

**THE STORY OF THE
GUARD: A CHRONICLE
OF THE WAR**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649018567

The story of the guard: A chronicle of the war by Jessie Benton Frémont

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Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

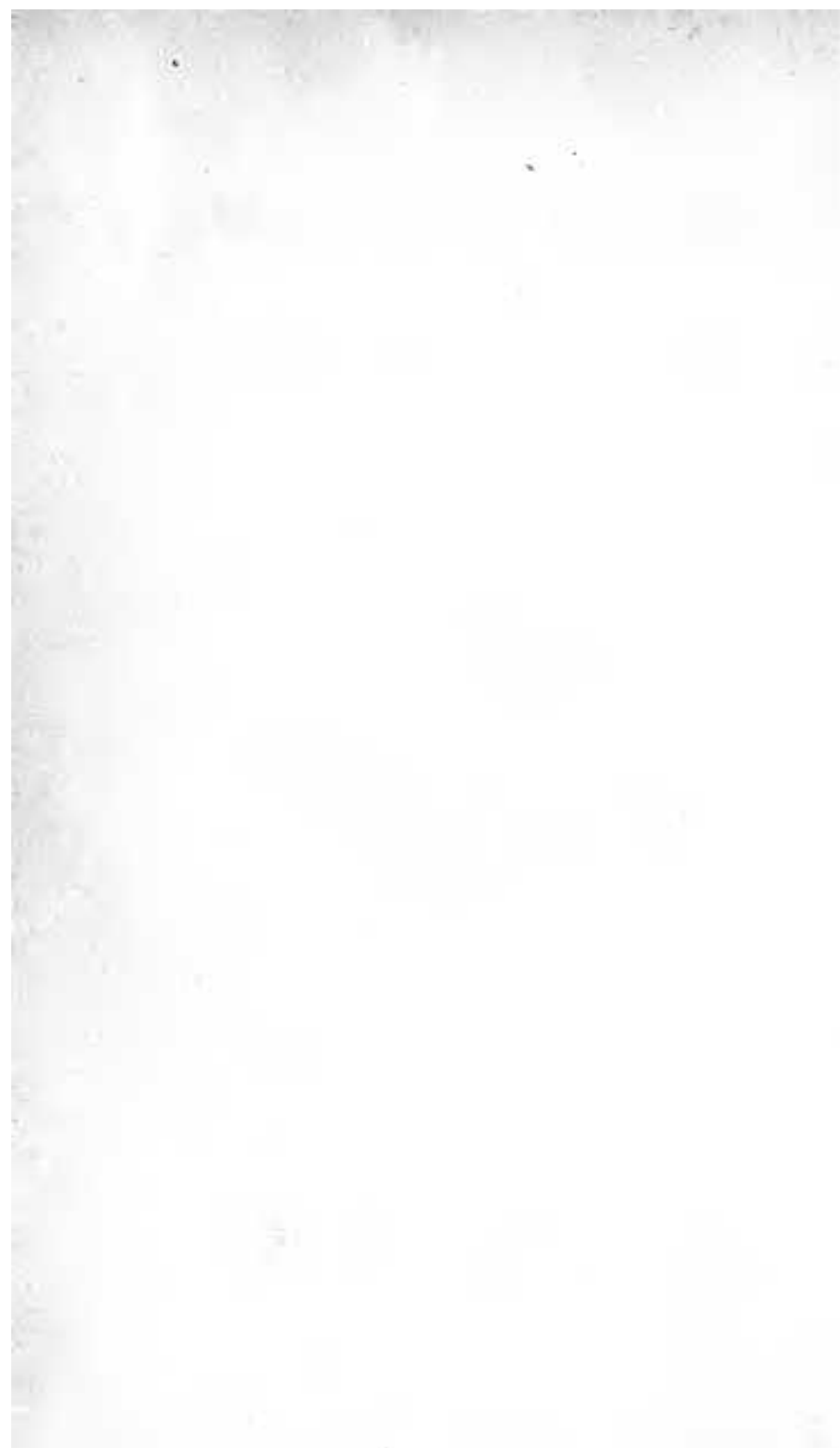
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JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT

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A CHRONICLE OF THE WAR.

BY JESSIE BENTON FRÉMONT.



" Their good swords rust,
And their steeds are dust,
But their souls are with the saints, we trust."

BOSTON:
TICKNOR AND FIELDS.
1863.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1862, by
TINKER AND FIELDS,
in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the District of
Massachusetts.

RIVERSIDE, CAMBRIDGE:
SINEBOTYPED AND PRINTED BY E. G. HOUGHTON.

“THAT the honorable enterprises, noble adventures, and deeds of arms, performed in the wars between England and France may be properly related, and held in perpetual remembrance—to the end that brave men taking example from them may be encouraged in their well-doing, I sit down to record a history deserving great praise ; but, before I begin, I request of the Saviour of the world, who from nothing created all things, that He will have the goodness to inspire me with sense and sound understanding, to persevere in such manner, that all those who shall read may derive pleasure and instruction from my work, and that I may fall into their good graces.

“It is said, and with truth, that all towns are built with many different stones, and that all large rivers are formed from many springs ; so are sciences compiled by many learned persons, and what one is ignorant of is known to another ; not but that everything is known sooner or later.” . . . — *Sir John Froissart's Preface to his Chronicles of England, France, &c.*

WHEN this book was written, nearly a year ago now, it was my wish and hope to be able through it to get some immediate assistance for the families upon whom the winter was coming without their usual support. It was to have been issued as a Christmas Story, at the kindly season when "good-will towards all" would be propitious to my attempt. But various causes delayed it. Among others the want of a publisher who was willing to incur the risk of publishing what might be taken as a disapproval of an official act. Mr. Ticknor and Mr. Fields hearing of it, volunteered for the service, but it was already too late for a Christmas-book and so it was put off to a more favorable season. When a new command was given to the General we hoped for renewed service for the Guard, and this stayed my hand again. Again disappointed for them, I have no restraining motive, but launch it now, taking shame to myself for deferring for any cause a right act. For in this, as well as in great matters, I do not believe that there is any specially appointed "more convenient season."

19th October, 1862.

J. B. F.

PREFACE.



“THE REASON WHY.”

[*From a Letter to Mr. Fields.*]

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BECAUSE I know what it is I mean to do, I am afraid I fell into the error of talking to you this morning as though you, too, knew all about it. Mr. Ticknor and yourself talked “book,” when I am incapable of writing a book; sunshine puts out little fires, and I’ve known too much of those who lived, as well as wrote books, to pale my ineffectual fires by comparison. But I can tell what I know. I believe that those truly soldierly young men, worthy of a place in chronicles of knightly deeds, were misrepresented, slighted, and finally insulted out of the service, because of the name