

## Solomon Burkett

### First Hand Account of His Experiences in the Civil War

I was born on my father's farm in Montgomery County, Ohio, on the 25th day of December, 1841. My father, Martin Burkett, was born in North Carolina in the year 1811 and died in 1848. My grandfather, Henry Burkhart (which is the Holland Dutch for Burkett) was born in North Carolina also as near as I can learn about the year 1771; emigrated to Ohio in its early history and bought the farm on which I was born 6 miles northwest of Dayton. My mother was born near Johnstown, Cambria County, Pa., in the year 1812, emigrated with her parents to Ohio in 1818; they settled near Salem, Montgomery County, Ohio. Her name was Susannah Fox; she died in the year 1852; there were born to my father and mother 8 children, one pair of twins being the first born who died in their infancy, and the next born died quite young, which left five, but only three are living at this date, 1918. As we were left orphans, I only ten years old, we were left to battle life's hardship as best we could. I lived seven years with a family by the name of Bookwalter; after this I worked at odd jobs until the War broke out between the North and the South, and September 8th, 1861, I enlisted in Company F, 2nd Regiment of Ohio Volunteer Infantry for three years, or during the War. I enlisted at Dayton, Ohio, and left with a squad of neighbor boys for Camp Denison, Ohio, near Cincinnati; there we camped for 8 or 10 days being mustered into the United States service. Here while lying at this place a squad of us concluded we would make a raid on some of the farmers' peaches and chicken roosts, so we all broke camp guard about dusk one evening after having made arrangements to pass in with one of our company boys who was to be on guard on a certain beat from 9 to 11 o'clock. Well we very soon struck a fine large peach orchard, and oh, what fine peaches; we were like cattle in a clover field; we soon sampled every tree in that orchard and of course only picked the largest and best. About the time we were loaded up the old watch dog got wind of us and here he came and the old farmer at his heels urging on the dog with something like this: the sons of Bs; the way we vacated that peach orchard was a caution. I being pretty fleet on foot led the way out and over the fence we went pel mell [sic], the dog at our heels, who by the way caught one of the boys and detained him a bit, but we all got away without a scratch, but lost about all of our fine peaches in our flight. We ran about a quarter of a mile and stopped to rally our forces and hold a council of war; we were determined not to be cheated in this way; so we planned another attack but this time on a hen roost near by; we had a large gunny sack left; we soon ran foul of a drove of geese and captured four or five and put the rest to flight; we then inspected a hen roost, capturing a few large fat hens; we put geese and hens in the gunny sack and started for camp

pretty well satisfied with our night's raid; we hadn't proceed very far until we met two comrades who had the countersign and gave it to us; this we took as a very lucky incident, but I proved very disastrous to most of us. Instead of going [cut off] tom our comrade's beat as we had arranged on our starting out, we bolted up to the first guard we met who demanded the countersign; we gave it but to our amazement it was of no account; they had substituted another word as so many of the boys had broke guard that night; this [cut off] us in a dilemma [sic]; the guards soon had our little squad surrounded and proceeded to take our names. I being a very timid country boy, lingered a little behind and to my delight they overlooked me. I strolled to my quarters with fear and trembling looking every minute to be overtaken and turned back to the guard house where my comrades were prisoners. The officer of the guards was generous with us as he sent one of the boys with a guard to deliver the sack of geese and chickens to our cook room, and we had good picking for several days, and for a punishment were compelled to work on the camp street in cleaning etc, and I escaped without a punishment. In a few days our regiment moved South into Kentucky two miles south of Covington; we remained here 8 or 10 days doing regimental guard and having positive orders to halt every person who attempted to pass out or in and demand the countersign and if they failed to stop, guards had orders to shoot. Two of our comrades were shot in this way but the shots did not prove fatal. We received marching orders one morning and moved South to Paris, Ky. Here we only camped one day and then started East through the blue grass region. We had traveled several miles when we met an old planter on horse back who saluted our Colonel and had a short conversation with him and they loped on ahead; in about three hours we were halted and were then marched into a grove where this old planter had prepared a dinner for the whole regiment which we greatly enjoyed. The old gentleman was a good Union man. We afterwards learned his name was John Stapp. I just lately learned that this same gentleman treated another regiment the same way a year afterwards, showing how devoted he was to the Union cause. The next evening we were treated the same way; this was at Mount Sterling; the citizens hauled grub out to us in oxcarts and wagons; this again showed their great loyalty to our cause; our next stopping place was Mud Lick Springs, a health resort at the foot of the Blue Ridge Mountains; here we lay about 8 days and would occasionally capture a bush whacker, hold him several days and make him take the oath of allegiance and turn him loose; we usually built our guard house of rails 10 or 12 rails high therein we kept our prisoners; it fell to my lot to guard one of the bush whackers on a certain night when the long roll was sounded which always indicated that the enemy was coming. I saw the regiment fall out in line, and I being a green country lad, it did not take very long for me to make up my mind what to do; I was just wanting to hear the first gun fired to carry out my plan; Oh, it makes me shudder to think of it to this day 62 years after; my plan was to shoot my prisoner and then go help the regiment lick the Rebels. I am now very glad that I did not hear a shot fired. We

learned next day that the beating of the long roll was ordered by our colonel to merely test the boys; the next day we got marching orders and about noon were on top of the mountain; here we camped several days; the name of this Camp was called Camp Gardavis [sic]; nothing of any consequence took place here only a large black bear passed through our camp at night and only the camp guards, saw him but did not fire on him. Our next move was on West Liberty; a regiment of Rebels were intrenched at that place; they had queer ideas of us Yankees; they knew we were armed with good muskets and bayonets; the bayonets they had a dread of as their idea was to fight us hand to hand; so they had blacksmiths at work making long knives of old sythe [sic] blades etc; they heard of our coming and were expecting us from the east side of the town and were in line of battle two deep; the front rank were armed with their corn cutters; the rear line armed with shot guns, squirrel rifles, etc; the duty of the front rank was to cut our bayonets off of our guns and they then thought we would be an easy prey, but lo and behold we advanced on the town from the west side very unexpected to them; as soon as they got sight of the blue coats they scampered like a flock of quails when flushed; they all took to their heels but one old white haired man who said he would not run until he had killed a Yank; he hid beyond a brush pile and as our skirmish line drew near he fired using a new squirrel rifle, but he missed his aim and one of our boys shot him through; I can to this day see that old white head tumble down that hill side dead. The commander of this band of Rebels name was Jack May, he was mounted on a good horse and as we marched up through the town with our Colonel at the head this fellow fired at him from behind a building but missed his aim and put spurs to his horse and went flying down the street; the Colonel ordered the regiment to double quick to a cross street when my company (as we were in the advance) reached the cross street we all fired at Jack and brought him down to the ground; he was wounded in nine places but all flesh wounds; we took him prisoner and when we left the town we left him behind after paroling him. I might state here before this little skirmish about 7 o'clock A.M. we had to wade the Licking River waste [sic] deep and the morning was pretty cold and frosty. The citizens were just eating their breakfast when we advanced on the town; they all took to the mountains, old men, women and children and about noon some ventured to return holding aloof a white rag, the emblem of surrender; we camped here several days then followed up the Johnnies [sic]; we crossed the Big Sandy River at Prestonburg [sic] and followed up the River some 20 miles; here we encountered the Johnnies [sic]; the River made a short bend to the South and the mountain the same; part of the enemy was in line of battle on top of this mountain and part on the west side of the river in a corn field; they let us get to the bend of the River and both sides opened fire on us killing four or five the first volley; there was a company of another regiment in front who bore the brunt of this first volley; they were very much frightened; our regiment ran over them and began our climb up the mountain which was very steep; I took a small tree for protection. A captain who was a big coward shoved

me from the tree and took it and with revolver in his hand taking historical sketches; that was the only time in my army life I felt like killing a man; I was among the first to get on top of that mountain; we were so close on to the enemy that they lost two fine horses standing hitched, a gray and a black; I got the gray and another fellow the black; I rode my horse several days in following the Johnies [sic] we followed as far up the River as Pikeville, and they turned east into Virginia; we camped at the little village several days; we were short of grub and we found a few pigs which we butchered but had no salt and could scarcely eat the meat; we started down the River, stopped at Prestonsburg on the Big Sandy; here I had an amusing incident to happen. I was cooking my dinner over a little fire using a mess pan made of pretty heavy sheet iron. I and a comrade got into a dispute over some trifling thing; a little corporal came rushing up and blased [sic] out – I command peace. I picked up this mess pan I was using and made for him; he turned and ran; I threw the pan striking him squarely on the back bending my good pan an oval shape; the little corporal never interfered with me after that. The next day our regiment started down the River. As we started the Colonel called to the band to give us "Out of the Wilderness", which they did. This brought good cheer to the boys, and we were all speculating on the idea that the War was over and we would all be discharged very soon as we all thought that we had seen the elephant as what we did in driving this little squad of Rebels out of Kentucky had ended the War; but, Oh, the three long years that followed is all very fresh to the minds of those who are still living. We marched several miles down the River when we discovered several large coal barges which we appropriated to our use; the whole regiment very soon were on board the barges and cut them loose and floated down the River to Louisa, Kentucky; we camped here a day, drew rations etc; the next day we embarked on the largest steamboat on the Ohio River, the Jacob Strater; she had steamed up the mouth of the Big Sandy to Louisa for us. As the War was now over we were speculating on being discharged when we landed at Cincinnati; some reports were started that we were going to Camp Denison to be mustered out and go home, but to our utter astonishment instead of anchoring at Cincinnati the old steamer never as much as checked her speed when she was opposite Cincinnati but steamed on down the River to our chagrin and mortification; we all flattened out and were all sick at heart; we kept on down the River until we reached Louisville; here we landed and remained several weeks; our Camp was located on the West side of the City; our regiment was here brigaded under General Nelson, he having charge of the forces camped here; the soldiers very soon formed a dislike for the Kentucky General as he was a tyrant; had no mercy on the boys; would make us drill with our knapsacks strapped on our backs. I presume he had a military purpose for us, but we privates could see no good in it. The result was he had to be relieved very soon of this command; the boys would shoot at him in his tent after night; this made it very disagreeable for him; but he no doubt would have been killed had he not been removed.

At this camp the measles broke out among the soldiers. I and a comrade by the name of David Baze took them; we were removed from the camp to the hospital in the City; the building was an old plow factory which was converted into a hospital; the 2d or 3d night we were there Baze died but I was getting along fine and in a few days I was up and about and ventured out in the cold air one night. The next morning I was taken with a sever [sic] chill and had to take my bed again with a relapse. I kept to my bed for five long weeks not caring whether I lived or died. I had no appetite, and if I had one there was nothing fit to eat even for a well man. The cooking was horrible and consisted of poor lean beef, half cooked; this was brought for me to eat as sick as I was; I could not bear the sight of the stuff; the result was that I was starving by inches; you must remember this was in the early part of the War, as in after years the sick were looked after much better especially after old Morther Bickerdyke took charge of the hospital supplies. Well, as I have just stated I was starving inch by inch and would not be alive today had it not been for a very kind lady (God bless her if she is still living) who came in on Christmas morning; came to my cot, spoke very motherly these words – "Don't eat any dinner today until you see me again". I quickly answered her that I could eat nothing; was too sick. About noon this kind lady entered my room. Oh, the sight I shall never forget (I can write no more for shedding tears) She had a basket full of roast turkey, sweet potatoes, cranberries, hot biscuit, gravy, cake and pie; I am not telling you an untruth when I say I ate as much as two well men ought at one time. I thought I was not hungry in the morning when the lady called on me; but you may not believe me, but next morning I felt five hundred percent better; I really thought I was ready for camp duty, but woe and behold when I got on my feet I sank to the floor; was too weak to stand, but I began to mend from that meal on Christmas day; this kind lady paid me a visit every day and I can't describe the joy it gave me to see her kind and motherly face approaching me. I remained here some ten days after I began to mend and when I left I wanted to pay her for her kindness but she refused to accept anything. There were many poor boys that might have been saved had they had proper treatment, just as I had received from the lady. I shall always feel that I owe my life to her kind attention. I left the hospital about the 8th of January, 1862. My regiment had moved with the main Army south to Bacon Creek, Ky. Here I joined my command but was very feeble; could scarcely walk but I was anxious for active duty. I kept getting stronger each day I remained in camp. I had written home to my folks telling them that I was about well again (as they received the report that I had died in the hospital) and able for duty. My relatives and neighbors had got together and made up a large box of grub, consisting of several roast chickens, bread, butter, jell, pound cakes, pie &c, and started it by express in my name to Camp Bacon Creek; now comes the sad part; just about the time I should have received my box, the Army received orders to move South again; this knocked my box into a moldy pile of rubbish, as it was about fifteen days before it reached me; the chicken was black and moldy; the pies the same; the butter was the only thing that had

gained strength; it was strong enough to walk. I am not sure but I think I took a good cry, not so much for the grub, but for my folks at home who had prepared the box. Our next Camp was at Nashville, Tenn.

Here we camped on the south side of the City; this was in February and pretty cold; we camped in a strip of timber, but it didn't take our Army long to clear up this piece of woodland, using the timber for fuel &c. One morning our regiment was ordered out on a double quick march to our picket out post, about one mile; all we found was a small wagon train standing on the pike loaded with forage, but not a horse or a mule to be found. The drivers were in evidence. When asked what had become of their teams they answered that a rebel band had overtaken them and had taken every animal in the train. The leader of the Rebel squad measly said if General Mitchel asks who did this, tell him Captain John Morgan. This was the first we had ever heard of John Morgan, who afterwards became a great cavalry leader, and who gave us lots of trouble in after years; who always was troubling our rear, capturing our provisions trains, etc.; he first started out with a small squad of followers, but recruited as he passed over the country, and captured all the horses he needed; he finally commanded a Division and on June 27, 1863, he started on a raid as you all remember through Kentucky and Indiana, but was captured by our forces and held a prisoner in the Ohio penitentiary, from where he made his escape aided by some Northern copperheads. He made his way back to the Confederate Army and took command of another Division. Our forces ran foul of his command at Greenville, Tenn, in 1864 had a little skirmish with them. General Morgan was quartered at a Mrs. Williams House in Greenville, and in trying to escape ran out the back door into the garden and hid in a potatoe [sic] hole or cave and was discovered by one of the blue coats and shot; this ended Morgan's career. This information I received from an old lady by the name of Ramsey who lived in Greenville at the time with her father Ambrose Miller. She informed the Federals of the presence of Morgan in her house.

Leaving Nashville the main Army going Southwest, and my Division being commanded by General O. M. Mitchel started out Southeast, having Murfreesboro as our objective point, and the main Army Pittsburg Landing. We camped at Murfreesboro several weeks building two bridges, one over Stone River, the other over Oversaul Creek which the Confederates had destroyed. General Mitchell always had spies out who would work their way through the Rebel lines, learn what they could of the enemy's movement, slip back through the Rebel Lines into ours and report to the General. One of these spies name was J. J. Andrews who was a private citizen of Kentucky; he conceived the idea of raising a small squad of our men, slip into the enemy's country and burn some of the largest bridges and return back to camp; he laid his plans before General Mitchell who fell in with the plan and detailed or rather called for volunteers to join Andrews who soon

had the number wanted. Andrews had a special friend in the Rebel Army who was an engineer and was running a locomotive down around Atlanta, Georgia. Andrews' plan was to hunt this engineer up and persuade him to join his squad; steal an engine, run back towards the Union Army, set fire to the large bridges on the railroad line, make good their escape, &c, but when the raiders got to Atlanta the friend could not be secured as he had been sent to Pittsburg Landing with a train of ammunition for the Confederate Army. This prevented Andrews from carrying out his plans; so they made their way back to our lines. Very soon after Andrews got back, our Division moved south to Shelbyville, Tenn; here we camped for several days. Andrews being defeated in his first undertaking did not feel satisfied and again called upon General Mitchel and asked him for a detail of 22 men besides himself and Campbell, a private citizen from Kentucky. The following named soldiers who had been selected for their known bravery and their coolness in danger and who cheerfully volunteered for the dangerous service. All belonged to Ohio Infantry regiments of Sill's Brigade:

William Pittinger, 2d Regt. O.V.I.  
Marion Ross, 2d Regt. O.V.I.  
George D. Wilson, 2d Regt. O.V.I.  
J. P. Shadrick, 2d Regt. O.V.I.  
Robert Buffom, 21st Ohio Regt.  
E. H. Mason, 21st Ohio Regt.  
John M. Scott, 21st Ohio Regt.  
John R. Porter, 21st Ohio Regt.  
Samuel Robison, 21st Ohio Regt.  
Jacob Parrott 33d Ohio Regt.  
J. J. Andrews, leader and spy,  
William Campbell, citizen of Kentucky.

Mark Wood, 21st Ohio Regt.  
John A. Willson, 21st Oh. Regt.  
William J. Knight, 21st O. Regt.  
Wilson W. Brown, 21st O. Regt.  
William Bensinger, 221st O.R.  
M. J. Hawkins, 33d Ohio Regt.  
William Reddick, 33d Ohio R.  
John Woolam, 33d Ohio Regt.  
D. A. Dorsey, 33d Ohio Regt.  
Samuel Slavens, 33d Ohio R.

All was now ready for the strat [sic]; they left on Sunday afternoon April 6th; wearing Citizen's dress Andrews held a council with the men in the forenoon of the day mentioned; they were instructed to all meet at a certain place outside of the Camp at 9 o'clock P.M. and were to leave Camp in pairs; they were furnished with plenty of Confederate money and all tell the same story if captured, claiming they were from Fleming County, Ky. Ross and Pittinger started out together; our orders were for all of us to proceed along the road in small squads for 2 or 3 miles and then halt and wait for him.

This is Pittenger's version:

We walked quietly along until dark when seeing none of the others we began to grow uneasy, fearing we had gone on the wrong road; we met several persons but they could give no account of anyone before; then we saw a house just by the road and crossing the fence went up to get a drink of water; before we reached the house a dog came up behind my companion and bit him, then ran away; we sprang for the fence just as I got on top the dog seized my coat and tore a large piece out of it; That coat thus curtailed I wore all through Dixie. We put up that night with a Union family; they wanted to know our business; we told them we were from Kentucky; that we were tired living among the black abolitionists and were going down to Atlanta, Georgia to join Beauregard's Army, and fight for the South; we encountered a few rebels pickets but had no trouble whatever to pass through the country; our stories were taken for the truth. We all arrived at Chattanooga at the same time, got aboard the passenger train for Marietta, Georgia. We arrived at this place in the evening where we lodged for the night, but were careful not to congregate together; it had been arranged before to be all at the depot next morning and take the early train north. Andrews knew that the train would stop at Big Shanty, a small station 10 miles out of Marietta for breakfast. The train stopped and all the train men left the train and went to breakfast; now was the opportune time. Andrews left his seat and all the rest followed. (I might state that two of his men failed to make the train in the morning and were left behind); the train had a few box cars; they were next to the engine; this was just what Andrews wanted; they all piled up towards the engine and as they passed along Andrews uncoupled the passenger coaches from the box cars and opened the door of the rear car and told his men to jump in and he and his engineer and foreman leaped upon the engine, pulled the lever, there was a clang and a jar, and away we went on our perilous journey we ran perhaps a quarter of a mile and stopped the engine and cut the telegraph wire, tore up a rail and then were off in good earnest; several times the wires were cut. John M. Scott undertaking that work and executing it with wonderful quickness; after passing the next station wood and water were taken, and soon after a portion of the track was torn up. At Maringo the first wait had to be made for the South bound train to pass these Andrews borrowed the switch

key and schedule, claiming that he was running a powder train through to Beauregard. This explanation was satisfactory, and had there been but one train to pass as the schedule indicated, the expedition would have been a success. Unfortunately General Mitchel believing their work finished moved on to Huntsville one day too soon. Here we captured several locomotives, a lot of rolling stock, &c. This advance had alarmed the Confederates at Chattanooga, hence extra trains had been put to carry their goods and effects into Georgia, out of reach of the approaching army. The men on the captured train felt their hearts sink and success slip from them when every train they met carried the red flag, signifying an extra was following. The time consumed in this waiting for trains to pass made their capture probable. The frustration of the purpose of their expedition certain, but they did what brave men do; they doubled the schedule time between stations; they tore up portions of the track and carried away rails; they cut the telegraph wires; they loaded ties in the rear car and stove out the end of it so that they could drop them across the track. Alf Wilson was firing; Knight stood with his hand on the lever with the valve wide open and the engine under full head of steam. The engine reeled and rocked but tore over the track with wonderful speed at the rate of sixty miles an hour. The pursuit began at Big Shanty by the engineer, conductor and trackmaster, who followed on a hand car until they obtained possession of an engine. At the first station they took on rails, a gang of track hands and pushed on. When they came to broken or displaced rails, they laid them and having men and tools made much quicker work of it than our boys would in displacing them. Between Kingston and Adairsville they found the track so destroyed that they had to abandon their train, but the three men ran until they met a down freight; the cars of which were pushed to a siding and the engine forced into the chase. At Calhoun they took on a telegraph operator and a number of armed volunteers and a few miles beyond they came in sight of the stolen train. Our boys had stopped again to oil and tear up the track, but at the sound of pursuit boarded the train and were off again; then began an awful chase with the speed of lightning and the sound of thunder as the two trains tore across the country. Our boys threw out the cross ties they had taken on but the force with which they were moving caused most of them to bound from the track; they finally dropped their rear cars, which the pursuers had to delay to attach and push before them to a side track; an effort was made to fire the remaining car and leave it burning on a bridge; this now seemed to be their only hope for their success; a heavy rain put out their fire. The trains tore on through Resaca, Tilton, Dalton and Ringgold. Then the invaders knew they were beaten. They cut the wire beyond Dalton for the last time, but a message had been put through two minutes before at Dalton and their coming was expected at Chattanooga. This they did not know but what they did know was that they were out of wood, water and oil; their engine was loose in every joint; the brass on her journals and boxes melted. While the pursuers were able to change engines twice with down trains, were now in the best shape for running; at that stage of the game their last hope was gone;

their engine stopped; Andrews gave orders for every one to jump for himself, they scattered in every direction, and next day most of them were captured and taken to Chattanooga and jailed in an old building used to confine negroes; it had two rooms, a first and a second story; the first was down in a rat hole, no windows to let in the sunlight; only a trap door, and when the door was shut it was midnight darkness.

I will now give you Pittenger's story:

The train was still moving when I jumped off fast enough to make me perform several inconvenient girations [sic] on reaching the ground. Most of the party were ahead of me; three had taken the eastern side of the road, and the remainder the opposite side; I followed the example of the latter and soon reached the cover of the stunted pine that grew near the road. Feeling the necessity of getting away as soon as possible before the enemy could pursue us on foot, I struck off at a rapid rate. Soon I passed the little brook that ran along the foot of the hill and pressed on up its steep side. There were three of my comrades not far from me on the left, but I could not overtake them, and still proceeded alone. I knew that pursuit would be rapid and immediate. I seemed to hear the tread of cavalry in every breeze that sighed through the branches of the naked forest; the country was rough and uneven; the timber mostly oak and was not yet in foliage; this was a great disadvantage because it left no hiding place and exposed us to the view of the watchful eyes of our enemies. Soon I found myself in the bend of a little river that empties into the Tennessee at Chattanooga; it was swollen by rains and for sometime I searched along its bank for a place to cross the turbulent stream, but seeing none and believing that death was behind, I committed myself to its angry current and after being thoroughly soaked and almost washed away I succeeded in reaching the opposite side. Here the bank rose in an almost perpendicular precipice of more than a hundred feet in height. I dared not recross the stream for I knew the enemy could not be far behind, and therefore I climbed up the precipice. Several times when near the top, I felt my grasp giving away, but as often did some brush or protecting rock afford the means of saving myself at last after the most imminent danger. I reached the top utterly exhausted, pulled myself out of sight for awhile. I had had no breakfast or dinner and had spent not only that day but many preceding ones in the most fatiguing exertion. I was very faint and sick and almost out of hope. I had no guide even in the direction of home; for the sun still lingered behind an impenetrable veil. While I thus lay and mused on the unenviable situation in which I found myself, a sound reached my ears that again set the blood leaping wildly through my veins; it was the distant baying of a bloodhound; never again will I read the story of human beings of any color pursued by these revolting instruments of man's most savage inhumanity to man with indifference. I started to my feet and a few moments listening confirmed my first impression that it was true; they were after us with their bloodhounds not one pack alone but all in the country as the

widening circle from which echoed their dismal baying revealed but too plainly; there was no longer safety in idleness and I at once started up and hurried off as nearly at right angles to the railroad as I could ascertain by the whistling of the trains which seemed to be moving in great numbers and much excited the fearful barking of the dogs, also gave me a clue to avoid them. Faint and weak as I was, excitement supplied the place of strength and I rapidly placed a considerable distance between myself and pursuers. Away across hills and streams I sped I know not how far. I only knew that the noise of the dogs grew fainter and fainter as the evening wore on. I had distanced them and began to breathe freer. I even indulged the hope of being able ultimately to work my way to the lines and still think I might have done so, had the weather been clear enough to permit my traveling by the sun or stars. As I descended the long slope of a wooded hill into a wild solitary valley, I saw a rude hut and a man in the garden beside it. I approached him to inquire the road to Chattanooga, though that was the last place I wished to go. The answer was it was only eight miles. This was nearer than I liked to be as I rightly judged the pursuit would be most vigorous in that vicinity. However, I continued my journey in that direction until out of sight and climbed up the hill at right angles to my former course. I traveled this way for some time when an incident occurred that would have been amusing had it been less vexatious. I had often heard that persons who were lost would naturally travel in a circle, but did not attach a great deal of credit to the assertion. Now I had the proof. I had crossed a road and left it something like an hour during which time I walked very fast; when to my surprise I came to the same place again. I was considerably annoyed to thus lose my labor struck over the hill in what I supposed to be the right direction. Judge of my astonishment when after an hour or more of hard walking I found myself at precisely the same spot again. So much time had been lost that I now could hear the bloodhounds once more. I was perplexed beyond measure; a few steps further brought me to the same river I had crossed hours before. In sheet desperation I took the first road I came to and followed it a long time almost regardless of where it should lead or whom I should meet. Thus I pressed forward till twilight was deepening into darkness when I met a negro driving a team; from him I learned that I was within four miles of Chattanooga; words cannot describe the tide of vexation, disappointment and anger that swept over my breast. When I found that in spite of my most determined efforts I was steadily approaching the lion's mouth, but it was no use to give way to despair. Learning from the negro the direction of both Ringgold and Chattanooga I resolved to make an effort to reach the Tennessee River some 8 or 10 miles below Chattanooga. For this purpose I struck across the field in the proper course. For some time now I did well enough, but before long I came to a large field of deadened timber. When I had crossed this I was again completely lost. Soon, however, I reached a road which seemed to lead right which I followed with relieved vigor for several miles. At last I met three men on horseback; it was too dark to tell whether they were negroes or white men but I ventured to ask them how far it was to

Chattanooga; three miles; is this the road? Yes sah, right ahead. I had afterwards reason to believe that these were men sent out to arrest us and that they did not stop me just because I was going right to Chattanooga, but it was evident that I was again on the wrong road. Indeed it seemed as if I was so hopelessly bewildered that it was impossible for me to travel any but the wrong road. As soon as the horsemen got out of sight I turned and followed them three or four miles when I came to a large road running at right angles with my own, which terminated where it joined the other. I deliberated for some time as to which end of this new road I should take. I had no guide to direct me for my old road was too crooked even to give me the direction of the dreaded Chattanooga. Many a time have I wished for a sight of the moon and stars. Long before the clash of arms was heard in our land, before the thunder and the wailing of battle had filled a nation with weeping have I waited and wished for the parting away of the tedious clouds, that with my telescope I might gaze on the wonders and beauties of the world above, but never did I bend a more anxious eye to the darkened firmament than in my solitary wanderings over the Georgia hills that memorable night. But all in vain, no North star appeared to point with beam of hope to the land of the free. At length I started off on the road that I thought most likely to lead me in the right direction but as usual I had the misfortune of being wrong; for after I had gone a long distance the moon broke through a rift in the clouds and for a moment poured her light down on the dark forest through which I was passing; that one glance was enough to show me that I was heading back toward the railroad I had left in the morning. Wearily I turned and retraced my tedious steps; one of my feet had been injured by an accident three months before and now pained me excessively; still I dragged myself along; my nerves had become completely exhausted by the long continued tension they had sustained and now played me many fantastic tricks which became more vivid as the night waned away. I passed the place where I had made the wrong choice of roads and still toiled on. The rain fell in torrents now. I was thinly clad, and as the wind which was blowing quite hard, drove the falling showers against me, my teeth shattered and I shivered to the bone. I passed many houses and feared the barking of the dogs might betray me to watchers within but my fears were groundless. The storm which was then howling fearfully through the trees served to keep most of those who sought our lives within doors. Even the bark of the bloodhounds was heard but seldom and then far in the distance. I seemed to have the lonely fearful stormy night to myself. At last all thoughts gave way to the imperative necessity of repose. I reeled to a large log that lay by the side of the road on the edge of a small patch of woodland and crawled close under the side of it not for shelter from the driving rain but for concealment from my most dreaded human foes. I slept in peace. Up to this time the image of that terrible night is graven on my memory with a scorching pen of fire; after this it changes and with the exception of a few real incidents that aroused me from my trance, it floats before me in more than the voluptuous splendor of an opium dream. The cause of this change is a curious chapter in mental philosophy; it

was no doubt purely physical resulting from want of sleep fatigue, dampness, lack of food and intense mental exertion. But let me narrate facts: When I awake it was with a full realization of my position. But in addition to this I seemed to hear some one whisper as plainly as ever I heard human voice. Shoot him, shoot him, let us shoot him before he wakes. My first impression was that a party of rebels had discovered my hiding place and were about to murder me in my sleep to save themselves further trouble. But the next thought brought a new suspicion and I cautiously opened my eyes to test it and see if my senses were really playing false. Directly before me stood a small tree. The first glance showed a tree and nothing more. The next showed a score of angels all clad in the softest outlines, their heads nodding with feathery plumes above all beauty and their wings slowly waving with borders of violet and pearl. The whole forest was suddenly transformed into a parade of radiant glory in which moved celestial beings of every order all instinct with life blushing with love and bending their kindest regards on me. Ladies too were there, fairer than ever walked the fields of earth embowered in roses little cherubs with laughing faces on cloudlets of amber and gold floated around. Indeed all that the imagination could conceive of beauty was composed in that one gorgeous glorious vision. The most singular fact of all was that although the brain and eye were thus impressed with that which had no real existence, I was perfectly calm and self possessed. Knowing the whole thing to be but a pleasing illusion, I did not in the least fear these figures of the brain, but on the contrary found them pleasant company. Not always, however, did they personate the same characters. Occasionally they would change to the old feudal knights sometimes on horseback, sometimes on foot but always clad in glittering armour [sic]. The finest landscapes would start up from the cold dull hills around like mirages in the desert, panoramas of the most vivid action passed before me; even language was not denied to my visitants whose voices were inexpressibly melodious; every thought that passed through my mind seemed sounded audibly at my side.

Thus through the visions of night and darkness I passed rapidly on, for now I felt refreshed and endowed with new strength. Even the merciless pelting of the cold rain seemed pleasant and luxurious as a cold bath in the parching heats of harvest. But beyond these illusions another faculty seemed to penetrate and show me through but dimly the true face of the country. At a cross road considerable distance ahead I saw what I at first supposed to be some more of my special friends standing around a fire, the rudy blaze of which served to render them clearly visible. They were not quite so beautiful as those I had seen before; but still I advanced carelessly toward them and would probably continue to do so until too late for retreat, had not my progress been arrested by a sound of all others the least romantic; it was the squealing of a pig they had caught and were killing preparatory to roasting in the fire. This at once drove away the seraphs and the angels, and left me in full possession of my faculties. I listened and

soon became convinced that they were a picket sent out there to watch for just such persons as myself. They had some dogs with them, which, fortunately were too much absorbed in the dying agonies of the poor pig to give attention to me. I crawled cautiously away, and made a long circuit through the fields. A dog made himself exceedingly annoying by following and barking after me. I did not apprehend danger from him for I yet had my trusty revolver and had managed to keep it dry all the time, but I feared he would attract the attention of the pickets who might easily have captured me for I was too weary to elude them.

At last he left me, and I again returned to the road. I had not gone far till I came to three horses, hobbled down, which no doubt belonged to the picket behind and had to make another circuit to avoid driving them away before me. On again reaching the road I pressed on as fast as possible, hoping before the morning light to be beyond the circle of guarded roads and the line of planters who were scouring the woods with their dogs. It was a vain hope but I knew not then the gigantic plan of search which had been organized.

The visions which had made the lonely forest almost a paradise now grew dimmer, the roses faded and all the forms of beauty vanished into thin air; the chill horror of my situation froze deeper into my veins. I would find myself walking along almost asleep, then would wander a short distance from the road to a secluded spot, throw myself down on the flooded ground and sleep a few minutes, then would awaken almost drowned by the pitiless rain and sore and benumbed that I could scarcely [sic] stagger to my feet and plod onward; thus that dreary night wore on; it seemed an age of horrors and placed a shuddering gulf between my present life and the past, but at least the cold gray of a clouded morning broke through the weeping sky. Day brought no relief. Every one I saw seemed to be a foe, still I did not avoid them. I carefully washed all traces of that terrible night from my clothes. The wet did not matter, for the rain was still falling fast enough to account for that. It was Sabbath morning but it came not to me with the blessed calmness and peace that accompany it in my own sweet Ohio. I wandered on till about noon when I was observed by some one on the watch for strangers. This was just beyond Lafayette, Georgia. I met a party of men and I knew nothing of my danger till they were within fifty yards of me when they ordered me to stop. I put my hand on my pistol and looked around. The country was level and open for some distance, and I was too weary to run even if some of the party had not been mounted. Therefore, I made a virtue of necessity and stopped asking what they wanted. They replied that they wanted to talk with me awhile. Soon they came up and a little conceited man who had the epaulets of a lieutenant, but whom they called Major undertook to question me; he was very bland about it, and apologized hugely for interrupting me but said if I was a patriotic man as he had no doubt I was I would willingly undergo a slight inconvenience for the

good of the Confederacy. I endeavored to imitate his politeness and begged him to proceed in the performance of his duty assuring him that he would find nothing wrong. He then searched me very closely for papers. Looking over my money and pistol but found nothing suspicious. He next asked me who I was, where I came from and where I was going. I told him that I was a citizen of Kentucky, who had been disgusted with the tyranny of Lincoln and was ready to fight against it that I came to Chattanooga but would not enlist at that place because most of the troops there were conscripts and the few volunteers were very poorly armed. I told him all about where I had been in Chattanooga and the troops there, for I had heard a good deal said about them as I went down on the cars to Marietta on the previous Friday evening. I told him I heard a good deal of the 1st Georgia and I wanted to join it, but it was with Beauregard and he was camped at Corinth; he asked why I did not proceed to Corinth at once. I told him General Mitchel was at Huntsville, that I was merely making a circuit far enough around to be out of danger of capture. This seemed to be perfectly satisfactory to the little man and turning to the crowd he said: We may as well let this fellow go on for he seems to be all right; these words rejoiced me but my joy was premature. A dark complexioned man who sat on his horse with his hat drawn down over his brows raised his eyes slowly and drawled: Well, yes, perhaps we'd as well take him back to town, and if all right, may be we can help him to Corinth. This was rather more help than I wanted, but it was useless to demur. They conducted me to the largest hotel in the place where I was received very kindly. Soon a number of lawyers came in and commenced asking me all kind of hard questions. I answered as well as I could when I told them I was from Kentucky, they wished to know the country. I told them Fleming; then they asked the county seat; this I was able to give, but when they required me to give the counties which bounded it, I was nonplussed. I mentioned a few at random but suspect most of them were wrong. They said it looked suspicious to find a man who could not bound his own county but proceeded in their examination. They requested a narrative of my journey all the way through from Kentucky. This I gave very easily as long as it was on ground that was not accessible to them, but it sorely puzzled me to account for the time I had been on the railroad and for the last night when I spent in the woods. I had to invent families with whom I stayed, tell the number of children and servants at each and all the particulars. This was rather perilous as many of my auditors knew all the country around which I was thus fancifully populating, but I had no alternative. I might have refused to answer at all but this would have been construed into positive proof of guilt, at least as good as a mob would have required. Besides I still had a faint hope that they might be inducted to release me and allow me to continue my journey. As it was my assurance puzzled them somewhat and they held numerous private consultations. But while they were thus deliberating over my case and could agree that it required further investigation, a man riding a horse covered with foam dashed up to the door. He came from Ringgold and brought the news that part of the bridge burners had been captured

and that they had at first pretended to be citizens of Kentucky from Fleming County, but on finding that this did not procure their release, they confessed that they were Ohio soldiers sent out to burn the bridges on the Georgia State Road. The remarkable coincidence of their first story with the one I had been trying so hard to make the rebels believe, produced a marked change in their conduct toward me; they at once adjourned to another room and after a brief consultation agreed to commit me to jail to await further developments. The little Major was my escort. He first purloined my money, then took me to the county jail and handed me over to the jailor; this personage took my pen knife and other little articles; then led me upstairs, unfastened the door of a cage of crossing iron bars in which was one poor fellow, a Union man as I afterward found and bade me enter. My reflections could not have been more gloomy if the celebrated inscription Dante placed over the gates of Hell had been written above the massive iron door. My feelings were terrible when the jailor turned the key in the lock, secured the heavy iron bar that crossed the door and left me never before had I been locked up as a prisoner and now it was no trivial matter, a few days or weeks. There was absolutely no hope ahead. I was there as a criminal, and too well did I realize the character of the Southern people to believe that they would be fastidious about proof. Life is held too cheap in that country to cause them a long delay in its disposal. In that hour my most distressing thought was of my friends at home and particularly my mother, thinking what would be their sorrow when they heard of my ignominious [sic] fate, if indeed they ever heard. For I had given an assumed name. That all my young hope and ambitions, my fond dreams of being useful should perish, as I then had no doubt they would on a Southern scaffold seemed unbearable in the extreme. But only one moment did these thoughts sweep over me. The next they were rejected as not calculated to profit in the least. My first action was to borrow from my Union companion his blankets of which he had a plentiful supply and wrap myself in them. The warmth they produced soon threw me into a deep sleep. I awoke hours after feeling much refreshed, but did not at first realize where I was. Yet a glance at the wover bars which everywhere bounded me in brought back the knowledge that I was a prisoner, but I did not give way to useless despair. I was almost amused at the quaint yet truthful remark my fellow prisoner made to me: If you are innocent of the charge they have against you, there is no hope for you, but if it is true you may save yourself by telling what regiment and company you belong to and claiming protection as a United States prisoner of War. I thought a good deal over this opinion and became more and more impressed with its wisdom. It contained a truth that I could not gainsay. To hang a poor stranger in the South would be a common place affair, only what was often done by the Southerners before the War began. In fact they did kill a man at Dalton under circumstances of the greatest cruelty, because he cheered as we dashed through the town. Afterward they found out that the man was as good a rebel as any of them and had merely cheered because he thought we too were rebels; then they set the matter right by apologizing to his friends. I at once determined

to rest my fate on the claim as a United States soldier. I believe that this decision ultimately saved my life. In the morning they took me before a self-constituted committee of vigilance; these committees were very common in the South and still more summary in their mode of administering Justice or rather vengeance. They began questioning me but I cut the matter short by saying: Gentlemen, the statement I gave you yesterday was intended to deceive you. I will now tell you the truth. The clerk got his pen ready to take down the information: Go on, sir; go on, said the President. I am ready, said I, to give you my true name and regiment and to tell you why I came into your country. Just what we want, sir; go on said they; but I returned. I will make no statement whatever until taken before the regular military authority of this department; this took them by surprise and they used every threat and argument in their power to induce me to change my purpose, but in vain. My reason for this was to avoid the violence of a mob law. When they found that I would tell them nothing further, they made arrangements to take me to Chattanooga which was distant 20 miles. I was remanded to jail to await the preparation of a suitable escort. Here I remained until after dinner when I was guarded by about a dozen men to the public square. A carriage was in waiting in which I was placed and then commenced the process of tying and chaining. A great mob gathered around completely filling the whole square and was exceedingly angry and excited. They questioned me in loud and imperious tones demanding why I should come down there to fight them and adding every possible word of insult. I had been received in such a manner as to make assurance doubly sure. A heavy chain was put around my neck and fastened by a padlock; the other end was hitched to one foot and secured in the same manner, the chain being extended to its full length. While I was in a sitting position making it impossible for me to rise. My hands were tied together, my elbows were pinioned to my side by ropes, and to crown all I was firmly bound to the carriage seat. My evil genius the little Major, took the seat beside me as driver. He was armed to the teeth. Two other officers on horses likewise fully armed constituted the rest of the guard; that was thought necessary to attend one chained and helpless Yankee. As we journeyed along the sky suddenly became clear, the sun shone out in beauty and smiled on the first faint dawnings [sic] of Spring that lay in tender green on the surrounding hills. My companions were quite talkative, and though I hated them for the indignity they had thus put upon me in chaining me as a criminal, yet I knew it would be unavailing to indulge a surly and vindictive disposition, and therefore talked as fast and as lively as they could. As we passed a house my guards would call out: we'uns [sic] got a live Yankee here; then men, women and children would rush to the door and stare as though they saw some great monster, asking: what did you ketch him; going to hand him when you get him to Chattanooga, and similar expressions without end. The afternoon wore slowly away, as we traveled along passing some very grand and romantic scenery, that in any other frame of mind would have been enthusiastically enjoyed, but now my thoughts were otherwise engaged; it was not the thought of death I

so much dreaded as the manner of death. Death amid the smoke and excitement and glory of battle was not half so terrible as in the awful calmness and chill and horror of the scaffold, and sadder yet to think of my friends who would count the weary months that had gone by and wish and long for my return till hope became torturing suspense, and suspense deepened into despair. These thoughts were almost too much for stoicism, yet there was no alternative but to patiently endure. We arrived at Chattanooga while a feeble glow of soft spring twilight still lingered on the earth. We immediately drove to the headquarters of General Leadbetter, the commander of that place, and while our guards ascended to inform him of our arrival, I was left in the carriage. As soon as we entered the town, the word was given: We've got a live Yankee, one that took the train the other day; it was not the first one of the party captured but was the first brought to Chattanooga. The curiosity to see one of the men who had frightened women and children in the woods was of course most extreme, and an immense crowd soon gathered around. One would say that it was a pity that so young and clever looking a man should be caught in such a scrape. Another of more penetrating cast would tell that he was a rogue by his appearance. Probably came out of prison in his own country. Another was surprised that I could hold up my head and look around on honest men. There was one man I noticed in particular. He was tall and venerable looking, had gray hair, gray beard, a magnificent forehead and an altogether commanding and intellectual expression of countenance. He was treated with great deference and appeared to me most like a doctor of divinity as he parted his way through the crowd toward me I thought surely I will receive some sympathy from that noble looking man. His first question was calculated to confirm my impression. Said he: How old are you? I answered, twenty two, sir. Gradually his lips wreathed into a curl of unutterable scorn as he slowly continued: Poor young fool, and I suppose you were a school teacher or something of that kind in your own land and you thought you would come down here and rob us and burn our houses and murder us, did you? Now let me give you a little advice; if you ever get home again (but you never will), do try, for God's sake and have a little better sense and stay there. Then he turned contemptuously [sic] on his heels and strode away while the rabble around rewarded him with a cheer. I never could find out who he was. After that I looked no more for sympathy in that crowd. My conductor now returned and escorted me into the presence of General Leadbetter. They said he was a Northern man, but if so, it is very little credit to my section for he was one of the most contemptible [sic] individual I ever knew; he was a perfect sot, and had just two states of body as a Confederate captain afterward explained to us; those were dead drunk and gentlemanly drunk; he oscilated [sic] constantly between the two; he was a coward as well. When I entered the room he was gentlemanly drunk; he commenced questioning me and I told him partly the truth and partly not, going on the principle that truth is a pearl and pearls are not be thrown before swine; I told him that I was a United States soldier, giving him my company and regiment, but saying that I was

detailed without my consent, that I was ignorant of where I was going and what I was to perform, which I only learned as fast as I was to execute it. He wanted to know our intention in thus seizing the engine, but I plead ignorance. He next inquired who was our engineer, but I refused to tell him. He then said: Sir, I want you to tell me just how many men you had on that train, and describe them so I may know when I get them. I answered, General, I have freely told you whatever concerns only myself, because I thought it better that you should know that I am a soldier under the protection of the United States, but I have not yet become base enough to describe my comrades. O, sneeder he, I don't know that I ought to have asked you that. I think not sir, I replied. Well said he, I know all about it; your leader's name is Andrews; what kind of a man is he. I was perfectly astonished that he should have Andrews name, and know him to be our leader, but I never imagined what I afterward found to be the true cause that Andrews had been captured and had give his name with the fact that he was the leader of the expedition. I had every confidence that he would get away and try some measures for our relief, so I answered boldly I can tell you only one thing about him, and that is he is a man whom you will never catch. I thought I noticed a peculiar smile on the General's face as I said this, but he only replied; that will do for you and turning to a captain who stood by, he continued: Take him to the hole you know where, that is with a nod; in reply the captain took me out of the room. As I passed through the door I saw an explanation of the General's smile. There stood Andrews, ironed waiting an audience, and Marion Ross and John Williams with him. I did not choose to recognise [sic] them; for such recognition might have compromised them as I knew not what course they would pursue. The captain now called a guard of eight men and conducted me through the streets for some time. At last we came to a little brick building surrounded by a high board fence; those who have ever been in Chattanooga and visited the negro prison will recognise [sic] my description. A portion of the building was occupied by the jailor, but the prison part consisted of two rooms, one under the other, and also partly underground; this underroom [sic] had no entrance from the outside, but was accessible only through a trap door from the room directly overhead. Andrews and one of his men managed to escape soon after their capture and succeeded in getting away some fifteen miles. His comrade struck off in another direction and made good his escape. Andrews made his way to an island in the Tennessee River and hid in the top of a bushy tree. A family was living on the Island. There were two small children playing under this tree; one of them happened to look up and saw Andrews; it called to its companion that there was a man in the tree. Andrews at once descended and ran for the River but his pursuers were close by and discovered him and overtook him in the middle of the River; he was swimming; they had secured a small boat; they took him back to Chattanooga and hung him without giving him a fair trial, merely a mock trial. The Confederates did not deem their old shak [sic] of a jail safe and moved all to Knoxville, Tenn.; here they proceeded to give them a trial, one at a time, until seven were tried, when the

proceedings were stopped by a report that the Yankees were coming, which was true. General Turchon with a brigade was moving on the City, but I think withdrew the next day for some cause unknown to me; in the meantime the engine thieves were run down to Atlanta, Georgia. We were at this place several weeks with nothing unusual to excite our curiosity[sic], but one day we noticed through the grated windows a squad of horsemen approaching the jail. Presently they came to the jail door and called out seven names, the seven who had been tried at Knoxville, took them out and hung them; three of this regiment belonged to my regiment; this left fourteen; these now set about how they might escape; they could not all just agree at once how this should be done; some had one plan, some had another, but they all finally hit upon a place that was satisfactory to all; it was this; at a given time they should all be ready and with a might rush pounce upon the guards who were stationed about the jail. This was a desperate undertaking as it meant death to at least some of them; but they now felt that it would be certain death if they remained there as they were expecting it to be tried as their seven comrades were, and hung; so they were ready for the most daring act of their lives. The hour fixed upon was supper time, as the old jailor man would bring in their supper alone; one was detailed to grab the old man, take his keys from him, rush down the stairway in a body which they did, overpower the guards and fly for the woods; eight of the men escaped but the other six were recaptured and taken back to jail the others made good their escape; the six that now remained quit playing cards and instead inaugurated a prayer meeting and held religious meetings each day, as they were expecting to be called any time to attend court and be tried as their seven comrades who met death by hanging, but day after day and week after week passed and then months and they were finally moved to Libby Prison, at Richmond, Va., and were finally exchanged as prisoners of war. I might say the two who failed to report the morning they all left Marietta, Ga., had to join a Rebel battery in order to conceal their identity; they remained in the Rebel battery for several months, and at a little skirmish, Mitchel had with the Rebels at Bridgeport, they deserted their post and came to our Army. This ended one of the most daring and blood curdling incidents of the Rebellion. It might be stated that the old locomotive used by Andrews is still in existence; its name is General Mitchel and can be seen today at Chattanooga, Tenn; it was named in honor of General Mitchel, as from one of his brigades this detail was taken, and our Government has erected a large monument in the National Cemetery at Chattanooga to the memory of the eight raiders who were hung including their leader. As I stated before, during this raid General Mitchel moved south from Shelbyville to Huntsville, Ala. There we captured nine locomotives from the enemy; this cut the enemy's communication between the East and West. In the meantime the Great battle of Shiloh was fought. After this battle the enemy circled south of us through Alabama, Georgia and Tennessee, to Chattanooga. While at Huntsville, we ran a passenger train up and down the railroad as far northeast as Bridgeport and as far West as what is known as Muscle Shoals in the

Tennessee River. This was merely done to guard the road and keep the enemy from destroying it. At one point on the road we had to pass through a deep cut and invariably [sic] we would be fired upon. The train would run through this cut and halt and what soldiers were on the train were ordered off and look for these bush whackers; but we never could find them; they riddled our passenger coaches pretty badly; one shot came very near my head, the ball passing through the window very close to me; the Rebels had a cave a few hundred yards back from the Railroad wherein they would hide. The entrance to the cave was very small and was covered with underbrush; it was found a year later by our men. General Mitchel learned of the Rebel movement about Bridgeport, Tenn., and moved his command in that direction; we had quite a little skirmish with the enemy at this place. Bridgeport is situated on the Tennessee River where there is an island making it necessary to have two bridges; each about a thousand feet long; we of course routed the Rebels in this little battle. They retreated across the River passing over both bridges and setting fire to the last one crossed, leaving the other, next to us intact; we camped here a day or two and on leaving set fire to the other bridge and went into camp at the mouth of Battle Creek about three miles up the River. I might here relate a few incidents of this little Bridgeport skirmish. My regiment was ordered to advance; We were soon confronted with a Rebel regiment of cavalry; we were order to fix bayonets and be ready for this charge of the cavalry, but our bayonets looked too fierce for them and they wheeled their horses and scampered away under a heavy fire of musketry from our men. I shall never forget the feeling I had when I first saw this Rebel cavalry charging down upon us with their bright drawn sabers glistening in the bright sunshine. I would have given all I ever expected to own in the future if I could have been excused at this time. But just as soon as we opened fire on the enemy this awful feeling left me and then it was sport for me. I will mention one instance of the bravery of the Southern soldier; one fell from his horse badly wounded but he stuck to his carbine; he lay concealed somewhat and a squad of our cavalry were passing over the ground just vacated by the enemy and when they came to this wounded Rebel, he raised his gun and fired at one of our men; but his aim was unsteady and he missed his man who in turn raised his carbide to his shoulder and shot the wounded Rebel through, killing him instantly. After this skirmish our division had a very pleasant time during our stay at Battle Creek as we remained there several months. We went bathing every day in the Tennessee River; the Rebels were camped on the East side of the River and we on the West, but we were not on very friendly terms with them. One day some of us boys swam too near their side and they fired upon us but the River ran very swiftly and we turned down stream and swam for dear life and were successful in getting away. The main army from Pittsburg Landing after the great battle there joined us here about the 1st of August, 1862, as near as I can recollect. Bragg, the Rebel general who lay at Chattanooga was planning in his own mind how to get us out of Tennessee; he finally matured his plans which he made public; it was this,

he would start for Louisville, Ky., with this whole command about forty thousand. Just as soon as he started we started to head him off; they had several days the start of us, however; the road led through the mountains and they would obstruct the road after passing over it by cutting timbers and falling them across the road, &c. This checked our progress somewhat and gave them more time to get away from us. I might say here that the movement of both armies was very mysterious to me, as I have stated General Bragg with his Army was ahead of us the first three days and then he switched off to the right and let our Army pass. General Buell was our commander at this time. Our army kept the main road that led to Bowling Green; here we camped two days, I think, at least long enough to give Bragg time to march by us and give him one day's march in advance of our Army. Bragg stopped one day at Green River. Buell stopped one day also only one-half mile from the enemy. We privates were very anxious to attack Bragg as we were getting tired of this child's play, and had Buell done his duty in this matter, I believe we could have almost annihilated Bragg's whole army, as we had men in front of him, and we in the rear, but Bragg was permitted to pass on unmolested, and we were ordered to strike tents and follow slowly behind, and oh, such dusty roads we had, as both armies traveled the same roads, the dust was about two inches deep, and very hot weather; the enemy traveled with 30 miles of Louisville, Ky. Here they filed to the right and our army marched straight ahead into the City; here we camped several days, cleaning up, drawing rations, etc. We camped a few blocks from the hotel where General Nelson was shot by General Jeff. Davis, a Division commander in our Army. Nelson had made some remarks derogatory to Davis' character and a commander which Davis resented by shooting him. Davis was never molested to my knowledge. I might say that when our Army arrived at Louisville, we were a pitifully looking sight marching through dust ankle deep in the hot months of September. Coxey's Army was a credit a hundred fold compared to us. We remained here long enough to draw new clothes and rations, and started out southeast in the direction of Bragg's army, which was camped near Perryville, having a large wagon train with him which he always kept in front of his army when on the move. On our second day's march out from Louisville about 10 o'clock p.m., my division encountered three divisions of the enemy near Perryville, Ky., from which this battle took its name. The battle was opened by one cannon shot from the enemy just in front of my regiment. We first saw a puff of smoke, then the shot striking the ground close by and then the report was heard, the ball traveling faster than the sound. This was a signal for the combat; my regiment was given the order to forward. We went in the direction of this Rebel battery but were soon confronted by a Rebel regiment who were lying in a ravine; when we first met we were rather on their flank and we gave them a volley flankwise, killing 19; this stampeded them and they retreated several hundred yards, but before doing so they drug their 19 comrades down the hill and threw them in a heap; they were soon reinforced and now the battle was on. Our division was the only troops engaged from our army until late in

the evening. Bragg had three divisions engaged; we fought like demons to hold our ground, but the enemy would hurl new troops against our flanks pouring deadly shot and shell unto our ranks. Many of my comrades fell by my side mortally wounded or killed; thus the battle raged all afternoon on the dry parched hills of Kentucky; we were compelled to change positions very often during this awful combat. At one time my regiment got behind a rail fence facing three lines of the enemy who were advancing. We would place our muskets under the top rail and fire and in about three minutes five of my comrades nearest to me fell shot through, and none of them were more than four feet from me and one was against me. I began to think my time had come, but I was not touched. The whist, whist of the miny ball was evidence to me that I wasn't missed very much. Our dead and wounded already numbered thousands and still the battle raged. For eight long hours this death and carnage continued without any reinforcement from our Army, and I will say here the Buell's whole army lay in gun shot hearing all afternoon. General Woods begged of Buell to let him take his Division and help Rousseau out, but Buell's answer was let him get out of as best he can; he had not business to get into it. We finally got help from a brigade just at dusk, but I never learned from whose division they came. Buell was playing in the hands of Bragg ever since our army had left Battle Creek on the Tennessee River. He showed his cloven foot all along the way up to this battle. Lincoln relieved him from this command after the battle. As I have stated our loss was very heavy, over 31-1/2 per cent. As I have stated before these Kentucky hills were barren of everything. Water was a thing of the past; wells had gone dry, streams had dried up; there was an occasional spring that furnished a little water, but it was rare. This battle occurred [sic] the 8th day of October, very hot and biting or tearing the end off of our cartridge with our teeth as was the custom at this time of our history in warfare, we would get a taste of the powder each time; this being in the nature of salt, created a great thirst; now gentle reader if you have never suffered for water, I shall not be able to describe my suffering during the afternoon of the battle we would detail some one of our company to go on the hunt for water. We would load him up with all the canteens we could muster, but in several instances he never returned, as the enemy knew where the water was and stationed guards at those places and captured our men. As long as I was engaged in fighting the enemy I did not take much notice of my thirst; the battle continued until about 9 o'clock that night and then my suffering began. I was becoming delirious. I wandered about in the dark in the hope that I might find something to quench my thirst. I was perfectly rational, but I imagined I saw rivers of water flowing by me but could not take a drink of it. Presently one of the boys whom we sent after water returned with a dozen canteens filled with water; I emptied one in short order (they held three pints); this was just a mere taste; I asked him where he got it; he answered away back in the hills; it only took a second for me to make up my mind what to do. I gathered up all the canteens in the company and a comrade volunteered to go with me; we were soon on our way rejoicing and the only

thing we envied was more canteens; as we were making our way back to the rear of the army, we encountered a lot of our own comrades lying in the fence corners dead asleep; in several instances we crept up to the sleeping comrades, remove the canteen straps from off their shoulders and make our escape unnoticed by them. In this way we supplied ourselves with as many canteens as we could carry when filled. Everything was not quiet as the battle was over with the exception of our wounded on the field of carnage. I can hear their pitiful cry to this day for water, water; their suffering was no doubt tenfold to mine and I suffered untold agonies. My comrade and I continued our search for water until a later hour we finally discovered a light off in the distance. We steered straight for it and found it to be a log cabin. We wrapped at the door, which was answered by an old man of whom we inquired if there was any water in the neighborhood; he informed us that there was a spring up a certain ravine; we followed his direction and were very soon rewarded by finding a small spring at the foot of a hill; we did not do a thing for the next half hour but drink water and take a rest, and then another drink and then a short rest and then another drink. Oh, the delight there is in a cool drink of water when one is parched as I was. We finally filled our stomachs and then began the work of filling our canteens, which was no little task as we were loaded with empty ones. We finally got them filled and then took another drink and then started for our regiment a mile away; it was now midnight and we were getting hungry as our last meal was an early breakfast that morning. Our comrades were waiting patiently for our return with the water, but their wish was not rewarded until daylight next morning. We wandered about for several hours in the hope that we might find our regiment, but were unsuccessful as they had changed their positions in our absence, and being dark we had to give up the job. I lay down between two large spur roots of an old elm tree and slept until daylight, and to my great surprise my regiment lay but a hundred yards away. The scorching we got from our comrades for being late when we came with the water I shall never forget. Our explanation of our night's wandering never could be satisfactorily explained to them. Next day our regiment found a stagnant pond of water and by noon it was drunk down to the mud by the men, mules and horses. I remember of dipping up a quart of thin mud and would let it set until the mud would settle to the bottom, and then drink the filthy water on top. It was the custom with both Federal and Confederates after a battle or during an engagement to send small squads with a hospital flag (red) on the field of carnage to pick up the wounded and care for them, and they were not to be molested by the opposite party. This was done the next day after the battle. The Rebels still held the field; we thought they had all left in the night. One of my comrades and I concluded we would venture out over the ground we had fought on the day before; we very soon ran into a squad of Rebel cavalry. We thought the jig was up sure; the first thought I had was Libby prison; their first challenge was, well, boys, have you been paroled? I answered, no; well, where is your flag of truce. We had none, I answered but we belong to that squad over the hill with a red flag; they took it for

granted that I was telling the truth and seemed satisfied. We had quite a chat together, each asking the other questions pertaining to each army. I finally remarked that we must go; we started off with a light tread and our hearts in our throats; we never related the incident to our company commander for fear he would punish us for straggling away from our company. As I have stated our loss in this battle was very heavy losing two brigadier generals and many minor officers; but as I am only writing my own experience and what I saw, I will leave the rest to our history writers. The second day after the battle we were again on the move following up Bragg's Army; they did not halt long enough to bury their dead, and our Army only buried our own killed. The citizens buried the dead Rebels after we left the field. Thus ended one of the hottest [sic] little contests of the War. Bragg made his way back through the town of Crab Orchard and Edgefield junction through Nashville and as far south as Murfreesboro, Tenn.; here he halted; nothing of a startling character transpired while following his command; in the meantime General Buell was relieved from his command to our great delight and General Rosecranz [sic] placed in his stead; he proved a very efficient commander; our Army had by this time moved as far south as Nashville, Tenn; here the reorganization took place. General Rosecranz [sic] moved out from Nashville Dec. 26, 1862; forced back Bragg's outpost, and on the 29th found his army in position about two miles from the town of Murfreesboro. On December 31 each army began an advance; hard fighting ensued, with the result that at the close of the day, Rosecranz [sic] Army had been forced slowly back until its right and center were concentrated on the Nashville pike, and our left rested on Stone River. No serious fighting occurred [sic] on January 1st each army spent New Years in caring for its wounded and disposing of its dead. On January 2d the Confederates attacked and forced back the Union left, but in falling back the Union forces exposed the Confederates to a crushing artillery fire, by which they were stopped and driven back to their original position by a vigorous counter charge by the Union left. No further attacks were made by either side and on the night of January 3rd, Bragg withdrew to Elk River. The division I belonged to was stationed in the center facing south, as was the whole Army at the opening of the battle, and when the right wing of our army was driven back by Bragg's left some distance, they came for us, we had to change front in double quick time, facing west in order to check the charge of the enemy. Our musketry played havoc with them and our line of battle was rather in a horse shoe bend giving us cross fire into their ranks, and with the aid of our cannons we mowed them down; they undertook the third charge but we held our position, but with a very heavy loss. I have a photograph of his part of the battle. Colonel Kell of my regiment was killed in this charge and many of the line officers. After their third charge the enemy fell back and never molested the center during the five days' battle. The next day our line of battle was again straightened out facing south. As I have stated before there was not much fighting this day, Jan. 1st, but the sharpshooters were kept very busy all day, especially from the rebel side, as they were in the Cedar forest and we

were in an open field with no protection whatever. We lay quiet about all day, but if any one got up he was sure to be shot at by these sharpshooters up in some cedar tree. The next day we in the center lay in about the same position, but our left was now very hard pressed by Bragg's right, and yet there was fighting all along the line, but mostly with cannons, as my command was in an open field we made a very good target for the Rebel gunners, and their aim was pretty good as they sent several shots through my regiment wounding and killing five or six at each shot. Many of their solid shots fell short, would strike the ground in front of us, and then with 2 or 3 bounds would pass over us, as after the balls struck the ground we could very easily see them coming and it gave us a chance to dodge them, which we generally did. One came very close to me and struck a comrade's gun. The gun knocked the cap off an Irishman at my elbow which brought forth this expression from him; Why in the d[illegible] don't they take us away from here; they are blasting us. About this time I noticed one of our men coming from the direction of the enemy with three prisoners. A cannon ball came crushing along and struck the soldier just above the knee, and cut one leg off clean and clear; some of our men ran out and took charge of the prisoners; about this time one of our batteries just in the rear of my regiment opened fire on the Rebels in our front, aiming to fire over our heads, but Oh, the result; their ammunition had got wet, or partly so and instead of the grape and canisters passing over us, they rained squarely into our ranks, killing nineteen of our own regiment, two from my company, Lieutenant Chambers and corporal Bakill. Our Lieutenant Colonel drew his sword and held it aloof shouting at the top of his voice to cease firing, one grape struck his sword and cut it in two. At this stage of the game our rations were about gone and it began to look pretty serious, as Rebel John Morgan had got into our rear and captured our provision train, which cut us very short, but I fared pretty well as I had picked up a haversack well filled with good ham and crackers that some officer had dropped, so I was still on full rations while many of my comrades were very short. The next day we drew a little flour and a few beans, and we tried to cook them by adding the flour, but invariably they would burn up, the flour settling to the bottom. About 10 a.m., General Rosecranz [sic] came riding by with his staff. A cannon ball came also cutting a leg off one of the Staff officers' horse; the officer dismounted, drew his revolver and shot the horse; it had hardly fallen until the boys, like a pack of coyotes pounced upon his carcass and we were all very soon roasting horse flesh over the fire in good style; it was much better than I expected; the horse was a fine black fellow and in good flesh. Morgan was driven from our rear by this time and we were soon on full rations again. On the night of Jan. 3, Bragg withdrew his full force. This ended one of the most fiercely contested struggles of the War on the American continent. The Union forces engaged were 43,400 men, its losses were 1,730 killed, 7,802 wounded and 3,717 missing; total loss 13,249, or 31%. The confederate force was 37,800; its loss 1,294 killed, 7,945 wounded, 1,027 missing; total 10,200, or 28%. Our forces marched into Murfreesboro on Sunday afternoon Jan. 4; the town was

entirely deserted; very few families remained[sic]; we lay here nearly six months until June 24; there were many exciting scenes that took place during our stay here. I enjoyed life here very much, as Spring time was fast approaching; the trees were beginning to show signs of budding out, and our camp was beautifully located on the southeast of the town in a beautiful grove, and as the daily routine of camp life passed along we were surprised one bright day by the appearance of quite an old gray haired man in our midst, who would go from one regiment to another and get upon a stump and sing songs to us, and would usually make us a little speech, telling us that he had just returned from the North where he lived, and that all was going well at home, &c. We paid but very little attention to him; at least we took it for granted that he was all right, but in a day or two he was discovered inspecting a fort that our men were building close to the town; he was taken in charge and examined and proved to be a spy; he was closely guarded preparatory to his trial, which meant death; he well knew the doom of a spy, so one night he made a desperate struggle to escape, but having a ball and chain to his ankle, his chances were very slim for a speedy run; but he undertook to run and got a good quarter of a mile away carrying the ball and chain, but he was overtaken and shot down in his flight; he dropped dead near a large spring where most of our army got their water; they let his body lie there all day, to show what the doom of a spy is; we never learned his name; spying has always been a dangerous business as far back as the Bible times. About all we had to do here was the regular routine of camp and picket duty. One very calm and warm night with a pale soft moon, I had charge of the 3rd relief of the picket guards. About midnight I heard this call: Corporal of the Guard, No. 9. I answered the call leaving my musket at the reserve post. I presently came up to the picket line and followed it until I came to No. 9. I asked him what the trouble was; he answered do you see that man standing out there? Yes. Haven't you challenged him? Yes, but he will not answer. Sure enough there he stood like a statue dressed in a long black coat. Well, he will answer me I remarked. I felt pretty brave just then. I challenged: Who comes there? No answer. Raising my voice for the second challenge: Who comes there? No answer. I now grabbed my comrade's gun and cocked it, and in a still louder voice: Who comes there? No answer. And I blazed away; and the old horse jumped about a foot to one side and away he went. I never told any of my comrades that I had shot at a Rebel officer that night, for this we took the horse to be; the old fellow stood facing us and made a good imitation of a large man standing erect facing us. Our pickets had many episodes akin to this one. Our army received orders one day to forage off of the country for our horses and mules and the quartermaster would send 40 to 50 wagons and teams out over the country in search of corn; there were some large plantations in the neighborhood where we would find corn in abundance. I went on several trips with the wagons; one trip took us three days and it poured down rain about all the time; we were out I remember when night came I lay two rails down side by side and lay in the trough to keep out of the water using my cartridge box for a pillow. I

started from camp with a new pair of shoes, but when we got back to Murfreesboro they were entirely worn out. The wagons cutting the pike up very badly it interfered very much with my understanding. I was with the wagon train on another occasion when we took all the corn the old planter had and then went into his smoke house and took all the hams and shoulders he had. He begged very pitiful for us to leave him part of the meat, but our officer in command of the wagon train only made answer by giving him a receipt for the corn and pork which the planter could present to our Government after the war for payment, and would receive pay provided he could prove that he was a loyal union man; if not he got nothing. As many can remember there were many of these old war claims presented at the close of the Rebellion. On another occasion I was with a wagon train after forage. The officer in charge usually stationed guards around the house so that there might not be any depredations committed by any of the soldiers. I was always on the hunt for something to eat, and on this occasion there were a lot of beehives perched upon a fence in the rear of the house. One of my comrades was guarding the bees. He spied me coming around the house and took the hint. He turned his back upon me and walked away from me and around the house. I took the hint at once and walked up to the beehives, opened the door of one broke the glass and with one swipe with a half gallon bucket filled it with honey and walked away. Nothing was said until we got back to camp; then this soldier who was on guard came around and called for half of my honey, which I freely gave him, thanking him for not seeing me take the honey. One day there appeared a Rebel officer at our outpost with a small escort under a flag of truce, who informed the picket guard that he wished to be escorted to General Rosecranz' headquarters. His request was granted. He informed the General that a band of outlaws numbering eight, I think, had murdered an old man for his money and then made their escape over into our lines, claiming to be rebel soldiers and wished to be paroled [sic]. The Rebel officer reported that these men would claim to be soldiers from Bragg's Army, but that they were not, and requested Rosecranz [sic] to catch them and hang them. We were successful in capturing only three of them, the leader and 2 of his men. The rest made good their escape. The three were put on trial and Bragg sent two witnesses through the lines to attend the trial; they were the grandchildren of the old man who was killed, brother and sister about 18 years of age who testified that their grandfather had some money hid somewhere about the farm, and the robbers knew this. They demanded of the old man his money, but he refused; then they threatened him with cutting off his ears, if he did not divulge his secret; he still refused; they carried out their threats and still he refused; they threatened him once more, but this is almost too horrible to record, that of gouging out his eyes, but still the old man refused; they then killed him and escaped as I have stated in the outset. Their trial resulted in their conviction and their sentence was death by hanging in a few days after the trial. A scaffold was erected in a grove, where all could see the hanging; it occupied two days, the leader was hung the first day and his two men the next; the whole army witnessed it.

I remember seeing the two grandchildren going on the scaffold with the hangman and condemned and wanted to fasten the noose about their necks, but were not allowed to do so. I shall never want to witness such a scene again, but if any one deserves hanging these men did, and the other five who made their escape. Just think of the horrible sight, a cart with a rough coffin in it, and the condemned riding on his coffin driving slowly towards the gallows. I did not think so much about it then as I had got hardened to horrible sights by that time, but to think of it today seems awful. Another sad incident occurred [sic] a few days after the hanging of these three men, that of shooting one of our soldiers; he belonged to a Kentucky regiment; his offense was deserting our Army and joining the Rebel army twice. He was captured by his own regiment with the Rebel uniform on. The first time he was captured he got off with a light punishment, but the second time he was tried by court martial and condemned to be shot in the presence of the whole army. The day of execution arrived and the whole army were ordered out. We marched out into a large open field where we were formed into a hollow square, south, west and north, leaving the east side open; the doomed man's coffin was placed in a casket driven by an horse, headed by a brass band, and he and a minister of the gospel walked behind the cart. They started in at the southeast corner of the square, and marched just inside of the square, the band playing a funeral dirge going very slowly, their march being west, north and then east. As they came to the open space on the east side they halted and placed the coffin on the ground, blindfolded the accused, set him on his coffin, and 12 soldiers took their position, six paces in front of him with six blank cartridges and six loaded with balls; they were not allowed to load their own muskets, but were handed them on the ground loaded by some one else, so that none of the twelve knew whose gun did the execution. One of my company boys was one of the twelve executioners, but he claimed his gun missed fire; when he got to camp he drew the load from his gun and found a ball. I have always had my doubts if he ever drew trigger. Well, the squad was ordered to march, ready, take aim, fire, five balls pierced the soldier's heart. This ended another war tragedy, never to be forgotten by your humble servant. Nothing of any importance occurred in camp while we remained here; only the regular routine of camp life, mailing letters and receiving same from dear ones at home; mail day was generally a big and interesting occasion to all, especially to the home sick boys; we lay here in camp just five months and 20 days; we received orders on the 24th day of June to strike tents and move south which we did and encountered the enemy at Hoover's Gap several days afterward. Here we had a little brush with Bragg's forces; the loss on both sides was very light. My regiment was on the reserve and did not get into any engagement, but it was in about as much danger as those in the front of the battle, as the enemy's cannon shots reached us and killed several of my regiment. Usually when we were not engaged on a battle field, the seven up desk played a prominent part in the way of diversion. On this occasion there were perhaps a dozen four handed games in operation when the cannon

balls from the enemy put a stop to it. The first shot struck very near where I was standing, and near by sat four comrades playing cards; they thought it wise to quit and two got up, the third was just in the act of getting up, the fourth was a little tardy, and the next second a cannon ball struck the very spot cutting off both legs of the fourth comrade and crippling the third comrade for life. The fourth died that night from the shock. Our regiment was stationed on the picket line that night with orders to sleep on our arms. The old soldier understands what that means. Under ordinary circumstances we stacked our arms; in front of the regiment we placed a picket line. Johnnie McGraw, an Irishman of my company, who was blind in one eye, was one of the pickets. About 10 o'clock that night we were aroused by an awful yell, such a yell that would put a Commanche Indian to shame. The regiment was up and in line in an instant, ready for any emergency, thinking the whole Rebel army was pressing down upon us. By this time William Benham, a big sargent [sic] of my company, came running in from the picket line holding his sides with laughter fit to kill. When asked what the trouble was, he stated that in making his rounds he slipped up on the blind side of Johnnie McGraw and grabbed [sic] his musket; this nearly scared the poor Irishman to death. The result was as I have stated, an awful yell. This little incident nearly raised our whole army. Officers from the rear galloped up to learn that the commotion was.

Bragg withdrew his forces that night, falling back to Chattanooga, crossing the Tennessee River at Bridgeport. We followed in his tracks until we reached Bridgeport. Here Rosecranz [sic] stopped with his army of about 43,000. Bragg had about the same number of men and artillery and cavalry. Chattanooga was a very important place to the Confederates, it being the gateway for their army from the east to the west. The only hope for the Confederacy lay in the holding of the place. This fact was well understood by both Rosecranz [sic] and Bragg, and the question with Rosecranz [sic] was how to take it. It was impossible to take it from the west side as the Tennessee River runs on this side and on the south and east were obstacles in the way. Rosecranz [sic] hit upon a novel plan, that of crossing the River, and with his whole army make a bee line for Atlanta, Georgia, which lay southeast 137 miles; but the task was not a very easy one, as there lay before us three ranges of mountains, Lookout, Sand and Raccoon, and difficult to cross, but after we crossed these, the country was fairly level. This move was made to draw Bragg's army out of Chattanooga, and it proved to be very successful, as Rosecranz [sic] had scarcely started when Bragg evacuated the place and started out to head off Rosecranz [sic]. As soon as Bragg left Chattanooga, one of our brigades which was left behind for the purpose, marched in the town and held it. I never learned how far our army marched toward Atlanta from Bridgeport, but I judge between 30 and 40 miles. When Rosecranz [sic] learned by his scouts that Bragg was just five miles to our left with his whole army, without any further ceremony Rosecranz [sic] countermarched his army headed for Chattanooga. Bragg executed the same movement. This was on

Friday evening, Sept. 18th, 1863. Both armies marched all that night in parallel lines just five miles apart. I shall never forget that quiet and noiseless march as each army tried to conceal its movement from the other; for this was certainly a very important move; it either meant the death blow to the Confederacy or a prolonging of the same; nothing of importance transpired this Friday night's march other than losing Johnnie McGraw, of Hoover's Gap fame; we never heard from after that night, poor fellow. Saturday morning at day break found our army within ten miles of Chattanooga on the ground where was fought one of the greatest battles of the Rebellion, known in history as the battle of Chickamauga. I shall only give you my personal experience in this battle in order for you to know in what part of the army I fought. I belonged to the first Brigade commanded by General Scribner, 1st Division commanded by General Baird, and 14th Army Corps, commanded by General Thomas (old Pap, as we called him). I have named my regiment at the outset. On Saturday morning just as we were finishing our breakfast, our pickets were fixed upon by Bragg's forces; this was the opening of the great battle; the Confederates were east of us and Chattanooga lay in our rear as we were not facing east; my brigade was up and ready at the sound of the first shot and were ordered forward; we did so and charged the enemy with fixed bayonets on a double of a quick for a quarter of a mile; here we halted and held our ground for perhaps twenty minutes against a force much larger than ours. We were obliged to fall back as we had charged very near their main army. We went back pell mell losing many of our men; this kind of fighting continued all day Saturday, charging and countercharging and by night both armies were about equal in honors. I was dreading the morrow for I well knew that the battle was not over yet; but it being Sabbath I had some hopes the holy day would be respected by both armies, but not so. The enemy attacked pretty early in the morning, as they had received reinforcements during Saturday night in the person of General Longstreet with his whole corps. This gave Bragg a force of about sixty five thousand against Rosecranz' forty three thousand. Everything was quiet during Saturday night with the exception of a battery of Bragg's artillery which shelled the woods where my brigade lay. This was an awful time for us, as we just had to grin and bear it; their shells would burst among the tree tops cutting off large limbs which would fall to the ground which we had to dodge. It was very much like, I fancy the judgement day will appear to many of the human race, unless they change their ways of living. The battle raged fearful on Sunday without a moment's intermission. Rosecranz' army was divided into three corps, the 14th, the one I belonged to was placed in the center, our line extending from north to south, facing east. Thomas held his position all day, but the flanking corps were driven back from their position taken in the morning. We had some improvised breastworks, such as logs and rails, one laid on top of another, and by hugging the ground very close I managed to escape all the enemy's bullets. The rebels charged on us many times during the day, but we repulsed them in every case. After we repulsed them we threw out a skirmish line in our front, and as the Confederates advanced for

another attack the skirmish line would fall back into their respective commands. The custom was to take one company from each regiment for the skirmish line. When my company's turn came we promptly responded (I might say that where the center fought, there was a dense forest of post oak, scrub oak and underbrush) we deployed not to display but rather to hide lest we made a mark to be shot at, as the skirmish is usually a dangerous place to be. As we were moving out toward the enemy through the underbrush Comrade Reise of my company was by my side. We halted and each took a tree and in our immediate front was a small opening, that is the larger trees had been cut off but there remained plenty of underbrush. Just at this juncture we spied five Rebels crawling on hands and knees towards us. When they got within 50 feet of us they raised up. As we were concealed it gave us a slight advantage over them and we had the drop on them. I gave a very stern command to surrender. One of them ran like a deer but the other four stood like statues. Reise shot at the one who ran away; that left one against four, but I talked very brave and threatened to shoot the first man who raised his gun. I ordered them to drop their guns and surrender. By this time Reise had reloaded; then we both ordered them to surrender, which they did, dropping their guns and walking over to us. We felt pretty proud of our prize. One had a large dirk knife in his belt which I appropriated to my own use and still have in my possession, and should I ever meet its owner I would return it with my compliments. He was a Kentuckian. I always prized the old knife very highly for the history it has.

The struggle was still going on between the two great armies, ours being greatly outnumbered was losing ground. Our line of battle by three o'clock in the afternoon was in about the shape of a horseshoe, the Confederates on the outside. Men on both sides fought like demons and the field was covered with dead and wounded in all conceivable shapes, and here and there a dead horse, or part of a battery of guns disabled, a wagon perchance loaded with ammunition, perhaps one or two horses killed and the rest unhitched by the driver and galloped to the rear; wounded men calling for water or for help, couriers riding back and forth with messages to the different commanders inside of the circle. With all the fierce fighting of the Johnnies, Thomas held them in check in the center while the two flanking corps were driven back, inch by inch, and the Confederates pressing the battle harder and harder, knowing that they had our army in a pretty tight place, as we were unable to get ammunition from our rear, and it only a question of a short time until we would be out of ammunition. The 14th Corps fought until its ammunition was exhausted and then scampered to the rear in confusion, having nothing to fight with at long range. You may know we would not stand in line and be shot down like rats. I was like the Dutchman: I would rather be a live Yankee than a dead hero; so I took to my heels, but I had plenty of company as about this time the whole army was on a retreat. We fell back five miles to Rossville, and by eight o'clock that night we rallied our forces and were in good fighting trim, as we had plenty of

ammunition by this time. And remember we still had Chattanooga in our rear, west of us five miles only, and the enemy east of us. They were crippled pretty nearly as bad as we were and hence their failure to follow us up; but their stronghold was lost to the Confederacy, as we had gained what we had fought for, but at a great sacrifice of means and life. The Confederates called this another Yankee trick – that they had whipped us but we had gained our point. This broke the backbone of the Confederacy in the west. Our army remained at Rossville until Monday night. My regiment did not get away until about daylight Tuesday morning, as we were on the picket line that night and by eight o'clock a.m. (Tuesday) Rosecranz' [sic] whole army was in Chattanooga. The town lays in a bend of the Tennessee River, facing Missionary Ridge, perhaps one mile east from the outskirts of the town. The whole army was put to work fortifying the place digging rifle pits, &c, and before night the Rebels were on Missionary Ridge in plain view of our Army. Our pickets and theirs soon got to fusilating [sic] and made picket very dangerous. Both armies soon made an agreement that picket firing should stop; so after that it was a pleasure to stand picket as both lines were close together and we would visit daily, swap coffee for leaf terbacker [sic], &c, and now came the most pleasant duty of my army life, that of writing home telling my loved ones that I was safe and sound and well, that I had escaped all the rebel bullets and had been in the thickest part of the great battle; saw hundreds of my poor comrades fall, and yet I was spared for some reason. Our loss was terrible, our total loss killed 1,687, wounded 9,394, missing 5,255, total 16,336. Bragg's loss was 2,673 killed, 16,274 wounded, 2,003 missing, total 20,550; grand total of both armies was 37,286.

As stated our army left the battle field on Sunday evening Sept. 20, leaving all our dead and wounded on the field, and if my memory serves me correct it was six days later that Rosecranz [sic] sent a hospital squad out under a flag of truce and found many of our wounded still on the field. Many had died for want of care before relief came. Those that were rescued were in a horrible condition; maggots had gotten into their wounds and many died after they were rescued, but such is war. I never wish to see another one. All say amen and amen.

Rosecranz [sic] now held the key to the situation; things were just the reverse of six days ago; we were in and the Johnnies were on the outside. They had advanced and took possession of Missionary Ridge. Lookout Mountain, just south of Chattanooga they also had charge of and controlled the Tennessee River and railroad leading to our rear. We were virtually besieged by Bragg. The railroad gone we had to haul our rations from Stevenson, Alabama, 60 miles over the mountains with mule teams. It was not very long until our army was put on half rations, then a little later quarter rations; they were issued to us every other day. I would usually eat mine slick and clean at one meal and this would have to [illegible] me all that day, all that night, all the next day and all that night

until next morning before we drew anything more to eat, unless we happened to find something lying loose somewhere. We were like animals looking for something to eat about all day. If perchance we spied a cracker box in some officer's mess or cook tent, we would lie low until after dark and then go after it. On one occasion one of my comrades and I, by the name of Ben Doudry located one in a cook tent of a signal station up back of our quarters. We waited until long after dark so as to give the negro cook time to retire, as we did not wish to disturb him, little thinking we would find him sleeping by the cracker box, but such was the case. We waited until we were assured that he was asleep, then Doudry crawled up and raised the tent and quietly took hold of the cracker box and very quietly began to draw it from under the tent. This awoke the negro, but Ben stopped all proceedings and lay very quiet until Sambo began to saw wood again. Then Ben renewed his process of drawing the box toward himself; this time he was successful as the cook was far away in dreamland. We scampered off with our prize, took the box to our tent, and such a feast we had that night I shall never forget. Why we had roast turkey, roast pork, roast beef, roast chicken, scalloped oysters, fried oysters, sweet potatoes, mashed potatoes, cranberries, hot rolls, butter, jellies of all kinds, mince pie, &c, &c, all out of that cracker box, and yet crackers were all it contained. I filled my haversack with those large delicious four inch square crackers and retired for the night, and instead of going to sleep, I lay and ate crackers until way into the night, and when I awoke in the morning, I had a few crackers left to feast on that day. Our army managed to drive a few cattle across the mountains to our camp which were slaughtered under the supervision of the army quartermaster; these cattle were not fit to eat as they were very thin in flesh, but I blame no one as we had to do the best we could under the trying circumstances. We boys visited the slaughter pens nearly every day and would grab all offal such as the feet, ponch, tail, &c. I grabbed a piece of one lung, took it to camp and fried it in tallow. You if you think you can eat such a dish, you try it just one time, and you will say you wonder how I could eat it. Well, as hungry as I was I begged to be excused; wasn't hungry at that moment and tossed the dish to the wind. I understood that a butcher one afternoon was manufacturing sausage at the edge of Chattanooga. I and a comrade by the name of Jo. Washington concluded we would go down and buy some but to our dismay none, nor anything in the fresh meat line. We started back to camp and met a patrol guard who demanded of us the countersign; Well we had more diamonds than countersigns. He informed us that he had orders to arrest anyone who was on the street. We remonstrated with him, but to no avail. We tried to explain to him that we were on our way back to camp, but he was inflexible, stating he would take us to his headquarters and we could then return to our camp, but the rascal instead took us to the guard house and then skipped out; we were kept there all night and until 10 A.M. next day before we were released; we were not punished but reprimanded pretty severely by an officer. This was my first time under guard, and was very humiliating to me.

Rosecranz [sic] got hold of a small steamer and ran it from Bridgeport, Ala., to Brown's Ferry, 10 miles southwest of Chattanooga on the Tennessee River. By this move we were better supplied with provisions and yet had to haul them the 10 miles. A comrade and I concluded we would visit Brown's Ferry in search of grub; it was a pretty long walk but only a pleasure trip with the anticipation of securing something to satisfy our hunger. You can have a faint idea of what the road looked like we traveled over when I tell you that our army had used it all fall with hundreds of mule teams hauling grub from Stevenson as I have stated. There were chuck holes and mud knee deep. Looking at the road it seemed an impossibility to wagon over it. The result was that in the 10 miles, there were perhaps 100 dead mules strewn along the roadside. I forget how many thousand mules our army lost that winter over this road, but it is up in the thousands. Well, we reached Brown's Ferry after a long tedious walk. Here we beheld a large rick of cracker boxes guarded by a soldier, but he anticipated our wants and gave us a signal which we understood. We filled our haversacks brim full of crackers and started back to camp. We were very careful not to be seen by an officer and finally arrived at Camp tired out but not hungry. A few of us lived pretty well for a few days. My bunk mate and I stood very much in need of a door for the front entrance of our tent. We went on a hunt for one. Going down to the edge of the town we slipped up to an old house and wrenched off the back door and ran away with it. The occupants ran to the open doorway, but we had made good our escape. This was about the meanest trick I was every guilty of, but we needed the door as it was then getting cold for it was just a little time before the cold New Year, and I have frequently heard arguments as to the year this was in. I shall never forget anything that happened in the Army; will say this cold day was Jan. 1, 1864; it was certainly very cold for an army camping out, but we were all case hardened and could stand as much exposure as any animal. Things were pretty quiet about this time. Only the regular routine of every day army life writing letters and receiving them from home. The only diversion we had was on picket duty; here we could converse with the Johnie Rebs, as we called them. At one part of the line only Chattanooga Creek intervened between the two lines and it was only 30 feet wide, but it was deep with backwater from the Tennessee River. A tree had fallen across the stream at one point. This served for a foot log, and if I am not misinformed Bragg reported nine thousand desertions that winter, and I dare say that several thousand came into our lines over this fallen tree. A day hardly ever passed without some Confederate coming down to the edge of the stream and making arrangements with our pickets to bring a squad of his comrades over this foot log. Our boys would let them come down and take them back to headquarters. Here they would be paroled and return home never to return to their command again. Many of these deserters lived inside of our lines and were perfectly safe as long as we held the territory, which was for all time to come. There was a certain Confederate soldier who was a good singer; he used to entertain

both armies; he used the Dutch oudle; this fellow came in good play to our army. A few weeks later some of Bragg's forces were on a scout and we were after him. We had cut across the country one dark night and were unable to locate the enemy. We had halted and were at a loss which was to go; presently we heard the Dutch oudler who gave the key to the situation. We made a hurried march to the enemy and captured part of Bragg's wagon train, and the guards who were with the wagons; so this songster did us a good part that night. We received the news one day that General Hooker with his corps was coming from the Eastern Army with reinforcements. This meant to us that Bragg would very soon be driven from our front, but I shall always believe that Rosecranz [sic] could have driven Bragg without any help; but it was done much easier with the help of Hooker. The latter with his corps marched up the Tennessee River and encountered Bragg's forces at the foot of Lookout Mountain on the west side close to the north end, as the Mountain stops very abruptly overlooking the River, 2,200 feet above the water. The point of the mountain is shaped very like an anvil, a projecting rock answering for the nose of the anvil, and between the point and base of the mountain is a small piece of ground comparatively level, perhaps at an angle of elevation of 25 degrees; here is where the Craven House stood. It had been used in slavery days as a hotel. I think the old white house is replaced by a facsimile. Later Hooker opened the battle, about 9 o'clock A.M., Nov. 24, 1863. It was a dark gloomy day and a light mist was falling. My brigade stood out in the valley in plain view of the battle which was an inspiring sight to me and many of my readers have read the story of the battle above the clouds on Lookout Mountain. This in a manner was true and came about in this manner. As I have stated before the day was very damp and all of a sudden there arose an immense cloud out of the River and floated up over the battle. This is a common occurrence on damp days in the mountains. Hooker pressed Bragg back over the mountain and around the point where the Craven House stood with a heavy loss on both sides. My brigade was ordered to advance, which we did about sundown, taking our position in front of Hooker at the Craven House. We soon engaged the enemy half way up the mountain. Night soon overtook us, and it was a very dark one; we could see nothing to shoot at but the flashes of the enemy's guns, and they the same. We kept this up until one o'clock that night; at times there would be a lull, and then a conversation would follow. Now do not think I am prevaricating when I say we had fun that night presently some one would say: take this, you Rebel; and would fire. The Rebel would fire back at the flash of his gun, and so on the whole line would be under fire again, shooting at random. The loss was comparatively light; of course the whole army was not engaged in this night fight. The enemy withdrew at one o'clock that night leaving their dead on the mountain side. This ended the Battle of Lookout Mountain. We lay down among the rocks and slept until morning.

Bragg concentrated his forces on Missionary Ridge about one mile east of Chattanooga and Lookout Mountain. Our army advanced across the Valley during the day and formed a line of battle at the foot of the Ridge. About 4 o'clock P.M. we halted and stacked arms, thinking we were to camp there for the night. The Rebel forces were in plain view on top of the Ridge, but for some unknown cause there was a command given to fall in; and I doubt if there is a man living today who knows where this command came from. The word "fall in" was taken up along the line by each Colonel, and very soon we were climbing the mountain, or ridge as it is called. General Grant asked who gave the command to advance; no one could tell him, but it proved very satisfactory to our forces, although we had hard fighting to gain the top of the ridge. We routed Bragg's army completely, capturing a large number of prisoners and several batteries. My regiment took about three hundred prisoners. Lieutenant Staley of my company ran in among the officers and gathered up an armful of swords and other side arms, which was rather a novel sight. Our regiment formed in a line and the prisoners were marched in front of us, not for the purpose of humiliating them, but that we might greet one another, which we all did by shaking hands. There were perhaps a half a dozen that would not extend the hand. This ended the Battle of Missionary Ridge. We of course camped on the Ridge for the night with dead Rebels lying all about us, and ate our supper before retiring. A large dead Confederate Georgian lay about ten feet from where I slept for the night. Next morning I cut the buttons off his blouse for a trophy. I carried them home and gave them to my friends. Next day I had another pleasant duty to perform, that of writing home telling my folks that I had just passed through two more battles and was still alive and well; nor was I touched by a Rebel bullet. Bragg moved his Army on towards Atlanta. Our army followed and stopped at Ringgold, a station on the Georgia State Railroad, some 8 or 10 miles from Missionary Ridge. Here we camped several months, if I am not mistaken. The weather was getting warm, as Spring time was at hand, and we all felt gay and happy and indulged in all kinds of athletic sports, such as boxing, wrestling and jumping, in which I took a very prominent part, and excelled in the two latter, especially in wrestling. I never met a man in the army that could put me down. My favorite way was side hold, and I usually could down my opponent in one second. My record in jumping was 11 feet, 4 inches, one jump; 33 feet, three, standing jump. I was but 5 feet, 6 inches high, and could step 18 feet in 3 steps or strides. There were many tall fellows who could reach further than I could, but were unable to raise up to take the second step. In this I had the advance as I was very muscular in the limbs. Well, with all the hardship of the army life, I enjoyed it, as it had many bright spots, and then there is a comradeship [sic] and brotherly feeling among all true brave and honest soldiers, but a coward or a skirk [sic] had no place in our hearts. The army brings out a man's true character. We had a few cowards in our regiment, poor fellows, were born so, and could not help it. They would always run to the rear at the first crack of the musket; their legs would always carry them to the rear in spite of all

they could do. Then we had some fool hardy fellows who would unnecessarily expose themselves, such as running ahead of their command, making a good mark to shoot at. I shot at many a fellow on the other side who exposed himself in this manner.

Speaking of hardships in the army. I have been on picket duty at night and rain pouring down on our cloth mat and were not permitted to build a fire; and when off guard had to walk all night to keep warm. Two comrades and I stood in mud three inches deep one night guarding a small bridge, and rain coming down in torrents, and the only sleep I got that night was, not by lying down, but by standing in the mud and leaning against the stone abutment of the bridge.

Well, I have gotten off my subject. I started out to tell the bright side of our army life in camp at Ringgold, Georgia. As I have stated we had all kind of sports in camp. Our regiment conceived the idea of building a large pavilion, not of brick or stone, but of forked posts and long poles, laid overhead. These we covered with brush, &c. This building we styled the dance hall. Here we held stag dancers every night with an old fiddler perched on a box. We played and called off. Now if you don't know what a stag dance is, ask some old soldier. While at this camp our army would often send out reconnoitering parties to spy and destroy Rebel property, such as tearing up a railroad that the enemy was using. On one occasion we formed a line alongside of a railroad for quarter of a mile and when the order was given to take hold, we all obeyed and turned the whole thing over, ties and all, and then piled wood and brush on it and set fire to it. It did not take long to destroy the steel rails with fire. Finally our forces struck tents, and advanced southeast, passing through Ringgold and Dalton on to Buzzard Roost. Here we encountered the rear guard of the Rebel forces and had a little skirmish with them. This opened the summer campaign from there on to Atlanta. There was fighting of some kind about every day, either musketry fighting or cannonading for 60 days. At Resaca we had quite a battle with heavy loss on both sides; another at Peach Tree Creek, and at Kenesaw Mountain. This was their last stand until they reached Atlanta. Here the enemy was strongly fortified but by our tact and Yankee ingenuity we managed to drive them back. General Sherman was a great general and rendered much valuable service here. His mode of fighting was flank movements, and he was very successful around Atlanta. The enemy was always sure to fall back. At these battles around Atlanta, General Logan redeemed and made himself famous, as recorded in history, and ever after that was held in very high esteem by the whole Cumberland Army. General McPherson was another great and good soldier who fell in a desperate charge on the 22d of July. My regiment was not in this charge, as we were stationed to the left of McPherson, but I can to this day hear the awful thundering of the cannons and the musketry. Our army was gradually getting the better of the Confederates. With Sherman threatening their flank, it gave us in the center a better chance to advance as we did

little by little, but under cover of night. Sometimes only 20 to 30 feet and dig rifle pits and hold our ground until next night; then make another quiet advance and dig another pit as the night before. Some of the pits were still visible 54 years afterwards. Finally the Confederates were forced to evacuate Atlanta, and fall back on Jonesboro, which was about their last general stand in Georgia. At this time our army was reorganized, Sherman taking part for his famous march to the sea, and the residue remaining about Chattanooga for a little while. The Confederate General Hood gathered the fragments of the Rebel army together and once more made a break toward the north. General Thomas who had charge of the remaining army of the Cumberland kept his eye on Hood who had Nashville in view. The two armies met at Franklin, and a hot battle ensued. Thomas literally wiped Hood's army from the earth. This was the last of Hood's army. My regiment did not participate in this last battle as our time of enlistment had expired and we had started for Columbus, Ohio, to be mustered out of the service.

Oh, the happy thought of going home the morning we boarded the cars at Chattanooga. I shall never forget that eventful moment, going home with all my faculties sound as a dollar, never received a scratch and had taken part in every battle my regiment was in, which were many and yet there was a sadness in the thought of leaving so many of my comrades in the rear sleeping the long sleep of death in unknown graves. My regiment numbered a thousand strong when we went out in 1861, and we returned with only three hundred and eighteen. Think of the heart broken mothers, wives and sisters, and fathers also on our return home. Their loved ones were not in the ranks. My heart bleeds to this day for those who were not permitted to greet their loved ones who were left behind.

One incident I wish to relate which is very sad one of a young soldier who had been with his command for three long years through all the battles and come out without a scratch and was rejoicing with the rest of us in the thought that he would very soon be home among loved ones, but rum had otherwise destined. As the regiment boarded a steamer at Louisville, Ky., for Cincinnati, Ohio, he was one of the passengers, but intoxicated and during the trip which was after night he stumbled overboard and was never heard of. Think of the anguish of his poor mother, who was expecting to greet her boy so soon, but alas he was gone. But these are the dark sides of Army life. I always tried to look and be on the bright side. I truly enjoyed army life. I enjoyed a battle very much after I once got busily engaged. But, Oh, the feeling I had going into a battle. I would have given my kingdom and a horse to be at home just at that time. But when this ordeal was over, we thought of nothing but our duty. I enjoyed being out with a scouting party on one occasion. I was with a small party who were sent out to capture a bridge guard and burn the bridge. We advanced very cautiously and took the outpost by surprise and then advanced toward their camp, and they were also taken by surprise.

They were cooking two large turkeys in a large camp kettle, but on spying us they scampered to the brush without making any resistance. However, we soon had things going our way. We very unceremoniously took charge of the kitchen and satisfied our hunger, and while eating one of the Johnnies came loitering back from the brush, whom we captured. This gave us two prisoners to take back to camp, but before starting we fired the bridge. On another occasion I was given charge of a small squad of soldiers to go to our rear and pilot a wagon train up to the main army. The Rebel cavalry was always on the alert and especially on this occasion. We got back to a certain village, the name of which I have forgotten, where we found an old ox at the edge of the town who looked as though he had been with Noah in the Ark, and had been brousing [sic] around ever since. We conceived the idea of slaughtering him which we did. Notifying the villagers that we had beef for sale, we sold the greater part of it before dark. We had quite a little stake from the proceeds of the old ox. This we divided into equal shares, making about \$2 each. I invested mine all in tobacco, not for my own use, for I never used it in any form, but that I might be able for a few days at least to grant some of the many requests for a chew of tobacco; for usually the soldier was without ready cash and had to beg his tobacco, if he was a tobacco worm, which most of the soldiers were; and yet you could not blame him very much, for it was anything to get away from the daily army grub. Just think of having fried eggs and nothing else three times a day for three years. Do you think you could relish the thirty two hundred and seventy fifth meal as well as the first one. That is what the soldier had to put up with, or nearly so. It was fried sow belly and coffee and hard tack for breakfast, bean soup for dinner, sow belly, coffee and hard tack for supper, the same bill of fare the next day, the same for three long years. Why bless you, we would not let a comrade tell what a good cook his mother was, and what good pies she could bake, &c., telling him that we could not enjoy these good things, and it would only make one homesick. How I would relish a small bit of corn bread baked by some wayside negro mamma. I have paid cash at the rate of \$3 for a small cornpone the size of a common plate and one inch thick. I paid 50¢ one day for one swallow of a rot gut as we called it, not for a beverage however, but my stomach wanted a change of some kind. Speaking of a change calls to my mind a little difression: A squad of us boys were on a picket post. In the morning there came a fine looking cow along our way. We soon had her a prisoner and while she was held by the nose, one of the boys milked her. There was a small patch of potatoes nearby. We appropriated a good mess of these and prepared them for the mess kettle. In due time they were ready to mash. I knew in order to have a good mashed potatoes like my mother used to make, you had to apply milk. I did so but got too much milk and the blame things would not thicken up, so we managed to eat this rare dish with spoons. I don't think I ever ate a breakfast since or before that had as fine a tasting quality as did this breakfast. Sow belly was far below par that morning. Any grub from the ordinary army ration was very much under par. One of the boys managed some way to get hold of some corn meal

one day. It was cooked and placed in a mess pan to cook, preparatory to frying. While it was cooling, one of the boys who was barefooted accidentally stepped in the pa, leaving the print of his dirty foot in the mush. The owner picked up the pan and was going to toss it away. The other fellow objected very strongly saying: I will eat the track; don't throw it away. The track was turned over to him.

I was standing in a crowd one day watching a chuckluck game. Presently I was tapped on the shoulder by a comrade who had gone to headquarters and got a guard with the intention of searching me. He claimed while standing by me his money disappeared. About that time I was getting hot under the collar. With the demonstration I made and with one of my company boys making the statement that I was a country boy and he knew I was innocent of the charge (as country boys were not up to such tricks, as town boys). This ended the whole matter. I was not searched.

I shall now give you some statistics, as well as some written history:

It is hard to conceive that the War of the Rebellion was actually fought by boys in years as well as in the affection of those at home, but men in achievement truly. The total enrollment approximately was 2,700,000. This includes, of course, many of the reenlistments. Of this total more than 2,000,000 at the time of their enlistment were under the age of 21 years; 25 boys only 10 years of age served under the flag; 225 twelve years old; 1,523 fourteen years of age; 844,891 sixteen years of age, and 1,151,848 eighteen years old. The exact number of those under 21 at the date of their enlistment was 1,998,512. Of all the soldiers of the Federal armies only 618,511 were older than 21 when they took up arms. These figures are impressive and it should be remembered that the greater part of soldiers' time was spent in marching, digging entrenchments and living under hardships in unhealthy camps in a hostile and blasted country. Only 67,000 were killed in battle, but 224,586 succumbed to disease largely brought on by camp epidemic, exposure and lack of proper food, and these boys, many of them fought bravely for four long years for \$13 a month in depreciated currency. Who can say the nation does not owe them an immense debt, a substantial one to be paid only in adequate unstinted pensions as well as that of sentiment. The first soldier killed in the defense of his country was Charles A. Taylor in the streets of Baltimore, the first conflict of the war. He belonged to the 6th Massachusetts Infantry Regiment, on its way to Washington. It was the first armed body of men to reach the capital in response to President Lincoln's call. The arrival of the regiment was awaited with the greatest anxiety by the President. The soldiers welcomed by him with thanks. Thank God, you are here. Had you not arrived tonight we should have been in the hands of the Rebels before morning. Will say the date was April 19, 1861, if I am not mistaken. I will say at

this date the Government was increased our pensions very handsomely, which we hailed with delight.

Here is some more unwritten history: The man who broke the Golden Circle furnished the tip that headed off the well laid plans of the Southern sympathisers [sic] to seize Northern arsenals and liberate the Confederate prisoners. His name was Felix Grundy Stiger. His death occurred several months ago in Chicago. He was scarcely known outside of his own circle. His death attracted very little attention. Had he passed away in 1863, Grant might have taken two more summers to reach Richmond. Stiger's life seemed to contain that one good story which is said to exist in every man's history. Stiger was a Secret Service man during the last two years of the war. He worked his way into that notorious secret order of Southerners in the northern States known as the Knights of the Golden Circle and became one of its chief officers. When the South was about ready to give up the conflict after the Battle of Vicksburg and Gettysburg, its spirit was rejuvenated by the knowledge that this order had plans all set for the delivery of 40,000 Confederate prisoners in Fort Douglass, in Chicago and other Northern cities. Plans had also been made for delivering over to the Confederacy the State of Illinois, Missouri, Indiana and Ohio. So strong were the forces of the Golden Circle and so secret were the movements and the schemes of the officers of that body that the Government was at a loss how to stop it. It was well known that if the movements had ever been carried out and the States given over, as it seemed quite possible that War would have been prolonged at least for another year and possibly two, with the added bloodshed of many thousands of the armies of the North and South. Stiger who had wormed his way into the order had climbed to the position of Grand Secretary by his efficiency, singlehandedly stopped the delivery, turned over the chief officers to the Government and frustrated one of the most ingenious schemes of the War. Previous to this he saved the lives of 800 negroes on a train by his inside information. The Chiefs of the order met in Chicago and decided upon a date and program for the huge delivery. Stiger learned all the plans and related them in a book he wrote on the subject as follows: The members of the Order in Illinois were to concentrate in Chicago and Rock Island and release the Rebel prisoners at Camp Douglass in Chicago and those at Rock Island. They were then to seize the arsenal at those places and at Springfield, and thoroughly arm and equip the released prisoners. The three divisions in Illinois were to seize the railroads that would convey them to the most available positions in Missouri where they would form with the forces of the Order of the Sons of Liberty in Missouri and the combined forces of the Order from Illinois and Missouri and together with the released prisoners from the Illinois Military prisoners were to cooperate with a Confederate force of 20,000 men that Jefferson Davis was to send into Missouri under command of the Confederate General Sterling Price. Similar plans for the delivery of prisoners in Indiana and Ohio were discovered by Stiger, and by a series of masterly

moves he succeeded in overturning the leaders. Many of those who belonged to the order which numbered 20,000 members fled to Canada.

Since writing the above I have come into possession of some interesting history relating to the Battle of Missionary Ridge in front of Chattanooga, Tenn: It has been a mystery for 60 years who gave the order for the whole Army to storm the ridge (I was in that charge). General Grant had his headquarters on Orchard Knob about a half mile back. A certain soldier who was a good bugler belonged to the 49th Ohio regiment which was stationed close to General Grant's headquarters, close enough to hear Grant ask General Stanly if he had a bugler who understood perfectly the Artillery, Infantry and Cavalry calls; said I believe the situation could be handled better; do you know of any bugler of this caliber Intensely interested this bugler heard General Stanly, Commander of the 4th Division, his division reply to General Grant as follows: I have a bugler able to perform these duties, our brigade bugler. The bugler was summoned before General Grant and given a thorough tryout. General Grant, a man of very few words said scarcely anything to me except to inform me that I was to sound the first command from his order and that they were to be taken up by the other buglers along the six mile battle line. This meant that the command that I sounded was to be taken up by perhaps 1,000 buglers along the six mile union battle line. The bugler's first command after receiving the charge from General Grant was to sound the call for a flush advance. This meant in substance an advance of about 100 yards to test the enemy's strong and weak spots. It was ordered by General Grant more for the purpose of learning the most valuable points in the Confederate line for a further attack. It was about the middle of the afternoon of Nov. 24, that the bugler blew the signal for the flush advance, and after his notes had been echoed by the other 1,000 buglers along the line, the Union forces along the six mile line pushed forward for about 100 yards. This ended the efforts for the day. The commanding officers evidently had accomplished their desire. The army rested the remainder of the day and night. The following morning Nov. 25, General Grant gave the bugler orders to sound a signal for a further advance to the foot of Missionary Ridge. His exact words were: Charge to the foot of the ridge and go no further without others; if it is found necessary to move, retire. With these strict orders, meaning that we should not advance unless ordered under any circumstances under penalty of violation of the command of the highest officer in the Army, this bugler blew the advance signal at about 10 A.M. on the morning of the 25th. Our forces charged across the three fourths of a mile of meadow that separated us from the foot of Missionary Ridge, a man occasionally falling from the fire of the Confederates where were intrenched on the hilltop above us arriving at the foot of the ridge our boys found that they were scarcely any places for shelter. The Rebs had left only small sheds, the roofs of which were at the same angle as the hillside. We lay at the foot of the ridge thinking we would camp there for the night everything quiet.

The Unordered Blast. I dreaded to think of our boys going back over that meadow (the bugler said); the rocks above on the hillside were rough and jagged looking, but I felt the daring in me to go on. In was while I lay there in this mood that Captain Hartsough just by way of exclamation said: suppose you sound the advance. He had made the remark just as a topic of conversation, merely as a jest, but for me it was an inspiration. Fired with the desire to go on, forgetful of the consequences crazy I guess, what else, I made to carry out his suggestion as soon as he mentioned it. Little did he think that I would attempt such an act. Of my own accord I arose and with all the power I had in my lungs blew the blast sounding the command to advance. Thinking the signal from my bugle was official, 1,000 other musicians on the six mile line took it up. Then came the command fall in. Fall in, we did, fall in and never stopped until we reached the top of the hill. My regiment, the 2d Ohio was on the extreme right of the six mile line. The Rebs. had a battery just in front of our regiment and poured solid shot and shell at us, but they overshot us and the musketry did the same, but the result was the same. In front of my regiment we captured some two hundred Johnnies, as we called them. That night we camped on top of the ridge and the ground was covered with dead Rebels. This ended the great Battle of Missionary Ridge. Had we failed to take the ridge, our bugler who sounded the advance no doubt would have faced a court martial and shot. General Grant never knew who ordered the charge as he asked several Generals who stood by him if they knew who gave the order to advance. One general remarked he did not know who gave the order, but they have started and all H could not stop them.

During the war there were many spies in both armies. Spying was a very dangerous proposition. If caught and found guilty, they were either shot or hung. While some of the Andrew raiders were in prison at Atlanta as there were still six left. They were kept in a large building in the center of the city. The captain who had charge of this prison had his office adjoining the prison; was rather illiterate; could scarcely write his own name, and had to make out a list for grub. The result was he would get one of the Yank prisoners to do his writing. Pittenger of my regiment was a scholar and he was generally asked by the captain to come to his office and write for him. One evening Pittenger was in the office sitting at a table and two guards brought into the office a very drunk Rebel officer, at least was dressed as one. The captain ordered him put in with the rest of the prisoners. He objected very much to this; so the captain told him he could remain in the office until he sobered up. The captain told Pittenger he would go out on business. As soon as he was gone this drunk man stepped up to Pittenger and said I know who you are, and he was perfectly sober. Write me a pass. Pittenger said, no, I can't do that; I have a better way. Take that overcoat, put it on and walk out by the guards; they will think it is the captain. The spy made good his escape. On another occasion the guards arrested a man down by the depot whom they took for a spy (which he was). He was

very indignant, told the guards he had papers to show who he was. He fumbled in several pockets pretending he was looking for his papers; the train pulled out and when the last coach came along he grabbed [sic] the railing and jumped aboard and was safe.

THE END.