

Chapter I
Enlistment—Life in Camp—War reminiscence—
Capture by the Enemy.

The author was born in Pulaski County, Kentucky, December 27th 1848. Was enlisted in the 20th Indiana Battery at Indianapolis January 1863. Consequently was but a little over fourteen years of age when he started out to help save the Union.

The 20th Indiana battery was commanded by Captain Osborn of Newcastle Indiana. Osborn was one of those cool quiet men that was ready for action on the spur of the moment. He was fearless and daring. Stood high in the estimation of his men; This grand man had one failing peculiar to the generality of military men that was esteemed and honored by us all.

Military discipline was one of the lost arts to Osborn whose genial good nature prevented him from executing any of the West Point penalties upon his men, Any soldier in the battery could approach Osborn on common ground and share in his sociability.

The second officer in command First Lieutenant Armstrong was a West Point officer and had an eye to business. Osborn shirked the responsibility of introducing discipline

in the 20th Indiana battery by virtually handing over the command to Armstrong, whose West Point training knew no failure and his ruling ment to get there. Armstrong was not disliked for his rigid discipline in fact, we showed the West Pointers more respect and courtesy than our chief officer, somehow he had that peculiar military power over the men to make them feel that it was necessary to put on ^{all} the galvanized military agony that could be handled to good advantage. Somehow I always ^{felt} at a disadvantage in his presence for fear he would discover a missing button, it was a constant effort on the part of the men to keep enough red tape on hand to fill orders from Armstrong - he was always on the alert for his prey it was hard to escape anything short of perfection. A lady on a muddy street crossing would hardly escape military orders from Armstrong for it would be just like him to say. Dress up in front and close up in the rear.

But I will return to the memorable day of my enlistment at Indianapolis where I was mustered in, sworn in, pushed and squeezed in and out of two or three buildings, where government officers and clerks were busy in signing papers. Finally after two days of hard work I received the finishing touch that converted a civilian into a soldier for three years or during the war.

Then we received a requisition for clothing - repaired to the commissary department where Uncle Sam had car loads of the blue in bales. I got my modesty rather chilled when one of the Commissary men with a tape line around my waist swore there was not a pair of that size in the house. Finally after much searching he threw down a couple of pair with the other trimmings, blouse, jacket, overcoat, knapsack, haversack, canteen, blanket, shirts, drawers, shoes, and socks, I had been watching the pile as it grew and thought if Uncle Sam was that liberal in rations no one would starve or freeze rather with all those ducks, another young fellow of our battery after the clothing had been issued, was jogging their memory about gallees (this is a hoozier term for suspenders) He was told that a gallows was not recognized by Uncle Sam, that men was shot for certain offences not hung.

We got into our new clothes and it woud be a miss here to admit that perhaps, some of us felt that the Rebellion was only a question of time. During our stay in Indianapolis we had been quartered at a first class hotel, at Camp Morton the government barrack near the city was full of soldiers, we had been put off in rather undignified quarters I thought.

The idea of soldiers that was going soon to put down the Rebellion to be quartered with unpatriotic civilians in a first class hotel.

In after days I would have been the last man on earth to have objected to Uncle Sam's hotel generosity.

Well we had got into our military uniform and was told that transportation could not be furnished us for twenty days, we were given a twenty day furlough home, I was very anxious to get down toward the front believing the country was liable to be lost without the 20th battery. Though I was partly reconciled to leave the country in jeopardy a few days until I could go home and show my new clothes, so about noon I boarded a train with several comrades bound for Quincy, a small village on the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago rail road - where my father then lived. We left Indianapolis on the Vandalia line and changed at Greencastle junction to the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago R. R. which was then one of the roughest roads in the state.

We connected with a local freight at Greencastle Junction, and soon after we left the junction, we stuck on a steep grade, the engineer would reverse the steam, back out, and take running hitches at the grade, but he

could not make it over. In those days they burned wood for fuel and one of my comrades advanced the idea that the Crooked Wood the fireman was using was intended to be used in going around curves, hence we could not get over a straight grade with Crooked wood. An other Comrad observing intently the letter initials of the road on the box Cars which was L. N. & C. R. R. of Louisville New-Albany and Chicago R. R. Said those letters meant Long, Narrow, Awkward, and Crooked R. R.

But we were stuck the engineer had taken half of the train to Cloverdale the next Station and would return for the remainder. A brakeman was left in charge of this portion of the train and while we were impatiently waiting the return of the engine he entertained the 20th battery boys by some of his experience of ten years service on this rough road; he told of many hair breadth escapes in numerous wrecks that were of daily occurrence on some portion of the road, I remember of one experience he gave us that was appreciated by all, and I give it to you in his own language as near as possible from memory.

My first trip said he over the long, narrow, Awkward, and Crooked road, as one of you term it, was ten years ago, I was on this trip

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detailed to fire old 36, which was at that time considered the most powerful engine on the road, but it took lots of wood to make her perform, and the engineer who had handled her ever since she was built, told me before starting with the heavy extra freight we were to pull out of Michigan City that I might depend on handling some wood, for old 36 would eat cords of it before morning.

I had her blowing off when we received orders and pulled out about sundown, good time was made for several hours as the North end of the line is comparatively level for eighty miles and few grades were encountered.

A night station was reached about nine o'clock where we were signaled for orders. we were to meet 95 the extra North bound train at a station just beyond Reckers bend, there was a heavy grade from each direction to the midway point on this curve and I had been throwing in beach wood several miles back and had old 36 trembling under a high pressure of steam. Within a half mile of the grade the engineer pulled the throttle wide open and we struck the incline at about 70 miles an hour and was about half way up when old 36 was piteously wheezing for more wood and steam, yet, the engineer said we would make it over

But as we neared the top our speed was not
 over eight miles an hour and just as old 36
 poked her nose over the line of victory at the
 top, I looked down on the curve below and
 there I saw something that made my blood
 run cold, my heart stoped beating, and my
 hair was raising my cap, for there below in
 plain view was the head light of 95 that we
 would soon be bounding down upon at a
 fearful rate. I mechanically began setting the
 brake, although the engineer had given no
 signal, for he sat calmly looking out of the
 window, instantly turning around he said.
 For Gods sake dont set the Brake. My God says
 it is 95 and I had no more than said it when
 I jumped, and just as I left the Cab I heard
 something said by the engineer that made me
 feel foolish and it downed upon me in an
 instant that the head-light I had seen was
 so far away that if we had been running
 until now we would not have run into
 it. For it was the Moon that was just coming
 up. I caught the way-car as it came slowly
 by and walked back over the train to the engine,
 I offered that engineer a fine suit of clothes next
 pay day if he would not squeal on me but I
 had not been in New Albany five hours before every
 rail road man in town had heard about 36 running

into the Moon. Our friends experience was now ended by the return of the engine and we were pulled on towards Quincy, which was about fifteen miles farther South. It now occurred to me that it was going to be a little embarrassing to meet my friends, but it was some consolation however, to know that several others of the 20th battery would get off at Quincy. Yet, they were all much older than me and I felt that the misanthropic civilians would make me the butt of some uncomplimentary remarks in reference to my big clothes. The clothes were indeed so much too large for me that if I had been left alone I would ^{have} felt lonesome wandering around in so much unfilled space, though I resolved to be a man in spite of my youth. I would ^{have} given a month's pay to ^{have} had those clothes pulled a little sooner. Like the corpulent patient that tried to ride a wheel to reduce his avoirdupois who declared it had caused him to fall off a good deal, I presume I looked like I had fell off a good deal while that healthy looking suit had held its own. The whistle blew for Quincy and nearly every body in town that was not already at the station struck a few lines to get there, and by the time the local freight got through jerking, starting, and stopping there was a setting

mass of humanity on the platform. W. J. Bryan
 on an election tour as a tail end attraction could
 not ^{have} attracted a more respectable crowd than
 we did, I was greeted warmly by all my old
 Chums and to my surprise and gratification
 no one seemed disposed to venture any unplea-
 sent remarks about my clothes. The little village
 of Quincy had turned out a liberal number
 of Soldiers and the loyal spirit of her Citizens
 was manifested in the warm greeting we received.
 Father and one of my younger brothers had
 come to the depot, after exchanging greetings
 with some of my youthful friends we went
 home. My mother met me at the door and looking
 me over very carefully I thought I could detect
 something sad in her manner though she greet-
 ed me warmly and said, Jim, they have taken
 you away from me to be a soldier but you are
 still my boy; I said yes mother I am yours
 first last and all the time, for I didnt own
 any best girl those days, if I had she could not
 have dug down near so deep in my heart as
 mother, for no one could stir up feeling in
^{the} region of the heart like mother - every impulse
 of sympathy, affection, and sentiment I may
 have ^I inherited ~~was~~ from my mother, often when
 I was a near lad I would hide behind
 the influence of my mothers love to keep out of

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range of the Devil. My mothers love was like a beautiful island surrounded by pure water and the angels could not take issue with me in this secure retreat. If there is any thing in this life that stretches out from morality a little towards heaven it is a pure honest love for a mother. It has been long years since my mother went to her reward, though, her memory is yet indelibly and tenderly enshrined on the heart of the once youthful soldier in the big clothes that has grown into ripe manhood.

My short stay at home until the limit of my furlough expired seemed like an age to me, the days went slowly by for I was anxious to try the reality of a soldiers life. Finally the day for departure arrived my knapsack was packed in regulation style, I had noticed very carefully at the commissary department how we were instructed to do this, and became quite an expert in this branch of military skill. I had seen several of the 20th battery boys pass by going to the depot, the train would be due in twenty minutes but I was hesitating though anxious to go, I could leave every thing but my mother and when it came to say good by to her as she stood with a calm serene face that I thought was just a little pale, something all around my left side seemed as hard to put aside as a ton of lead.

I knew that mother observed this and she was making a brave fight to conceal her own feelings. Tears I thought was not manly for a soldier, such things should only break out in a quarterly meeting, in the wood shed, or behind the corn crib, for a hero that was going to the front to help man big guns to get broke up on a little sympathetic touch of his mother. Was not to be considered, though very many young heroes learned the sequel to this and knew what it cost to leave the parental roof where sweet milk, fresh butter, hot biscuits, a warm bed, and a mother's love, these things were not met with in Army life only in visions that was mockery to the realities of the treasures at home. I imagine the person who composed "Home sweet home" was a brave man that was severely attracted with a sudden spell of his better nature to see his mother. Mother it is only fifteen minutes to train time I must go. - Good by. - Good by. God bless my boy and bring him home again.

At the depot I found quite a number of my company, some of whom lived in the country and were brought in by their friends either in buggies, or on horseback, and many of their near friends were among those to take final leave of them at the depot. The train whistled; hurried good by's were said.

One fellow whispers something in the ear of his best girl and she slips some little souvenir into his hand as a remembrance, which was very dear to this fellow as he showed me this little treasure sometime afterwards but he never came back to Quincy. (He sleeps at Laverne Tennessee beneath the tall cedars.) A young husband kisses his wife an affectionate good by, and after we enter the train she holds up the little prattling babe that the father may look once more upon the sacred innocence of their first born, and again she waves him adieu. That man never returned to see that wife and babe again, down in the sunny South at Bridgeport near the waters of the Tennessee he was said to rest.

The bell rings all aboard and we are leaving the scenes of other days. I look out on the left and see the old familiar land marks one by one fading away in the distance, the spire of the old Methodist Church is the last object that I discern as we roll away. Now the small brave in the big clothes, whose destiny is at the disposal of his Country, (Uncle Sam,) and providence, for two years and four months is landed in Indianapolis where orders were immediately issued for transportation South via Louisville Kentucky.

We now repaired to Camp Morton where we drew our first government rations, government rations issued to soldiers who are stationed indefinitely in regular camp consisted of the following. Sugar, coffee, hardtack or sour bread, thick bacon, rice, hominy, beans, split peas, mixed vegetable, and occasionally molasses, and fresh beef. Though when under marching orders this variety is cut down to sugar, coffee, hardtack, and thick bacon, or more commonly called sow-belly. This is considered by Uncle Sam to be good solid nourishment, and several days rations can be stowed away in a haversack. A man that has a good appetite and is brave and patriotic can make himself useful at the front under such provender. These rations looked very plain and few to me, and did not compare favorably with the bill of fare I had been getting at the hotel. These hardtack were hard property and may have been left over from the Mexican war and stowed away for future use, for I think one of these hardtack would last as long as real estate. My age was against me but I had been examined very critically when I enlisted and sound teeth was one of the requisites, a man with a few snags, and decayed grinders would of met his Waterloo in one of these hardtack.

We marched back to the Union Depot and boarded a train for Louisville, there were no Wagner, or Pullman coaches in those days and it required all other

Coaches to accommodate Citizens and Commissioned officers, our train was in keeping with our rank, plain box cars, we were not very much crowded but still there was only standing room unless you preferred to sit on the floor. Our introduction to military life was not as favorable to my idea of military aristocracy as I had imagined, but what else could I do but stand up for my country, which I did from Indianapolis to Louisville. There was some very awkward military movements aboard these cars between the Hoosier and Kentucky metropolis which consisted in testing each end of the car as to how much butting it would resist without being knocked out as we charged vice versa at times with the sudden stopping and starting of the train - we finally reached Louisville without any loss in our first engagement unless it might have been a small amount of confidence misplaced somewhere between enlistment and Louisville. I thought I could detect a little of that tired feeling so graphically described by the patent medicine man, though I was determined to defend my reputation and discharge to the letter every responsibility imposed on me. I really laughed in my sleeve under the influence of my determination to see some of my large and loud comrades go to the rear for Quinine before the Cut of the 20th Indiana battery.

would leave his post. I resolved to be all wool if I was a little narrow for I had found out this early in our association that some of my overgrown Comrades were over half cotton, and I was going to hear them squeal before I did. We tarried but a short time in Louisville and boarded another box car train on the Louisville and Nashville road. This was early in the morning and between Louisville and Nashville we could see much of the result of the war, at Bowling Green, Fort Donelson, Muldershill, and other places along the rout the destruction of property was visible every where, I began to realize what the war meant to the South. We arrived at Nashville late in the evening and marched over to the famous large Zolcofer building that was used by the military authorities as a government barrack where we spent the night. I was rather restless and wakeful all night from some cause and it seemed that the friction of my government underware was irritating the surface. Next morning I was wide awake to the cause when I met face to face with my first grayback - this solemn reality was a grave problem to me for I had more of this stock than I cared to invest in. That building was litterly alive with these pests, if these graybacks had been greenbacks the financial volum of the

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Golcofer house would have been ample to
 have wiped out the National debt with a
 surplus still untouched large enough to meet
 any insane demand of the greenback party.
 The first grayback a raw soldier encounters
 he feels troubled in the flesh and refuses to be
 comforted. I had a vivid memory of what it
 was to scratch against the hoosier itch for I
 had been regularly supplied with a case at the
 district school every Spring. Some of the upper
 families from whom I was inoculated called
 it humor of the blood, but mother knew better
 and fixed up the regular old itch eradicator
 composed of sulphur, lard &c. But scratching
 against that army of graybacks that were in
 Brigades, divisions, and army corps through-
 out the inside of those big clothes was a
 herculean task to which the hoosieritch was
 not a fourth rate circumstance, In fact I
 felt I had met the enemy and I was theirs,
 I did not have much appetite for breakfast
 that morning I felt that I ought to go on
 the fatigued list for I had scratched very ^{near}
 up to that condition, but some of those large,
 loud Comrads of mine were showing up ra-
 ther tired in this round, and I called to mind
 the resolution I had put down deep in my
 heart to hear them squeal before I did, and

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I put on a kind of fraudulent outward bravery and had the audacity to chafe them in their affliction, I offered my services as a scratching machine to relieve them of their agony.

Soon after breakfast we received marching orders and repaired to the depot where we boarded a Nashville and Chattanooga train for Laramie, fifteen miles south of Nashville. We arrived at Laramie early in the forenoon where we disembarked to go into regular quarters.

I will here explain that the 20th Indiana battery had been organized several months before I enlisted but the organization was not complete only for a four gun battery, a full light Artillery consists of six guns from one hundred and twenty to one hundred and forty men - five commissioned officers - Captain and four Lieutenants.

A battery is divided into three divisions of two guns each, with a Lieutenant and two gun Sergeants for each division. First Lieutenant is next in rank to Captain, while the other three as second Lieutenants. Those of us that had just arrived at Laramie were assigned to the third division guns 5 and 6 under Lieutenant Allen of Bloomington Indiana, a few of the original battery men with two gun Sergeants were changed from the other divisions to ours in order to better facilitate the drill service.

Well here we are in camp assigned our proper places and ready for trouble, which we soon encountered under the rigid discipline inaugurated by Lieutenant Armstrong - who had us drill for hours daily, and I wish to say to my readers that know nothing of artillery field drill, that cutting cord wood is a mere pleasure compared to it. Lieutenant Allen of our division seemed to be a little partial to me and would often show me privately at gun six how to perform the manual of the Artillery drill. I was eager to gain all the honors in sight and was soon leading all the fresh additions to the battery in the points of drill, even Lieutenant Armstrong eulogized the cut of the battery, and I felt just a little important under the eulogy of the West Pointer. I was getting thoroughly initiated to camp life - had a good appetite slept sound on a hard bed, and was getting along far better than some of my big comrades. I wish to say there was one essential thing to learn in military life, that I soon learned, and this, is kept so fresh in the mind of every soldier as he stands in line on review and hears the military discipline read, detailing the duties and penalties of military life. This occurs so frequently that you can not forget it, you soon learn to realize that to obey ^{orders} is one of the healthiest things in sight. You have no village ordinance to

dance around and kick into wrinkles, there is
 no august justice of the peace at whose dignified
 shrine you can ring in a *habeas corpus*, hang the
 jury, get a change of venue, bring in an alibi,
 or get out on bail. No - nothing of this kind is
 encountered, for the technicalities of civil law
 might lose the country a battle while court
 was in session, and military law is very brief.
 An officer of the day can sit on your case hatch
 out a penalty and have it all in working order
 in five minutes, there is virtually but one side
 to a military tribunal, and that is the prosecution,
 the very idea of a defendant as Samantha Allen
 would say would make Uncle Sam tired - "Tired as
 a dog". Military discipline is a double reacting
 justice that is hard to escape. One of the best results
 of this rigid discipline is in obliterating all the lines
 of society that is brought under military life.
 Take all the different classes of men - the high and
 the low - the rich and the poor - the good and the
 bad - put them under West Point discipline and in
 three months you would be astonished to observe
 the similarity of the men; take the neighborhood
 tough that had been the terror to morality and
 civil authority and you will find him wilted like
 a laundered shirt in a harvest field - take the
 educated fool who on the streets of his native villi-
 age soared in his imaginary greatness above all

The brain power in his section, and you will find that man in a military camp quietly but surely taking his first step in American manhood. A military camp is common ground where soldiers very much alike are produced from all classes, where the high and the haughty are lowered, and the meek and unassuming are elevated, take the quiet man whose unassuming nature hid his rare talent from you at home and when this plain pebble was placed under the glass there was quickly discovered that rich rare talent and genius out of which great commanders of men are produced, and you was made to wonder why, or from whence, this recent greatness came to your quiet neighbor that had received the Apsaltes with two Stars, one of these was an unassuming tanner and was not reckoned worthy of the command of a regiment. Yet, through him we received the Broken sword of the South.

We had now been at Laram several months the 20th battery had achieved perfection in discipline and drill service, but this honor had been dearly earned in "getting there and staying there" as Sam Jones would say, I think this had been Lieutenant Armstrong's tent to which he had stayed very closely. The balmy days of spring time

had come and the beautiful wild flowers in variety
 of form, color, and fragrance decorated the hills, plains
 and valleys of the sunny South; this sweet reality of lonely
 nature spread out like an enchanting panorama
 of nature's God and the soldier boy in the big clothes
 wondered if this beautiful scene was not emblematic
 of his mother's love, and was not her sweet spirit
 breathing out love for her boy, through those sweet
 nodding flowers. It seemed that a sweet, reverberating
 sound was wafted to me by the balmy breeze in the
 spirit of melody from the hoosier home. It was soft
 and low but I recognized it "Jesus lover of my soul,
 Let me to Thy bosom fly" it was mother's favorite hymn
 and could she have stood beside her boy that beautiful
 spring morning and looked out over the scene she
 might have sung more audibly "Nearer, my God, to
 Thee". Could this beautiful scene fail to touch the
 finer elements of our nature that was hidden away
 in the heart and soul behind the coarse rough out-
 ward covering that was worn next to the world
 Perhaps the Angels came in the night with brushes
 dipped in the faintest colors and painted the
 glorious scenes that had enraptured the hoosier
 boy, but this was only the aspiration of an im-
 aginary dream. The curtain fell - the beautiful
 scene had vanished like the golden ray of the
 genial sun that had hid from the world behind
 the storm, whose dark clouds overshadowed the scene

Beneath the dark shades was the innumerable host of war eagerly plunging into the carnage and strife of battle, - the kindred blood of our land was staining our republic in dishonor and shame before the civilization of the world. Just above me on the heights stood out in bold relief the formidable ordnance of war, the six wicked shining pieces of machinery that we had been so skillfully instructed how to turn their frowning muzzles with their thundering death into the ranks of our fellow men. But thank God, I never did hate the gray, though I had on more blue to the square inch perhaps than any soldier South of the Mason and Dixon line.

The 20th battery was now ready for orders, perfectly equipped, and drilled, and even our horses knew with almost human instinct every sound of the bugle and the men that had charge of them had as much respect for them as they did for the cannoniers. That section of the Country South of Nashville to Atlanta Georgia was now the acquired territory of the Federal army, and the trunk line of rail road operating between those two important points was the main source of supply to the vast armies at the front. While there was no considerable force of the enemy near this trunk line, small raiding parties were a constant

menace to transportation. Every avenue of approach had to be diligently protected and it required a vast army along this line to guard all the essential points. The 20th Indiana battery was assigned duty at many points along this route, we were often required to disband into sections of two guns each, to hasten to some point where attempts were made to cut off supplies. Sometimes it would be several months before the battery would be consolidated. As time passed and the front line of the Federal Army was pushed farther South, the raids along the line became less frequent, a few shell now and then was about all that was required. Though there was some interesting work for the Cavalry farther away from the line, and when they were hotly pressed they would fall back on the friendly support of the battery, from which the Johnnies would try to shy clear, for if there is any thing that the blue and the gray like to give a wide berth it was a wicked shell from a Six pound Rodman, Parrott, or James Rifle. Solid shot, grape, or canister, delt out but little death during the war compared to the shell; a good gunner could note his range through a field glass at a distance of two and a half miles, and ~~the~~ the second shell he could drop within a few yards of his aim and it was death all around that spot. Artillery ammunition is so accurately prepared

That after the distance is obtained, the fuse in the shell can be gauged to absolute accuracy, a good gunner can burst shells all day in a fort two and one half miles away, while with solid ^{shot} the chances for fatal results might be any where from ten to twenty in favor of the shell. Grape and canister are only for short range and are worthless as a defence beyond a few hundred yards. A battery incamped on the heights or elevated ground would hardly appear to one unfamiliar as being a formidable defence against the enemy. Yet, the machinery of military skill in a battery is like clock work, a few notes from the bugal assemble each man to his post instantly. Up there where it might seem so quiet and still, missiles of death are hurled into the ranks of the foe three miles away and it would cost the foe many lives to ascend the heights where the battery was located. Shell is the principal defence at a distance, though when a battery is charged from close quarters grape, and canister, are used, and woe to the brave men that attempt this charge for they will fall like the grain before the sickle.

- (1) That quiet battery on the hill with burnished mettle bright,
 With its frowning muzzles ready to put the foe to flight
 It's so quiet up there in the camp where all is calm and still
 That a foe would hardly reckon there was danger on the hill.
- (2) Though one sound up in that camp of a bugal call we knew
 Would assemble quick the hoosiers a work of death to do
 And away down in the valley, where the foe might march so still
 The hoosier shells would find them, from this battery on the hill.
- (3) When the 20th battery boys would load and fire at will
 There was death among the foe, from the battery on the hill.
 And a hoosier far to small, his big blue clothes to fill
 Was helping load and fire, that battery on the hill.
- (4) The charging rank of the foe, with sure death wed fill
 From the 20th hoosier battery that was firing from the hill.
 The solid shot and grape, and the whizzing shells so shrill
 Was the kind of hoosier rations we issued from the hill.

Camp life had become rather irksome to me, I liked a little variation, after a soldier has seen service for over a year he longs to see the curtain go up on something new from the commissary department, Uncle Tom's Cabin is all right if you haven't seen it over fifteen or twenty times, but you can see it so often that Topsy is silly instead of funny and your sentimental apparatus loses interest in your sympathy for Uncle Tom and you look upon Mrs Stowe's effort as an all around shabby affair.

The Commissary department supplied plenty of solid food, but one or two thousand meals in succession

without any variation was sufficient cause to investigate quantity and quality of certain things beyond the picket. Various things began to find their way into camp that had not been drawn at the Commissary. Perhaps the sweet potatoes had been drawn but they might have been drawn five miles away with a hoe; Poultry, fruit, milk, butter, roasting ears, and occasionally fresh pork.

The hoosier boy in the big clothes had been connected with two or three little innocent expeditions, I can only justify this act on a hungry basis, that under certain conditions appetite can knock out conscience in the first round. On one of the expeditions we had in view some fresh pork along with other curiosities that would form quite a museum in a military camp. After this little excursion a new revision of a familiar war melody might have been appropriate in the following.

Say darkey, hab you seen my hog any. whar bot dis place
 I spees dem wicked battery boys am a giben dat hog a chase
 For I here de bugle ray up de road, where de hoosier battery stay
 Dat hog he left so bery sudent, I spees hes gon dat way
 When dem battery boys wants some pork ^{summa} dey bound to get some ^{battery come}
 And de hogs and de pigs had better skeedaddle since dat hoosier
 I will explain here that there is a vast differance
 between a Polau China hog and one of those hazel splitters
 of the South. The former are all right for bacon and
 lard, but the latter seems to have been built with

a view to speed, and it required lots of Yankee
 wind ^{to} capture me. Of course we could ^{use} no fire-arms
 that would have meant a little variation of the exer-
 cise, probably carrying a rail. One of these hogs
 could go a long ways before it was captured, but
 afterwards it was too thin to go far, it was all lean
 and delicious and like a partial eclipse was soon
 gone, our commissary meat was thick and fat and
 a few beans cooked with this would afford lots of
 soup. When the bugle call was sounded for meals the
 boys would put words to the music that fit very approp-
 riately. Thus. Soupie, Soupie, Soupie, and cant find a bean
 Fattie, Fattie, Fattie, and cant find any lean.
 An other little incident I will relate here that the
 20th Indiana battery had nothing to do with, for there
 was others that did outside work contrary to orders.
 I shall lay this to some Illinois troops. One
 Jasper Nooker now of Rushville, I think could
 tell this better than I. # Nooker was a genial good
 fellow and was hard to head off on outside expedi-
 tions, he had been on picket and with two other
 comrades discovered a couple of Cattle near the
 picket post about dusk, one of them seemed to be
 fresh and they resolved to wait until dark and steal
 outside the picket, and in the language of Grant
 "They would milk one or both of those cows if it
 took all night". Soon after dark armed with a
 bucket and dark lantern the trio stole quietly

past theicket, and soon located one of them, It was cautiously driven up a small ravine that terminated with steep and almost perpendicular banks on either side, with an abrupt cliff in front, after it was corraled in front of the cliff. A counsel of war was now held as to the best mode of procedure. Different suggestions were made pro and con. Finally Hooker struck the key note by proposing that he guard the cow while his comrades place some limbs and small logs directly behind her across the ravine to prevent a possibility of escape, when the milking process should be attempted. This now accomplished they prepared to carry out one of the most wonderful feats ever recorded, quietly getting inside of the enclosure they were in very close quarters, the animal became nervous and threatened trouble. But Hooker's immortal sagacity again came to the rescue by proposing that his comrades take her by the horns and tail while he did the milking. This was a little difficult to do, but finally the animal through fear and force was subjected. Hooker now prepared to do the milking feeling around where the milk ought to be, he discouragingly remarked that he feared she had gone dry, to verify his fears the comrad that was holding the tail turned on the dark lantern, holding it around so that Hooker could investigate. No sooner done than

The now disgusted Nooker exclaimed. "Let her go she's a Steer." This may sound a little funny to my readers, but those men were so overwhelmingly disappointed that it never occurred to them at the time as being the least funny, and the brave Nooker and his comrades stole sadly back to camp not even submitting their disappointment to the justice of reason in the fact of having tried to upset one of the laws of nature by trying to make a little Brindel Steer give milk.

The 20th battery was consolidated for a short time at Murfreesboro thirty miles South of Nashville, this had been a strongly fortified position and the enemy here under General Bragg had made a brave and stubborn resistance against victorious Rosecrans. Who had sacrificed many brave men as the silent City of the brave dead testify in the military Cemetery near Stone river. A handsome monument has since been erected on the site.

Murfreesboro before the war had been quite a commercial center, that region of Country adjacent to Stone river is very fertile and the staple products of the Country, Cotton, tobacco, and hemp, found a market in Murfreesboro, many slaves had been owned here by the wealthy planters and when Bragg evacuated Murfreesboro hundreds of these colored refugees swarmed into the City, and when we arrived on the scene they seemed

to have possession of it. It was interesting to study these poor ignorant people, they were entirely destitute and the military authorities were furnishing them rations, the freedmans aid society was interested in their education, and two or three schools was in progress. These people were perfectly contented and happy and seemed as thoroughly exempt from any mental trouble as the government mule is from small pox. There were many preachers among them and I had an opportunity to hear one of those ignorant divines discuss spiritual things, he seemed to think more of Lincoln than the ~~the~~ Lord and refered to him much oftener; Among other things he was eulogizing the colored people for their freedom, which was brought about as he put it, by the maskulation adoration of massie Lincoln, and de Colord folks could now go to Pensilvania, Philadelpork or any other sea port in Tennessee. There were many Mulatoes among them and higher grades in color, some of the Octaroon females were quite handsome. I suppose any of my readers know what a Mulato is, the Lord never made a Mulato any more than he did a mule, the originality of both these animals have been tinkered with since Adam was made, and Christ rode into Jerusalem. A mulato is the first cross of ebony hue steeped in Southern blood, he is steeped and recrossed until the original African is entirely lost in the Southern planter, and in former days

you would never have supposed that such a being was held as a slave.

This was certainly Americanism at low tide, when it was legal for a man to enslave his own blood, sell and barter it as you would your stock, put his own children on the auction block to be separated from their mothers breast, his own blood he has ordered buried in ignominious graves, as you would bury a stinking carcass. Such barbarity was legal when the National light of justice and civilization was turned on the scene, through the emancipation proclamation of the immortal Lincoln whose signature as the executive of the people, made this document a living light of humanity. This National shame and wrong was in its self provocation for war and the result was worth the cost to freedom and civilization. Though unfortunately we met few of this class on the field of battle, we met the honest yeomanry of the South who mistakenly believed they were fighting for their homes instead of slavery. I will not consume time and space in detailing the many things that transpired from enlistment up to the time of my capture. I will review the closing scenes of my service with the battery and bid a long and sorrowful farewell to my many warm staunch friends in the old 20th battery. Early in the summer of 1864 we were ordered to Bridgeport Alabama, this is some thirty miles north

of Chatanooga Tennessee where the rail road crosses the Tennessee river which is the dividing line between Alabama and Tennessee. The river here is divided by a large island, the main portion of the river running next to Bridgeport. The bridges over each section of the Tennessee were important factors for the Federal Army and several ineffectual attempts were made to destroy them, our battery was placed on high ground with her six guns raking every approach to both bridges. The opposite side of the river was a very rough and rugged portion of country, with cane-breaks and thickets. Our pickets over there were often attacked, and foraging was positively forbidden, as many of our boys had been picked up while on such expeditions, but none of our battery. The one hundred and second Illinois lost several men I saw one of them afterward in Cahaba prison. An Indiana regiment also lost several men while beyond the picket.

On the opposite side of the river the Johnnies had often got inside of our picket line and doubtless knew every hog path in the vicinity, while a foraging yankee might get lost within one mile of camp. I had stayed very close to Lieutenant Allen's warning in advising me not to be persuaded into a foraging expedition. Late one evening on July 7th I had repaired to the river to bathe

where perhaps a hundred or more soldiers were bathing, after I came out and dressed I looked among the bathers to see if I could recognize any of my messmates among them, but I failed to see any one of the battery that belonged to no six. I did not want to take any others into my confidence to help carry out what was in my mind. Our mess owned a trot line from which we had taken considerable fish, this line was made of telegraph wire, with short kinks at regular intervals to hold the staging from slipping, to which the hooks were attached, this line was fastened to the opposite side of the island near the lower end, we had a boat concealed under some willows about one fourth of a mile up the river. It was now getting late in the evening but the desire to run the trot line and secure a mess of fish for no six was more than I could resist, so hastening up the river I boarded the boat and pulled out around the upper end of the island and down on the opposite ^{side} to the line. Laying the oars in the boat I began feeding the line over the bow pulling towards the South shore. This part of the river was narrow and I had fed the line all over the bow except a few hooks and was about ⁽ⁱⁿ⁾ fifteen feet of shore when I heard the unmistakable click, click, click, click, of two guns that were cocked. I looked up and there in fifteen

feet of me were two living Jhonies with their deadly weapons almost in my face. Here yank fall out here or you are a goner; There under the frowning muzzles of the 20th battery the hoosier in his big clothes was prisoner of war, only for a few dwarf forest trees on the island, I would have been in plain view of our battery, and the pickets at the bridge above us was not over six hundred yards away, but there was only two things that could be done and I made up my mind quick and obeyed orders, rather than to float down the river a dead hero. As I landed one of the Jhonies shored the boat out to float down the river. One of them took the advance and I followed him while the other brought up the rear at a trail arms with the bayonet very close to a part of the 20th battery, we followed a narrow winding path often stooping to get under limbs and brush that hung over the way; not a dozen words were spoken until we had reached an opening some three miles away from the river, here we arrived at a deserted farm house, near which was an old log stable, where was fastened the horses of my captors, the men now became very communicative and plied me with questions. They were rather elderly men and seemed very good natured, not giving me a single word of abuse. I learned from these shy old coons that they had often been over to Bridgeport and knew all about the force over there, they said if it was not for their friends to whom they did not want to bring the Yankee

raders, they would have had the bridges destroyed at Bridgeport long ago. So they were content to slip around and pick up a flank now and then, and go over to Bridgeport and pass as peaceable noncombatants long enough to exchange some luxuries to the yankees for Sugar and coffee.

Such were my captors, not regular soldiers but doing service for the Confederacy just the same. The horses were now brought out of the stable I getting on behind one of them the other bringing up the rear. Just as we started I heard our bugal sounding lights out at Bridgeport. I would tell you if possible what came up in my brain, heart and soul as that old familiar sound floated softly out over the night and was borne to the ear of the hoosier boy now a prisoner of war. If I could only communicate to my friends, If the boy in Tennessee could sound for help the reveille. I was now entering upon a future the dark reality of which seemed to be dawning in my brain, yet I had not the faintest conception of its awful terror. My mind swept back over the past of my military life and service, the associations of camp life, my many warm friends in the battery, my enlistment, telling them good by at home, mothers calm and serene face at parting when she said God bless my boy and bring him back again,

The days of early Childhood came vividly to memory when the feet was weary with play, when the Sun had gone to rest, when the stars came out and the supper dishes were put away, and the little trundle bed in the back room was pulled out and the covers all snugly tucked in, it was then that lights went out at home. If I could escape this reality and steal back in the spirit to other days and enter in to that sweet trundle bed repose. But God bless and bring my boy back again, there was hope in these last words, mothers faith was back of them and the Lord would not go back on mother, and mother would ~~would~~ not go back on her boy, the heavy load seemed to lighten a little and I called to mind the resolution I would not squeal and if desolation and terror were let loose on me by degrees I would muster courage to hold the fort. The Quabach sand and the hoodier grit was giving me courage to keep a stiff upper lip in spite of the hot line and the Southern Confederacy.

We had now been traveling a rather main thoroughfare in a rough country and had reached a point some ten miles from Bridgeport when we pulled up at a double log house where one of my Captors lived, we alighted and were met at the door by a rather elderly lady holding a candle. Who's this with youers Jake? she said, well this is a

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young yanck old woman we picked up over at Bridgeport, says Jake. I never learned his other name just Jake was all I knew, my own name then might ^{have} been reduced to simply Dennis.

The old lady holding the candle so as to get a better view of me added still more to the often repeated expresion I had heard ever since I had enlisted by saying. Well, Well, Jake he is nothing but a boy. Well old woman we are hungry for we have been laying all afternoon for this cut, and I guess he is hungry to.

About this time two other Johnnies made their appearance, they were comparatively young men and one of them was a son of Jakes, they were regular soldiers and belonged to a command forty miles away, and had come to learn the news if there was any from the Federal line and to get a yankee or two if they had any fresh supply on hand, that had been grazing around in the wrong pasture. From the conversation between the men I soon learned how things had been worked. Supper was now ready and Jake and his partner repaired to the other end of the house, I refusing to go brought the old lady back to where I was sitting. Law Jakes you must eat come right along. I thanked her for I had my supper before I went fishing, so I was left in charge of the two young soldiers, they were very different from the old men in appearance.

I could readily discover they had seen service and were regular old veterans, but they had very little to say. While in the other room the old men were very busy talking, I overheard the old lady remark that she felt sorry for that boy they had took, there was a slight mutual feeling between me and the old lady on this score.

Supper over the old lady made me a nice little burck on the floor, Jake giving me to understand that he or his pard would attend to any of my wants if I needed any. The old lady retired and the young soldiers went to the barn. My captors sit by me and smoked hillside narey that would almost turn a cyclone in its course, they talked until I had forgotten my worldly troubles in the sweet rest of gentle slumber on the little pallet. So ends the first few hours of my capt^{ivity}~~ure~~, the sequel will be given in the following chapters.