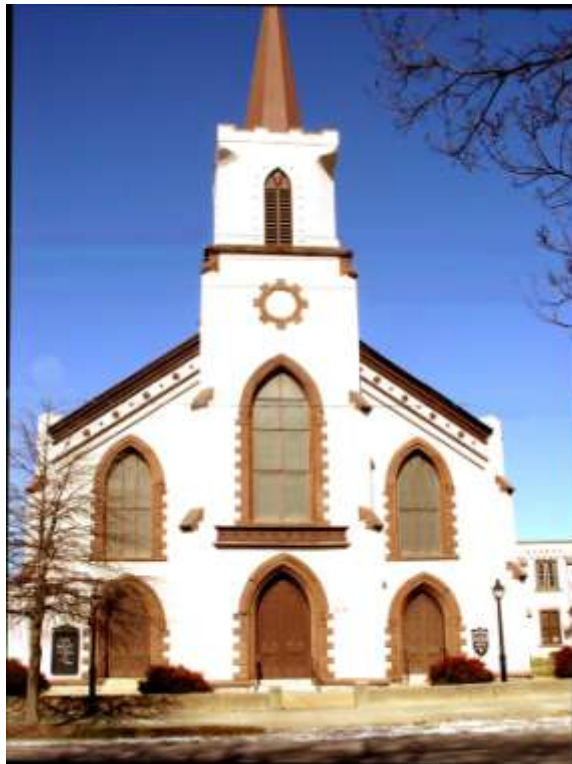
Tears sprang to the eyes of the general, he replaced his chapeau, pulling the brim over his eyes and exclaimed, *"My God, this brings war home to a man. Glory seems far off when the dead you slew lie so near."*

At this moment a company of Federals came marching in full military order up Perry Street and deployed into Washington Street at the crossing of these streets. The gallant officer in command seeing what was going on, his attention being directed to it by the general who pointed and silently, with his sword to the scene, with no feeling in his brave heart but chivalrous emotion like the other brave officer who had spoken, immediately came to a halt and with the command *"About Face"* the whole company turned and came to a *"Present Arms."* He also uncovered like the general and silently waited until Mr. Gibson finished the burial, and then giving the military salute, they quickly resumed their line of March.

The whole advancing column of the grand army was thus retarded until the grave was filled up. No more beautiful tribute of respect was ever paid in this or any other war to a fallen foe.

And I only add in conclusion that no Southron, from the Potomac to the Rio Grande, had grander funeral obsequies or was buried by saintlier hands than (Private) Frank E. Coyle, Third Company of Washington Artillery.”

Some stories claim that on April 3rd 1865 Frank E. Coyle was found propped against the church wall; others claim he was found in the church doorway.^{cxviii} While the peach trees have vanished, the church remains as it was on the morning that fallen sparrow Frank E. Coyle was found and buried.



Second Presbyterian Church, 419 West Washington Street, Petersburg, Virginia

PROVIDENCE PROVIDES AN EPITAPH FOR THE FALLEN SPARROWS

On April 3rd 1865, the “Glory”, which Abraham Lincoln assured his generals was enough to share, paled in comparison with the remarkable greater purpose guiding the burial of a mere private by the name of Frank E. Coyle. That morning, while there was no glory to be found for Private Coyle amidst the “blare of the trumpets, and the tramp of armed men, attired in all the pomp and panoply of war,” a *very* special providence graced the fall of this one sparrow.”^{excix}

In the efforts undertaken in “Saving Private Coyle” from a nameless mass grave, his brothers in arms allowed every unknown “fallen sparrow” to share in his burial. They hoped for “blanket and a grave” provided one fallen sparrow by “the hands of some kind friend” reached out to embrace each fallen sparrow who had neither. An entire army who had long sought entry into their enemy’s last citadel was halted by the shame of a joke, “putting Jonnie in an ice-house, eh?” Only then did they recognize the enormity of the human loss within their victory when offered to provide the first shovel full of dirt to cover his grave. Two men who had previously seen the war only “on horseback” dismounted, if only for a moment, and stepped away from glory to stand in respect for one sparrow that had “gone afoot” and fallen.

There exists no photograph of Frank Coyle, yet we can see him in the faces of the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone. And while we have no names for them, they find shelter within the story his name provides. Amidst the sesquicentennial observance of events of a greater history, the guiding hand behind this “little incident” sublimely reveals that when telling the story behind one mere sparrow’s fall, its grace releases all of the Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone from the Garden of Death. On the sesquicentennial of that event, Good Friday, April 3, 2015, this one “little story” resurrects them all.

Indeed, even if valued little in this world...“not one sparrow is ever forgotten before God.”^{cc}



**Eternal rest grant unto them O Lord
And let perpetual light shine upon them**

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The Garden of Death
The Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone

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Endnotes

(All links to web citations were active as of April 1, 2015)

ⁱ Notably: Wink, Jay, [April 1865, the Month that Saved America](#). Harper Perennial, New York, London, Toronto, Sidney, 2001

ⁱⁱ The 150th anniversary of Thomas Roche taking these photographs befittingly falls on Good Friday, April 3, 2015

ⁱⁱⁱ The Materials of Sacrifice - Cattle from the herd or from the flock; viz., the bullock and the ox, the cow and the calf, the sheep, male or female, and the lamb, the goat, male or female, and the kid. Of fowls, turtledoves and pigeons...the pigeon and turtledoves were accepted as sin offerings from the poorer people.

<http://jewishencyclopedia.com/articles/12984-sacrifice>.

^{iv} [http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/amss:@field\(DOCID%2B@lit\(cw104620\)\)](http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/amss:@field(DOCID%2B@lit(cw104620)))

Lyrics to The Picket Guard, Civil War Song Sheets, Rare Books and Special Collections Division, Library of Congress, Digital ID cw 104620.

^v William Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act 5, Scene 2

^{vi} Luke 12:6. “In the days of our Lord sparrows were sold for a very low price – two of them for a copper coin (Matt. 10:29). Worth about 1/16 of a silver denarius, and was therefore worth less than a quarter in U.S. Currency today.” “Those who were poor and could not afford to sacrifice a sheep or a goat might bring a sparrow to the Temple (Leviticus. 14:1-7).” So insignificant were these little birds that if you bought four sparrows the seller would throw in one more for free (Luke 12:4-7). It was this extra sparrow of which Jesus said “and not one of them is forgotten before God.” His Eye is on the Sparrow, David Padfield.

<http://www.padfield.com/2001/sparrow.html>

^{vii} From the Hymnal entitled: “Am I born to die?” (Idumea) written by Charles Wesley, 1763

^{viii} Latin for (God) have mercy on us.

^{ix} “*The Guilt of the War.*” Camden Democrat (Camden, N.J.) August 1, 1863, “*The Object of the War*” Sandusky Register (Ohio) May 15, 1861

^x Goldfield David. America Aflame: How the Civil War Created a Nation. Bloomsbury Press, 2011. From the book’s Introduction - “War was not inevitable...The failure is evident in the deaths of over 620,000 young men, the misery of their families and friends left to mourn their loss, the destruction of homes and personal property, the uprooting of households, and the scenes of war haunting those who managed to live through it. Without gainsaying the individual heroism of those who fought and died, it would have been a greater tribute to our nation had they lived.” The destruction of homes and personal property and the uprooting of households was vastly one-sided, confined on southern soil.

Recently the estimates of the number of Civil war dead have been increased by 130,000 from 620,000 to now total as many as 750,000

^{xi} “The President suggested that there was glory enough for all, and certainly all seem to be full of it, from highest to lowest, as this brief colloquy indicated.” *The End Our Details of the Decisive Contest of Sunday (A Contest for Glory)*, New York Herald, April 5, 1865

^{xii} <http://civilwarcauses.org/stat.htm> stating information compiled at the Library of Virginia:

<http://www.virginia.edu/>

Census data indicate that in 1860 only 26% of the Commonwealth of Virginia was slave owners.

^{xiii} Shelby Foote, interviewed by Cater Coleman, Donald Faulkner, William Kennedy in The Paris Review, Summer 1999, No. 151.

^{xiv}“We were at their hearths and homes; ... they were fighting for all the good God gives anyone to fight for.” Major Frederick William Benteen, Battalion Commander of Companies D, H & K of the 7th Cavalry, commenting on Sitting Bull’s forces at The Little Big Horn. (Connell, Evan S. Son of the Morning Star, Custer and the Little Big Horn, North Point Press, A division of Farrar, Straus, and Giroux, New York, Pg. 281.)

^{xv} “*The End of Our Details of the Decisive Contest of Sunday.*” New York Herald, April 5, 1865

^{xvi} “*Grant’s Army*” Richmond Enquirer, March 4, 1865.

^{xvii} John R. Elliott, Petersburg Director of Tourism, as quoted in The Old City, Washington Evening Star, Washington DC, July 30, 1978.

^{xviii} Bartlett, Napier. A soldier’s Story of the War: Including the Marches and Battles of the Washington Artillery, and of other Louisiana Troops, New Orleans, Clark & Hofeline, Book Printers, 1874, Pg. 202.

^{xix} Wise, John Sergeant. The End of an Era, Boston and New York, Houghton, Mifflin and Company, 1901, Pgs. 454-455.

^{xx} The **Copperheads** were a vocal faction of Democrats located in the Northern United States of the Union who opposed the American Civil War, wanting an immediate peace settlement with the Confederates. Republicans started calling antiwar Democrats "Copperheads", likening them to the venomous snake. The Peace Democrats accepted the label, reinterpreting the copper "head" as the likeness of Liberty, which they cut from copper pennies and proudly wore as badges. Thomas, Benjamin P. Abraham Lincoln: A Biography, Alfred A. Knopf, New York, 1952 p. 377.

^{xxi} New York native Andrew J. Russell (1829-1902), artist, soldier, photographer and newspaper correspondent, was 36 in 1865. In 1861-1862 Russell painted a traveling diorama depicting the “War for the Union” to encourage army enlistment in New York. He recruited a company of soldiers and was mustered into the 141st Regiment of the New York Infantry in September 1862. He was subsequently detached from his regiment and appointed government photographer. “Richmond Again Taken”, Re-appraising the Brady Legend through Photographs by Andrew J. Russell. Susan E. Williams, The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, 2002 – Vol. 110, No. 4.

Thomas C. Roche (1826-1895), “The Old Veteran of the Art” as he would be deemed at the Roche Testimonial Dinner given to him in 1884 “For his many good services “, which Roche had performed for the photographic fraternity. Anthony’s Photographic Bulletin for 1884, Vol. XV, New York: Published by E. & H. T. Anthony & Co., No. 591 Broadway.

Very little is known of the early career of Thomas C. Roche. During the Civil War, he worked for E. & H. T. Anthony, New York publishers of cartes-de-visite and Anthony’s popular “instantaneous (stereoscopic) views” and distributors of photographic supplies. In early April 1865, near the war’s end, Roche received special orders from Anthony to work for General Montgomery Meigs. As quartermaster of the Union Army, Meigs was responsible for the procurement and transportation of everything from bootlaces to artillery. He was also an amateur photographer and recognized the military usefulness of documentary photography.

<http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/works-of-art/2005.100.94>

After the war, Roche traveled all over the United States making upwards of 15,000 negatives for the Anthony firm, including some of the earliest landscape view of Yosemite. Amongst other patents, he patented a method of collotype printing placed in commercial use by the Anthony’s Company. Welling, William. Photography in America, the Formative Years 1839-1900, University of New Mexico Press, Albuquerque, 1987, Pg. 326 Roche would co-author a book co-authored and published by his long time employer, Anthony & Co; How to make photographs, a Manual for Amateurs by T. C. Roche and H. T. Anthony, 1895 (Fifth Edition)

In 1865 when he took the photographs at Fort Mahone. Roche was 3 years older than Russell, age 39. Roche, although the author of a book of photography left no record of his wartime photographic career. Russell's recollection can be found at Photographic Reminiscences of the Late War, Anthony's Photographic Bulletin, No. XIII, July 1882, Pgs. 212-213.

^{xxii} City Point was the Union Army's major supply base for the ten-month siege of Petersburg, the last major campaign of the war. A small village with a population of only several hundred when it was taken over by the military, it became in one year the busiest port in the world.

<http://www.metmuseum.org/toah/works-of-art/2005.100.94>

^{xxiii}The key to the Confederate Capitol of Richmond was Petersburg. Petersburg was 20 miles south of Richmond on the Appomattox River, a tributary of the James River and was arguably the most important city in the Confederate States for supplying its Capital. If Petersburg was captured and the railroad destroyed, Richmond would starve. The Richmond- Petersburg campaign officially began on June 9th, 1864 and ended on April 3, 1865 when Union troops finally entered the city after the Confederate withdrawal from its fortifications. That event marked the end of a determined resistance against nine offensives launched in ten months.

<http://www.beyondthecrater.com/resources/bat-sum/petersburg-siege-sum/>

^{xxiv} The stereoscopic views were part of the "War for the Union" series marketed by Anthony. The images taken at Fort Mahone on Monday, April 3, 1865 by Thomas C. Roche would capture the reality of the Confederacy's allegorical "Last Ditch." The War for Southern Independence would implode within days; Petersburg was abandoned that same morning and the Confederate Capitol at Richmond evacuated by that same evening. Robert E Lee's surrender of the Army of Northern Virginia at Appomattox would follow on April 9th. It was then only a matter of time before the other Confederate armies would surrender. Gen. Joseph E. Johnston's army in North Carolina, the most threatening of the remaining Confederate armies, surrendered to Maj. Gen. William T. Sherman at Bennett Place in Durham, North Carolina on April 26, 1865: the 89,270 Confederate troopers that laid down their weapons (the largest surrender of the war) marked the virtual end of the conflict. General Taylor surrendered his army at Citronelle, Alabama in early May, followed by General Edmund Kirby Smith surrendering the Confederate Trans-Mississippi Department in May near New Orleans, Louisiana. Upon hearing about General Lee's surrender, Nathan Bedford Forrest, "The Wizard of the Saddle", also surrendered, reading his farewell address on May 9, 1865 at Gainesville, Alabama. Cherokee Brig. Gen. Stand Watie surrendered the last sizable organized Confederate force on June 23, 1865 in Oklahoma. There were several more small battles after Lee's surrender, with the Battle of Palmito Ranch on May 12-13, 1865, commonly regarded as the final military action of the Confederacy. Commander James Iredell Waddell surrendered the *CSS Shenandoah* on November 6, 1865, at Liverpool, England.

^{xxv} Wilson, Robert. Mathew Brady, Portraits of a Nation, a Biography. Bloomsbery USA, New York 2013, Pg. 187

^{xxvi} Roche was already employed by Anthony when these photographs were taken. See:

http://www.mdgorman.com/Written_Accounts/NARA/rg_92_national_archives.htm

^{xxvii} Frassanito, William A., Grant and Lee, The Virginia Campaigns, 1864-1865, MacMillan Publishing Company, New York, NY, 1983, Page 336

^{xxviii} "Thomas Roche took not one, but two exposures, of each dead man from slightly different angles. The two exposures when blended and viewed through a hand-held device called a stereoscope, achieve a striking three-dimensional effect. The stereo reproduction of the dead confederate would render the young man's protruding entrails especially vivid." Quoted by author Thomas M. Emory in his Travels to Hallowed Ground, An Historian's Journey to the American Civil War, University of South Carolina Press, 1987, Page 132. Emory was referring to Anthony 3185. In his book, Emory is haunted by this young man's image and it is the recurring theme of his

section: Protruding Entrails and Petersburg found on Pages 124-136. It is horrific to think that this image could also be offered hand tinted in color, as we see in Anthony 3188.

^{xxxix} As described in heartbreaking detail in the remarkable article authored by Frederick Adolphus I 2013:

<http://adolphusconfederateuniforms.com/the-confederate-soldier-of-fort-mahone.html>

^{xxx} <http://teachingamericanhistory.org/library/document/the-war-with-mexico-speech-in-the-united-states-house-of-representatives/>

^{xxxi} Blackford, Charles M. Annals of the Lynchburg Home Guard, 1891, Published by The Company.

^{xxxii} “Roche’s images of the dead of Petersburg marked the seventh and last time a Civil War photographer captured the dead of battle in the field before their burial.” Quoted in Zeller, Bob. The Blue and Gray in Black and White, a History of Civil War Photographs. Westport, Connecticut, London. 2005, Pg. 165

The overwhelming majority of the dead taken throughout the war later captured in the 10 volume monumental “Photographic History of the Civil War was those of Confederate dead. Miller, F. Trevelyan, 1877-1959, The Photographic History of the Civil War, New York, The Review of Reviews Co., 1911.

Many of Roche’s photographs taken that day would be included in Volume Three, The Decisive Battles, Pages 289-294

^{xxxiii} http://www.mdgorman.com/Written_Accounts/NARA/rg_92_national_archives.htm

^{xxxiv} The artillery bombardment Roche referred to commenced approximately 10:00 p.m. on April 1st. Roche made his way to the front (approximately 8 miles) a short time later arriving at the rear of the Ninth Corps positions sometime around dawn on April 2nd just in time to witness the beginnings of the daylong series of infantry assaults. He probably spent most of his time seeking out the site of the heaviest fighting – a quest that eventually led him to the nerve center of the Ninth Corps offensive, Fort Sedgwick, located on the Jerusalem Plank Road (situated less than 700 yards to the east of Fort Mahone). Most likely Roche and his unnamed assistant spent the night of April 2nd sleeping in the vicinity of Fort Sedgwick.” Frassanito, William A., Grant and Lee, The Virginia Campaigns, 1864-1865. MacMillan Publishing Company, New York, NY, 1983, Pg. 338-339.

^{xxxv} Frassanito, William A., Grant and Lee, The Virginia Campaigns, 1864-1865. MacMillan Publishing Company, New York, NY, 1983, Pg. 338-339.

^{xxxvi} Frassanito, William A., Grant and Lee, The Virginia Campaigns, 1864-1865. MacMillan Publishing Company, New York, NY, 1983. Only identified in Frassanito’s book as VII-2 and VII-3, original Anthony catalog caption unknown and no catalog number issued indicating the pictures were not marketed no doubt due to lack of subject matter.

^{xxxvii} Hartford, Conn. Press of the Case, Lockwood & Brainard Company, 1893.

^{xxxviii} The original 1865 Anthony descriptive titles are almost certainly based on notes supplied by Roche. Frassanito, William A., Grant and Lee, The Virginia Campaigns, 1864-1865, MacMillan Publishing Company, New York, NY, 1983, Pg. 344.

^{xxxix} “*Advertisement, E. & H.T. Anthony & Co.*” Daily Eastern Argus (Portland, ME), May 10, 1865.

^{xl} “*Advertisement; E. & H.T. Anthony & Co.*” Frank Leslie’s Illustrated Newspaper, New York, Aug. 12, 1865.

^{xli} *Advertisement, E. & H. T. Anthony & Co.*, Canton Repository (Canton, Ohio) January 18, 1865

^{xlii} Browne, R. B. and Kreier, Lawrence A. Jr. The Civil War and Reconstruction. Greenwood Press, Westport, CT, 2003, Page 168-169.

^{xliii} Written on reverse of the stereo cards re-issued by Taylor and Huntington, later known as *The War Photograph and Exhibition Company*, John C. Taylor Publisher - published between 1880 and 1890.

^{xliv} In our own time, perhaps the most famous black and white “death study” is the series of photographs taken of Senator Robert Kennedy laying on the floor of the Ambassador Hotel on June 5, 1968. The thought of rendering any of those in color under the justification that it could better bring a viewer “into that historic moment” is repugnant. Regrettably, this level of an appropriate heightened sensitivity and the respect due identified dead is absent for the unidentified man only named by a number in “3188” or any of the Fallen Sparrows.

^{xlv} The stereoscope 3-D viewer dated from the 1850’s but on the eve of the war, Oliver Wendell Holmes Sr. created and deliberately did not patent a handheld, streamlined more economical stereoscope 3-D viewer than had been available earlier. (Oliver Wendell Holmes, Sr. b. 1809-d.1894, Boston-based American physician, poet, professor, lecturer and medical reformer. His son of the same name was the noted American jurist and Supreme Court Justice.)

^{xlvi} The photographs taken of the Confederate dead at Antietam would mark the first occasion. Those taken by Roche at Petersburg would mark the seventh and last time. Holmes, Oliver Wendell (January 1869). “The American Stereoscope” - *Image* (Rochester, N.Y.: International Museum of Photography at George Eastman House Inc. Reprinted in March, 1952 from *The Philadelphia Photographer* of January, 1869,) 1 (3): 1. Retrieved June 17, 2014

^{xlvii} O. W. (Oliver Wendell) Holmes (Sr.), “Doings of Sunbeams”, Atlantic Monthly, Vol. XII, July, 1863, No. LXIX, Pg. 69

^{xlviii} Thomas, Emory M. Travels to Hallowed Ground, A Historian’s Journey to the American Civil War. University of South Carolina Press, 1987, Pg. 133.

^{xlix} Miller, F. Trevelyan, 1877-1959, The Photographic History of the Civil War, New York, The Review of Reviews Co., 1911.

^l In addition to the desire to do so, the North was able to do so. Of the two sides, it had by far the greater opportunity along with the supplies and the photographers necessary to record these scenes.

^{li} Leviticus 19:1-18

^{lii} How Thomas Roche determined this boy’s age remains unknown. It could have been determined simply by visual observation. Indeed he appears to be no older than that, and perhaps even younger. It could have come from soldiers in the area that were aware of details based on the boy’s pockets being rifled or other information gleaned from the area, perhaps even one of the now missing rosters that were looted as souvenirs. What is certain is that for whatever reason, those that actually saw him determined that he was “about 14.”

^{liii} The Battle Hymn of the Republic

^{liv} Hamilton, Brendan. Jerusalem Plank Road, Durga Press, Loveland, Colorado, 2010, Pg. 13

^{lv} <http://books.google.com/books?id=VqhUAAAAYAAJ&pg=PA397&dq=%22somebody%27s+darling%22&hl=en&sa=X&ei=IK01VMqZJtCxogSyzYCIBg&ved=0CE0Q6AEwCA#v=onepage&q=%22somebody%27s%20darling%22&f=false>

^{lvi} “People deserve for someone to cry over them.” Observation made by a stranger attending the ceremony held at the Los Angeles County Cemetery that honored the 1,489 unclaimed people cremated in 2011. “*Funeral l for L.A. County’s unclaimed dead remembers the forgotten.*” Los Angeles Times. Dec. 10, 2014.

^{lvi} David Lowe and Philip Shiman, “Substitute for a Corpse”, Civil War Times, Dec. 2010, Pgs. 40-41
<http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/cwp2003005131/PP/>

^{lviii} Diligence is also required when reading both the original caption along with any subsequent “editorial enhancements.”

The caption provided by E. & H.T. Anthony for the reverse of the Roche stereo card for 3187 stated:
“This view was taken in the trenches of the Rebel Fort Mahone, called by the Soldiers "Fort Damnation" the morning after the storming of Petersburg, Va, April 2nd, 1865 and shows a boy about 14 years, who must have been asleep when the attack was made, as he is only partially dressed; he was killed as he came out from a Bomb Proof, he has on the Rebel grey uniform.” In captioning this image for use in The Photographic History of the Civil War, the editors in 1911 expanded on the original description to now state that “As his general watched, this boy fought to stem the federal rush – but fell, *his breast pierced by a bayonet*, in the Trenches of Fort Mahone...” - either mistaking the shadow seen on the boy’s shirt, or knowingly mis-stating that it was a bayonet wound to reflect the heightened pathos in their caption. Miller, F. Trevelyan, 1877-1959, The Photographic History of the Civil War, New York, The Review of Reviews Co., 1911.

Volume Three, The Decisive Battles, Pages 289-294. In reality, the boy likely died by shell concussion, killed while exiting the Bomb Proof, as the original caption indicated and not by actual combat in the trench, However, that observation provides no comfort whatsoever when viewing this heartless reality.

^{lix} “*Had High Living*” *Three Remarkable Weeks of it in the Petersburg Trenches*, New Haven Register (New Haven, CT) July 13, 1900.

^{lx} Fold3 records would disclose that many of the men enrolled in the local Petersburg companies received new uniforms in December, 1864.

^{lxi} The placement of a hat on the man’s face cannot be solely contributed to Roche staging the scene. Placing folded hands on the chest and a hat over the face of the deceased was apparently a common practice when abandoning dead comrades. South Carolina Private Harry Bahnson left just such a recollection: “I shot at three men who were crossing a ditch on a rail, less than a hundred yards away. The middle man dropped into the ditch, and I noticed his companions draw him up and lay him on the bank, crossing his hands and covering his face with his hat.” “The Last Days of the War, As Seen by a Confederate Private, Henry T. Bahnson” Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion. The North Carolina Booklet, Vol. II, April, 1903, No. 12. Pgs. 9-23. However, It is worth mentioning that the man we see in 3185, while he has a hat covering his face, his hands are not folded on his chest but behind his head. How his hat and hands were originally found vs. what further actions Roche took in manipulating them remains unknown, and this question remains for any of the photographs in which a man is seen with his hands crossed.

^{lxii} David Lowe and Philip Shiman, “Substitute for a Corpse”, Civil War Times, Dec. 2010, Pgs. 40-41
<http://www.loc.gov/pictures/item/cwp2003005131/PP/>

^{lxiii} 20 year old Cyrus Barksdale Watson,, Company K, 45th North Carolina Regiment recalled that: “Along the line of works we occupied, we had but one man to five or six feet, an ordinary skirmish line” and “It was a matter of surprise to us during the day that we did not receive reinforcements. We did not know that our lines were broken throughout their length and that every soldier in the army of General Lee was doing five men’s work...”
Histories of the Several Regiments and Battalions from North Carolina in the Great War 1861-65, Written by Members of the Respective Commands, Edited by Walter Clark, Vol. III, Published by the State, Nash Brothers Book and Job Printers, Goldsboro, N.C. 1901, Pgs. 56-58.

<https://archive.org/details/historiesofsever03clar>

^{lxiv} Extracts of Letters of Major General Bryan Grimes, to his Wife; Written While in Active Service in the Army of Northern Virginia. Together with some Personal Recollections of the War, Written by him after its close. Compiled from original manuscript by Pulaski Cowper, Raleigh, N.C., E. Broughton & Co., 1883, Pgs. 107-111

<http://docsouth.unc.edu/fpn/grimes/grimes.html>

^{lxv} The Last Days of the War, As Seen by a Confederate Private, Henry T. Bahnsen” Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion. The North Carolina Booklet, Vol. II, April, 1903, No. 12. Pgs. 9-23.

^{lxvi} N. Y. Public Library, Stephen A. Schwarzman Building / Photography Collection, Miriam and Ira D. Wallach Division of Art, Prints and Photographs, Cat. Call Number: MFYDennis Coll92-F14, Record ID:665662, Digital ID: G92F147_020F.

^{lxvii} Pegram was mortally wounded on April 1st at the Battle of Five Forks and died the following morning. Hill was shot and killed on April 2nd as he rode to the front of the Petersburg lines. The final moments of both men are meticulously recorded. The only recollection located thus far that provided a name with details of a death that was a potential match for any Fallen Sparrows (Privates) was that for Abner Crews mentioned later in this article. Unfortunately, he cannot be tied to any one man viewed.

^{lxviii} The Confederate Fort Mahone was referred to as “Fort Damnation” by the Union and its opposing bastion, the Union Fort Sedgwick was known as “Fort Hell” to the Confederates.

^{lxix} “Hartranft and his Men at Petersburg...Some of its scenes and Incidents.” J. Howard Wert, Harrisburg Telegraph, May 24, 1905, Page 2.

^{lxx} “*The End of Our Details of the Decisive Contest of Sunday.*” New York Herald, April 5, 1865.

^{lxxi} Cheval de frise (singular) Chevaux de frise (plural) A medieval defensive anti-cavalry measure consisting of a portable frame (sometimes just a simple log) covered with many projecting long iron or wooden spikes or spacers. Originally intended as an anti-cavalry obstacle the device could also be moved quickly to help block a breach in another barrier or could be chained together to form a longer defensive line. We know this was the case at Fort Mahone from first hand witnesses seeing Union soldiers “cutting the chains that linked the parts together with axes.” Histories of the Several Regiments and Battalions from North Carolina in the Great War 1861-65, Written by Members of the Respective Commands, Edited by Walter Clark, Vol. III, Published by the State, Nash Brothers Book and Job Printers, Goldsboro, N.C. 1901, Pg. 57.

<https://archive.org/details/historiesofsever03clar>

^{lxxii} Culver, F.E., “Entered and Escaped from Fort Mahone.” Confederate Veteran Vol. XVIII, 1910, Pg. 368.

^{lxxiii} “*Muster Roll of the 46th*”, The Wilmington Star, (North Carolina) August 1, 1914.

^{lxxiv} Biography of Thomas P. Beals from Biographical Review, Cumberland County, Maine, Boston Published by Biographical Review Publishing Company, 1896, Pages 488-489.

^{lxxv} “Fort Mahone and Other Struggles”, P. J. Rast, Confederate Veteran, Volume 25, Issue No. 8, August 1917, Page 355.

^{lxxvi} Confederate sources include the recollections of:

Private Cyrus B. (Barksdale) Watson, Company K, 45th North Carolina, age 20 at Fort Mahone
Thomas S. Kenan, Colonel, 43rd Regiment, age 27 at Fort Mahone
Sgt. Major Hamden B. Osborne, 53rd North Carolina, age 19 at Fort Mahone
Private P. (Paul) J. Rast, 3rd Alabama, age 21 at Fort Mahone

Rast provides actual names of casualties, none of which vetted for Sparrow or any of the other men seen in Roche's photographs; Capt. Wat Phelan, Lieuts. Dan Wheeler and Ed Taylor, Ensign Dink Taylor, Sgt. Sharp. Alfonso Meadows, J.W. Norwood and Tom McDonald)

Private Thomas Pollack Devereux, Courier to General Bryan Grimes, age 20 at Fort Mahone

Private Henry T. Bahnson, Company B, 9th Battery North Carolina Sharpshooters (also known as the 1st Battalion), age 20 at Fort Mahone

^{lxxvii} <http://www.petersburgsiege.org/final.html> IX Corps Assault - the Battle of Fort Mahone:

The Union's IX Corps held the original lines east of Petersburg and curving slightly to the west. The opposing lines were held by elements of the Confederate Second Corps, commanded by Lt. Gen. John B. Gordon of Georgia. At the start of Grant's turning movement, Gordon had three divisions --- Walker's, Evans's, and Grimes' --- occupying a stretch of works from the Appomattox River to a small stream known as Lieutenant Run. These were some of the stoutest works in the entire network of fortifications defending Petersburg; the frontage was about 4 miles in width, and Gordon's original force was about 5400 men... Parke's losses for all of April 2nd amounted to around 1,700 men, killed, wounded, and missing. Gordon's losses (which would have included the Fallen Sparrows) were never reported.

^{lxxviii} Extracts of Letters of Major General Bryan Grimes, to his Wife; Written While in Active Service in the Army of Northern Virginia. Together with some Personal Recollections of the War, Written by him after its close, Etc.. Compiled from original manuscript by Pulaski Cowper, Raleigh, N.C., E. Broughton & Co., 1883, Pgs. 107-111

<http://docsouth.unc.edu/fpn/grimes/grimes.html>

^{lxxix} The Struggle for Fort Mahone, By Hamden Osborne, Confederate Veteran, Volume 25, Issue No. 5, May 1917, Pg. 227.

^{lxxx} Fort Mahone and Other Struggles", P. J. Rast, Confederate Veteran, Volume 25, August 1917, Page 355.

^{lxxxxi} "An Old Tunnel Is Discovered" Richmond Times Dispatch, May 15, 1909.

^{lxxxii} <http://www.nccivilwar150.com/features/foreigners/foreigners.htm> "John Jacobs, also originally from Saxony, was a hotel owner in Nags Head prior to his enlistment as a drummer in Company M, 12th North Carolina Infantry in 1861. When his company transferred to the 32nd North Carolina Infantry, Jacobs was promoted to command of the musicians of that regiment. One of those he oversaw was his own son, George Jacobs, who enlisted in New Market, Virginia, on November 27, 1864 at the age of nine – the youngest soldier enlisted in North Carolina during the war. George was sent home at some point in the spring of 1865, but John stayed with the regiment until he surrendered at Appomattox."

^{lxxxiii} "Fort Mahone" The National Tribune, September 13, 1906.

^{lxxxiv} <http://www.jvmusic.net/short-history-of-the-26th-north-carolina-regimental-band/>

^{lxxxv} Lieutenant (Possibly Major) William J. Behan, 2nd Company, Washington Artillery, was 24 at Fort Mahone. He survived the war and would serve as the 41st Mayor of New Orleans (Nov. 20, 1882 – April 28, 1884.)

^{lxxxvi} "The Struggle for Fort Mahone, By Hamden Osborne, Confederate Veteran, Pgs. 228-229.

^{lxxxvii} Owen, William Miller. In Camp and Battle with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. Boston, Ticknor and Company, 1885 Pg. 360.

Footnotes on pages 352-353 provide the details for the Organization of the Artillery, Army of Northern Virginia, August 31, 1864, which includes the Thirteenth Virginia Battalion Artillery, Col. W. M. (William Miller) Owen, Davidson's Battery, Lieut.. J. H. (John Hamden) Chamberlayne; Dickinson's Battery, Capt. C. Dickinson; Otey Battery, Capt. D.N. Walker and Battalion Washington Artillery, Lieut.-Col. B. F. Eshleman. First Company, Capt.

Edward Owen; Second Company, Capt. J.B. Richardson; Third Company, Captain Andrew Hero, Jr.; Fourth Company, Capt. Jo. Norcom.

^{lxxxvii} Greene, Wilson A. The Final Battles of the Petersburg Campaign, Breaking the Backbone of the Rebellion, Second Edition, The University of Tennessee Press/Knoxville, 2008, Pg. 433.

Battalion Washington Artillery, Lt. Colonel B. F. Eshleman. First Company, Capt. Edward Owen, Second Company, Capt. J.B. Richardson, Third Company, Captain Andrew Hero, Jr., Fourth Company, Capt. Jo. Norcom
^{lxxxix} Greene, Wilson A. The Final Battles of the Petersburg Campaign, Breaking the Backbone of the Rebellion, Second Edition, The University of Tennessee Press/Knoxville, 2008, Pg. 433.

^{xc} <http://babel.hathitrust.org/cgi/pt?id=mdp.39015051352311;view=1up;seq=10>

Chamberlayne, C.G. Ham Chamberlayne – Virginian, Letters and Papers of an Artillery Office In the War for Southern Independence 1861-1865, with Introduction, Notes and Index by his son, C. G. Chamberlayne, Copyright 1932 by C. G. Chamberlayne, Richmond, Virginia pg. 297 Letter: John Hampden Chamberlayne to Martha Burwell Chamberlayne, Dec. 17, 1864.

^{xcii} <http://www.longstreetcv.org/newsltrs/200709.htm> In talking about Petersburg; “Russell Darden told us his Watkins ancestors had a farm in the path of the Yankee Army. His great-grandmother died on December 7th, only three months after the death of her husband. Although none of that family had served in the Confederate Army, the Yankees burned the home and a building full of cotton.”

^{xciii} Murphy, Jim. The Boys War, Confederate and Union Soldiers Talk About the Civil War. Clarion Books, NY 1990, Pg. 80-81

^{xciv} Fagel, Thomas R. The History Buff’s Guide to the Civil War. Sourcebooks, Inc. 2003. Blandford Church Cemetery contains between 25,000 – 30,000 confederate dead among which less than 3,000 are identified.

^{xcv} Faust, Drew Gilpin. This Republic of Suffering, Death and the American Civil War. Alfred A. Knopf, a Division of Random House, Inc. New York 2008, Pg. 69,

^{xcvi} [http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/amss:@field\(DOCID%2B@lit\(cw104620\)\)](http://memory.loc.gov/cgi-bin/query/r?ammem/amss:@field(DOCID%2B@lit(cw104620)))

Lyrics to The Picket Guard, Civil War Song Sheets, Rare Books and Special Collections Division, Library of Congress, Digital ID cw 104620.

^{xcvii} Murphy, Jim The Boys War, Confederate and Union Soldiers Talk About the Civil War. Clarion Books, NY 1990, Pg. 79.

^{xcviii} Faust, Drew Gilpin. This Republic of Suffering, Death and the American Civil War. Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc. New York 2008, Page 73.

^{xcix} Faust, Drew Gilpin. This Republic of Suffering, Death and the American Civil War. Alfred A. Knopf, a division of Random House, Inc. New York 2008, Page 71.

^{cx} O. W. (Oliver Wendell) Holmes (Sr.), “Doings of Sunbeams”, Atlantic Monthly, Vol. XII, July, 1863, No. LXIX, Pg. 69

^cFagel, Thomas R. The History Buff's Guide to the Civil War, Sourcebooks, Inc. 2003
Blandford Church Cemetery Petersburg, Virginia. Pgs. 336-337.

^{ci} Confederate Burials, as recorded by the Ladies Memorial Association of Petersburg, Va. Fair Grounds Vicinity.

^{cii} "The Ceremonies on Monday, The Monument – History of the Ladies Association – How they Succeeded - All Woman's Work", Richmond Dispatch, June 8, 1890, Page 3.

^{ciii} The Siege of Petersburg On Line, citing NP: "*The Battle of the Crater.*" Atlanta Constitution, November 30, 1885

^{civ} "*The End of Our Details of the Decisive Contest of Sunday, Fort Mahone.*" New York Herald, April 5, 1865.

^{cv} "The Last Days of the War, As Seen by a Confederate Private, Henry T. Bahnson" Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion. The North Carolina Booklet, Vol. II, April, 1903, No. 12. Pgs. 9-23.

Private Henry T. Bahnson (1845-1917) age 20 at Fort Mahone Company B, 9th Battn. North Carolina Sharpshooters (also known as 1st Battn. North Carolina Sharpshooters.)

^{cvi} Henry Theodore Bahnson, born March 4, 1845 turned 20 in the trenches at Petersburg. He was born in Lancaster, Pennsylvania, his father, George Frederick Bahnson was a Moravian Bishop. In 1849, the family moved to Salem, N.C. Bahnson attended the Salem Boy's School before transferring in 1858 to Nazareth Hall in Pennsylvania. He then undertook theological studies at the Moravian Theological Seminary in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. In 1862 Bahnson returned to North Carolina and enlisted in the Confederate Army. He served in Company G of the 2nd North Carolina Infantry Battalion until his capture at the Battle of Gettysburg. After six months of captivity divided between the Baltimore City Jail and Point Lookout, Maryland, he was exchanged and returned to service with the Confederate Army. After his return he was assigned to Company B, 1st North Carolina Sharpshooters Battalion. He served with this unit until his capture in the course of the Confederate surrender at Appomattox Court House, Va. After a brief internment in Virginia, he was released and made his way back to Salem, N.C. Collection Title: Henry T. Bahnson Papers, Collection Number 05035-z, Southern Historical Collection, Wilson Library, University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill.

Upon his return home, Bahnson would stand over his own grave, his death having been erroneously reported.

^{cvii} The dueling forts of the Union "Fort Sedgwick" and Confederate Fort Mahone were each named after prominent men in both armies; General John Sedgwick and General William Mahone. Each would come to be known by a different name by the men facing fire from each; Union Fort Sedgwick as Fort Hell and Confederate Fort Mahone as Fort Damnation. To the men stationed in the sniper's no man's land between them, they indeed were "Caught between Hell and Damnation."

Few points on the opposing siege lines around Petersburg, Virginia were considered more dangerous than Union Fort Sedgwick, appropriately named "Fort Hell." This prominent earth fortification was strategically located astride the vital Jerusalem Plank Road, just a few hundred yards southeast of Confederate Battery No. 29, variously called Fort Mahone or "Fort Damnation." A guided Tour to Petersburg's "Fort Hell" <http://26nc.org/blog/?p=177>

^{cviii} Life among the Bullets – in the Rifle Pits" by W. A. Day, Confederate Veteran, Volume XXIX, 1921 Pages 216-119.

^{cix} Owen, William Miller. In Camp and Battle with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. Boston, Ticknor and Company, 1885 Pg. 361.

^{cx} "*Intricate System of Tunnels Helped Lee Check Grant*", Richmond Times Dispatch, January 31, 1926.

^{cxii} "From Petersburg to Appomattox" by Thomas P. Devereux, Confederate Veteran, Vol.22, January, 1914, Pg. 261.

^{cxii} From “The Cannoneer”: Recollections of Service in the Army of the Potomac”,^{cxii} “General Meade’s Energy”, Pg. 251-252 <http://www.mocavo.com/The-Cannoneer-Recollections-of-Service-in-the-Army-of-the-Potomac/988006/254>

From “The Cannoneer”: Recollections of Service in the Army of the Potomac,^{cxiii} “General Meade’s Energy”, Pg. 249 <http://www.mocavo.com/The-Cannoneer-Recollections-of-Service-in-the-Army-of-the-Potomac/988006/254>

^{cxiv} “The Great Snow”, Richmond Examiner, April 24, 1864

“Oh the snow, the beautiful snow, Filling the sky and the earth below! Over the house-tops, over the street, Over the heads of the people you meet, dancing, flirting, and skimming along, Beautiful snow! It can do nothing wrong...”:<http://www.bartleby.com/360/3/119.html>

^{cxv} Hess, Earl J. In the Trenches at Petersburg, Field Fortifications & Confederate Defeat, University of North Carolina Press, 2009. Pg. 215, 223.

^{cxvi} “Life among the Bullets – in the Rifle Pits” by W. A. Day, Confederate Veteran, Volume XXIX, 1921 Pages 216-119.

^{cxvii} “Life among the Bullets – in the Rifle Pits” by W. A. Day, Confederate Veteran, Volume XXIX, 1921 Pages 216-219.

^{cxviii} Owen, William Miller. In Camp and Battle with the Washington Artillery of New Orleans. Boston, Ticknor and Company, 1885 Pg. 361.

^{cxix} Private Thomas E. William, Washington Artillery, written in the trenches of Petersburg, <http://www.washingtonartillery.com/Cannoneers%20page.htm>

^{cxx} “Fort Mahone” The National Tribune, September 13, 1906

^{cxxi} Histories of the Several Regiments and Battalions from North Carolina in the Great War 1861-65, Written by Members of the Respective Commands, Edited by Walter Clark, Vol. III, Published by the State, Nash Brothers Book and Job Printers, Goldsboro, N.C. 1901, Pgs. 57-58. <https://archive.org/details/historiesofsever03clar>

^{cxxii} Abner Crews was 29 years old when he died, his age and death wound as described does not a match for any of the men in Roche’s photographs whose full face we can discern.

^{cxxiii} “The Last Days of the War, As Seen by a Confederate Private, Henry T. Bahnsen” Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion. The North Carolina Booklet, Vol. II, April, 1903, No. 12. Pgs. 9-23.

^{cxxiv} Private Abner H. Crews (1835/36 – 1865) age 29
Company A, 1st Battn. North Carolina Sharpshooters

^{cxxv} Thomas Pollock Devereux papers 1878-1912, (#01129-z) In the Southern Historical Collection, Louis Round Wilson Special Collections Library, The University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. “Petersburg to Appomattox”, 18 page typescript letter written to :My dear Kate”, Page 18

^{cxxvi} “Life among the Bullets – in the Rifle Pits” by W. A. Day, Confederate Veteran, Volume XXIX, 1921 Pages 216-119.

^{cxxvii} “The Struggle for Fort Mahone” By Hamden Osborne, Confederate Veteran, Pg. 229.

^{cxxviii}“The Last Days of the War, As Seen by a Confederate Private, Henry T. Bahnson” Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion. The North Carolina Booklet, Vol. II, April, 1903, No. 12. Pgs. 9-23.

^{cxxix} “*The End of Our Details of the Decisive Contest of Sunday, For Mahone*”, New York Herald, April 5, 1865.

^{cxxx} “The Last Days of the War, As Seen by a Confederate Private, Henry T. Bahnson” Company B, 1st North Carolina Battalion. The North Carolina Booklet, Vol. II, April, 1903, No. 12. Pgs. 9-23.

^{cxxxi} “Men at Petersburg” Harrisburg Telegraph (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania) May 24, 1906, Page 2.

^{cxxxii} Union Major Washington Roebling, April, 2, 1865

<http://www.madminutegames.com/MadMinuteBB/viewtopic.php?t=5475&sid=41166e02e3eeb2773475f8d314d7641d>

^{cxxxiii} Recessional by Rudyard Kipling (1897)

^{cxxxiv} Recessional by Rudyard Kipling (1897)

^{cxxxv} Civil War author Jeffry D. Wert

^{cxxxvi} “*The Hour Apparent*,” Syracuse Daily Courier and Union, March 23, 1865

^{cxxxvii} *They Can’t Get Aways of the Loyal League – a Contrast*”, The Age (Philadelphia) June 17, 1864

^{cxxxviii} “*Cheap Sympathy*”, November 28, 1864, The Age (Philadelphia)

^{cxxxix} Executive Mansion Washington, Jan. 19, 1865.

Lieut. General Grant:

Please read and answer this letter as though I was not President, but only a friend. My son, now in his twenty-second year, having graduated at Harvard, *wishes to see something of the war before it ends*. I do not wish to put him in the ranks, nor yet to give him a commission, to which those who have already served long, are better entitled, and better qualified to hold. Could he, without embarrassment to you, or detriment to the service, go into your Military family with some nominal rank, I, and not the public, furnishing his necessary means? If no, say so without the least hesitation, because I am as anxious, and as deeply interested, that you shall not be encumbered as you can be yourself.

Yours truly

A. Lincoln

Two days later, Grant graciously replied that he would be most happy to have Robert serve on his staff

^{cxl} “*Capt. Robert Lincoln*”, Baltimore Sun, March 7, 1865

Heitman: Register of United States Army 1799-1903:

Robert was commissioned an officer in the U.S. Volunteers Adjutant General Department, Infantry Regiment on 11 Feb. 1865. Promoted to Full Captain on Feb. 11, 1865 Mustered out on 10 June 1865.

^{cxli} Dayton Daily Empire (Ohio) Feb. 7, 1865

^{cxlii} “*Robert Lincoln*”, Times-Picayune (New Orleans, Louisiana) March 9, 1865 (published while under Union control)

^{cxliii} While Robert Lincoln reportedly took pride in his approximate one month of active military service escorting VIP visitors to General Grant, no photograph has been located of “Captain” Robert Todd Lincoln. The only image found which depicts him in uniform was a modification of one taken in civilian clothes compiled in a painting recreating a fabricated Lincoln family group photograph. Throughout his father’s presidency, Robert’s protected status was derisively referred to as him being “The Prince of Rails” a parody for the heir to the British throne’s title of the Prince of Wales, or as “Bob-O-Link” parodying the tale of the bird told in the poem Robert of Lincoln; “Robert of Lincoln is telling his name; Bob-O’-Link...*Snug and safe in that nest of ours, Hidden among the summer flowers...*”

^{cxliv} The Hour Apparent, Syracuse Daily Courier and Union, March 23, 1865

^{cxlv} “*Dead of our City*”, in Local Department, Petersburg Index Jan. 24, 1866

^{cxlvi} The Can’t Get Aways of the Loyal League – a Contrast”, The Age (Philadelphia) June 17, 1864

^{cxlvii} PhD Thesis: Modest Proposals: American Satire and Political Change from Franklin to Lincoln, Todd Nathan Thompson, University of Illinois at Chicago, 2008, pg. 345

^{cxlviii} Garrett, Garet. The American Story, Henry Regnery Company, Chicago, Illinois, 2009, Pg. 109

^{cxlix} Abraham Lincoln’s comment was made immediately after his joke told at city Point just prior to his visit to the Garden of Death. After an argument over which general could claim victory for Petersburg, “The President suggested that there was glory enough for all, and certainly all seem to be full of it, from highest to lowest, as this brief colloquy indicated.” “*The End Our Details of the Decisive Contest of Sunday (A Contest for Glory)*”, New York Herald, April 5, 1865, date line April 3rd 9:00 A.M.

^{cl} Daily Milwaukee News, June 29, 1864, citing Detroit Free Press

^{cli} “*Fort Mahone*” The National Tribune, September 13, 1906

^{clii} Tagg, Larry, The Unpopular Mr. Lincoln, The Story of America’s Most Reviled President, Savas Beatie, New York and California 2009, Pg. 452, Pg. 442

^{cliii} “*Lincoln at City Point*”, The National Tribune, Feb. 10, 1910

^{cliv} *Lincoln at City Point*”, The National Tribune, October 23, 1890

^{clv} http://www.stonesentinel.com/Petersburg-South/Lincoln_in_Petersburg-CUPX.php

^{clvi} The Widow’s Mite, The poor widow who “put in more than all the other contributors to the treasury for they only contributed from their surplus wealth, but she, from her poverty, contributed all she had, her whole livelihood (Luke 20:45-21:4).”

^{clvii} William Shakespeare, Macbeth, Act 3, Scene 4

^{clviii} At the conclusion of the group’s “outing”, Kennard’s first hand drawings and a copy of his accompanying narrative, evidently plagiarized from fellow English traveler Edward Moseley (who considered the jaunt “the most interesting “out” I ever had”) were provided to the Illustrated London News. The News never published the story but

later that year an edited version of the journey did appear in London along with a series of sketches, published in a rare booklet titled “Transatlantic Sketches or, Sixty days in America.” Reviewed in the London Morning Post of January 10, 1866 under “Literature.” Two illustrations of Fort Mahone appear in the volume, “A scene in the Trenches”, plate 19, and “Fort Damnation” plate 20.

^{clix} Later version of the journey, compiled in Transatlantic Sketches, or 60 Days in America, unknown publisher, Page 24

^{clx} Transatlantic Sketches, or 60 Days in America, unknown publisher, Pgs. 26-27

^{clxi} English Views of the Civil war, A Unique Excursion to Virginia, April 2-8, 1865, Edited by James I. Robertson, Jr., The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, Vol. 77, No. 2 (Apr., 1969), Pgs. 211-212, Footnote 46 citing Transatlantic Sketches, Pgs. 31-32)

^{clxii} English Views of the Civil war, A Unique Excursion to Virginia, April 2-8, 1865, Edited by James I. Robertson, Jr., The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, Vol. 77, No. 2 (Apr., 1969), Pgs. 201-212

^{clxiii} English Views of the Civil war, A Unique Excursion to Virginia, April 2-8, 1865, Edited by James I. Robertson, Jr., The Virginia Magazine of History and Biography, Vol. 77, No. 2 (Apr., 1969), Pg. 212

^{clxiv} <http://www.jvmusic.net/short-history-of-the-26th-north-carolina-regimental-band>

^{clxv} Advertisement for Cedar Level Plantation included “and a young orchard of about 300 peach trees planted but this spring...”, May 9, 1806, Petersburg Intelligencer, “Also an excellent Orchard, bearing apples, peaches and all kinds of cherries...” – “*Advertisement: Land for sale*” Petersburg Intelligencer, March 15, 1808

^{clxvi} From the poem “Bendemeer’s Stream”

^{clxvii} Worcester (Mass) Magazine, Worcester Board of Trade, Worcester Chamber of Commerce, January 1912, Page 72

^{clxviii} All for the Union, the Civil War Diary and Letters of Elisha Hunt Rhodes, Edited by Robert Hunt Rhodes, First Vintage Civil War Edition, July 1992, Page 214-215.

^{clxix} Recollection of George Bryant Woods, originally printed in April 3, 1865

“*A Ramble through Petersburg, City Point*” Boston Daily Advertiser, April 3, 1865,

^{clxx} Peaches are not only a popular fruit, but are symbolic in many cultural traditions, such as in art, paintings and folk tales such as Peaches of Immortality .Peach blossoms are highly prized in Chinese culture. The ancient Chinese believed the peach to possess more vitality than any other tree because their blossoms appear before leaves sprout

^{clxxi} “*Memorial Day*”, St. Albans Messenger (St. Albans, VT) May 31, 1871

^{clxxii} “*Petersburg and Richmond, Va.*”, Boston Daily Advertiser, Feb. 19, 1866

^{clxxiii} “*Two Hours Along the Old Line*”, Cleveland Leader, April 24, 1865

^{clxxiv} Editorial Correspondence of the Critic, Critic-Record (Washington DC) April 30, 1869

^{clxxv} Three Years with the Adirondack Regiment, 118th New York Volunteers Infantry, From the Diaries and other Memoranda of John L. Cunningham, Major 118th New York Volunteers, Infantry, For Private Circulation, 1920, Pg. 140

^{clxxvi} “*Peach Orchard Forty-Five Miles Long*”, Times-Picayune (Louisiana) August 26, 1969, Page two

clxxvii “*Memorial Day*” St. Albans Messenger (St. Albans, VT) May 31, 1871

clxxviii “*Petersburg, Va.*”, Caledonian (St. Johnsbury, VT) June 11, 1875

clxxix “*Virginia Battle Fields, Petersburg in these days of Peace*”, Worcester Daily Spy (Worcester MA) September 13, 1881

clxxx Letter to the Editor, New York Times, April 19, 1878, Titled: “*Labor in Virginia: The Tide-Water Region-Petersburg-The Blacks and Whites – A Negro’s Speech*”

clxxxi “*Southern Correspondence. The Magnolia and the Palm – A New Textile Plant –Scenes about Charleston*” Portland Daily Press (Portland, ME), May 5, 1875

clxxxii Article published at The Siege of Petersburg On Line, referencing the February 4, 1886 Anderson Intelligencer (South Carolina). Article previously published in the November 30, 1885 Atlanta Constitution.

clxxxiii “*Petersburg, the 24th N.Y. Cavalry at the Mine Explosion*”, The National Tribune, August 16, 1888

clxxxiv Closer to our own time, Chris Calkins, former park Manager at Petersburg National Battlefield recalled this same story, that “Long after the war, peach trees sprouted around the Crater, possibly started by soldiers throwing peach pits around the trenches during the siege.

clxxxv “*Petersburg, An Irishman’s Idea of the “Crater”*” The National Tribune, Washington DC, September 10, 1881 (Lead in was “G.M. In Philadelphia Times)

clxxxvi “*The Reunion at Richmond. Incidents of Bygone Days*”, Charlotte Observer (NC) July 8, 1907

clxxxvii “*General Hartranft Monument Site Bought*”; “...The site is before the Confederate Fort Mahone...”, Patriot, (Harrisburg, PA) November 22, 1907

clxxxviii “*GAR Veteran stirs Hill Camp*” Richmond Times Dispatch, Jan. 4, 1907) The monument would be unveiled on June 20th of that year, “*Pennsylvania Veterans’ Monument Unveiled*”, Wilkes-Barre Times (PA) June 20, 1907.

clxxxix “The site of Fort Mahone has long since been leveled and today, completely dominated by suburban sprawl, it no longer bears any resemblance to its 1865 appearance.” Frassanito, William A., Grant and Lee, The Virginia Campaigns, 1864-1865, MacMillan Publishing Company, New York, NY, 1983, , Pg. 344

cxc Masumoto, David Mas. Four Seasons in Five Senses, Things worth Savoring, W. W. Norton & Company, Inc..., New York, New York, 2003, Page 37

<https://books.google.com/books?id=oAxuJdu9UEoC&pg=PA35&dq=white+or+pink+peach+blossoms&hl=en&sa=X&ei=BMXLVL2MLoTeoASRIIKoCA&ved=0CCkQ6AEwAg#v=onepage&q=white%20or%20pink%20peach%20blossoms&f=false>

cxci My own office complex borders the Los Angeles National Forest and shares space with the area’s wildlife. About 5 years ago, in an effort to discourage deer from the area two peach trees were removed from the side of a building which fronts my own. Today there would be no indication of them ever having been there. The trees, the foliage and the stumps were all removed during one afternoon. At first, the deer continued to visit the area somehow instinctively knowing from generation to generation that at one time food was available. They eventually abandoned hope of finding any. Today, knowledge of the trees existence, much like those seen along the battle lines of Petersburg, is only held in the memory of those who saw them and knew the story, or any photographs taken of them.

^{cxcii} Lerner, Gerda. Why History Matters: Life and Thought. University Press, 1997

^{cxci} Murphy, Jim. The Boys War, Confederate and Union Soldiers Talk About the Civil War, Clarion Books, NY 1990, Pg. 95

^{cxci} In the early morning on April 3, 1865, Thomas Roche was busy taking photographs on the battlefield. By the time he turned his attention to Petersburg to record its scenes of destruction, the opportunity to photograph this Fallen Sparrow, a visiting Tiger from Louisiana, was gone. While he busied himself at Fort Mahone the "kind friends" amongst Petersburg's shell shocked inhabitants had saved Private Coyle from the ranks of the unclaimed dead and had laid the city's last Confederate defender, now eternally at parade rest, safely in the churchyard.

Thanks to the efforts of the Ladies of Petersburg, Coyle's body would later be moved to the plot reserved for the 15 members of his company, The Washington Artillery, who had died in the Virginia theatre; Ward A (old) Sq. 175. Frank Coyle rests in Grave #12.

Unlike the nameless Fallen Sparrows the disclosure of a name and a company at his death provided the key to unlock the story of this man's life and those that he left behind. The power of a name unlocks a life.

Frank E. Coyle. (1843-1865) was 19 years old in 1862 when he enlisted in the same company, which his brother, Sergeant William G. Coyle (1836 – 1914) had joined the previous year, 3rd Company ("C") of the Washington Artillery. Both men were under the command of Captain Merrit B. (Buck) Miller. Both men were single when they enlisted with their occupation indicated as Clerks. The Coyle brothers were either English or Irish immigrants and were orphaned shortly after their arrival in New Orleans in 1847. Their father was a teacher. In the 1850 New Orleans census, we find older brother William adopted by the Rev. Charles Goodrich, rector of St. Paul's Church in New Orleans. Frank was living in an orphanage, but may have also been later adopted by the reverend as well.

The Reverend Goodrich was the son of the founder of New Orleans famed jewelry firm Hyde & Goodrich, Charles Whiting Goodrich (b. 1780 Brooklyn, NY - d. 1859, New Orleans.) The store was regarded as the "Tiffany's of the South." The Goodrich family connections no doubt made it easy for these orphaned and penniless boys' to enter into the City's elite "Tigers."

In 1862 under Union occupation, Rev. Charles Goodrich, a northerner by birth, would be removed from the pulpit of St. Paul's where he had served as rector for 30 years by a body of soldiers acting under the instructions of General B. F. Butler for omitting the prayer for the President of the United States from church services. He and several other ministers who made these omissions were housed at Fort Lafayette, New York, "America's Bastille" for the duration of the war. On April 3, 1865 it undoubtedly was his grieving brother Bill who ensured this particular sparrow would not be left behind and buried with the nameless. After leaving Petersburg, Bill Coyle was amongst the Louisiana men who refusing to surrender at Appomattox. Bill was amongst a handful of them who provided guard detail for Confederate President Jefferson Davis in the waning last few days of the war. Paid \$26 in gold or silver coins for that service, Bill returned to New Orleans where, capitalizing on surplus army coal, he built a one-man company into an empire, the William G. Coyle Company.

Thirty years after hoping that "some kind friend will please bury this man", confirmation of Frank's Coyle's burial complete with unexpected remarkable circumstances would at last reach the Washington Artillery's Veteran Association. From them it would reach his brother Bill. A letter received in 1895 from Petersburg recounted the funeral services given Frank decades earlier along with news of Frank's new resting place, Petersburg's Blandford Cemetery. ("*Veterans Answer another Roll Call*", *The Washington Artillery Camp in Annual Meeting*, Times-Picayune (New Orleans, La), January 25, 1895, Bill Coyle, by then a prominent businessman in New Orleans would later subsidize Louisiana's state contribution to Blandford's Cemetery's Church's renown Tiffany stained glass windows. The window's design was chosen by a Louisiana committee on which Coyle served and depicts

Saint Paul, perhaps honoring the Rev. Charles Goodrich's church of that same name. At the top of the window, in lieu of the contributing state seal that adorns every other window, rested the distinctive crossed cannons emblem of the Washington Artillery. The inscription underneath reads: "To the glorious memory of those brave men of the Washington Artillery of New Orleans, La., who gave their lives for the Confederate Cause." Included amongst them was Petersburg's Last Defender, Frank E. Coyle. See generally Dufour, Charles L., Highlights of a Century of Service on Southern Waters: The Story of Coyle Lines Incorporated. New Orleans: Coyle Lines, Inc., (1965) Louisiana Research Collection, Tulane University.

Bill Coyle named one of his sons Frank and another Charles Goodrich Coyle. Family names of course. Bill remained active in the Washington Artillery's veteran association and the welfare of the orphans of New Orleans (serving on the Board of Directors for the Fink Asylum.) He remained a member of his father's church, St. Paul's Episcopal Church. When "William G. Coyle's Long Life Ends" on February 18, 1914, The New Orleans Daily Picayune would detail a life certainly worthy of Horatio Alger, if not the pen of Charles Dickens.

^{excv} "*Burial of Coyle a Dramatic Scene*" The Times (Richmond, Va.) December 14, 1902.

^{excvi} Mss5:1 M8348:1, Virginia Historical Society, Author: Morrison, Mary E. Rambant, from her Memoirs written in 1902 provide the details for "The Burial of Coyle"

^{excvii} Neither of the high ranking Union Officers is identified. A newspaper article with the dateline of Wednesday, April 5th indicated that at "Four o'clock, Colonel Ely reported his brigade in Petersburg" and that the "First Michigan sharpshooters were the first to enter the long fought for city." "*The End of our Details of the Decisive Contest of Sunday.*" New York Herald, April 5, 1865. "Ely's Brigade being the first to enter the City is confirmed by General Orlando B. Wilcox, "My Troops, Ely's Brigade, were the first to break into the town, as I wrote you..." Journal entry dated April 4, 1865 at Petersburg.

^{excviii} Doorway of Silent Sentinel: is folklore of City Church", Petersburg Progress Index, Dec. 1, 1973

^{excix} William Shakespeare, Hamlet, Act 5, Scene 2

^{cc}Luke 12:6. "Are not five sparrows sold for two pennies ... yet not one of them is forgotten before God" "In the days of our Lord sparrows were sold for a very low price – two of them for a copper coin (Matt. 10:29). Worth about 1/16 of a silver denarius, and was therefore worth less than a quarter in U.S. Currency today." "Those who were poor and could not afford to sacrifice a sheep or a goat might bring a sparrow to the Temple (Lev. 14:1-7)." So insignificant were these little birds that if you bought four sparrows the seller would throw in one more for free (Luke 12:4-7). It was this extra sparrow of which Jesus said "and not one of them is forgotten before God." His Eye is on the Sparrow, David Padfield. <http://www.padfield.com/2001/sparrow.html>

The photographs taken by Thomas C. Roche of the Confederate Dead that comprise "The Fallen Sparrows of Fort Mahone" which were included in his employer (E. & H.T. Anthony & Co.) catalog of stereo views would initially be marketed at one dozen for \$1.80. This would equate to roughly 15 cents each.