EDITORIAL ROOMS.
THE TIMES-STAR,
CINCINNATI, O.

Cincinnati, Sept. 2, 1894.

My dear Tourgee,

I have no recollection of the Covington incident to which you allude, and unless you insist upon it I shall set up an alibi. Soon after landing on the Kentucky shore I was sent to see to the loading of the camp equipage, etc., on freight cars. The task was a tedious one as I had most of the loading to do myself, and no guard was sent to relieve us till late the second day. In the meantime rations had been issued, I suppose, by Quartermaster Wright and Quartermaster Sergeant Smith. Whether they got lost hunting rations I can't say but think it highly probable they did. The only rations I drew were a gun, cartridge box, sabre, etc., all of which I was donkey enough to carry till we reached Murfreesboro'. I needed them as I did a four-mast schooner and Scott perfecting press. My present recollection is that I helped issue

CHAUTAUQUA COUNTY NY HISTORICAL SOCIETY 2012

rations at Cleveland and not again
till we reached the play farm where we
found those old blue limestone sea
biscuit left over from the war of 1812.
No hungry soldier who tried to make a
supper of them can ever forget that
crisis in his military experience.

I regret that the history of the 105th
is to be written, not that I am ashamed
of my part in it or have any
misgivings about its being well done,
but because it shouldn't be written at
all. It doesn't deserve it. In my
judgment it belongs to the large
class of things which are best forgotten.
One of the obstacles to human
progress is the large number of
well meaning but ill-advised
persons who are everlastingly going
about fishing things out of oblivion
and thrusting them before a public
already wearied with trampling them out of
sight. The 105th! Gad, the thought of it irritates
like a mental nettle. Sorry I am that the history must
come, and though it come set like apples of gold
in pictures of silver a hundred times over, I shall
still be reconciled to the infirmity which
may prevent me from ever seeing a word
of it.

Begging pardon for betrayal of temper
on a subject of which I cannot speak
without feeling, I subscribe myself as
Ever

Yours truly,

W. J. Gibson.