

To the Boys of Company "A" of the 4th Indiana, the  
living and the dead, this book is lovingly dedicated.

Captain—C. F. Kinney.  
First Lieutenant—E. O. Rose,  
Second Lieutenant—Birge Smith,  
Orderly—M. B. Butler.

COMPANY "A" ROLL CALL.

- |                       |                    |
|-----------------------|--------------------|
| Arnold, Nicholas      | Field, Henry       |
| Aumend, James         | Fegley, John       |
| Benedict, John W.     | Grant, Marion      |
| Barr, Chas. H.        | Grant, Harrison    |
| Bennett, Wm.          | Griffith, Lewis    |
| Brooks, Samuel        | Green, Marcina     |
| Butler, Thos.         | Gilbert, John      |
| Bates, Caleb J.       | Goodrich, David O. |
| Belcher, Ziba         | Hall, Leander      |
| Burch, Joseph W.      | Hyatt, Thos. C.    |
| Bigler, James         | Hunelbaugh, Wm.    |
| Burgett, John         | Hurlbert, Chas. F. |
| Brooks, Francis       | Heller, Emmanuel   |
| Beard, Henry W.       | Hutchins, John R.  |
| Clink, Chas.          | Heller, Daniel     |
| Culp, Miles T.        | Hall, John         |
| Carlin, Wm. C.        | Imhoof, John       |
| Carlin, John          | Jackman, Joseph    |
| Crow, John T.         | Kinner, John W.    |
| Cleveland, Spencer J. | Lewis, Newell P.   |
| Cox, Solomon M.       | Lords, Joseph F.   |
| Dotts, Jesse          | Lords, Henry O.    |
| Dotts, Wm.            | Lutz, John         |
| Dotts, Jacob          | Merriman, James H. |
| Eckhart, John         | Milves, Joseph     |
| Ewing, James B.       | Moffett, Thos. R.  |
| Ewing, Albert H.      | McMinn, Wm.        |
| Ewers, Adolphus       | Miller, Chas.      |

IN THE RANKS WITH COMPANY "A."

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|---------------------|---------------------|
| Munday, Jasper      | Strong, George W.   |
| Oberst, Christopher | Sowers, Nelson A.   |
| Parrott, John M.    | Scovill, Onius D.   |
| Powers, Stephen A.  | Scoville, Hanibal   |
| Ryan, John Sr.      | Swain, Richard      |
| Ryan, John Jr.      | Sines, Simon M.     |
| Ryan, Stephen       | Twichell, George W. |
| Ryan, Michael       | Tiffany, Davis J.   |
| Ryan, James         | Tinsley, Samuel     |
| Rosser, Wm.         | Throop, Orange      |
| Robins, Benson K.   | Thompson, John      |
| Raison, Robert      | Twichell, Henry     |
| Stealy, John        | Ulam, John          |
| Stealy, Christopher | VanAuken, James     |
| Sage, Alonzo B.     | VanCleve, George    |
| Swanbaw, Frederick  | Wright, Wm. W.      |
| Snyder, Seymour P.  | West, Henry         |
| Sailor, Allen M.    | West, Henry         |
| Sowle, David        | West, Joshua        |
| Showalter, Joshua   | Wilks, Robert       |
| Scoles, Wm.         | Yenner, Wm.         |

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20th the entire confederate force was put in motion and just as the early dawn of the winter morning broke they came on our cavalry pickets, two miles in front of the Union camp. The cavalry fell slowly back and the 10th Indiana Infantry, Colonel Manson, formed to receive the attack. The 40th Kentucky (Union) soon came to his support and these two regiments held the enemy at bay till out of ammunition, when the 9th Ohio and 2nd Minnesota took their places.

Zollicoffer, mistaking the 4th Kentucky for a confederate regiment, rode up to Col. Fry and ordered him to stop firing on his own troops.

An aide to Zollicoffer came up and noticing Fry's federal uniform, began firing on him. Col. Fry returned fire and shot Zollicoffer through the heart. Manson ordered the 1st and 2nd East Tennessee Infantry to take position to the left of the 2nd Minnesota and then a heavy fire caused the right flank of the rebel line to give way. The 9th Ohio charged with bayonets on the rebel left, the Minnesota regiment continuing to pour a hot fire into the center, and the whole rebel line gave way, retreating to Beach Grove, where Critten (Rebel) was entrenched. Thomas followed up and secured a brilliant victory. Our first complete success in the war. General Zollicoffer's loss was deeply felt in Tennessee, more especially in Nashville. He had held important offices in the state and served two years in congress. He was very highly respected as a citizen but not an efficient general.

On the 31st of October we reached Columbia and here we met our company wagon, with our knapsacks containing our extra clothing left at Battle Creek. In all our marching through dust and heat we had no change of underwear, since August 20th. All our underwear was so stiff with dirt from perspiration that they would almost stand alone and as we threw them in a pile, they were so full of life, no doubt, they soon ran

away. We had no chance to bathe and no kettles in which to heat water to kill vermin (graybacks).

Clink and two others of our boys, who had been sick, came with the wagon train.

We moved through Glasgow and Scottville and crossed the Tennessee line November 7th, through Galatin on the 8th, and lay in camp near the town over the 9th. A town that we found to be thoroughly rebel.

On the 10th we crossed the Cumberland and reached the Nashville and Lebanon Pike and learned for the first, that Buell had been superseded by General Rosecrans, which caused great rejoicing from the men that carried the gun.

The name of the army had also been changed from the "Army of the Ohio" to "Army of the Cumberland."

And right here the grand foot race under Buell really ended. Since leaving Louisville, our regiment had marched three hundred and sixty miles on straight lines, besides, the crooks and turns, skirmishing and forming lines of battle, in forty days and with only six days rest by the way, much of the time skirmishing.

Since leaving Battle Creek on August 20th seven hundred miles, and it's estimated that the total distance, if all were included, would even reach nine hundred miles, and all this time the boys had been without shelter of any kind, with only one blanket apiece, no change of underwear and on one-quarter rations.

The boys had not only marched through dust and heat, rain and mud, done picket duty skirmishing, constantly since leaving Bell's Tavern, but no matter how tired, hungry and exhausted, had been compelled by Buell's orders to guard property of rebels in the rebel army.

We rested here near the pike till the 15th, when Gen. Hawkins was ordered to move our brigade south about eight miles to Rural Hill, which we reached at dusk in face of the enemy and as we halted, formed in

hollow square, stacked arms and lay down by our guns. On the 17th about three p. m. it began to rain and poured down till midnight. During this heavy shower, one regiment that had remained being joined us, long after dark and quartered in a log barn to the front and left, thoroughly soaked and their guns wet.

About four a. m. on the morning of the 18th a body of rebel cavalry made a charge on the south side of our square where we had one small piece of artillery. Most of our men were sound asleep and the first thing that awakened them was the crash of rebel guns and for a short time it was lively work snatching guns out of a stack in the darkness and tumbling into line. But the line charged upon soon gave them a volley or two that made them whirl and go behind the big log barn for shelter, and here they met a volley they had not reckoned on and soon fled across an open field. Eight or ten went out of their saddles and several horses were killed. They fell back a half mile or so. Soon our whole brigade was formed in line of battle and moved forward by the front toward the enemy and remained in that position till three p. m., when we went back to the hill, formed our hollow square and this time each man had his gun by his side. At four a. m. of the 19th we repeated the movements of the 18th. About the middle of the day we could hear plainly the enemy in the wood forming their line and giving the command forward and by the front; heavy firing began in the rear, (at Lavergn, no doubt, only a short distance), and they soon left us in a hurry to protect their rear.

We remained in line of battle till three p. m. and at four started back toward the Lebanon Pike.

Heavy black clouds began to roll up from the west and soon the rain began to pour down. The mud was half knee deep and as we soon reached a dense forest it added to the midnight darkness. O, what a march that was. The boys will not soon forget it, and still they got

some fun out of it. It was impossible to keep step and keep a company in marching order. The darkness was so dense, the mud so deep and sticky, they would run against each other and frequently one fellow would get a foot fast in the mud and fall and then, perhaps, one or two more fall over him and go headlong splashing into the soft sticky mud.

Company "A" was at the front of the brigade and I think we had probably struck the very worst section of road, along a creek bottom, when without warning a heavy volley of musketry was fired into the rear regiment, which was immediately responded to and then another from the guerrillas. The column came to a halt, an orderly came from the rear to the front with an order to counter-march on double quick. Nelson was in command of the company and I was near the rear, perhaps four paces to the left, in the mud half knee deep. The company turned abruptly to the left and started back on the double quick, ran against and knocked me down in the thin mud and some ran over and two more fell on me, and for a few minutes I thought I would surely drown in the mud, for my head and face was covered, in fact I was all under mud and water. I pulled myself out as soon as possible and felt much as though I had been pulled through a barrel of soft soap. We,—they, I mean—succeeded in reaching the rear of the column just as the enemy ceased firing. I think I was the only one dangerously wounded.

We reached the Lebanon Pike on Mill Creek near the Hermitage at two a. m. on the 20th.

When it became light and the boys caught sight of me they hooted and laughed. They said I looked as if I had been dipped in a barrel of tar. I was completely covered from head to foot, they to their hips with black muck. I stood in the sun till thoroughly dry and got the most of it off.

Here we lay in camp till the 26th when we marched

## IN THE RANKS WITH COMPANY "A."

t six miles and went in camp about three miles east of Nashville on the Murfreesboro Pike. While here I visited Nashville, visited the State House, looked over the fortifications surrounding it and then went to hospital No. 13 where I found two of our boys that were here from Battle Creek, one had been very sick but was able to walk around the room; the other (Scott), was shot through the hip at Shiloh and will always be a sufferer from the wound. I then went to hospital No. 12 to see Lord's but I was too late, he died the day of the month before. He was a fine, noble fellow, a good, conscientious man and good soldier. How sad he should have died here away from home and his comrades!

When I got back to the camp ground I left, I found our regiment had moved four miles further down the pike towards the front, just beyond the insane asylums grounds. We spent the next day in policing our camp grounds. There seemed, now, to be more life, interest, energy and discipline in the army which could be felt as well as seen. While duties were increased there seemed to be more initiative, system and purpose and there was no more looting rebel property.

As the enemy was close in front, large picket guards were sent out and foraging parties, consisting of several regiments with artillery and a long train of wagons forage. The enemy protested against our taking their property and frequently sharp skirmishing ensued which was liable, at any time, to bring on a general engagement.

On the second of December, 1862, Gen. Rosecrans made a grand review of his whole army on the asylum grounds. His appearance and affable manner pleased the boys and inspired them with confidence.

## THE STONE RIVER CAMPAIGN.

### Chapter XXXV.

On the third day of December, I was taken with what the doctor called pleurisy and the next day taken to the big regimental hospital tent. I shall always remember Dr. Rerick, our surgeon, for his kindness to me, in doing everything possible to alleviate my suffering. He insisted that I could not recover in a tent where everything was so damp and no fire—bundled me up, ordered an ambulance and sent me back to Nashville in company with our captain, (Act. Lt. Col.) who was starting for home on a detail to arrest deserters, but more especially to make his position secure.

I was taken to hospital No. 2 on College Hill. Here I had a good bank and warm room and in a few days began to move around. But O how hungry. While suffering so much pain, I had no desire for food, but now I felt as though I could eat a whole ox.

The dining hall was some eighty feet in length in the second story of a large building close by, reached by a long, broad stairway, and as soon as able I went there for my meals with all the convalescents, all as hungry as a pack of Russian wolves, survivors of a long famine.

To get to the first table, it was necessary to secure a place on the stairs a full half hour before meal time and wait. At first I did not feel able to do that and took my chance with the second table.

Our diet was mostly light bread, New Orleans molasses and coffee. Occasionally it was beef soup, bread and coffee. None of us complained of the quality, but the quantity was vitally short. We all left the table hungry with never a morsel left. Perhaps it was better, for we certainly did not overeat and appreciated our meals. One day I was walking around the yard just after

eating my dinner and on the east side of the dining hall three or four colored laborers were getting theirs. They had boiled fresh pork, rice, light bread and beans. I stood and looked at their dinner and it was not race prejudice but pride that kept me from asking them for some of it—their dinner. I had no money to buy with and was too proud to beg.

On the afternoon of the 24th I saw our regimental teams go by the hospital toward the city and feeling that I must go back to the company, I went to the surgeon in charge and asked for my discharge. On the grounds that I wished to return to the regiment with our teams now in the city.

He refused very abruptly. "Can't do it."

"Will you please tell me why, surgeon?"

"I must follow instructions. You are not able for duty yet. The army will begin to move on Murfreesboro tomorrow or next day and you are in no condition yet. No place for invalids."

"I know, surgeon, that what you say is true in most cases, but my case is an exceptional one; I feel that I am needed and I must go back to the company. If you can't give me a discharge I must go without."

"You make a plain case," said the surgeon, "and I'll give you a discharge, but, my boy, I am afraid you'll give out."

With my discharge I was at the pike in time for the wagon. I felt well but was weak. In fact I had hard work to climb into the wagon.

We reached the camp, which had been moved back two miles, at four o'clock p. m.

As per orders we spent Thursday the 25th in getting ready, and while busy around camp, Jack made me a short call.

"Well, Jack," I said, "if we are successful in driving the rebel army out of Murfreesboro, you may find your mother."

"Yes, it's possible, but I conceive it's no small undertaking. In all probability she goes by her present master's name and I shall have to depend more on the colored people than the white. If she is alive, no doubt, some few colored people will know her, but if the army is driven out, the man who claims her, may also leave, too, so I am not very sanguine. The general says if we are successful and he survives, he'll render me all the aid he can, and one in his position will have more influence than I can possibly have."

"If I survive the battle, John, I will help you all I can."

"Don't say if you survive, Marion. I cannot part with you. I shall feel that I am all alone in the world."

"I am more afraid of breaking down and of disease than I am of bullets. I feel now that this campaign, with the excitement, fatigue and nervous tension during a long hard battle will be more than I can endure, but, John, I shall try to do my whole duty."

"Well, Marion, if you should be wounded or get sick, send me word, if possible, and I will get to you, if I can."

"I will, John, thank you. I know you would help me if in your power."

On Friday morning the 26th of December, we were in line early. And just here let me remark that it's not my intention to give the movements of the whole army; I have neither time nor room to record anything except what came under my personal observation; all the rest will be left to the war correspondents, several of whom were with us.

Gen. Crittenden moved his corps consisting of Woods, Palmer and Van Cleve's divisions, forward on the Murfreesboro pike, Palmer's in advance.

We had marched but a short distance till we were confronted by the enemy who seemed to be in considerable force and resisted every forward step and by night

we had the enemy back to Lavergne. Our brigade bivouacked not far from the village and company "A" went on picket out about a half mile from the camp.

On Saturday morning the 27th as we got up within some eighty rods of the village a heavy skirmish fire was opened on our column with musketry and one piece of artillery. We pressed forward slowly, but the skirmishing was kept up till two p. m. before they fell back. When we reached the village we found that it was nearly all consumed by fire, during our engagement.

Our division, Van Cleave's, moved on through the place, fled to the left and marched about three miles and camped on Stewart's Creek, over the Sabbath, as Rosecrans would not violate the Sabbath day.

On Sunday morning our company was ordered out on picket. The boys had put over a kettle of beans, which were not done. I asked if I might stay and finish cooking them and when done take them out to the boys. I told them I knew just how to cook beans; that in that branch I was an expert. "All right," the boys said, "we'll put you on trial once." So I went at the fire and in due time they began to crumble and mush up and that was the way mother cooked beans. She cooked them till done; I never liked raw beans.

When I reached the reserve, I sat the kettle down and said, "Now, boys, here are some beans cooked right, they'll melt in your mouths. They are thoroughly done."

Before I reached the post, ten or twelve of the boys had slipped out and struck a rich lot of poultry on a nearby plantation, bringing with them a five-pail kettle. There were forty, all nice, large and very fat. When I got there, they were all in the kettle, over a hot fire.

Later, as the reliefs came in they helped themselves to chicken and as they would dip in their cups for broth and tasted of it, they all declared it to be the best and richest broth they ever drank. "Boys, be a little careful," I said, "don't be too fresh, it's as rich as castor oil."

and now here's the beans and you needn't be afraid of them, they're cooked done." Big John stuck his spoon down about three inches and struck hard pan.

"Yes, they're done, Marion, solid as a brick to within two inches of the top. All burned to a coal."

"Did you stir them while they were cooking?" some of them asked, and they all laughed. So then and there I lost my reputation as a cook and all of my conceit. The boys that drank most freely of the broth were excused most frequently from the ranks.

On Monday morning the 29th we were in line early and the enemy was waiting to receive us and met us with a heavy line of skirmishers and it was almost like a battle all day long, for there was no time but that some portion of our line was hotly engaged. We went in camp early and again our company went on picket, but the boys excused me from cooking the beans.

A few minutes after we reached our post a darkey came to Lu and told him that his massa wanted four or five of the boys to come and take supper with him, as they had two roast turkeys. Lu selected his four and followed the colored man nearly a mile. The road was very level so that a person could see a long distance. But Lu was not to be caught in a trap so he had one of the boys stand where he could see down the road and not be seen at the house. The master was very gracious, the supper was all ready and the boys sat down to a table loaded with substantial and luxurious food, and as the master began to carve the turkeys, the guard rushed in and shouted, "the guerrillas are coming, hurry, boys, hurry up." Lu snatched one stuffed turkey by the legs and Gilbert the other, and out they went, leaving their hats, and they had no time to waste. They ran along the road a short distance, then leaped the fence and cut across the woods to our station. The master was short his two stuffed turkeys and the boys their hats.

Tuesday, the 30th, we began to move early to the front along the pike. The head of the column threw out skirmishers on either flank and kept pushing back the enemy till we reached our position about sundown on the left of the pike not far from Rosecrans' headquarters, which was on the only elevation near that commanded the field.

We were very tired, had had but little sleep for three days and all the time subject to the highest nervous strain. Nelson and I cut some hazel bushes and weeds and made our bed on the right of the pike, where we went to sleep, little dreaming that the ground right there would be covered with the wounded and dead of both armies before another sunset.

## THE STONE RIVER BATTLE—FIRST DAY.

### Chapter XXXVI.

Murfreesboro is situated on the Nashville and Chattanooga railroad and Nashville pike, some thirty miles southeast of the capital.

Stone River, named after an early settler, is formed here by the union of two streams a little above. It is remarkably crooked, with a rapid current and so far as I saw it, the channel was cut through the solid rock with precipitous banks from five to fifteen feet.

On the night of December 30th, 1862, the two armies bivouacked within a short distance of each other with the river partially between them. The lines were not quite parallel. Their left and our right were much nearer together than our left and their right, but at the center they were perhaps five hundred yards apart.

Gen. Bragg commanded the confederate force while Polk and Harde were second in command.

McCraven, Cheatem, Breckenridge, Withers and Pat Cleburn commanded divisions and Wheeler, Wharton and Pegram commanded the cavalry.

General Crittenden's corps was formed on the left of the Nashville pike, with orders to cross the river early on the morning of the 31st. General Van Cleave's division was to cross at the lower ford and advance against the rebel general, Breckenridge. General Wood was to support Van Cleave on the right, crossing the river at the upper ford and Gen. Palmer was to engage the enemy in his front. Next in the center was Thomas' corps and on his right McCook's, with his extreme right towards the enemy. The battle line in all was nearly, if not quite, nine miles in length, so that the writer can only give a very limited and brief description of that portion of the battle which he saw and in which he was actively engaged.

Early on the morning of the 31st General Van Clevé initiated the execution of this plan by moving his division towards the left and the 44th regiment being on the extreme left, brought us as we came to a halt, immediately in front of Rosecrans' headquarters.

He and his staff were standing in front of the building listening to the firing that had just commenced on our extreme right. The general turned to us, walked down our line and back and talked to the boys in a very cordial manner. He said the battle now pending would be a hard one and hoped that every man would try to do his duty.

"Boys, be careful," he continued, "and don't get excited. Keep cool, keep your guns down and be sure and shoot low. Hardly one gun in a hundred is effective."

The firing increased rapidly on the right and the plan of Bragg was understood. He had taken the initiative and hurled his left on our right in a desperate charge, such as the confederates could make. The roar of artillery and the rattle and crash of musketry, coming nearer and louder was like a raging tornado coming through the forest and begat an indescribable dread as to the result.

We stood still as if frozen to the ground and turned our eyes in that direction. It was nearly or quite six a. m., only sufficiently light, that we could see dimly across the large cotton field. As far as the eye could reach through the hazy morning light, our struggling line was breaking, falling back in squads, companies and sometimes whole regiments, to a new line formed under a deadly fire. They seemed to check, but could not stop the tidal wave.

An aide dashed in from the right, his horse covered with foam. He handed the general a note. It was read and handed to Garische; answered and handed to the aide. Scarcely had he gone when another aide came with another message; the general looked it over

and gave the order "Mount." Garische took his place at the general's side and they went like the wind across the cotton field, into the battle smoke, into the very jaws of death.

A desperate effort was being made to check the charge. Numerous batteries were being planted on the slight elevations along the pike as our column was ordered towards the left. We had moved not more than a half mile when heavy firing opened in our rear and we came to a sudden halt, and stood till our front, which had crossed the ford came countermarching back on the double quick and we fell in and followed for nearly a mile to where Wheeler's Cavalry had captured our baggage train. When we reached the train, the artillery and infantry preceding us had just opened on the enemy. With the reinforcements that had arrived, the contest was short and decisive. As the cavalry turned, in retreat, the Parrott guns poured canister through their battalion leaving horses and riders scattered over the field.

Perhaps we were engaged and remained here ten minutes, then moved back on the pike, on double quick about a half mile; came to a halt and right front, moved forward in line of battle; first through a cedar chopping, then into and across an open field perhaps eighty or a hundred rods across, going over quite a high ridge, which we paralleled with our line, then down a slope to a high cedar rail fence next a piece of thick young timber, clean and clear of undergrowth. This fence was let down in gaps every fifteen feet and when ready all passed through, formed our line and dropped flat on the ground.

The enemy was in heavy force, fifteen rods in front, behind temporary breastworks, hastily built of old logs and the wood on the right was full of rebel infantry with a battery of artillery.

We were already flanked on our right and had hard-

ly touched the ground when the rebel yell was responded to by a heavy volley of musketry from the front, and canister, grape and musketry from the right. We were in a slaughter pen and while our line was steady and cool, firing low and as rapidly as possible, it was evident that we could not hold the position many minutes. Very fortunately for us the enemies' balls flew high, from three to ten feet over us, or every man in our line would have been killed or wounded. We pressed the ground hard and I am quite sure my impression could have been seen for some time thereafter.

Fred Swambaugh lay close on my right and Lu on his right. How long it was after the engagement began, I'm unable to say, as seconds seemed minutes and minutes hours, when Fred was struck by a ball, in the back.

Nelson ordered Lu and me to take him back. To lie still, we were comparatively safe; to get up seemed certain death. We obeyed the order, however, raised Fred to his feet, for his lower limbs were paralyzed; he threw his arms around our necks and we carried him back through the gap and up the slope, three abreast; a splendid target for every rebel in either line. Their balls struck and tore the gravel on either side, whipped around our feet, legs and heads and whistled and "pinged" close to our ears, harmlessly, while an invisible omnipotent hand shielded us as we carried our heavy burden up that long hill, to and over the crest out of range, where we stopped to get our breath. Fred then bore his weight on his feet. The effort exhausted me for I had not yet recovered my strength since my last sick spell.

When partially rested, I said to Lu, "You go on with him, for I must go back." I passed back over the ridge to an exposed point, stopped a few seconds, pulled my hat down over my forehead, dropped my head and ran down the slope to meet our line just as they were rushing through the gaps.

Our whole line was soon in full retreat up the slope and over the hill, with the rebels crowding in on either flank. Exhausted as I was, I fell behind and as I gained the summit, the regiment had obliqued to the right and was way ahead of me.

I was out of breath and stopped a moment. I could run no more. The ridge and slope was covered with our retreating troops in disorder and confusion. A panic seemed inevitable and Rosecrans rode through from left to right, giving the order: "Form behind the turn-pike, boys." This gave them all one purpose and they seemed to act in concert.

I saw I could not reach our regiment as the rebels would cut me off, so I obliqued to the left and started down the slope on a good fast walk and slow run and when perhaps half way down a shell came so close to my head that the pressure knocked me over. A little stunned but still conscious, I did not stop to pick up my rubber and blanket but obliqued more to the left till I reached a heavy line behind the grade of the pike, anxiously waiting to receive the enemy.

As we were falling back, the rebel line was hastily forming for another grand, and as they supposed, final charge, to crowd our right wing into the river. In the morning our line stood at a right angle with the pike. During the day it had been turned back like a gate upon its hinges till it stood parallel. Soon the rebel column, symmetrically formed and compact, was ready. The artillery on both sides was wheeled into line and then from a hundred cannon leaped flames of fire and clouds of smoke and volcanic thunderings significant of the last great day. The crashing and shrieking of solid shot and bursting shell, whirl of grape and canister, thick volumes of smoke that enveloped both armies, wounded and dying men and mangled horses, dismantled cannon and shattered

caissons, the frantic career of riderless horses between the lines, all conspired to create a scene of indescribable and horrible sublimity.

No language could picture it, no genius could paint it: No one person could see but a small portion of this magnificent panorama of barbaric warfare, none able to comprehend a tithe of its volume, power and terrible grandeur; but all who did hear it and all who did see it, though every nerve of the body was twice dead, could not help but feel it.

In our own line, no voice was heard but that of command. Men fell all around us and against and on each other, cut and gashed and torn with fearful wounds, but we heard no outcry or complaint while wounded horses moaned with more than human pathos.

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The enemy's charge, the last desperate one for the day, struck an iron wall they did not and could not break and, completely exhausted by their numerous frenzied efforts, fell back to the woods and gave up the struggle for the day.

Tired, hungry and completely worn out with the last four days of exhausting excitement and loss of sleep, I began to look for a place to spend the night. My blanket and rubber were gone and the ground was freezing hard. After a long search, I found a large rock, some ten feet long, rent through the center and the opening filled with leaves and cedar boughs. It stood at the southwest side of a cedar thicket, exposed to the sun all day and felt warm. Shivering and cold, I crawled in and in a short time became warm and slept for a few hours.

NOTE:—And right here I must mention as an act of simple justice, that early in the morning I found three of our boys sick, Simon M. Sines, Jacob Dotts and William Rosser. I took them to the surgeon, who examined

and excused them, when I ordered them to the company wagon. As we reached the ridge the boys, each with his gun, caught up with company "A" and took his respective place in the ranks and remained in line, under fire during the three days' battle.

## THE BATTLE—SECOND DAY.

### Chapter XXXVII.

I must have rested some and slept soundly the fore part of the night, but the latter part was broken and disturbed, for the night was very cold. The rock where I lay was just on the edge of the field, covered with wounded and dead and only a short distance from a log building used for a field hospital.

I either dreamed or imagined that I could hear the wounded shouting, screaming and calling for help. It was sufficiently real, however, so that at four a. m. I roused up and was chilled through and shaking with the cold.

I started and ran thirty or forty rods as well as I could over the frozen ground and then walked till I got comfortably warm. I found some of our boys packed together like sardines, sound asleep and did not disturb them, but going back to the log building, looked through the window and saw the surgeons, still at work amputating limbs and dressing wounds. There was no rest for them since the battle commenced. The floor was covered with wounded, and the suffering no tongue or pen can tell. Almost faint from what I saw I passed around and on the back side were scores of arms and legs corded up along the side of the building. I had paper and envelopes in my pocket and wrote two letters by the light of the window, and directed them. Dated January 1st, 1863, four-thirty a. m., Battlefield Stone River; simply, "Alive and well, prospects of final victory good." These I took to the regimental postmaster and placed them in his basket.

This was New Year's Day, I said to myself, with the "happy" left off. To call it a happy New Year would be a mockery to the hundred thousand men of both armies lying on the frozen ground, ten thousand of whom.

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were probably dead and many times that number wounded, mangled and torn, in the various hospitals.

Our right wing reached out from the pike five miles or more the morning before and as it was pushed back one quarter of a circle, how many fell wounded in the fields, and woods and ravines and cedar swamps, to suffer alone, freeze and perish for want of warmth and care. ALL ALONE.

And what of the homes made desolate, the wives made widows, children orphaned and the fathers and mothers whose hearts will bleed for those slain here yesterday.

How many of those now unharmed of both armies will see another New Years Day? How many will see another sunset? Who shall atone for this sacrifice, for all this suffering? Can those who urged and advocated state's rights and secession, stand before God and justify their action, can they plead their innocence when mothers, widows, fathers and orphans cry to heaven for help in their sorrow?

During the night General Rosecrans reorganized his army and at six a. m. Van Cleave moved his division across the river to the point started for on the morning of the 31st with our brigade commanded by General Fife on the extreme left and our regiment on the left of the brigade.

Our position was about sixty or seventy rods in front of the lower ford, on the enemy's side, and directly fronting his extreme right. Between us and the enemy was an open level field nearly eighty rods across terminating at the base of a long ridge partially broken into small hills, covered quite thickly with white oak timber and quite clean and clear of undergrowth.

Immediately in front of our line and as far to the right as I could see, was a narrow uncultivated strip of ground some two rods wide with last year's opening

grass and weeds, a few low bushes and a few large white oak trees.

In the rear was the river cut down through the rock with perpendicular banks from three to twelve feet, except at the ford where the bank gives away on the enemy's side permitting the stream to widen nearly two hundred feet, reducing the depth of water to from one to two feet. But where the banks were full the channel was narrow, the current swift and the water at this time from four to five feet deep.

There were numerous small elevations that crowned the river on our side, all around the bend and from this position then held on the enemy's side there was a gradual descent, back across the open field to the ford.

We reached our position a little before sunrise, formed our line and lay down, sheltered from the observation of the enemy by a narrow strip of low bushes, weeds and grass.

Four men were detailed from each company as skirmishers, being deployed out some six rods in front along an old fence. We could have no fire and hence were compelled to eat hard tack and raw bacon. The enemy in heavy force across the plain on the hills could be plainly seen passing back and forth among the trees, as soon as sufficiently light.

Soon after sunrise the firing between our skirmishers and the enemy's opened and became quite brisk and quite often balls from their best muskets whistled close over our heads.

At ten a. m. a battery opened on our line from the enemy; one gun directly in front sending their shell screaming through the air close over our heads, exploding twenty rods in our rear. We watched them with a good deal of interest and concern. We could see a puff of smoke across the plain, hear plainly the shell pass over us, an explosion in the rear and another puff of smoke and a heavy crash and roar in front.

If the enemy had learned our exact position and shortened the fuse it would have robbed us of our enjoyment.

Occasionally a heavy artillery duel would break out from a half mile to two, three or four miles to the right, lasting a half hour or so and then quiet down at that point and soon commence again near by or further off, with the same threatening indications, and thus the long anxious hours, that seemed like days and weeks, dragged along as we watched the shell and the sun, that seemed not to move. Can any one enjoy lying on the cold frozen ground from early morning, through an almost endless day, watching screaming fends fly close over their heads and not wish the sun to hasten down and hide his face in darkness?

Darkness came at last and the firing ceased. Many of our supply wagons had been captured and our rations were short. No fires, no coffee. Raw bacon and hard tack and a bed for the night on the frozen ground. But what of the morrow, who can tell?

## STONE RIVER—THIRD AND LAST DAY.

### Chapter XXXVIII.

The third day, Friday, was opened about sunrise, with a heavy artillery duel along our line, each army trying to find the other's weakest point where they could strike the hardest and most effective blow.

When this subsided, a heavy skirmish fire began, extending from one extreme to the other of both armies, which continued without abatement till two p. m. when all became still; a calm that always begets dread during a battle, as some threatening catastrophe in nature, a cyclone, tornado or earthquake, etc.

We watched with eager expectation for some movement or sign. Nothing was heard by us from either side except the occasional tooting of an engine at Murfreesboro.

Ours was but a single brigade line, no support visible to us. A river that we could neither jump nor climb its precipitous banks, running around us on the right and rear, with only a narrow ford, a heavy body of the enemy's cavalry on our left, in an open field in plain sight and Breckenridge with his rebel hosts in front.

From all indications the final struggle, the last act in this great drama was to be played right here in the bend.

Just at three-thirty p. m. a single gun was fired at Murfreesboro. We looked across the open plain to the ridge beyond. There was a sudden movement among the trees, the enemy was hurrying to and fro; they were all alive; the hill was covered; the wood was full. Regions of rebels were forming in squads, companies and regiments, and soon came pouring down from the hill, in countless numbers upon the plain, formed in column of division, compact and powerful, a heavy line parallel with ours.

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Their batteries were wheeled in line and concurrently with their heavy column began the movement. How symmetrically they moved, as if inspired by one motive and one mind! Their muskets gleamed and shone in the clear evening sunlight, like burnished brass and polished silver. Their regimental flags exulted over our first day's disaster as they fluttered haughtily in the breeze. They moved forward like an irresistible tidal wave, with magnificent daring as if to victory rather than slaughter and defeat.

Pale and resolute were the faces that watched this threatening charge and as it came nearer and still nearer, the lips turned white and bloodless and, whether acknowledged or not, there were anxious hearts, a sickening dread of what might soon come, of what the next few minutes might bring forth; only felt but not expressed.

In a second one might exchange worlds, or worse perhaps, be severely wounded, torn and mangled; left on the field while life in agony would go out, slowly but surely, drop by drop, alone on the battle field freezing and dying where none could reach to help, none to hear a dying message but the pitying "Lamb of God."

An order was given, "Lie down," and all dropped at and hugged the earth. The enemy fired not a single gun till they got within ten or twelve rods, when they gave the "Rebel Yell," which was followed by volley after volley of musketry and artillery which created a scene that cannot be described, can only be comprehended by those who have heard and felt the roar and shock of battle.

Their solid line of seething flame,

Leaped through the clouds of drifting smoke,

And filled the air with bursting shell

Canister, grape and murderous hail.

The regiment to our right jumped to their feet as the rebels gave their yell, and I believe that one-half

fell to the ground as if cut down by a scythe. Our boys kept their places snug to the earth and none were hit that I saw, but the storm that passed over us was like hail from a heavy black cloud or more like the rushing through the air of countless swarms of mad bees. Our boys fired only a few volleys and checked this tidal wave for a few minutes when an order was given to fall back, which Nelson and I did not hear. As we sprang to our feet, it seemed to me that I could have caught my hands full of balls by holding them over my head in position, in a few seconds. The massed rebel column had got within fifteen or twenty feet of us when we turned and started to run, obliquing to our right. For perhaps twenty feet I kept up with Nelson, then requested him to go on, as the thick powder smoke filled and hurt my lungs; I then walked as fast as I could, still obliquing more to the right, more out of range.

Regarding my chances of getting off the field as not one in ten thousand, all fear left me and I walked quite deliberately, every second expecting to feel a ball strike me in the back and wondering why they did not, as they were singing around my head and ears. After obliquing as much to the right as I could, on account of rebel cavalry I pushed forward on a rapid walk straight to the front toward an old log building near the river, and turning my eyes to the left gave me a clear view of the heavy compact rebel column, moving forward in their mad frenzied charge down the slope behind our retreating single line, facing the concentrated fire of seventy pieces of artillery planted around the bend belching forth long red sheets of flame and smoke and shell and grape and canister and seventy volumes of artificial thunder that shook the earth and made the air tremble with the vibrations.

So short was the line, so concentrated the guns and so rapid the firing, that the roar was like the bursting

forth of a long pent up volcano or an hundred thunderstorms merged into one. The smoke rolled up in great clouds and covered the sun. The air was full of invisible messengers of death, gravel, stones and sand were flying in all directions from the ground as it was being plowed with balls, grape, canister and bursting shells, and on my left under the smoke I could see scores of the enemy falling, dragging a shattered limb, holding a torn arm, covering some ghastly wound about the head and face, all struggling to escape the deadly peril.

I succeeded in reaching the log building near the river and about thirty rods below the ford, surrounded by several large trees. I stood under its shelter for a few minutes watching the terrible struggle of the compact rebel column pressing forward down to slaughter and death. If the Great Judgment Day be more terrible than all that, I wonder not that the wicked fear and tremble. As a heavy body of cavalry came charging up from my right, our own guns planted above the ford, turned their muzzles toward the cavalry and the grape and canister came pouring through the trees immediately over my head. I moved more behind the building and there a volley from the rebel cavalry struck like hail, against the house and I started for the river, jumped down its precipitous bank into the ice cold water, nearly to my arms and then forced my way, under the cover of the rock, against the rapid current to the ford, then crawled on my hands and knees up the steep made slippery with blood and water, into our line, which I had just made when a heavy line of our infantry, on the double quick crossed the ford and deployed down along the river bank and opened fire on the rebel line.

The enemy expected in this grand charge to crush our left wing and put our whole army to route. But when they entered the bend in massed and compact column under a front and enfolding fire on short range with canister from seventy pieces of artillery and a large force

of infantry, Breckenridge's magnificent army melted away and lay dead and dying on the field and the survivors fled in panic to Murfreesboro. The victory for the day was complete, and I thanked God it was ours.

The stars and stripes were planted on the enemy's works and our army bivouacked, undisturbed on the battle field. I remained near the ford till the enemy fled and then finding my clothing, that was wet nearly to my arms, was freezing stiff, I started to the pike, well to the rear, as fast as I could walk, where I found a large fire built of cedar rails and stood near and around that, till my clothes dried out and I got warm. About ten p. m. I went back down the pike near the center and finding an old cotton house, where some of our boys had a good fire, I went in and spent the balance of the night.

## AFTER THE BATTLE.

### Chapter XXXIX.

Saturday morning the sun rose clear and beautiful and kindly lighted up a gory battlefield covered with the dead of both armies. Some portions of the field had been fought over two or three times and hence the Blue and Gray lay side by side for they met the same unkindly fate. If there was any bitterness and hatred a few hours since it did not separate them now, for we could see them here lying, frequently one upon another.

All the confederate dead and wounded were left on our hands. The dead to bury and the wounded to care for. All the enemy's wounded that were able to be moved were taken by them to Murfreesboro during the battle and those unable were left in their field hospitals.

The panic that seized the survivors of Breckenridge's command on the left last evening became almost general, when they reached town. Even the citizens were badly frightened and left in great haste, expecting the Yanks to pour down and like barbarians or their own guerrillas destroy, kill and burn.

Those that did go having slaves, took them or took all they could find. This kind of chattle property was not afraid of Lincoln's boys and many hid in barns, stables, outbuildings and behind fences till their masters were gone, then reported to our army. A great many thousand dollars worth of human cattle were lost to their masters. Very ungrateful they were, they must have known that they were not their own, for their masters had invested their money in them.

The three days battle, especially the first and third, was very fatal and destructive to both armies. On the left the confederates were so sanguine of success that they rushed headlong into a trap that Rosecrans had set for them, facing the fire, in massed column, of sev-

enty pieces of artillery and a heavy infantry fire and now it is estimated that two thousand were killed in less than twenty minutes besides many that were wounded. Hundreds were torn to pieces, heads, legs, arms and portions of the body gone. I started to go over the field, but turned back, the sight being too awful for me.

I then walked back to the center and went over to the right, across a portion of the cotton field where the fighting was most desperate on the first day, from daylight till four p. m., and here I saw horrors of a battle-field, a sight I shall never forget as long as I live. A great many of the confederate dead had been brought together for burial, laid down in a long column close side by side with a deep wide trench, already prepared, at their feet. There were men representing all ages, from sixteen to sixty. I looked sometime at one boy, whose left shoulder and nearly half of his chest was torn away, the one next to him, some older, one-half of his head had been carried away as smoothly as though accomplished by a surgeon's saw and knife. The remaining part of the skull was as white and clean as an ivory cup. Another closely disemboweled and many with one or more limbs gone, but the great majority here were killed with musket balls, through the head, face, bowels, chest and limbs. We could trace the wound by the blood that had oozed out through the clothing. Many of these poor men, no doubt, might have been saved with immediate care and probably very few, if any, that we saw were in any way responsible for this unholy war.

If Jefferson Davis and all who led in the advocacy of state's rights and southern supremacy, could have been put in the ranks and carried a gun with these innocent men and boys, in one battle like this and in one campaign and suffer as they had suffered from heat and dust and cold and hunger and exhaustion, one campaign and one battle lasting three days would have been sufficient. The fighting was desperate over this field as one

could readily see by walking over it. One battery here lost eighty horses, which lay scattered over the field. In one place were three horses killed by one single shell and piled in a pitiable heap. Wagons, horses in harness, horses with saddles, cannon and caissons, gun and cart-ridge boxes, canteens and haversacks, could be seen in every direction. The earth, too, was torn and ploughed with shell and grape and canister and some of the trees were almost limbless and the trees splintered from top to bottom.

Some little time before dusk Lu and I took another walk over a portion of the field on the right. We had gone but a short distance when a cavalry officer rode in from the left crossing our line and stopping his horse, just to the right, not far in front. Lu was on my right and hence would pass next and close to the rear of the house. The rider leaped off, took off two heavy blankets from his saddle, turned quarter way around and laid them almost in Lu's hands for they scarcely touched the ground till he had them under his coat under his left arm. Lu never missed a step and kept right on as though it was all arranged for, and no unusual thing. As soon as I could safely speak, I said "O Lu, how could you do that?"

"O easy enough. Didn't you see me?"

"Yes, I saw you but I never should have thought of it and couldn't do such a thing."

"Just simply because you've had no practice."

"But Lu, you have a good blanket."

"I had a good blanket but gave it to a sick boy last night and nearly froze, besides one of these is for you."

"But what will that poor fellow do, this cold night, just think."

"O just let him do the thinking. I'm thinking of you and me. He must look out for himself just as I have."

"You needn't but any more, take this blanket and have one good warm night's rest. Say, Marion, with all your common sense, we've got lots of boys that will sleep well on a full stomach, while you freeze and starve."

"Well, Lu, I'll accept the blanket with thanks. What you say is quite true, for I should have gone hungry and slept cold many a night more than I have, except for the kindness of you boys."

About dusk our company went out a mile or so on picket and about ten o'clock a couple of our boys brought in a contraband, a nice looking young fellow, worth before the war, ten hundred dollars. When I asked him his name, he scratched his head and asked, "Sah, why you wants to know for?"

"We will have to take you in and turn you over to General Rosencranz or President Lincoln and he'll want your name."

"My name, sah, is Andrew Lee Jackson William Thompson," and we all laughed heartily.

"Now you won't send me back?"

"No, we'll not send you back, but your name is too heavy for one man to carry. I'll just write your name Lee Thompson and we'll call you Lee."

"Now, Lee, tell why you ran away, didn't you have a good master?"

"O mighty good, sah. Any you boys want a good place?"

"O no not now, but wasn't he good to you?"

"Sometimes I's mighty onpoplar, specially when he was intoxicated seven or eight days in a week."

"Lee, ain't you giving us chaff now? Do you know how wicked it is to tell lies?"

"Wal sah, youuns just look at my back."

And he pulled off his coat and his shirt over his shoulders. We all looked. He had been welted or cut with a whip from the top of his shoulders down to his

hips. I passed my hand over it and it felt more like a washboard than a human being's back.

"Well, Lee, we'll take your word; you needn't go back."

"Bress de Lord, Massa, I'd rather die right here than go back."

Lee was very congenial company and kept us all laughing at his crude descriptions of plantation life.

Again it was Sunday, all the dead were buried Saturday. If we were to measure time by events it would be a month since last Sunday. Each day of the battle seemed equal to an ordinary week.

We learned very recently that we were to have a new chaplain in a few days. Our first chaplain failed entirely to gain the respect and confidence of the boys. He was no mixer and appeared to them to be more of an aristocrat than minister. He preached but few sermons, and while they were logical and argumentative yet they did not seem to touch the heart. In fact, the boys never made his acquaintance. I have failed to mention him because I respected his office too much to mention his failures.

At ten a. m. our brigade moved down to Murfreesboro and went in camp on the Lebanon pike, a short distance out of town to the north. In the evening our company was ordered on picket, a mile or so out in a thick wood. The night was very dark and we had some trouble getting through the tree tops and brush in forming our picket line and sometime during the night a supernaturated horse approached the line so stealthily that two of the boys fired. This took Clink and I out of the line, over logs and through tree tops till we reached the first picket. We knew the boys were some excited and approached them carefully. It was only a poor starving confederate horse turned out to die or browse.

All our sick and wounded from the field hospital able to be moved were now in town, in school houses,

churches, dwelling houses and court house. All buildings emptied by reason of the panic Friday were full.

We received a sheet authorized by General Rosen-

crantz:

No. of men engaged in Union army .....48,000  
 No. killed, wounded and missing .....12,000  
 No. of confederates engaged .....56,000  
 No. killed and wounded .....10,000  
 Then came losses by regiments, brigades and divisions, which I omit here. The enemies killed far exceeded ours and their wounded much less.

I met John for the first time since we left Nashville.

He informed me that he met an old colored man who knew his mother quite well, and something of her history. He described her so minutely that John is sure there can be no mistake. He has secured the man to help him hunt her up. Could get no trace of her since the battle but would remain here till he found her.

## THE SPENCE HOSPITAL.

### Chapter XL.

On Tuesday night the 6th of January, 1863, I was taken with a hard chill at our tent and was reported to the assistant surgeon, Dr. Carr, as sick. The boys took me to the hospital tent but the weather was so rainy and damp that the doctor called an ambulance and sent me to the Spence hospital, a half mile or more farther along on the Lebanon pike, on the right hand side going out of town.

The plantation belonged to General Spence in Breckenridge's corps, whose command on the enemy's extreme right was slaughtered and driven from the field in panic on Friday evening.

The general took all his slaves that he could find and nearly all his household goods, put them on the cars and left sometime during the night.

The plantation was large, very rich, and the house, finish and decorations, indicated the owner to be a man of wealth, taste and culture.

The house was built of brick quite modern, two and a half stories high, large rooms and high ceilings. In the third story was a large hall and anti room, which was furnished and occupied by the Knights of the Golden Circle. In their panic and haste to get away, all their paraphernalia, wardrobe, masques, rituals, flag staff, etc., were left in the room and were confiscated by the boys, who were able to climb the stairs.

The family also left in one of the large parlors, a very fine and large looking glass, that must have cost several hundred dollars, a fine pianoforte, two or three bedsteads, a very few chairs and carpets in one or two small rooms.

The cabins for the house servants were built of round cedar logs, in rooms about ten by fourteen feet

and all joined together, and this row of cabins was about two rods back of the main building. The field hands had their quarters some sixty or seventy rods back.

Two likely colored boys, eighteen and twenty and two small boys about ten and twelve, hid away, and also one servant about forty or forty-five whom no one would consider belonged to the colored race, very kind and motherly, naturally intelligent, and in her speech indulged in no brogue and was cultured and refined. All the boys in the hospital called her Aunt Rose.

There remained on this plantation besides these few colored people one other piece of valuable property, a very fine new milch cow. Dr. Martin took possession of this cow and arranged with Aunt Rose to take good care of her, she to sell the milk to the boys in the hospital at ten cents one pint. And no one soldier should have more than one pint from any one milking. The doctor was to furnish the feed and protect the cow, and Aunt Rose was to have the income from the milk. The lady was highly pleased with this arrangement and every day received good compensation for her labor.

For four or five days, I was unable to keep still but wanted to walk continually and thought I could resist and throw off my attack and during these days spent much of my time with Aunt Rose in her neat little cabin. I learned that she was the slave of Gen. Spence, but of her history, she was very reticent as to herself, on every other subject she would converse freely and I was much surprised to find one in her condition so cultured and refined.

So to draw her out and get her history I told her that my mother's house for years was a station on the underground railroad, where slaves escaping from oppression found a welcome asylum: were bedded, warmed and fed and then taken farther on to a land of freedom. That I had driven many and many a night through dark-

ness and storm, and, I continued, all this was done in our Master's name.

She gave me a smile that I will never forget and then said: "He that giveth even a cup of cold water, to a thirsty, perishing soul, in the name of Jesus shall not lose his reward." "O, Marion, I wish I could answer your questions and give you a short sketch of my life, but I have never been able to do so. It is so terrible, so much out of the ordinary, came upon me so suddenly and if I should undertake to tell you now it would unfit me for duty to these sick boys. My boys, I call them. There is much suffering here in this hospital that I cannot add mine to it. So you will excuse me now, will you not?"

"Yes, Aunt Rose, but some time before I leave you will tell me, I hope."

She was all the time busy baking, washing and mending for the boys and with all her work and hurry she found time to run into the big room where the very sickest ones were and did all she could to help and alleviate pain.

Before the end of the first week, I became worse and told the doctor I had typhoid, and asked him if he could break it. He didn't dispute me and only said "perhaps." Dr. Morgan belonged to the old school, and believed in radical treatment, that would either kill or cure. He gave me blue mass in mammoth pills and quinine in twenty grain doses.

I was suffering from hemorrhoids and camp disease and the blue mass inflamed the disease and produced untold suffering. Dr. Rerick was sick, just able to walk around his office. Had he been well I am satisfied I should have had milder and much more humane and efficient treatment.

For a few days I stayed in the convalescent room and lay on the floor on straw, then some of the boys from the company made me a lounge formed with slats

across the bottom. Dr. Rerick gave me a tick and the boys filled this with hay and fixed my bed in the big room. One of my blankets was placed over the tick, my overcoat fixed for a pillow and I lay down on my new bed, with two blankets over me.

The room was one of the large parlors, about twenty by twenty feet with the fire place on one side. There were eleven cases of typhoid fever and camp disease in the room, all very bad and I made the twelfth, with only one attendant on duty. The beds were all about the same as mine, rough cots, ticks filled with hay, rough blankets with neither pillows nor sheets.

My cot was placed with the head close to the door opening into a wide hall and from the hall was a wide stairway leading to the story full of sick. The floors were all bare and the constant tramping, up and down stairs by men wearing big heavy boots made me almost wild. They could do no better, but promised to move me as soon as possible.

As my fever increased I soon became delirious. Like several others in the room and as there was more or less picket firing and some cannonading all this filled our heads full of conjectures as to the result of an attack by the enemy on the camp or hospital.

One day, I shall never forget. It commenced to rain about nine a. m., the water came down in sheets and froze to the trees and earth, everything was covered with ice and about nine p. m. the wind sprang up from the west and soon the large elm trees surrounding our building were bending helplessly before the wintry blast, throwing showers of broken ice against the building and large windows.

William Keefer, a deaf convalescent of our regiment, was on duty as nurse. This racket sounded to my excited imagination like a heavy body of cavalry riding by.

I motioned to William, who came to me at once, and I spoke as loud as I could:

"Are the rebel cavalry going by?"

"Yes! Yes! Keep still! Keep still!"

Soon another gust of wind would bring another installment of ice. I'd motion to Bill and ask the same question and the answer invariably the same. "Yes, yes, keep still! Keep still!"

And so all night long I kept Bill running back and forth across the room and I passed a night of torture without sleep or rest.

The next morning my fever was up and I was wild with a throbbing pain in my head, when Aunt Rose came in with an empty pail, a clean towel and a pitcher of cold water. She lifted my head from the cot, supporting it with one hand and with the other she took the pitcher and poured on the water and continued to do so until the fever was run down and the pain all gone. Then she used the towel, wiped and dried my hair, rubbed my temples with her hands till I fell asleep. I slept till three p. m., the most refreshing sleep I had had for several days and when I opened my eyes, Aunt Rose greeted me with a smile.

I told her that I went to sleep thinking I was at home and that mother was nursing me. "Your voice sounded like hers and your touch was like hers and that is why I called you mother," when I opened my eyes. "How can I ever reward you, Aunt Rose, for ministering to me, a stranger?"

"Have you forgotten, Marion, that passage in that best of all old books, 'As ye did unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.' And it was for your mother, too, hoping that some mother might do for my children as I have done by you."

"Aunt Rose, the first time I saw you in your little cabin and looked on your face I knew you had passed through deep sorrow. When I get well, if I ever do,

won't you tell me all about your history and why I have so often seen you shedding tears?"

"There is so much sorrow and suffering around me, Marion, that in ministering to others I can for the time forget my own suffering. The wound was so deep and the bruise so severe that I durst not raise the mantle for others to see. Many would not believe my sad story because so much beyond the ordinary."

"Aunt Rose, you are good and kind to me; if I get well I will try and help you and then you'll tell me, won't you?"

"Yes, Marion, but have courage, you will get well though through great suffering. Your mother is praying for you. And Marion as I almost constantly breathe forth my prayer to my Heavenly Father that He will restore my children to me, I will ask Him in the same breath to restore you to your mother. Take courage, Marion, don't give up, you will get well. Good by now, I will call in often."

Aunt Rose was much affected and it was with effort that she spoke of her children. I wondered who was responsible for her suffering, how many children she had, if her husband was also sold from her and if her children were small. And while I was musing over her unwritten history John came in with a wine bottle full of quail broth which he took to the kitchen, heated it hot and brought it in, crumbled in a few soda crackers and then fed it to me as gently and tenderly as a woman. Although I had very little appetite it tasted quite good. I ate what I wanted and the rest he sat away for another meal.

"John," I said, "I'm glad you called. I get very lonesome here. The boys are very kind and some of them come in every day but they can stay only a few minutes as their duties keep them in camp. They divide up and frequently they come in and stay through the night."

"I will come in as often as I can, Marion, but when not engaged I am prosecuting my search for mother. I have not been able to learn anything of her since the battle. Not even where she was located or the man's name that she was compelled to call her master, but everything is unsettled yet and I think that in a short time many who were frightened away will return, when they learn they'll not be butchered by northern barbarians. I fear mother will be so broken down by her sorrow and look so old and feeble that I shall not know her if I met her in the street."

"Well, she'll know you, John, and I am confident you'll find her in town or near here soon, don't get discouraged."

John bade me good by and left me, promising to call in as often as possible. He looked worried and no doubt was somewhat discouraged.

Good efficient nurses were not found at the front. Every able bodied man was needed in the ranks and only convalescents were sent here for nurses, men and boys physically unfit for the place.

Our hospital Steward, Charles Pardy, would remain on duty as long as he could stand on his feet. He was kind, considerate and so careful in handling us. I was suffering with bed sores on my hips, back, shoulders and one knee, caused by the fever and rough army blankets. Some two weeks after these bed sores made their appearance and became very bad and painful, large dark blue ulcers or blisters developed on my right wrist and were very painful. They resembled what I had seen once on a person afflicted with blood poison. When the doctor lanced one of them, the largest one, he shook his head and then I knew the indication was not good. Charley dressed my wrist once a day and did it very carefully. Once he said when he got through with this tedious job:

"Marion, you are going to have a long pull and a hard one but I believe you can win out and pull through

if you'll just keep a stiff upper lip, and experience many happy days at home yet." This kind of talk did me more good than the doctor's large doses of blue mass.

The next day I was suffering from hemorrhoids, my bed sores and wrist and was feeling a little blue when Charley came to my cot and said:

"Why, Marion, we have carried out four from this room that came in some time after you did. You've got the tenacity of a cat and you'll make it, only keep a stiff upper lip."

Sometimes my upper lip would almost fail me and then I would repeat a parting message referred to, that I must live for their sakes, when to die would be gain for me.

I cannot describe the suffering endured by the patients in that room or a fraction of that endured by myself. Our building was good and the location healthful, but no hospital stores. Not a sheet or pillow or suitable underwear, nothing but the coarse rough army flannel and the army blankets that we had been using. No beneficent Christian or Sanitary Commission, no Mrs. Livermore or Mother Bickerdike had reached Murfreesboro yet.

The diet for our room was light baker's bread toasted, with hot water poured on and a few times only hard tack. Of course, we had hospital tea.

I had engaged of Aunt Rose one pint of milk a day which I had the nurse scald or boil. This I could retain as nourishment, and nothing else, and by the beginning of the second month I was so reduced and weak that I was compelled to suck this milk through a straw.

One day John Keefer of Company "C" was brought in with his head bandaged. For several days after this I became unconscious or too delirious to remember what occurred, but was brought to consciousness or aroused from my stupor by hearing a man scream and looking across the room saw John sitting upright on his cot with

his face toward me, a frightful object.

His head had been shaven clean, was swollen to twice its size and had been covered with nitrate of silver and was as black as ebony. He was both blind and deaf and the doctor was lancing his head. For ten or fifteen days he was in this condition and endured untold suffering.

Our boys were very kind. Hardly a day but one or more would call and see me.

My old friend, Lewis, kept my friends posted as to my condition and would bring me mail and often read it to me.

Our new chaplain, Rev. Roberts, commenced calling at the hospital soon after I entered and hardly a day passed that he was not in and did all he could to help the sick. Aunt Rose never failed to call in once or twice a day and frequently sat down on my cot and bathed my face and hands.

STARTING FOR HOME.

Chapter XLV.

Two of our boys carried me down the broad stairway out of the Spence Hospital, into God's sunshine and lifted me carefully into the ambulance, and the team started for the station. How the light dazzled my eyes and with what zest I filled my lungs with the fresh morning breeze! To one who had been shut in for months and seen and experienced the suffering I had and then to be welcomed back into such a beautiful world on a May morning like this, was enough to fill the heart to overflowing with joy and thanksgiving. I wanted to sing "Praise God from Whom all Blessings Flow," but my voice was too weak and I could hum the tune and mentally supply the words.

We can appropriate to ourselves all that's lovely in nature to the full extent of our capacity and yet we have not diminished the supply. The supply is prodigal. There is enough for all. A millionaire may plant and cultivate a garden of choice flowers and trees of tropical splendor and still the beggar may get richer enjoyment from it than he who planted.

Our train moved out from the station and slowly across the river bridge and then in a few minutes reached the battle field. We had more or less risk to run from Guerrillas and Rebel Cavalry, until we would reach Louisville.

Every few days since the battle we would get reports of the tearing up of track and the capture of trains, so of course, in my condition, I had many apprehensions for the safety of our train. We had hardly gone more than a mile after crossing the river, when the train stopped suddenly and the passengers began to look out of the windows and some one cried out "Cavalry coming." I wilted down in my seat as though I had been shot. All

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in the car seemed much excited. Prentiss looked out over the cotton field and then spoke, "Don't get excited, Marion. They wear the blue." This restored me at once but showed me plainly how weak and helpless I was. They were a body of scouts, and after conferring with the conductor a few minutes, the train moved on.

There, Prentiss," I said, "On the left is the cotton field and farther in that direction than you can see, the fighting commenced very early on the 31st. Our line then, you see, stood at a right angle with this road. Up on that little elevation was Rosencranz's headquarters. On the right is the lower ford and across the stream from that is where Breckenridge met his Waterloo. And over there on the left at the Pike is where we recaptured our baggage train. Did you notice any stench as we came across the field?"

"O yes, quite strong, and when I went down the 1st of March it was too thick to breathe. In fact when the wind was from this direction, I could detect the same there at the hospital for a month."

My ride was doing me good. The day was mild and pleasant, the scenery beautiful although the country was sadly devastated by the war. The trees were out in full leaf, the fields green and the little patches of grain and clover were waving in the wind.

"Here is Lavergne almost totally destroyed by fire, when we marched through," I said, "and you will notice from this on to Nashville the terrible effects of the war. Fences, buildings and forest have all been destroyed."

"A deserved retribution," said Prentiss, "but the poor fellows who suffer most are least responsible."

As we approached Nashville the forts and fortifications attracted our attention. From Capitol Hill the siege guns commanded every street and any army that would try to enter the city would be badly cut to pieces.

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And we know what all this ceremony means—why that all over our broad land on the 30 day of May of each and every year a grateful nation stops to weep over patriots' graves and freely shed her tears and strew their graves with flowers.

Our heroic dead, in memory they're living still—those honest sons of toil, those who once were called the mudsills of the north.

Why, they gathered patriotic inspiration as they gathered flowers among their native hills.

They inhaled it as the evening zephyrs or the morning's gentle breeze.

They believed in their government and in its most essential doctrine, "United we stand, divided we fall."

They loved their country, lived for it and died for it—as they met the enemy on more than 500 hard fought battlefields, with wavering results at first, 'tis true.

They fought them hand to hand and pressed them backward foot by foot until at last the rebel hosts lay down their arms and fell in line.

Then as from four million slaves their shackles fell in broken links:

"Freedom from her mountain height"

"Unfurled her standard to the air;

She tore the azure robes of night

And set the stars of glory there."

Saved, thank God, a nation's saved. Saved to the world and the millions yet unborn—the grandest and best government ever known to man.

"Then cover with flowers the nation's dead;

Let them bloom o'er their bosoms and wave o'er their heads:

Let the beauty and fragrance of spring's richest bloom  
Fill the air that we breathe o'er the dead soldier's tomb."

(MARION)  
MARVEN B. BUTLER. - OBITUARY

### CHAPTER LI.

Was born in Grandisle, Vermont, Feb. 15, 1834. He was one of the five children of Daniel and Mary Butler. His father and two brothers, Jesse and Loren, and their families came from Vermont and settled in Salem township, Steuben county, Indiana, on the farm now owned by John B. Parcell, when the deceased was four years old. He acquired his education in the Salem and Orland schools, and taught school for several years.

Mr. Butler enlisted at Salem Center, in August, 1861, in Co. A., 44th Ind. Vol. Infantry, and was assigned to Crittenden's command and promoted to first lieutenant, and took part in the battles of Fort Donaldson, Perryville, Stone River and many other skirmishes during the Buell campaign. From exposure at Fort Donaldson, his health failed and he was furloughed home, sick with typhoid fever, and remained until recovered, when he returned to his regiment at Battle Creek, Tenn., and suffered a relapse later of typhoid-pneumonia, and was nursed back to health by his brother Henry at the Spence hospital in Murfreesboro, Tenn., where he was honorably discharged from service May 2, 1863.

Mr. Butler served the people of Steuben county faithfully and well for eight years as recorder, four years as auditor and a term in the legislature, and in all of his public life was courteous and conscientious in the discharge of his official duties.

He was united in marriage at Angola, Ind., March 24, 1864, to Miss Harriet Fuller. To this union were born three sons, Albert, Benjamin and Harry. Albert died in infancy, and Harry Jan. 3, 1899. His entire life with the exception of a few years was spent in Salem township. His wife died at their home in Salem Center, Jan. 2, 1901. Religiously he was a Presbyterian, from

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early manhood a member of the North Salem church, and his life has been a living example of the faith he professed. In his death the son loses a loving, indulgent father, the community a sturdy pioneer and an exemplary citizen, and the church a strong and faithful pillar.

During the last four years of his life he compiled a book entitled, "My Story of the Civil War and Underground Rail Road," which is now being published. He had been in failing health for several months, and it was his wish to be taken to the Soldiers' Home hospital at Marion Ind., for treatment, where he died June 17, 1914, aged 80 years, 4 months and 2 days. He leaves to mourn his departure one sister, Mrs. Susan Bell, one son, three grandchildren and a wide circle of relatives and friends.

Funeral services were held at the M. E. church in Salem, Sunday, June 21, 1914, Rev. John Humphreys, of Angola, officiating, assisted by Rev. E. C. Mason, of Huntington.

The above obituary is copied from the Angola Republican of July 1, 1914.

THE END



M. B. BUTLER  
Late 1st Lieut. Co. "A" 44 Reg.