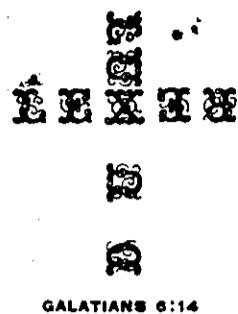


"WHERE THE SCRIPTURES SPEAK, WE SPEAK; WHERE THE SCRIPTURES ARE SILENT, WE ARE SILENT."



BART S. GARDNER



GALATIANS 6:14



MATTIE B. GARDNER

DORATHEA COTTAGE, SAN JOSE, CALIFORNIA

May 16, 1895;

To Albion W. Tourgee, Editor The Basis,  
Mayville, State of N. York.

Dear Sir, When the beautiful and interesting  
souvenir reached me that - you sent - reached me, I  
was in bed. Not long afterwards your very kind and  
interesting letter of March 27, 1895 reached me. Then  
came your last - installment - of "The Story of 1000" in  
the Cosmopolitan. Since then I have lost so much  
time with sickness, that I have been unable to write  
my sincere thanks for these three productions of your  
pen, or to express my high appreciation of your kind-  
ness to me personally. When well enough to write,  
I greatly needed to attend to many other things. So  
friends and their letters have been greatly neglected.

Our town has a beautiful, wild, romantic park  
in the mountains six miles east. In that park  
where thousands go picnicing, are sulphur and soda  
springs. On May 1, 1895, we intended to spend the  
day out there, and drink some of my dyspepsia  
away. When we had gone two miles on the way,  
namely, to the postoffice, it began to rain, and my  
wife declined to go further. But - as I had a very  
heavy over coat and other heavy wraps along, I determined  
to go picnicing where no one else would do it. Any body  
was pluck enough to go sight-seeing of a fine day, you  
know. Instead of our dry season being full apace  
us, it proved to be one of the雨iest-days I ever saw  
in this valley. It generally rains lazily and quietly  
when it rains at all here. But that day it just  
poured down all day, as if the heaviest - part - of our

"GOD GIVE US MEN!! A time like this demands strong minds, great hearts, true faith, & ready hands.  
Men whom the lusts of office do not kill. Men whom the spoils of office can not buy."



Office

## BARTON STONE GARDNER,

Men who possess convictions and a will; Men who have honor--men who will not lie;  
Men who can stand before a demagogue. And damn his treacherous flatteries without winking;

### Dorathea Cottage,

Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog. In public duty and in private thinking;  
For while sly bosses, with their thumb-worn creeds, Their large professions and little deeds.



Mingle in selfish strife, lo! GOODNESS weeps! WRONG rules the land, and waiting JUSTICE sleeps!"  
"CUSTOM does often reason overrule" To down the good man, to exalt the fool!

SANTA CLARA COUNTY. STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

rainy season was upon me it was lovely to be in the mountains and see the rain pour down through the trees. Inspite of wraps and an umbrella, I got soaking wet. But I brought away five gallons of soda water that relieved me of the fearful "heart burr" for ten days, and changed my mad old pessimistic and Carlyle-like nature into smiles and good nature.

May 11 wife and I drove out to the same park. It proved to be rather a warm day compared with all that went before it this year. Seven public schools and a Sunday school and many others were out there, and with delight visited the wilds of nature. Even that rainy day, I found hundreds out there. They had started early and got well on the road before the rain began.

But oh! horror! For the first time in many years, I got a heavy dose of poison oak. My eyes are just now beginning to open like a pup's nine days old. All these days I have been unable to read or write. Could only apply remedies almost constantly in order to modify the suffering. Even now my face and neck are <sup>are</sup> nettles, and my nerves are torn all to pieces. This first use of my opening eyes is to re-read your kind letter, and to pen these trembling lines in reply.

I expected to re-read "The Story of a Thousand," especially the last installment of it, before writing to you. But have not been able to do so. Hope I will yet find time to re-read it all. But my sickness is putting me far behind with my work of every kind.

That the general, whose duty it was to know everything possible about the doings of his army, and of the opposing army of rebels, did not know of the battle of Perryville when within two miles of the awful suffering, seems incredible to me. Your assurance that he and his staff doubtlessly told the

3) truth about - not - knowing it - till five of (3)  
the clock - even that - assurance hardly makes  
it - possible for me to believe it.

We had no mail at all those dreadful six weeks. There was no wire running to Sulphur Well, where I was. How I found it out I do not now remember. But if I had not known of it, I would not have gone up on that hill to listen. I had to be in a very quiet spot; and to keep my ear pressed against the rock-ribbed hill in order to hear the cannon at all.

Surely Bull was not as anxious I was to have Bragg's whole army captured, or else he would have known what was transpiring. It seems to me he ought to have known what each and every regiment was doing every day, and to have known as nearly as possible the same about every regiment in Bragg's army. His knowledge ought to have been this full and accurate, so that he could have known as well as any one that the re-enforcements Maj. Hoblitzel called for were needed.

Was he not as blamable for such ignorance and its results, as he would have been in case he ~~wittingly~~ had ~~been~~ a part of his men unless by killed? Is he not to blame for all the lives the rebels destroyed that day and forever after? Could he not have captured all the enemy <sup>that day</sup> without losing any more than he did lose?

"That was an awful mean thing in that general to send "The Thousand" into a place where he expected every one of them to be killed, simply to gain a few minutes time. I am glad you escaped as well as you did to his surprise."

3) If there is no general and eternal judgment - to even up the uneven affairs of this life, it seems to me that life to the individual is a calamity, and the perpetuation of our race a calamity.<sup>to those who</sup> For the bitter poison oak brings me as a result of seeking sweets at Alum Rock Park last Saturday is emblematic of our whole excursion into this world. We have to take many bitters to get many sweets, and often many bitters to a few sweets. And if there is such an eternal judgment, I would hate to be one of those generals that <sup>took</sup> advantage of the patriotism and obedience and confidence of soldiers to cram them into the jaws of death.

I hope your paper will do good. If I had more time and more money, I would like to subscribe for The Basis, and read after your pen. But time and money and health are all scarce articles with me.

Such views are forced on me because of the awful lack of conscience in politics and in religion that I seem to many to be a pessimist and misanthrope.

When the world was governed wholly on the principle that "might makes right," as it very largely is yet; the natural tendency was towards universal monarchy. And when they got universal monarchy, and had its head entrenched behind the mighty walls of Babylon, it must have seemed wholly incredible and impossible that the empire could ever be overthrown. Yet it and Belshazzar went down like a flash of lightning one night. Since then a great deal has been said against Bel-

5<sup>th</sup> straggar's Empires Feast: And yet - that - 6<sup>th</sup>  
feast - and carnival seems to me like a  
thing worthy to be called a Sunday-school  
or holy communion of the Lord's Supper  
compared, ~~to the~~ and all advantages duly consid-  
ered, to the late "Bussedness of Congress".  
(And the King Alcohol's standing army of  
six or seven hundred thousand, that tramples  
on the laws every day as certainly as the  
South ever ~~did~~ for a week, is not worthy  
to be mentioned the same day one speaks of  
the Confederate army. And in our attempt  
to keep <sup>up</sup> 143 denominations or sects, 143  
sets of preachers, 143 sets of meeting houses,  
the church has really become the hot-bed of  
all infidelity, of debauched consciences, and  
has beforited the stream of morality and  
good government and salvation at the very  
fountain head.

Hence, it does seem to me, all things  
considered, that - The Basis was an arduous &  
herculean task, compared to which putting  
down the Pro-Slavery Rebellion was a mere  
breakfast-spell, as the first three months  
volunteers took it to be.

So you may imagine how I would like  
for you and your paper to succeed grandly,  
and how I wish I could be a great -  
helper in your good work.

With profound and sincere respect;

Barton Stone Gardner,

Dorathea Cottage,

San Jose, California.