Lt-Cpt Moses M. Beck

16th Indiana Infantry Regiment (1 Year)

This regiment was organized for state service at Richmond in May, 1861, for a one-year term, but when the news was received of the Bull Run disaster, it was offered to and accepted by the general government. It was mustered in July 23, and left the state the same day, being the first regiment to pass through Baltimore after the firing upon the 6th Mass. in April. It was assigned to Banks' army and stationed in Pleasant Valley. It was attached to Abercrombie's brigade and in August moved to Hyattstown. It left there for Ball's bluff on Oct. 20, reaching there the following morning and went into line of battle, taking part in the engagement that followed, and was detailed to cover the retreat on the 22d, being the last to cross the river. On Dec. 2 it moved to Frederick City, then to Harper's Ferry, and later to Winchester. It built a bridge across the Shenandoah at Snicker's ferry, and was in various movements until Warrenton was reached in April, 1862. Col. Hackleman was commissioned a brigadier-general on April 30. The regiment was mustered out at Washington May 14, 1862, but was reorganized as a three-years regiment during the summer and left the state for Kentucky to aid in repelling the invasion of Kirby Smith's forces. (CivilWarIndex.com)

I have rather an indistinct remembrance of some poetry I read and which impressed me when I was a kid. I do not remember the title of the poem. The first two lines are all I recall:

"There's a cloud in the sky, there's a cloud in the glen,

But one is of vapor, and other of men."

The poem went on to explain how the vapor cloud fructified the earth and made it produce and was a blessing to humanity, while the cloud of men were soldiers thirsting for the blood of their enemies and what a curse it was to the human race. I think, but am not sure, that the poem was printed in one of the old school readers. It prejudiced me against war, which prejudice had to be fought and overcome when the Civil War to preserve the Union was inaugurated. (The Holton Recorder, September 22, 1927.)

The speeches at old soldier's reunions and especially at camp fires, are generally composed of humorous, exciting or pathetic incidents that have, or are supposed to occurred in camp, on the march or in battle. There is one experience of the soldier that has on these occasions been sadly neglected. We allude to his experience when he enlisted. We undertake to say that while later and more exciting incidents may obscure for a time the feelings and sensations experienced when he enlisted and bade goodbye to his friends and marched away to the front, the time will come in every old soldier's life when this remembrance will assert itself and stand out in bold relief as one of the most sensational in his experience. This will be especially true of those who enlisted under the first and second calls for troops the first three months of the war.

If there was anything the young men of 1861 didn't know anything about, that thing was war. It is true that they had read histories of the Revolutionary War, the war of 1812 and the Mexican war. Many of them remembered faintly of hearing the Mexican war news read when they were "kids," but fifteen years of absolute peace had eradicated about all warlike impressions, if they perchance had been any made upon their minds.

The writer of this had an indistinct recollection of hearing the Mexican soldiers talk when they came home, of "Buena Vista," "Old Rough and Ready" and of General Scott's triumphant march to the Mexican capital, but somehow or another I received a very limited idea of what war was really like. When President Lincoln made his first call for 75,000 volunteers for three months service, it seemed to me, as I have no doubt it did to many, that the number was large and at the time somewhat lengthy considering the small job of putting down the rebellion. My idea was that as soon as a few companies were enlisted sufficient to form a regiment, we would be sent down south to join other regiments from other states, and then perhaps the next week we would be led against the rebel forces, and, of course, would annihilate them in a day or two, and then as soon as there were no more rebel armies to conquer we would march back home, possibly in time to celebrate the 4th of July, where we heroes would be given seats on the platform, as had been the custom to honor heroes of previous wars. Well, I did get back just in time to celebrate the 4th, but it was the 4th of July, 1865 instead of 1861.

I have a very distinct remembrance of the way people talked and looked and of how I undoubtedly felt when the news was flashed over the wires that Sumpter had been fired upon, and that Lincoln had called for 75,000 troops. Indiana's portion was six regiments, and there were several of us young fellows immediately fired with a patriotic desire to enlist. I lived in a small town, and it never seemed to occur to anyone to organize a company there or do anything until the leaders at the county seat, ten miles away, led off. News came that Lew Wallace, afterwards major general, was recruiting a regiment at Crawfordville, and two of the boys went up there on Friday, the 17th of April, and enlisted in Lew Wallace's Zouave company. The next day a young friend and I

went to Greencastle and joined a company that was being made up largely of college boys in Asbury University. I remember well the scene on the street where we enlisted.

A druggist by the name of Eli Lilly, who had once belonged to a military company, was principal recruiting officer. He had the boys who had volunteered in ranks and was marching them with a fife and drum at the head from point to point on the street. There was a large crowd of people on the street and great enthusiasm. Everyone was talking war and expressing their determination to go "if they were needed." The fellows who had decided to go without any "if", would be marched to a favorable point, halted and commanded to "front face." Then some strong voiced patriot would make a little speech and call for volunteers. The first opportunity my partner and I stepped forward and joined the ranks, and then "three cheers" were called for and given us, our names being called out in stentorian tones. Thus the enlistment went until the company was complete, which was accomplished in time for us to take the evening train to our homes. We carried in our pockets a regular "furlough" from the officer commanding the company until Monday, when we were ordered to "report at headquarters."

In reverting back to that period it seems to me now that most people failed to realize the full purport of what civil war between the different sections of the Union meant. We were in a kind of dazed condition of mind, the result of the intense political excitement that had prevailed for five years, and even now it is pretty hard to determine just what proportion of the zeal that lead to the filling up of the Union armies was pure and unadulterated patriotism and what political excitement.

When Monday came we left for the county seat to join our company, and a great concourse of people accompanied and met us at the depot to bid us goodbye. I shall never forget the handshaking's, the tearful farewells and the hugging and kissing indulged in. Refined and aristocratic young ladies who had never deigned to notice a fellow before he became a soldier considered it a patriotic duty to kiss him good-bye and send him off to the war with a feeling that he was good and great enough to associate with the Queen of England.

The next day the company left Greencastle for Indianapolis. We were marched to the depot a half hour before the train was due, and formed in line. Oh, what a crowd was there! Every one of the eighty or ninety members of the company had scores of relatives and friends present besides hundreds of others who came through feelings of patriotism or curiosity. After a brief address by a prominent citizen and a response by the captain, the crowd of people formed a line and passed down the line of soldiers shaking hands with every one and kissing and embracing their more intimate friends. I was a stranger to a large majority of the crowd and only encouraged the best looking of the girls to anything more than a hand shake, and yet I got woefully tired of it before the performance was concluded, and slipped out of ranks to escape further infliction. My recollection is that I hadn't much of an appetite for kissing for several weeks after that episode.

A whistle, then the rumbling of the incoming train, a rush to get seats, a prolonged cheer from the crowd and a shout of response from the "departing heroes" and we were off for war - we thought.

But not so. An hour and a half's ride landed us in Indianapolis. The city was already full of soldiers. (They were not yet soldiers, but thought they were, and so I will designate them). We were marched to the old fair ground, which had been converted into a camp, and were assigned quarters in a section of stock stalls, all the buildings, such as agricultural and floral halls, being already full, and we had our first experience in camp life. I remember the first day, I with others, was detailed for "police duty" to clean up around the quarters.
While at this duty I noticed a rather fine looking man at the same work in another company adjoining us on the north, and was informed that the gentleman's name was Schuyler Colfax, member of congress from a northern district. He had enlisted as a private in a company from his county, but did not continue long in the capacity. He was one of the men who could serve his country better in congress than in the army. This incident, however, made us feel like we were in good company, and alleviated greatly the humiliation some of us felt in having to come down to cooking, washing dishes and sweeping up the quarters.

We were camped some three or four days, and had all been examined by the surgeon, before we were one day drawn up in line and informed that the six regiments called for by the state had been filled before we arrived, and that Governor Morton had finally concluded to organize the surplus in six one-year state regiments. And we were further informed that we were to return home and wait a few days until arrangements were made to take care of us. I wish I had a picture of that company when this "bomb shell" was thrown in our ranks, or could remember the remarks made, many of which would not be appropriate for a great and religious paper like The Recorder. Most of the boys were greatly disgusted and felt the disappointment keenly. Others were probably secretly rejoiced, but tried to look mad and disappointed.

On our road home, fortunate we arrived in Greencastle after dark, and slipped thought the city from one depot to another via back streets, and thus avoided the risk of meeting some of those who had wept and wailed over

us as though we were already in the hands of the undertaker. When we arrived home late Saturday night we sought out boarding houses by slipping down back streets and managed to get into the house without being detected. I doubt if any deserter ever felt much worse or tried harder to escape observation than we did on that trip home. The moral and other varieties of courage that was required to go out on the street and meet those who had so lately mourned over out departure, was simply marvelous, even as compared with that required to stand in front of Bragg's batteries at Chicamauqa. We told our friends that we were home on furlough and expected in a day or two to be ordered back to camp. But that didn't prevent them from asking sarcastic and unpleasant questions, such as "How many rebels did you kill?" "How in the world did you make your escape?" and "Did you bring any prisoners home with you?' These questions were generally asked by southern sympathizers, of whom we had many in our county.

Very unexpectedly to us, on Monday we did get orders from our captain to report ourselves at Greencastle without delay. We did not say much about this order, and when the time came we packed up and made our way to the depot by a back street and managed to board the cars without any one being the wiser, for to tell the truth we had very little faith in the story that the governor would organize us into the state service. But much to out surprise and joy we found upon our arrival at Greencastle that our company had been ordered into camp at Terra Haute, and a few hours alter we quietly and without demonstration boarded the train for "Camp Vigo," and in a few weeks our regiment, the 16th Indiana, was sworn into the United States service and ordered to Harper's Ferry, Virginia.

While in camp at Indianapolis we witnessed a scene which illustrated a phase of feeling and sentiment that prevailed in Indiana at that time. During the Mexican war in one of the battles an Indiana regiment, owing to either the incompetence or cowardice of its colonel, had retreated without orders, and in his report General Jefferson Davis had reflected severely on the Indiana troops, even going so far as to denounce their action as 'cowardly." This report had appeared to Indiana people as unjust and uncalled for, and was resented accordingly. When Davis was chosen president of the Confederacy much capital was made of this unjust report, and it was freely used by speakers and recruiting officers to arouse resentment and fire the hearts of the Indiana boys. The Eleventh regiment, commanded by Lew Wallace, was fully organized and ready to take the train to West Virginia. A reception was given them by the citizens, and patriotic speeches were indulged in by both civilians and soldiers, and the Jeff Davis matter was commented on and duly exaggerated, and everybody was worked up to the highest pitch of enthusiasm possible. Col. Wallace stepped out and commanded the regiment to kneel, and there on their knees, with uplifted hands, they took an oath to avenge the insult Davis had hurled at Indiana. I can remember that as I witnessed the solemn scene how I envied my two Bainbridge chums who had been so lucky as to get into a regiment that was going to capture and hang Jeff Davis without the benefit of clergy. While the Eleventh Indiana did most gallant and splendid service in putting down the rebellion, it is a matter of history that not one of them ever got within long range cannon shot of the president of the Confederacy, while it was the fortune of the writer of these reminiscences to form part of the line in Georgia in the spring of 1865 which intercepted the fugitive president of the defunct Confederacy, and was at General Wilson's headquarters at Macon when he was brought in. (The Holton Recorder, October 10, 1895.)

Fifty years ago last Monday two young fellows of Bainbridge, Indiana, went to Crawfordville, Indiana, and enlisted in Lew Wallace's zouave company which afterwards became part of the 11th Ind. Infantry that under Colonel Wallace made a fine record in the three months service in West Virginia. A day later two other young fellows boarded the train and went to Greencastle. On arriving at the north depot at the county seat, the first sound that greeted their ears was a fife and drum. Numerous flags were in evidence and patriotic bunting decorated business houses and private residences. On arriving at the public square, the significance of the martial music heard, was explained. An officer was marching a company of young men around the square and hundreds of citizens lined the sidewalks cheering. The company would halt when it arrived in the middle of the block, the officer would make a little speech and then call for recruits. The call was seldom in vain.

At the first halt that was made after the arrival of the Bainbridge boys there were a couple of additions to the company and the officer called for three usual cheers, for Howard Scott and Adam Croaker [Moses Beck], which was given with such effect as to drown out temporarily the noise made by the drum corps. The enlistments were so rapid that by noon the company as full. This fact, and the more significant fact that this was the second company organized in the county, the other company having left for Indianapolis on Friday, shows the state of the feeling, the intense enthusiasm, and the patriotic impulses that prevailed and swayed the people of the north at this time. Douglas Democrats vied with the Lincoln Republicans in this display of patriotism and this was

another time when it was difficult to tell a Democrat from a Republican.

At noon the company was marched to Thornburgh Hall and the good ladies brought in the dinner. It was a great dinner, in quality as well as quantity, served by patriotic women.

That afternoon a dispatch was received from the governor, announcing that the six regiments, Indiana's quota of the 76,000 three months troops called for by the president was filled. This was a terrible damper on the spirit of the boys, not withstanding the suggestion that the company complete its organization, and hold itself in readiness for further orders. Many of the boys were greatly exercised for fear the war would be over before the "Asbury Guards" could "get at them."

We were giving a furlough that evening, with orders to report Monday morning. Monday morning came and we "reported," and went into temporary camp quarters in a grove where the women of the town served another of those wonderful dinners.

This day orders were received from Indianapolis for the company to report there on Tuesday. This was greatly encouraging, as it gave us a lively hope that we might be able to get to the front in time to participate in the closing battle of the war and be in position to witness the death of secession and to help fill up the grave of the Confederacy.

Governor Morton, wiser and more far seeing than the Washington authorities, had concluded to organize six state regiments for one year's service, arm and equip them at the state's expense and hold them in readiness for any emergency that might arise. This emergency arose when our army was defeated at Bull Run; and our regiment the 16th was mustered into the United States service and ordered to Harper's Ferry.

The company was made up largely from the students of Asbury University, now Depau University, hence the name Asbury Guards. The fact that many of the boys remained in the army during the four years of the war and after marching thousands and thousands of miles through the south, participating in many battles and came home finally, those who escaped death; bronzed and battered veterans, some lieutenants, some captains, some majors and some colonels, was satisfactory evidence that their fears in April, 1861, that the war would be over before they could get to the front were groundless. (The Holton Recorder, April 20, 1911.)

In April, 1861, our company reported in Camp Morton, Indianapolis, April 21st. We were too late to get into a three month's regiment and after five days in camp we were sent home, with the understanding that later the governor would organize some one year regiments, in which we would be mustered. We were incredulous and believed our officers were fooling us and despaired of getting into the service. To our surprise and gratification, however, some five days later we were ordered to report at Camp Vigo, Terre Haute, where we were mustered into the 14th Infantry, a state regiment.

A few weeks later we were transferred to the 16th in Camp Wayne, at Richmond, Ind., where we remained until July. In the meantime, hearing from the union victories, we worried not a little for fear the war would be over before we were ordered to the front. Immediately after the disastrous defeat at Bull Run we were ordered to Harper's Ferry.

We boarded box freight cars (please take notice, national guardsmen, box freight cars) on which we were three days and nights before we were landed at Harper's Ferry. Time proved that our fears and worry about the war ending before we had a chance to distinguish ourselves, were without foundation. (The Holton Recorder, June 29, 1916.)

Tom McNeal has discovered that war profiteering is nothing new. Of course it is nothing new. Who said it was? In 1861 to '65, I well remember when war contractors furnished the soldiers with wormy meat, sprouting beans; and guns that were more dangerous to the men at the breech than to their enemies in front. I can still taste, in imagination, some of the spoiled food the government gave us to eat, which was supplied by the contractors at enormous prices. Then the shoddy clothes issued to us. My first uniform I drew in June, 1861, just naturally disintegrated, and fell off me, before September. Fortunately the pantaloons were lined with 6 cent lining, which held together and saved the situation.

Then there was embalmed beef issued to the Spanish war soldiers.

The only difference is that in the two former wars a dishonest contractor was satisfied, or appeared to be, if he could make a hundred thousand dollars; while in the late unpleasantness, if they have not made a million, they feel that they are failures. There are dollars of graft now, where were pennies in former wars. (The Holton Recorder, June 10, 1920.)

The first gray uniforms supplied to our regiment in June, 1861, were shoddy of the shoddiest kind. In less than two months that uniform went literally to pieces and dropped off us. The only thing that saved the day was the six cent cheese cloth with which the pants were lined.

When the disintegration first commenced, we tried to remedy the condition with patching, but the stuff was so rotten that it would not hold the patches, and the oil cloth bag in which our coffee came, and other nondescript material we used for patches, dropped material off and was scattered over the camp. (The Holton Recorder, January 24, 1918.)

Speaking of past 4th of July celebrations, sixty years ago, while Dock [Doc] Adamson was swelling around on his big black horse as marshal of the day, watching the naked Indians in the war dance and the more or less dressed up, more or less civilized whites shimmy, Captain J. A. Scott and I celebrated in camp at Richmond, Ind. The next day we got a five day furlough to visit the folks at home. The furlough was limited to five days due to the reason that the regiment was expecting orders to report at the front. We got back just in time to board the train for a three days and three night's journey to Harper's Ferry, Virginia, in freight cars to assist in defending the national capital against rebel hordes under Beauregard and Johnson, that had defeated the Union forces at the first Bull Run battle. (The Holton Recorder, July 7, 1921.)

It is my recollection that no troops were permitted to pass though Baltimore for some two or three months. Directly after the first Bull Run battle when Washington was in imminent danger of being captured by Beauregard's triumphant army, the 16th Indiana regiment was ordered to Washington. Colonel P. A. Hackelman, who was a personal friend of Lincoln's wired the president for permission to march through Baltimore, stating that the sixteenth was anxious to meet and fight the rebels, and would lief fight Baltimore rebels as any other. Previous to this the troops going to Washington were routed through Wilmington, Del. Colonel Hackelman's request was granted and the regiment of which the writer was a member marched through about two miles of streets. Many of the houses were decorated with flags and bunting and not a "pug ugly" made his appearance and not a gun was fired. Of course, we had a better opinion of Baltimore after that. (The Holton Recorder, April 1, 1926.)

I have a very vivid and distinct recollection of some hot days we endured in the service. The most torrid weather I have recollection of we experienced in Pleasant Valley, Maryland, in August, 1861.

Immediately after the disastrous battle of Bull Run, our regiment, the 16th Indiana Infantry and the 12th Ind. was ordered east to reinforce the shattered army around Washington, and assist in protecting the capital of the nation, which was in extreme jeopardy. As I detailed in a former article, we were loaded on box freight cars at Richmond, Ind., and after some four days and nights landed on the north side of the Potomac river, opposite Harper's Ferry. We established our camp in the valley about a mile from the river. Hot? I should say it was hot. Our camp was at the east foot of Maryland Heights. Our camp was surrounded by wooded hills and mountains, and the August sun didn't have a thing to do but beam down upon us with roasting effect.

We were brigaded with the 12th and 13th Massachusetts and the 9th New York.

The 12th Massachusetts was a very fine regiment, commanded by Colonel Flitcher Webster, a son of the God-like Daniel. At that very early period of the war the quartermaster's department was poorly conducted, and the job of furnishing uniforms for three or four hundred thousand men in three or four months was a job entirely too big for it. Dishonest contractors palmed off all kinds of worthless, shoddy cloth on the government. For this reason the 12th Massachusetts boys, most of whom were from Boston, and the 9th New Yorkers were recruited from the better classes in New York City, were furnished by their respective cities or states with tailor made to measure uniforms, out of the best cloth. My readers can imagine the contrasts in appearance between the Indiana boys and their eastern comrades. I say they can imagine, but imagination fails to do justice to the subject. A couple of months wear of our shoddy clothes including the four days and nights on the freight train, had about used up our pantaloons. Fortunately they were lined with a cheap grade of domestic cotton, which though pretty sleazy, stood the test better than the shoddy outside, and this lining was what saved the situation. Otherwise ****** We won the cognomen of "the ragged Sixteenth." There was an additional word attached to the name they gave us, which in deference to 20th century modesty and decorum, we omit.

Some days the thermometer registered over 100 in the shade, and this is some heat, let me tell you, in that climate.

I remember one afternoon a lot of us got permission to go down to the Potomac and take a swim, but while we got partially cooled off, we most of us went back to the camp with blistered shoulders.

I believe, I wrote a story of some of our experiences at the time I am now writing of, some years ago, but as we have now a new generation of readers, I will proceed at the risk of repetition.

I have already referred to the inefficiency of the quartermaster's department in the clothing line. This inefficiency was even more pronounced in the commissary department in the matter of food. The daily ration consisted of hard tack, fat bacon, or mess pork, coffee and beans. The hard tack, bacon and sometimes the mess pork was infested with little worms, commonly called maggots, and it was our constant business to dig out of the crackers and meat these little disgusting nuisances before the banquet was spread. One favorite (?) dish was to cook a lot of the beans in a camp kettle, dump in a hunk of bacon or mess pork, and cook four or five hours and serve as soup, thickened with hard tack pounded up into crumbs. One day we drew around the oil cloth table spread on the ground, and filled our tin pans with soup and began eating. Presently one of the boys with an observing and investigating disposition, discovered that the soup was full of little worms.

Well, as soon as our attention was called to the matter, suffice to say we did not eat many more of that mess, and some of us retired to an obscure place and disposed of what we had eaten. Well, we made it lively for the cook, notwithstanding he protested he had thoroughly expurgated the meat and bread before he deposited in the kettle. It was the next day that we discovered our mistake.

The beans we were using, it seems had at some stage been allowed to become damp and had sprouted and the sprouts had not developed sufficiently to show until the beans were cooked. These sprouts looked for all the world like little maggots.

The first regiments recruited were generally supplied with good bands. Nearly every regiment in Bank's army had a band, some of them very fine ones, especially the two Massachusetts regiments.

The camps on both sides of the river covered probably five or six square miles. After sunset these bands, fifteen or twenty of them, would seek elevated places at different points, and in the gloaming would play such tunes as The Star Spangled Banner; the Red, White and Blue; Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean; Yankee Doodle, the Campbell's are Coming, Home, Sweet Home; Listen to the Mockingbird, the Swanee River, and others, each of these bands playing a different tune, but perfect harmony resulted, made music such as I had never listened to before or since, and never expect to until, if I am so fortunate, my ears are greeted with heavenly strains from the choir celestial. (The Holton Recorder, January 29, 1914.)

Something similar occurred [fist fight] in the 16th Ind. Regiment the first year of the war. In this regiment there was a Captain McQuisten, who before the war and was among the boys at home, was reputed to be something of a fighter. The captain had in his company some pretty tough customers, who did not pay much attention to army discipline. One day an Irishman got into trouble, or rather was making trouble and he was arrested and taken up to the captain's office. The captain sentenced him to some punishment and accompanied the sentence with a somewhat drastic lecture, which incensed the soldier and he defiantly imitated to the captain that it was not for his shoulder straps he would settle matter with him in the old fashioned way. The captain deliberately took off his coat and informed past that there were no shoulder straps now between them. A ring was formed and they went at it and the result was Pat gave the captain a most thorough whipping. The captain admitted afterwards that laying aside those shoulder straps was one of the greatest mistakes in his life. (The Holton Recorder, December 25, 1913.)

In the summer and fall of 1861, my regiment was one of the brigade commanded by General Abercrombie and was stationed on the Maryland side of the Potomac between Washington and Harper's Ferry.

General Ewell, with a confederate army, estimated at 20,000, was at Leesburg in the Virginia side, some six or seven miles south of the river.

Colonel Baker, the popular senator from Oregon, but with no military education or experience, was in command of a brigade of two or three thousand men, some twenty miles above us, near a place called Balls Bluff. Baker was ordered, or permitted to cross his small force over the river, was attacked by overwhelming odds, driven back into the river, and most of his force that was not killed or captured, was drowned in the river. That night our brigade was ordered by a forced march to Edward's Ferry, some three miles below Balls Bluff, where we arrived next morning about daybreak. No preparation was made for this expedition. The men's haversacks were empty and as a consequence we went without breakfast. Anyone who ever made a night forced march of twenty miles will realize what it meant to us to go without breakfast.

It commenced to rain about daylight and rained all day. We waited patiently, with empty stomachs, wet, many of us to the skin, without shelter, and without adequate clothing to keep us warm (this was the 22nd of October),

until three o'clock, when arrangements were completed to cross us over the river in canal boats, which had been transferred from the canal which ran parallel with the river. On the Virginia side we were halted in a corn field between the bluffs, some forty or fifty rods back, and the river. The ground soon became a "lob-lolly," the mud being about shoe mouth deep. In the meantime the cracker wagon had overtaken us and about five o'clock hardtack and coffee was issued. Our company was fortunate in finding a stray calf on the river bank, which was killed, in violation of strict orders, and cooked in the blaze of our camp fires and eaten without salt. Not having had anything with which to satisfy the demands of our stomachs for a matter of twenty-four hours, we were prepared to eat anything eatable.

That night we slept in that muddy field. Some of the boys carried brush, others gathered corn stalks, for beds. I went to the fence and got a couple of heart rails, laid them with the thin edges together just far enough apart to leave a space for my spinal column, and slept the sleep of the tired, if not of the just. The next day there were one or two alarms, when we were rushed to the top of the hill and formed into a line of battle. In one of these there was a considerable of a skirmish out in front, and General Landor, a Mexican war veteran, was wounded; a wound from which he died some months later.

Notwithstanding there was a considerable army only six miles away, outnumbering our little force some four or five to one, we dug no trenches and made no barricades. We were so verdantly green in regard to military matters and war that we would have felt disgraced if anyone had caught us behind a rock, stump or any other protection against the enemy's bullets.

For the thirty-six hours we were over on the Virginia side, we, if I remember, did not have a single cannon, while in front of us and only six miles away was an army that outnumbered us four or five to one and behind us a swollen river that ran so rapidly that a canal boat, the only means we had of crossing, could not be taken across. If we had have been caught or trapped into that dilemma by the maneuvers of the enemy, as portions of our army were at times subsequently, there might have been some excuse for those responsible, but the fact was, apparent even to the men in ranks, we voluntarily butted into danger, and so far as I have ever learned, no one has ever offered an explanation as to what was expected to be accomplished by the expedition, or what good to the cause could possibility come of it.

The second night, most of our regiment and all of our company was placed on picket. About the only wise military feature connected with the expedition, was the placing of a large proportion of our meager force on picket and driving the outlying rebel pickets, making the confederates think doubtless that a considerable portion of McClellan's army was advancing on that line. The second morning the flood of the river had sufficiently subsided to facilitate the crossing and about 2 o'clock a. m. the picket line was quietly withdrawn and we were marched back four miles to the river and about daylight our regiment was the last to cross back to the Maryland side.

Probably all that saved us from the fate that befell Baker's brigade was the fact that the enemy was as inexperienced and as unprepared as we were.

Our loss in killed and wounded and missing was inconsiderable, but the hard marching, the lack of rations and the exposure to cold and rain made hundreds sick and laid them up in the hospital.

There was probably not a hundred men in either ours or Baker's brigades who had any military training or experience, or had ever fired a gun in battle.

Of course I never expect to again be a soldier, and hope that none of my sons or grandsons will ever be called on to serve, in that way, their country. But if such a contingency should happen, I would regard it in the nature of a calamity if they should be as unprepared to cope with the situation and meet the difficulties and responsibilities as I and my comrades were in 1861.

No one, as far as I know, ever attempted to offer an explanation as to why those two fruitless, but costly expeditions were ordered or permitted, and no one was ever court-martialed or brought to account for the miserable blunders. (The Holton Recorder, January 25, 1917.)

After returning from our Goose Creek expedition across the Potomac, feebly described in my article last week, I and many of my company spent the day, which was a pleasant one, trying to make up for lost sleep.

In the afternoon I woke up with a chill, which was followed by high fever.

The following morning we were ordered back to the vicinity of our old camp on the Seneca. The ambulances being full of sick men, I and three comrades, Orlando J. Smith, Will Chenoweth and Billy Allison, received permission to march at will outside the regiment. After dosing on quinine, we shouldered our knapsacks and guns and started in the rear of the regiment.

As we had frequently to sit down and rest, we were left far in the rear and when night approached, we began to look to the right and the left to see an inviting camping place. As the sun sunk out of sight, we saw, somewhat back from the road, an inviting looking old farm house, which we concluded to try for the purchase of some victuals and permission to sleep in the barn. Notwithstanding there were two cultured college boys in the crowd, both of whom were much smoother talkers, they elected me spokesman. I suppose it was because I was the oldest by a year or so, or it might have been that they discerned that nature had somehow fashioned me for "the goat."

We mounted the stoop and knocked and waited for a response. We were lined up on the porch about as ragged, dirty and sorry a looking lot as were ever seen outside the ranks of professional tramps. We had stopped at a branch, washed our faces, combed our hair and made such other changes in our general appearance as our meager toilet facilities admitted.

After a while the door was opened by a beautifully dressed, intelligent looking, handsome young woman. I made my little speech to her that I had been rehearsing in my mind, in which I informed her that we were invalid union soldiers, returning from a perilous expedition across the river. It was a fact, of which we were well aware, that about four out of five of the families in that region were rebel sympathizers, and we had stood there in considerable doubt as to which kind of reception was in store for us. The lady, giving us a very brief glance, in a voice that was to our ears the best music we had ever heard, invited us in the house and informed us that she was looking for her uncle Joe back every minute and that our request would be referred to him. We entered a nicely furnished parlor, a fine looking piano being part of the decorations. The young lady was joined in the parlor by another, whom she introduced as her cousin. The two entertained us for a few minutes Uncle Joe entered and being informed by his niece who we were and what we wanted, very, cordially shook each of us by the hand and informed us that at that ranch they did not put Union soldiers, (he emphasized Union) off with a "hand-out," and peremptory ordered us to resume our seats, until supper was ready.

I have frequently tried, in my mind, to describe that supper served by Uncle Joe and his two accomplished nieces, but never to my entire satisfaction, therefore I shall not attempt it at this late date. Suffice to say, it was a feast none of us ever forgot.

After supper those two angels, with the assistance of Mr. Dawson, entertained us with music and conversation until after 10 o'clock, when we proposed that we would retire. Uncle Joe insisted that they had plenty of good beds and he thought it would be an outrage for us to sleep in the barn, but on this subject we were obdurate, and had our way. We bid the ladies good-night and good-bye informing them that we would have to be on the march by daylight, so as to catch our regiment before it resumed the march. Uncle Joe accompanied us to the barn, where he scattered some hay on the floor, which with our blankets, made an admirable soldier's couch, and left us, protesting that it was an outrage on his hospitably, that we refused to accept beds in the house.

I should like to be able to record that at least one of the boys made such a hit with one of the girls, that a correspondence culminated in a romance, which after the war ended in a marriage, but as this is non-fiction I am compelled to admit that nothing of the kind occurred.

The following spring our year's service having expired, we were discharged, but all reenlisted; O. J. Smith in the 71st Indiana, of which he was commissioned major; Will Chenoweth in the reorganized 16th, where he also held a lieutenant's commission, and Billy Allison, a commission in a hundred day regiment.

After the war Major Smith leased a cotton plantation in Mississippi, where he lost money he had saved during the war. After his failure he returned to Terre Haute, where he engaged in running a daily newspaper for a few years, when he and others started the American News Company, a corporation that furnished "ready print," known as "patent insides." The business grew rapidly and furnished ready print for thousands of newspapers all over the country. Major Smith was elected president of the company, with headquarters in New York, a position he retained until his death a few years ago. He lived to become a millionaire, and when he died, his son Courtland succeeded to his position as president of the company and inherited his wealth.

Will Chenoweth died soon after the war and Billy Allison, I think, is still living somewhere in Missouri.

The writer, soon after his discharge from the 16th, with others of his comrades, organized the 18th Indiana Battery, of which he was the first Sen. 2nd Lieutenant and afterwards Captain, and served to the close of the war. (The Holton Recorder, February 8, 1917.)

During the Civil War each regiment on its organization had a Chaplain, with rank either as captain or major. Some of these chaplains proved to be the right kind of men for the place, others proved to be partial to utter failures. Many of them dropped out of the service early. The first year of the war the chaplain of the 16th Indiana

infantry, the regiment to which I belonged, was an old fashioned Baptist by the name of Jones. He was a good preacher, and in many respects a good officer. I was early prejudiced in his favor by the following: Early one fall morning over on the Virginia side of the Potomac, our brigade, while it was yet dark, started on a three or four mile hike to capture a Confederate force. I noticed Chaplin Jones marching along with the rest of us privates with a gun on his shoulder. The Confederate force made its get-away in time and our expedition proved fruitless, but all the same the chaplain was on hand to perform his part.

Taking a little "for the stomach's sake," in those days did not blast a man's reputation and the following story was circulated among the boys. It was common for the officers to order through the sutler, boots from Baltimore. Some of the foot gear ordered were sewed and some pegged. As the story went, Brother Jones was giving an order to the sutler as was alleged to be overheard by one of the boys entering the sutler's quarters, "Bring me a two gallon demijohn of the very best." Just then he espied the intruding soldier, and added, "pegged or sewed, I am not particular." The irreligious element afterward referred to the chaplain as P. O. S. Jones. (The Holton Recorder, February 12, 1924.)

Reading about the enormous expense the government has incurred in building quarters at Camp Funston and other camps, recalls our first winter quarters at Cantonment Hicks, Frederick, Maryland. After three or four months of strenuous campaigning on both sides of the Potomack, above Washington, about the first of December General Abercrombie's brigade, consisting of the 12th and 16th Indiana, and 12th and 13th Massachusetts, the 9th New York and the 66th Pennsylvania, marched to the neighborhood of Frederick, and orders were given to prepare winter quarters.

We were camped in groves of small timber, the trees being from 6 to 10 inches at the ground. The messes were composed of six. One man chopped down the saplings, three carried them to camp, and the other two put up the building, which was 8X12 feet, with a fire place at one end and bunks, each large enough for two, one above the other, were builded in the other end. The spaces between were chinked and plastered with Maryland mud. The government furnished boards for roofing, which was the only expense, unless it paid for the timber, which was probably an insignificant sum, as timber was a drug on the market in those times.

My how we did work. There was something of a rivalry as to which mess would get their shacks up and occupied first.

We had another incentive to work fast. Those who could get their logs first had the shortest distance to carry them.

All of General Bank's army, scattered up and down the Potomac, composed of twenty or more regiments, prepared winter quarters in the same way, and for nine or ten weeks we lived at home and boarded up at the same place. With the exception of a few cases of small pox, we were free from epidemics and there was but little sickness of any kind.

No Red Cross or Y. M. C. A. administered to our comfort. A good many of the boys got boxes from home, sent by the local sanitary commissions, in which were yarn home knit socks, gloves, comforters, flannel shirts and sometimes cookies and other goodies. Strict discipline was maintained, and when the weather was favorable, drill exercise was enforced.

There was no ban against selling alcoholic drinks, and once in a while some of the officers and occasionally a few of the enlisted men, would come back from Frederick pretty well tanked up. The men sometimes, if they became very obstreperous, were punished. As far as I remember, no officer was cashiered or even reprimanded.

Late in February we broke camp and moved over across the Potomac through Harper's Ferry and Charleston where John Brown and been executed nearly two years earlier, to Winchester, where our division encountered "Stonewall" Jackson and whipped him; the only defeat Jackson suffered during his military career. (The Holton Recorder, January 3, 1918.)

There are two or three men still alive who claim to have been with John Brown in the Harper's Ferry affair of 1856. I was not with Brown, and I am glad of it, but in the spring of 1862 I was in Harper's Ferry and saw the engine house where Brown made his fight. A few days later I was in Charleston and saw the scaffold where Brown was hanged. As the record of the list of Brown's men was never discovered, it is very easy at this distance to claim to have been with Brown, and it might be quite difficult to prove that he was not. (The Holton Recorder, May 6, 1926.)

In last Sunday's Capital I was much interested in an article by a woman whose name I do not recall, on the old popular songs sung a half century ago, including number of war songs, among others "John Brown's Body."

The writer told how the Twelfth Massachusetts commanded by Fletcher Webster, a son of the great statesman, when it entered Harper's Ferry in February, 1862 surrounded the "John Brown Fort," the old engine house, and sung with much spirit "John Brown's body lies moldering in the grave, but his soul goes marching on."

The writer was a member of the 16th Indiana one of the four regiments that composed General Abercrombie's brigade.

The others were the 12th Massachusetts, the 9th New York and the 66th Pennsylvania. I am not sure whether the 13th Massachusetts was with the brigade at that time or not, Judge J. H. Lowell will know. This February was not the first time the regiments' composing the brigade had been in Harper's Ferry. In August 1861 they did all their first soldiering in the neighborhood of Harper's Ferry and at that time the brigade was organized and became part of General N. P. Banks Army. When the brigade broke up winter quarters at Frederick, Md., in February, we crossed the river and as we marched up the Main street past the old engine house, not only the 12th Massachusetts but the whole brigade sung, "John Brown" with such stentorian voice that it echoed and re-echoed from Bolivar Heights and Louden Mountain to Maryland Height!

We camped at the Ferry two or three days and then moved up the river to Charleston, the county seat where two years before Brown had been imprisoned, tried, found guilty, and executed. From here we made a night march to Winchester to reinforce General Shields who was attacked by Stone Wall Jackson. After a day or two at Winchester, the brigade moved back to Snicker Gap in the Blue Ridge Mountain range and spent a week building bridges across the Shenandoah and then marched over across the mountain to Aldee. We hardly had time to prepare supper before an order came to hurry back to Winchester as Jackson had again appeared and threatened to annihilate Shields. The brigade, or that potion of it which had not fallen by the way through fatigue, arrived at the old camp about thirty-six miles and crossed the Blue Ridge mountain range twice in twenty-four hours. Here the welcome news reached us that Shields, or rather General Kimball who was in command, had whipped Jackson and driven him off. After resting a day we retraced our steps across the ridge and camped at night on the old battle field of Bull Run, where as few weeks later at the second battle of that name Colonel Webster was killed. (The Holton Recorder, September 28, 1910.)

It was the first week in March, 1862, that our force at Winchester, Va., under the command of General Shields was threatened by Stonewall Jackson that, along about dark the 12th and 16th Indiana regiments which were at Charleston a few miles from Harper's Ferry, were ordered to the rescue. About midnight we came to the Opequan river. As there was no bridge the only way across was to wade. Most of the men plunged in with their clothes on. Our company hastily undressed. The water was about waist deep, and ice cold, but when we reached the western bank and resumed our clothes, the rapid march carrying our knapsacks and forty rounds of ammunition soon warmed us up. We arrived at Winchester about daylight, several hours ahead of Stonewall.

Winchester remained in possession of our army. It was afterwards claimed that the Winchester battle was the only one in which General Jackson was ever defeated. (The Holton Recorder, December 2, 1925.)

April 4, 1862. WASHINGTON. - Prisoners taken in the recent reconnaissance to Rappahannock river state that the rebel force, there only eight regiments of infantry, two cavalry and six pieces of artillery. Gen. Ewell, who was whipped at Drainsville, was in command. A portion of Gen. Bank's command reached Manassas yesterday after a weary march from Winchester. - 65 years ago war news item in the Chicago Tribune.

My men occupied and slept in a log hut that had been built and occupied by the Johnnies. It was the best quarters I had occupied since leaving Frederick, Maryland, some six or seven weeks previously. (The Holton Recorder, April 14, 1927.)

When the 16th Ind. Infantry, of which I was a humble private in the rear rank, was sent to Washington in May, 1862, to be discharged by reason of the expiration of their one year term of service, some five or six of us boys went up the White House one day to see the president. We were standing around in the lobby waiting for something, we did not know what, to turn up, when a fine looking gentleman, crowned with a silk plug hat, accosted me, and asked if we were some of Colonel Hackleman's men wanting to see the president. I bashfully plead guilty, and he said: "I am Zack Chandler, of Michigan, and I have an appointment to see the president in a few minutes, and I will defer my business and take you in," which he did, and introduced us. Uncle Abe was of course glad to meet us, and gave us some ten minutes of his valuable time, but did not tell us any of his unique stories. Neither did he ever remember afterwards and send me an official paper saying, reposing confidence in your ability, patriotism, etc., etc.: "I hereby appoint you postmaster of Squedum, etc." (The Holton Recorder, February 13, 1919.)

Of course every Civil War veteran remembers some special events of which he was observant or in which he participated that are interesting to him individually if not to the public generally.

When the twelve months service of the 16th Ind. infantry had expired, the regiment, of which I was a member, was sent up from Warrenton Junction to Washington to be mustered out. While waiting for muster out rolls prepared, the men were given liberty to go about where they pleased.

One day four of us boys visited the White House. We managed to get into the vestibule but despaired of getting any further until a distinguished looking man wearing a tall silk hat spoke to us, asking if we were some of Colonel Hackleman's boys. We answered that we were. "Want to see Old Abe, do you, boys?" We told him we sure did. "Well," he replied, "I have an appointment with the president and I will surrender it to you," and soon he escorted us in past the guard and introduced us to the president with whom we shook hands. He paid a nice compliment to Colonel Hackleman and said he would be soon commissioned a brigadier-general, said he would like to make all of us brigadiers, but it was more important to have plenty of good brave privates, who had to do all the fighting.

After we passed out I asked the kind gentleman who took us in his name. He replied "I am Zack Chandler, senator from Michigan."

Mr. Lincoln and our Colonel Hackleman were both distinguished lawyers and warm personal friends. Hackleman was one of the Indiana delegates in the convention that nominated Lincoln and made the seconding speech for his delegation.

Colonel Hackleman was very popular, especially with the privates and non-commissioned officers, and when he was appointed brigadier-general the enlisted men of our company chipped in and raised a fund; to which no commissioned officer was allowed to contribute, to purchase a dress sword which was presented to the Colonel by my chum, Private Jim R. S. Cox, in an eloquent speech which was printed in full in the Cincinnati Gazette.

Some six months later while leading his brigade in a charge at the battle of Corrinth, General Hackleman was killed.

Lincoln and Hackleman were much alike in several respects. They were both tall and spare, with rugged features. They were both the kindest of men with big brains and hearts as large as their features. (The Holton Recorder, May 17, 1923.)

There were some funny stories afloat in and out of the army, the first part of the war. One silly one was that the Confederate authorities just before a battle would dope the soldiers with whiskey in which [gun] powder had been dissolved, which was said to have transformed them into very demons in their desire to kill. Of course the story was pure fiction. The war was not very old when the authorities in both armies found that whiskey impaired not only the efficiency but the bravery of fighting men, and the drinking of intoxicants by soldiers was strictly prohibited. Of course prohibition, in the army, like prohibition in times of peace, did not always prohibit, but it lessened, drunkenness among the rank and file. The officers were the worst drinkers, and intoxication among commanding officers was reasonable for many a defeat and for the death and loss of many soldiers. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1913.)

While old Civil War veterans generally seem to take delight in recounting their experiences and perils encountered in battles in which they participated, I am inclined to congratulate myself for the battles I missed. Possibly because of some of these battles I missed I owe the fact that I came out of the war alive and unwounded and now, three score years later, I am still able to tell about it.

The two one year Indiana regiments, the 12th and 16th, were state troops and although well drilled and Governor Morton asked and insisted in the government's taking us into its service, the authorities at Washington refused until the day of the first Bull Run defeat and Washington was threatened. Thus I missed the bloody battle of Bull Run.

Abercromby's brigade, which was stationed in the neighborhood of Ball's Bluff on the Potomac in the fall of 1861, was ordered to cross the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, three miles below, instead of at Ball's Bluff and thus I escaped that bloody battle. (The Holton Recorder, June 26, 1924.)

It is now generally understood by even the veterans, themselves, that nothing like all the sacrifice, suffering and anxiety during the War of the Rebellion was endured by the soldiers at the front on the firing line; but that the mothers and fathers, the grand-parents and sweethearts who were compelled to remain at home in their

anxiety and suspense suffered hardships the boys at the front knew little of. I once had a little brief but strenuous experience on that line which I will never forget.

I enlisted in April, 1861 in one of the six one-year regiments which Governor Morton organized out of the over-plus of those who flocked to Indianapolis to enlist for three months. My regiment, the 16th, was ordered to Washington, and put in the year's service in Maryland and northern Virginia. In August of the same year my brother George, some four years my junior, enlisted in the 43rd Ind., which was sent to Kentucky. George was a rather delicate boy and we were fearful that he would not stand the service very long; fears that were soon justified. My regiment was discharged in May, 1862, and we returned home. I had been at home only a few days when word came from the 43rd that George and a neighbor boy, John Coffman, were dangerously sick, down on the Mississippi river. At that time it was difficult for a citizen to get a pass to the front, and somewhat dangerous to make the trip. Because I had some experience in the service, it was decided that I must go and see George. John Coffman's father also wanted to go, and I went up to the capitol and from the governor received a pass and transportation for myself and Mr. Coffman.

We went by rail to Evansville, and there fortunately found a government boat about ready to start. We were three days on the boat before we reached Memphis.

About the only exciting incident of the trip was being shot at by bushwhackers, as we passed down the Mississippi. When we arrived at Memphis we were met with the sad news that both of the boys we had come to visit were dead and had been buried on the banks of the river opposite the city for some four days before our arrival. After visiting with the boys three or four days, we secured some metallic burial cases, exhumed the bodies of the two boys and started for home. A number of the boys in the company were sick and some fourteen of them who were thought to be able to make the trip were given furloughs and accompanied us north. One of these boys, a son of a woman with whom I had boarded before the war, was very low with fever, and the surgeon thought it the only hope for his recovery was to send him home; so I took charge of the invalid with the others. It may be imaged that I had three rather strenuous days on that boat before we arrived at Evansville one morning about sunup. The next four hours before the train started was spent in getting transportation for the boys, something for them to eat, and a special baggage car for the remains of my brother and young Coffman. But we were ready in time.

At Terre Haute we had to change and it kept me pretty busy seeing after the boys and hunting up the superintendent to get our special car switched and hitched onto the Vandalia train. At Greencastle we had to change again and as I could not switch the special car onto the Monon I had to take chances in getting the corpses on the regular baggage car. Fortunately a few minutes before our train was due the west bound train pulled in and three or four Bainbridge men got off. I explained the situation to them. The agent said we could not put the dead boys aboard without an order from the superintendent, and as he was not comeatable, we decided to take matters in our own hands. The boxes were placed at the proper place, and when the train pulled in the stretcher on which my sick boy was carried was first put in the baggage car, and then the four strong men started to put the boxes containing the dead on board. The baggage master objected, and attempted to bar the way but he was shoved aside and the last box was pushed in just as the train started. The men climbed aboard and in half hour we were at home, a little before dark.

I had considerable experience in almost every phrase of soldier's life, campaigning summer and winter and fighting battles, sometimes winning victory and again suffering defeat; but I am ready to declare that the worry, the sad anxiety, the labor and real suffering I endured during those two weeks when I was only a citizen, was not equaled in any two weeks of the four years I was a soldier. (The Holton Recorder, April 1, 1914.)

My memory goes back to the summer of 1862. A brother, younger by three or four years, had enlisted the previous fall and his regiment had been sent to western Kentucky and had become part of General Pope's army opening up the Mississippi river. The boys had not become hardened to the service before they began marching, camping and sometimes fighting in the swamps along the river. Many of them succumbed to the malarial conditions with which they were surrounded day and night. I cannot describe the suspense and solicitude of the folks at home. It was frequently weeks between letters from the front.

When I returned from Virginia, after discharge from my first year's service, my folks were waiting anxiously for word from George, who week or two previously had been reported sick. I had been at home but two or three days, when I was persuaded to try to get to Memphis, where it was supposed the 43rd was stationed. Accompanied by a neighbor, whose son had been reported sick, we finally, after three or four days of more or less delay, arrived at Memphis, only to learn that the boys were both dead and had been buried some three or

four days before our arrival. We purchased metallic burial cases, exhumed the bodies, and took them home with us, and last summer when I was visiting my old home I went to the cemetery and among others, found the grave stones of George W. Beck and John Kaufman, where they had been laid fifty-six years ago. (The Holton Recorder, November 1, 1917.)

During a brief vacation from the army I was on my way to Memphis to see a sick brother. At a cross roads where I had to change I was eating dinner in a little hotel with a half dozen other travelers when a tall, lank, raw-boned, slabsided, hairy faced specimen of the hoosier species dressed in a dirty faded blue uniform appeared at the dining room door and in a loud, harsh voice, big as he was, I then thought his voice the biggest thing about him, said he was a soldier on his way south to join his regiment, and was out of money, and had nothing to eat since supper the evening before, and would not someone pay for his dinner. I waited modestly for the landlady or some other guest to speak up and when they did not I remember that I put them down in my mind as southern sympathizers, of whom there were a good many in that part of the state. I finally told the soldier to sit down and I would settle for his dinner. He did not wait for a second invitation, and with that "big" voice ordered the waiter to bring on the "chicken fixins." I soon discovered that there was one thing about him bigger than his voice and that was his appetite. He ate everything the waiters would bring him and all on the table as far as he could reach and he had very long arms. I remember that I was rather glad he ate so much as I felt it was a just punishment for the rebel landlady. Finally the old lady plucked me to one side and in a sort of stage whisper wanted to know if I did not "think his legs were holler." (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, June 6, 1907.)

Eighteenth Indiana Light Battery.

Capts., Joseph A. Scott, Eli Lilly, Moses M. Beck. This battery was organized at Indianapolis in the summer of 1862 and was mustered in Aug. 24. It left the state soon after for Louisville, where it was assigned to the 4th division of the 14th army corps. The battery marched to Bowling Green via Frankfort, thence to Gallatin, Tenn., and upon the occupation of Murfreesboro by Gen. Rosecrans' army it moved there. The army moved towards Tullahoma in June, 1863, the battery with its brigade (Wilder's) in the advance. The enemy was encountered at Hoover's gap, the brigade charging and driving him through the gap upon his reserves, where he formed line of battle, but the battery opened so warm a fire that he was driven from the field. Chattanooga was reached soon after the enemy abandoned it. The battery was engaged at Chickamauga, aiding in repelling a charge of Longstreet's columns, its execution being terrible and more than flesh and blood could withstand. After the battle the battery moved up the Tennessee river for the purpose of guarding the fords, and in October it was with Crook's command in pursuit of Wheeler in the Sequatchie valley. The enemy was found and routed at Thompson's cove, and three days later he was again overtaken and a sharp fight ensued in which the battery vigorously shelled the Confederates' position, driving them through McMinnville in confusion. It moved to Huntsville, Ala., but retraced its steps, and after the battle of Missionary ridge it was sent with its division to the relief of Gen. Burnside at Knoxville, being engaged at Mossy creek, Fair Garden, and Dandridge. Capt. Lilly was promoted major of the 9th Ind. cavalry in April, 1864, and Lieut. Beck succeeded to the command. In May the battery marched with Sherman's army in the Atlanta campaign being engaged at Resaca, Stilesboro, Cassville, Lost mountain, Vining's bridge, Newnan, Hopkinsville and West Point, and after the evacuation of Atlanta joined in the pursuit of Hood, proceeding to Nashville. Moving to Hopkinsville, Ky., it was in an engagement with the enemy. From there it marched to Eastport, Miss., and from there with Wilson's command to Selma, Ala., engaging the enemy there, and then took part in the raid through Alabama and Georgia to West Point and Macon, where the enemy was defeated and a large quantity of military stores destroyed. It then returned to Chattanooga, thence to Nashville, from which city it moved for Indianapolis June 23, 1865, with 3 officers and 180 men. It was mustered out June 30, 1865. The battery left for the field with 151 men and officers and received 45 recruits. In Nov., 1864, 65 men of the 11th Ind. battery were transferred to the 18th. Thirty-two were killed or died of disease and 26 were discharged for disability. (CivilWarIndex.com)

Union Light Artillery Battery

… "the hospital shall bear the name of Colonel Eli Lilly, whose splendid service as a soldier and a citizen is worthy of the highest honor that can be accorded him in the annuls of American patriotism." - Indianapolis News.

We copy the above because Colonel Lilly, the writer, and Captain Scott were closely and intimately associated for a year and a half during the war. In July, 1862, the three of us, together with Lieutenant Rippetoe, now living in Terre Haute, were authorized to recruit a battery. The result was the 18th Battery, more generally known as Lilly's Battery, was ready for service at Louisville in the latter part of August, and were being routed out every morning at 4 o'clock to be ready to give Bragg's army a suitable reception, provided Bragg beat General Buell to us.

For eighteen months the writer and Captain Lilly slept under the same blanket, and drank from the same canteen.

I think the only thing in the Confederacy Lilly was afraid of was snakes. In crossing the Cumberland Mountains on the Chattanooga campaign, one morning when we arose from our couch, which was mother earth, we discovered a large rattlesnake, coiled up between the blankets. Lilly did not say much, for the reason, although something of a linguist he failed to find language adequate to express his feelings; but the next night he builded a scaffold out of forks and poles and slept in that elevated position. Colonel Lilly was among a considerable number of volunteers I have known, who enjoyed the army service.

I do not think he would have enjoyed modern trench fighting. He always wanted to be where he could do something dashing and sensational. I think that was the reason he resigned his commission as captain of the Battery, in February, 1864, to accept the commission as major in the 9th Ind. Cavalry.

Before the war the Colonel was a druggist, and soon after the war closed he organized the Eli Lilly Pharmaceutical Company for the manufacture of all kinds of pharmaceutical preparations, in Indianapolis, which soon grew to be and still continues to be, the biggest thing of the kind in the county. (The Holton Recorder, March 8, 1917.)

In September, 1862, the battery to which I was attached was ordered to Frankfort instead of Perryville, and we missed another sanguinary engagement. Some weeks later on the eve of the battle of Murfreesboro General John Morgan made a raid on our railroad between Louisville and Nashville and General Reynolds' division, to which my battery was attached, was sent back to head him off. While performing this duty the battle of Murfreesboro was fought. After the battle of Chickamauga, the Confederate general Wheeler made a raid on our railroad between Nashville and Chattanooga and Wilder's brigade to which my battery was attached was sent to head him off and while performing this important duty we missed the battle of Missionary Ridge. In December, 1864, when Hood's Confederate army was before Nashville and General Thomas was deliberately waiting to get a chance to demolish Hood, Confederate General Lyon with a division crossed the river below Nashville and made a raid on our communications. General McCook's first cavalry division of which my battery was a part was sent back to head him off. While we were driving Lyon out of Kentucky the battle of Nashville was fought and notwithstanding the handicap of my absence Thomas fairly mopped up the earth with Hood. Another hard battle escaped.

The reader must not think however that the 18th Indiana battery did not get to indulge in considerable scrapping. The organization that was right on the front in the Tullahoma, Chattanooga, Chickamauga, East Tennessee, and Atlanta campaigns and the Wilson raid that did not get enough fight to satisfy any reasonable aspirations in the hero line, was to say the least hard to please. (The Holton Recorder, June 26, 1924.)

Attending a meeting of the Loyal Legion a few weeks ago at Topeka, I met for the first time, Captain W. H. Mapes, of Emporia, formerly from Lockport, New York, from which place in 1861, he took a company into the service. I wonder if he was acquainted with Robert Madden of the town. In the summer of 1862, two young men, Robert Madden and Samuel Corbin, both I think of Lockport, came to the camp of the 18th Ind. Battery in Indianapolis, where the battery was organizing, and enlisted as privates. They were both intelligent and fine looking young men and developed into splendid soldiers. Both were made gun corporals, and Corbin was killed by a shell at the battle of Mossy Creek, while sighting his gun. The two messed together and were always closest friends.

As an illustration of what an influence weather or unpleasant conditions sometimes have upon people, one evening when a "cold, wet" rain was falling and we had gone into camp after a hard day's march over miserable roads, and were trying to cook some supper over camp fires of wet wood, passing through camp I heard Bob and Sam, as they were familiarly called, quarreling. They were standing one on one side and the other on the other side of their camp fire, on which there was a frying pan of meat, which they had been lucky enough to forage. The quarrel waxed hot, much hotter than the flickering blaze, and I stopped to listen. Finally, I think it was Madden, became so exasperated that he kicked the frying pan scattering the meat among the wet leaves, and they started for each other. I slipped in between them, and soon convinced them that fighting was no way to help matters. They were soon as good friends as ever, and remained so until Corbin's death. Madden served until the end of the war, and when discharged went back to Lockport, where he was connected in some capacity with a manufacturing company. I met him some few years ago, while attending one of Wilder's brigade reunions at Chattanooga. He was a well preserved, fine looking old gentleman and had the appearance of being a successful business man, as he was a brave and gallant soldier. (The Holton Recorder, March 15, 1917.)

I received a few days ago a newspaper from Shelbyville, Ill., giving an account of the death of Albert Allen. Comrade Allen was a neighbor of mine in Putnam county and when war was declared, he, although a Democrat, left his young wife and a lucrative position and enlisted as private in the 18th Indiana Battery in the summer of 1862.

Comrade Allen was a patriot in every sense of the word, and Uncle Sam had no better or braver soldier in the ranks of his grand army.

When I succeeded to the command of the Battery, Allen was made company clerk, and proved an invaluable assistant in making our pay rolls and keeping the company accounts. Mr. Allen was as faithful and efficient in this line of duty as he was on the battle field and in every other relation as a soldier. He served three years until the end of the war without the loss of a day. Although he had left a lovely young bride to whom he was married

about the time war was declared, he never, if my recollection is correct, asked for a furlough. Soon after his discharge, he moved from Greencastle to Shelbyville, Ill., and there his merits and business qualifications were soon recognized and he was made deputy county clerk, to which office he was afterwards elected and in which he served several terms. He was active in county affairs until his death at the age of upwards of 80 years.

His son Ed, who appears to be chip of the old block, is now county clerk.

I had the pleasure of meeting my old comrade at a Battery reunion in Greencastle, Ind., some four or five years ago. At that time he was becoming somewhat feeble from age and almost deaf.

Capt. Scott recalls the following incident, which shows up Allen's quality as a soldier. At the battle of Mossy Creek, where our army was hard pressed by superior numbers, Gun Corporal Corbin had his head shot off by an enemy shell. Allen was Caisson corporal in the same section, and he stepped into the dead gun corporal's place and served the gun as coolly as though it had been a drill exercise.

Comrade Allen was an exemplification of the kind of American who can change from a good citizen into a good soldier, and back again into a good citizen, when his country calls for service. (The Holton Recorder, August 5, 1920.)

A joke was played on William Jennings Bryan at Washington one day recently. Mr. Bryan's glass was empty and the waiter, while Mr. Bryan was descanting with a neighbor on the merits of prohibition, surreptitiously filled his glass with a gin cocktail, which looked like water. Mr. Bryan gulped down a portion of it before he discovered its nature. Then he dashed the glass and contents to the floor. He did not get angry, and joined in the laugh in which his fellow diners indulged.

This calls to mind an incident of the Civil War. One cold morning in November, 1862, our division started from Frankfort, Ky., to Bowling Green. One of my battery men had a severe attack of cramp colic, and, no doctor being available, I went into a drug store and purchased a half a pint of bandy with which I dosed the sick man. In those times bandy was thought to be a specific for many diseases. Thinking that some other soldier might get sick, or possibly I myself might suffer an attack. I poured what was left of the brandy into my canteen, which was attached to the pommel of my saddle. Lieutenant Rippetoe of the battery was a teetotaler of the most radical type. He boasted that he had never tasted anything of an alcoholic nature. Two or three days later the weather had turned warm and we were marching over the Salt River hills where drinking water was scarce. The command had halted, and the lieutenant strolled along my section and stopped to exchange a few words. Seeing my canteen he shook it to see if it had anything in it and then turned it up to his lips and took a swallow. Though generally and naturally one of the most even tempered men I ever knew, I think for a moment he was the most angry. I never was able to explain the matter satisfactory, indeed I do not remember now that I ever tried, and probably to this day Rev. Lieut. W. B. Rippetoe has serious doubts as to my temperance habits.

The lieutenant is still living in Terre Haute, Ind., a highly honored retired minister of the Methodist church. (The Holton Recorder, December 8, 1921.)

Lieutenant W. B. Rippetoe of the 18th Ind. Battery carried a bible with him all through the four years of the war and conditions had to be mighty bilious if he did not read a chapter every night before wrapping himself in his army blanket. I know whereof I speak, for I messed with him and bunked beside him three years and was in the same company with him the other year. I do not think the bible story ever got into the newspapers. Rippetoe was not much of an advertiser, although he was as fine a soldier and as efficient an officer as helped to save the union. (The Holton Recorder, August 19, 1920.)

In the fall of 1862 my command was at Boling Green, Kentucky, having arrived there and encamped for a brief resting spell after the campaign in which the Federals under Buel had driven Bragg and his rebel horde from Kentucky. The battery horses were worked down and so depleted that it was necessary to recruit them, and I was detailed and supplied with a requisition to proceed to Louisville for that purpose. The horses, some twenty-five in number, were secured and shipped to Boling Green, but when I arrived with them I found that my command had moved to Scottsville, some twenty-five miles due east. I arrived at Boling Green about daylight, but was compelled to wait until after the quartermaster's force had breakfasted before I could get the stock unloaded. Then came the question of how to get the horses to the command, twenty-five miles across a rough and geurrilla-cursed country.

Upon application to the post commander I was informed that there were twelve or fifteen men, belonging to my brigade who had just returned from hospital and sick leave, and I found them anxious enough to get to their command to be willing to ride a horse without a saddle and lead another. It was about noon before we finally

got started. If we had have been cavalrymen it would have been alright, but all but myself, were infantrymen and unused to horseback exercise. Riding heavy artillery horses and leading one or two others under such circumstances for twenty-five miles over hilly and rough roads was about the hardest soldiering the boys had yet encountered, and long before night every one of them would gladly have dismounted and taken it afoot. To add to the discouragement, late in the afternoon it began to rain, a cold fall drizzle, which penetrated not only though the clothing but seemly to the marrow in our bones.

There were but few houses on or near the road, and some of the people of whom we made inquiry either did not know or did not care to direct us properly, and so we took the wrong road and lost our way. Just at dusk we came to a cross roads where there were two or three houses in a group, and here we found that we were yet some eight or ten miles from our destination. I say "eight or ten" because no two persons of whom we inquired exactly agreed as to the distance. Old soldiers will well remember this characteristic of many of the people in the sparsely settled districts of the south, how difficult, and sometimes impossible it was to get correct information as to distances, or to get such direction as any one could intelligently follow. We held a council and decided to camp. We rode up the best looking of the rather dilapidated houses and asked of an old man what accommodations he could give us. He informed us that provisions were scarce, but they would do the best they could, and would furnish us one bed and the kitchen floor or sleep on. We tethered the horses to a post and rail fence, fed them on fodder foraged around and managed to get enough supper to satisfy the cravings of hunger.

There were when we arrived two young men in the house, and after supper they were not visible, and we made inquiry as to what had become of them. We found out they were gone, but were not entirely satisfied that our host were just what they pretended to be - strong Union people. The disappearance of the young fellows aroused our suspicion and now we began to think of other things that were suspicious. The lieutenant and myself, who had retired, began to compare notes, and the more we discussed the matter, the darker it looked. So we finally got up and went into the kitchen and aroused the men and had them get up and draw the damp loads out of their guns and reload. We also placed a picket guard on each road, and in case of an attack arranged for a place to rally and protect our horses. The old gentleman heard all these preparations and wanted to know what it meant. I informed him what had aroused our suspicions and just what arrangements we had made to defend ourselves and property, and said to him further that if we were attacked during the night the guard, which I had in place over him had orders to shoot him the first man. I noticed that this did not seem to alarm him greatly, but attributed it to the daredevil life these people had become accustomed to.

After making all theses arrangements we lay down with our clothes on and our guns and pistols handy ready for instant use, and finally went to sleep, from which we did not awaken until broad daylight. I think everyone of us were more or less surprised to find that we were not either dead or prisoners of John Morgan, who was and had been ranging that portion of Kentucky. After eating up everything in the hamlet and getting together all the change there was in the pockets of the party, which barely paid a reasonable price for our accommodations, we bid our kind friends good bye, and having been furnished minute and intelligent directions, in two or three hours we reached the command at Scottsville, without loss of a man or horse.

The first opportunity I had I made inquiry as to the character of the place where we made our perilous camp and was informed that it was a strong Union neighborhood, and that the old man whom we had doomed to be shot in case we were attacked, was a leader of the Union enlistment of the county. A few days after I met him in camp and had an opportunity to apologize to him for our suspicions, and to make amends I brought all the butter and eggs he brought with him at figures which temporarily raised the price of these luxuries in that locality. He did not seem to bear any malice towards any of the boys, who felt that they had misused him, but hunted several of them up and wished them God speed in putting down this wicked rebellion. (The Holton Recorder, June 9, 1892.)

I had little acquaintance with colored soldiers during the war, and cannot say from personal observation, how they conducted themselves as soldiers. But I do know them as cooks, waiters, hostlers and teamsters, and I can testify to their industry and faithfulness and of the value of their services in these vocations. It was in Louisville, Kentucky, in the fall of '62, when I employed Alec, a strong, good looking colored boy, to take care of my horse and do chores for the mess. Alec was good natured, obedient and industrious. He loved horses and soon our horses came to love him and would follow him about the quarters.

It was at Frankfort, when Alec had been with us about a month, that one day a big long haired "Colonel" sauntering by the camp, espied Alec and took possession of him. One of the boys saw the performance and ran up to my tent and informed me. By the time I got out, the "Colonel" and Alec were climbing the fence into the

big road. I called a halt, and they halted, the "Colonel" behind Alec with a big, dangerous looking pistol resting across Alec's shoulder. After an exchange of some diplomatic remarks, the "Colonel" informed me that Alec was his boy and that he had an order from General Ward, which authorized him to take possession of him when and where he found him.

General Ward was a Kentuckian.

I demanded to see the order, which demand he complied with, and sure enough he had the order, all right, and I had to knock under.

A few days after I was taking a ride through the country, (inside our lines, of course) and who should I see coming meeting me, but my big long haired Colonel.

I did not know but I might be in for it, but I put on a bold front, thinking it might be doubtful if he knew me. But he recognized me all right, and addressed me as "major." The easiest and quickest way I know of to get a promotion is to make friends with a Kentuckian. The "Colonel" insisted on me going to his house and taking dinner with him, an invitation that I did not have the courage to resist.

He informed me that Alec ran off again the next day after his capture.

The "Colonel" had a fine home, a nice wife and a good looking daughter. He was a strong Union man and a particular friend of General Ward. (The Holton Recorder, April 15, 1917.)

It was at Murphreesboro, just after the battle of Stone's River, that Tyler came seeking employment. He had belonged to a colonel of a Louisiana regiment, who was severely wounded in the battle and died a day or two later. Tyler was a man about forty years old, intelligent and clean looking. We hired him as cook for our mess, and he proved to be a splendid cook and soon won the respect of everyone in the battery. A few days after we had employed him, he came into my tent and informed me that the colonel, his master, had confided to his care a gold watch and valuable ring with the request that they were to be sent to a Miss Alderson, a cousin of the colonel, who lived at Tensaw Parish, La. I knew the Mississippi river had been opened up, except from Vicksburg to Port Hudson, and that mail and possibly express line had been established.

I wrote Miss Alderson about Tyler, the watch and ring, and somewhat to my surprise received an answer in two or three weeks, asking me to express the things to her, which I did. A few weeks later I received a letter acknowledging the receipt and very cordially thanking me.

I received a number of letters from the young lady, but in violation of the rules of romance, nothing came of it except, on my part, a very pleasant remembrance. A young woman back in Indiana may have had something to do with preventing the usual consummation of such affairs, not to speak of the obstacles, down in Louisiana, which may have been in the way.

Tyler remained with us for a year or more, until he contracted rheumatism and had to give up camp life. While he was with us he learned to read and write, and after the war I received a well written letter from him, after he had rejoined his wife and children in Louisiana. (The Holton Recorder, April 15, 1917.)

While the army was lying at Murphresboro, recuperating after the Nashville and Murphresboro campaigns in the spring of 1863, Granville Moody, the great revivalist, spent several weeks holding meetings and preaching to the different brigades, divisions and corps. A large number professed conversion, among whom was Major General Alexander McDowell McCook, corps commander.

There came to be quite a rivalry between certain regiments as to which could report the most converts.

One day a member of a neighboring regiment was visiting with Colonel Fred Neffler, who commanded an Indiana regiment, and was telling that the night before seven men were converted in his regiment. Col. Fred, who had been an officer in the Prussian army, got excited and called his adjutant. When that officer appeared, the colonel gave him the order to immediately detail eighteen men, take them down to Stone river and have them baptized into the church. (The Holton Recorder, January 13, 1921.)

Batteries were not supposed to need spiritual directors and consequently were not supplied with chaplains. However, such religious aid as we thought we needed was supplied by the chaplains of the regiments composing the brigades to which the batteries were attached. The chaplain of the 17th Indiana Infantry was a big husky man, approaching middle age, by the name of Safety Layton. Brother Layton was intelligent, a good speaker, and fairly pious, but a dangerous man in a rough and tumble fight. It was at Louisville, when the city was threatened of capture by Bragg and General Nelson was in command. General Nelson was a big overbearing, brutish man, who had very little, if any, veneration or respect for Christianity. On one occasion he had summoned the chaplains of his divisions to his presence and was giving them a severe lecture interposed with charges and

invectives. Layton stood it as long as he could and then shed his ministerial coat, doubled up his unministerial fists and shouted, "Stop right there General Nelson. If you do not, Major General as your are, I will knock you down."

As the story ran, General Nelson looked at him, sized him up and responded, "Chaplain you ought to be at least a Brigadier General instead of a chaplain. Some weeks later General Nelson poured out his vials of abuse on General Jeff C. Davis with the result that Davis shot and killed him. (The Holton Recorder, February 12, 1924.)

Nelson was a Kentuckian and Davis an Indianan, both trained at West Point. Nelson was a big man, cruel and overbearing, Davis was under medium size. It was related of Nelson that at the battle of Richmond where our army was outnumbered and defeated, that Nelson met the retreating boys and when they declined to turn about and again face the victorious enemy, he sabered several of them.

The 18th Indiana Battery was in camp in front of Louisville at the time of the above tragedy. Men and officers, as far as I heard an expression, justified Davis. (The Holton Recorder, October 6, 1927.)

Fifty years ago last Saturday Rosecranz commenced his advance from Murphreesboro to Tullahoma. … Wilder's brigade led the advance on Hoover's Gap … Two days later this same brigade led the advance on Manchester, fifteen miles distant, the capture of which so threatened the Confederate right flank as to cause Bragg to retreat across the mountains to Chattanooga.

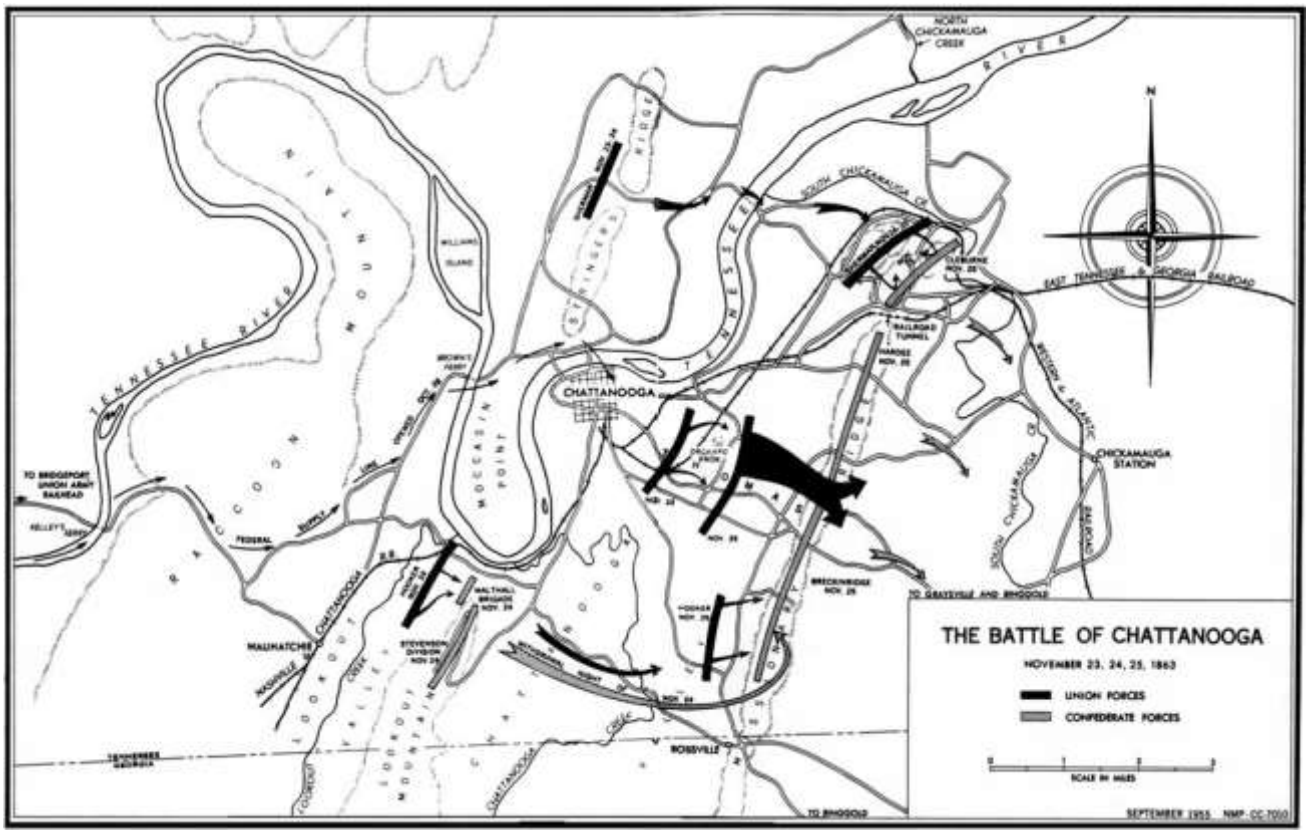
It rained every day for ten days during the forward movement, during which time the men's' clothes were never dry. On the Fourth of July the advance reached Dechard at the foot of the mountains. It was clear, beautiful day and the Eighteenth Indiana battery fired a hundred guns in celebration of the victories over Pemberton at Vicksburg, Lee at Gettysburg and Bragg at Tullahoma. (The Holton Recorder, June 29, 1911.)

I presume most of our readers have heard of Wilder's Lightning Brigade. I will try to tell you how this brigade became famous. It was organized in January, 1863, at Murphreesboro, Tenn., and consisted of the 17th and 72nd Indiana and the 98th, 122nd, and 92nd Illinois, all infantry regiments, and the 18th Indiana Battery. It was commanded by Col. John T. Wilder, of the 17th Indiana. Soon after the battle of Stones' River, Col. Wilder applied for and received permission to scour the country round about Murphreesboro and capture horses to mount his men. All his regiments had more or less experience in chasing John Morgan and other cavalry forces in Kentucky and heading them off in their raids on our communications. In a few weeks Col. Wilder had his five regiments mounted on captured horses.

Then along came an agent from an eastern gun factory exhibiting a repeating gun called the Spencer rifle. The chamber of this rifle was in the breach and held seven charges which could be fired as fast as the soldier could work the lever back and forth and take sight. Col. Wilder tested this gun and finding it satisfactory in every respect made requisitions for enough to arm his brigade. This requisition was promptly turned down. The Colonel then opened negotiations with the gun factory. He owned a half section of fine land back in eastern Indiana and he and his wife mortgaged the land for the money to purchase the guns, and just before the army started on the Tullahoma campaign, the guns were received. Later the government paid the bill.

About daylight, on the morning of June 24th, the brigade led the advance on Hoover's Gap, one of the three gaps in the range of hills held by the Confederates. Hoover's Gap was some thirty miles from Murphreesboro, but the march was so rapid and the attack so unexpected by the enemy that Wilder captured first the pickets and then the small force in the gap about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, and taking a strong position, held it against three or four times as many men as he had for three hours, until the infantry support came to his relief. It was the seven shooting rifles, aided by the battery, that enabled him to accomplish this feat. This virtually decided the battle on this line of defense and twenty-four hours later Bragg withdrew his army to the Tullahoma line, from which he was routed some days later.

In the movement on Chattanooga, started in August, Wilder's and Wagner's brigades, with the 18th and 10th Indiana Batteries, crossed the mountains via Tracy City and struck the Tennessee river some twelve miles above Chattanooga, and rapidly moved down the river, Wilder being in the advance, and took positions on Stringer's Ridge, opposite Chattanooga and in easy range of the town. The 18th battery destroyed a pontoon bridge and sunk a ferry boat in less than an hour after taking possession. This movement was made to hold as much of Bragg's force as possible in Chattanooga while Rosecranz was making his flank movement south of the river and across the Lookout Mountain range. We held this position for nine days with two brigades and two batteries, a force consisting of not more than 5,000 effective men, while just across the river and in plain view was a large potion of the confederate army of not less than 50,000. (The Holton Recorder, April 22, 1915.)



Henry Watterson is in Pittsburg urging a most cordial invitation to the G. A. R. to meet next year at Louisville. Commenting on his active interest the Chicago *Inter Ocean* tells the following story which is well worth repeating: "It was while he was an impetuous ardent young rebel editor and publisher of his Chattanooga *Rebel* which became particularly abusive of the union officers and soldiers when Rosecrans was maneuvering against Chattanooga while Bragg held position of the city. He described them as low villains, who lived to insult defenseless women and to murder little children rather than to fight the brave men of the south. A copy of this paper was carried over to General Thomas, who was in command of a corps in the union army. The general rode to the brow of a hill and long surveyed Chattanooga through his glass. At last he made out the little brick building which was the home of Watterson's *Rebel*. Then he rode back and got his best gunner in the army and took him to the same point. He handed the gunner the glass and asked him if he could see the *Rebel* office. The gunner found it. "Can you put a cannon ball through that building without doing any other damage to the city?" asked the general. "If you do you can have my favorite horse." The gunner wheeled out a large gun and trained it on the *Rebel* office. One ball only was fired, but that went crashing through the *Rebel* office, smashed everything in it, and sent Watterson and his compositor into the street with the impression that the bombardment of the city had begun. The people of the city were of the same opinion, but they were needlessly alarmed. There was no more firing, and nor another building in the city was harmed. It was simply the compliments of old Pap Thomas to Henry Watterson and his reply to the charge that Yankees made war upon women and children and not upon brave men. Henry Watterson has learned the Yankees better since that time, and he has no better friends or warmer admirers than live in the north. He has atoned for his mistakes of early days by paying the noblest tributes to our great union soldiers."

The above is a good story, but it contains some inaccuracies which we desire to correct.

Those who are acquainted with the details of the Chattanooga campaign will remember that General Rosecrans moved his main army across the Tennessee at Bridgeport, some twenty miles below Chattanooga and executed a flank movement towards Rome, Georgia, thus compelling Bragg to excavate Chattanooga. While executing this flank movement, to divert and mislead the rebel general, and for the more important ant purpose or protecting his rear and base of supplies at Murphreesbrough, the Union Commander sent out Wilder's mounted brigade with the 18th Indiana Battery and Wagner's Infantry brigade with the 10th Ind. Battery across the Cumberland Mountains, via Tracy City, across Sequatchie Valley and Waldon's Ridge, to threaten Chattanooga from the

north. In the afternoon of the third day leaving Dechard, Wilder's Brigade, with the 18th Indiana Battery quietly took position on Stringer's Ridge, about a half -mile back from the north bank of the Tennessee river, and awoke the echoes in that romantic region by sending a shell into Chattanooga. The shot was aimed at some business buildings near the bank of the river, which were afterwards ascertained to be used for quartermaster Stores. Whether or not the attack was a complete surprise to the rebel authorities, it certainly was to the quartermaster and his assistants, and it was interesting in the extreme to see the army wagons going up the street at break-neck speed trying to get out of harm's way while six rodman guns were sending shells after and among their demolished ranks.

It was not perhaps fifteen minutes until there was not an army wagon or a soldier to be seen on the street. The battery next turned its attention to a ferry boat which lay at the south landing and soon sank it. The rebels replied to our fire from some inferior guns from a fort on the south bank of the river, but as they did not have the range very well they did us no damage until the afternoon of the second day, when a thirty-two pound shot killed four horses and took off a man's leg. After that we made a kind of a fort of the sharp brow of the hill, by digging in and making embrasures for the guns. It was, I think, the third day of the bombardment that Wm. Crutchfield, a union man and proprietor of the Crutchfield House, swam the river and joined us. He stayed with one or the other of the batteries most of the time until the excavation of the city by Bragg's army, and took great pleasure in pointing out the headquarters of Bragg and the prominent generals and other buildings used by the army, all of which we perforated more or less during the nine days we bombarded the town. The office where the *Rebel* was published was also pointed out and made a target for the practice of our gunners. Mr. Crutchfield, during reconstruction times represented that district in congress.

It was, I think, the morning of the tenth day following the occupation of Stringers' Ridge, by our forces, that finding the city had been evacuated the night before a detachment of the 17th Indiana went across and took formal possession of the city. Although the forces operating north of Chattanooga were as part of General Thomas' corps, the General himself was with the main army south of the river, and was never within cannon shot of the city of Chattanooga until after the town had been evacuated by the rebels.

Generals Wilder and Waggoner were in command of their respective brigades north of the Tennessee and General Thomas was at no time within twenty miles of a gun that could fire a shell into Chattanooga.

After the evacuation, the brigade and battery crossed the river at Pryor's ford, five miles above the city and advanced beyond Ringgold, and the writer of this did not visit Chattanooga until after the battle of Chickamauga. We have been informed by those who made an investigation that almost every building we made a target of, including the said printing office, showed the effects of our shots. (The Holton Recorder, September 20, 1894.)

Attending a Rotary Club meeting at Manhattan a few evenings ago, I heard a battery lieutenant in the late war make a good talk, in which he claimed that his battery could shoot further and straighter than any ever. This called to my mind an incident of the Civil war. When Rosecrans started out on his Chattanooga campaign, the latter part of August, 1863, he sent General Wilder with his mounted brigade of infantry across the Cumberland range and Waldron's Ridge, to make a demonstration from the north, while he, with the rest of the army, prosecuted his flank movement to the south of Chattanooga.

By a forced march we crossed over the mountains a distance of some forty miles and came down into the Tennessee valley, some twelve miles above Chattanooga. Marching rapidly down on Sunday morning, we took position on Stringer's hill, north of the river, opposite and about a mile from Chattanooga. With the first few shots we sunk a ferry boat and then destroyed a pontoon bridge. A captured picket who was not a very enthusiastic rebel, pointed out General Bragg's headquarters and we commenced firing in that direction. Up to this point I can vouch for the truth of the story. What followed, I had from the lips of General John T. Wilder, the commander of the brigade, who after the war settled in Chattanooga, and became one of the prominent business men of East Tennessee and died some three years ago at the age of 84, honored and respected by all his fellow citizens. The congregation had gathered in a church in the vicinity of General Bragg's headwaters
and after singing with enthusiastic devotion that old, inspiring hymn:

"On Jordan's stormy banks I stand,
And cast a wistful eye
To Canaan's far and happy land
Where my possessions lie

***

Filled with delight my raptured soul

Would here no longer stay:
Though Jordan's waves around me roll
Fearless I'd launch away."

The old doctor, with his eyes closed, commenced a long prayer. He had barely gotten through the introductory part, when the whiz and whirr of a three-inch Hotchkiss shell awakened and alarmed the congregation.

The doctor prayed on, and another shell shrieked over the church. Those who have heard a shell go by, know what an infernal noise they make. Well, the preacher apparently did not hear anything but his own voice, it was different with the congregation. They changed their minds in regard to their desire to cross over the river, and their only ambition seemed to be to "launch away from that church."

When the old doctor finished his prayer and opened his eyes, he saw only empty pews. There wasn't a member of that congregation within three blocks of that church. The lieutenant's guns in France may have had a longer range than our rifled Rodman's, but I will venture the assertion that they could not shot so as to hit it, if it was the opposing general's headquarters, and miss it if it was a church or a private residence. (The Holton Recorder, October 7, 1920.)

Just prior to the battle of Chickamauga while Rosecrans was executing his flank movement to get Bragg out of Chattanooga, a Federal scouting party captured a Confederate mail train. I do not new remember how much important information was gained from the captured letters, but I do remember that the boys, many of them, enjoyed reading the love letters written by Confederates soldiers to their sweethearts. I have preserved the following, written by a young soldier to his father, as a rather remarkable sample of the intelligence, and patriotic sentiment, as the confederates at that time defined patriotism. M. M. Beck

Ootawaugh, Tenn., Sept. 7, 1863.

My Dear Father:

After a silence of little more than two weeks, during which time we have been almost constantly on the march, I seat myself on a log to write you again.

We arrived at this place with such an outlandish name, last evening, and as we have received no marching orders yet - 7 o'clock a. m. - it is supposed that we may remain here today. With a soldier the saying that we know not what an hour may bring forth is more true than with any other class of people. One minute we are comfortably squatted on the ground eating our scanty rations, and the next rings with the horrible orders, "pack up," "fall in," "right face," "forward, march!" and in an inconceivably short space of time, we are on the road, going - the soldier knows not where.

One out of the army can hardly conceive how little the soldiers knows of his own movements. It is his duty to obey orders without inquiring why they are given or what will be their effect. This is exactly as it should be, although it is not very satisfactory to us. If we knew as much about our operations as our generals, every man would imagine himself the superior of Bragg, or anyone else, and insubordination would destroy the effectiveness of our forces; besides, whatever is public among our army is sure to reach the ears of the enemy, by means of traitors and spies who infest the country in which we operate.

Just here my letter was broken off by an order to "fall in." We moved camp about a mile, and two hours since I was interrupted I again commenced my letter.

From the foregoing you will see that you cannot expect a very intelligible account of our prospects in this section of the Confederacy from me. At present the whole of east Tennessee is evacuated by our forces, and all the troops heretofore occupying that part of the state are merged into Bragg's army - the right wing or extreme eastern part of which rests at this place and the left wing is at or near Chattanooga, the whole covering a distance of only about 15 or 20 miles. Hence you will see that our army is concentrated and only awaits the approach of the enemy to deliver one of the most desperate battles, and I believe to achieve the most glorious victory of the war. The enemy are only a few miles from our right wing and daily skirmishing occurs on the left and center. Rosencrans is a wily general and he may not see proper to give us battle here, but attempt to flank us. Indeed that is the only way to avoid the battle, which is now imminent, longer than a few days. If he should succeed in flanking our position, we will be forced to fall back into Georgia. At all events the struggle will come soon, and if we are victorious (of which I do not entertain a doubt), it matters but little if it occurred in Tennessee or Georgia. From all I can learn I feel satisfied that Bragg now has the most effective southern army ever marshaled. Such being the case, if God is with us, we are certain of victory. If we can defeat, demoralize Rosesncran's army, he will have nothing gained by having a large portion of southern territory in his rear, and if he escapes with a remnant of his army, he will be a lucky dog.

John and Nathan, as well as myself, are in good health. In fact, the health of our regiment is very good just now. All the men are in as good spirits as home-sick men can be, and when the fight comes off, you well hear of the "bloody old 7th" doing its whole duty and ably illustrating our noble little state on the battle field.

I believe I have nothing further to write that would interest you. I have undiminished confidence in the ultimate success of our cause, and believe that the impending battle here will go far towards bringing about a peace and a recognition of our nationality. Whether the war be long or short, it is to be hoped that our armies are composed of true men, and that the war for independence and liberty will not be given up until our forces are annihilated or dispersed. I hope, however, that another year will bless us with peace, and that we may all be spared to see home and home folks once more.

John and Nath join me in sending love to all our folks.

From your affectionate son, James A. William.

P. S. - Since finishing up my letter, I concluded to add a postscript for the benefit of speculators, etc. The great, I may say only cause of dissatisfaction among the soldiers, is the bad conduct of the people at home. They appear to have forgotten the poor soldier who is risking his life and sacrificing his interests at home, for the protection of THEIR property, as well as country and their God. If the half of what we hear of them is true, they have lost sight of every principle of honesty and are straining every nerve in the work of amassing "filthy lucre" forgetful of the wants of the widows and orphans of the gallant volunteer. Such conduct disheartens the soldier, and bitterly as we hate the enemy, will soon come to regard these "blood suckers" at home as more deserving of death at our hands than the Bluest bellied Yankee and abolitionist of the north. Men who act thus are too mean to live and would disgrace hell if they were to die. One thing is certain, the Southern Confederacy will be too small to hold them and our soldiers too - that is if the latter are as true to themselves in time of peace as they are to their country in time of war. They had either better amend their ways or "make hay while the sun shines," as the day of retribution is fast approaching when they will have to disgorge their illgotten gains. They will be lucky indeed if they get off with whole hides covering their pestiferous hearts! (The Holton Recorder, June 10, 1915.)

Union Battery at drill, Ringgold, Georgia

My experience in the Civil war was to the effect that while here and there a regular army officer appeared arbitrary, cruel and unjust, that as a rule they were as fair and considerate of the rights and welfare of those under them as were the volunteer officers. There were instances where officers of both classes were unreasonably arbitrary.

I remember after Bragg retreated from Chattanooga, my brigade (Wilder's) was leading the advance in a running fight. Near Ringgold my battery was halted in front of a farm house, which some cavalrymen were looting.

General Van Cleve an old regular army officer, who commanded a division, came along and seeing what was going on in the house jumped on one of the battery lieutenants and abused him in language not fit to print. When the lieutenant tried to explain that the looting had been done before the battery had arrived and that none of the battery men had any part in it, the general ordered him to shut his month and give him no back talk. The lieutenant assailed was not only a brave man, but he was a level headed, mild-mannered officer, who knew when "discretion was the better part of valor."

I have always been thankful the general did not jump me. (The Holton Recorder, February 27, 1919.)

"You can't always tell from the size of a man," says Department commander Curley Harrison," "how hard can he hit. One time during the war when we were camped near Chickamauga a row started between the men of our regiment and the men in another regiment camped at the same place. In a little while it developed into a general free for all fist fight. I was asleep in my little dog tent when the trouble broke out but hearing a noise I woke up and started for the scene of conflict. There were about two hundred from each regiment knocking away at each other with their fists and I concluded that I aught to do something to sustain the honor of my regiment. There was a little sawed-off soldier belonging to the other regiment standing near me and I concluded that I would just take a poke at him. He wasn't as big as I was by considerable and it looked perfectly safe. Besides that he had his back to me. I whaled away, intending to hit him just about the butt of the ear, but I miscalculated and struck too high. I just hit him a glancing blow on the top of his head. It didn't hurt him any but it seemed to annoy him. At least I judged that it did, for he just whirled on his heel like it was a pivot and took me right under the chin. I hadn't supposed that a small man could hit so hard. I got right down to see if I had dropped something and then I crawled away. When I got back to the tent one of the boys who had just walked up asked me what was going on. I told him that there was a fight on between the two regiments. "Well," said he, "let us go up and get into it." "No, thanks," said I, "I have just been there." (The Holton Recorder, December 25, 1913.)

When Bragg evacuated the town, our brigade forded the river at a place called Pryor's ford, four miles above the town, and followed the rear guards of the confederates for two days to Ringgold and Rock Springs.

On Friday, the 17th of September, the brigade was stationed at Alexander's bridge, about two miles below Lee and Gordon's mills. About 10 o'clock on the morning of the 18th, the advance of the rebels came in sight and we opened fire on them. Of course we had destroyed the bridge. Minty's brigade of cavalry with two guns of the 18th which had been sent to reinforce him, held Reed's bridge, a mile below. We held two or three times our number at bay until nearly sundown, when a courier informed Wilder that the enemy was crossing above and below us, and we hastily fell back. But we were compressed so closely that we were compelled to halt and form line of battle and give them a salute from Spencer rifles and a taste of Hotchkiss shell. About 10 o'clock we fell back still further and took position in the line of battle where we fought the next day.

As I started out to make this article as brief as possible, I will refrain from speaking in detail of the part the brigade took in the battle of Chickamauga during the two days of sanguinely fighting, and a week or two later in following Wheeler's cavalry division across the mountains, so closely and so effectively as to prevent that redoubtable chieftain from doing any serious damage to our single line of communication.

Because of the holding of Alexander's brigade for eight or ten hours, Rosecrans' was given valuable time to bring McCook's corps down from up the valley and get in line to receive the confederate onslaught the next day. (The Holton Recorder, April 22, 1915.)

I have been asked, "Why, in some of your war reminisces, do you not recount some of the brave, daring deeds you performed in the war?" Well, the inventive faculty seems to have been left out when the component parts of my makeup were assembled, and I have no capacity for writing fiction, I therefore am compelled to confine myself to facts and incidents that actually occurred. This is probably the reason I have seldom been invited to participate on the program at soldier's camp fires.

As a sample of camp fire fiction, I quote a story, or alleged incident, related at a Loyal Legion banquet by Curly Harrison, of which he was the hero.

Curley said that on one occasion he became so scared, and demoralized that he ran to the rear to get behind a big tree. Following close on his heels, or he imaged there was, a big, blood-thirsty Johnny. He got to the tree, and he was running so fast that he could not stop, so he began to circle the tree. In his imagination the Johnny was following, and gaining speed and presently came in sight of his supposed enemy, when he raised his gun and blazed away, and shot himself in the back. (The Holton Recorder, February 8, 1917.)

Uncle Joe was employed to drive our headquarters team, I think on the Tullahoma or Chattanooga campaign. He was a small, slender colored man, I should judge well on to fifty years old. Uncle Joe was like Tyler, a man absolutely honest and one on whom we could always rely. He was entirely without education, not knowing a letter of the alphabet.

It was during the campaign in East Tennessee, one evening, after a long march over fearfully bad roads, Colonel Jordan of the 10th Penn. Cavalry said to me: "Beck, that is a remarkable man who drives your headquarters team." "Yes," I replied, "I have discovered as much, but what discovery have you made?" "Why, I rode just behind his four mule team all day and never heard him swear an oath, and I think a man who can drive a four mule team all day over these roads without swearing, is a remarkable man."

Uncle Joe was very religious, and his religion was of the genuine, all-wool and a yard wide quality.

One of the lieutenants of the battery, when conditions were favorable, would on Thursday evenings get the religiously inclined boys together and hold a prayer meeting. Soon after Joe joined us, I noticed him on one of these prayer meetings occasions, modestly sitting just outside the circle. At my suggestion the leader called on him to pray. I think I never heard a better prayer made. While he did not always use the best English, and sometimes mispronounced his words, I have every reason to believe the Lord understood every sentiment he expressed and every petition he uttered. (The Holton Recorder, April 15, 1917.)

The only time I ever saw General Grant was in the spring of 1864. We were passing a roadside grove where General Grant and his staff had halted and the general was pointed out to me. He was lying on the grass under the shade of a tree with his saddle for a pillow.

Although I was out of funds just at that time I did not have the nerve to interrupt the general's rest by boning him for the loan of ten dollars.

At the celebration of General Grant's birthday last week it was discovered that most of the old veterans of Topeka were intimately acquainted with the general, and aided him in various ways to overcome Pemberton at Vicksburg and Lee at Richmond. Pat Coney was on such intimate terms with him that on one occasion he borrowed ten dollars from the general. (The Holton Recorder, August 31, 1922.)

Cooped up in a little ward of the Baptist hospital in Chicago, with three other patients, General Edwin M. McCook, commander of the cavalry division in "the march to the sea," and for eight years governor of the territory of Colorado, is suffering from the tortures of inflammatory rheumatism. Racked with pain and financially helpless, the famous commander is dependent on the fraternal help which his old army comrades give.

General McCook had had numerous opportunities to save something for a rainy day, but neglected them all. Are you saving something for a rainy day? Do you realize that your rainy day is coming? The shiftlessness of Americans is pitiful. They are nearly all rich in youth and middle age, and die in poverty and neglect. - Atchison Globe.

It was in December 1863 that the battery to which the writer belonged was assigned to the First Cavalry Division, Major-General Edwin M. McCook commanding. We served under McCook for some eighteen months until the end of the war and found him a considerate, genial and good commander. He did not distinguish himself by especially daring and dashing generalship like for instance his cousin, Dan, who met his death at Kennesaw mountain, but he made no breaks, and so far as we know he always had the confidence of those under he served. He was one of the kindest hearted men we ever knew. The writer got a twenty days sick leave of absence at Cleveland, Tenn., in the spring of 1864, but not having received any pay since before the battle of Chickamauga, he had no money to bear his expenses home and all his comrades so far as he knew were in about he same financial stress. In this dilemma he went to see General McCook to see if he could borrow a few dollars. He found the General's finances pretty low. He had but ten dollars left but insisted on us accepting half of it, which we did, and reached home in due time. We are sorry but not greatly surprised that the general in his old age is in

destitute circumstances. (The Holton Recorder, September 27, 1906.)

An article we read the other day in reference to the presidential election of 1864 remained us of an incident that occurred in connection with sending men home on furlough to vote. There is no doubt but the authorities expected that only men who were sure to vote for Lincoln and the Republican state ticket would be given a twenty day's furlough. The Democrats had a majority in the Indiana legislature and they had not only embarrassed Governor Morton in his effects to assist the administration at Washington but had defeated a bill to allow the soldiers to vote in the field. Under these circumstances Democrats were mighty scarce in the army and only those who desired that the war should end and they get out of the army, regardless of results to the country, were out-spoken McClellan men.

Our command was encamped near the railroad bridge crossing the Etown river, assisting in guarding the supplies, Sherman was collecting at Altoona Pass when we got permission to furlough six men. A few days prior to this, Mahlon Wasson, a middle aged man, had received a letter from home announcing the death of his wife and as she had quite a family of little children who needed looking after he had asked for a furlough. Wasson had been a Democrat and lived in one of the strongest Democratic precincts in Parke county. He was a good soldier who had but one bad failing, that was his weakness for strong drink. He professed to be for Lincoln but owing to his well known weakness the officers of the battery were afraid to trust him and we gave him a furlough over the protests of the other officers. Shortly after the election word came to the battery that Wasson's Democratic friends had managed to vote him for McClellan and the whole Democratic ticket and we were compelled to listen to the "I told you so" racket for several days. Mr. Wasson returned when his twenty days furlough was out about as crestfallen and shamefaced an individual as we ever met. When we greeted him and asked about his family we did not mention his broken promise to vote the Republican ticket. We thought he felt bad enough and we tried to treat him as though nothing had happened to destroy our confidence in him. One day soon after he came to us and insisted on making a full confession and wound up with "and now, Captain, this business has cured me of two things, drinking liquor and voting the Democratic ticket."

We attended our brigade reunion in Greencastle some sixteen years ago and among others a well dressed white haired old man came up and took us by the hand and said, "Captain, you have not forgotten Mahlon Wasson and the promise he made you?" He continued, "I have kept that promise in letter and in spirit," and his manner and general appearance convinced us that he had. From other sources we learned that he was a strong temperance man and a leading and influential member of the church. (The Holton Recorder, September 11, 1902.)

I had only to travel a couple of blocks to cast my vote for Lincoln, the first Tuesday in November, 1860. This was not however my first vote as I had voted for township officers a year previous. I had also voted for Oliver P. Morton and other state officers at the October state election a month before I voted for Lincoln.

I did not vote for Lincoln the second time he ran in 1864. The large number of Republican boys who were in the army enabled the Democrats to elect a majority of representatives to the legislature in 1862, and the body being Democratic, defeated a bill allowing the boys in the army to vote, a law enacted by most of the northern states. My will was good to travel some 500 miles to vote for Lincoln and against McClellan, but as I was engaged with a lot of others in the job of keeping Hood's army out of Nashville, which was considered of more importance than adding to the big majority Lincoln seemed sure to receive in Indiana, I stayed on the job down south. (The Holton Recorder, February 14, 1924.)

The above name of Fletcher recalls to my recollection some experience when I was in the Officer's Hospital in Nashville in the summer of 1864. The two buildings, one of brick and one of stone had been before the war a military school. It must have been quite a school, as at that period western colleges were lucky to have one good buildings three or four stories high. Now it is different. If a college that already has twenty or thirty buildings does not get a legislative appropriation of a few hundred thousand to add two or three more buildings the school men feel aggrieved.

Those of us who were convalescing put in most of our time playing chess. Chess playing got to be quite a fad, something like bridge in Holton. The chess players of the brick building changed those of the stone building for a match game, which we readily accepted. I was chosen by the stone building as their champion. Colonel Fletcher, colonel of the 18th Missouri, was the brick building champion. We played one game a day for three days and I won two games out of the three. I imagine it was a good thing for the Colonel that I did not run against him the following fall for governor.

It is altogether probable that some of the Holton people who have seen me play bridge may call for proof that

I won at chess. If so they will call in vain, for I doubt if anyone who witnessed the game is living today.

A day or two after the game was the 4th of July and I celebrated it by going down town and listening to a patriotic address by governor Andrew Johnson, who after the war was President of the United States. (The Holton Recorder, March 26, 1925.)

It was in the fall of 1864, early in the month of September, that I was discharged from the hospital on Lookout mountain, and went down to Chattanooga to get transportation to my battery near Atlanta. I had to lay over a day, and to kill time I strolled over the rocky hills which then environed the little straggling town. On a desolate mound, I ran across a little camp of seven or eight boys, recruits from my home town. One of these boys was my brother David, two of them my cousins and one afterwards became my brother-in-law. They ranged in age from 17 to 19, and were kids when the battery was organized. They had been recruited for the battery, sent forward, and were stranded at Chattanooga.

To say that they were glad to see me, feebly expresses their feelings and actions. I took them down to the Crutchfield House, and after three or four square meals and a night's lodging in beds, we boarded a freight train for the front, where we arrived forty-eight hours later. Those seven or eight young fellows were distributed to the different sections of the battery and were soon as good and efficient soldiers as were to be found in the organization. They served nearly a year before the war ended, and I do not think one of them was ever sent to the hospital or was off duty a day.

All of them, except one, Dr. John T. Scott, are still living and in good health.

At our recent reunion held in Indianapolis, three of these boys were present, all of them hale and hearty. Lige Hansel, a prominent retired farmer from the north part of the state; George Starr, a retired business man, owning two or three good farms in Putnam county, and Tom Gregory, a well to do mechanic, retired, of Ladoga. The others are still living and all of them when last heard from enjoying reasonably good health, are Frank Garver, a banker of Humboldt, Neb.; Ike Nethercutt, a traveling salesman, still active and efficient, of Lafayette, and D. D. Beck, retired of Scott City, Kan. (The Holton Recorder, February 13, 1919.)

I heard an old Civil war veteran the other day speak rather contemptuously of the old boys who served only in the last year of the war. This is unjust to many of these men. A large majority of them enlisted or managed in some way to get into the service as soon as their age permitted; and many of them lied to the authorities in regard to their age, to get in. I had a dozen of these young fellows join my battery the last year of the war, and there were no better soldiers in the service than these young chaps were. Some of them who were still under military age had to deceive their parents and run off, without the money to pay railroad fares to the recruiting station. I know of one young fellow who walked forty miles, mostly after night, to get to fight for Uncle Sam. (The Holton Recorder, March 17, 1921.)

I have had considerable experience with men in the army, and if I were given permission, or it became my duty to organize a company of the most effective men, who would best stand the service on the march and in battle, I would, if I were permitted to exercise my judgment, select young men from 16 to 21 years of age. Of the younger ones I would not choose big, husky overgrown boys, but small and middle sized, reasonably well matured fellows.

The best, all around soldier I ever knew was under seventeen when he enlisted in the fall of 1862. He weighed 110 pounds and was rather boyish in appearance, and I had some difficulty in persuading the examining surgeons to pass him.

He served three years, and was not sick or off duty a day and developed into one of the strongest and most active men in the battery. When the war closed he was first sergeant, and if the war had lasted a month or two longer, would have been commissioned lieutenant.

The same was true, in a modified way, of a number of other boys who were under eighteen when enlisted. (The Holton Recorder, February 15, 1917.)

Many of the readers of the Recorder have heard and enjoyed the song, "Hold the Fort," which was a notable event in the war of the Rebellion, and which was retold as follows in a late number of the Kansas City Star.

"During October, 1864, just before General Sherman began his famous march to the sea, his army was encamped near Atlanta, the army of General Hood managed to get by the right flank of Sherman's army, appeared in its rear and began to destroy the railway, burn the smaller block houses and seize the provisions that were stored in them. Sherman put a strong force in motion to overtake Hood's army and save the most important

posts, the most essential of which was that in Altoona Pass, a defile in the mountains, thru which the railway ran. General Corse was stationed there with a force of about 5,000 men; Colonel Tourtellotte was second in command. No less than 1,500 million rations were stored there. General Hood sent 6,000 men under General French to take the earthworks that defended the post. French surrounded the works and demanded their surrender. Corse refused, and the fighting began. Slowly the Union troops were driven back into one small fort on the back of a hill. Many had fallen, and the defense of the post seemed almost helpless. At this moment an officer saw a white signal flag waving from the heights across the valley, several miles away. It was on the summit of Kennesaw mountain. The signal was answered, and the message that came back read: "hold the fort, I am coming. Sherman."

The cheers rang out, and the defense was resumed with fresh courage. General Corse was wounded in the head, and Colonel Tourtellotte took command. He held the fort thru three more hours of sharp fighting. Then the advance guard of Sherman's forces came up, and French had to retreat."

General McCook's cavalry division, to which my battery, the 18th Indiana, belonged, was stationed at the time at the bridge across the Etawah river some five miles north of Altoona Pass. I remember that we listened, standing in line ready for the march, to the cannonading. It was not until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon, as I remember, when we were ordered forward, at a gait that was known as "double quick." We had covered about half the distance to the pass, when we met a messenger with the news that Sherman had arrived, that French had given up the fight. Then we hurried back to the bridge.

I have often wondered what would have happened if our division of some 4,000 cavalry and battery had been sent to the rescue two or three hours earlier, and we had to meet French's 5,000 infantry? The regiments composing our division were old campaigners and had never been whipped, and did not believe that they could be. (The Holton Recorder, March 11, 1926.)

I recall another Christmas. It was in 1864. General Thomas' army had been besieged in Nashville by General Hood. While waiting for the icy roads to become passable, so that the rebs could be successfully attacked, a rebel cavalry force crossed the Tennessee river a few miles below the city and made a dash for the Louisville railroad, over which we received supplies.

McCook's cavalry division, to which my battery was attached, was ordered back to head him off, in which effort we were entirely successful, driving him through Russelville and Hopkinsville, Kentucky, until he finally escaped across the river. The next day after we had finally disposed of General Lyon and his raiders, was Christmas, and that morning we received word that old Pap Thomas had attacked and practically annihilated Hood's army. We didn't do a thing but yell hurrah for old Pap Thomas, except to send out and get a big fat Kentucky turkey, and all the necessary trimmings, and such a Christmas dinner as we had, the memory of which has never left me until this day. (The Holton Recorder, December 18, 1919.)

Fifty years ago last Thursday was the coldest day this country ever experienced. The thermometers in central Indiana marked from 34 to 38 degrees below zero. The writer was in east Tennessee, about forty miles above Knoxville, and well remembers how cold, it was in that ordinarily mild climate. The day before the weather was warm and pleasant. We had fought Longstreet's advance all the afternoon at Mossy Creek and had driven the enemy back some four miles when darkness stopped pursuit. It was in this battle that Captain Scott received the wound in his foot that rendered him a cripple for the rest of his life.

That night it suddenly turned cold, and oh how cold it was, and how the wind from the northwest did sweep down, only men who had been furnished no winter clothing and had no tents, and had been living on one-fourth or less, rations for over three months could tell.

We builded big rail fires and stood around in the smoke and had to keep turning around to keep one side from freezing and the other side from scorching. They told the story of one fellow that he turned so fast he became dizzy and fell into the fire and might have been seriously burned if his comrades had not rescued him.

During the night a farm house a few rods from our camp took fire and with some out houses, was burned down. Hundreds of men stood around in the embers of the burned house during the day and thus kept comparatively warm. A smoke house was burned down and as soon as the heat would permit the men began to investigating the embers and ashes, and fished out a number of as finely baked hams and shoulders as ever satisfied hunger. It was a New Year's feast long to be remembered by those who were lucky enough to get in on the banquet. Talk about Democratic banquets, we will venture the assertion that the dinner last Monday at Topeka in honor of Bryan was a cheap fifteen cent restaurant affair in comparison. (The Holton Recorder,

January 8, 1914.)

Some sincere but narrow minded people are strenuously objecting to furnishing tobacco to our soldiers in the trenches. My observation and experience in the army with soldiers, leads to the opinion, which amounts to a conviction, that nothing outside of comfortable clothing and plenty of food contributed so much to the comfort and contentment of soldiers as coffee and tobacco. I know some mighty good soldiers who got along fine without either, but a large majority, I think, were actually benefited and had their health conserved by these two luxuries, if they are to be called luxuries. I call them necessaries to the soldier. As to being detrimental to health and discipline, coffee and tobacco are not to be placed in the same class with intoxicating liquor. Of course I mean the reasonable moderate use of these two articles.

I have always envied the person who has had the resolution to abstain from contracting the tobacco habit, therefore I hope no young man will misconstrue the opinion expressed above, as a recommendation that he learn to chew and smoke. (The Holton Recorder, August 9, 1917.)

The Civil war ended a few weeks too soon to please a good many of the boys in General Jim Wilson's Cavalry Corps. This army, consisting of three divisions of cavalry and three batteries, about 12,000 men, left Eastport, Mississippi, in March, 1865, on a raid through the heart of the confederacy similar to Sherman's expedition a few months earlier. This force passed through Selma, the largest manufacturing center of ordinance, railroad supplies and other army necessities in the south, through Montgomery, the first capital of the confederacy, through Columbus, West Point, to Macon, Georgia.

It was rumored and believed by many of the men that one of the objective points of the expedition was Andersonville, where thousands of Union soldiers had been and were being starved and otherwise mistreated. "On to Andersonville," was the popular watchword with the old boys; however they were not "old" boys then. This popular program was interfered with by the ending of the war, and armistice agreed upon by Generals Sherman and Johnson.

Andersonville is some fifty miles southwest of Macon and some twenty or thirty miles south of our line of march from Columbus to Macon.

If the war had lasted only another month, Wilson's force would have captured Andersonville, freed several thousand Union prisoners and in all probably would have saved the expense of the trial of the villain Wirz, and of the rope that it took to hang him. (The Holton Recorder, March 3, 1921.)

In the beginning of the Civil war there was a tacit exchange agreement between Federal and Confederate authorities, and prisoners were paroled and sent home as soon after capture as convenient. This was a bad arrangement as least for our side, for capture meant rest from military duty and a visit home. It made surrendering easier and safer than fighting and thousands of our men surrendered, when their plain duty was to fight, and I presume, in fact I know, the same was true of Confederates. Finally, as much for this as any reason, all exchange agreements were revoked, and prisoners on both sides were kept in prison pens. The Confederates blundered badly when they commenced to treat and starve their prisoners. The stories from Andersonville and Libby was the means of putting a check on surrendering. During the last two years of the war, the men, as a rule, preferred to die fighting, rather than to be captured and starved to death at Andersonville.

Our limited experience with soldiers in war convinces us that it is the very best policy to treat prisoners of war kindly and as near may be, make them feel kindly towards their captors. (The Holton Recorder, January 7, 1918.)

Fifty years ago tomorrow, at West Point, Georgia, was fought the last battle of the war east of the Mississippi. The union forces consisted of one cavalry brigade and one four gun battery, commanded by Colonel Lagrange of the First Wisconsin cavalry. The Confederates in Fort Tyler, which commanded and defended the bridge across the Chattanooga river, were commanded by General Tyler, who got about on crutches, having lost a leg in a battle of earlier date. Fort Tyler, a strong earthwork, was equipped with two ten-pound and one thirty-two pound gun.

The advance regiment reached West Point about 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and immediately charged and secured possession of the bridge, which the Confederates were trying to destroy. An hour later the remainder of the brigade arrived with the 18th Indiana battery and the fort was invested. The federal battery, under command of the writer, took good position in almost point blank range, and in a short time silenced the three guns in the fort. It was, as well as the writer can remember, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, when the final charge was made and the fort captured. When the final charge was ordered the battery was ordered to cease firing and the

writer rode with Colonel Lagrange toward the fort, and arrived a few moments after the white flag had been run up. Only a few feet inside the entrance to the fort General Tyler lay dead, his crutches by his side. As we rode towards the fort and about ten yards from the surrounding ditch, lay Major Ross Hill, commander of the Second Ind. Cavalry, his thigh broken by a Minnie ball. When we moved out the next morning towards Macon, Major Hill, his broken leg having been set, was left at the hospitable residence of a southerner. When the writer bade him goodbye, he hardly expected ever to see the major again, but to his great joy and surprise just one month later a carriage drove up to battery headquarters at Macon and Major Hill, with the aid of a pair of crutches, got out and limped into our quarters.

About 300 prisoners were captured, among other, Captain Moorehead, a South Carolinian, who commanded the artillery in the fort, and who was the guest of the writer over night and on the march to Macon. A day later, at the crossing of Clinch river, our command received the first news of the fall of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's army, which had occurred ten or twelve days before. General James H. Wilson, who commanded the cavalry, received a flag of truce sent out from Macon by General Robert Toombs, but the writer got his first news of the important events from an old gentleman sitting on a veranda, where he had called to get drink of water. This old gentleman was John Bell, formerly of Tennessee, and the Constitutional Union candidate for president in 1860, along with Edward Everett, candidate on the same ticket for vice president. (The Holton Recorder, April 15, 1915.)

Sutlers as a rule were not very popular with the boys in the army. A sutler was one who was permitted to go along with a regiment, brigade or division to cater to the men in canned goods and other knickknacks of an edible character, gloves, boots, neckties, shirts and other luxuries such as now and then soldiers were inclined to indulge in. To come out even the sutler was compelled to charge big profits, to make up for bad debts frequently contracted and for an occasional capture of his stock by the enemy.

Right after pay day, the sutler enjoyed a big and profitable trade, and while the boys had plenty of money they were willing to pay most any price the cupidity of the sutler disposed him to charge, but when the money became scarce, which occurred on an average of a month after payment, the soldiers were inclined to resent extortionate prices. This and a disposition on the part of the army merchant to collect and square off old scores, is what made the sutler unpopular.

We had in our brigade a sutler who was an exception. He was very accommodating to the boys, would even loan them money on occasions; but the real secret of his popularity was the fact that he was the owner of a Spencer rifle, and never neglected an occasion to use it when we got into a scrap. His name was Richard Gaines, and was familiarly known as Dick Gaines.

As I have said, Dick never neglected an opportunity to get into and do his part in a fight. I now call to mind two or three occasions, when Dick distinguished himself as the bravest of the brave. It was in the battle of West Point, Georgia, of which I gave a brief account a few weeks ago, that Dick was on the skirmish line, and secured a position on the roof of a house, behind a chimney, not over a hundred yards from the fort, a position he occupied for an hour until the fort had surrendered, and he had shot his last round of ammunition. Dick was a fine marksman and it is safe to say that he did not waste on the desert air very many of his forty rounds.

On the Wilson expedition through Alabama, First Sergeant Emery Starr and Dick, being hungry for something fresh, made a detour thorough a rich farming valley a little off the regular line of march. Emery and Dick made a combination that was hard to beat and hard to resist in any project on which they had set their hearts.

Through some colored people they learned that at a certain plantation they would find a chance to get what they were looking for. As they approached the house, they saw some horses hitched to a fence, which aroused their suspicion; and also made them cautious. There were two outside doors to the house, on opposite sides. With guns ready for use they divided their forces and simultaneously entered those two doors. Sitting at the table eating were the family and four Confederate soldiers. The Confederate's guns were standing up in a corner of the room. Of course there was nothing for the Johnnies' to do but surrender, and they were marched into camp by the sutler and the first sergeant.

Dick made himself useful to the writer in another way and on another occasion.

It was in the spring of 1864, after the terrible winter campaign in east Tennessee, succeeding the battle of Chickamauga. I had secured twenty days sick leave of absence and left Cleveland, Tennessee, with barely enough money to pay my way home. My uniform was ragged and dirty, but as far as I could see, I would be compelled to meet and greet "the girl I left behind me" in that disreputable plight. At Nashville, where I was detained over night, walking out after supper, who should I meet but Dick Gaines?

The first words I said to him after the formal greeting was: "Dick, loan me twenty dollars." "Sure," said Dick, "thirty if you want it." (The Holton Recorder, May 27, 1915.)

In the 18th Indiana Battery was a little wiry Prussian, who weighted only 115-pounds by the name of Martin Miller, and a big 180-pound Irishman, John Runey. Miller was a sergeant and was reprimanding Runey for some offense, which so angered the Irishman that he struck Miller a light blow in the head. They mixed then and in less than three minutes John acknowledge that he had had enough. John was one Irishman who knew when he had had enough of that sort of thing.

Miller was afterwards commissioned a lieutenant and was made commander of the First Cavalry Division Scouts and distinguished himself in numerous scraps with the Confederates.

It was in April, 1865, the night after Wilson's cavalry corps had captured Selma, Alabama, and General Forrest had escaped with about 100 men, that he, Forrest, happened to encounter Miller and his twelve scouts, camped some twelve miles from Selma on the road which our troops had passed over the day previous. Miller refused to surrender, and he and his men were all killed except one, who was badly wounded but who lived to give an account of the fight. (The Holton Recorder, December 25, 1913.)

Spencer, Ohio, May 10 - Fifty-seven years ago today Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States, was taken prisoner by the Fourth Michigan cavalry in an early morning surprise near Greensville, Ga.

Today, Thomas Mile Hunter, 79 years old, veteran of seventy-three Civil war engagements, sat in an old arm chair on the front porch of his country home two miles from here and recounted reminiscences of that tragic period.

The president of the Confederacy was not attired in feminine apparel when the Michigan troopers surrounded his little encampment, asserts Veteran Hunter, historical statements to the contrary notwithstanding.

"He wore a gentleman's morning robe over his regular clothes," said the aged soldier. "On his head was an old stripped bonnet. He did not have on any woman's belongings. There wasn't even any strings on his bonnet. He was a man sure enough."

The Michigan troopers 419 of them with 10 officers, were preparing for rest after three days and nights of marching from Macon, Soldier Hunter said, when they espied a little camp secluded amidst a cluster of saplings. An advance guard was sent on a few shots were fired, the entire regiment swooped down, and the camp was taken.

Jefferson Davis, his wife and four children, John H. Regan, his postmaster general; a staff of aides, servants and some others, were found.

"I am the man you are looking for," the veteran quoted Mr. Davis.

"We all surrounded him," Mr. Hunter continued. "Colonel Pritchard did the talking for us. We were all happy and wanted to celebrate. That made Davis mad, and he said "you fellows think you are smart to capture a camp of woman and children. Well, you are not. This is vandalism."

The camp was closely guarded that night and once the Confederate president left his tent and attempted to walk away, only to be betrayed by his spurs and he tripped over a log, Hunter said.

"We took him to Macon two days later," Hunter said. "Then 22 men escorted him to Washington and surrendered him to General Miles."

Mr. Hunter said the men of his regiment were given a $300 bonus for the capture, it being rewarded in 1868 and finally paid nineteen years later.

Aside from Hunter, Henry Windsor of Wayne, Mich., is said to be the only survivor of the column which surrounded the Davis camp.

Parsons, Kan., May 10. - Jasper Taylor, of Salina, assisted in the capture of Jefferson Davis. About 25 years ago he received his $200 reward for assisting in the capture.

"Jeff Davis was not dressed in a gentleman's morning robe when he was captured," Jasper Taylor, aged 80, one of those who received part of the governments reward for the capture of the president of the southern confederacy, declared today. "On the contrary, he was dressed like a woman. I saw him when he came out of the ambulance he was riding in. I saw Hussey, a private in my own company - that was Company C, First Wisconsin cavalry - hoist the hood Davis had on his head. He was wearing pantalettes, too, which woman wore at the time. Davis was coming out of the door of the ambulance when we heard a woman's voice call out to him.

"Mother. Let me get that water, you're too old." "Then Hussy hoisted the hood and said:

"You're the very mother we are all looking for."

"My opinion is that Davis was trying to make his escape in that woman's regalia."

Mr. Taylor also takes exceptions to Thomas Hunter's story on two other points. There were no woods where Davis was captured, and the shots fired were from the "Michigan's" and Mr. Taylor's own unit, he maintains.

The above account is probably as nearly a correct account of the capture of Davis as one has a right to expect after fifty-seven years has elapsed and most of the participants in the event are dead and those that are still living have grown old and forgetful that their stories are not always to be relied on.

My battery, the 18th Indiana, was a part of the first division of Wilson's Calvary Corps which accomplished the capture.

The battery was not with the 4th Michigan, Colonel Pritchard, and the First Wisconsin, Colonel Herndon, the two regiments who captured and brought Davis into Macon. I was at General Wilson's headquarters in Macon when the ex-president of the confederacy was brought in, and saw him, Mrs. Davis, his postmaster-general Regan and other members of the party when they alighted from an ambulance and a covered wagon and walked into the hotel where General Wilson had his headquarters.

I was well acquainted with both of the colonels above mentioned, having campaigned with them some eighteen months. I had a talk with colonel Pritchard, and as I remember it he told me that when the Davis party was surrounded some of the troopers went to Davis' tent and met at the opening one that appeared to be a woman clothed in a long waterproof cloak the hood of which was drawn over the persons' head. Mrs. Davis came to the opening and said to the trooper, "Please let my old mother go to the spring for a bucket of water." The trooper, evidently suspicious, with his sword raised the waterproof cloak and exposed the cavalry boots and spurs and the event was closed by making Davis a prisoner.

Another feature of the story, and this came from some of the Davis party, that when our men were discovered approaching the tent Mrs. Davis threw her cloak over her husband's shoulders and urged him to escape.

The above details of the capture were generally credited by men and officers of the cavalry corps at Macon. (The Holton Recorder, May 18, 1922.)

Fifty-eight years ago today at 5 o'clock in the morning Jefferson Davis and his party were captured near Irwinsville, Georgia, some forty miles southeast of Macon by detachments of the 4th Michigan and the 1st Wisconsin regiments. These two regiments formed a part of the First Division, commanded by General E. M. McCook of Wilson's Cavalry Corps. My battery, the 18th Indiana, was a part of this division. The battery was encamped near Macon, resting up after the Wilson raid from Eastport, Miss., through Alabama and Georgia to Macon.

That same evening I, as did all the commanders of regiments and batteries, received a note from General Wilson informing me that the ex-president of the new defunct Confederacy would arrive at headquarters some time the following forenoon, which was interrupted by the officers as an invitation to be on hand to witness the reception. We were all on hand. No order received during the war was ever received and obeyed with more alacrity, not even an order to fall back out of a position too hot to hold, than was this invitation. Not only the officers, but a large majority of the cavalry corps of 12,000 men filled the street and sidewalk leading to the hotel where General Wilson has his headquarters. I secured a place on the stoop or veranda entrance to headquarters where I had an unobstructed view of the ambulance and covered wagons that brought the ex-president, his wife and daughter Winnie, Postmaster General of the Confederacy Regan and other members of the party as they walked past me into the hotel. As to the story printed somewhat broadcast that Davis had attempted to make his escape dressed as a woman, the only facts justifying it was that Mrs. Davis threw her waterproof cloak over his shoulders and asked the soldiers effecting the capture to let her "old mother" go to the spring nearby for a bucket of water with which to take their toilets.

About a month before this capture we had received the joyful news of the capture of Richmond and the surrender of Lee's and Johnston's armies, and then a few days alter the terrible news of Lincoln's assassination. Alternately joy and gloom, sunshine and clouds. As a matter of fact that I guess is the experience of mankind generally in peace as well as in war times. (The Holton Recorder, May 10, 1923.)

It was in the spring of 1869 that W. T. Scott planned a trip to Kansas. Alec Siddens, who lived a neighbor to us in Putnam county, Indiana, had in some way become possessed of a quarter section of land in this county near where the town of Denison was later located. Hearing of Mr. Scott's contemplated trip he came to out store and insisted that he, Scott, visit Jackson county and ascertain something of the value of this quarter section. Alec was and had been a good customer of our store and Mr. Scott, desirous of favoring him, promised to visit Holton

and look at the quarter.

If Mr. Siddens had not happened to own this quarter section, there is not probability that Mr. Scott would have set foot in this county, or that I would ever have become a resident. We are all, more or less, the creatures of circumstances. (The Holton Recorder, March 29, 1928.)

I have no disposition to court a controversy with Church White or with anyone else on what became of Bill Anderson or where he met his end. Mr. White's statement may be absolutely correct, although it conflicts with information and alleged facts drawn from an episode that occurred in 1869.

I, with my brother Dave and two brothers-in-law, Howard and Wallace Scott, with two teams, were moving from Indiana to Kansas; along near sundown one early October evening, we halted in front of a farm house in eastern Linn County, Mo. On our right and enclosed was a grass plot, and on our left a fine orchard, the trees loaded and the ground under some of the trees were covered with fine, luscious apples. Down a lane and beyond the orchard was a good looking farm house and a fine barn, into the mow of which a man was pitching a load of hay.

I struck out across the orchard to interview the hay pitcher. Coming near I observed that the man was a pretty rough looking customer, with seamed face nearly hid by long, straggling gray whiskers. His hair, of the same hue, was also long and tangled.

I spoke to him but he returned no response, but kept on pitching hay. I explained to him that we were movers and would like to buy some hay for our horses. In a very gruff manner he informed me that he did not have any hay to sell. I then remarked that he had a fine orchard and would he sell me some apples? In the same gruff voice he said he had no apples to sell. I started back to the wagon well satisfied that the horses would probably have aplenty of hay and that we would not be entirely destitute of apples.

Three of our crowd had been in the army only a short time before and had formed a sort of habit of not going hungry or not permitting our horses to suffer for food when there was any around handy. I had not got out of hearing when he called to me and told me to come over and get all the hay and apples we wanted without money and without price. He also informed me that if we cared for milk to drink or cream for coffee or butter for our bread to send over to the house and get us enough for a day or two.

After supper he came out and introduced himself as "Old Bill Anderson. The bushwhacker," and entertained us until midnight with wild stories of his achievements during the war and of his trips to St. Louis with stock after the war.

Of course he may not have been Bill Anderson at all, but assumed that character to frighten us of for some other reason. He certainly looked and acted out the character to perfection. All I can assert confidently is that we had plenty of cream and butter and rambo apples to last us a day or two, and that he was the only Missourian we met on the trip through the state who did not get all the money possible out of us. (The Holton Recorder, Augusta 2, 1913.)

Thirty-seven years ago tomorrow we first saw Jackson county and Holton. The writer, with his brother, D. D. Beck, S. H. Scott and J. T. Scott, had come from Indiana in wagons. We camped the night before near Effingham and struck out on the morning of the 11th across the prairie in the direction of Arrington Mills. After passing Effingham, which consisted of a railroad station, a store or two, and a few one story residences, I do not think we saw more than two or three improved farms until we came to the mills. Here we crossed Grasshopper and our road lay through raw, wild, uncultivated prairie until we arrived at the N. D. Lewis place three miles east of Holton. Between that place and town there were several residences and partially improved farms.

Holton then had between three and four hundred inhabitants. …Thirty-seven years is a long time when looking forward but when looking back it seems but a brief span, and yet, how many changes have occurred in that time; how much of success, of failure, of joy, of sorrow, of hopes realized and of disappointment, no one but the Recording Angel can ever estimate. (The Holton Recorder-Tribune, October 4, 1906.)

Thirty-seven years ago, the writer with some of his comrades started from Louisville, Kentucky, to Chattanooga, Tennessee. Owing to some obstacles which beset the road and interfered with travel in that direction, we were just one year on the road. When some of us got there finally, we met with a somewhat warm reception. In fact it was hot. They came out to meet us and sent us their compliments in the shape of thirty-two pound shells accompanied with salvos of artillery. It beat the average Fourth of July for noise, and we think it was even more dangerous to life and limb. To use a modern slang phrase, "we got there just the same," and notwithstanding some serious difficulties and urgent inducements to leave, remained until we got ready to

advance in the direction of the Confederacy's last ditch.

Two days ago, we, with a couple of comrades, J. A. and S. H. Scott, started on a second visit to this noted section of our now united and common country. Instead of labored marches, we rode in palace cars at the rate of forty miles an hour. Instead of hardtack and bacon, and coffee made from the water out of surface ponds covered with green scum, we breakfasted, dined and supped at first-class eating houses. Instead of camping out in the mud and snow, frequently with nothing to protect us from the falling snow or rain, we slept in luxurious Pullman berths with an attentive, polite porter to black our shoes and anticipate our every want. He also anticipated a liberal tip when we were called to finally bid him adieu. On our route, instead of looking out on country cursed with the institution of slavery and forty years behind the times because of this curse, with the added desolation of war's destructive hand, we passed thrifty plantations and prosperous beautiful towns and cities, built up by capital and enterprise, largely from the north. Instead of a hostile people who looked upon us as invaders and resented our coming, and "welcomed us with bloody hands to hospitable graves," we met a truly grateful and hospitable people who with the hearty handshake and the pleasant countenance showed that their greeting of welcome was as sincere as it was cordial.

On Tuesday morning, the 19th, we left our sleeper and walked out of the depot, and our eyes rested upon a scene which was the result of the changes wrought by enterprise, labor and capital, encouraged and protected by a munificent free government. On the location where the old two-story Crutchfield house, then the most imposing edifice in the city, stood, we saw the magnificent five-story Reed House, a hotel that in every respect will compare favorably with the best hotel in the largest cities of the north. All around where thirty-five years ago stood old ramshackle frame buildings, are now splendid modern business houses, reaching for blocks in every direction, with elegant paved streets, traversed by electric street railway.

Was this Chattanooga? Certainly not the Chattanooga we knew in war times before General John T. Wilder and his associate business men went there and developed the immense coal and iron interests of that section, and taught them how to transform a slow halting stagnant old country into a rich, thriving, hustling mart of trade and commerce. There was absolutely nothing to remind us of the Chattanooga of 1865, until we raised our eyes. Looking due north we saw across the river Stringer's Ridge, where in August, 1863, Wilder's Brigade, with the Eighteenth Indiana Battery, attracted the attention of Bragg's army by shelling the city while General Rosecrans was executing his flank movement, which in nine days compelled Bragg to retreat and give up the city to the meager force in this isolated position, at least two day's march over two ranges of mountains from the main army.

In the same direction, but nearer, loomed up Cameron Hill, which thirty-five years ago was a bald rocky mound some three hundred feet high, but now improved covered to the summit with elegant residences, surrounded by lawns and shade trees. Looking east and southeast some three to five miles distant, was Missionary Ridge, which furnished a strong and apparently impregnable position occupied by Gen. Bragg's army when after the bloody battles of Chickamauga he held our starving army cooped up until the very boys he thought he had whipped at Chickamauga, and whom he had been trying to starve, a couple of months later charged up its rugged steep sides and sent Bragg with his defeated legions flying toward Ringgold.

Looking to the southwest, and only three or four miles distant, there loomed up two or three thousand feet above the river, which washes its base, Lookout Mountain, where one morning Fighting Joe Hooker and his eastern boys fought the battle above the clouds and drove that portion of the rebel army across the valley to Bragg just in time to share in the general defeat and retreat.

Yes, this was Chattanooga. There was no question of it. There is not another city in the United States with such grand scenery and historic surroundings.

There is no language that will give to those who have never been soldiers a very clear idea of the feeling of fraternity and love that exists between comrades who campaigned together for two or three years during the war for the Union. As time passes and the "boys" grow older this feeling of fraternity strengthens and as a result becomes more interesting and important to those who are able to attend. There were at its organization 160 men in the Eighteenth Indiana Battery. Only twelve of them were able to get to Chattanooga last week. Besides the three from Holton, there were Lieutenant W. B. Rippetoe, a Methodist minister from Knoxville, Tenn. Rippetoe was not only a member of the Battery for the entire three years of service, but was with the writer in Company K, Sixteenth Indiana Infantry, the first year of the war. After associating with him for four
years we are prepared to say that he was one of the few men who entered the army a zealous Christian and never for a moment, under any circumstances, laid aside his Christianity. From what we can learn of him we should also class him with the many whom after the war entered the Christian ministry and took his patriotism with him

and never under the most trying circumstances laid it aside or abated it in any degree. Two years after the war, when he had completed his education and entered the ministry, he cheerfully at the request of the Bishop made a life sacrifice by going to Tennessee, where he has labored for thirty years, mostly among the poor and needy. Moses, when he refused to be called the son of Pharaoh's daughter, choosing rather to suffer affliction with the people of God than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season, did not in our judgment make the sacrifice that W. B. Rippetoe did.

There was W. E. Starr, who entered the battery a sickly spindling youth of sixteen but soon developed into one of the best soldiers that ever wore Uncle Sam's blue, and was finally made first sergeant of the battery. For the past twenty years he has been city marshal of Greencastle, Ind.

Then there was Henry Campbell, of Crawfordsville, Ind., another boy who had to deceive the recruiting officer a year or two in regard to his age to get in. He was made bugler of the battery and was such a splendid soldier that in 1864 he was recommended for and received a lieutenant's commission in another organization. For years after the war he was a leading merchant in Crawfordsville, Ind., and is now an officer in one of the leading banks in that city.

Robert Madden, whose home was in Lockport, New York, happened to be visiting in Indiana when the Battery as being organized, and having a preference for this arm of the service, joined. He was soon made a gunner, and we doubt if there was a man in either army who could sight a gun with more judgment and accuracy than Gunner Madden. He is now in the manufacturing business at his old home in York State.

Bazil Tilson, of Pendleton, Ind., was a messmate of Madden's, both being in the same gun detachment. We wish our readers could have seen these two men meet as we did on the streets of Chattanooga last week. Mr. Tilson was another soldier who was always ready for duty, and who was loved and respected by his officers and comrades. He is now a prosperous farmer and lives near Pendleton.

Hosier Durbin was another member of No. 1 gun. While a soldier, then whom there were none better, he was one of those jolly, cheerful, never despondent boys who made more fun than a cage of monkeys and did more to keep his comrades from giving down under the hardships of camp life than all the doctors and hospital stores to which we had access. He is now a well-to-do citizen of Omaha, Neb., and is as full of fun as ever.

Wm. J. Wolf, a prominent dentist of Brazil, Ind., was with us, and every one was glad to see him. He is president of the Battery Association, which honorable position was given to him because of his popularity, efficiently and faithful interest in all that can or may interest his comrades, as an indication of his standing in the company when we were all surrounded by circumstances and conditions which thoroughly tested the stuff out of which we were formed.

W. O. Crouse had been the faithful and hard-working secretary of the Battery Association ever since its organization, and he never neglects an opportunity to keep tab on the location and condition of ex-members of the Battery. He was sergeant and commander of a gun squad, and there never was a time when his gun was not on the firing line doing execution when the fight was on. Comrade Crouse is now a prominent citizen of Lafayette, Ind., engaged in the insurance business.

Albert Allen, of Shelbyville, Ill., and the popular and efficient clerk of that county, found time to get away from his official duties and be with us. Mr. Allen was been attending to the duties of county clerk in that city for we do not know how many years, and the end is not yet in sight. The reason the people keep him in office so long is because at home he practices the same faithful adherence to duty that he did when he was a corporal in the battery. His popularity seems to be as great there in his Illinois home as it was among his comrades in the army. We were all rejoiced to see him once more.

The twelve of us were together nearly all the time we remained at Chattanooga. On Tuesday forenoon we visited Stringer's Ridge and climbed up to Ft. Wilder, from which position the battery for nine days bombarded Chattanooga. Together we visited the National Cemetery, a beautiful place, where the bones of Corporals Abe McCorkle and Frank Greenwood, two as brave men as ever gave life for their country, repose. Then on to Missionary Ridge, where one of the decisive battles of the war was fought.

On Wednesday morning we all boarded the cars and were in about a half hour landed at Battlefield Station, from whence we wended our way past Bloody Pond to what was the Widow Glen House, where the Brigade Monument is located. Here in the shadow of the massive and beautiful monument, the most prominent object on this historic battlefield, Sergeant Starr called the roll of the Battery and nearly every man was accounted for by those present. The place as well as the occasion was inspiring. Immediately on out left, and in full view, occurred the gap in our lines where Longstreet's legions charged through. Notwithstanding repeated charges. The brigade held the position for nearly two hours and wrought terrible destruction to the enemy by firing into

their flank. We would probably have been there yet if General Sheridan or some one else had not ordered us back to Chattanooga.

The monument is eighty feet high, the base is eighteen foot square and the shaft sixteen feet in diameter. It cost in the neighborhood of $15,000, which amount was contributed by members of the brigade, General Wilder himself giving a considerable portion of it. Here also is a monument to the Eighteenth Indiana Battery.

After the dedication of the monument we twelve Battery boys, including the ladies if the party, engaged wagons and rode over the battlefield. We first went to Alexander's bridge, where on Friday, the 18th, the brigade defended the crossing and kept the advance of the rebel army back for ten hours, thus giving Gen. Rosecrans time to get McCook's corps back into line. From Alexander's bridge we proceeded to the Vinard farm, where the Brigade and Battery had position in the Saturday's fight, and where we repulsed a charge by a division of Hood's corps, on which occasion the enemy left 2,000 dead and wounded in our front, and 500 prisoners in our hands. Here is another beautiful Eighteenth Battery monument erected by the state of Indiana.

While there the boys grouped around the monument and a daughter of Comrade Tilson and a daughter of comrade Hair took our pictures in two or three poses. From there we proceeded down the line two or three miles to Snodgrass Hill where Thomas held his position until night, repulsing every charge and thus saved the army of the Cumberland from defeat. It was a great day and one long to be remembered. (The Holton Recorder, September 28, 1899.)

The senior editor left this morning for Kansas City, where he will visit until Sunday, when he will go to Chattanooga to once more visit and view the ground were he, with the help of a few others, saved the country. The battery of which he was a lieutenant at that time, fired the first shell into Chattanooga some eighteen days before the battle of Chickamauga and some nine days before Bragg's army evacuated the place. Two brigades - Wilder's and Wagner's - with two batteries, the 18th and the 10th Indiana, held a position on Stringer's hill on the north side of the river, and within a mile of the city, during those nine days, from which they shelled the city every daylight hour during that time. They avoided, as much as possible, damaging residences and private property and aimed only at property occupied by the army.

Wm. Crutchfield, a Union man, who owned the Crutchfield House, the only respectable hotel in the town, and who after the war was elected a Republican congressman, swam the river and joined us and pointed out the places occupied by the militia.

Chattanooga at that time was a straggling, unsightly village or town if some two thousand inhabitants. Now it is a fine city of some fifty or sixty thousand; one of the boasted show places of the south. It is interesting to speculate what it would have been if the blight of slavery had not been removed.

Within a radius of twenty miles around this beautiful city, three of the important and decisive battles of the war were fought, the contending armies aggregating between two and three hundred thousand men. These battles were Chickamauga, Lookout Mountain and Missionary Ridge. The first was a draw, the latter two won by the Union forces and disposed the rebel army and drove them south never again to get possession of this strategically important point. Besides these three battles there were scores of lesser engagements and skirmishes fought in this locality. We have no idea that with the exception of Richmond, Virginia, there is no locality in the country of equal extent where so many brave Union and equally brave Confederate soldiers gave up their lives at the demand of what they regarded as duty to their country. (The Holton Recorder, September 11, 1913.)

To one who saw Chattanooga a half century ago and who saw it two weeks ago, the change is simply marvelous. The physical features are unchanged. The verdure clad mountains' and hills and valley in all their grandeur are still there. The beautiful Tennessee river, winding in and out between hills and mountains is there, a thing of beauty still, a joy forever to the beholder.

The wonderful thing is how art has improved and decorated nature. The rocky hills, cliffs and mountains enclosing the valleys were always grand and inspiring and always will be, but the work of art in building the fine roads and beautifying these hills with handsome residences, some of which are palatial, and the laying out and cultivating lovely grounds, thus transforming rugged hills into boulevards and parks of the greatest beauty, is what now fairly astonishes the visitor.

Fifty years ago the latter days of August, General Rosecrans detached two brigades, Wilder's and Wagener's, and two batteries, the 18th and 10th Ind., from the main army, which started on its way south across the river to flank Bragg's army out of Chattanooga, at that time regarded as a key to Georgia and Alabama. This detached force, starting at Dechard, crossed the Cumberland mountains, the beautiful Sequachie valley and Walden's

Ridge, striking the Tennessee river some twelve miles above Chattanooga's. From this point, Wilder's brigade, which was in the advance, made a forced march to Stringer's hills a range of hills some four or five hundred feet high on the north side and a half or three-quarters of a mile from the river. With the aid of ropes the battery was dragged up the summit of theses hills and from there we had our first view of Chattanooga.

As I remember, it was a straggling town, of possibly 2000 inhabitants. There were two business streets running from the river back up a narrow valley between Cameron Hill, a bare, rocky prominence some 200 feet high, and the lower rocky hills on the east. These two streets were lined here and there with old style business houses with here and there a dwelling that was apparently devoid of beautifying surroundings. The residential part of town was mostly scattered over these low, rocky hills and in the valley south of the town. Some two or more miles southwest of the town loomed Lookout Mountain and east and southwest was the range of hills called Missionary Ridge, two points that were made historic a couple of months later. Rosecrans, with the rest of the army, had crossed the river at Stevenson and Bridgeport and was separated from us by a river and two ranges of mountains and at least twenty or thirty miles. Just across the river in and around Chattanooga, was Bragg's army, 40,000 or more strong.

The first thing we did was to open fire with our guns and sink a ferry boat which was tied up to the wharf on the opposite bank of the river. There was not bridge across the river, that structure having been destroyed by General Mitchell earlier in the war. We next paid our respects to a river battery which had opened fire on us as soon as our position had been developed.

We varied the program by firing at such buildings as were occupied by quartermasters, commissaries and ordnance stores. We also occasionally fired at a train that came in from the south or that was starting out from the depot, which was at the south end of one of the streets mentioned, but as the distance was some two miles we could not tell what execution we did. I guess we must have at the least scared them, as mighty few trains came in sight during our stay of nine days. After our possession of the city, we found two or three jagged holes in the depot.

The first day or two the enemies' guns did not get our range very well, and we became a little over-confident and careless; then a thirty-two pound shot found us. It passed between the wheels of the gun carriage and under the gun, took off the leg of a soldier who was setting in the rear of the gun and killed four horses. After that we were more careful and this was our only casualty. The soldier died from the effects of the shot a few days after. His name was Abram McCorkle, and was an uncle of our Holton fellow citizen, E. E. McCorkle.

The question may arise in the minds of some readers why did an army of forty thousand allow such a small detachment of two brigades to hold a position in firing distance of the town for nine days. Well, there are two answers to that query. One is that there being no bridges or boats available, and to lay a pontoon in the face of two brigades, one armed with Spencer repeating rifles, and six rifled rodman, and six rifled parott guns, was no easy job. Another answer is that our force had been sent to that point to occupy the attention of the enemy made a diversion in favor of and to help Rosecrans, who was making his flank movement on the city. It would under the conditions have taken at least 10,000 men to have routed us from our position, and General Rosecrans would have been delighted to have had the enemy forces weakened to such an extent, while making his flank movement.

When Bragg excavated Chattanooga on September 10th, we forded the river near the north end of Missionary Ridge and followed as far as Tunnell Hill, skirmishing with his rear guard every mile or two.

Eight days later, on September 18, the battle of Chickamauga was commenced at Alexander's and Reed's bridges across the Chickamauga river. I have traveled around during and since the war through some thirty states and have seen many beautiful places, but I declare without hesitation and confident of no successful contradiction, that Chattanooga and vicinity is the most attractive show place in the country, and that I saw nothing in my brief tour in Europe that compared with it. (The Holton Recorder, October 2, 1913.)