

# Juvenile, historical fiction novel

Actual pages edited in John C. Bush's award-winning juvenile novel "Patriots and Rebels" using the Chicago Manual of Style and Microsoft Word.



JOHN C. BUSH

# Patriots and Rebels

## “A standout in civil war literature”

“Patriots and Rebels is an impressive work that combines both engaging storytelling and historical fact and context. Commitment to historical accuracy without relying on common myths or stereotypes has established this book as a standout in Civil War literature”

*WILLIAM R. FERRIS, Professor of History, University of North Carolina; Center for the Study of the American South; former chairman, National Endowment for the Humanities.*

PATRIOTS AND REBELS shines light on aspects of the Civil War largely neglected in historical fiction. It is told through the voices and experiences of Tom Files, a Union soldier from Alabama, and his fourteen year old daughter, Fannie, who survived the war at home with her mother and young sisters.

Tom's sense of duty and loyalty to the nation his grandfathers helped create in 1776 places him and his family in grave danger, caught between the forces of patriotism and rebellion.

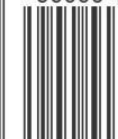
*JOHN C. BUSH grew up in Montgomery, Alabama, with ancestral roots in Virginia Colony, 1670. He lives in the Tennessee Valley of north Alabama near where much of this story takes place.*



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## Acknowledgements

I am grateful to all those who have had a hand in shaping *Patriots and Rebels* over the three years or so it has been in progress. Their time, energy, feedback and encouragement have combined to make its completion possible. Special appreciation goes to my ever-patient wife Sara, who has endured hours, days, weeks and months – years, even – of my preoccupation with the project. Writers' group members Judy Mitchell Rich, Joyce Pettis Temple and Paige Maxwell McRight have given invaluable support, encouragement, criticism and suggestions, as have granddaughter Sara Jane Bush, friends Ron Simmons and, early on, Houston Hodges. The suggestions and affirmation of Kent Wright, Program Manager for the Tennessee Valley Civil War Round Table, gave just the right “push” at just the right time. The long distance and “vir-

tual” friendship of Glenda McWhirter Todd provided a great deal of information and insight into the people and events involving the First Alabama Cavalry, United States Volunteers. Her several books about First Alabama Cavalry, U.S.V., are essential tools for anyone interested in this neglected piece of Civil War history.

I must express special thanks to a person I know only through limited email correspondence. Norman Peters is a researcher in the Washington DC area, whom I came to know through the good offices of Glenda Todd. When Norman provided me with the military records of Thomas Benton Files from the National Archives he appended a note that said, simply, “Looks like there might be a book in this one.” Thereby he provided both the impetus and the raw material for me to get serious about writing a story that had been niggling at me for several years. If any single person is responsible for making the telling of this story possible, Norman Peters is that person.

Editor Amelia Morrison Hipps of Lebanon, Tennessee gave the manuscript careful attention, and it was her observations and insight that helped develop the distinctive voices of the primary characters, especially that of Mary Francis (Fannie.) Thanks to

"By the time the guards got to me, I reckon I was a right bloody mess.

They put me onto a makeshift litter and took me downstairs to the hospital, maybe two or three floors down. With every step, the jostling pained every

rs: Press **Tab** : cle and joint in my body. I must have passed out on the way."

He paused to catch his breath. He stared out down the lane like he did when telling about something that brung him pain. We all fell quiet, waiting for him to start again. The only sounds were from Etta, who was cooing in Ma's arms, and an occasional giggle from Penny and Peggy who were playing hide 'n seek out in the yard.

"I came to with a nurse hovering over me, needle in hand about to inject me with something. I asked, 'Where am I?' She gently reminded me I was in the federal prison and hospital in Nashville. That brought it all back. She said they'd been keeping me on morphine for the pain, but I didn't know how long I'd been here. She said this was my third day on this floor. I had two cracked ribs but no broken bones. My bum leg hurt something awful, and the pain in my back was unbearable. In fact, there wasn't any place on my body that didn't hurt right smart. The nurse said I was fortunate not to have gotten a concussion from the beating I received about the head. If I hadn't turned onto my stomach, my insides would have been busted up beyond repair. So I guess I was lucky in that way.

"Two or three days later, I was shaken gently awake by one of the orderlies. 'Sergeant Files, there is someone here to see you.' For a minute I thought it might be you, Mattie. I had been dreaming about you. I dreamed you



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Amelia Morrison Hipps

You needed a break here. You're falling back into the habit of the multiple paragraphs of direct quotes.

Reply

Amelia Morrison Hipps

If the person is a he, make him a doctor or a medic. Male nurses, even in the war, were unheard of back then.

Reply

on himself. It is the major embarrassment of his life, one that very nearly cost him his career. If you know that story and all that led up to it, you could only

know it because you were there. If you'd been on the Confederate side, you

didn't know those details. So, the long and the short of it, Sergeant Files, is

that I believe a serious mistake has been made. The United States Army has

done you a terrible injustice.'

"I could hardly believe what I was hearing. Those words sounded like music to my ears. I commenced to bawl like a newborn baby and am not the least bit ashamed of it, either. It near about tore my body apart to do it, but I couldn't put a stop to it.

"When I got control of myself, Captain Goodwin was still sitting there. He said he'd given orders for the hospital to give me the very best care they were capable of giving. He assured me that I'd have all the time I needed to recover. He'd also ordered severe punishment for those ruffians who'd beaten up me so badly. He promised to look further into my situation and what could be done about it. It might take awhile, but he promised to stay on it.

"Just then it dawned on me how all of a sudden everybody was calling me 'Sergeant Files.' They really did believe me, and they recognized my service. That made me feel right good, despite all the pain."

Pa said Captain Goodwin started coming by to see him every two or three days. When he was able to talk, the colonel asked him to tell him more about himself. That was when he told him about the Patriots in our family. He told him all of it; about Captain John at Cowpens, and about his son John who had

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AM Amelia Morrison Hipps ...

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Reply

patriotic tunes. A band gathered in the street just below me and struck up 'The Battle Hymn of the Republic.' I found myself singing along as best I could:

'Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord:

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored:

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword:

His truth is marching on."

Pa said the festivities went on through the night and into Monday

morning. Over the strong objections of the orderly taking car of him, he sat

there and watched the celebrations developing. It was close to midnight before

he finally gave in and went to bed.

"Still, the sound of the festivities blew through my room along with the

fresh night air. I never went to sleep. All night long I lay there, wavering

between enjoying the cheers of the crowd in the streets and sobbing

uncontrollably at the joyful thought that maybe soon, I could be going home."

By the time Pa finished, Ma and me were both crying. I got up from my

seat on the top step and went and wrapped my arms around Pa real tight. Ma

put Etta in his arms, which made him cry even harder, and hugged us both.

We was all crying because Pa was home and we was nearing the end of story

about his long journey home.

Amelia Morrison Hipps

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Amelia Morrison Hipps



John, the further along you get in the novel, it's as if your voice, not Pa's is taking over. You're using words he wouldn't have used. It's jarring. I can hear Pa's voice in my mind, which is what you want, so when you use words like spectacle, which has a connotation of something unseemly which is not what you meant, and vacillating and relishing, it doesn't keep with his character.

October 20, 2013, 3:29 AM

Reply

AM

Amelia Morrison Hipps



You needed a closing paragraph here. Change it however you want, but it needed something.

Reply

I walked out with Johnny and we stood by his horse and talked for a while. As he was getting ready to mount up he leaned over and kissed me right on the mouth. It gave me the most wonderful feeling I'd ever felt in all my life.

Amelia Hipps  
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When Johnny left, Ma and I went off to the kitchen to talk. We spent near about two hours together in girl talk. She took me in her arms, and we cried and laughed. It had never been like this between us before. A body would have thought we were the best of friends, not mother and daughter. I liked it. I liked it a lot. Just before we went to bed, Ma let me know we hadn't taken them by surprise tonight. They'd suspected this might be coming since they saw us walking in the cemetery the day of the all-day singing at church.

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With all of that to think on and talk about, it was near a week before we wanted to hear any more of Pa's story. He went back and recollected where he had left off.

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"Captain Goodwin often brought me *Harper's Weekly* to read. I learned that General Grant's victory at Appomattox Courthouse was celebrated throughout these United States. Even a whole lot of Southerners were glad it was over, disappointed as they were in defeat. Don't nobody like to be beat. Heaven knows, I been beat a whole lot of times in my life, and I don't remember enjoying a single one of them. Taking a beating does something to the spirit. If a body lets it, it can make you angry and defensive. I couldn't help but wonder what this beating was going to do to the spirit of the South I loved. These rebellious states were being drug back into the Union, but would they ever feel



AH

Amelia Hipps



Here would be a natural place to have Fannie ask about Reconstruction and bring a conclusion to that issue.

Reply

## CHAPTER 18

Sunday. We got up early to get the chores done so we could get off to church. Hard rain set in before sun-up, and by the time I headed out to do the milking, it had become a sure enough drenching downpour. Nothing to be done for it, so I took the milk pail and made a run for the barn. Time I got there I was soaked as a drowned rat and chilled to the bone. “September rains” is what Ma called it. Likely it would keep up like this for a while. I sure was thankful we had gotten most all the garden harvested, though there’d still be some greens and things until frost.

By the time I was back with the milk, Ma and Pa had decided we wouldn’t try to go to church in such weather. I was glad. I was chilled plum to the bone and wanted to change clothes and sit by the fire to get warm.

“Our Sunday best wouldn’t be looking good at all. After breakfast why don’t we build up a good fire to enjoy while I tell about the end of my journey? Maybe Ma will even roast some more of those Goobers for us.”

Pa read two of the Psalms from the Bible, ending up with Psalm 150. As he finished, a mischievous smile lit up his face. He remembered how, when he was a boy, he went to a long-drawn-out meeting at a friend’s church. They had a preacher come from off somewhere to preach it for them. Pa could see right off that this visiting parson wasn’t much educated. He started out reading Psalm 150, but when he got to the part about praising God “with psaltery and harp,” he stumbled over the word “psaltery” and ended up calling it “peasal-

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Amelia Hipps

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Fannie would not have known “protracted.” This is where the voices of your characters start getting lost sometimes.

Reply



soil during the Battle of Nashville. I recognized the names of places I'd heard mentioned, places like Peach Orchard Hill and Battery Lane. I decided maybe this would make as good a stopping place as any, if I could find a place to sleep.

Amelia Hipps  
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"A bit south of the settlement, I came upon comfortable looking homestead set well back from the road. Going up to the gate I 'halloed' to whoever might be on the place. The front door opened a crack and the barrel of a shotgun emerged, followed by the clean-shaven face of a middle aged fella.

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'Yeah?' That was all he said. I told him I was on my way home from the war, looking for shelter for the night. Could he see his way clear to let me sleep in his barn?

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"He looked me over, but he still hadn't come out. That a Yankee coat you're wearing?' he asked. I didn't know just how to answer that. I'd never thought of myself as a Yankee. The words that came out of my mouth were something like, 'Well, sir, I don't know just how to answer you with the truth. Yes, this coat is from a Union uniform and that's the side I fought for, but I ain't no Yankee. I was born and raised in Alabama, grandson and great-grandson of soldiers of the Revolution. I'm a Patriot, headed back home to Alabama now the war is over. I sure would appreciate your letting me spend the night in your barn.'

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"He was slow responding. A thoughtful kind of look came over his face.

'Patriot, you say? That what you call yourself?' He didn't seem to know what to do with that idea. I could see he was turning it over and over in his mind.

AM Amelia Morrison Hipps ...  
Again, accommodation doesn't sound like Pa.  
Reply

around the barn. It was just like the rest of the place, everything clean and orderly. Tools all clean and put neatly in their place, but no sign this was a working farm, not even a horse or mule in the stalls. The only farmyard sound was the clucking of the hens and the honking of the geese. Guess me showing up had bothered 'em a might," Pa chuckled.

About that time, Penny and Peggy came in from our bedroom where they'd been playing, saying they were bored. Even though Ma and I wanted to hear the rest of the story, Pa winked at us and said he'd finish it shortly, but first he thought he'd beat us all in a game of pick up sticks. We played for about an hour, but I found it hard to think hard on the game 'cause I wanted to hear the rest of Pa's story. Penny won and that seemed to make her happy.

By now it was gettin' on toward supper time. Ma told Penny and Peggy to watch after Etta, while we cooked. Ma figured it was time she get down to seriously teaching me how to cook, now that Johnny had come courtin'. I already knew the basics pretty well, but she figured I needed more detailed instructions, like how to prepare a chicken. I'd helped fry it before, but hadn't ever killed it, plucked it and cut it up, so she'd showed me earlier that day how to do all that. We had some left over, as well as some green beans. To go with it, she showed me how to take the mashed 'taters we had left, add some flour and make patties out of 'em.

While Ma and me cleaned up the dishes, Pa went out on the porch and got some firewood for the night. Ma got Penny and Peggy bedded down for the night, then the three of us settled back into our seats. Ma had Etta in her lap



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Amelia Morrison Hipps



Again, you were into that long, paragraph after paragraph of quotes. Had to break it up. This is just a suggestion. You've got to move time along. By the end of this, it's bed time in your storyline, but realistically it wouldn't have taken him all day to tell it. Be conscious of this, so I had to insert some action to keep things moving.

October 20, 2013, 6:59 AM

Reply

“He turned so as to look me right in the eye. What he said next were words he obviously had memorized from frequent reading. Johnston spoke it with such feeling that it seared right into my mind. He said that in politics, as in religion, It is equally absurd to think we can change minds and hearts by fire and sword. Disagreements in either can rarely be cured by force.”

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“Those ideas from Thomas Jefferson left me stunned. Here we were after some four years of bloody warfare and with God only knows what kind of suffering yet to come. President Johnson had started up the Reconstruction, but there didn't seem to be much of it actually going on. There was more lawlessness than ever afoot, especially in these parts. Had the minds and hearts of any of us been changed, Rebels or Patriots? Where would the future take us, now that our nation was supposed to be united again?

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AH

Amelia Hipps

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I changed this because Pa and the Captain in Nashville had already talked about Reconstruction. The way you had it worded made it sound as if Pa had just heard about it for the first time.  
October 27, 2013, 7:31 PM

Reply

“We sat quietly for a time.

“So, Patriot Files,’ he finally said, not unkindly, ‘you are going home to find heaven knows what awaiting you. I’m here, surrounded by memories, grief and loss. We’ve been on different sides, but I’m a different man from the one who marched off with General Wheeler. My bet is that you are a different man from the one who went off to join the First Alabama Cavalry. Both of us have to figure out who we are now, and what we’re going to make of it, whatever it is.’

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Johnston and me were both up early next morning. I had told him the night before I was going to start on down toward home. He gave me a chunk of fresh bread and two baked sweet ‘taters to take along. As I was picking up my haversack, he asked how I was going. I said I was just going to start walking

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that east-west line was up and running again, though I didn't see or hear any trains."

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When Pa got to the river's edge, he saw there were a ferry that would take him across to Decatur, but the ferryman had already closed down for the night. He had the boat tied up on the town side of the river, so Pa found a place in a thick copse near the riverbank and settled in for the night. It was raining still, so he passed the night wet, hungry and miserable, with no sleep to be had.

"The morning saw me up and stirring well before sunrise. I could find no wood dry enough to make a fire, since the rain was now coming down even harder than before. I 'hallo-ed' for the ferryman, and he came over to collect me. When I saw Decatur, I could hardly believe my eyes. It seemed there were no town there. Certainly not much of one. There were a few slight evidences of rebuilding here and there, but mostly just the bare foundations of destroyed buildings were everywhere. There weren't even any churches standing in the place. Walking through the settlement, I counted six intact buildings that had survived the war. There was a bank and the railroad depot. It surprised me to see that the rails were still there, but since there were no bridge across the river, they were pretty useless. And a bank? I couldn't see any sign that there was anybody here about who had two nickels to rub together. What use was a bank? There was what appeared to have been a hotel, but best I could tell it was abandoned.

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