

A WAR STORY

Memoirs of the Civil War

Reproduced by a Grandson
LOREN D. BUTTOLPH
Colonel, Armor
30 March 1962

Hope you enjoy
these stories as
much as I
have. I've
actually visited
the artillery battery
site my great
grandfather was
at during the
battle of



Vicksburg, MS.
The cannons
are set up in
his battery's
location at the
Vicksburg Civil
War Park.

Dan

Dan Dale Butolph
6 Feb 1939
Anita, Cass, Iowa

[10 December 2009]

FORWARD

As was our father before us, we seven children were born on the farm located at Wolf's Station, six miles north of Ogden and two miles south of Pilot Mound, Iowa, which the writer of the following stories speaks about moving onto in 1867. As barefoot boys, my brother and I used to listen to Grandpa and his comrades tell war stories when they visited him. One day after such a visit my brother and I decided to hear some more stories and we asked Grandpa to tell us one. He looked surprised at the request and said he knew no war stories. We stated he and his visitors had been telling some to each other. His reply, "Someone has to tell a lie first before I can tell one."

One story I recall Grandpa telling was that he, with several of his battery-mates, visited a peach orchard for some peaches to improve their army rations. They had completed filling their sacks with nice juicy ripe peaches when a detachment of Rebel horsemen rode in the only gateway. The Rebs yelled to the Yanks to surrender as they were trapped. Grandpa said his group jumped on their horses and galloped out of the back of the orchard where they had thoughtfully opened the fence for a quick getaway. Although the Rebs shot at, and chased them, they all returned safely to their bivouac area. The fast ride, however, had smashed the peaches so that cleaning of horses, saddles, and clothing, used up the remainder of the day. So ended a peachy story!

By reports, Grandpa was the neighborhood peacemaker. I've heard the story that whenever he heard gunfire to the west, he would go approximately three-quarters of a mile down the road to where two farms were almost opposite each other and generally would find each farmer in his barn shooting at the other with a shotgun. Grandpa would "talk them out of their mad" and go home until something would start them shooting again. Apparently each was willing to let his opponent take cover in the barn before starting to shoot.

Grandpa was not only a mild, peace loving man, but also a fair man. He always said he was open-minded and that all people should vote as they desired. He claimed he didn't care how a man voted "just as long as they voted Republican."

Grandpa writes about three close calls with death. I did, one time, get him to say that a spent cannon ball had hit him when they were in battle, and that his gun-mate pulled him to one side, out of the way, thinking he had been killed. I guess he not only recovered in good shape, but got out of servicing the gun for part of the battle.

For years, beginning sometime before 1905 and continuing into 1918, or up to World War I, a "watermelon picnic" or "old soldiers' picnic" was held on the farm. Each spring an acre was planted to melons and the summer spent in hoeing out the weeds and pinching off the bugs. At

reunion time of Company D, 32nd Iowa, special interburan cars (Fort Dodge, Des Moines & Southern Railroad) would bring veterans and families from Boone and other Iowa towns. Others would come by wagon and buggies, and later some by automobiles, all with well-filled baskets of food. The day would be devided between speeches, reminescences, and eating.

Although Grandpa's stories speak about the soldiers swearing, Grandpa's most expressive language was "by jocks."

Admittedly, the tonal quality of the stories is not exceptional by our present day standards. However, considering that the writer had only a few months schooling each year in a pioneer school, and was over 76 years of age when he wrote the stories during World War I for Comrade Swick, Editor of the Boone County Democrat, I think he did outstandingly. Why shouldn't I? I'm his grandson!

Date:
1 March 1962

Loren Dwight Buttolph
LOREN DWIGHT BUTTOLPH
Colonel, Armor
United States Army



JOHN R BUTTOLPH

2nd Iowa Battery

St. Louis-1861

SKETCH MAP

DATE	EVENT	PLACE
4 Jul 61	Enlisted and ordered to 3-months State Service which ended because 1st Iowa was full.	Rising Sun, Iowa (East of Des Moines, Iowa)
1 Aug 61	Enlisted in 2nd Battery Light Artillery, Iowa Volunteers.	Des Moines, Iowa
8 Aug 61	Mustered into Federal Service, Camp Kirkwood, Dodge's Battery, which was changed to 2nd Iowa Battery.	Council Bluffs, Iowa
Mid-Aug 61	Broke camp and boarded sternwheel boat for St. Louis, Missouri.	Council Bluffs, Iowa
Oct 61	Received armament at Benton Barracks.	St. Louis, Missouri
25 Dec 61	Guarding North Missouri Railroad under Lt.	Missouri
19 Feb 62	Walling with General Schofield.	St. Louis, Missouri
20 Feb 62	Returned to Benton Barracks.	St. Louis, Missouri
26 Feb 62	Departed for Commerce, Missouri and New Madrid, Missouri, to join General Pope.	St. Louis, Missouri
3 Mar 62	Participated in actions under General Pope in	New Madrid, Missouri
13 Mar 62	beginning to open Mississippi River where his first shells were fired.	

SKETCH MAP

<u>DATE</u>	<u>EVENT</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
14 Mar 62	Fall of Madrid.	New Madrid, Missouri
18 Mar 62	Beat off 5 gunboats under Lt. Reed.	Riddle's Point, Missouri
7 Apr 62	Supported capture of Island Number 10 located in Mississippi River.	Point Pleasant, Missouri
14 Apr 62	Went down river to Fort Pillow and up Mississippi and Tennessee Rivers under General Pope.	Water Transport
23 Apr 62	Arrived by water transport for camp.	Hamburg Landing, Tennessee
1 May 62	Marched to camp.	Farmington, Mississippi
9 May 62	Engaged in Battle of Farmington with Army of Mississippi under General Pope.	Farmington, Mississippi
28 May 62	Engaged in Battle of Corinth under General Pope.	Corinth, Mississippi
29 May 62 2 Jun 62	Followed enemy from Corinth.	Booneville, Mississippi
12 Jun 62	Departed Booneville.	Camp Clear Creek, Mississippi
3 Jul 62 18 Aug 62	Summer camp.	Rienzi, Mississippi

SKETCH MAP

<u>DATE</u>	<u>EVENT</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
18 Aug 62	Departed from Rienzi, Mississippi, and enroute.	Tuscumbia, Alabama
22 Aug 62		
8 Sep 62	Departed Tuscumbia, Alabama, and enroute.	Corinth, Mississippi
11 Sep 62		
19 Sep 62	Engaged in Battle of Iuka under General Rosecrans and General Stanley.	Iuka, Mississippi
3 Oct 62	Engaged in Battle of Corinth.	Corinth, Mississippi
4 Oct 62		
5 Oct 62	Followed enemy from Corinth, Mississippi, as	Ripley, Mississippi
12 Oct 62	2nd Brigade, Ross Division, Army of Tennessee, under General Rosecrans.	
Nov 62	Serving with General Grant on Mississippi Central Expedition, from Corinth, Mississippi.	Holly Springs, Mississippi
23 Dec 62	Winter camp along Memphis and Charleston Railroad.	La Grange, Tennessee
20 Jan 63	Winter camp.	Germentown, Tennessee
12 Mar 63	Marched to Memphis and embarked on boats.	Helena, Arkansas
1 Apr 63	Arrived and camped.	Duckport, Mississippi

SKETCH MAP

DATE	EVENT	PLACE
2 May 63	2nd Iowa Battery now in Second Brigade of Third Division of 15th Corps under General Sherman.	Jackson, Mississippi
2 May 63 14 May 63	Enroute to and capture of Jackson, Mississippi, under General Sherman.	Jackson, Mississippi
16 May 63 18 May 63	Enroute from Jackson, Mississippi, and engaged in siege operations.	Vicksburg, Mississippi
22 Jun 63	Joined force with General Sherman to watch General Johnston.	Jackson, Mississippi
4 Jul 63 16 Jul 63	Participated in siege of Jackson.	Jackson, Mississippi
Jul 63 8 Nov 63	In camp near Big Black River.	Vicksburg, Mississippi
13 Nov 63 27 Feb 64	In new camp at Memphis and Charleston Railroad.	La Grange, Tennessee
28 Mar 64	Reenlisted and remustered for 3 years or during the war.	
May 64	2nd Iowa Battery now in Second Brigade of First Division, 16th Army Corps, commanded by General A. J. Smith.	

SKETCH MAP

DATE	EVENT	PLACE
5 May 64 Jun 64	After furlough rejoined the 2nd Iowa Battery.	Memphis, Tennessee
13 Jul 64	Participated in battle on road to Tupelo, Mississippi.	Pontotoc, Mississippi
14 Jul 64	Participated in Battle of Tupelo proper where	Tupelo, Mississippi
15 Jul 64	General A. J. Smith defeated General Forrest.	
22 Jul 64	Returned to camp.	Memphis, Tennessee
2 Aug 64 9 Aug 64	Moved south from Memphis to new camp.	Abbeyville, Mississippi
13 Aug 64	After attack on pickets, followed enemy to the south of Abbeyville.	Hurricane Creek, Mississippi
14 Aug 64 21 Aug 64	Returned to camp.	Abbeyville, Mississippi
22 Aug 64	Marched from Abbeyville.	Oxford, Mississippi
23 Aug 64	Returned to camp to fight off enemy attack on pickets.	Abbeyville, Mississippi
28 Aug 64	Arrived at destination after breaking camp.	La Grange, Tennessee
30 Aug 64	Left La Grange and arrived at new destination.	Memphis, Tennessee

SKETCH MAP

<u>DATE</u>	<u>EVENT</u>	<u>PLACE</u>
2 Sep 64	Moved up White River from Memphis.	
8 Sep 64	Made landing.	Devall's Bluff, Arkansas
8 Sep 64	Marched to camp.	Brownsville, Arkansas
17 Sep 64	Departed Brownsville and marched 500 miles in pursuit of General Price's Army through Searcy, Little Rock, Cape Girardeau, St. Louis, Independence, Kansas City, and headed south for return to Benton Barracks.	Arkansas and Missouri
15 Nov 64	Arrived Benton Barracks for new clothes.	St. Louis, Missouri
24 Nov 64	Departed St. Louis and headed up the rivers.	
1 Dec 64	Arrived at destination. The 16th Army Corps now part of the Army of Tennessee.	Nashville, Tennessee
15 Dec 64	Participated in Battle of Nashville under General Thomas.	Nashville, Tennessee
Dec 64 Jan 65	Pursuit of General Hood's army retreating from Nashville.	
10 Jan 65 6 Feb 65	Winter camp building log huts of pine logs and almost starved.	Eastport, Mississippi

SKETCH MAP

DATE	EVENT	PLACE
6 Feb 65	Moved down the river to camp. The 2nd Iowa Battery	Jackson's Monument, Louisiana
22 Feb 65	now transferred to Gulf Department.	
5 Mar 65	Moved down river and made landing.	Dauphin Island, Alabama
7 Mar 65		
20 Mar 65	Moved across Mobile Bay and moved up Fish River.	
27 Mar 65	Participated in siege of Spanish Fort.	Mobile, Alabama
8 Apr 65		
13 Apr 65	Marched from Mobile.	Montgomery, Alabama
25 Apr 65		
25 Apr 65	Occupation duty.	Montgomery, Alabama
10 May 65		
14 May 65	Departed Montgomery, Alabama for destination.	Selma, Alabama
Mid Jul 65	Ordered to return to the State of Iowa.	Selma, Alabama
Jul 65	Departed Selma and turned in guns and horses.	Mobile, Alabama
7 Aug 65	Mustered out of U. S. Service, Camp McClelland.	Davenport, Iowa

A WAR STORY

Comrade Swick: - You know the Bible says there shall be wars and rumors of wars, and we know that is true. We read of the fighting that is raging in Europe, but the everyday details of it that we read about, we don't know whether they are true or not.

Now, I am going to tell you a war story that I know is true. So do you know it is true, because us old soldiers believe in one another. So, all old soldiers will take my word for it. There were a good many witnesses at the time, but all were strangers to me except two of my own battery, and they have long since answered to the last roll call.

My story commences after the Battle of Nashville when we had chased Hood's demoralized army to Eastport, Mississippi, on the Tennessee River. That was the winter of 1864-5. We lay in camp there during the winter, until the river opened in the spring, when the two divisions of General A. J. Smith, of the 16th Army Corps, were loaded on transports to go somewhere, us mortals never knew where, anyway. We knew that we were going downstream, until we made a landing above Memphis. The whole fleet tied up; of course we didn't know for how long, but myself and my other two comrades of my battery concluded we would like to get off and take a stroll down through the city. We got permission from our captain to do so, but he warned us that we might get left. We didn't want to get left, so I thought to make sure, I would ask the captain of the boat if he could tell us how long we would stay there. He said he could not tell how long we would stay, perhaps but a little while, but said he would have to take on coal and, in order to do that, would have to make another landing at Fort Pickering, just below Memphis. So, as that suited us, we got off and walked down to the city.

We remarked about our finances and, as we had missed two pay days without being paid off, we found that we were very short; my comrades hadn't a red cent and I had just twenty-five cents. I made up my mind that if I could see anything that suited us as we walked down the street, I would blow that. A little further along I espied some pickled pig's feet. I asked the proprietor the price and he said three for twenty-five cents. I told him that was just my size, for I had just twenty-five cents and there was three of us; so we went on till we found a place to sit down and commenced our feast.

We soon noticed that our fleet had begun to steam up, but what did we care? Our boat would have to land and coal up, so we could walk leisurely down that way. The boats pulled out one by one and we saw our boat swing out. We got up and walked down but we could see that it kept in the middle of the stream and acted very much like it was not going to land, and it didn't.

I don't know to this day why the boats didn't land to coal up, as the captain said they would, but I knew right at that time that we were left. What a predicament. I thought that in my almost

four years service at that time, I had never been away from my battery and was always down on what we called stragglers, and now I was one myself. Not a cent of money in the crowd, but we were old enough to know what we had to do, but we didn't like to do it.

There were posts at towns along the river, for the purpose of holding all important places, with more or less soldiers for guards, under an officer called a Post Commander. So we were right up against it, and as it was near night, we straightway went and told the Post Commander our tale of woe. He took our names, unit, and rank, and told us he would see when we could get transportation down the river to overtake our command. We had found out by this time that we were not the only ones that got left. They kept on coming until I think about every organization in General Smith's two divisions was represented. This was, I think, on Friday evening. The next morning the Commander told us that we could not get away until Monday at 10 o'clock. He called me into his office on Saturday evening and told me as I was Sergeant, he would put me in charge of all the soldiers that had been left, and that I would have to draw rations and issue them to about three-hundred men. As I had no stripes on to denote my rank, I saw where I had made a mistake in giving it when I reported for a place to stay. I tried to beg off but it was no use, so I was in for it. But as I had had a wide experience in that line, gained by frequently acting as Quartermaster Sergeant, I knew I could do it; but I didn't like it just the same.

We spent Sunday in the barracks and listened to two sermons by the Chaplain. Monday morning came and we were all glad of it. I got the rations ready and had them delivered to the wharf early and, as our boat was already there, we got them aboard in short order. I then proposed to the men to form mess squads, as I knew in looking over the names that the Commander had given me that no one man would have to draw his rations separate, as no one man had got left without at least one of his company comrades with him. At scheduled time, the steamer started and I commenced my task of issuing rations. The two men from my battery who were with me were both Corporals, and I just suspicioned they had told the Commander of my experience in the quartermaster line and that was the cause of his appointing me for the duty, although they always denied assisting me. Poor Corporal Smith and Corporal Keller. They have long since answered the final roll call and I have forgiven them for what I accused them of.

Everything was going on nicely, we had about got done with the rations, the boat was running at good speed and we had got several miles down the river, and as I was issuing sugar out of a barrel a young soldier had just come up for his rations. I had asked his name and regiment; I have forgotten his name, but his regiment was the 114th Illinois. I had checked his name off and the one he was drawing for, had reached down into the barrel and got a tin cup full of sugar, and he was leaning over toward me holding his haversack open so I could put the sugar in when, rattle-de-bang, everything was in confusion. I heard the thud that all old soldiers know when a bullet strikes a man's body and my man wilted down toward me. It

all happened quick, but I realized what it all meant. I saw the smoke from a bunch of bushes on the Tennessee side of the river and knew we had been fired upon by guerrillas of perhaps twenty men. I undertook to get out of the corner I was in but the man's body held me down there until one of my men took hold of my hands and pulled me out. I had been held there so long that the man's blood had saturated me from my hips down to the bottoms of my feet. There was blood all over the floor. I never knew a human body contained so much blood. So you see that just by the wink of your eye, I escaped that bullet. It came near enough to take a button off my blouse.

That was the third time I had escaped that way; that is, the other fellow was killed by my side, and I barely got out of the way. I could tell you of the other two. Am I a fatalist? It looks like I ought to be. Yes, I believe that a person's course is marked out from the cradle to the grave.

BUTTOLPH TELLS OF THE DAYS WHEN HE WAS RICH AND WHAT HE DID WITH HIS MONEY

My war story of last week left us on the Mississippi with our dead man on our hands and me with my clothes wet with the man's blood. I got my clothes off and had them washed. When we got down to Helena we put our man off in charge of the Post Commander at that place. I suppose his bones lie bleaching there, as mine perhaps would have been, had it not been for that "Mysterious Hand" that had ruled otherwise.

When we came up with our fleet they were tied up at Vicksburg, where two years before we had such a struggle to effect its capture. I have never been back to our own line since. Much as I would like to go there this fall, on account of old age and infirmities, I cannot.

From Vicksburg we went to New Orleans, and from there across the lakes to the investment of Mobile, which made the five sieges the battery had been in under fire for about two-hundred days. I was lucky enough to have been in every one of them, and still lucky to be alive today, so I am a firm believer in a man having a certain allotted time to live, but I don't want to get up any argument on that for I have the advantage, for no one can say and prove that it is not so.

After we had taken Mobile we went to Montgomery, Alabama, and from there to Selma. Right there on that march, I want to tell you that I had more money than I ever expect to have again, but I lost it all gambling. I bet as high as \$10,000 on a foot race. I got the money around the State House at Montgomery. Their Confederacy had collapsed so that their money wasn't worth taking away. I have just a twenty dollar bill left out of that vast amount that I had in my possession. So much for getting sporty.

This that I have been writing about happened in the last year of my soldiering. Something must have happened in the three years at the front before that. I may mention them in Swick's paper occasionally.

ANOTHER LETTER FROM THE OLD BATTERY MAN

In telling my war stories I will likely leave something behind that I will have to go back to and drag along. For instance, you may have thought that we captured Mobile too easy. But I will say that we closed in on our part of the line and on the rebel Spanish Fort, the 27th of March, 1865, and captured it on the 8th day of April. So it made our stay there, thirteen days, and I want to tell you there was something doing all the time. We had got a fort made to put our six guns in. I will say here that our battery consisted of four 12-pound Napoleon guns, smooth bore, and two 6-pound Rodman rifle guns. In addition to this, we had a 64-pound Columbiad, mounted on the same platform. We found that it was a terribly noisy creature but not at all reliable.

There was a few of us that wanted the siege to last long enough so that we could get a chance to try a 100-pound Parrott gun. It was being mounted on a different platform built on purpose for it. It was put in position, ready for service, but the "Rebs" gave in before we got to use it. I was one of six of the battery boys that was going to man it. Ask Comrade Bob Harrington, of Boone, what he knows about that. He helped to get it on the platform.

There was only a few prisoners captured at Spanish Fort, but they left all of their artillery. Fort Blakely, north of Spanish Fort, was being taken care of by Steele's Division of the 13th Corps. It was taken by storm late on the evening of the 9th of April, 1865, so you will observe that that was the date of Lee's surrender, only later in the day, Lee's surrender being earlier in the day.

At Fort Blakely they captured a good many prisoners, including several hundred young boys, from 12 to 16 years of age. A few of them were killed, the rest were captured. Poor boys, brought out from the city to fight for a cause already lost.

There were torpedoes used there, the same as they are now using over there in the war zone, only on a smaller scale. They were planted in the ground as well as in the water in Mobile Bay. General Canby ordered the prisoners under guard to dig up all the torpedoes. I saw "Rebs" digging them up, but I didn't want to be in their way or hinder them at their work, so I stayed pretty well back, but I believe it was all done without accident.

In a few days we started on our trip through a dense forest of pitch pine, where the natives were making turpentine and tar. They were mostly women and only a few feeble old men. They seemed scared and surprised. It seemed that all the soldiers they had seen before were cavalry. The women called them "critter companies" such as, Joe Bacus of the 3rd Iowa Cavalry, and Josh Bennett of the 2nd, and

all others that rode "critters." They didn't have any love for them either, but of course the soldiers didn't stay long enough to get acquainted, or it might have been different. We went right along with but little resistance. A few of our advance guard were killed by Rebels lying in ambush, on our march through that dense forest. We stopped a few days at a little town named Greenville, I think, where we received the news of Lee's surrender. I was sent out from there with five to see if we could find some mules for our baggage wagons. We met hundreds of Rebels going to their homes. Of course they had never waited to be surrendered, but had taken "French" leave. They said they knew it would have to come.

We had about given up finding any suitable mules, and had got back to within about three miles of camp. It was after dark in the woods, but close to a big plantation. We heard a noise off to one side of the road and stopped to investigate. We soon saw something brought into the road just ahead of us, and upon closer inspection, we found it was just what we had rode about forty miles that day to find--six splendid mules. It seems they had them secreted in the woods through the day and were bringing them in to feed them overnight. So, we took the mules for the use of Uncle Sam, but I don't know whether Uncle Sam ever paid for them or not. But let's see. What did Sherman say war was? Oh, yes, "Hell, more anon."

THE CAMPAIGN IN TENNESSEE

In writing about our march through that pine forest in Alabama, I want to tell you how we got our water. There were no creeks or springs, and being so sparsely settled that the army could not rely on getting water from the plantations that might have supplied us, we had to resort to digging a hole in the ground, five or six feet deep, where we found a good supply of pure, nice water. That was the first night that we camped on entering the forest. It didn't take us long to dig a well in the sand, so we had nice water to drink and cook with that night.

But, the next morning, what? The ones that went to the well to get water to do their cooking found the hole filled with a reddish colored fluid which was as bitter as gall. I belonged to a mess of six. We had a darkey to cook for us, and he had gotten his water the night before, so we had water for our coffee and other cooking. But, the ones that didn't lay in their supply, had to march the next morning without their coffee and, the horses went without water. We supposed it was the fine roots that gave it that reddish color and bitter taste, but why it wasn't that way when it was running through the ground was what we wanted to know. However, we weren't studying cause and effect then, although I know from what I heard that the effect it had on some of the boys caused them to swear, and caused those that didn't swear to want to.

In speaking of our march through the pine forest, I haven't mentioned that our battery had to be called upon to dislodge some "Johnnies" that had taken a stand where the wind had upturned a lot of pine trees by the roots. Our advance guard was having a whole lot of trouble with them. The big roots, covered with dirt, made an ideal protection against infantry bullets. We unlimbered our two little Rodman guns and, with their percussion shells, we soon brought the Rebels out. We took the whole bunch prisoners. So, these were the last shots the battery fired at a hostile foe. I wish I could remember the date, but it must have been ten days after Lee's surrender, so you see we were in it to the finish.

I have told you about my fortune gained at Montgomery. This, of course, was on the same march. I wanted to tell you of my riches, so you see, I had to advance some.

Now, on to Selma. We had no trouble getting into Selma. Wilson's cavalry had been there, and I guess they had the trouble. We were surprised to see the place so poorly fortified when the Confederacy had so much there that it seemed they would have done their utmost to save it, but Wilson's cavalry sure did destroy it to a finish. That is where they made their cannon, and guns, and ammunition for their armies. It must have been a knockout blow to the Confederacy.

The citizens told us many things that happened while the cavalry had the place invested, and after it was captured. They told of Confederate soldiers trying to make their escape across the river and being drowned, as well as citizens, including some women and children. That goes to show what a panic will cause when there is no occasion for it. One old fellow, said to be the richest man in Selma, told us that when the cavalry got over their works, he was pretty well out that way. He started for the rear as fast as he could. He heard a dashing cavalryman coming behind him, he saw that he had his sword unsheathed and raised high above his head. He expected to have his head cut off, but to his great relief, the soldier dashed up alongside of him and asked him if he knew where he could get a feed for his horse. He said, "You bet I can; follow me." He said if he could have got to the river he might have tried to cross as so many others did.

TRACKDOWN

I cannot remember just the time we got to Selma, nor the time we left there, but us battery boys will always remember it as the most enjoyable place that we spent in the southland, and there was a reason. The war was over and we were looking forward to the time when we would be on our weary way home to meet our loved ones who were almost heart-broken when we bade them good-bye to go forth to fight for a cause that I think everyone will call a just cause; especially now, since the mixup with the Germans. How this country would have stood had we been divided is a question, but we know we are stronger the way we are.

At Selma we battery boys agreed that we would treat the citizens in a gentlemanly manner and pay for everything that we got. We well knew that we would meet with a great deal of opposition from the women, but as they thought they were right from their viewpoint, we agreed to make them respect us by our good behavior and, I believe, we won out. We hadn't been there long til we could see a marked change. They had good gardens and we bought their garden truck and paid them their price without a murmur. I had a lot of my Confederate money yet, and I would hand them a \$20 bill for a pail full of tomatoes and they would begin to hunt for change for the difference. I would tell them to keep the change, especially if I saw that the change was to be the same kind of money.

There was none of our cavalry there so us battery men were sent out often after someone who had been reported as having committed some crime. Sometimes it would be for a white man and sometimes for a negro. I was detailed to take five men and go about forty miles into the country and bring in a white man who was reported to have killed a negro. I started out with my five men pretty early one morning, and I remember too, that it was a terribly hot one. We stopped at a farm house to get our dinners and we paid 50 cents apiece, good money. We started again after resting awhile and visiting with a couple of "Johnnies" who had just gotten home from Lee's army.

At this place the road forked, but I had learned enough about scouting not to inquire for the place you want, so I inquired for a place I knew to be on the road we did not want to take. About four o'clock we arrived at the plantation where our man was supposed to be, divided our squad and dashed up to the house, barn, and out-buildings, at the same time. I took one man and went into the house. There I found a man, a young woman, and two small children. I had a description of the man I was after, and could see that he was not the man I wanted, but I told him that I was after him. I then asked his name and he told me. The surname was the same but the given name was different from the man I wanted. I then asked him if he had a brother. He said he had, and gave me the name of the man I wanted. I didn't ask him where his brother was, but we made a thorough search all over the plantation but our man could not be found. The young woman in the house was his wife and she was taking on terribly about it. That was what hurt me the worst. A woman's tears, at that time, would almost make me disobey my military duties.

We started back to Selma on a different road from the one we had come. We went about three or four miles and stopped at a plantation for the night. We didn't tell them what we were after, only inquiring the distance to Selma, but I had made up my mind what I was going to do in the morning. There was a few old darkies on the place so I told them to feed our horses and have them ready at four o'clock in the morning.

EVEN HONORS

It has been sometime since I sent you my last war story. It was about being sent out to arrest a white man who had killed a negro. We had been to the place where the crime was said to have been committed, and not finding our man, had come back about three or four miles and stopped for the night at a big plantation where there was an old couple, two young women, and two old darkies. One of the women said her husband had been killed at the Battle of Nashville, under General Hood. We told her we were at Nashville and she asked us a great many questions about the battle and wanted to know if we thought it possible for her to find her husband's body. We had to tell her that the Confederate soldiers were buried by our men and we did not think it possible to find him. She took on terribly about it. I was always a tenderhearted juke and I think they could see there were others that had hearts even if they were Yankee soldiers.

I said in my other story I had in my mind what I was going to do so I told the boys in the morning my plan. It was to start and ride back to the place where our man lived and make another effort to get him. I hope no one will think in reading my story that I liked my job. I didn't, but I had one or two reasons, one was that I somehow had the good luck to stumble onto what I was sent after, but this was of course a different case, that was the reason I didn't like it. My main reason was that I knew of three other battery Sergeants who had been sent out at the same time to get someone who had been accused of committing crimes similar to the one my man had committed, and I was afraid they might outdo me, so I was going to do my best. We started back so that we arrived at the place very early in the morning. I had told the men on the way what I expected each one to do, for I knew there might be danger of a resistance, so when we got near and not seeing any one stir about the house, we dismounted and I left one man with the horses, so there were five of us to go to the house. I had one man that could use a gun the quickest and shoot as accurately as any man I ever saw, so I told him that he and I would go to the front door and demand admittance. I expected if there was any resistance offered it would likely be at the door we were at, and it would likely be a shot fired in our faces as the door was opened, so I said I would call the farmer and tell him that we were the same men who had been there the day before, and for the same purpose. I had my other men placed on opposite sides of the house. I knocked at the door.

Someone asked who was there and I asked him to open the door, and he did, but no gun was fired in our faces, but he asked us politely to come in. We went in and found the same folks as the day before: a brother of the man we were after, the wife of his brother and their two small children. We searched the place but failed to find our man, and I was glad of it, for after getting back to Selma I found the other Sergeants had failed the same as I, so honors were even.

BEFRIEND A FOE

In my last story I told about getting back to Selma from my man hunt. Now I want to tell a little more about it as I said the man invited us in and we had quite an interesting visit with him. He and his brother had both belonged to the 27th Alabama and were with General Hood at the Battle of Nashville. The brigade that his regiment belonged to confronted our brigade in that battle. I remembered the regiment by our advance at the first day's fight about dark. They fell back a short distance and we took the ground that they had left. Their dead and wounded still laid on the field. As soon as we had gained our new position, I, with others, started out to look around to see if there was anything we could do to help the wounded. I found a man, a Lieutenant, that belonged to the 27th Alabama. I asked him if there was anything that I could do for him, he said that he was cold. As there were plenty of the grays lying around there who had blankets but didn't need them any more, I soon had him covered up with three or four blankets. He had a belt but no sword or scabbard. He asked me to take his belt off, which I did and laid it under the blanket. He told me to keep the belt, so I did, but lost it between my place and Boone a good many years ago. I had put it in the wagon to have a saddler put a few stitches in it, where it was ripping. It lost out through a hole in the wagon box and I could never find it. It was a U. S. officer's belt and the Lieutenant had no doubt taken it off some dead Union officer. I was sorry to lose it.

I went back two or three hours afterward to see the Lieutenant as I had told him I would when I left him, but found he did not need any more help. I could but think of what the poet said:

"Soldier, rest, thy warfare's o'er,
Dream of battlefields no more."

This man knew the Lieutenant, as he was in his company, so we got our breakfast at the place and paid the woman for it.

There is one thing that will never let me forget the trip. While we were at Selma we all toned up the very best we could. I had bought a pair of fine shoes and gave \$8.00 for them in U. S. money. I had been wearing the coarse artillery boots for four years and that ride in the hot July sun with that fine leather, completely cooked my feet clear through. For two weeks or more I couldn't wear anything on my feet but a pair of socks. I can almost feel them hurt yet. Toned up? You bet! We even wore paper collars. By this time the women seemed to think the battery boys were about right.

LAST SHOT OF THE CIVIL WAR

In writing my war stories, for the want of memory, I am leaving the dates out. However, I will venture one now that I am sure is correct, to-wit: Selma, Alabama, July 4, 1865. I am inclined to

think that my feet roasting that I told about in my last story was on the first and second of July, anyhow I remember that on account of nursing my sore feet I wasn't able to help celebrate that day with the boys. The regiments of our brigade were stationed at different places along the railroads outside of Selma. I will say here that our brigade was composed of the following regiments: 47th Illinois, 11th Missouri, 8th Wisconsin, and the 5th Minnesota. The 9th Minnesota was with us the last two years of the war, the 26th Illinois was attached to us a short time, so was the 101st Illinois, but their stay was of short duration, about three days, I think. They were left at Holly Springs, Mississippi to guard our cracker line when Grant undertook to get in the rear of Vicksburg by that route. The Rebel General Van Dorn swooped down on them there and Colonel Murphy of the 8th Wisconsin, who was in command, surrendered the whole thing without firing a gun. Thus, we never saw the 101st Illinois again.

But, I was going to tell you about the celebration. The 8th Wisconsin was stationed out east of Selma, and as it would be the last Fourth that we would ever spend together, they invited the battery boys to come out and help them celebrate. On the morning of the Fourth quite a good many of the boys accepted their invitation and loaded on the cars two of our Napoleon guns. They took no horses, just the guns without the limbers. They fixed up a lot of blank cartridges, and they were not sparing of powder, either. The noise was what they wanted. Our Lieutenant Burke went along, and a jolly Irishman he was. They put the cartridges in gunny sacks, and the Lieutenant didn't forget to put in a solid shot. They got there and had a jolly time together. They had fired all their cartridges away long before night. "Now," said Lieutenant Burke, "I am going to fire the last shot of the Civil War." He brought out his 12-pound solid shot and loaded the gun. There was a barn about 100 yards away, and the owner gave his consent to let him shoot at it. Burke was a good gunner and a good judge of distances so he sighted the gun and gave the order to fire. That shot went right through the barn, so Lieutenant Burke claimed that he fired the last shot of the war.

I am telling the story of the celebration as the boys told it after getting back, as on account of my roasted feet I could not go, which I very much regreted. I remember we accused the boys of celebrating too hard, but they said they had to in order to keep up with the 8th Wisconsin boys. We who stayed in Selma had a good time too. We burned a good deal of powder. The 47th Illinois was with us at Selma, so that was our Fourth and last celebration. Where, oh, where are those splendid boys now?

FUNERAL RITES FOR GOLD AND SILVER

In speaking of the regiments that composed our brigade, I have always had a pride that our battery had the good fortune to be assigned to serve with such splendid regiments of infantry. The four old

regiments and our battery was formed into a brigade in the fall of 1861 and that formation was kept up until July, 1865. I doubt if there was another brigade in the Union Army better known than the "Old Eagle Brigade", and their staying qualities could not be disputed. In meeting any of the boys who belonged to any one of these old regiments since the close of the war, it seemed like meeting one of my own battery. I used to meet them quite often at our State reunions, or on Soldiers' Day at the state fair, but the ones I used to meet have all answered the final roll call, so now so far as I know, there are none living. There used to be one of the 11th Missouri boys that lived in this county that I used to meet quite often - Comrade Huttenhow - but he has crossed the river.

I have in my war stories quite often alluded to the women and girls of Selma. It did seem that the longer we stayed, the more friendly they got. One of the battery boys went so far as to engage himself to a girl there, and a fine looking girl she was, and a fine gentlemanly fellow too, was Comrade John Covalt. I wasn't sure how that engagement culminated until forty-six years after the war. I met him at a reunion of our battery six years ago for the first time since we were discharged. I asked him if he went back and married his Selma girl, and he said, "You bet I did." He told me that he went back that winter, they were married, and settled in Nebraska. He said they had thirteen children. He was in the stock business, one of the biggest stockmen in the state, owning eleven sections of land. So much for one of the first men who enlisted in the battery. He was a wheel driver on a gun carriage four years.

There were rumors around Selma that the cavalry that captured the city had gotten a lot of gold. We had noticed in the cemetery a box not unlike a rough box for a coffin. It was near a hole in the ground which we supposed was a grave from which the body had been taken up and removed to some other place of burial, but afterwards we found out a different story. A darkey told us that he knew that a lot of rich people of Selma had put their gold and silver in bags with their names on them, and then had put them in this box and buried them in the cemetery, fixing it up, of course, to represent a grave. It would seem that the scheme ought to have worked, but the darkey who dug the grave and covered it up, gave it away when the cavalry took the place. So, they resurrected that body and divided up between them. The darkey said he got his hat full of money, but they gave him the white money.

Now, it would be a hard matter to trace up the truth or untruth of this story, but it looked to us at the time that the darkey told the truth, and as we need not expect that the money will ever tell, we'll have to let it go at that. Gold and silver were rarely seen in those times. I picked up a fifty cent and a twenty-five cent piece where there had been an old building burned down. I believe the ones that found it first got quite a mint of money there. It was said that there had been gold pieces picked up at the same place. I had a couple of finger rings made out of my find but I lost them in a hay field after I came home. I never could keep what I got; I expect that is why I am so poor.

FAREWELLS

If my memory is correct, our stay in Selma was about four months, but all that time we kept up the regular routine of camp life, such as camp police, park and horse guard, roll call, sick call, and all other calls that an artilleryman well knew. There had been some changes made too in the company officers, our Captain, Reed, having resigned and gone home, but I cannot remember the date, but probably before we came to Selma. Lieutenant Coons was appointed Captain, Second Lieutenant Burke was made First Lieutenant, and First Sergeant Snyder was made Second Lieutenant. I was Second Sergeant at that time, so I was made First Sergeant, although our roster does not show it that way. I might say here that the history of the battery is very incomplete, all through, in regard to the number of wounded and those who died of wounds, and in not making mention of all the promotions of non-commissioned officers and privates. Our Captain Reed admitted that it was through his neglect. He himself got a bad flesh wound there, and several others that I could think of, all of which the records do not show.

It was along in July that we had orders from the War Department that we were to proceed north to be mustered out. You yourself know the rejoicing that it caused.

I don't remember the date that we left Selma, but we loaded on boats on the Alabama River and went down the river to Mobile, disembarked and stayed there for a few days, and then took a boat across the lake to New Orleans. At Selma we had to leave Lieutenant Snyder in the hospital, he being too sick to move. After a few days at New Orleans we loaded on a steamer on the Father of Waters for Davenport and to separate there for our various northern homes. I will say here that we turned in at Mobile our faithful old guns and horses to the ordnance officers there to receive them. Some of the more sympathetic boys actually shedding tears, kissing the old bronze guns, and bidding them a last farewell.

At New Orleans Captain Coons was taken suddenly sick and we had to leave him in a hospital there, so that left Lieutenant Burke in command of the battery.

In coming up the river there was something happened that I shall never forget. We had a boy in the battery who had become subject to fits. I had, at other times, noticed by his actions when his spells were coming on, so at this time on the boat I could see that he would need watching. We were then somewhere below Natchez, Mississippi when night came on. I had him fixed up and after removing his outside clothes I made him a bed inside a big coil of rope on the bow of the boat. We landed at Natchez about 10 o'clock. There was a darkey regiment stationed there and our First Orderly Sergeant was its Colonel. The battery boys were all off the boat to see him and he was there to see us, but our stop was but a touch and the bells warned us to get aboard. The boat whirled out and had but fairly got under way when the cry came, "man overboard!" I thought then of my boy and hurried to the place where I had left him, and sure enough there were

his clothes, but my boy was gone. But a small thing like that in those times would not stop a steamboat, so it kept right on. Some of the deck hands declared they saw someone in their night clothes run upon the wharf, but the very idea that a man in a fit could jump into the Mississippi River in the middle of the stream and get to shore seemed preposterous, although he was known as an expert swimmer.

LINE INTACT

I hear some are saying that I am the last one of the old boys of old Company D of the 32nd Iowa in the county. My wife and I nearly always attended their reunion the 11th of August each year. We were acquainted with most of the boys of that company before the war, so we made it a point to meet with them and their wives for a social good time, which we always had, for years and years. This is the reason, I suppose, that some thought I belonged to that company. I know of only one that is left in the county from old Company D, and that is Jesse Boone of Luther. One of the Company D boys called to see me the other day. He lives at Oxford, Kansas (Tice Buffington). There are two more of old Company D living in Kansas - H. Carpenter and John Kirkendall. Those are the only ones living of the old virginal company that was at roll call and marched from the old courthouse in Boonesboro, on August 11, 1862. From all that old company and all its recruits, there is barely enough left for a corporal's guard.

I met with them for several years. They seemed to hold their line nearly intact. Sergeant Frank Spurrier would call the roll but eventually he got to reporting death or deaths since their last reunion. I could notice their line growing shorter and shorter until at the last reunion they had which I attended, there were only two present.

GOING TO ENLIST

My home, when I enlisted, was in Boone County, in Pilot Mound Township, and has been since 1857.

At the time the war broke out, when Fort Sumpter was fired on the 12th of April, 1861, I was in Lynn County at school. Our teacher, a young man, threw up his school to go into the army at the first call for 75,000, 3-months men. Several of the scholars were of military age, or wanted to be, so we all wanted to quit and go to a different school, and we did. My brother Rome who was at school with me, and I, started back to work on a farm in Polk County on upper Four Mile Creek. I was going to work for the same man I had worked for two seasons and had hired to him for another season. My brother and I had hoofed it the fall before from Four Mile Creek to the school in Lynn County, so of course, we were going back on the same shanks over the sparsely

settled counties of Benton, Tama, Marshal, Story, and into Polk. Every little place we came to, everybody seemed to be going wild over firing on the flag at Fort Sumpter. Companies were being recruited for the call by President Lincoln for 75,000, 3-months men. I reported to my boss and told him that I was going to enlist so he would likely have to look for another man.

A company was being raised at Rising Sun, a little town east of Des Moines, by a Captain McKinley, so my brother and I enlisted. Gilruth Cline, another Boone County boy who was going to work down there, enlisted in the same company. We were sworn into the State Service, and drilled and drilled. The boys began to think we had ought to go south to join the 1st Iowa which was being organized at Keokuk, but at one of our drills the Captain told us that the 1st Iowa was full and Iowa had furnished its quota, so we were left out. Of course, we wanted to go and were disappointed, and the boys blamed the Captain for not getting us in. So, that ended our 3-months service.

FOR THREE YEARS

I went back to my boss and went to work. Soon the call for 300,000, 3-year men was made, so sometime in July, I enlisted for three years or during the war. In the company I enlisted in there were four Boone County boys, to-wit: Gilruth Cline, William Sumstine, my brother Rome, and myself. We enlisted at Des Moines and were credited to Polk County, while Boone County had ought to have had the credit. It would have saved that number from being drafted before the war was over, but who knew. We were organized at Council Bluffs and mustered into the U. S. Service the 8th day of August 1861, and called at that time Dodge's Battery as the company was recruited by Colonel Dodge (later General Dodge) of the 4th Iowa.

Afterward the batteries were numbered and we got the number, 2nd Iowa Battery. About the middle of August we broke camp, which was called Kirkwood, and boarded a small sternwheel boat on the Missouri River, with three companies of the 4th Iowa, for St. Louis.

FIRST FIRE

I will say that in leaving Camp Kirkwood all we left behind was the ground we camped on, so no-one could be accused of graft in that, unless it was in the tents that we slept in.

Our boat landed at St. Joe. We noticed right away that something was wrong because mounted orderlies were riding to and fro with dispatches for the commander, so we soon found out we had to disembark. We learned that the rebels had blocked the river below so

that we had to go by rail over the Hannibal and St. Joe to the Mississippi, which was no trouble at all for us for we had no baggage, only perhaps a little bundle we could carry under our arm. We had no uniforms.

We got onto the train, no palace cars. We were requested, not ordered, after we had got out a few miles, to lay flat down in the bottom of the boxcar for we might be fired on. It was getting near night but we could see horsemen at the distance. There were some shots fired into the train but no-one was hurt. That was the first fight we were in, but it was all on their side, for I don't believe that there was a gun of any kind on the train. It forewarned us of what we were up against.

We arrived at Hannibal at night and camped just outside the town. We had blankets but no tents. The tents we had at the Bluffs belonged to the State of Iowa, and now we belonged to the old U. S. A. We had to leave our tents behind but it was warm weather so we didn't suffer any, only from mosquito bites.

OUR FIRST LOSS

We had to wait until the next afternoon before we could get a boat for St. Louis. In calling the roll just before the boat started, the orderly reported that there was a man missing. Several of the boys had stripped off during the day and swam across the river and back. Some thought that perhaps he had undertaken it and drowned, but the boys that had done the stunt, some twelve or fifteen, said that he wasn't with them. Anyhow, he was missing and reported deserted.

In about two years he was brought to the company to be identified. Of course, we all knew it was Stobaugh. He was court-martialed and sentenced to serve his time out without pay. In the meantime, he had married and had a kid, so it seemed he had been putting his time in anyway. He claimed that he didn't desert, that he only got left, and that he tried to get passage down the river but having citizen's clothes he couldn't convince them that he was an enlisted man, and so he did the next best. He got paid on pay days just the same as the rest of us so the sentence was never carried out.

We did lose a man, or rather a boy, at St. Joe. We never did hear from him. His name was Bird.

FIRST ASSIGNMENT

We boarded a boat and landed at the wharf at St. Louis. I remember that it was hot on that stone wharf. Benton Barracks was about five miles away and that is where we went, as did a part of the 4th Iowa which was still with us all the way. We got to the barracks,

what he had given to our army in May, at Guntown, and then some.

In the fall of 1864, early in October, we were at Memphis. We got orders to move. We were always glad to go and wanted to be on the move. Of course, those lower down never knew where we were going to, neither did we care, just so we were moving. This time we took boats at Memphis, also all the infantry of our brigade, four regiments, and steamed down the river to the mouth of the White River, to Devall's Bluff, where we disembarked and marched west to Brownsville, Arkansas.

We learned there that we had been sent to head off the rebel General, Price, who was making a raid up into Missouri, but found out that he had passed before we got there. We laid there a few days, I suppose for orders, and then took up his trail and followed him, not, I don't suppose, with the intention of overtaking him for he had several days the start. But we did pick up a few stragglers, likely that wanted to be taken, for they were in their own state, Arkansas, so they were paroled and turned loose and of course, they went home for keeps. Our chase turned out to be a long one. We marched by land from Brownsville, Arkansas, to Cape Girardeau, Missouri. So many of our horses had played out with sore feet when we got to the river that the carriages had only two horses where there should have been six. We had turned about forty horses loose, so by a little routing up, the natives got some good horses. In the meantime, General Price was marching west of us, living and feeding his army off of the country, his own state, and from friends and enemies about equally divided, with all the able-bodied in each army. This was Missouri.

We boarded the boat at Cape Girardeau for St. Louis, disembarked there to recruit up and got nearly a full supply of horses. We were soon on the way again on a steamer up the Mississippi, up the Missouri to Lyton*(1), disembarked there for another hike overland. We got close to the "Johnnies", still going north. At Independence we fired a few shots from our battery into the rear guard. The infantry had been left behind and our battery was now with the cavalry. The infantry was too slow for the horses. The rebels tried to make a stand at Big Blue River where it is said the old battle ground is now part of Kansas City. I don't know whether it's in Kansas or Missouri. Anyway, there is where our army put the finishing touches on old Pap Price. His army didn't retreat, they just skidaddled. Our cavalry followed him to Fort Scott, Kansas, took lots of prisoners, and left General Price without much of an army. We had fought Price at the battle of Iuka and Corinth, the fall of 1862, where he put up a fierce fight, but was defeated at both battles with fearful losses as well as a great loss to our army.

*(1) LYTON: Query made to the Director of the Missouri State Historical Society brought forth reply that investigation of their maps and gazateers, and official state records, did not indicate a town of Lyton on the Missouri River in 1865. However, during that campaign, transports stopped at many spots on the river in an attempt to flank "Price's" column,

and it could be that Lyton may have been a landing. Many such landings were named after the families who owned them and, of course, many have been lost in time. Also, request made to the U. S. Army Engineer District, Kansas City Corps of Engineers, at date of this publication, produced negative results with respect to location of the town of Lyton, Missouri, during the Civil War period.

"OLD ABE"

After the battle at the Blue, our brigade, (we were called the Eagle Brigade, the 8th Wisconsin carried the live eagle "Old Abe", hence the name), started east and south.

We had had fine dry weather from the time we had left Memphis the forepart of October up to the present time, about the 10th of November, 1864. It snowed that night so in the morning when we got up we found about two inches of snow on our blankets. I hadn't said before that we had no tents on this march. I only mention it now because that snow is the only way I have of being certain that we had slept on the ground that entire march with only the canopy above for a covering. We hadn't needed any other covering for the weather had been ideal, only a little too dry for all purposes as we needed more water part of the time on our long march. Neither had we brought overcoats, nothing but our blouses and an overshirt and underwear. That day after the snow it was cold but the snow melted. Mud, Iowa mud, wouldn't be in it. It was more glue than it was mud. It stuck to our shoes and to the horses so we just had to let it go till it wore off.

A CHILLY ELECTION

I don't remember the date of the presidential election that year but it was about that cold chilly time, before the weather warmed, we stopped long enough for the ones that wanted to vote. The polls were open and tickets both state and national. I was old enough to vote but I didn't.

We marched on through the glue. We supposed that when we got to the Missouri River that we could get aboard boats. We didn't know where we were going, only we knew we were going back to the south somewhere. After getting to the river we could see steamers, loaded with troops that had got to a nearer point on the river and got aboard the boats, glide past us and we, our brigade, that had marched about half of the way through the State of Arkansas and nearly through the entire State of Missouri, were still plodding along on foot. Of course, the battery boys could ride or walk as suited them, but our infantry got awful cross about it. The ones that didn't mind swearing just said it

right out loud, others more mildly, and others that didn't swear at all just said something as near like swearing as they could without calling it swearing. Us battery boys, of course, didn't have so much cause for swearing but if we heard one of our infantry boys getting something off, we could say "me too."

So, we marched down the banks of the Missouri River to its mouth, and then down the Mississippi to St. Louis, eighteen miles. Why we had to make that march on the banks of the two rivers, with a steamboat in sight nearly all of the time, is a thing that we never understood. But the boys would cuss anyway. They wanted to hit something.

We got to St. Louis, the hardest march we had during the war. Camping out at night without shelter, short of rations, and that march over the Ozark mountains, turning a horse loose every day or two. We lost a man while crossing what was called the Nigger Wolf Swamp between Devall's Bluff and Brownsville, Arkansas. We buried him on the highest piece of ground we could find and marked his grave Conrad Forner, 2nd Iowa Battery. I have wondered whether his grave has ever been found and his bones moved to some national cemetery or do they lie in that dismal swamp, miles, at that time, from any human habitation. I don't remember that I thought much of it at the time but it makes me shudder now to think of it. But that was war then, horrible war, may it never touch our soil again has always been my prayer. Amen.

RIGHT INTO BATTLE

At St. Louis we got some new clothes and then we were wanted in a hurry. General Hood had got around General Sherman at Atlanta and was coming north pell-mell so we were put on steamboats and hurried to Cairo to the mouth of the Ohio River, to the mouth of the Tennessee River, to Nashville. We then belonged to General A. J. Smith's command of the two divisions of the 16th Army Corps. Hood was driving General Schofield and we were hurrying forward to reinforce him. The battle of Franklin was fought about the time that we got to Nashville, and Schofield was retreating back to Nashville, so maybe we got there in time to stop Hood. Anyway he stopped, so the Rebel army lay in camp and built breastworks and thought, perhaps, to cut our army to pieces. But when the time came, with General Thomas in command, the 16th day of December, 1864, the battle of Nashville commenced. It is called a great battle, and, of course, it was in a way. The Rebels lost about all of their army.

But I didn't start out to give an account of the battle, only to say if it was a big battle, it was the easiest battle. We had two other men wounded. But the chase came after Hood. We stopped at Eastport, Mississippi, the forepart of January, 1865, on the banks of the Tennessee River and commenced building log huts of pine logs which were plentiful there. I don't remember anything about the town of Eastport but I do remember that we almost starved while we were there for a couple of weeks before we could get anything to eat but corn.

Boats were coming and going on the Tennessee River loaded with corn and hay, but nary a hardtack or anything for the men. We were glad to get feed for the horses but we couldn't see why the same boats could not bring something for the men. We made hominy and parched corn till rations finally came and the cussers got in their words again, not knowing who to aim them at, only it seemed to be a relief to them. We worked hard and had built log huts, almost as good as some of the houses in town. We had just got ready for a rest, which we certainly needed, when we had orders to get ready to march again, which caused some swearing.

BREAK CAMP

In a few days a fleet of boats came up and we broke camp and loaded on the boats for a passage down the river. We kept on going down into the Ohio River, into the Mississippi at Cairo, still going on and on down the river and landed seven miles below New Orleans at Jackson's monument where the battle had been fought between the British and American armies the 8th day of January, 1815. I don't remember how long we stayed there but when we did leave, we marched back to New Orleans and to Lake Ponchartrain and took a boat and landed on Dauphin Island. We knew then that we were going to Mobile and, in due time we got there, and the siege of Mobile commenced, the fifth siege that our battery was engaged in. I think that was about the 1st of April, 1865.

I had forgotten to mention that we had a recruit from Boone County who had died at Eastport by the name of Paul Burkhart. I think he had been with us for about a year, was with us on that long march, and at the battle of Nashville. Burkhart is a familiar name in the county, but I don't remember meeting any by that name.

HARDEST OF CAMPAIGN

That march in Arkansas and Missouri, and exposure till after the battle of Nashville, was the hardest campaign we had during my four years soldiering and I was in every advance and retreat that the battery was in. The result was that we had left a good many sick at hospitals on the march, all recruits, some that never joined the battery again. I think that we lost three of the boys at Eastport by disease. Excuse me, and I will commence the siege of Mobile.

The Johnnies, of course, met us outside their works and gave us a warm reception but they were pretty easily driven inside their strong works at that old Spanish Fort so our battery was directly opposite that. The Fourth Engineer Corps built a fort for us, I think we calculated it to be about 300 yards from their fort. We moved in before morning.

Rifle pits had been dug for the infantry so we settled down for a long or short siege, or anything the Johnnies had to hand us. Our battery consisted of four 12-lb. Napoleon and two 6-lb. rifled Rodman guns. In the morning, as soon as we could see, we opened fire on them. Of course they had their portholes all closed up but we well knew that they had heavy guns in their fort and we didn't have to wait long to find out. They opened on us with a gun of large calibre.

GUNS WERE READY

We had our guns ready and before they got their portholes closed the two little Rodman guns sent two shots into their opening, which we found out afterwards had disabled their big gun, so they lost that before it had done us any harm. It was us that didn't care but the siege went on without very much artillery firing. The sharpshooters on both sides were watching for something to move so that they could have something to shoot at. I don't remember how long that siege lasted but they evacuated so we didn't get many prisoners. Anyway, another fort to the north of us, Fort Blakely, was taken the next day and Mobile was ours. What next? Of course we down the line didn't know but we could see that the army that had invested Mobile was being sent in different directions, loading on boats for somewhere. We soon found out that our little brigade was in for another march headed north. I don't remember how far it is from Mobile to Selma but that proved to be the end of our march. We fired a few shots from our battery when we first started on our march, at Rebs that had been stationed out that way who didn't know we had taken Mobile. That was about the 12th of April, three days after Lee had surrendered. We were away up in the Pine Woods in Alabama when we got the news that Lee had surrendered. That old tar pine forest will never again hear the cheering that went up then and there. We knew that we in the west had made a clear sweep in the last three battles we had fought. We, in the west, had thought all through the war that the eastern army wasn't doing their share but the west had sent a man there that had finally ended all. I think we were all glad of it, Johnnies as well as Yanks.

We stopped at the little town of Greenville for a few days. While there the Rebs lined the road with stragglers or deserters from Lee's army. They said they didn't know of their surrender but they did know that it would have to come so they took French leave.

We got to Selma in due time, passing through the beautiful city of Montgomery on the way. Selma had been taken by our cavalry a little while before. The Rebs had had an arsenal there and a foundry where they had made all kinds of guns, everything had been burned that would burn, but there were all kinds of cannon. A good many other business houses had been burned, no doubt, that had not ought to have been burned, but such is war. Selma is also a nice town, and in our stay there and after getting acquainted, we found them to be a nice sociable people if the quarter part of them were women and girls. When we first marched

through the city we only saw very few women peeping out of the windows with a frightened look on their faces. We established our camp just outside the city limits. We got to fixing ourselves up. We were mostly young men so we wanted to put on as good an appearance as possible and act it so that the women would know that we were real men even if we were Yanks. We soon found out that it worked. The women and girls began coming out of the hiding places more and more everyday, that scared look had left their faces, so in a little while we could see that we had made a hit. It wasn't long 'til you could actually see a southern girl and a uniformed Yankee soldier walking side by side.

PICKED UP LOOSE MONEY

We got to Selma probably the last of April and were there 'till about the middle of July. The people from the country brought all kinds of vegetables which we bought. The storekeepers began to get goods and open their stores with the assurance from the military that they would be protected. We had one infantry regiment with us, the 8th Wisconsin, I think. The other regiments of the brigade were stationed in the towns nearby. We boys wanted to put on all the style possible. We, of course, had to wear our artillery uniforms fixed up in the best possible shape, but we could add a little to them and not break over the regulations. We could get fine shoes and a hat and put a red cord around it and thus more style. I, too, fell in. I had scads of C.S.A. money that I accidentally had picked up at the state house in Montgomery. I didn't have to hold anyone up for it either, just found it loose. No, not loose, but in a pack about like a bale of cotton, about all in \$20 bills. I never counted it. It wouldn't have paid for the time although I did buy some things of the natives for it. I gave as high as \$20 for a peck of tomatoes. The hat and shoes that I bought; the price was four dollars for the hat and eight dollars for a dandy pair of fine shoes. That is what it cost in our money, greenbacks. I asked the old man what it would cost in his money. He hadn't given me an answer but I counted him out twenty, \$20 bills and asked him if he would take that. "Well," he says, "you call it my kind of money but I will take your kind," so I gave him his choice. I had never gambled any in the army but with that money coming to me so easy, I commenced to let it go easy. So, in one way or another, of all that countless money I only have a lone \$25 bill left.

GET ALONG TOGETHER

The Rebel soldiers were coming in from the different armies 'til it looked like there were about as many of them as there were of us, but we all got along fine together at all times. We noticed one of the

battery boys going with a fine looking girl, we thought a little too regular, so we called his attention to it and told him that we would tell his best girl at home what he was doing. He would only say that the girls at home were all alike to him. We could see that they were stuck on one another. We got well acquainted with her sister. She would inquire in a round about way how he stood in the company and we all could give a good word for him for he was certainly a manly young man, his home being in Nebraska. When we got on the boat on the Alabama river to leave, the girl and her sister as well as a good many other citizens of Selma were there to see us off. This girl and this hardened soldier drew the attention of all, no doubt the disgust of probably nearly all of the citizens of Selma. They had got to thinking that the Yankees were not nearly as bad as they had been pictured, but the idea of one of the best girls falling in with a Yankee soldier, they no doubt thought it the limit. He had told us that when he was discharged that he was coming back to get that girl. I had heard that he did. The battery had a reunion in 1911, the 50th anniversary of our muster in. I met John Covalt there (that was the soldier's name), and I asked him if it was so that he went back and got that Selma girl. He said, "You bet and thank God I have got her yet." War with all its horrors brings about strange and good things as well as bad.

TO PROCEED TO IOWA

At last we got orders from the War Department to proceed to Iowa to be mustered out. Of course, we longed for that. But our stay had been so pleasant in Selma that we didn't get out of patience waiting for the order. The boys were mostly pretty healthy while there but when we got ready to start, Second Lieutenant John E. Snyder was unable to go, so as bad as we hated to we had to leave him. We got aboard the small steamer, as I have described, for Mobile, I think about 60 miles by river. We had our horses and guns aboard. At Mobile we disembarked from our river steamer and after a day or two wait we got a larger boat in the bay. We went back the same way that we had come there, over the Lakes Borgne and Pontchartrain, landing a few miles from New Orleans, disembarked there, hitched our horses to our caisson and gun carriages for the last time and marched to the city. There we turned our horses over to a Quartermaster and our guns to Ordnance there to receive them. After putting our guns and horses away, the cannoneers patted their guns goodbye and the drivers hugged their horses' necks. After all, there was a sad feeling there that a looker-on couldn't help but notice. Now we were free of everything and, of course, we felt lost. Yes, we were out of a job. We had to wait a day or so for a steamer to take us up the river. In that time, our Captain Coons took terribly sick and when we got ready, he was too sick to go so we had to leave him in the hospital. Something more to make the boys sad.

We steamed up the river and all seemed serene when one of the boys came rushing in saying that First Lieutenant Burke had taken a bad spell.

He had suddenly taken to cramping and, there being no doctor aboard, the captain of the boat thought it might be cholera. We were a little below Vicksburg so the captain said he would land and we could take him to a hospital, so it was up to me now. I was First Sergeant and took charge of the company. I had sent one of the boys with the ambulance that took Lieutenant Burke to the hospital. The captain of the boat had to land there anyway and the man would have time to get back. He brought the word from the hospital that the doctor had said never fear for it was not cholera.

UP TO CAIRO

We steamed on up the river to Cairo, the mouth of the Ohio river, and that being the head of navigation of lower Mississippi boats. I got transportation over the Illinois Central to the Rock Island at Pine, and from there to Davenport. I reported to the commander at Camp McClelland, but our good old Adjutant General of Iowa was soon there (General Baker). He called the Iowa soldiers his boys and he sure was a good father. He had offices there for us to make out our discharge papers. We had some good permen in the battery so I soon had them at work. I got leave of the commander of the camp to let the boys choose their own quarters in the city. It, of course, meant that each one would have to pay his own way. I suppose the boys thought they had been sponging off of Uncle Sam so they would ease up on him and board themselves for a couple of days. We soon had our papers ready and the U. S. office was then to muster us out August 7, 1865. We had been mustered into the U. S. service on August 8, 1861, just four years to a day. Our Lieutenant Burke joined us about the time of the muster out. Lieutenant Snyder, to the surprise of all of us, got well and came home that fall. Captain Coons got home shortly after the company had disbanded. There were about 60 men when I called roll for the last time at Davenport. I had been calling the battery roll for about a year and a half so I had it by heart and I could do the same thing for years after the war, but now they have all left my memory. I know of but 8 of that 60 that are living now. The commissioned officers are all gone and I am the only noncom that is left. At Davenport the boys all shook hands and a good many made a quick grab at their eyes as though to brush a big drop of sweat that had gathered there. There were boys from Illinois, Missouri and Nebraska, and from 18 counties south. If there was a worse scatter than when we were discharged from the U. S. Army, I would like to hear of it.

WHERE THEY ALL ARE

I only started out to tell where I belonged in the army and the boys that were with me. From now, I am going to tell where they all are.

My brother Rome lies in the National Cemetery at Jefferson Barracks below St. Louis, Missouri. Paul Burkhart, was removed from Eastport where we buried him, to the Corinth National Cemetery near Corinth, Mississippi, with a marker with his name and company. My old child playmate, schoolmate, comrade and chum is buried in Montana. My boyhood playmate and comrade is buried in the Bass Cemetery in Boone County. I am here yet. I would have been picked out when we enlisted to be the weakest of the bunch but I have outlived them all, so I have been pretty tough, it seems. I mean, of course, physically. I never wanted to be tough any other way. We left our boys in five different states, I fear some of them in unknown graves. We scattered in different directions from Davenport, some going up the river in boats to get the nearest point to their homes.

I, with the boys, took the Rock Island. At Iowa City I got off. I wanted to go by way of Cedar Rapids where I had an uncle living and then north in Benton County where I had a brother and sister living. My brother had been in the Rebel prison at Tyler, Texas, 14 months.

STAGE COACH RIDE

I got on the stagecoach at Iowa City for Cedar Rapids, a distance of 25 miles. There was just one lone woman in the coach. After being in a crowd for so long, it looked lonesome to me. "Oh well, I thought, I will have someone to talk to anyway", but I soon found out that I was mistaken. I only had someone talk to me. I could only answer part of her questions, they came too fast for me, at least 50 to the mile. I had no uniform on. The first word she said was, "You are a soldier." I said I had been. She says, "I saw you before you got in and I knew you were a soldier by your walk." Then the questions of where I belonged and how long I had been in the army, the battles I had been in. I thought she would ask me if I had been killed but she did ask me if I had been wounded. I told her I had only got a couple of little nicks. Then she says, "You did bleed for our country but didn't die for it." I only had time to say that all through the war that I would sooner live for our country than to die for it. She was still asking questions when we got off at Cedar Rapids. I didn't get lonesome, anyway. I thanked her for her company, we shook hands and parted. I didn't get a chance to ask her whether she was married or single.

TICKET TO BOONE

I stayed with my uncle a couple of days and then went up to Shellsburg in Benton County, where my brother and sister lived, stayed

there a couple of weeks and then back to Cedar Rapids by stage where I got a ticket for Boone, the limit of the railroad at that time, the latter part of August 1865. I had found who my best girl was when I came home on veteran's furlough so if I got back we were to be married. At that time it didn't seem to worry me a bit but the thrill of my life happened after that. I may tell it some other time. My best girl and I were married the 24th day of December, 1865. Her folks lived in this old town of Centerville, not more than 100 yards from where I am writing. All the family was living then, seven in all. All are gone now. In 1867 we moved up into Pilot Mound Township and rented the farm which we bought later and still own, where we shared our joys and sorrows together for fifty-four years. We had kept our marriage vows 'til death did us part, and then against my will or consent. So this is what we call life.

My army life and, in fact, all seems more of a dream than a reality to me. I wonder sometimes if this life that we think we are living now isn't all a dream. There are so many mysterious things happening nowadays that we can't seem but know it, so that no matter how impossible anything may seem, I believe it. So this is our dream, would be we won't know it 'till we wake up in another.

Now, Mr. Editor, if you print this, you may call it "A War Story" or anything else. It is up to you. Sine die.

J. R. BUTTOLPH
2nd Iowa Battery

(The End)