the Battery, on the afternoon, of Tuesday, the 6th. a cool blustering winters day.

This location was known as the old John Bell farm, or place. One can remember the Bell and Everett; Douglas and Johnson; Breckinrige and Lane, ticket which was in the field when Lincoln and Hamlin were elected in 1860.

Our wagons loaded with provisions and our tents came back safely from the rear.

The old Sibley's we pitched, facing to the north; the same ones we received and opened for the first time, at Camp Douglas; from which protection we had derived no comfort, from the snow and winters storms, since leaving Corallo creek, before the commencement of the fight.

S.C. STEVENS
CHICAGO. BD OF TRADE - AFTER BATTLE
TRANSCRIPT IN BLACK BOOK

After all these fighting days were over, and we had completed the burying of the dead orders came to "fall back." We moved out to the road taking the pike toward Murfreesboro. Crossed the Stone Arch to its south side, by a temporary bridge. The water at this point of crossing of this crooked stream run nearly due east. We went into a short distance from the bridge, a camping place, a little way off from the pike eastward.

This was a very pleasing spot, on a gentle rising ground, where at one time had been a fine forest of oak trees, many of these oaks and some elm trees still standing. On the edge of this wood was a small clearing into which Stokes moved

We, the rank and file, did not expect, nor, do I believe, the officers knew beforehand, that we should remain in this location and occupy this ground, or that we were assigned this post for our permanent winter quarters.

For many days after the battle my ears rang constantly, with the sound of the guns. Whether the concussion in the massing of so many heavy guns in Friday's engagement, or sleeping on the ground or from general exposure and hardships of many campaigns, I cannot tell, but I never have gained my hearing since.

We soon fell into the regular ways of camp life again; after having so many broken days, and sleepless nights and the exhilirando on the field.

Up to the time of our

arrival in Nashville we had been an unattached Battery. On Stokes' suggestion he had obtained a commission as Bowling Green, to move the organization to the front.

This movement I have already described.

At Nashville we were attached to, and served in, the Pioneer Brigade.

Commanded during the Stone River campaign, by Colonel St. Clair Morton. He was a graduate from West Point, and an engineer. A fine looking fellow; clear complexion; long silken auburn hair; tall and graceful in person, every inch a gentleman. It was a pleasure to see him, accompanied by his staff, ride up to, and dismount at, our head-quarters, as was his custom, after we settled in this camp. I do not have a better place to note the following items of St. Clair Morton,

He was made a brigadier-general at this battle, and was killed in an assault on Petersburg Va. the following year.
Under his direction it is probable, the mud fort on the south side of the river near the bridge and other fortifications in the vicinity of our camp were executed by his Brigade, during the winter and Spring months.

About the first things in this camp we talked ~~about~~ of, among ourselves, around our camp-fires of an evening, were of course the battle; for it was our first engagement; The prospects The future; and Lincolns Proclamation. To my mind, & at the time thought it was premature, in its operation.
As soon as the nigger was given the musket and assigned to duty in the

field, at that moment it was the same as putting a bullet into his hand,

And there we, as a nation, made the mistake, not Lincoln, in freeing the nigger, but in our allowing him, to become an equal in fighting the United States.
Battles, of the Civil War.

When that issue was made; he was as a free man, sure to come to the front.

If he fought our battles, whether he fought bravely or not, threw the access to the ballot box was his right, and his especial privilege.

Very soon after the Emancipation Proclamation our camp was filled with niggas of every description. The most intelligent and apt ones were selected, and, one assigned for camp duty to each gun squad. They were known by the number of gun they were attached to;

in the morning" and other Coon
songs, long after ~~we~~ soldiers by
"taps" were asleep, or sent to our
quarters for the night.

This scene by the light of the
camp-fires was enacted, and ~~this~~
crooning sound kept up, night after
night.

They made, in their way, the
camp more lively, and also helped
and relieved us a good deal,
in the hard and dirty work
of policing the grounds.

On our arrival at this
camp and months afterward, hundreds
of turkey buzzards, sailed in the air,
in every direction around, and over,
the battle field, to prey upon the
dead horses and mules left on
the field; and possibly on the
bodies of soldiers, washed out of their
burial places, by the heavy winter's rain,
Or possibly, on the remains of some

or employed upon. Our darkey was
the youngest and blackest of the crowd.
He said his name was Joe. So we
called him by that name and he
became very proud of the position, of
belonging to number One gun:- out
ranking the other niggers, in doing the
duties on the right. He came to
Chicago after the war.

These darkeys at night
congregated around the wagons, and
the forge, and taking out the tail-board
of one of the wagons, would use this
as a platform to dance upon.
The best dancer at first was selected
who would sing and pat his part and dance
at the same time, while the others
of the crowd, would in the absence
of any musical instrument, to play
upon, be ready to join in on the
chorus. These each in turn
would sing in a crooning sound
and dance and pat "High daddy

about this time there were other arrivals. -10-
Among the number were Dwight
L. Moody, Mrs Livermore, P.F.
Jacobs and others of the U.S.
Sanitary Commission, who brought
down from Chicago, hospital supplies
for the sick and wounded.

I met outside the camp only
brother Moody. He was walking
alone in the direction toward
the town. He asked me particularly
about the battle, the winters rain
and if I was a Christian. I told
him the environment of the soldier
was not conducive to good conduct.

And that toward our enemy we
could not carry out that Christian spirit,
in the field, and fight, if the
words - "to love our enemies and
"do good to those that hate us, and
"despitefully use us."

He left me with a kind admonition,
for which, I was very grateful
in after years.

one left wounded on the field, who at
the time had crawled away out of range
perhaps, of the guns, under cover in
some thicket of cedars, and there died
from wounds, exposure to the wet, and
hunger, and in the search for such
bodies, were not found, nor given
a decent burial by the searching parties.
This may account for the large item
of 10[illegible] missing, in the official
record of our losses; not saying
anything about the enemies losses,
under this heading which must have
been large, by the abandonment of
their wounded in their movements
of their right and left flanks, and,
on the evacuation of the field on
the disastrous Friday night.

There were many people other
than the military, who visited our
camp during the winter * About the
first arrivals from Chicago was old
Mr. Aiken, who then lived at the

N. Stevens my Father, a degenerate son of his worthy ancestors.

I shall not have occasion to write of this subject, but once again,

Mr. Aiken was the guest of the Captain, a great portion of the time, while in camp. Toward both Father and Son, he, the Captain was very attentive and kind, a letter out of the unusual, with Stokes.

And although Mr. Aiken was often the companion of the other officers of the Battery, he frequently took his meals with our squad.

A box of provisions came to some of the boys, from time to time, sent by those at home. It was the habit and custom of those fortunate ones, to contribute of their stores, while they lasted, to the others not having friends at home, who were members of ones squad, or to their friends

I could not but compare the Elder Aiken's and the Son's greeting in my own mind on this occasion at the time of a meeting and a parting between my Father and myself on the morning of leaving Chicago, for the uncertainties of the front four months ago.

There are differences in life; in persons, and in families.

I am mindful, as a son, I received an inheritance from my Father, and perhaps old age; Although on my Mothers ancestors side, they were a long lived race,

I'm, and for this inheritance, I will therefore attribute where it belongs: Those powers of endurance; strength of body; and that subtle influence of the mind over force, which conquers matter: These sterling qualities, so admirably fitted to the soldier.

A generous gift from Sylvanus

On one of my furloughs to Chicago, I visited Quincy, and by chance, met Aiken at that place.

He invited me to walk out with him toward the east end of the city, where his regiment had established their camp of instruction, on those open prairie grounds, every foot of which, I was so familiar.

It was a remembrance — over those white clover hills and here the wood near by, and the creek beyond, coming from the old abandoned railway embankment; to pass over, led the way toward the Moores and Shermans houses "on the hill", from there looking to the north-east-ward, a view of our old home on the farm, presented itself.

I had when the opportunity was given me, played here many a day, when I could be spared from my work.

At this time we as a family lived at the "Institute"

visiting us. With these home dainties, and choice cut of steak, fried potatoes, and onions with which we heaped Mr. Aiken's plate, he very graciously received, and. we decided at the bill of fare of the private soldier in camp.

I will continue and follow a few items of interest in regard to Hector H. Aiken. Some of them are of record, as a matter of history. He was good natured, a jolly companion, a fair singer, and player on any musical instrument.

Thick set, strong body, and a healthy organization.

From the Ballony he was discharged to accept a position of Captain of a company in the 29th. U.S. Colored Troops.

This regiment went into camp for recruiting purposes, and the general drill, at Quincy, Ills.

O. Kendall's Bakery was located there in those days. O.K. by the aid of the "Students" labor, and his grasping economy, worked up his dough, at a profitable venture, and moved to Chicago, at an early date. Here he established the O. Kendall and fine establishment on the corner of Washington and Dearborn Streets. At the period of my visit on this furlough the soldiers in camp were eating their hardbread. I remarked to Mr. Kendall on whom I called, on this occasion, that his hard bread was the poorest article issued, as a regular diet, to the common soldier, there defeating the country to his advantage; than any other brand on the market.

He said he could not understand why. when I told him, the fact, that the circumstance hard-bread was the better of the two. I also

had later on in life walked over these sandy hills morning and evening often during the winter term, attending public and a private school and boarded at Major Walton's.

He was now serving his country in the capacity of Captain in an Infantry Company, located at that time on the unhealthy marshes of the lower Mississippi Valley.

Captain Aiken mustered his men, and put them through a brief course of manual training, and military exercises, for my benefit. He said among many other things we talked about, that his men were devoted, affectionate, and appreciative fellows, in the manner with which he handled them.

We shook hands

together there on the edge of this wood, overlooking all these scenes where clustered the school day, and other memories, later on in life. One for strangeness and suddenness at the time, came to my mind before we parted,

I had joined a local cadet company, on the express understanding, from Martin Holmes, the Captain, that I should be made Ensign of the command. In the company, I had drilled and marched over these same grounds, where I stood with Aiken and his troop,

There was a Fourth of July celebration, by boat, to Hannibal Mo. I attended in the capacity of Ensign as I was promised, It was a pleasant trip, and I had borne the flag in triumph, at the head of the company,

On the discharge from the

ranks of the Quincy Company on that celebrated occasion, I started on my walk home three miles away.

In walking along the old unused railway cut and at that time near the city limits and near this spot; thinking of the pleasures of the day, suddenly, I was accosted by a low fellow, I did not know, nor, his name, who, apparently was on the edge of the elevated and deep cut waiting for me, to come along and began, at once, to abuse me and call me names, on my presuming to be a soldier, and to serve so badly, as an Ensign of the Quincy Guards. And said beside, that my person was unattractive and my uniform did not become me.

Mother made these garments, and I thought at the time how much she had economized, and worked so hard,

to give me the days outing.

Cutting out, and making the pants and sewing on the braid for the stripes; Beside making the coat which was cut by Bert the Tailor, on Main St. was a hard and intricate piece of work to complete. I started on a brisk walk to the end of the old railway cut, and gained the embankment, and turned to where my evil spirit should be located, in my mind wondering, what I should do to him, I was such a little fellow, but he was no where to be seen, he had vanished as quickly as he had appeared, and the interview was closed in person, but not in mind.

I never drilled or marched with the Company, from that time on, My career, as a fourth of July soldier ended here,

Mother removed the

braid on the coat, and took off the stripes attached to the pants, and put on these useful garments, and wore them out in the companionship of the corn, the horses, and the various uses of the plow the harrow and the cultivator, in the process of raising corn to feed pigs

It was often a question and a wonder to Mother, why I never more associated with the guards, and gave up the lifes and pleasures of the holiday soldier. If she had asked me the reason after this advantage I never could have told her,

This was my last interview with Captain Aiken. He was mortally wounded on the field in the battle front of Petersburg, Va, where many a brave fellow officer fell that day. By the help of a bayonet he dragged himself, by a hand over hand movement, to a corner

reply to his letter, was one made by Olcott. To whom this soldier wrote enclosing the badge, saying, it was no use to him, and that he was glad to return it, to those to whom it belonged.

It was Olcott's painful duty to return the token to Mrs. Aiken. Mr Aiken having died in the mean while. Olcott, said afterward, that, in all his experience in the field, or in battle, never was an incident in his life, so distressing as this interview with the Aiken family.

The winter weather found us in our tents not very well prepared, or protected for our winter-quarters.

The days were often wet, and the nights cold and snowy.

Doing guard duty it was especially unpleasant.

The rain would pour down

out of range of the enemies guns. Here he lay one night in the bushes, and accidentally found by a scouting party, on our side, and taken to the hospital the next day. His leg was amputated, but from loss of blood and exposure on the field, he died on the 23d of July 1864. With all his trust in the faithfulness of his men, they left him where he fell, to die of wounds received on that tragic battle ground.

An item in history is here recorded, of an unprecedented loss in this regiment of any engagement during the War, and the other colored regiments participating in this days fight lost all their officers, either were among the list of the killed, or the wounded.

On the field after the battle, Aikens Board of Trade Battery badge, was picked up by a Confederate soldier.

After many years, this soldier wrote a letter and addressed it, to any member of the Battery — Dr

incessantly, for the two hours, one was obliged to walk their beat in the mud. Then on the succeeding "relief", the storm had ceased, the wind crept around into the north; it was cold and boisterous on toward the morning hours, till reveille sounded, and the camp fires were lighted again, and the grounds put on a more cheerful appearance.

When the sun shone of bright days, we rolled up the sides of the tent, to let the air and sun light in. Several months had elapsed, during which time, we slept on the ground with such protection as our rubber blankets, and corn husks afforded.

Now, we floored the ground of the tent, with planed boards, setting these on horizontal sills, made us a very substantial

improvement, to our former way of sleeping and living.

We received our first batch of recruits from Chicago, at this camp, and they were assigned to each gun squad for duty, immediately.

In looking them over, on their arrival, I could not but feel sorry for them: coming to us a crack and famous organization; they, without experience and everything to learn; especially, the disappointments, and the crushing out of their life, all the better feelings of the man.

Some of these recruits made just as good soldiers, as the first enlistments, Others did not, and were very soon discharged, "for the good of the service".

During the winter we did not drill or keep up,

to any great extent our camp instructions, such as we had practiced and perfected ourselves in, at Camp Douglas, and at Bowling Green: Standing our regular guard and performing the soldiers daily duty.
Foraging parties were sent out regularly and we foraged a good deal for the horses, as well as for ourselves.
Among other articles of food we made corn that winter, a staple article of diet.

We brought in on the forage details, from the surrounding country, the pure white Tennessee variety. This was perfectly dry and well cured. Of these ears the finest selections were shelled by hand. Each gun squad made up a volunteer detail to shell and bag, so much. This was given to the quarter-master sergeant of the Battery who carried it to

mill by wagon. There it was ground by our soldiers, under a regular detail from the Infantry brigades. After several days had passed the goods were returned to us, excellent white corn meal. This was a decided change in our diet, from all hard-bread and bacon.
With our mush,-we also had fried mush, in the morning for breakfast. Always having large ration of brown sugar, this melted made a very desirable syrup. The fried mush and the melted sugar together with side meat, potatoes often, and onions sometimes, with our good coffee, completed the fare quite above the regular order of the private soldier.

It was a noticeable fact, that few officers in the Army in the field, fared better, or as well

stouter fellows came into the ranks in our undress blouses,

We watered the horses twice daily, at the head waters of Stone River, a half a mile away on a level road from camp.

Our squad alway had the advance. In going down morning and evening, we started out of camp at a walk, in regular formation, but, as we approached the river bank the rear postilions would break for the front, and pass us on a trot, or gallop, breaking to the right, or left, of the column, as each driver pleased. My off horse I alway bridled, in leading down to the water, He had when suddenly startled, a bad habit of kicking at the other horses, in making these trips. I could hold him up, and pull him by the bridle rein, in case the boys pressed too closely; then he

as the city bred boys in the battery. Who were infinite in resource by the variety of food products for table uses, of which they availed themselves, while invading the enemies country. Most of us notwithstanding the hardships of the service and the inclemency of tent life, in winter-quarters, and in consequence of this rest, after the battle, with some luxuries from Chicago, and our generous living, by taking the best care of ourselves possible, we became very healthy, some of us getting quite stout,

I could not at the time button the first two upper buttons of my pants, and it was difficult for me to get into my jacket, when called out for guard duty, or dress parade. These articles were very large for me, on leaving Chicago, for the front, In consequence of this increase in girth most of us