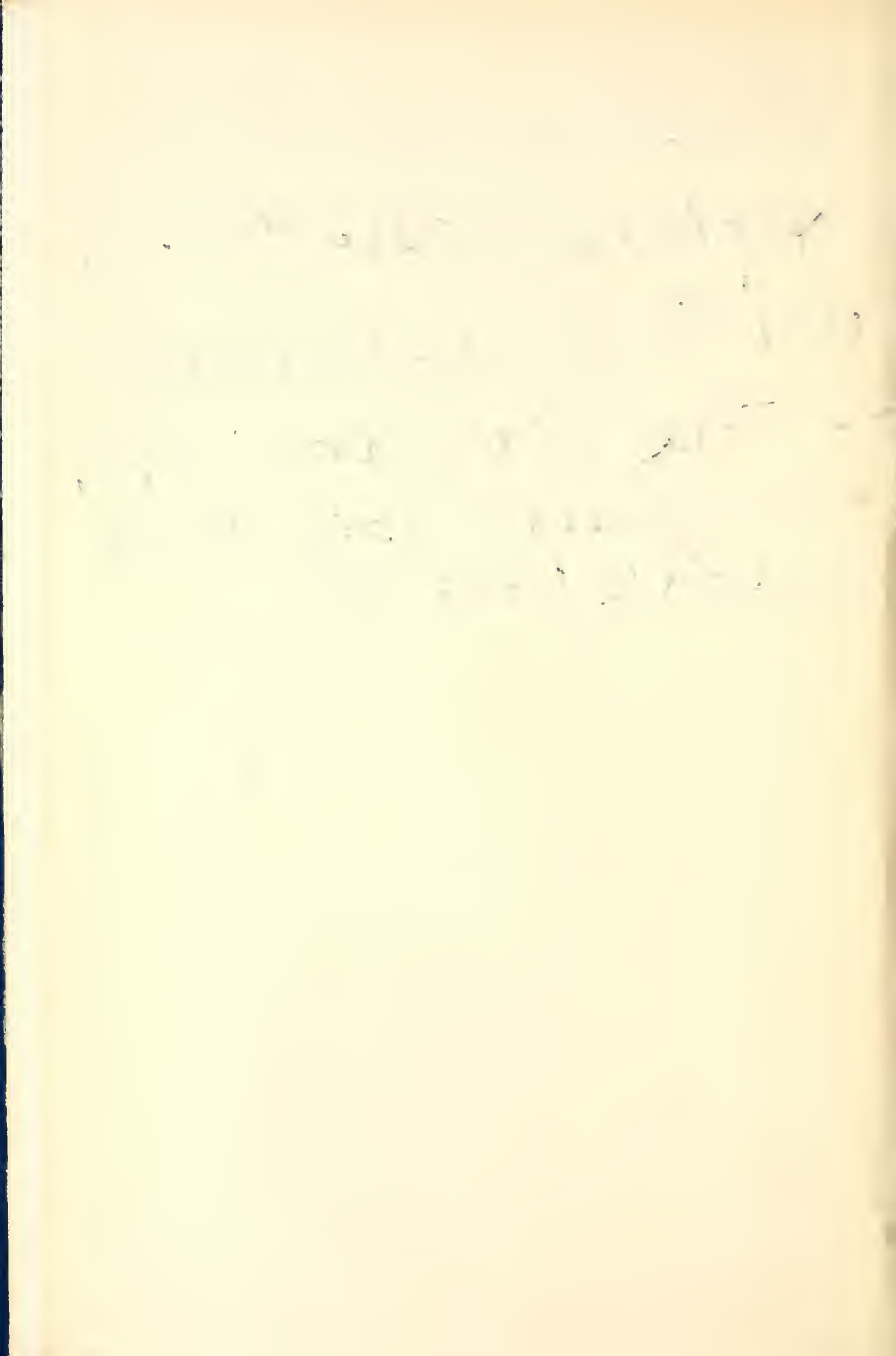
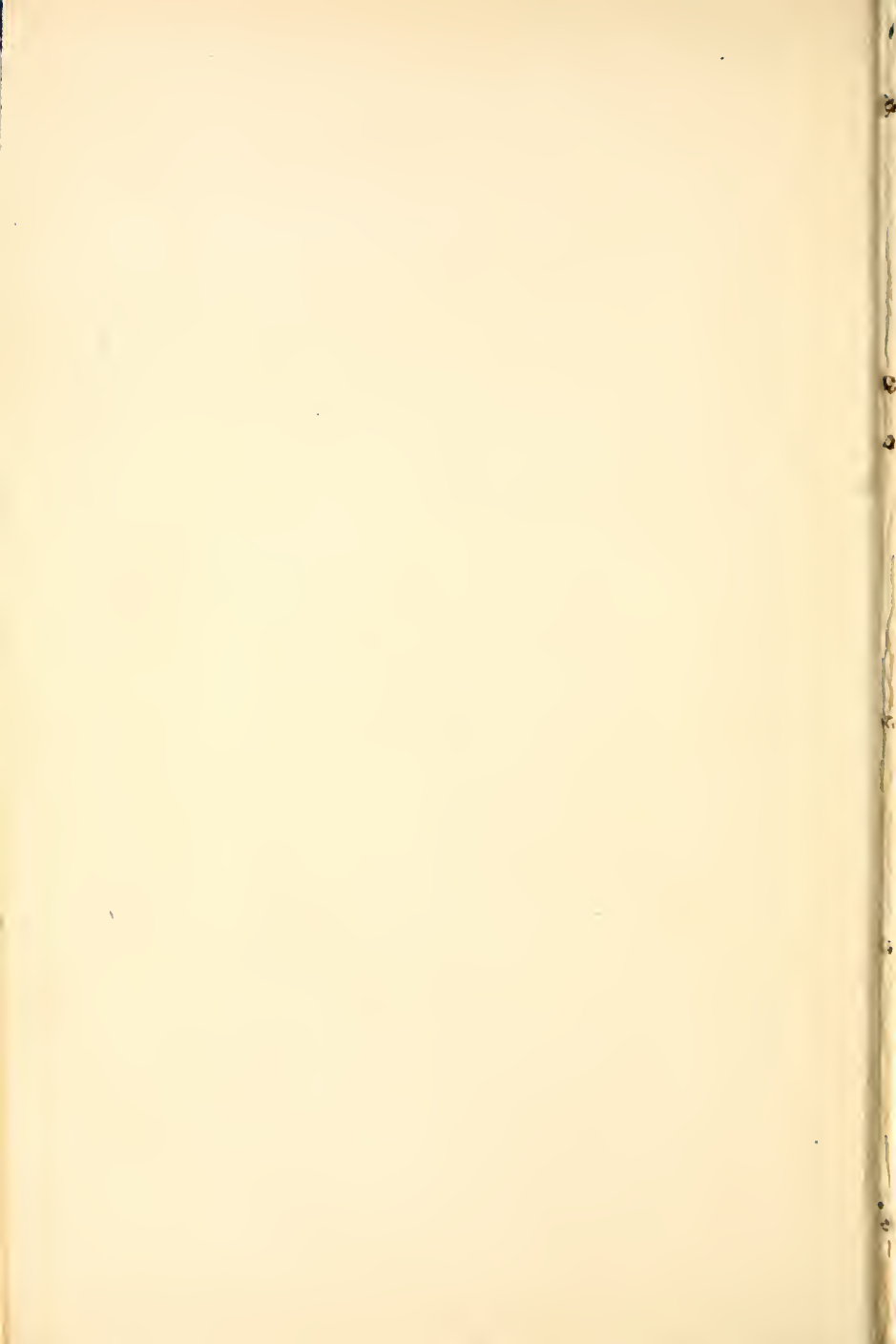


Presented to
Herbert B Rhodes Esq.
with Compliments
of the Author J. C. M.
age fourscore and
seven years







J. C. Mahan



MARY ELLEN MAHAN



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2011 with funding from

The Institute of Museum and Library Services through an Indiana State Library LSTA Grant

PREFATORY NOTE

During the last ten years, my children have often requested me to write an autobiography, or personal memoirs, of my life, embracing sufficient detail to preserve the family record; and also a brief record of important events in our country's history—such as the Civil War, and the part I had in helping to save the Union.

There's a Divinity that shapes our ends, rough hew them how we will. The fortune I inherited in early life was not silver and gold, but something of more real worth—good health, good character and a cheerful nature, to start with—and later on, a faithful wife and an honorable family. I, therefore, belong to the class Lincoln said "God must have loved because He made so many of them."

During three score years of married life, I have earned a whole lot of money, but it all seemed to belong to that migratory species whose flight was always in one direction; and so I have never had the means nor the spare time to devote to some of my most cherished

enterprises: but, having felt the need of a record of the genealogy of my people, and, wishing to leave something of interest to my descendants, I have decided to begin the work. It will be written almost wholly from memory, and, as "truth is stranger than fiction," some incidents may seem incredible, but all will be absolutely reliable except actual dates.

Moreover, if grammatical errors appear, the cause may be traced back to the days of the log school houses and subscription schools. I have written the Prefatory Note before the book, for the reason that I might not have strength to complete the book. I am not, however, in sympathy with the idea that one is "down and out" at seventy. I have worked out two useful inventions and procured patents on both, since my seventy-second year. I mention this, not to boast, but to encourage those upon whom the weight of years may seem to press heavily.

With these brief remarks, I present this little volume, hoping that the lessons contained therein, learned from actual experience, may benefit those who chance to scan its pages.

J. C. MAHAN.

Lincoln, Nebraska,
January 14, 1919.

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. GENEALOGY—BIRTH—DEATH OF MOTHER —ADOPTED BY UNCLE AND AUNT	1-32
II. RECOLLECTIONS OF CHILDHOOD FROM THREE TO SEVEN YEARS	33-53
III. WILD HOG CATCHING—TRAINED DOGS— NOTED PIONEERS—RETURN OF MEXI- CAN SOLDIERS	54-66
IV. HUNTING TRIPS—WILD HOGS—DEER— WILD TURKEYS—THE BLIND RAM— FIRST RAILWAY	67-75
V. SETTLEMENT AND HOMES ALONG THE BUSRON AND WABASH—BETHEL— SCHOOL DAYS ENDED—DREAMS OF YOUNG MANHOOD—CALL TO ARMS	76-87
VI. ENLISTMENT—ISLAND NO. 10—TIPTON- VILLE—ON TO SHILOH	88-103
VII. HOLLY SPRINGS—OXFORD—RETREAT TO MEMPHIS, TENN.—YAZOO PASS	104-112
VIII. MILLIKEN'S BEND—GRAND GULF—PORT GIBSON—JACKSON—SEIGE OF VICKS- BURG	113-135
IX. MISSION RIDGE—CHATTANOOGA—HUNTS- VILLE—HOOD'S ASSAULT ON NASH- VILLE, TENN.	136-153
X. END OF WAR—HOME AT INDIANAPOLIS —FARM LIFE AT BICKNELL, IND.— MOVED TO NEBRASKA—BUSINESS CAREER AT MALCOLM AND LINCOLN, NEBRASKA.. . . .	154-176

CHAPTER I.

Somewhere in the valley of the Licking River, in Kentucky, in the time of Daniel Boone, there lived a family of Mahans. Near by, in the same valley were located a family of Brownings. Off to the south, one hundred miles or more, lived a family of Hughes's. I do not know how numerous either of those families were, or where they came from, but I guess there must have been plenty of them, for the woods have been alive with Mahans, Brownings, and Hughes's from that day until now. The Brownings and Hughes's are mentioned at this time in order that later developments may be better understood.

From the first of these families, sprang my grandfather, John Mahan. He was of Scotch-Irish blood, and a cooper by trade. He married a woman whose ancestral name I cannot recall, but think it was Sarah Prichert. She is said to have been a woman of great vitality. Their own household numbered thirteen children, as follows: Isaac, William, Samuel,

John, Thomas, Jeremiah, Asa, Benjamin, Thornton and George; Elizabeth, Sarah and Rachel. Ten sons and three daughters; all rugged and healthy, except George, the youngest of the sons, who died in early manhood. All of the others lived to rear large families of their own. Nearly all of the boys were coopers or millwrights, and one of the girls, "Aunt Betsy," married a cooper. It was a popular trade at that time.

At five years old I admired all of my uncles and aunts except Uncle Thornton who came over one cold morning to borrow our wagon. I ran to open the big gate which opened outward on a hillside. I let it swing back too quick, and the wagon hub jerked it off the hinges, falling on me face downward, flattening my nose on the frozen ground. He drove on to the foot of the hill before coming back and by that time Aunt Peggy had released me from the trap. My nose ever since has been a little out of line to the left, but on the theory that all things work together for good this may have kept it out of other folks' business. All the same I have never quite forgiven Uncle Thornton.

Grandfather's brother, Peter Mahan, had moved from Kentucky a little earlier and settled near Orleans, Orange County, Indiana, and some time in the forties he came over to

visit Grandfather in a two horse carriage of the old rockaway type, and as I viewed it I thought Uncle Peter must be one of the rich potentates I had heard about.

This uncle's son Peter, visited us at Vicksburg during the siege, after which I lost track of him and know but little of that branch of the Mahan family.

Between 1820 and 1830, grandfather and all of his family, married and single, except Asa, (my father), had moved from their "old Kentucky homes" to Indiana, settling east of the Wabash River and west of White River. Uncle Isaac stopped in the woods on a tract of land that later became part of Green Castle, where Asbury University was afterward located.

Grandfather and the others pushed on southward, finding homes in the deep forest along the valley of Busron Creek. Grandfather and Grandmother, with five of their children, yet single, settled three-fourths of a mile east of Busron Creek, twenty miles southeast of where that stream empties into the Wabash River, and twelve miles on the same line, from where (many years later) was located Sullivan, the county seat. The rest of their large family, except two of the girls—whose homes were from two to twenty miles south,—all lived from one-half a mile to eight miles away along the Busron Valley, some of them only

a few miles from where already there lived with his father, Allen DePaw, a rugged, little bare-foot lad, who afterwards established the first plate glass factory in this country, at New Albany, Indiana; and later on, by an endowment from his immense income, changed the name of the University mentioned above to "DePaw." Allen DePaw had built a mill at this point on Busron and called the place "Caledona", intending to lay out a town; but one store, a blacksmith shop and a flatboat yard, was the nearest it ever got to a town. All these have been gone fifty years; nothing but a bridge across the stream marks the spot, but it is still called "Caledona," the birth-place of Washington DePaw.

Back from Busron, on either side a few miles, were short stretches of prairie land, rich and level, with enough timber for farming, which was already taken by pioneer farmers; but the Mahans were coopers, and preferred to be situated close to the raw material. They all began to clear away the timber and cultivate small fields of corn, rye, buckwheat, and potatoes, for food, and to grow flax and hemp to be hand spun and woven for raiment. Everything was done by hand. These men cut and seasoned their cooperage material in summer, worked it into finished ware, and hauled it

from twenty to twenty-five miles to market, during the fall and winter each year.

They all built houses very much alike in size and style, except that grandfather's was double length, with the chimney in the center and two fire-places. The others had one fire-place at the end of the structure, which was hewn timber, notched and fitted at each end, so as to make complete corners as they were built into the house. These log houses were usually one story in height, with puncheon floors and clapboard doors, and roofed with clapboards. The fire-places were large enough to burn from four to six feet lengths of wood of all sizes, and were built up, chimney and all, with "cat and clay"—(clay mixed with straw and worked into a stiff dough). The same material was used to fill the cracks between the logs. A few years later, the interior of this style of homes was somewhat improved by the use of lumber (whip sawed) for the floors and for making panel doors to replace the clapboard doors.

Very soon after these days of the "whip saw" and "saw pit", one of the ten brothers of this Mahan family built a saw mill and grist mill combined, on Busron Creek, six miles above Caledona; built a dam to hold water for power, and began sawing lumber and grinding grain for the community. Six miles farther

up stream, on the North Fork of Busron, Jerry Barcas built another mill, similar to my Uncle's, but the country settled up so fast that the mills were not able to supply the demand, and "horse mills" were built back from the stream in several places to which the people went horse-back with a bag of grain for a saddle, and two horses harnessed for power, to turn the great wheel.

The shed that covered the great wooden wheel and stone "Buhrs" was similar to the one at the camp meeting (to be mentioned later on), only not quite so large. The wheel was about 100 feet in circumference with a cog every four inches on the periphery. The cogs worked on a trundle head containing about 10 two-inch round spokes 12 inches long. Thru the center of this head was a shaft that turned the grinding Buhrs. The power used was two or four horses hitched to a thirty foot sweep running through the big round center shaft standing vertical to support the great cog wheel. The capacity of these horse power mills was about ten bushels of corn per hour, but the meal made a "Hoe cake" you never would forget.

By this time grandfather needed more room and so built a neater and larger cooper shop, the walls of which were of large yellow poplar logs hewn down to six inch thickness. Poplar

lumber for floors and doors, and glass for the windows instead of oiled paper, which was previously used in the windows.

It was within the walls of this palatial cooper shop on January, 1840, that I first saw the light. About fourteen years prior to this important event, my father, Asa Mahan, married Feraby Browning, to whom four daughters and two sons were born, as follows: Thomas D., Elizabeth, Sarah, Malinda J., Mary E. and William P., all born "corn crackers". Father moved to Indiana in the year 1839, and as his own home was not finished, he moved into the cooper shop above mentioned, and so I was the only native born "Hoosier" of father's first marriage.

Father was born and reared among the "rock-ribbed" hills of "Old Kaintuck," and had no use for flat lands, and so chose for his future home site a quarter section of land located about five miles southeast from grandfather's, on the head waters of Sugar Creek (a tributary of Busron), a small stream at this point but one of wild romantic beauty such as seemed to satisfy the ideals of my father; and it was truly an ideal location for a home for boys and girls.

The valley of this rock-bottomed stream was from eighty to one hundred yards wide, walled in on either side by steep hills or

cliffs, fifty to one hundred feet high, filled with coal and sand-stone, and covered with timber of great size and variety. Along the sides of these bluffs could be seen uncovered single pieces of sandstone ten inches to one foot thick, ten feet wide and twenty feet long, as straight and square as though sawed out by machinery, and were, in after years, made into grind stones of excellent quality. On the top of one of these hills close to the creek valley, father built his log house, and as his best outlet lay down this valley, he cut a roadway from the dwelling down a gulch to the creek valley. Back from the house was a stretch of table land which later became the main farm. A few rods from where this road from the dwelling crossed the creek, the main stream forked. Up one branch a half mile, was a cave and deposits of alum. It was called the Alum-cave Branch. Up the other about an equal distance, was a huge rock over which the water leaped to a basin several feet below. It was named the Falling Rock Branch.

The near side of the valley was fenced, and a large gate hung at the foot of the road to the creek. Near this gate-way, up the side of the bluff, came out a spring of water clear and cold all the year, for the stock. No need

of a pump—it just poured from a lead trough into a big tank.

Sixty years later, Mary and I, in company with Mary's older brother, T. P. Hughes, and his wife Elizabeth, visited this old home; all was changed by the ravages of time. The old log house was crumbling near by, which father had built to make room for his growing family, now looked old; but, to our surprise, the big Honey-suckle vine of half a century was still clinging to the wall and roof of the old log house. And, ten feet from its door was the deep stone-walled well where I had so often drunk from "The Old Oaken Bucket . . . The Moss Covered Bucket" which hung in its mouth.

The land was now owned by a mining company and several coal shafts were in full blast, pumping their copperas water into the beautiful little creek of yore, killing all the fish and filling up and desecrating the old "swimmin' holes".

We took a picture of the place—including the old log cooper shop in which father had worked—and with a sigh, and a parting look we bid the dear old home good-bye. Father was not standing in the door waving a farewell, he was sleeping at old Bethel beside the ones he had loved and honored.

“How dear to my heart are the scenes
of my childhood,
When fond recollections present them
to view.
The orchard, the meadow, the deep
tangled wildwood
And every loved spot which my in-
fancy knew.”

This creek was swift and clear, with a rock or coal bed filled with sunfish, silver sides, chubs, etc., and some of the most delightful “swimmin’ holes” that ever cooled the brow or gladdened the heart of a romping boy. And then, every spring, the hard maple sugar trees were tapped, and maple syrup and sugar in abundance manufactured to keep everybody sweet and happy. What more could a lad or lassie wish for? It fell to the lot of my older brothers and sisters to reap the full harvest of all this in its initial stage. My mother had died, and I had been adopted into an uncle’s family.

In the autumn of my birth year, father moved from grandfather’s cooper shop into his own home. About one year thereafter my mother died leaving me an orphan of twenty months; and my Aunt Margaret (better known as “Aunt Peggy”) took me, at mother’s request, to bring up.

Something over a year after my mother was laid to rest, in Bethel Cemetery, my father re-married, but, up to the day of his death, he never ceased to care for the grave of his first love; and today there stands above her dust a large sandstone slab taken from the bluff near their old home, seventy-five years ago. This headstone was dressed into neat shape, set upon a firm foundation, and the grave enclosed with pickets four feet high, painted white. When the grave needed additional care, the picket frame was removed and then set back.

Father's second marriage was to Miss Mary Ann Hamilton, of a family living near the Hughes and the Patton families, and related to them. (I think this Hamilton family traced their lineage back to Alexander Hamilton). To this union there were born one son and two daughters, as follows: Uriah Theodore, Jemima and Catherine, still living, while I am the youngest and only living member of the first family.

When father brought my step-mother over to see me the first time, I was so favorably impressed that I wanted to go home with her and she proved to be a good mother in the new home. "Aunt Peggy" was a good foster mother to me, probably better than I merited at times. If "Jane" had been out of my way,

everything would have been lovely, I thought. "Aunt Peggy" was formerly Margaret McCamish who, many years before, had become the wife of Uncle Samuel, father's elder brother back in Kentucky. Uncle and Aunt had already adopted a girl five or six years my senior, whose time, after I arrived, was pretty well taken up in seeing that I was kept within prescribed bounds. This was no small job later on, and at times took about all the courage the girl could muster to deliver the goods to my Aunt, who usually gave me the punishment and the girl the praise, and somehow as "the plot thickened", I got the impression that the girl was a favorite and it put enmity between us, or, perhaps, jealousy is a better word. Their only child was a son yet in his "teens", and they wanted some younger children in their home, they said. I have since doubted the wisdom of their choice.

Aunt Peggy was said to have been small and handsome at the time of her marriage, but at this time, although below medium height, she tipped the beam at two hundred pounds and naturally was slow on foot. This girl they had adopted was probably taken into the home for that reason. She was tall and thin and her name even, (Jane Shanks), suggested speed and endurance. But, as I grew into boyhood, "Aunt Peggy" needed the girl

more and more for emergencies out-doors, as well as in the house. This may be made plainer further on, where I speak from memory. The above is what they said of me up to three years of age.

My new home with Uncle Sam and Aunt Peggy was located on an elevated piece of land a short distance from the bank of Busron Creek, and a half mile due west of my birth-place, the cooper shop, at grandfather's; Uncle John and Aunt Ann's home was midway between. Uncle Ben and Aunt Sally (formerly Sarah Cochran) lived on grandfather's place; Uncle William and Aunt Dolly lived a mile west across the creek, with Uncle Thornton and Aunt Susan adjoining; Uncle Jerry and Aunt Jemima (a sister of my mother), up the creek at the mill site before mentioned; Uncle Tom and Aunt Betty, a mile farther up the stream, on the south fork of Busron, and Aunt Betsy and Uncle Billy Pitt on the country road near to Bethel Church, the school house, and cemetery ground.

This somewhat close form of settlement was preferred in that early day, in order to exchange help in clearing away the heavy timber, and for building school houses and churches. The Mahans were nearly all Methodists of the John Wesley type.

In the autumn of 1842 or 43 a Methodist

camp was laid out on land owned by Noah Swift, about four miles north of Bethel, wooden tents were built so as to close a hollow square of about one acre of ground. On the west side of this square a huge shed was built on big round posts set deep in the ground and three sides left open. On the west side of this shed was built a large tent for Pastors; in this tent was kept a long trumpet to be used for calling the hosts together at the service hour.

These camp meetings were held annually after harvest lasting ten days, and were attended by people from a wide circle with deep interest for many years. My dog "Jack Baily" sometimes remained to guard our tent and we would have to go back and bring him home.

The first enclosed temple of worship in my memory was located a mile north of grandfather's, at the crossing of two section lines, built of heavy hewn timbers, the floor and pulpit of yellow poplar and a shingle roof, and was dedicated "Bethel". This edifice was warmed in winter by a real wood stove that burned three foot lengths of large size.

Dear old "Bethel"! What sacred memories cluster round about thee! The sound of thy name is like the songs of long ago. Near thee, my mother was laid to rest, back in the

early forties, while father stood weeping, and when I was yet a baby boy.

Near thee, I recited my first lesson in school. Within thy walls, I was sprinkled a Methodist. From thy pulpit, I heard the itinerant sermons and prayers of Forbes, Kemp, Cornelius, and the Asburys. Within thy sacred precincts, worshipped the Mahans, the Asburys, the Pitts, the Nales, the Henkles, the Manwarings, and a host of others.

There was an Amen corner in thee, on the men's side, and on the other side, happy mothers told the old, old story in their own way. I can shut my eyes and in that company I see the radiant faces of Granny Cochran, Aunt Betsy Pitt, Aunt Peggy, Aunt Sally George, Mary Blair, and my own dear Mary.

Thy burial ground holds the dust of the first four of my eight children.

Grand old "Bethel"! Would that thy quaint walls were still standing. But thy fame endureth, and God alone can measure the scope of thy righteous influence.

East of the church a few rods, was erected the first school house in all that country, for several miles. It was built of round logs and "scutched down", which was to build them up first and then hew them afterwards. Nearly all of one end of the house was cut out for fireplace and chimney, and the clay for mak-

ing the huge flue, hearth and jambs, was taken from within the walls, making a deep cavity that, in the rainy season, filled with water, and "bull frogs" would, at times, sound notes that were no worse on the ear than some I have since heard at concerts. Sometimes (when teacher was absent) we tore up the puncheon floor and had lots of fun with the frogs in this pond under the school-room. No one thought of it being unhealthy.

South of the church and school house, on land donated by "Uncle Billy Pitt", was located the cemetery grounds for a wide scope of surrounding country. This point became widely known as "Bethel". Two main roads crossed here, and guide boards pointed north to Terre Haute, twenty-five miles; south to Vincennes, forty miles; east to Eel River, ten miles, and west to the Wabash River, eighteen miles. Miles in those days *meant* something. They stretched out into the night, no matter how early one started, and the stumps in the road seemed to multiply at night.

In the surrounding church and school grounds, stood large beech trees with long swinging limbs, to which the young gentlemen tied their saddle horses during the church service, and away in all directions, stretched "the continuous woods". A mighty forest of oak, hickory, poplar, butternut, and black wal-

nut, wild cherry, ash, maple, sycamore, sweet and black gum, and the beautiful dog wood and red bud, not "where rolled the Oregon and heard no sound" (for the sound of the woodman's ax was already heard, and, within a generation, the bulk of this primeval forest had disappeared), but where rolled the wild, winding stream known in my boyhood days as Busron, with its fords and foot-logs, its water mills, its mill ponds and "swimmin' holes".

*Backward, turn backward,
O, time in thy flight;
Make me a child again
Just for tonight.*

The very first of my memories, however, are perhaps the most vivid, and are of interest to me whether they will be to others or not. But, before beginning a detailed account of events which will now come rapidly, it may be well to describe more minutely my new home and its surroundings. Houses were built with doors north and south so as to have a noon sun-mark on the floor from the door jamb. Our house fronted north, with a wide sloping yard two hundred feet to a big gate six feet high and fourteen feet wide, hung between posts a foot square and twelve feet high. East and west from these tall gate posts, ran the usual rail fence, "staked and ridered", same

height as the gate, the tall posts, I presume, being for ornaments. Cherry trees dotted the spacious front yard. A deep hollow one hundred feet wide lay between the gate and stables on the north side, down which ran a brook ("branch"), to the creek, a quarter of a mile away. West from the stables lay the road to the ford on Busron, and north of this road, the sugar camp and "Saw Pit". South of the dwelling, was the milk-house and smoke-house; between them, the big well with its tall sweep and long hand-pole from which hung the "Old Oaken Bucket". West, were the "bars" into the orchard, and north of the orchard, in the bluff of the big hollow, was a large cave for apples and vegetables. West of the orchard near the forest, "turkey pens" were built for trapping wild turkeys. East of the dwelling, one hundred feet, stood the cooper shop. South from the shop, a line of walnut trees on the side of a lane down which I went to a "paw-paw" thicket to play. About one hundred yards away, just across the garden, close by the thicket, ran a little rivulet, sometimes dried up, a small affair not worth noting except for the memory it holds. North-east, up the hollow, was the pasture for Aunt Peggy's flock of geese.

Although Uncle had been there many years, he had about thirty acres only of ploughable

land much of which was stumpy, and fifteen acres of pasture partly cleared, when I was taken into the family. The remainder was standing timber of choice variety and immense growth. One forty acre tract of his bottom land contained dozens of poplar trees, the value of which, if standing today, would more than buy the land. I became legal heir to one-third of his estate, but it was squandered by an administrator's blunders while I was in the Civil War. But what of it? The possession of it might have changed the course of my ship toward the rocks. It is almost forgotten, but the little things loom up as factors in the formative period of my life worth while.

The first things I remember distinctly, that are of any moment worth mentioning, occurred some time in 1843. I am reasonably sure of the year, and will place them in order as they transpired as nearly as possible, up to my enlistment in the Civil War of 1861-65, which occurred on February 11, 1862, at Sullivan, Indiana.

This span of eighteen years hold for me some of the disappointments of boyhood and youth, but I grew rapidly from under the domineering influence of "Jane" and took care of my own affairs when we were left at home. But her word always outweighed mine with

Aunt Peggy so I had no use for poor "Jane".

There were times, however, when fate seemed to turn the tables in my favor, and then my cup ran over. She was always getting into trouble. When we went to gather goose eggs, the gander would grab her and pound her with his wings. One of them caught her in the palm of her hand and pinched a big blood blister. Once I punched a rabbit through a hollow log to her and it bit her thumb to the bone. Whoever heard of a rabbit biting anyone before? I told her it was coming for the way she treated me, but my warning fell on deaf ears. Aunt Peggy had set her over me and she used the old style "rod of correction" until I grew strong enough to rebel, and then I overdid the thing until at times I felt sorry for her.

It was between my third and fourth birthdays that occurred an incident worthy of note. I think it has the first place in my memory. It was spring time. I was playing in the paw-paw thicket back of the garden when suddenly there appeared, a few yards away, a black bear walking down the little rivulet before mentioned. He didn't look up but moved on down the little stream around the bend out of my sight. I sprang to my feet and made a pretty quick trip to the house; told Aunt Peggy that I had seen a black bear going

down the branch back of the garden, but for some reason I failed to convince her that I was telling the truth. I urged her to go quick, that it might yet be in sight, but she evidently thought I was lying. She may have had grounds for doubt knowing that my imagination ran pretty high at times. Although I had told her the truth about the bear, I had nearly grown to manhood before she believed it. She would have believed Jane, but Jane was not with me at this time. This bear was among the last of wild bears ever seen in that country.

It could not have been much past my third birthday when old Preacher Forbes, then on the Sullivan Circuit, stopped as usual one evening at "Brother Mahan's" for the night. In the big leather "saddle bags" swinging across the rear of his saddle, were several dozen tin cups (or "tin tumblers" we called them), decorated with red, white, and blue stripes around them, for presents to the children on the circuit. Simple as they were, they didn't grow on trees in that day. I sized him up in my memory and admiration as somewhat above the common race of mortals. I met him thirty-five years later at Bicknell, Indiana, where he was engaged in a six day debate with a Baptist brother on the mode of baptism, and he was the same tall, handsome

figure, with just a few wrinkles and a white head.

But that "tumbler" I began at once to take down to the milking yard. Aunt Peggy would fill it with warm, fresh milk, and once while perched on the fence beside the big gate, supping the milk, one of the cows walked slowly up to me, lifted me on her horns, then gave her head a vigorous shake and dropped me on the ground. Of course, I screamed. Jane (my guardian angel) rescued me, redeeming herself in a measure (as I viewed matters) for some of her former deeds of violence. Why did the cow do that? Do you know?

Ours was a big place and many old "tom cats" put up (not exactly at the house) but around the premises. I became very much interested in these. They had not been properly trained in "domestic science" (as it would be called now), and so I ventured a few lessons. Snakes were plentiful and the cats feared them. Some times I found a cat in a nap in the tall weeds and with a long slim pole I would give Tommy a light prod in his side, and his movements were simply marvelous to behold. But as that seemed to be a poor method for domestic purposes, I thought of a new one. When winter came, my job in the morning was to build a fire in the fire-place of the big log kitchen. I removed

the "chinking" from a crack beside the door making a "cat-hole". When I would open the door slyly and close the cat-hole in the early morning and strike a light (not a match), there was something doing worth while, and the performance would last for some time, unless Aunt Peggy appeared on the scene. I usually let them out through the cat-hole one at a time by stepping a little to one side, for they seemed to need but half a chance at that hole. Aunt didn't always find things in their proper places even high upon the wall, nor did I always escape without a scratch. A big pole extended from the corner of the smokehouse upon which they hung up the hogs killed each winter for meat. The cats often passed along this pole. I set my steel trap on top of the pole and watched from the old kitchen. Tommy went up and, as he tried to step over the trap, it sprung shut, scraping a small handful of fur from the bottom of his "condenser." I enjoyed his frantic efforts to get hold of something in his flight up and down, but glad also to know he was not crippled, for I only wanted to take advantage of my opportunities. But while these lessons may have been lost on the cats, I learned something of what a cat could do in emergencies and we had no "movies" in those days you see.

Aunt Peggy said it was a "streak of savagery" in me, but it was only a keen desire to see how much energy was wrapped up in the skins of the animals I called my pets. For instance, one day one of the dogs chased a rabbit into the root of a tree, the entrance thru which the rabbit passed was a small slot tapering to a point at the top, the rabbit climbed up the hollow and when the dogs followed the scent he suddenly found his neck tight in the slot. He at once planted both feet on the tree clear above his neck and turned on every ounce of his power in a desperate effort to pull his head out or off. I wish I could show you his picture as I saw it all that moment, he had to actually stand on his neck to get it down to where his head would release but he was able to wag his tail in recognition of his rescue.

I prized this dog very highly but if our modern humane society had happened along then I would probably have been arrested.

When Uncle Sam and Aunt Peggy first settled on their claim (about 1825), this part of Indiana was a hunter's paradise. Wild animals and fowl in great numbers and variety lived in the forest, and even fattened on nuts, acorns, wild fruit, etc. Wolves were so numerous and bold! Aunt Peggy said they would come to the house at nightfall and have a

battle with her big watch-dogs on the door steps when she was inside alone with her little son only two or three years old. Great gangs of wild hogs also roamed up and down the Busron bottom (planted there designedly by a few of the very first "squatters") of which I shall speak more definitely a little later.

The streams and ponds held plenty of fish, and there was also about the requisite number of reptiles of the different species to put "pep" into one's movements when roaming the forest barefooted, as was often done even by adults.

When I began to take an active part in matters there, however, wolves were scarce, and nearly all of the settlers kept a few sheep. Our flock ran out in the woods in summer, except one old ram with long twisted horns and blind. His proper run was in the orchard. He was always loaded and listening for a fight, and in order to satisfy his belligerency, I used to prod him with a long pole through the bars. He would face in that direction, back away twenty or thirty feet, turn on the "high speed", and strike the bars with force enough to give him a beautiful tumble. People said that made him worse and that I ought not to do it, but I didn't see as he could be made worse, for no one dared make a noise around him. He had a good ear yet and lots of energy. I would sometimes slip, barefooted,

close to him, spring on his back, and grab his horns for a ride. Of course, these rides were bareback, and for endurance, it was about fifty-fifty between me and the ram. But my cup of joy was not without a taste of bitter. A small playmate one day patted the ram on the head when I was not watching and received a blow on the forehead that came nearly being fatal. I feared I was responsible, and I was very sorry. My little friend "Web' Hill" got well, but afterward shied clear of the "Butty-sheep."

CHAPTER II.

President election day of James K. Polk and Henry Clay, 1844, I was busy back of the house in the wood-yard keeping the soft soap kettles boiling for Aunt Peggy. Uncle Sam was for Polk and had taught me to sing a popular campaign song called "Poke the Sand from Under Clay". I sang it to please him, and fired the kettles to please Aunt Peggy. I was then four years and ten months old, in round numbers. Uncle Sam thought he had made a "Dimecrat" of me but I didn't "stay put". Democracy sounded good enough to me but I never did like a "Dimecrat", and when that party tried to dissolve the Union, it changed the color of my hair to that of "Black Republican" and to a "Black Abolitionist", by the end of the Civil War.

That same November day in 1844, when I was busy with song and soap kettles, a handsome black-eyed, black-haired little girl was crossing the Ohio River at Louisville, Kentucky, in company with her parents—descend-

ants of the Hughes family mentioned in Chapter I. This little girl's father had been out to Indiana in the spring of '44 and bought the claim of Jack Bailey about a mile south of our house and was moving to it. And, by the way, this is the former home of my dog "Jack". Mr. Bailey moved off quite a distance and, as was Jack's habit, he stayed at the house, and one day as I passed, I got him to follow me home. Mr. Bailey never called for him, and so he was my "Jack Bailey" until he died with old age.

I said the little girl was handsome. I didn't know that until a few years later when we met face to face and exchanged a few "foolish remarks". Her father, Hampton Hughes, had married Nancy Patton back in Kentucky some twelve years before this, and many of his wife's relatives had moved to this new country. Mr. Hughes must have had some of the blood of "Nimrod" in his veins, for, during the fall and winter of 1844, he killed thirty-four deer. He was a fine specimen of Kentucky manhood, six feet tall and weighed two hundred pounds. He belonged to that hospitable type so often met with in the south. He had an eagle-eye, steady nerve, and wit enough to make him a genial comrade on the hunt. Their children then numbered five, as follows: Thomas P., Mary E., Rosa J., Eliza-

beth A., and John W. The grandmother of these children, then nearly sixty years old, accompanied them to the new home in the west and died at the ripe old age of eighty-nine years. She remembered seeing some of the "block houses" built in Kentucky for defense against the Indians.

For some unaccountable reason, there seemed to be something in the atmosphere around the Hughes home that invited co-operation on my part, and I soon formed a somewhat intimate acquaintance with the family in general, but with one member in particular. Three more children were born after they came to Indiana, as follows: (William A., James B., and Eliza). The mother of this family of eight children then died, and as the father never re-married, the girl before mentioned as handsome, assumed the household management. She became an expert with the spinning wheel, the loom and the needle. She learned how to cook on an open fire in the good old days of the "Hoe-cake", and "Johnny-cake", and "Cawn-pone" when the "Spider" and "Bake-oven" stood on the hearth and the "Pot-trammel" hung over the fire.

I was ploughing in the field one day in about the year 1855 when this girl came across the field along the usual footpath, on her way over to our house. I stopped at the

path and waited. The interview lasted only a few minutes and, as she passed on to the house, I stood between the plow handles and watched her movement; her attire was plain, but spotless; her step graceful because it was natural. I said (to myself) "that figure can't be improved upon") but I kept it to myself until her family was quarantined for smallpox a couple of years later, and I feared she might not recover. Frequent letters passed between us during the quarantine, besides my frequent trips with articles they could not go out for. Out of this diplomatic correspondence, came the essence of a "secret treaty" which after being promulgated at a later date, has been held by the contracting parties, not as a "scrap of paper", but as a sacred obligation, for sixty-five years. But a "hint to the wise is sufficient".

About my sixth year, I began to long for permission to use a rifle. Uncle Sam had been quite a deer hunter and had a regular deer rifle, of large bore but of the old flint-lock style. He also had a rifle for smaller game. He didn't use the big gun so often now, by reason of his sight failing. And, when he laid it up from the last hunt, on a wet day, he had not dried it, and it rusted badly inside. He had emptied it but hadn't oiled it. My elder brother, Perry, came over

from Sugar Creek on Saturday afternoon, to stay over night and Sunday. It was in autumn; the leaves had fallen. We both loved to hear great explosions, so I sneaked into the house and got the old deer gun and powder-horn. We went over into the woods north of the saw-pit and began to load the gun for bear. After putting in a double charge of powder, we found we had no bullets, but it was sound we were after anyway, and we began to hunt around for something to ram down on the powder. We couldn't find anything fit except that I had a yarn ball in my pocket. Perry said that was all right; we would just unravel it down to where it would go in the barrel of the gun. We took off quite a bunch and pounded the rest into a long shape and started it down the gun barrel with the ramrod. We got it down only a few inches when it stuck with the rust. We cut short sticks for rods to drive the ball, but couldn't make it go down. We had heard that a gun would burst if the "load" was not rammed home, and began to wonder how we could get the load out of that gun. The more we studied over the thing the more scared we got, for it would never do to leave it in and put the gun back where it belonged. Uncle Sam might take the gun out and get killed by its "busting all to pieces". We surely

didn't want to shoot it off. So, what in the "wide world" would we do? We discussed the matter for a long time and the problem grew more perplexing by the minute. The gun was a flint-lock. We could take the flint out and use it to strike fire with "punk", but we had no "punk". We finally poured a little powder on some rotten wood and, with a pen knife and the flint, sent a spark into the powder and set the rotten wood on fire. All this, to avoid arousing suspicion, by going to the house for fire. We now selected a big tree to stand behind; got some chunks of wood, laid the gun on the ground, a safe distance from our shelter; propped the gun with the chunks of wood, and opened the pan; there was plenty of powder in it, and everything was ready for the last act. We piled dry leaves over the pan, covering that part of the barrel and stock, and set fire to the leaves, thinking it would set the powder off without scorching the stock, and we could clean that off. We set the leaves on fire and jumped behind the big tree. The fire soon began to consume the leaves but the gun didn't go off. We peeped around and saw that the gun stock was catching fire but we didn't dare go to it for the gun might "bust". There wasn't a thing to do but stay behind that tree until the gun "went off" if the stock burned up entirely, but

when the barrel got hot, off she went with a great boom. We jumped from behind the tree to save what was left, and found the stock around the breech ruined, and by the time we had the fire out, the lock and trigger fell loose, and the barrel was ready to fall from the stock. We stood and looked at the thing and wondered what Uncle Sam would say (or do, rather) when he saw it. The war was over now and reconstruction period was at hand, and our first move was a bad one. In place of taking the wreckage to Uncle and pleading our case, we sneaked it back to its old place and let him find it out later. But I guess he thought we had suffered enough, for a good lecture was my only punishment.

We made maple sugar every year in large quantities, beginning about the first of March and lasting from ten days to a fortnight. It was always a rush time to keep the sap from wasting. "Store troughs" and "hogsheads", holding hundreds of gallons of it, set close to a long, deep furnace with "cat and clay" flue with a big shed over it and a sleeping room attached. This furnace held six big iron kettles from fifteen to thirty gallons each. The largest one set in at the mouth and tapering toward the flue. These kettles were kept boiling day and night, through the season, and then often many barrels of sap ran to waste.

But, oh! What fun. Bacon broiled on a forked stick, over a furnace chimney, like that, after eating maple taffy, beats Armour's of today more'n a mile. Uncle Sam had opened a new camp of about four hundred trees, over south of our pasture, on some "Congress land" that was still vacant. Jane and I were going over to the new camp about sun set, with grub for the night shift. My three dogs struck the track of a ground hog, inside of our pasture, where hollow logs were scarce. They were crowding him so close, he climbed a sassafras bush, that had been bent over, when young, by a tree falling on it and pinning its top to the ground, until it had grown like a rainbow, with tall sprouts thickset on top, beginning six or eight feet from its roots; the highest part of the arch being about ten feet from the ground, and the sprouts several feet higher. A ground hog isn't much of a climber, but, with no hole to get into, and this bush being small and sloping, it appealed to him as his only refuge from "Rove" and "Jack" and "Coly". "Rove" was a large white dog with "stump-tail" and "Jack" was a grizzley "bench-leg" "Fiste", heavy body, and a tail the like of which no other dog ever carried—not as he carried his, anyway. In a fight, or under excitement of any sort, his tail was long and fairly straight, but when the excite-

ment was over, he would coil it into a neat circle four or five inches across and carry it in that fashion until something else turned up. "Jack" was not a perfectly normal dog. He was an extra good dog for a few things only. I couldn't get him to chase any tame animal, but he would guard a gap in a rail fence and let no stock pass through either way until I relieved him. Our Camp Meetings lasted about a week every year and "Jack" was always missing when we returned from the camp, and I would have a trip of five miles to bring him home. He was a professional Police dog, of the "stand-pat" breed; could lick any other "Fido"; and was a formidable enemy of all reptiles. "Rover" was swift on a chase. We used him for rounding up our annual kill of wild-hogs every winter, which will be explained on another page. "Coly" was jet black, below medium size, and, being the youngest, lived to be my last hunting dog—before entering the Army. These three dogs would not have brought much at auction, but if a "dog-catcher" had made an attempt on either of them, there would have been war on the spot.

But, the ground-hog—when Jane and I arrived at the scene, all three dogs were in a rage of excitement, as the ground-hog was on the arch of the bush, only ten feet from

the ground. We danced and urged the dogs, by shouting and clapping our hands, until "Coly" finally made a leap up the slope of the bush and was caught among the sprouts. The ground-hog then climbed up four or five feet among the branches. "Coly" was then within about four feet of his antagonist. We urged him on. The next moment he made a desperate leap, caught the hog's leg, and they both came tumbling to the ground in a heap. Of course, "Rover" and "Jack" were upon him in an instant, and the fight was terrific, but three to one was too many for the ground-hog. The date was not February 1st, 2nd, or 3rd, but about the last of February or the first days of March; but it was "Ground-Hog" Day for us. We dragged him over to the furnace-shed, and probably said more about it there than I have here.

Along the bluff, by the apple-cave, was a thicket of wild plum bushes, blackberries and grape vines. I often took the dogs into this thicket for a rabbit chase. The rabbit usually made a run for the old sugar camp to find a hiding place in a hollow log or tree. On one of these chases, when I reached the fence, I failed to notice that a brush heap on the other side was composed of Hawthorns. I climbed the fence hurriedly and jumped from the top into this heap of thorns, barefoot. One

of them, fully an inch long, entered the hollow of my right foot full length and broke off, pinning the skin inward. I turned back to the house, showed it to Uncle Sam, who made an incision with his razor, on one side of the thorn, expecting to get hold of it, but blood flowed so fast he was unable to do so. Of course I wasn't very quiet, and Uncle Sam said "Just let it go, it will work out by and by", and it did. I was walking again in a short time, but when walking on hard clods years afterwards, I noticed a tender spot in the foot, but gave it little thought; and finally felt no more of it until one day during the Vicksburg campaign, I noticed a purple spot on top of the same foot, near the joint of the second toe. I called a comrade to see it, and on cutting into the purple spot he found a hard substance that began to work out and as it came into view, I thought of the rabbit chase and thorn. It had been in my foot about sixteen years, and was without change, except that it was black, very hard, and the point a little blunt, and was three-fourths of an inch long. I sent it home in a letter but it was lost. I suppose excessive use of the foot on long marches, had hurried its action in coming through the foot, but the

case gave me no further trouble. Jane was not in this rabbit chase, so I had to take all of the blame myself.

About fifty yards from the thorn brush-heap in the edge of the old sugar camp, was the "whip-saw pit", a hole in the ground four or five feet square and four feet deep. Over this "pit" was a platform twelve feet square, on posts six feet high. A man stood in the pit and one on the platform. The saw blade was six feet long, with a two foot extension on the wide end, and a cross-handle. A clamp was attached to the narrow end of the blade with cross-handle; a man above and one below in the "pit"; logs were first lined and squared with a "broad-axe" to proper dimensions, then ripped and cut into boards by following chalk lines. Two men could manufacture from two hundred to three hundred feet of flooring, rough, from the hewn log, in a day then. A modern band saw-mill can saw that many feet now, while we sneeze or bat an eye.

Our herd of cattle ran in the Busron bottom in grass time and one wore a large bell the sound of which I could distinguish from any other bell on the creek. As soon as I was old enough, it was my job to bring the herd home at night, corral them, and turn them out, after milking time, next morning. I rode a grey mare whose mouth was so tough

I couldn't stop her if she wanted to go; nor would she go if she chose to stop. On one of my trips after the cows, I stopped her under a tree to cut a switch. I laid the rein down and, as I started to cut the switch, she made a dash under some low limbs. I reached forward quickly and struck her on the jaw with the hand in which I held the open knife, to turn her out from under the brush. When I got the rein and stopped her, lo and behold, a stream of blood was spurting from her jaw. I had cut a hole in the jugular vein. I thought it must be stopped, and all I could find was leaves or grass. I was afraid to let it go until I got her home, but it couldn't be stopped. When I got her home, Uncle Sam took his big "spaying needle" and "waxend" and sewed up the gash, stopping the flow of blood and saving the life of the mare. Oh, how glad I was to have a surgeon at our own home, to help me out of my trouble. I had no intention of using the knife, and couldn't figure out how the blade penetrated the vein. I determined to be more careful in the future, but the wound healed and I ceased to give it serious thought. When in the "twinkling of an eye", a worse trouble loomed up. We had a drove of hogs, now tame enough to come home at feeding time, and, while I was throwing ear-corn over to them, our three year old

filly came in among them to eat. I threw an ear of corn at her, and, as she turned around, the point of the ear entered her eye and knocked it out. I nearly fainted. I admired the filly almost as much as I admired one of my dogs and the nature of the wound made me heart-sick, and I berated myself by the hour. I thought of what I had heard preachers say about asking God to help us remove mountains of trouble, and actually sent up my plea for the colt's eye to be restored. I have since learned that God helps those who learn to control themselves. Uncle Sam was that kind of a man, which, no doubt made it easier for me under certain circumstances. The rod of correction was often misapplied in that day, or at least failed to accomplish a radical reform in my case early in life.

And here is perhaps a good place to say that my observations, covering a period of eighty years, since I began to reason and question matters for myself, have convinced me that the use of the rod on a normal child after it reaches an age when you can appeal to its reason and conscience, does more harm than good. If patient reasoning, or withholding favors, or the denial of things longed for, don't bring desired results, a resort to the rod is not likely to improve matters. Of course, babyhood must be taken care of with the palm

of the hand, or a little "tickler"; and a boy or girl from seven to sixteen gets wise so fast that advice doesn't sound good, and they are liable to do some very strange "stunts"—stunts that to them are very funny but to their parents or guardians seem, at times, intolerable, but that doesn't argue that those escapades can be stopped with the rod. Aunt Peggy did not spare the rod in my case, but a little talk to me one day by my Uncle Sam about how Aunt Peggy had cared for me when I was a helpless baby, created more sympathy and lasting respect for her than all her rod corrections.

If a wide-awake boy shows a streak of savagery occasionally, it is perfectly natural. If you can dig deep enough into his nature you will find gems in the rough, waiting only for the touch of someone endowed with tact and patience enough to bring out their brilliance by a long and gentle process. Those gems contain the elements of fire, and a spark from the rod might destroy the Temple.

Our nearest school was at Bethel, a mile and a quarter northeast. "Jane" had been attending school, and now I was of school age, (five and three-fourths years) and started on my first term. One morning in October or November, before school time, I seized a bright little axe that Uncle Sam had given me, and

ran over into the old sugar camp to "chop down" saplings, just to see them fall. One or two had fallen and I was getting quite enthusiastic, and when I was chopping on the next one (left handed and above my knee) the axe glanced downward swiftly severing the large toe on my right foot diagonally through the joint and leaving a small piece of skin to hold the outer end and cutting a gash in the base of the second toe. I dropped the axe and ran for the house dragging my toe. I was afraid to let Aunt Peggy know what had happened and so I stopped at the big gate and called to Jane to come on and "Let's go to school". Aunt became suspicious and sent Jane to see what was wrong. When she saw the blood spurting up chin high she rushed back to the house with alarm. Then Aunt Peggy came out and carried me to the house and notified Uncle Sam, who proceeded to sew the toe on with the same "spaying needle" that he had used to sew up the wound in the grey mare's jaw. The toe was just set back in place while the blood flowed, sewed fast with the big curved needle, wrapped up in the blood with no sterilizer or antiseptic being used. I was out walking on it within a month. As before stated, the bone was completely sev-

ered diagonally through the joint but my surgeon's work was so well done that the joint has never been stiff; and then his bill wouldn't make your hair turn white either. Of course, he had not spent a lot of money learning how to find "germs" and "microbes" and things like that. In fact, I doubt if there were any in those days, for Aunt Peggy allowed me to sleep between two feather beds in winter until I was nearly full grown and all the renovation the feathers ever got was by exposure to the hot summer sun. When a few years ago a "feather renovator" came to our door with bottles containing all kinds of live, dangerous looking reptiles and declared they were in all feathers, I wondered what would have become of me if those things had lived in the feathers around me all that time. But "where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." That does not hold good, however, in all cases. Among the settlers of that early time were many good people who were controlled, to a certain degree, by a feeling of "witchcraft", or were impressed by "signs" and, unguardedly, often talked about such matters in the presence of their children. Aunt Peggy had a little of this element in her nature and used it on me to create fear for wrongdoing, and although I didn't believe there was any such "stuff", I could not quite get rid of it at

times. Our bedrooms were not lighted, and when I was ready to "turn in", I lost no time in getting under cover.

Uncle Sam had a "turkey pen" in the edge of the field near the "deer-lick", to trap wild turkeys. It was built up about two feet high, square, with ten foot lengths of rails, and the top covered with same, laid close, and then logs laid the other way across, for weight. A ditch was dug about eighteen inches wide, two feet deep, from the center of the pen to a point five or six feet outside. Both ends of this ditch were sloped downward. It was then covered, except two feet at each end, forming a tunnel. Grain was sprinkled profusely inside of the pen, and in the "tunnel", and around its outside entrance. When a flock of turkeys slipped into the field, hunting food, and surrounded the pen, and a few of them had picked their way through the tunnel into the pen, the whole flock would follow (unless frightened away), to the last "turk"; but when they found they were confined, they never looked downward for an exit, and they usually stayed until released. One of my cousins, named Ben (a son of Uncle William) was a great chum of mine, and was over to spend Sunday with me one time. In our rounds that afternoon, we came around by the "turkey pen". It was full of turkeys and

we watched them surge back and forth for awhile, and we got so excited, we thought we *must* "get into the game" and that we must each get a turkey and take him with us and tell Uncle Sam about the penful of turkeys, so down I went through the tunnel, followed closely by Ben; but when we showed up on the inside, the "game" grew so furious that we were compelled to lie flat on our faces for a time in order to stand the thunder of wings. It was not only deafening, but dangerous, for presently a big bunch went into one corner of the pen at the same moment and the impact moved the timbers, making a wide crack, and they began pouring through it to liberty. We saw all would be gone in a minute or two, and so we made a leap, grabbed one each by the leg and hung on to it until they were worn out from fatigue. We dragged them through the hole now made in the roof, and with them swinging over our shoulders, hurried home. The first question Uncle Sam asked was "How many got away?" We told him all the rest got away, about a hundred we guessed. We feared punishment but Uncle Sam let us off with a warning to stay out of his "turkey pen".

About fifty yards from the turkey pen was the "deer-lick", just where the creek bottom began, simply white clay, free from grit. The

deer would come there just after a shower of rain and eat this clay. Horses and cattle would also eat it.

Uncle Sam had a little platform about fifteen or twenty feet high, in a tree close to the "lick"; and after a rain, he would hurry down there and climb up on his platform and wait. The deer didn't see things up in trees, and Uncle took advantage of them, at short range, from his place in the tree. Uncle Sam's hired man, Billy Gillman, was coming home one day, along the path through the forest, not far from this "deer-lick", when, close to the path, he spied a little spotted fawn hidden away between the spur roots of a large elm tree—left there by the mother doe. Billy looked at it and wondered how to capture it alive for a pet. He finally concluded to hurry home and get advice from Uncle Sam, who told him to go back and pick up the fawn and bring it home. He rushed back and secured it before the mother doe returned. By the time he arrived with it in his arms, it was no more a wild animal. When he put it down, it made no move to get away, but seemed at home with us. Uncle Sam said that until they were a month old they would stay where the does left them unless picked up before she returned; and that if one was carried away, and petted a few minutes, it would follow its

captor. Deer are among the wildest of animals but about the most easily tamed.

“Billy” now thought he was “some hunter”, and so he asked Uncle to let him try his luck on the platform at the “lick”. Uncle consented, and, late one afternoon, after a shower, he took his place on the platform in the tree. In a short time, we heard a shot, and, to Uncle Sam’s astonishment, Billy came lugging a yearling doe on his shoulder. It was his first, and I remember how I wished it was mine. I didn’t have to wait long, however, until I was allowed to shoot.

CHAPTER III.

The droves of hogs that ran wild in "Busron Bottom", in the early settlement days, were, in a measure, common property, and in the winter of each year, after they had cleaned up the bulk of nuts, acorns, etc., was the time to "round-up" the number needed for the year's meat supply.

Each settler for miles up and down on both sides of the big "Bottom" had a "mark" on his own, and all of his stock of whatever kind was "marked" when very young, so that, at the winter "round up", no one need to make a mistake and get his neighbor's hogs. But then, as now, there were rascals, and one or two of the first ones to start a herd of hogs, would go into the woods in early summertime, catch and "mark" the young pigs indiscriminately, until they were about to own the bulk of the hogs in the "Bottom." The majority finally called an "indignation meeting" and decided to kill all hogs bearing the "mark" of said parties. They carried it out, and

afterward had no more of this high-handed practice that had been carried on by the few for so many years. It was a desperate remedy, but seemed to be the last resort, and proved to be effective.

Many herds were still in existence, but not such large ones, when I became old enough to take part in the annual "round-up", which was to organize as follows: Two men "fleet of foot" with "Rover" in the van to catch and "hold"; two other men to follow up and "tie"; Uncle Sam and I to follow, with the team hitched to a long sled, to gather up the hogs. A big snow on the ground was necessary, in order to follow the advance. Several of them would bunk together in the hollow base of a big tree, or in a huge bed out in the open, made of brush and leaves, carried and scraped together from a radius of several rods around the bed. These beds were spied out and all located beforehand, and a cold snowy time for the "drive" selected, because the hogs would be in their beds, and also could be easily tracked when routed out. A dog had to be trained for the business, and still he was in great danger. "Rover" understood the game, and always aimed to get a tight grip on the hog's neck, back of the ears, while it was at full speed; hang on, and ride the hog until it "slowed down". By that time, one of the

men would be there, grab the hog by the hind legs, and "Rover" could resume the chase.

The two advance "runners" with "Rover", would approach the bed of hogs slyly, and when the gang jumped up and took to their heels, "Rover" would make his first catch, within a few rods of the bed, and, as fast as the "runners" could catch up and take the hog from him, he would instantly "hit the trail" again and continue the chase, to the last hog, but strange to say, he knew when he had caught the last one of the gang, for he would stop at once and lie down to rest.

On one of these annual chases the last hog of the gang, a large old "stag" with long tusks (the dog seemed to know he was dangerous and left him for the last) was headed for a big "swamp", called "the wild rose thicket", which was now frozen over, and could be penetrated—by following narrow runs made through the jungle of "rose briars" by wild animals—the hog had reached the jungle, and "Rover" was close behind. In a few minutes, the men heard the hog squeal; they pushed their way in and found "Rover" had a "death grip" on the hog's neck, and both were very bloody. They grabbed the hog's hind legs, threw him, and relieved the dog. In a few minutes the "binders" came up and tied the hog's legs. They saw the dog was ex-

hausted, and, on looking him over, found a long gash in his side and the point of his lungs was visible. We hauled him home. Uncle Sam sewed the wound up with the same "old needle", but he was a long time recovering. The men said they thought the hog had turned after reaching his haunt, and the dog was compelled to face him, which gave the hog the advantage, but the dog evidently had been made more furious by the hog's thrust.

These several herds were claimed by as many neighbors, and, while each herd seemed to cling together in winter, they would all unite in the summer and fall, forming large droves, and become belligerent.

They could scent the track of a dog as quickly as a dog could theirs, and if a "hunter" had his dog with him on a trip in the "Bottom", and suddenly heard the roar of the hogs, he knew that he and his dog must find a high place pretty quickly, for every hog in the drove was built for speed. And yet it was the sound that created most of the fear, for a well trained dog could back up against a tree or log and hold a large number of hogs at bay. They would charge the dog, one at a time, and the "snap" of the dog in the hog's "snout" sent him away not to return, and the dog loses no time in playing his part of the game.

I am wondering now whether I have been

entirely forgiven for pushing "Coly" off the log among the hogs, several times, just to see the "fun"; but he always came out victor, so I guess I'm all right.

"Coly" was with me on every hunt, but, at one time, when I had killed quite a lot of squirrels and strung them on one forked stick, I laid them down and stepped away a few rods to shoot another squirrel, when, on looking back, I saw a hog had found them. "Coly" was not there, and I had to make the run. I knew of course that the hog would out-wind me all alone, so I halted, "got the range" and fired. The hog's mouth flew open and the string of squirrels dropped. I picked them up and then discovered that I had killed a neighbor's hog that wasn't very wild.

Some seasons they were quite well fatted, but other years the "mast" would fail, and left them so thin it was necessary to feed them if they yielded lard, and right there was where our troubles began in earnest.

In the first place, a pen had to be built of good sized logs, six to eight feet high, notched at the corners, and a roof fastened on solidly; a puncheon floor; and a small opening for a heavy door; all of which was done before "starting the drive". This sort of "Bastile" was absolutely necessary if all prisoners were expected to be safely held. These

"pens" were sixteen to twenty-four feet long and six to ten feet wide, and were used for corn-cribs, in emergencies, as, at this time, considerable corn was grown. Some of the hogs would begin to eat corn right away, while others never ate enough to fatten, and none would eat while any person was in sight. When I went to feed them, they would all run to the far end of the pen, "about-face", put their noses on the floor, and their eyes were sufficient evidence that "war was declared".

Don't ask, "What breed?" I don't know. Some called them "razor-backs", others said "root-splitters". If they were viewed from the side, there was considerable hog. If you looked at him lengthwise, your hope for lard vanished. If you wanted bristles for brushes, or long curving white tusks, for ornaments, you were not disappointed.

Noah may have had an eye to the "fitness of things", knowing that the hog would have to take care of himself, among all kinds of wild animals in the forest, but he certainly laid a heavy burden on the "live stock improvers" who followed him.

MY FIRST SQUIRREL

About the year 1849, Uncle John and Aunt Ann moved to Sullivan, the County Seat, to

“keep tavern”, and rented their place to J. B. Mahan (known as “Jim Blair,” Uncle Sam’s only son) who was married to Mary Asbury. They had lived with us awhile after their marriage, before going to Uncle John’s house. There was a big log barn on the place with a loft for small grain in the sheaf, a tight floor below for “treading out” the grain, with horses—going in a circle on the sheaves laid “heads together” (this was the improvement over the hand flail). The loft was so low I had to lay on my breast while riding the inside horse. From one to two hours were required on each floorful. The straw was then forked and raked out, and the grain piled in the center of the floor. When the heap got in the way for “tramping,” the fan-mill was brought in, and my part changed from riding to actual work. These fan-mills were turned by hand and were heavy to operate. I have never looked at one since, without a desire to “blow it up,” and the sight of a grindstone has always had the same effect on me, as the cooper trade meant a never-ending use of the grindstone.

I was turning the fan-mill one day, cleaning wheat in this log barn, when Jim came by on his way over to a blackberry patch to pick some berries. He saw I had a man’s job, and said to me: “Take this bucket and pick berries for me, and I will turn the mill for

you." I knew he had Uncle's "long rifle" at his house, and that his wife was not at home. That was my chance. I got the gun and struck out for squirrels rather than for berries. I had gone but a little way when I saw one eating a nut. I placed the gun on a "rest" and fired; the squirrel fell; I threw the gun down and ran for it. I had then reached the goal of my ambition, and my mind reverted to the promise I had made—to pick the berries. I placed the squirrel in the bucket and picked berries with a vim, to finish filling the bucket. I went to the house, put the gun away, and then took the berries to Jim; but, when I began to dig my squirrel out of the berries, he said, "No, leave it in, you can have squirrel, berries and all, thank you." "Jim" had always been lenient with me, and I am indebted to him for assistance in my early school studies. He was not of strong constitution and died during the Civil War, but his widow lived to her ninety-first year.

Two of her brothers were Methodist preachers; one of them got his primary education by listening to Jim read history, by the light of a hickory bark fire, in an open fireplace, but afterward became one of the foremost preachers in the Southern Indiana Conference, Rev. Joseph Asbury. After filling many prom-

inent pulpits, he finally dropped dead in the pulpit, at Rockport, Indiana, I believe. Truly, "Their works do follow them."

This was my first squirrel, at nine years of age, with a flint-lock gun, the barrel of which was so long that I had to stand on a log to load it, and after using it a year or two, Uncle helped me to buy a new "cap-lock" rifle, and from that time on, until I enlisted in the Civil War, I (and "Coly") stirred up the game in Busron Bottom.

Deer were plentiful yet, but my desire was for smaller game. Squirrel—turkey—pheasant—wild pigeons, etc., were my favorites. I bagged as high as fifty squirrels in one day, during one fall, and sold them for five cents each, in silver, in Terre Haute, twenty-five miles away.

About the winter of 1849, several of the neighbors decided to get a few each of a better breed of sheep, and selected "Jim" to go over east, into Owen County, where high grades were kept, and buy a flock of about fifty or sixty to be divided among them, and, when Jim told me I was to go with him, visions of crossing great rivers and towering mountains into far distant lands, loomed up in my imagination, for I had been told that it was a land of high hills and rapid streams.

It was my first trip out of my native county, and it meant wonders to me. Our trip over, was on one saddle horse for both, riding double, until one of us would get cold and walk awhile to warm up. We stopped "overnight" at a very old looking farm home, with a large log house, like grandfather's, and great log barns and stables. The father and mother were a grand old couple, and a big family, mostly boys, were all with them yet. The father wore a woolen knit cap, with a tassel in the center of the crown. The mother wore a cap, ruffled around the face. They suggested the time of the Patriarchs, as I had seen them in pictures. The walls of the house were covered inside with ancient pictures, and outside with the skins of fox, coon, "possum," mink and deer, and then about a dog for every boy on the place. I had reached the place of all my dreams. I was loathe to leave this hospitable old home the next morning, and the picture of it is still with me.

We spent several days among the shepherds of those hills where the sun sets at 3:00 P. M. in the winter time, before "Jim" selected his flock of sheep; and, when he finally bought, we returned by the way of Bloomfield, on the White River. There had come a winter thaw. The river was bank full. Mushy ice covered the water, which was running swiftly. Jim

had ordered the ferry boat, and we began to drive the sheep aboard. The boat had no railing, and, by the time the last ones were aboard, the first ones were jumping overboard. There were only three men in the boat-crew. They grabbed their gaff hooks and began pulling the sheep back onto the boat, but others kept jumping into the river, and their wool filled quickly with the slush ice, and it was evident we must get them off the boat or lose some from drowning. We hustled them off, and guarded them until Jim went back "up town" and gathered a squad of about eight boys to help. We then caught the sheep and laid them, three in a pile, two close together and the third on top, and a boy sat astride the pile, all in rows, on the bottom of the boat. When all of the boys were used (save one to herd the sheep, as they were landed on the opposite bank of the river) the load was taken over. Two trips were made in this way, with the ferry boat, and the little flock was safely landed on the west bank. Jim paid the boys, and we started homeward. All other streams enroute were small enough to ford or to cross on the ice.

Fifty years later, I was again in Bloomfield, attending a reunion of my Regiment (the 59th Indiana Infantry). We crossed White River, near the old ferry, over a railway bridge.

The town had barely doubled in population. Here I met old comrades whose locks were turning white, but whose memories were still fresh of the camp, the march, and the battle-field.

Some of the personalities best remembered when Sullivan was young were the Willson Brothers; Kouch, William, and Harvey, "Bill" Harper, Will Crowder, George Manwarring, Joe Wolf, Solomon Lowdermilk, Walker Broadie, Uncle and Aunt William Beck, "Bill" Moss, Dave Usery, Captain Briggs, and a host of others. Captain Briggs was a noted figure fresh from the Mexican War where he had fought under General Winifield Scott, and came home with a brilliant record. I attended a barbecue given in honor of the Mexican soldiers at Sullivan, and the captain in full uniform at the head of his company seemed to me (then in my ninth year) to be an invincible hero. Lowdermilk was a standing candidate for sheriff on the plea that with his fog horn voice, he could stand in the court house door and summon witnesses from all parts of the county, thus saving money for the tax payers.

Bill Moss was a very efficient auctioneer, when opening a sale he would say: "Now you old fathers come right up around me and let's have an old fashioned Methodist love

feast, you and I are all going to be in Heaven together some day". I hope his prophecy came true. About my 12th year I was permitted to witness the execution of a man on the gallows, at Sullivan, by Walker Broadie, the sheriff of Sullivan County. The drop was held by a rope drawn across a wood beam, when the instant came for the drop . . . Walker's gleaming hatchet severed the rope and the poor wretch was in eternity. It was a sickening sight for my youthful eyes, which forever set me against capital punishment.

CHAPTER IV.

In those days, we had to go a long way to get our wheat ground into high grade flour. Uncle Jerry's water-mill, nearby, ground the wheat, but the flour was hand-bolted and was dark, so, every fall, Uncle Sam made a trip thirty-five miles, to a large water-mill, on Otter Creek, east of Terre Haute, with a wagon load of wheat, to get our annual supply of white flour. Such mills were widely separated and very busy, and we had to wait our turn, which sometimes kept us on the trip almost a week.

My first trip with Uncle Sam to this mill was about my sixth year, and I was told the miller's daughter had a 'piana" (whatever that was) and could play on it. I determined to see and hear the thing and when I was admitted into the parlor, beheld the furnishings, and heard the sweet tone of that instrument, I received a thrill not to be forgotten, and, to my mind, the miller's daughter was several notches above the rest of us. I

had heard a fiddle, which I thought couldn't be surpassed, and I think so yet.

The first railway for that country was projected and built from Richmond, Indiana, on the Ohio River, to Terre Haute, Indiana, on the Wabash River. Building was begun at each end, and, at Terre Haute, a tow boat on the Wabash and Erie Canal, landed the first locomotive, which was hauled up the canal bank by a gang of men, using a big rope, after first laying down iron rails. A round-house was built and the rails laid down and the road started to reach the one from Richmond.

In a few months, the track was laid down east from Terre Haute some twelve or fifteen miles and construction cars were carrying iron from the canal, back to the end. I was permitted, at this time, to make occasional trips with Jim Blair to Terre Haute, with cooperage to sell. We would always hurry to get our teams put up at "Mose" Carr's wagon yard, and then rush out to the round-house to see the locomotive come in. The first stretch of track out from a curve close to the round-house, was an air line across Fort Harrison prairie, to the timber four miles away, and I would stand at the curve and watch the engine swell up as it approached, until it started around the curve. It was probably making twenty miles

an hour, but it was one of the world's wonders to me, for, up to this time, the Wabash and Erie Canal was our chief transportation line from the East, and the Wabash River carried our pork down stream in flat boats from Terre Haute and other packing points along its banks.

These little cities drew trade from long distances, so the aggregate made them busy marts, up to the time when other longer rail-ways caused rival cities to spring up and place somewhat of a handicap on their growth.

Soon after the squirrel and blackberry episode, I took the dogs and the old flint-lock gun, and entered the woods west of our orchard. The dogs were ahead and began barking fiercely in the thicket of plum and crab apple bushes just outside the field. When I reached them and looked up (as they were doing), directly over head only two or three lengths of the gun barrel, a pheasant was walking back and forth on a limb, looking down at the dogs, and didn't seem to see me at all. I stood the gun on my shoulder and fired. The pheasant went straight up about a hundred feet, when her wings stopped, and she came down on nearly the same line. I picked her up dead, and found one leg severed from the body as though cut off with a knife instead of a bullet. The shock and fall had

caused death, rather than my marksmanship, but I never got over telling the boys I had only shot twice at game and killed both times.

From this time on, I learned to shoot with more precision, but I never did quite enjoy having my eyelashes singed with a flint-lock gun, and often missed on account of slow fire.

In my thirteenth year, Uncle Sam helped me to buy a new rifle, with percussion lock, and I soon became efficient in using it; so much so, in fact, that, when I missed (as I often did), it was because I became careless at times and did not take pains.

My nerve was so steady in those days that I had quit using a rest for the gun and shot off-hand altogether, whereas, in my early practice with the long heavy gun, I had to find a rest for the weight, which delay often let my game get away.

I got the new rifle in the early fall, and with it twenty-seven hundred S. B. percussion caps, six pounds of powder and ten pounds of lead. I used it all within one year, and did my part of work on the farm also.

I killed my first wild turkey the first spring after getting my new gun. I was hunting in the hills southwest of Bethel, and was tired from tramping. It was early spring; the weather was yet cool, but the sun was shining and the south hillside was dry and warm.

I threw myself down on the leaves for a rest, laying the gun by my side, and had almost fallen asleep, when a rustle in the leaves close by brought me to a sitting posture, and about ten paces away in the hollow below me, was a gobbler. He saw me rise up, and filed square to the left, up the opposite hill, at a pace that made him look long as well as tall. The under brush was thick, but with a few openings. One of these spots appeared directly in front of the gobbler's course, and I figured he had to go through it, for he was running too fast to turn aside or take time to rise and fly. My gun was instantly trained on the opening and as he crossed my sights, I pulled the trigger. I saw the feathers fog up and the gobbler fall, first on one side and then on the other, but was still running. I dropped the gun, ran to the spot but could see no turkey. I went back for my gun, took the course and followed it only a short time until he rushed out of his hiding place, in a fallen tree top, and after running a few yards, took flight. I marked his course. Farm fields lay in the line half a mile away and he was wounded and I thought he would not try to cross the fields. My guess was a good one. When I sighted the fields, I spied the gobbler in the top of a tall hickory tree, close to the edge of our own corn field. I kept out of his

sight, by approaching him behind the trunks of trees, until I got within the range of my gun (about seventy-five yards) and, from behind a tree, I sent the ball that brought him from his high perch to the ground. I took him home, and, as Aunt Peggy was not there to dress him, I made rather a poor job of it, but when I had him dressed, he weighed twenty-one pounds, and I don't think there were two ounces of fat on him. He would have been some turkey if it had been fall, instead of early spring, for at that time, there was an abundance of acorns in the fall of the year, but by spring time, they were usually cleaned up by wild hogs and other wild animals, and the area of cleared land was comparatively small, so that, some seasons, feed was very short.

The land was originally so densely covered with timber that, by the time the stumps were rotten, the soil was worn out, and farm implements then were a joke compared to the class now used. The plow I first followed was a Karey. The bar and share were iron; all the rest was wood; its mould board was wood, and I carried a paddle to keep the soil from banking on it, and this plow simply pushed the dirt to one side but didn't cover up the weeds. It made a broad smooth furrow, however, for a barefoot and needed very little effort to

keep it in position. If you would meet one in the road now, you wouldn't know what it was.

We continued to haul our cooperage to Terre Haute up to about my fourteenth or fifteenth year, and during the winter, I made from one to three trips a week from our home on Busron to Terre Haute, twenty-five miles, with a load of kegs, or barrels, in an open barrel-rack, with no floor in it except an eight inch board in the center.

We had never dreamed of automobiles, or airships then, but I couldn't help contrasting my situation with those who rode in the railroad palaces I had seen back at the city, for Terre Haute had then begun to put on city style. Many of its streets were graded and graveled, and the sidewalks were also made of gravel or brick, but the country roads in and out of the city were next to impassable during part of each year. In fact the long lane, a four mile stretch of road due west of the city to Honey Creek, often got so bad that we had to open the fence and go through the fields, and, at such times, it required from before daylight in the morning until after dark at night, to make the trip, twenty-five miles, with a load to the city.

I visited Terre Haute forty-five years later, to find a booming city, with fine graveled roads leading in all directions.

I am aware that it is generally understood that the average story by the hunter or fisherman must be taken with a pinch of salt, but I venture a few narratives here that can be safely swallowed, just as they are, strange as it may seem.

One autumn day, shortly after I got my new gun, George Ring, Jim Johnson and I were in the woods together. Nuts were plentiful, and grey squirrels were in abundance. Each of us had killed quite a string, during which time we had kept but a short distance apart, while moving along. Suddenly I sighted a squirrel, high up in a tree, eating a nut. I put up my rifle slowly, took aim and fired, and as I walked to pick up the squirrel, I noticed each of the other two men do the same thing, and, to our surprise, we found we had each of us fired at precisely the same instant, each hearing only the report of his own rifle, and each killing his squirrel.

Another time, this same Jim Johnson and I were hunting together, when, in passing around a tree on opposite sides, as we often did, to give one of us a sight of the game, the squirrel perched in the fork of a tree, high up, but in plain sight of both of us. Our rule was to shoot at sight, and I fired, and, as I went to claim my game, Jim approached from the other side and said the squirrel was his. We found

two bullet holes, but heard only one rifle shot.

Another day I was hunting alone in the woods, and, as I stood under a large beech tree, there began to rattle down, beech nut hulls. I looked up, and, straight up overhead, sat a squirrel, eating nuts. I drew bead on him, and two squirrels came tumbling down. I had seen only one when I fired.

One Saturday afternoon, my friend John Bildridge, came to go out hunting with me. We came in from the woods late, and he helped me to do my chores so that I could go with him to his home, which was about two miles north, for over night and Sunday.

We were about half way, when it began to get dark, and suddenly, close to the roadside, something rushed through the fallen leaves to a large tree close by, and we could hear its claws scratching the bark as it climbed. Just for fun, I grabbed John's gun and said I would kill it. John laughed, but I pointed to where the scratching noise stopped, and fired, and a little flying squirrel came down. We felt around and found him, and the strange part of it was that his head was shot off, but I didn't even see his body.

These little incidents seem scarcely worth mentioning, except to show how things will happen, when you are not expecting them.

CHAPTER V.

The first sound of a locomotive whistle ever heard in the valley of Busron, was in the fall of 1855. This railroad was built from Crawfordsville via Terre Haute to Evansville, Indiana, on the Ohio River, and missed the Bethel Church about five miles to the westward. I was attending school in a log building, and when we heard that whistle, the teacher almost lost control of his pupils.

I wondered how it sounded to the wild animals in the woods, for, at that time the forest was scarcely touched and was alive with wild turkey, pigeon, pheasant, quail, etc., all nice for the table, besides a great variety of other fowl, some of which wore beautiful plumage. The Woodcock was a rare specimen—larger than a crow, with red and black wings, red breast, black head with bright red top knot, and a black heavy beak about three inches long, with which it used to drill cavities in the tall trees for homes and nests. When I saw the large chips of wood this bird bursted loose with its beak, I

wondered what its brain was made of, that it did not burst also. The noise made on a dead limb with its beak, could be heard a long distance. It was very wild and soon became extinct. A small bird of this type, with less brilliant colors, is still with us here in Nebraska.

The wild pheasant was peculiar in its habits. It would stand on a log and strike its wings together, making a sound like distant thunder, which could be heard a long distance, although it appeared nearby, and so was very difficult for the hunter to locate. The flesh of this fowl was so white and of such delicate flavor that it was a great favorite. Next to the pheasant as a table fowl, among the wild feathered tribes of that day, were quail, prairie chickens, pigeons, turkeys, ducks, and geese—mentioned here in the order of my preference.

The blue crane was another bird worthy of mention here. It had a very slim body, and a beak from eight to twelve inches long, and so was a dangerous antagonist, when wounded. They built their nests in the tallest trees, of twigs, interwoven, and fastened securely to limbs. I counted fifteen of these nests in the top of one large sycamore tree.

Not many folks know that black "turkey buzzard" is hatched out snow white, but they are. They hunt for a hollow log, or hollow root of a tree, in which to lay their eggs. They

don't build a nest; they are too lazy; and are too loathsome to talk about any further.

There were hawks and owls in the woods. The owls interested me most. At times, I was late starting for home, and those owls seemed to take a savage delight in uttering an unearthly scream just over my head, which seemed to connect up with every part of my mental and physical being, making it very uncomfortable in the darkness, and actually increasing my speed for home.

Bears and wolves had now about all disappeared, and the great herds of deer and flocks of turkey were getting smaller every year.

There were yet in the woods plenty of fur animals such as otter, mink, coon, fox and squirrel to meet the desire of the hunter and trapper, along the Busron.

Off to the southeast of Bethel, twelve to fifteen miles, was an immense reservoir of water, covering about seventeen thousand acres of Eel River bottom land, part of which was heavily timbered, and the rest low prairie land. This body of water was formed for a feeder to the Wabash and Erie Canal, in dry weather, and was held in place by a dam about thirty feet thick, twenty feet high, and two miles long, reinforced with four inches of oak plank, set on end in the centre, and was kept filled from a point on Eel River some miles away. This

vast lake soon became stocked with black bass, cat fish, and buffalo, and wild ducks by thousands floated on the water, and swarmed overhead.

Parties of sportsmen from cities near and far, would come and camp there, during the fall season, to fish and shoot—many of them from the slave states, with costly equipment, such as bamboo rods, mounted with silver plated reels, and long silk lines. They would hook a big fish—then release the reel and let the fish have plenty of line until he became exhausted, and then wind up slowly and pull him ashore. This was great sport, but, quite often, the fish would wind the line around snags in the water and the fisherman would lose his hook and line.

There were a few open spots in the timber tract, large enough to cast hook and line, but too small for seining. The water stood four to ten feet deep around the trees, and they soon died and crumbled into the water, making a great home for big fish. Uncle Sam and several of his neighbors owned a long seine, in partnership, and we went at least once each year for a week or ten days, taking this seine, nets, hook and line, etc., to a fishing point, and this reservoir was a favorite place, on account of the duck shooting.

The prairie part of this big pond of water, was shallow enough for seining, but, strange

as it may seem, about all of the fish in this open water were "hickory shad" or "sickle backs," and whatever they were created for, is another mystery, for one's hair would turn grey while counting the bones in one of them, and they were not large either, but they were just about all bones. This was a delightful place to cast the seine, however, and we once decided upon this spot to make a haul, and after many hundreds of them had jumped back over the cork line, on finding they were being surrounded, we still had more than we wanted, from that one haul.

There is but one way these shad can be eaten, and that is to fry them to a brown thru and thru, and eat them, bones and all. If you tried to pick the bones out, you'd have nothing left.

This canal cost a big sum of money, but transportation by the tow boat lasted but a few years. The railway car took its place, and this big pond was drained and turned into corn fields, and where once fish and ducks by the million had floated, there were being gathered millions of bushels of corn.

Only a short distance from here, over in Eel River bottom, was where I fell, and broke my new gun, a year or so later.

The seven year period, 1855 to 1862, was full of important events; new settlers were coming; the timber was being cut away; wild game was

leaving; the good old sugar orchards were narrowing down; public roads were being cut thru the forest where the blazed path had been.

The quaint old horse-mill was no more. The circular saw, driven by steam, had taken the place of the whip saw, and the old mulay saw. My school days (the few) were ended. I had put away "childish things" and had begun to face the sterner duties of life.

The first two years of this seven year period of my life, was somewhat romantic and unsettled. It was my time of life to dream dreams, and build air castles. I had visions of travel into far countries, intermingled with work on Uncle Sam's farm and in the cooper shop. I also had my choice between dancing parties on puncheon floors, or good old fashioned Methodist meetings at Bethel. Then the hunting and fishing excursions came, in their turn; besides, a part of each week was always occupied in regular hunting, and shooting game.

My father noticed that I was restless, and offered to send me to Asbury University at Greencastle, as he held a life scholarship in that college. This was a tempting offer, but father had waited too long to make it: the form of a third party at once came between us, just as it had done every time I started to make

future plans. It was the little six year old of 1844, now grown into a bright faced, keen eyed, graceful young woman of nineteen summers.

I didn't tell father and Uncle Sam who was in my mind just then, for, in view of my own age, I feared it might take their breath away. It would seem that, for many moons prior to this time, my head was too full of other things to be thinking of such a thing as matrimony.

The facts, however, were that from the small-pox days in 1856, we had been in close touch, and often met, at the Hughes home. Sometimes these conferences would last into the "wee hours" of the morning. One of these just now comes up in my mind.

I had started for home about two A. M. afoot, and wearing white trousers, and as I came to the top of a hill in the road, W. N. Patton, a friend, who had been to see my cousin, Susan Pitt, appeared at the foot of the hill on horseback; the horse took fright at my white trousers—wheeled and ran, and it took quite a lot of coaxing to get the horse to allow me to approach him. We chided each other for being out late, and parted. Mr. Patton became wealthy, married a different girl, lost all of his wealth later in life, and died at about ninety years. Miss Pitt (the girl he had left that

morning) afterward became Susan Becket, reared a fine family, and is still living at eighty-nine years.

I referred the college course offer promptly to my Mary, for our hearts were already united, only the wedding date was not set. Wedding ceremonies of that day required much less cash than now. Our folks had but little ready money, and with this problem confronting us, I made rather a weak diplomatic plea favoring a postponement of the date and allowing me to take a short course in college, thereby becoming better equipped to take care of her. But she decided that as we were equal to the average scholar of our time, and were both in good health, and as Uncle Sam was getting feeble, and I was expected to assume control of his farm, we could win the battles of life, without the college course. That settled the matter, and finally September 17, 1857, was chosen as our wedding day. Little did we then think of God permitting us to enjoy sixty-five anniversaries of that day on earth. She took her vow at twenty years, I mine at eighteen. It is said the husband should be older than the wife. As I think of it now, at eighty-three, the reverse of that proposition has worked out satisfactorily with us.

The Rev. George W. Asbury united us in wedlock. He has passed on, but his widow still

lives, at ninety-seven years. There are now but two living witnesses to that ceremony—Thomas P. Hughes at eighty-seven, and the writer at eighty-three years. It took place in the Hughes home, over which the bride had presided the six previous years. It was a log cabin, with big open fire-place, and a clay chimney. She afterward lived in better furnished rooms, and had a kitchen range to cook on, but she always loved to talk of how she prepared the meals over live coals, and the quaint little old log cabin on the hill.

It was the custom then for the bridal party to go on horse-back from the bride's home to an "infarc" feast at the home of the groom. I had a good saddle horse, and, as Mary wanted a horse to match mine, I borrowed a high spirited horse from a neighbor. She was at home in the side saddle but, on the trip over, I made sure of her safety by holding her horse in check by a rein to his bit. A few months later this same horse ran away and crippled himself for life.

We were received cordially at my home by Uncle Sam and Aunt Peggy, father and mother Mahan, and others, who enjoyed the feast with us.

Few people of that day could afford extended wedding tours, and, for us, it must not be thought of, so we at once began our house-

hold duties jointly with Uncle Sam and Aunt Peggy. Uncle was feeble and had arranged to turn over the farm management to me. Things ran smoothly for a time. Uncle and I had no serious trouble. Mary took over most all of the house work and took special pains to please Aunt and Uncle.

Jane had married, and there were now only four in our family, and we got along together fairly well the first year, after which there came friction between Aunt Peggy and myself, on account of her unfair treatment of Mary. We moved to ourselves for a time, but Uncle Sam was growing weaker and prevailed on us to return to the old farm.

We resumed our work in the spring of 1860. In August, of that year, Uncle Sam died, leaving one-third interest in the estate to me. There was not a heavy indebtedness, and so I resumed my work cheerfully. We had repaired the old log kitchen (where I had formerly trained cats) and we occupied it, leaving Uncle Sam and Aunt to themselves in the frame house.

I went ahead and raised two crops on the place, the seasons of 1860 and 1861.

The first four years of our married life were not without their shadows. Three children had come to brighten our lives. Two of them had died, and after the death of Uncle Sam, Aunt

Peggy refused to be comforted, and thus our trials multiplied. Then the estate was badly handled, and the future looked discouraging; still, we intended to remain and help to lift the debts, and save the estate for the heirs. But now the Civil War was on, and great excitement prevailed thruout the country .

It was the winter of 1861. The Confederate Government had already been formed on the 4th day of February, at Montgomery, Alabama, with Jefferson Davis as President. Fort Sumpter had been fired upon; Lincoln had called for volunteers, and, being a Republican of the Lincoln brand, this call appealed to me very forcefully. Mary and I didn't talk much about my enlisting; neither of us lacked courage for the conflict, but somehow we did not like to discuss my going away, to be gone three years, or maybe, never to come back.

The Rebel Government was moved from Montgomery, Alabama, to Richmond, Virginia, on July 20th, and the battle of Bull Run (or Manassas) was fought the next day, and won by the rebels, thereby endangering Washington City, and so I decided to enlist, and, on the morning of February 11, 1862, I left Mary and the baby, for Sullivan, expecting to enlist and return home to arrange for their safety, while I was at the front. The officer under whom

I enlisted was enroute to Gosport, Indiana, where the 59th Infantry was being organized.

This recruiting officer asked me to go on with him to the camp at Gosport, and said he would get leave for me to return home, as I desired. But the Regiment was now full and had marching orders for the south, and I didn't see Mary and the baby again until after the great battle of Shiloh, on April 6th and 7th, 1862.

CHAPTER VI.

Father Hughes took them back to the old home for safety. This was the rule then, in that part of Indiana, as there were about as many "Rebs" as "Unionists" in the North, when I enlisted. The "Rebs" didn't go until drafted, and our wives needed protection even then, and much more later on.

Our Regiment shipped by boat, from New Albany, on the Ohio River, and arrived at Cairo, Illinois, in time to see the Fort Donelson prisoners captured by General Grant, as they were sent north. The sight of this group of rebels was a revelation to us. They were not in uniform; they wore all shades of clothes, but mostly butternut color. And had been armed with every kind of weapon, even down to a butcher knife, made from a file. As I viewed this pile of surrendered arms, I said to myself: "This is no worse than my first ideas of actual battle," for, as we passed thru Terre Haute, on our way to join our regiment, I tried to borrow, from my recruiting officer, enough

cash to finish paying for an old fashioned "pepper-box" revolver, to aid me in putting down the rebellion. Later on, however, when we got into battle with Enfield and Springfield rifles that shot across the Mississippi River, our war dreams had changed.

We went on the same boat forty miles up the Mississippi River landing at Benton, Missouri. From Benton, our march was thru cypress swamps, to a place near New Madrid, Missouri, below Island No. 10, a strongly fortified point on the Mississippi River, going into camp about two miles north of New Madrid.

I was sworn in, on February 12, 1862, and assigned to Company "C" 59th Regiment Indiana Infantry Volunteers. My regimental officers were J. I. Alexander, Colonel; J. K. Scott, Lieutenant Colonel; J. C. Sabin, Major; Doctor Rogers, Surgeon; Thomas Lee, Adjutant. The first names for Surgeon and Major and the Quarter-master, I cannot recall.

My company officers were, Will Van Fossen, Captain; John S. Akin, First Lieutenant; Ed Maxwell, Second Lieutenant. The Colonel and Adjutant, and also my Captain, had seen military service, which enabled us to become drilled more quickly than the average soldier.

This camp was on a large plantation of black sandy second bottom of the Mississippi River, close to that which had been lowered about four

feet, many years before, by an earthquake, and was now covered with water, two to four feet deep, for several miles below this town, which was fortified and held by the rebels.

General Pope was concentrating an army here to capture Island No. 10, and this fort, and it was but a few days till the show began and I had my first baptism of fire, followed by water. Island No. 10 was several miles above New Madrid in the middle of the river; was armed with heavy siege guns and six thousand rebel infantry. It was a formidable blockade, and must be cleared away.

About April 1st, plans were completed, and we were ordered to "fall in," with two days rations. It was late in the afternoon, and we wondered what was going to happen. Part of our forces made a feint on the forts of the town, and shells began to come our way, which livened things up for awhile, and, as night approached, we made a detour to the west of town, a few miles into the water covered area, and waded through the water up to our bodies and deeper, coming slowly up on the west in sight of their lights, a little before daylight, wading almost all night. When it was light enough to make a charge on the forts, we found them empty. Our gun boats had run the Rebel batteries at Island No. 10 and the Rebels at New Madrid had been quickly hustled aboard

transports, down the river, just in time to avoid capture. We occupied the town quickly, and found their tables set with breakfast, the candles still lighted, and coffee smoking hot.

The two gunboats were terribly battered in their run past the enemy batteries. The soot in the smoke stack of one of them caught fire, sending a blaze out of the top, making a fine target, and the "Johnnies" made good use of it. But both boats lived through. One was ordered down to Tiptonville, to stop the retreating rebels from Island No. 10, who were headed for that landing, and, instead of meeting their transports, they saw one of Uncle Sam's gunboats waiting for them. The other boat had ferried our regiment across the river to close the gap behind them, and the whole force of six thousand surrendered, without firing a single shot.

It was now getting dusk, and a cold rain was falling. We had no tents; no overcoats; just rubber "ponchos" over our blouses; but the "Johnnies" were no better fixed. They passed the night between heavy guard lines. They were thinly clad and short of rations. After stacking arms, those of us not on duty, hunted up old logs and limbs, and started big fires; had some coffee, bacon and hard-tack, while

the rain increased, until finally it put our fires out, and that meant just stick around there in the dark till morning.

Will Cochran, a mess mate, and I, thought we would try to find a shelter. We got separated. I found a tent with some cavalry asleep in it; I pulled a stake up gently and crawled in between two of the men and got a nice little nap before daylight. Will fell into an old well about twelve feet deep, but with no water in it, and had to call loudly for Company "C" to come and get him out.

The prisoners were sent north, and we returned to our camp, north of New Madrid. This was our first campaign; and, while I was proud that I had a part in it, I felt greater honor belonged to the men on the gunboats who ran the water batteries at Island No. 10.

General Halleck hurried to Pittsburg Landing, after Grant's battle there, and assumed supreme command. General Pope's army now thirty thousand strong, moved up the Tennessee River to Hamburg. We landed there in the latter part of April, 1862. The river had been very high, and, in going down, had left a slime of mud, and then the stench of the battle field was still there. There was no good water for either man or beast. The field hospitals were full of wounded and sick, from the battle of Shiloh, and, very soon, about half of our

forces were sick. The hot weather was on, and the situation was critical for the army.

I was detailed to nurse, in a ward of sick and wounded, but soon fell sick myself. Governor O. P. Morton, of Indiana, had sent a large force of volunteer surgeons, with needed supplies, to the Shiloh Field, and, among them, was a surgeon who knew my folks back home, and, in a week I was with Mary and the baby for a stay of forty days. This was early in May, 1862, at the log cabin, where we were married.

No one but a soldier and his wife can know what that meeting meant to us. The reunion could last only about thirty days, for my three year term was only just begun. Our second parting was worse than the first, as everybody now felt that a long war was to be fought to a finish.

About the middle of June (my furlough being up), I kissed Mary and the little son good-by, and boarded the southbound train, at Sullivan, only a few feet from where I had enlisted, four months before. I stood on the rear end of the train and watched the dear ones, and they me, until the train seemed to jerk me around a curve out of sight. These were moments that tried our souls.

My route back to the regiment was again up the Tennessee River, landing at Pittsburg, and joining the regiment several miles south, at

Rienzi. Captain Van Fossen, being a professional miller, had been detailed to take his Company and run a mill, near there. I found the company living fine; forage trains were keeping the mill supplied with grain, and the boys had been out and brought in live chickens and were feeding a flock for Company "C".

It is worthy of note that, on my way from the river, I passed over part of the Shiloh battle field. The small timber was shot into shreds, and many large trees were split asunder by cannon balls, and where I sat down for rest, the ground was strewn with minnie balls. The rebel defeat there was dearly fought (from a human standpoint, as I think it over).

If General Grant had been left in command of the whole army, he would have pushed part of it south of Corinth quickly, forcing Beauregard to evacuate or surrender, avoiding a long siege, and saving millions of money, but (as Grant himself said) "God ruled otherwise." General Halleck moved on Corinth slowly enough to allow Beauregard all the time he wanted to get away with the whole rebel army, taking ammunition and all other property of any value.

There was a wide difference between Halleck and Grant, as soldiers. Grant met the enemy, and captured or destroyed him. Halleck let

him get away, and prepare to fight some other day.

Notwithstanding Grant's brilliant success, up to this time, the press of the north criticised him, for the heavy loss of life at Shiloh, and Halleck, being jealous of Grant, took advantage of this, to place himself in chief command. Then, the loss of life in the siege of Corinth was nothing, compared to Shiloh, and that seemed to commend Halleck's generalship. Immediately after Halleck occupied Corinth, he was ordered to Washington and placed in command of all Union Armies, and General Grant again took his place at the head of the Western Armies.

Our stay at Rienzi was short, (too soft a snap for a soldier) and the months of July, August and September of 1862, were spent in marching back and forth, to guard many points against rebel attack. Several small battles were fought, that of Iuka being the worst, but the 59th was not engaged in battle again, until the 3rd and 4th of October, 1862, at the bloody battle of Corinth, under General Rosecrans.

The rebels wanted to reoccupy Corinth, as it was the main gateway to the south, and had formed an army of forty-five thousand, consisting of three corps, commanded respectively by Van Dorn, Villepigue and Price, with Van Dorn at the head. He knew that Corinth was

held by a small force, compared with his own, and determined to storm and take the town before Grant could reinforce it, but, by the evening of October 3rd, Rosecrans had his outposts drawn inside of the fortifications. Our forces fell back slowly, under fire of the rebel advance, losing quite a number of men, as did the rebels also. We then had about seventeen thousand or about one to three of the rebels, but, by this time, we were well drilled (except the late recruits), well armed, and provisioned, and the forts were manned with heavy artillery.

Our regiment had now seen a year and a half of service in the field. Our loss from gunshot was light, but many had dropped out from sickness and death. We had received quite a number of recruits in August, however, which helped us to show up better, on the color line. Among those for Company "C" were T. P. and J. W. Hughes, brothers of my wife, whom I was glad to have with me, for, while I enjoyed them as comrades, I could help them to become soldiers more quickly.

We slept on our arms the night of October 3rd, such sleep as was possible under the circumstances, knowing, for once, what would happen the next morning. We could hear the enemy, less than a quarter of a mile in our front, planting field-gun batteries.

A captain in one of our main forts sent a message back to General Rosecrans saying: "The enemy is planting a battery immediately in my front. Shall I open on him?" General Rosecrans replied: "Just let him plant it."

The night was dark—not a glimmer of light was permitted inside of our works. The ground for some five hundred yards in front of our forts was covered with the trunks and laps of trees which had been felled outward, by the rebels, when they first held the place. This was now a formidable obstruction in the path of the enemy, in a charge on the forts now held by us. The heavy guns in the forts were loaded with grape and canister for short range.

Van Dorn boldly formed his army in the woods, and opened fire on us from the field guns planted in the night, the first shot being fired before daylight, and from the battery so graciously permitted by General Rosecrans.

Our infantry took positions behind the forts. My regiment was held in reserve and ordered to lie down. The 80th Ohio was in line in front of us, and the 6th Wisconsin field battery in front of the 80th across the main road entering Corinth from Memphis. Van Dorn's army reached a long distance right and left, and began the advance at once, and when the wedge-shaped heavy line emerged from the edge of the woods and started to charge, with a ter-

rific yell, our forts instantly trained their heavy guns on them, and as they crowded together, to get by the old fallen timber, they were mowed down by scores, but the survivors pushed forward, shooting and yelling as they advanced.

We were flat on the ground with bayonets fixed. T. P. was at my shoulder in the company line, and shouted in my ear, "Mahan, look up!" The first few minutes allowed our guns to focus their fire on the rebel wedge, driving for the road opening between the forts, but just then, both wings of the rebel army swung out of the woods into the open ground, and started for our forts, with a terrifying yell. Our siege guns, field guns, and infantry, instantly turned their fire straight ahead, and, for the next twenty minutes, the roar was so deafening that the command of an officer could scarcely be heard. The first round from the rebel center had killed and wounded a number of officers in the 80th Ohio, including its Colonel, and that regiment broke in a panic for the rear.

Our position was almost directly in their path. Our Colonel saw the break, and dashed forward screaming "Fall in on this regiment!" "Fall in on this regiment!" They answered him: "We're out of ammunition!" "We're out of ammunition!" He replied "We don't give a damn for ammunition. We're going to make

a bayonet charge in about a minute!" His subordinate officers joined him in frantic efforts to stop these troops, and did rally enough of them in a few minutes to make a big regiment of the 59th, but, while this was going on, the rebel center had entered our lines, at the road, seized our field battery, and some reached the top of the big forts before they were repulsed. Those who forced their way inside (four or five hundred) met our big regiment with fixed bayonets, while our forces quickly closed the gap behind them, and their brave charge ended in surrender.

During this time, our siege guns and field batteries, and all infantry on our front, poured a deadly fire, at short, range, into the rebel ranks, as they struggled over and around the obstructions, and still, a few lived to reach the top of our forts, only to fall backward, dead or wounded, or to be captured. At this stage, their reserves refused to charge, and began to break and run for cover in the timber. As they were soon out of range, our guns ceased firing, and, in a little while, we were allowed to stack arms and break ranks.

Thus ended in bitter defeat, one of the fiercest and bloodiest assaults made by the rebels, during the entire war, and considering the unequal numbers engaged, it was a wonderful victory for the Union forces.

Our reserve position behind the forts was not in full view of the charging columns, but it was uncomfortable to be held for a bayonet charge any minute. There was, however, but one man in my company whose heart failed him, when the balls began to whistle about us. He was seized with colic and jumped into a nearby gully in the ground. When Lieutenant Maxwell tried to get him back into line, he pleaded so hard, the Lieutenant let him lie. He was known in the company as unfit for a soldier, and for the sake of his descendants, he shall be nameless here.

There is continually something happening, in a soldier's life, to break the monotony, but, for the next thirty or forty minutes, there wasn't much monotony around there, for, as I remember it, the time from which the storm broke in full force until the rebels were in full retreat, was less than one hour.

Our loss in killed, wounded and missing, was something over two thousand. The rebels lost nearly fifteen hundred killed, over two thousand prisoners, and several thousand wounded.

When it was known to be safe, we were permitted to go out on the field, and get our first sight of men, dead and wounded in battle. A few had fallen from the top of our breastworks, and laid thicker on the ground all the way back

to the woods—a sickening sight never to be forgotten.

For some reason, General Rosecrans didn't start in pursuit till the next morning, and this gave the rebels the start of us. As we followed the road through the hills northwest of Corinth, over which they had fled in a panic, the roadside and ravines were literally strewn with broken down wagons, dismounted cannon, ammunition, and food supplies. Many stragglers fell behind and were captured, but, as they were fleeing into their own country, among their friends, it was deemed unwise to continue the pursuit. Corinth was now considered secure against rebel attack for a long time, and so General Grant began to plan a campaign against Vicksburg.

The time during the rest of October and part of November, was used in drilling the new recruits with those longer in service. While in camp at various points, and on the march between these camps, many funny little things happened. Here is one on the writer: The day was hot and the dust deep in the road, and off to our right, about a hundred yards, at a cabin, I saw two or three soldiers looking intently at a bee hive, (a gum from a hollow log). I handed my gun to my left-hand comrade and made a run up there. They had pried the cap off the top, and the air above was black

with bees. I rushed in, pushed both hands down inside the gum, and pulled out a big chunk of honey-comb and ran. The bees covered the back of my head and neck. I turned the big lump from one hand to the other, using the free one to swat the bees on my neck. Meanwhile the hot honey was running down my back, and the ball was melting away, so that by the time I got back into line, a tin plate held it all. But that was a plenty, I didn't want any honey.

The dust and honey had formed a black coat on my back, and the fever from the bee stings, was almost equal to a rebel charge. This was about the middle of the afternoon, but, to my surprise and delight, we went into camp only a few miles ahead, on the banks of a beautiful little creek, running bank full of clear cool water, which caused me to shout (inwardly at least) like a good Methodist, while I disrobed and plunged in, like a Baptist. The honey, however, seemed to have counteracted the poison, and by the next day, I was ready for duty.

A soldier belonging to another company had stopped at a house along the route and filled his canteen with buttermilk. The canteen was made of zinc with heavy leather strap. That night, he hung it in the water, over the root of a tree, and next morning, on pulling at the

strap, found a huge turtle had bit his canteen flat, and drank his buttermilk. He got help to lift the turtle out on the bank, then cut his head off behind the canteen, and by prying his mouth open, pulled the canteen and strap out backward, and, late that day, I saw the head snap its jaws together viciously on anything the boys put in its mouth. It seemed to be possessed by the evil spirit. I don't know how much the whole thing weighed, but I think he would have made soup enough (judging by my own taste) for our whole regiment.

We stayed at this lovely stream of water the second night, allowing time for washing and drying clothes.

CHAPTER VII.

Vicksburg could not be taken by assault, and Grant's first plan was to march his main force rapidly down the Mississippi Central Railroad and draw Pemberton out "at the back door," allowing Sherman to make a dash and take that fortress before Pemberton could return.

The army began this move early in November, 1862, via Grand Junction, Holly Springs, Grenada and Oxford, headed by Grant, in person, who established large depots of supplies at all of the above stations, as they were evacuated by the rebels. We could have lived off the country, however, as there was plenty of corn, potatoes and fat hogs.

We camped one night at a big water mill, owned by a wealthy planter, who was too old for service at the front, and who was producing meat and grain, and running the mill, to feed the rebel army. We found about one hundred fat hogs, three hundred bushels of sweet potatoes and plenty of grain in the mill, stored up for "weuns" to grind. So the mill was

started, and also a hog killing, and we had fresh "pok" and fried sweet potatoes for supper. We had only one division at this stop, but the next day the hogs had evaporated, and also the sweet potatoes, and we moved on.

I find it necessary to omit most of the funny little incidents that happened on the march and in camp, in order to save time for the more important events, and so will mention only such as are most vivid to me.

We moved on down the railroad into the heart of the enemies' country, with but little resistance, the negroes, by thousands, swarming in on the army—to be fed and cared for—until it puzzled Grant to know what to do with them. We reached Oxford about the middle of December, and camped there a short time, to bring up supplies.

Our real front was about twenty miles further south. The negroes kept coming in from the plantations, until Grant had to organize them into a department of labor, with wages fixed, for picking and ginning cotton, and harvesting other crops, so as to make them self-supporting. They were so happy they would hold great dances in the open, at night, which delighted the soldiers.

An incident occurred at this camp with a negro as a star actor, and in which I had a minor part. Captain Van Fossen had a big

colored cook and suddenly after his engagement, missed a fine pair of boots. He ordered the whole company out into line, with knapsacks on, for a search to find his boots. The boys were red hot, and decided the "nigger" should go that night. A committee of four was chosen to see him off, which consisted of Jim Boatman, Will Cochran, Louis Smock and myself. So, promptly at midnight, each of us was at a corner of his tent, and, at a signal, we pulled the tent stakes, and the scamp sprang into the darkness, on the run, so swiftly that he beat us to a ditch on the edge of the camp. We knew he was in the ditch so we divided and came up, meeting in the ditch. But out he jumped and vanished into the underbrush, followed by a few parting shots, which ended the chase. There were only three of us at the finish, as Boatman who led us at the start, ran against a post instead of "Sambo" and was knocked out. I would be glad now to know my shot missed the poor "Darky."

One other thing makes me remember Oxford. We invaded a field of roasting ears (think of it, in December!) and I ate so much of it (half cooked, of course, that it nearly killed me. Lieutenant Maxwell helped me out of the scrape.

But, true to the fact—that a soldier never knows what is ahead of him—our stay at Ox-

ford was suddenly ended by orders to "strike tents and fall in." Grant received a dispatch that Van Dorn had captured Holly Springs and burned our supplies—food, forage and ammunition, and was destroying the railroad over which government supplies were obtained; so there we were—cut off from supplies and all means of communication from the North, without rations, and but little ammunition and two hundred miles from our base—facing enemies any way we looked. The first word of this situation struck us a bad blow, both above and below the belt, for we couldn't figure out how we were to live without food for two weeks till we could march back to a base—but Grant knew—he put the army on the retreat, and put the wagon train to foraging fifteen miles out, on each side of our line of march, to bring in supplies, which proved to be abundant, and we got along finely, until a wagon train, loaded at Memphis, came meeting us and "saved our bacon."

It was a long march and very tough in spots. One is worth special mention. It was nearly sunset, and we were expecting every minute to go into camp for the night, as we had halted, and thought the Quarter-master was selecting the camp; but, after waiting till nearly dark, we started little fires and began making some coffee to carry it only a short way to camp.

But the camp didn't show up. The road over which we were marching was full of deep tracks made by cavalry when mud was deep, and had dried out, and now rain was falling and those tracks were filling with water. The soil was like soap when wet, and our feet would shoot into the horse tracks and the water would shoot up our trouser legs, as if coming from a force pump—but of course this wouldn't last long! We'd go into camp pretty quickly!

A new general named Quimby had been placed over our division, just then, and it was afterward reported that he was drunk that night; anyway, we kept going mile after mile in the dark, over that road, while the rain poured, till after midnight. It was a stagger and jolt against each other, bumping each others' heads with our guns, causing a few quarrels and one fight in my company, the actors being Jake Vester against two Jones Brothers: Benton and Willis, as I remember; but finally about one A. M., we began to file into a field of corn stalks through a gap in a big rail fence. The rain had stopped, but the furrows between the stalks were filled with water. An order came to stack arms. We obeyed quickly and broke into a run for the rail fence, piling the rails in a long heap on the color line, and soon had a long bonfire.

We were short of coffee, but must have some

now, for the "stomach's sake," after which we banked stalks and mud high enough to keep us above water, spread down our gun blankets two and two, and retired for the rest of the night, with one woolen blanket on top. The next four hours sound sleep fitted me, personally, for the next day's march. This experience is so vividly remembered that I am sure it isn't overdrawn, and judging from the remarks I heard on that night, it would have been uncomfortable for General Quimby to have shown himself along the line. Our regiment remembered him with derision, as he had no excuse, there being no danger from the enemy. However, he was quickly relieved, and General John A. Logan put in command of our division. This march ended at Memphis, Tennessee. We went into camp just out of the city, on the east, and, while there, we heard the siege guns of Vicksburg (four hundred miles away) playing on our gunboats, trying to run the batteries there.

Out of many schemes talked about for capturing Vicksburg, Grant had the east levee below Helena, Arkansas, cut, and the bottom lands flooded most of the way to Vicksburg, so as to run light boats through the small rivers and carry his army behind the forts by that route, which was first through a twenty mile bayou into the following rivers, in the order

named: Coldwater, Hatchie, Tallehatchie, Yellobusha and then on to the Yazoo, above Vicksburg. Several small steamboats were loaded with troops and started: the Pioneer Corps in advance, to cut away the overhanging timber on both sides of these little rivers, and two gunboats heading the troop boats.

The first part of this trip was a dream of pleasure and beauty, clean quarters on deck; plenty of rations; floating slowly down stream, amid tall trees, a wide expanse of water on either side; no enemy to fear; band music from the flag ship in the evening; and from bugle and drums in the morning; all this, sounding over the water, among the timber, was truly delightful, and I wished it could last, but no such luck as that! Well down on the Tallehatchie River, we found a small piece of land above water, on both sides of the river. On the west side, back some six hundred yards, the rebels had a fort, mounted with heavy cannon, which blocked our further journey down stream. We were allowed to land on the east shore and go into camp a few days, until the next move was figured out. This dry land on the route seemed to be a surprise to our officers, and after a few days on land, we boarded the boats and backed up stream to Helena where we started from.

While in camp, down there, we posted pickets on our bank of this narrow river, and the rebels had their pickets on the west bank, and they hooted us across the river for having to "crawl" back to "Yankeedom," as our gunboats were not able to silence the rebel guns in this fort.

We camped at Helena a short while and proceeded down the Mississippi River to Millikens Bend, Louisiana, opposite Vicksburg, and camped there about a month. Two weeks of this time, I had the honor of commanding the guard at Grant's headquarters. He occupied an old plantation house, and the horses for himself, and staff officers, were kept in rail pens about fifty paces back from the house. I posted one sentry in front and one in the rear of the house, two at the stables, and one midway between house and stables. A few nights Grant came in and put up his horse alone, in the middle of the night, wearing an old blue "blouse" minus his shoulder straps. He would quietly salute the sentry, chat a few words in a low voice, and bid the sentry good night. At such times he looked tired indeed—jaded and worn. He was seeing to the details in person—he must not permit another failure to capture Vicksburg.

One night, while he was out on one of these rounds, his staff officers sang "Old Shady." I

can't recall the words, but never forgot the melody. Mrs. Grant and both of her sons were there. This was the first part of April, 1863. About the 15th, the "fall in" order came again. Mrs. Grant went north, but both of the boys, Fred and Ulysses, followed the army through the entire campaign on horse back, without a scratch. Fred wore a Colonel's shoulder straps, and Ulysses those of a Captain.

CHAPTER VII.

Sunshine and shadow goes with a soldier's life at the front! My close friend Jesse Hudson (mentioned in the chapter on New Madrid) died here at the bend, and it fell on me to command the firing party, over his grave, which was dug in the levee of the Mississippi. A few days later, I bade goodby to Mary's brother "Jack" who was not able to go to the front. His dust now lies somewhere on that levee. About the middle of April, Grant's main force made a short cut through the low bottom lands in Louisiana via "Moon Lake," to the river below Grand Gulf, opposite Bruinsburg. Our river fleet had run the water batteries at Vicksburg and quickly landed us, by regiments, on the rebel side, and the rush to the rear of the fortress was on in earnest. We met Pemberton's front at Port Gibson, defeated it, and pushed on—gaining the main road from Vicksburg to Jackson, the state capital. This was the "straw that broke the camel's back." Pemberton fell back inside his fortifications, and

Grant headed for Jackson, determined to capture it and Joe Johnson's forces, ten thousand strong, to prevent him from reinforcing Vicksburg. Pemberton didn't follow us quickly enough. We met Johnson, at Raymond, eighteen miles out of Jackson, on May 14th, in a stiff battle of about two hours, in the forenoon. His army fell back in disorder, fleeing on through the city—leaving only his front line to defend it, and they, too, fled, after the first round when we charged. I am pretty sure that the "59th" planted the first flag on the state house at Jackson, on the afternoon of that day. The cavalry was pursuing Johnson and driving him away from Pemberton, while we were destroying all supplies for the rebels. We found a few Union soldiers in the hospital, who had been wounded and captured. They were happy to see the old flag again.

This was a forced march from Grand Gulf to Jackson; in fact, it developed into a sort of whirlwind, at times, so that it was difficult for even the commander to make good guesses as to what the rebels were doing. That was what let Johnson get away with his army. A heavy rain was falling, as we formed for the charge on Jackson. A shallow stream between us and the forts was now swollen to a hundred yards wide, and the channel couldn't be seen. Orders came to fix bayonets and charge. The "rebs"

had already opened fire on us. We sprang forward through the water and the tall trees, many falling flat when they reached the channel (going under water, gun and all), but jumping to their feet and wading on, under fire, I being lucky enough to keep my feet, and, in a few minutes, were out of the woods and water, into a wide open meadow. We then broke into a run, shooting and yelling as we charged. The "Johnnies" wheeled and made tracks! A few were hiding behind old buildings and waved the white flag, as we advanced. But right here was the only rebel personality I took a shot at, in my three and a half years' service. I had reloaded my gun while charging, and, beneath the smoke, I saw a big rebel turn and run, frantically. He made such a fine mark, a fit seized me to shoot point blank at his broad back, and I did, but he only ran faster and disappeared in the smoke. I am truly thankful now, that I missed him.

Many of the stores in Jackson were wide open and full of goods, but the owners had fled. The boys loaded up with twice as much tobacco as they could "tote" on a forced march, and of course threw it away the next day.

Orders for the return march back on Vicksburg, came very early the next day, and we started. General Sherman was left behind, to complete the destruction of rebel supplies at

Jackson, and he did it up brown. Generals Logan and Hovey were in front, each on a different road. For some reason, our brigade was held in the rear, about six miles, on our second morning out of Jackson, when we heard the battle of Champion's Hill begun. Logan and Hovey had engaged Pemberton's Pickets, and was pushing them back on his main army—now in a strong position. Orders came for our brigade to double quick, and we did—the whole six miles. When we reached the front, General Logan, on his horse, was posted where we took position in line of battle—a grand picture of strength and determination—giving orders to his staff officers as they flew back and forth, all orders shooting from his lips like arrows, some of them not very polite in language or tone, but with force enough to be heard above the roar of the guns.

One of these verbal orders contained eight words which ring in my ears even now, and which may have been justifiable under the circumstances, but it doesn't look good now, in print, for Logan after the war became a very devout Christian, and is now in Heaven, I hope.

There seems to come to commanding officers a crucial moment in time of battle when they feel that it is necessary to inspire the soldiers under them with courage of demons, and orders come from their lips like bolts of lightning, and

often turns defeat into victory. That was General Logan's situation at Champion's Hill when our brigade arrived. He had held the field for hours against heavier battalions, and he was getting desperate.

The eight words mentioned above were to a staff officer who dashed up to him, saying (General Somebody) could not obey a previous order to quickly re-enforce some other part of the line. Logan screamed back "*Tell him by G-d I said he must go.*"

When General Sheridan reached the front at Cedar Creek a staff officer who was fleeing to the rear in a panic said to him, "General, we are whipped." Sheridan replied quick as a flash, "*You lie; you're whipped, the men are not whipped.*" They rallied the broken lines and our defeat was turned into a great victory.

Pap Thomas, at Nashville, when the advance was ordered, said to Battery Captain, "See that your batteries are in perfect trim, a battle may turn upon a linch pin."

When the rebel charge on Corinth began and we fixed bayonets to repel it, Lieutenant "Jack" Akins shouted to Company "C," "*Steady boys, we'll make these bayonets red with blood.*"

Napoleon at the battle in sight of the Egyptian Pyramids said to his army, "See! Those Pyramids of forty centuries, behold your action."

The battle at the moment was furious, but it was on the turning point, for as we fell flat behind an old rail fence on the edge of a deep wide ravine, the bullets from the enemy were making splinters fly off the rails in front of our heads. Lyman Ford was at my left shoulder when a minnie ball struck the rail directly in front of his head and glanced into the ground under his breast. His eyes were very wide open as he looked toward me. Shells from the enemy field guns in our front, were bursting close overhead, at a terrific rate, but the shower of musket balls was slacking up a bit. Just then, under the smoke, I saw coming toward our line, a squad of rebels, on the run, with their colors under a white flag, and loud cheers went up—with an order to cease firing. A member of our company grabbed their colors and handed it to one of General McPherson's staff who put spurs to his horse, down the line, waving the flag and cheering.

The rebel lines had broken, and as the smoke lifted, we could see them leaving the field in a complete rout. Our forces were too much exhausted to follow, as it was nearing sundown, and a rain was approaching, which fell in torrents through the night, and helped (to some extent) to soothe the wounded and dying, who could not be reached by the hospital corps.

A full description of what I witnessed on

this bloody field would fill several pages. Our regimental losses were light, in this battle, because the hardest fighting was over before we reached the field, but General Hovey's division suffered terrible loss, in both killed and wounded, and our own division (Logan's), all but our brigade, suffered severely.

We were allowed to stack arms and go over the field in our immediate front. It was an old worn out cotton field, washed into deep ditches by the rain, which the rebels had used as rifle pits. These ditches held great numbers of dead and wounded—a sight never to be forgotten. Will Cochran and I were walking along, looking. We stopped and spoke to one boy, who was dying from a shell wound. We took his blouse off and placed it under his head, and he passed while we waited. The next one close by heard us talking and said, "Where is the Yanks." Will replied "We are the Yanks!" Quick as a flash, he said "Well, I can't help it." He was sitting in the bottom of the trench, leaning back against the bank. A musket ball had entered one cheek, about one inch below his eye, coming out of the opposite cheek, about one inch below his other eye, forcing both eyes from their sockets. They were hanging down on each side of his nose, and thick, glossy blood covered his entire breast. He could hear plainly, and seemed to be in his right mind. As we

couldn't relieve his suffering, we turned to others. Nearby, lay a rebel major, on his back, (a fine specimen of southern chivalry). A ball had passed through his thigh and he was in a terrific chill. Just then the chief surgeon of the 59th (Dr. Rogers) came along, with his help and ambulances, taking care of the rebel wounded. Stooping down, he said politely, "Major, we are here now to take care of you." The Major replied, "Oh, never mind me, sir, you have plenty of your own wounded." Dr. Rogers smiled in admiration for the courage of the Major, but insisted on taking him to the hospital at once, as he was pale and growing weaker from loss of blood. He was Major of the 10th Tennessee Regiment, whose other field officers were about all killed or wounded. Their subordinates also met the same fate, except those previously mentioned as coming in under a white flag before the firing ceased.

It was now near the end of a strenuous day. We were tired of viewing the battle scenes, and returned to our own color line. We had no tents on this campaign, after leaving Millikens Bend. We each had one woolen blanket and a "poncho," and lay on the ground two and two, with one rubber beneath and one for top cover. . We could usually get sleep enough this way, but this was a night close to the dead and

dying, and we longed for the morning. Pemberton's defeat was so overwhelming that he fled for Vicksburg in a panic, burning all bridges behind him, but losing many prisoners, and a large number of heavy guns, saving only about thirty thousand men for the defense of Vicksburg.

I don't remember the distance from Champion's Hill battleground to Vicksburg, but the Big Black River lays between, and Pemberton's only hope now was to reach and cross this stream with his army, and burn the bridges. This he did, and Grant had to build new ones, which stopped the pursuit more than a day, allowing Pemberton to reach his goal.

Our division took a road leading via Haines Bluff on the Yazoo River, above Vicksburg, (which was now our base of supplies), reaching a position in a big ravine in the rear of Vicksburg, at about sundown, on May 21st—ending the hottest, and longest, all day march we made during the war.

The day was intensely hot; the dust very deep in the road; and water scarce. Officers and men fell out of ranks, until the regiment was a mere skeleton when we halted. In fact, there were just five men of Company "C" who stacked arms on the color line that night when we halted. They were: John Lysman, height six feet four inches, weight two hundred; An-

drew Toler, height five feet ten inches, weight one hundred eighty-six; Claude Ambrose, height five feet four inches, weight one hundred forty; J. C. Mahan, height five feet five and one-half inches, weight one hundred forty; and our Orderly Sergeant, John Ford, height five feet ten inches, weight one hundred fifty, sixty years old, who had been five years in the regular army, and had been through the Mexican War. His hair was then white. I think his courage and endurance was what inspired us four younger men to "stick it out" to the end, that day. The weights and heights respectively as shown above doesn't seem to indicate that the race belongs to any certain specific measure of men.

Guns were stacked four in a group, and the old Sergeant was allowed a sword, instead of a gun, in honor of his services and age, and so stood his sword up against the stack of guns—making the five.

The spot where we halted was more than a ravine. It was a deep narrow valley about one hundred and fifty yards wide in the bottom, with some scrubby timber, and lined on the sides with low underbrush. It laid parallel to the rebel line for some two miles in the rear of the city, and became the permanent position of McPherson's corps through the entire siege, which lasted forty-two days.

The distance from this point to the rebel forts was about half a mile and was a network of deep ravines, covered with old fallen timber, and grown up with grape vines, green briars, etc.

It was now pitch dark and raining—most of the stragglers had come in and stacked arms. Not a spark of fire was allowed, so we ate a few “hard tack” and some bacon, and were rolling up for the night, in our wet blankets, when orders came down the line to the field and line commanders, to be ready to storm the rebel forts the next morning at ten o’clock. We at once took our guns from the stack—inverted them—sticking the bayonets in the ground, to keep the powder dry, and again wrapped our robes about us, and lay down to unpleasant dreams.

The rain ceased before daylight, and the morning of May 22nd dawned clear and hot. We formed for the charge about nine A. M.

While waiting in line for the forward order, T. P. Hughes, who was then on detail at brigade headquarters, came over to meet me before I went to the front line, to receive any word I wished to send to Mary.

I snatched a tough paper from a package of cartridges and quoted Madame Roland’s lines:

“Calm in the consciousness of having done my duty I look forward to futurity with a per-

fect peace of mind." Tom held it and I was spared to mail it to Mary, myself, a few days later.

We marched up a ravine, under cover, to get closer to the forts before the final charge. By ten A. M. we were only a few hundred yards from the rebel forts, but they had discovered our movement and opened fire on us. We dropped to the ground behind the crest of a ridge, and, for the next three hours, could neither advance nor retreat, without danger of being annihilated. We placed the butts of our guns and our canteens of water, in front of our heads, as a shield from minnie balls, but the regiment lost heavily, and it was near two o'clock P. M. when a cross fire from our field guns silenced the rebel batteries which were playing on us. The heat was intense, and a large number fell out of ranks, and I was among the number.

The main assault was against Fort Hill, but we failed to take it, and were compelled to fall back.

At this juncture, Grant received a dispatch from General McClermand, on the extreme left, saying: "I have captured two forts, and if immediately reinforced, can hold them."

As our brigade had just been called back from the firing line, Grant ordered it to proceed in haste to assist McClermand. As before

stated, we occupied the center (McPherson's Corps). Sherman's Corps held the right, and McClernand's Corps held the left, forming a line about nine miles long, reaching the river above and below the city. In order to keep out of sight of the rebels, we had to march several miles out of a direct route, and it was nearly sunset when we entered a wide ravine leading to the forts McClernand said he had taken. Luckily, this ravine had a lot of sink holes in it, for, as we filed into it, the said rebel fort opened on us a terrific shell fire, from twelve pound brass pieces, at short range, and I, for one, lost no time in tumbling into one of the sink holes, "and lo and behold" I fell on top of Lieutenant Aiken of my company. Neither of us was ashamed of our act, for the next few minutes was no time to be out picking flowers around there.

The rebel fire slackened as dusk approached, and we reformed at the head of the ravine behind some hillocks. We then learned that McClernand's troops had made a charge on the two forts and only reached the embankment—and was holding the outside, while the rebs held the inside. That is how General McClernand had "taken two forts." When it grew dark enough, the men under the rebel parapets skipped back to their own line.

I think our regimental loss that day, in killed and wounded, was reported at one hundred and twelve. The loss in the assault on Fort Hill was greater. Nothing was gained, unless to demonstrate that Vicksburg could not be taken by assault.

We heard later that this assault was made on the urgent request of Adjutant General Dana, of the war department at Washington, who was then at Vicksburg, against the better judgment of General Grant.

The army now settled down to the siege. Field batteries and heavy guns were dug into the hills from the rear, forming ideal forts. Rifle pits and trenches were dug, in zig-zag shape, right up to the rebel works. So extensive were these trenches, that one-third of the entire army occupied the trenches and forts every third day, for forty-two days—the time being from May 22nd until the surrender on the night of July 3rd. Every soldier was in the trenches twenty-four hours out of every seventy-two, for forty-two days.

The twenty-four hours in the trenches were little more strenuous or dangerous than the forty-eight hours in camp, as the "Johnnies" had guns trained on our camp, and, although the camp was much below the crest of the ridges where our forts were located, and quite a distance in the rear of them, many shells

(partly spent) from these guns, came tumbling into our camp, at all hours of the day and night.

One of those guns, the boys named "Whistling Dick." It was planted in a fort on the rebel left, about one and a half miles from our camp, and used a shell about thirty inches long by six inches in diameter, and, after losing part of its force, would tumble, end over end, making a screaming noise which was not conducive to peaceful slumber.

Those big long shells were sharp pointed. A percussion cap was fixed to explode the shell when it struck any solid object, but often the butt of it would hit the ground, ploughing a furrow the size of a barrel, twenty paces long—rise up and repeat the operation, before being entirely spent. Our batteries and infantry watched for the puff of smoke from that gun, and threw tons of ammunition at it, but didn't silence the thing until nearly the end of the siege.

On Sunday morning, a soldier boy, close to our quarters, sat down with his back against a little bank (which shielded his body, but not his head), to write to his mother, using his knapsack for a table, when a spent shell from "Whistling Dick" decapitated him. The boys stood around in silence, wondering why he was the mark, after taking so much care to protect himself. This same shell went into the ground,

raised and landed two hundred yards up on the opposite hillside, going right through the camp, but hurting no one else.

They also planted a small mortar in the head of a deep, narrow ravine, behind their breastworks, which threw six inch round shells into our camp, night and day, and was not reached by our gunners until the last week of the siege. These rebel guns were over-matched many times, however, by the two hundred and forty pound shells our mortars sent over head into the city every night, from two Flotillas, one above, and one below the city. Some nights from fifty to one hundred of these big monsters were dropped inside the rebel works, some going into the ground before bursting. Some of them dropped through the roofs of business blocks—went on down into the basement, and then burst, blowing the walls out, and causing the buildings to crash down. Others bursted overhead, and the pieces would scatter over a wide circle, killing and wounding great numbers of men on duty. There was hardly a whole pane of glass in the city when we took possession, and all of the women and children lived in deep caves in the ground. It was a grand sight to view those shells by night. The burning fuse looked like a star darting, as it

turned over and over on its rainbow course, of about four miles or more from the gun, till it struck or exploded.

Many interesting incidents occurred during the siege—some funny, others not. Soon after the siege began, General Logan received a battery of heavy guns to be used on the rebel forts. These guns threw a hundred pound shell. He planted them in front of his headquarters opposite Fort Hill, and one Sunday morning, they were in action on this fort, and, being off duty, I got a pass up there to watch them. I had to travel along the trenches. About half way, a couple of soldiers were in a card game in the bottom of the trench.

There was a very light rattle of small arms that morning, and I didn't wish to interrupt the game. I stepped up on the bank of the trench and dropped in again, beyond the boys. My head and shoulders had shown above the bank of dirt, and as I dropped into the pit, a minnie ball went into the bank just in front of my face. If it had carried four inches higher, these lines would have never been written.

The boys in the game, saw what a close call I had, and scolded me for not stepping over them. I took care the rest of the way to keep out of sight of the "Johnnies." I witnessed a grand sight on arriving at the battery of big guns. There was a brisk wind from the north.

The big guns were trained on Fort Hill, due west. I stood directly behind one of them, and could catch sight of the shell at five hundred feet or more, from the gun, and follow it to the fort, which was about three-fourths of a mile distant. The course of the shell was curved and its diameter appeared to shrink from six inches, to one inch, in one to two seconds.

These shells were tearing great holes in the fort, but a force inside the fort, was filling them with dirt, thrown over the top with shovels.

We went on duty by whole regiments, and usually in the evening. One night our regiment occupied a fort, and, about the break of day, I was sitting on the breech of one of the big guns (thinking I was not visible to the "Johnnies") when a rebel sharp-shooter sent one at me, hitting the wheel of the gun carriage very close to me. I changed my seat at once.

A few days later, a very unusual thing happened in connection with this same fort. Our regiment was on duty through the night, supporting this fort, and had just finished a breakfast of bacon and "hard tack," in the ravine, behind the big fort, when the 6th Wisconsin Light Battery opened fire on the rebel works. It occupied an elevated position only a few rods back of the big fort, and its shells were not intended to explode until they passed over and beyond us, but the fuses were defective and

ignited the shells at short range and the fragments began to rain down among the boys. Colonel Alexander yelled to his orderly: "Tell Captain Dillon I'll turn my regiment on his battery in one minute if he don't cease firing"—and Dillon stopped. I mention this to show what a precarious life a soldier leads. Uncle Johnny Ford lacked only a few inches of being killed by one of these shell fragments.

There was a continuous rattle of rebel infantry throughout the siege, so that we didn't dare show our heads above the trenches for even a second of time. But our boys went them better, all the time, and when the surrender came, we found many of their guns full to the muzzle, which was evidence that there were loyal men in the rebel ranks at Vicksburg.

I know this because our regiment was part of the force detailed to empty the rebel small guns. Some of them burst in shooting the loads into the trenches before we knew how full they were, and we then decided to test every gun with the ram rod before firing them off.

I think the number of these guns surrendered was thirty-one thousand, so it was quite a job to unload them. Ten thousand of them were new and bright, having been smuggled in from England a few days before we invested the city.

As everything on earth must come to an end, so did this long siege. The glad moment came

at three o'clock P. M. on July 3rd when suddenly a small mounted group of rebel officers emerged from the center of their works, waving a flag of truce. All firing ceased instantly. They halted about midway between the lines, and pretty soon, General Grant and staff advanced to meet them. It was surely a great sight! As if by magic, both embankments were covered—ours with Blue, theirs with Gray, to watch the proceedings.

In a few minutes, Grant and Pemberton dismounted—stepped a few paces away from the others, and sat down on the ground, which, at that point, was much lower than the works on either side, affording full view of our entire corps.

I don't know just the length of this council between Grant and Pemberton: it was probably not more than thirty or forty minutes; but the silence and suspense cannot be described. It seemed to us that something good was coming, and yet we feared it might mean we must take the forts by storm, and we knew what that meant.

But soon the two star actors in the scene arose—saluted—and each mounted his horse, and with their respective staffs, rode swiftly in opposite directions, and, as each General passed inside his own line, the Blue and Gray tumbled off the forts and were out of sight in a "jiffy."

We received orders, however, not to resume firing, so we slept better that night.

The morning of July 4th dawned on Vicksburg clear and hot. We soon learned that Pemberton had surrendered, during the night, and that we would march into the city at ten A. M. Grant had requested that there should be no cheering, or exultation, over our success. When we beheld the emaciated condition of the women and children at the entrance of their cave dwellings, along the roadside, on our way in, we didn't feel a bit like cheering. The boys emptied their haversacks for the little ones, and watched them devour the rations like starved animals. It was pathetic to see them gnaw the hard bread. The older ones, the mothers, were also glad to see us.

Grant's terms allowed Pemberton's army to be paroled at once, and it was soon gone. Many of them went to their homes and were never again in the rebel army. Many others skipped for the north to make sure of it. Uncle Sam furnished rations for the destitute.

Our brigade was detailed to Garrison Vicksburg, but it proved a bad hit for us. The hot season was now on, and the water of the springs from which we got our supply was full of unhealthful minerals that produced sickness; and, by the last of August, there were hardly enough able bodied troops to do the

necessary guard duty. An epidemic of Bone Fever broke out, and at one time, there were only five men in my company able for duty. I was attacked with it and lay at the hospital more than forty-eight hours, under a scorching fever, before a doctor could see me. About three weeks later, I was sent north on a twenty day furlough. When I saw my card marked "Furlough," my cup of joy ran over, but as usual, a shadow came over the trip homeward. The rivers were at low water mark, and the boat was aground on sand bars very often, so, ten days of my furlough was used up, from Vicksburg to Cairo, Illinois. As there was but one train north per day, out of Cairo, and that one at four A. M., I didn't lie down—I just walked around and viewed the sights, which were as follows: Cairo lies "V" shaped, at the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi Rivers, and, below the water, in both, which is held back by high levees. These levees are the homes of thousands of rats. Some look as though they had just landed from the "Ark," for they were fat and grey. I could kick them, as I strolled along the levee.

Plenty of grain, plenty of water, plenty of filth, and a warm climate, was an ideal home for the rodents, but I wondered how the people stood them.

I was lucky in getting an extension of twenty days on my furlough, at the end of which time, I was back to normal health and started to join my regiment, which was then with the army sent against Bragg, at Chattanooga and Mission Ridge. My thirty days with Mary and the baby boy, at the hospitable home of Father Hughes, was "Heaven," compared to Sherman's definition of war, but the parting time again arrived, and the war cloud was still black, which seemed to cast a deeper shadow over each succeeding farewell.

CHAPTER IX

The fall of Vicksburg was the first fatal blow the Confederacy had received, but the South soon rallied her scattered forces for a death struggle. The battle of Chickamauga was fought while I was home. Rosecrans was forced back into Chattanooga, and Braxton Bragg's army had him about surrounded, when Grant's troops arrived from the South and West. The situation was very critical for the army of the Cumberland, and Lincoln was again carrying a heavy load, largely because it was feared Grant had not sufficiently recovered from the injury received at New Orleans, to take command, in person, at Chattanooga. He did, however, arrive in time to give personal directions, which culminated in the utter defeat of Bragg's army, and made possible Sherman's march to the sea.

It was past the middle of November when I joined my regiment again, which was then in camp on the north side of the Tennessee River, opposite Chattanooga. About noon, I

reached the camp, located at the foot of a round little mountain, about four or five hundred feet high, the summit of which was barren and rocky. Several hundred soldiers had ascended to this barren spot that afternoon, to see General Joe Hooker's army scale the heights of Lookout Mountain, which towered above the clouds some four miles distant. The sight was grand beyond description. Hooker's troops were then so close up that the rebel batteries on Lookout could not be used on them, and they just crept from one ledge to another, while a flank movement captured another part of the rebel works before night closed the scene.

While we were viewing this battle, a sudden cheer broke loose, and, looking back, we saw a deer coming across among the boys, by leaps and bounds, beyond belief, and as it started down the steep descent again, it must have hit the ground at intervals not less than forty feet, for it went right through the tops of the bushes at each jump. I wondered how it kept from turning somersaults. The boys had no guns up there so the poor thing got away.

The temperature on this little mountain at sunset, was fine, but, as we descended, it grew colder, and down at the camp it was at the freezing point.

Not long after supper, we received orders to be ready to march at about midnight, against

Mission Ridge, on the south side of the river, and a mile or so back from the stream. The river was bank full and very swift, and the rebel pickets held the south shore.

We reached the north bank of the river about two A. M. under strict orders to not speak above a whisper. Our entire division was in this move, probably ten thousand, and this force was transferred to the south side in one hundred and fifty pontoons, manned by the Pioneer Corps, carrying twenty men to the boat, each trip.

Those first landed crept silently upon the rebel pickets—captured their outposts, without firing a gun—and then began digging in. Then, as fast as the pontoons landed more troops, they quickly extended the trench, and when daylight came the rebels saw a long line of rifle pits stretching along the river occupied by the Blue instead of the Gray.

When the pontoons had finished silently landing the last of our infantry division, they were quickly swinging into a straight line, side by side, from bank to bank, and anchored firmly a short distance apart. Stringers were then laid across them, and planks on the stringers—making a fine bridge.

This perilous task was not accomplished, however, without some noise, but our division was in position to defend the bridge, should

the rebels make an attack while it was being laid down. The bridge was finished in the darkness and a large force of infantry crossed over it before daylight, followed by field batteries and cavalry, and the move against the stronghold on the ridge was begun.

Hearing nothing from their outposts on the river that night, had completely thrown the rebels off their guard, and when they suddenly discovered an army of "Yanks" on their side of the river, they abandoned their front line of works without much resistance, falling into a stronger position higher up on the ridge.

It fell to the lot of my regiment to be placed in the advance skirmish line, in ascending the ridge that forenoon. We were deployed four paces apart, and were moving forward at a quick pace through the scrubby timber, pushing back the rebel front line, when suddenly, coming over the crest of a little ridge, we ran onto a masked battery which the "rebs" had covered up with brush. They opened fire on us at short range. Will Cochran was left guide of the first platoon of my company, and I was right guide of the second platoon—bringing us four paces apart in the line; we were going at a double quick, toward the "rebs", but when they turned loose those six twelve-pound brass pieces on us, we wheeled and made two double quicks over the crest, out of range.

Will, just ahead of me, on my right, wheeled, and came near running over me as he fled to the rear.

One soldier in Company "B" (next to us) didn't stop, but ran on into the rebel fort, finding it empty, (as they had run, after firing one round) but, on seeing the "rebs" returning to take it back, he came sailing over the hill, and, turning on the boys of his Company, said: "You fools! Why didn't you come on? I had the fort, and if you'd a come on, we could a held it."

We quickly re-formed our line, and, on dashing forward, found the fort empty. Our troops had taken "Orchard nob," a rebel stronghold, and the fort in front of us became untenable.

The Confederate lines were now falling back from the summit of the ridge. Hooker was gaining the heights of "Lookout" and Bragg was beginning his retreat south, on the road to Dalton.

The whole scene was transformed. Forty-eight hours before, Bragg had looked down on the army of the Cumberland with contempt; now, he was trying to save his own army from capture.

The battles of Missionary Ridge and Lookout Mountain, were over. Bragg, with defeated army, was fleeing south into Georgia, Chattanooga and Knoxville were again safe,

and Lincoln's great heart beat easier. What did it? General Grant and Sherman and Sheridan and Logan and Thomas were all there; yes, and I was there, and thousands of others, as well as we, were there, but God stood on Mission Ridge and Lookout, that day, and the result could not be otherwise.

Logan's division (ours), was ordered to pursue the rebels on the main road toward Dalton, and Sheridan's Cavalry made a flank drive, but Bragg had too much the start, to suffer heavy loss, except in commissary supplies, which all fell into our hands.

Some six miles out, on this chase, we found an immense rick of cornmeal in one hundred pound new cotton bags, piled up, ten sacks deep, and covering perhaps a half acre of ground, right out in the open. The boys would grab a sack, pour out all but about twenty-five pounds, and start to carry it, but it rapidly grew to weigh fifty pounds on a forced march, and, as usual, they began to pour out more, and finally throw it away, sack and all. That's the soldier of it. The road for miles was a white sheet of cornmeal.

Bragg's main force was now out of reach, and Grant and Sherman began laying plans for Sherman's march to the sea, which caused a reorganization of our army. Our brigade was ordered to Huntsville, Alabama, as a garrison

of that post, remaining there until after Hood's assault on Thomas, at Nashville, Tennessee.

While at Huntsville, our regiment re-enlisted for the war, and was given a veteran furlough home, for thirty days, and four hundred dollars veteran bounty. While at home, on this furlough, I recruited four young men for my company, and had to remain twenty days after the regiment left, to have them mustered in.

While at home this time an ugly little shadow flitted across my path, leaving a mark in my memory that time can not rub out.

We were sitting around the big open fire in Father Hughes's home, when Isham Allen, a very striking personality over six feet tall whom I had known since childhood as a "petty lawyer," came to settle with T. P. Hughes an account due his son who had died. He was a rank Southern sympathizer, and when he had finished the matter with Tom turned abruptly to me and fired several questions at me as to how I liked to fight the South, and ended his tirade with these words: "Do you know I think you soldiers are just Lincoln's hirelings and Lincoln's dogs." I sprang behind the door to my wife's trunk, containing a "seven repeater" which she had put under the till to hide it from the boy. This delay gave him time to clear the

house and me to take a second thought, and I let him depart, quite rapidly however, toward the highway.

Mary had lost no time in telling me where to find the gun, which was considered excusable on account of what soldiers' wives endured while their husbands were at the front.

I met Mr. Allen after the war and received most gracious recognition, and it is hoped that his disloyalty was pardoned, and that we will meet in the Great Beyond, and on mutual terms.

A few days after re-joining the regiment, at Huntsville, I met with a serious accident.

The rebel General, Roddy, with a small body of Guerrillas, was menacing Huntsville. One night, just after taps, an alarm was sounded. I sprang out of my bunk (we were in winter quarters)—I landed on the lid of a mess box—striking the sole of my foot on a mustard jar, crushing it, and cutting a gash to the bone, leaving broken glass in the wound.

The alarm was caused by cheering in another regiment, that had not yet sounded taps. My temperature rose rapidly, and I was removed to a post hospital. Erysipelas broke out, covering my leg to the knee joint, before the doctors could arrest it. I became delirious from fever, and was unconscious several days, during which time T. P. Hughes nursed me, and wrote home every day about my condition. The

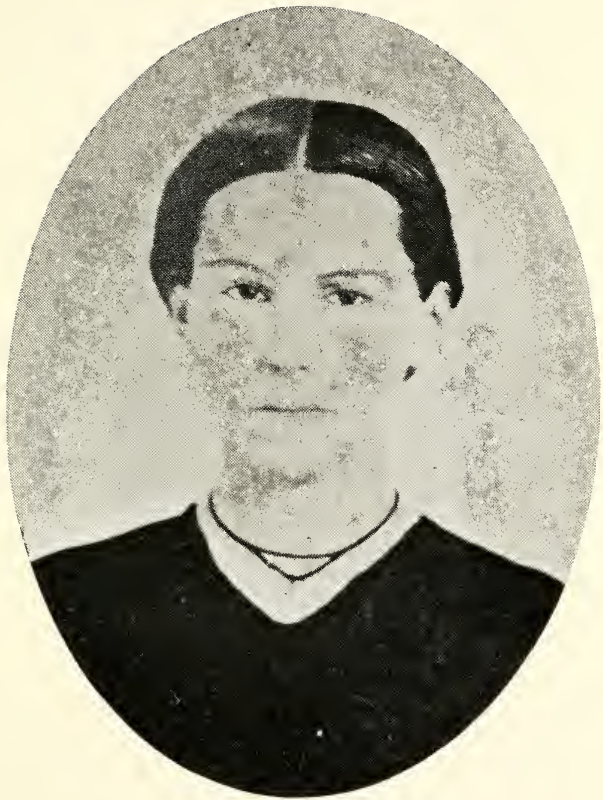
Major Surgeon, Dr. Rodgers, wanted to amputate the foot, but Assistant Surgeon S. D. Richards and T. P. Hughes pleaded my case, and finally the erysipelas began to recede, and I came back to consciousness, and for sixty years that leg has served me better than any leg made by the hand of man. But oh, the thousands of my comrades who were not so fortunate as I, and left their legs in the South!

My foot and leg remained swollen a long time, and I was compelled to use crutches for several months, during which time I was detailed as clerk in the Post Hospital at Huntsville, Alabama. My regiment had now gone with the forces under Sherman, on the Atlanta campaign. During my clerkship, I was sent to Nashville, Tennessee, to procure medical supplies for the Huntsville Hospital, and was cut off from Huntsville over thirty days, by the rebel General Hood's forces—then moving to attack General Thomas, at Nashville. Hood invested the city, and I was held there about a month, and assisted in the sanitary commission, under Colonel Shaw of Indianapolis, Indiana.

“Pap Thomas” administered to Hood's army a crushing defeat, and, as soon as the railroad was repaired, I returned to Huntsville, to resume my duties. The surgeon in charge of the hospital had made out my discharge papers,



J. C. MAHAN



MARY ELLEN MAHAN

but, in about thirty days they were returned disapproved with an order to muster into the Veteran Reserve Corps. I refused, and asked to be sent to my regiment, which could then be reached only via New York and thence by steamer to Morehead, North Carolina.

I arrived in New York the last of March, 1865—just in time to read on the bulletin boards, Lincoln's telegram from City Point, Virginia, that Richmond was taken. Everybody went wild over the news. The streets became a mass of struggling humanity; traffic was blocked; the air was full of hats; small brass cannon were hoisted to the roofs and fired across Broadway; flags and streamers, by thousands, sprang into view. The police had to grab women and children, and push them into hacks, to save them from being crushed. New York had never before seen such a day. It was hours before normal traffic could be restored on the streets.

I had heard and read of "Five Points" in New York, and having met a friend who knew the city, I decided to stop over a day, and see some of the objects of greatest interest to me. The next morning, in company with my friend, and another soldier who was going south on the same vessel I was, began our stroll. "Five Points," at that time, was known as a section of the city covering many acres of tenement

houses, of the lowest class, owned by heartless landlords, who crowded the wretched poor into them, several families together, amid filth and rags, such as I had heard about but could not believe. Little girls and boys in tatters; their hair uncombed; a pallet of straw in each corner of the room for their bed; born and reared within a boundary of a few blocks. Five avenues met in the center of this locality, and at this point a large industrial school called the "Five Points House of Industry" was then in its infancy. It worked wonders, in a few years, in cleaning up the place.

The ship was now ready to sail, my comrade had been at sea, and said we would stay on deck and thus would avoid sea sickness. I doubted it, but took his advice. There were seventy-five army ambulances lashed to the deck, and we took up quarters in one of them. The trip to Morehead, North Carolina, took ninety-six hours. I felt a little faint as we passed over the rough sea around "Hatteras," but didn't miss a meal.

This was my first experience at sea. The sailors said we had a calm voyage, but I thought with swells rolling fifteen to twenty feet high it was rough enough for me.

We left New York, cold and bleak, and sighted North Carolina, dressed in green foliage and fruit blossoms.

Sherman had now reached the southern coast, and pushed on up to Goldsboro to attack Johnson's army. A very large field hospital had been formed at Newberne, a beautiful little city at the mouth of the News River. I was subject to orders of the medical department, and Dr. Cowgill, the surgeon in charge of this hospital, ordered me into it, as clerk. This ended my prospect of joining the regiment, for Johnson surrendered to Sherman; the war was over, and the victorious Union army was ordered to Washington for the "Grand Review."

There were some twenty-five or thirty clerks in this office, all in one large room. The Post Chaplain, a favorite among the clerks, visited the office force every morning, about nine o'clock always bringing a cheerful smile and a "good morning." One morning when he stepped on the threshold there was a shadow on his face and he stood in silence a few moments, then said, "Boys, I have bad news for you this morning." All seemed to hold their breath and ask, "What?" "What! Chaplain?" "Our President is assassinated," he slowly answered. We said, "No! It can't be." "Yes," he said, "I have come direct from headquarters, and it is confirmed."

On our first thought we felt all was lost; we put our hats on, walked out in silence two and

two, to seats along the beach; no more work that day.

The following morning, the papers gave the details of the horrible tragedy, but said that the government at Washington still lived. This news inspired us with new hope, and we took courage and felt better, but the shock was so sudden, and unexpected, it seemed to sweep everybody off their feet. Who but Satan himself could strike down Abraham Lincoln?

Revenge seemed to seize the soldiers of the north for a time, and no one could foresee what might happen any day.

The patients in this big field hospital were now being transported north, and, as I had been put in charge of that department, I worked hard for a couple of weeks shipping large squads northward, and then asked the surgeon to let me take charge of the next squad and he granted my request. I got a pass down to Beaufort, thirty miles, got T. P. Hughes transferred from there to Newberne, and, in a few days, took him along with me to Washington City.

Our route from Newberne to Washington was by vessel through Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds and the Roanoke Canal, to Fortress Monroe, and up the Potomac River to Alexandria, where the convalescents were turned over to the medical department, and T. P. Hughes

and I went to the regiment. Our trip through the sounds and up the old historic Potomac was delightful, and, though fifty-eight years ago, seems as if it were yesterday.

The Grand Review was over, however, and my regiment was in camp on the Laurel Hills, just out of the city. I was promoted to sergeant, on rejoining the company, and in a few days, we shipped to Woodlawn, Kentucky, east of Louisville, to be mustered out of service.

All public buildings in Washington were thrown open to the returning armies, for several days. In passing through the Patent Office my eye fell upon a steamboat model, patented by Lincoln in early life. His idea was to help the boat off of sand bars, when the water was low, by use of air bags along the gun-wales under the water, to be pumped full of air when the boat hit a sand bar, lifting it a few inches higher.

This was probably suggested to him on his trip south on a flat boat, in early manhood. Later, he lifted a nation out of trouble by sheer force of character.

General John A. Logan was now in command of the army of the Tennessee. He moved it by rail to Parkersburg, Virginia, thence, by boat, to Louisville, Kentucky. Our route was over the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, across the Alleghany Mountains. The scenery was

magnificent. The last one hundred miles from Grafton, at the summit, down to Parkersburg, on the river, the winding road bed led through many tunnels, long and short. We were either in black darkness or flying across deep gorges, all the time. Of course, being homeward bound, we saw more beauty and grandeur than when going toward the front.

The Ohio River was so low that each boat had to have a barge in tow, for the troops to jump into, when the boats struck sand bars, and while the captain was working his crew getting his boat loose, the boys had stripped off in the barge, formed a line around his boat, put their shoulders under the guard, lifted the boat off the bar, and pushed it into deep water, yelling their fun at the captain about his worthless old craft. This may appear like a "fish" story but it is literally true.

We landed at Louisville, and marched to our last camp, at the Woodlawn Race course, east of the city. This was where the best blood of the turf in that day met to lose, or win, large sums of money.

General Thomas A. McNaught, formerly Colonel of the 59th regiment, was now in command of our brigade, and had me detailed as clerk at his headquarters. The troops had barely time to pitch their tents, when an orderly rode up to brigade headquarters and handed me an

official envelope from Logan's headquarters. I tore it open, receipted the envelope for the orderly, and saw I held an order to all commanders, from the Secretary of War, to prepare without delay, for mustering out of service, all troops under their command. When the General came in, I handed him the order and he shouted like a boy.

The order was read on dress parade that afternoon, and a great cheer went up when they broke ranks! We used star candles for light and the candle stick was a bayonet stuck in the ground. This was for ordinary lighting, but that night was to be extraordinary, so the boys bought the sutler's stock of candles, then begged the commissary out of a big lot, and got several thousand feet of small rope, then cut the candles up into short lengths, tied them to the ropes, strung them across the company streets, and lit them; then formed groups and sang "Home, Sweet Home" in a higher, happier key than they had ever sung it before. We didn't know when tattoo or taps was sounded that night! Army regulations didn't count!

Work on the muster out rolls was begun at once, and Captain Van Fossen asked for my return to the company to help get them ready. I was digging away on them when Lieutenant Joe Sutherland, our regimental Adjutant, looked over my shoulder and exclaimed: "By

George! Here's my Sergeant Major." Captain Van said, "No you don't! He's going to get out these rolls!" But Joe went right to the Colonel and asked for my appointment, and the next day I was Sergeant Major of the 59th regiment, Indiana Infantry Volunteers and Joe whispered in my ear, that if the 59th was ordered to Texas (as it was rumored we might be), he would resign, and I would be commissioned as Adjutant of the Regiment.

But we were not ordered to Texas, and I lost out on my commission, but I didn't care. I would rather see Mary and the boy, than to have been Brigadier General.

I kept up my duty as Sergeant Major and still assisted in preparing our final papers for mustering out of service. I made out my own discharge, and also that of General McNaught, who was then in the prime of manhood. I met him forty years later at a reunion of the 59th, at Bloomfield, Indiana. His head was white, but his heart was still in the right place.

As fast as rolls for the troops of each state were ready, they were mustered out and sent to their respective states for final pay and discharge from service, and the army of the Tennessee melted away.

Black Jack Logan, its superb commander, took off his shoulder straps and became a private citizen along with the boys, but his fame

was nation wide, and he was soon called to the United States Senate where he was recognized as a statesman, patriot and orator, of the highest order, until his death.

My term of service began on the eleventh day of February, 1862, and ended on the seventeenth day of July, 1865, being three years, five months, and six days. During this time, I traveled and marched thousands of miles—was in many battles and skirmishes—had several close calls—plenty of hardship, and some fun.

As I look back over this period, I feel that this country did really have a “New birth of freedom,” and I am glad to have been able to help in the struggle that placed her first among the nations.

When we arrived at home this time, the “nights of the Golden Circle” had evaporated. Not one could have been found with a fine tooth comb.

A large number of Democratic political leaders left their party at the close of the war, carrying with them over into the Republican ranks, enough to keep the Democrats in the minority, in the north, for many years.

CHAPTER X.

The end of the long civil strife had come; the armies were disbanded; the soldiers were home, with the ones they loved. The shouts of victory had ceased, and entirely new duties faced each of us. The reconstruction period brought financial panics and hard times, lasting many years, but the boys who had worn the "Blue" and saved the Union, met the situation with their characteristic pluck and fitness. Thousands faced the sunset in covered wagons, and helped in a large measure to build the western half of the best nation on earth. I am, therefore, proud to have had a part in such work.

Our first home, after leaving the good old home of Father Hughes, which had sheltered Mary and our baby boy through the war, was a quiet little cottage on Sinclare Street in Indianapolis, which I had bought about the middle of the war, and was free from debt. We were now happy, and the future looked good, as I had carpenter work at fair wages. This

was September, 1865. The weather was extremely hot. I was not tempered to sun-rays, having had office work the last several months of my army service, and, one day, about noon, I was overcome by heat. I hurried into the basement of the building we were working on, and for a time lost consciousness. When I rallied from this stupor, and finally reached home, I found my dinner waiting and an anxious mother bending over the baby boy, who had a scorching fever, following a chill.

My appearance so frightened her that she ran over to a neighbor and got him to go for a physician, who came quickly and applied to my head hot soda-water towels, which soon put me to sleep, and he also left some medicine for the boy.

This jolt left me in poor physical condition for several months, during which time living expenses piled up above my earnings, forcing us to put a mortgage on our little home, and to sacrifice it by and by, and so we became renters.

On July 1, 1866, a baby girl came to our home, bringing joy and renewed courage, but after three years of struggle in the city on wages never above fifty dollars per month, I decided to go back to farming. We tarried one season at the old Hughes home, and then leased a two hundred acre farm, in the White River Valley, in Knox County, Indiana, which was

our home from 1870 to 1879. This was an eventful period in my life. Here half of my family were born and here two of them passed on to the better land.

The soil of this farm was very fertile, but about one hundred acres of it was lowland, covered by water, every spring, followed by a heavy crop of "saw grass" in mid-summer. There were about forty acres of heavy timber, leaving only sixty acres for grain, which was enough for the first three years. "Ague" still held sway over most of Indiana, and this spot was full of it. The doctor was "Johnny on the Spot" in those days, and had to be provided for, in the family budget. Our labors were rewarded with bountiful crops, but prices were low and our surplus was very small each year. There was a big orchard on the place, which helped to keep the family contented and happy, even though often stricken by chills and fever and other severe ills.

The dwelling was that quaint old Indiana type, built of logs, with two large rooms, with a huge chimney in the center, and a wide fireplace for each room, the whole structure being about twenty by forty feet, one story high. At one end of this, stood a log kitchen and dining room combined, which also had an open fireplace. These three big fireplaces kept me fairly busy, chopping and hauling wood in winter,

but the glow of those big open fires, and the cheer it brought to the family circle, more than compensated for the effort.

Our full enjoyment of this quaint old home was somewhat marred, however, by the presence of more rats than any place I had ever known before, except Cairo, Illinois. They kept holes gnawed in the floors, and after the family retired for the night, the rodents would enter and hold high carnival till morning. I thought of my herd of "old Tom cats" back in my boyhood days. We had a few cats, but the rats had them intimidated by sheer force of numbers. I advertised for rat exterminators and received many recipes, but finally got relief only by increasing my stock of cats to a number sufficient to give them new courage and a rat appetite.

Some very pleasant memories connected with this old log home, however, still linger with me. One day, late in the fall of 1871, a boy of about thirteen years, half clad and shivering with cold, rapped at the door. Mary took him in, and seated him by a warm fire, to wait for me to come in from the field. After a warm dinner the boy, whose name was Robert Trout, expressed a wish to stay with us. We knew something of his family. His father was educated, but a drunkard, and consequently poor. Mary pleaded the boy's case, and we decided

to keep him. She prepared warmer clothes for him and he became one of our household for the next five years, going to the public school during the fall and winter, and helping on the farm in crop time. He was blind in one eye, but was seldom seen without a book in his hand, when not on regular duty for us. By his nineteenth year, he was able to teach. After teaching a few terms, he took a college course in medicine, which led up to important posts in some medical institutions of the South and East. Mary and I visited him, a few hours, in his own spacious home, twenty-five years later, and enjoyed a royal welcome. He told Mary how she had been a mother to him in his youth and young manhood. He then had a lucrative practice, not far from the old home where we first met.

Up to 1874, I had hired but little help, although somewhat crippled by the injury to my right foot, received in the war. Mary suggested that I ought to apply for pension. I thought it well-nigh useless, on account of the stringent pension laws at that time. The examining surgeons of that day were much wiser than they are now; they could tell us of the Civil War, the exact degree of our disability, from eight dollars per month, down to one dollar and sixty-six and two-thirds cents per month. They didn't understand modern sur-

gery, as do the present day doctors, but they could split hairs on a soldier's injury. My allowance was quite liberal, however. I drew four dollars per month from date of filing, but it took nine years to get it through.

My success with crops on a small scale—especially wheat—had attracted the attention of a wealthy farmer, whose land adjoined the land I was working, and he offered to lease me a large field of rich wheat soil. I accepted, and my wheat yield for the year 1875, was eleven hundred and fifty-five bushels from forty-three acres, and, for the year 1876, was thirteen hundred and thirty-two bushels from fifty-three acres. I reported these yields to the "Indiana Farmer" Company, and asked for competitive figures. Several farmers answered with larger yields per acre on small tracts, but none of them reached my average for so many acres, and so I felt that "peace hath her victories no less than war."

The first of these crops brought one dollar and thirty-five cents per bushel, but the 1876 price dropped to seventy-five cents per bushel, at threshing time, which was a popular time of year to sell, for the reason that the roads were next to impassable during winter and spring. The wire binder was now coming into use, and the wheat belt was expanding rapidly into the West and North, and so in September of 1878,

I headed for Nebraska on a land exploring trip, with Lincoln as my objective point.

The Burlington Railroad Company was selling off its government land grant, at a low figure, on easy terms, and I bought eighty acres of raw prairie near Malcolm, twelve miles northwest of Lincoln, for four dollars and ten cents per acre; and three lots in Malcolm for twenty-five dollars. I arranged to have twenty acres of sod broken and planted to flax, and then returned to Indiana, in time to plant another wheat crop.

At that time, the Burlington ferried its cars across the Missouri River, at Plattsmouth, and Lincoln was growing wild sunflowers sixteen feet high, within two blocks of Eleventh and O Streets.

All efforts were now bent towards getting ready to move to our home in Nebraska, but it took four more years of hard work and planning to raise the money to make the trip with the family. The happy day came on October 2, 1882, when we began our residence at 1714 P Street, Lincoln. We had left behind, at Bicknell, Indiana, two miles south of the old log home, a circle of cherished friends—both in and out of the church, some of whom are still keeping in touch with us by mail, but many of them have gone to that land from which not even the radio can ever bring us any tidings.

Already living in Lincoln was one sister, wife of Capt. John T. Cochran of the 80th Indiana Infty., and their family of one daughter and four sons, the oldest of whom, S. T. Cochran, had previously written me from Ann Arbor, Michigan, Law School, asking me where he should go to "put out his shingle." I answered: "Go to Lincoln, Nebraska." I think he has not regretted his choice, as it led to a very successful law practice. A few years later, two other sisters whose husbands had died, came to Nebraska, Malinda and daughter stopping in Lincoln, and Sarah in Omaha, with her eight sons and four daughters. The sons all became expert horse shoe mechanics.

One year later, we built on our own land, near Malcolm, and the next year, 1884, S. A. Brown & Company, of Chicago, who owned a line of lumber yards in Kansas and Nebraska, offered me their agency at Malcolm. I built the necessary sheds and a room for hardware on the three lots I had bought in 1878, and this Company put in a lumber and hardware stock.

Malcolm was young when I first knew it. The railroad depot was little more than a flag station. Less than a score of people lived in the village, and the surrounding homesteaders were few and far between. These settlers (as in all new counties) were real neighbors, and so I have now stored away in my memory, the

names of a host of Malcolm friends, some of whom I met nearly half a century ago. All are alike remembered, but time and space permits mention here of a few heads of families only: The Westcott brothers, Henry and Martin; the Tremain brothers, Alonzo and Matthew; Dr. J. N. Converse, who built the Midland Railway; Malcolm A. Showers, founder of Malcolm; N. B. Kendall; R. M. Turner; John O'Connell; Len. Beeson; J. E. Davey; Frank Baker; Wm. Eggleston; John Carpenter; Michael McWilliams; and the Robothams.

It was about this time that Mary's brother, J. B. Hughes, and family came to Nebraska, stopping for a time at Malcolm, and vicinity; they moved on—in a covered wagon—to a farm, near Arcadia, in Valley County, where he became a very successful farmer for many years.

His widow, and most of his family, still live near Arcadia.

Soon added to these, were L. W. Meyers, L. E. Mahan, George Hanson, Electious Sapp, the Cozads, the Dulings, the Howards, the Bastedos, the Haas's, the Beckmans, the Brandts, the Lange's, the Browers, Herman Stueve, the Mumme's, and J. W. Miller, who, with other friends, stood shoulder to shoulder when we started to build our first M. E. Church edifice.

Among the first of our spiritual advisers in

this new building was Rev. D. Y. Black, one of whose theories seemed to be that a man would have a better chance to get by St. Peter at the gate if he didn't use tobacco—and he so preached from the pulpit.

On his first call at my lumber office, I greeted him cordially and asked him to be seated, but he smelled the fumes of tobacco and shortly bade me good day and walked out. I think he later used this short interview as a text for a scathing discourse upon the use of tobacco, one of his points being: "How would St. Paul look, going around with a plug of 'black navy' sticking out of his hip pocket?"

I took my medicine meekly, knowing I was guilty, but some of his other hearers may not have taken his sermon so seriously. The fact was, I had already realized the menace to my health, and had been trying to "taper off"—but the result was always like a funnel—big end up. Mary seized this opportunity to clinch her argument against the weed—that was forty years ago—and I never used it thereafter.

The Company started me out on a very low monthly salary, and ten per cent of the net annual profit. Malcolm was so near Lincoln that a great many farmers went there for their lumber, which finally caused the Company to withdraw from Malcolm, shipping the lumber to Lincoln, and selling me the buildings and

hardware stock on long time and easy terms. I had worked diligently, for four years for the Company's interests, and felt competent to conduct a lumber business of my own, but I had no money to start it.

I had become acquainted with a few wholesale dealers and manufacturers of lumber, who were willing to accept my orders on reasonable credit terms, and after serious consideration, I decided to make the venture. I took over the buildings and hardware stock in April of 1888 and ordered my first two cars of lumber.

This put me in debt for stock, about one thousand and five hundred dollars, with a debt of one thousand and two hundred dollars on my eighty acre farm. I wanted to buy and ship live stock, and borrowed from my father one thousand dollars cash, and so I set sail with a total debt of three thousand and seven hundred dollars and quick assets of less than two thousand dollars. From the viewpoint of a banker or capitalist, that would have looked like a reckless venture, but I then had plenty of courage and saw things through optimistic eyes. I also felt that I had the confidence and good-will of the numerous Germans in my territory. Anyway, I thought—somehow—"God always took care of children and fools." My private business career at Malcolm covered seventeen years. The forepart of this period was marked by sev-

eral short crops, followed by a political upheaval and financial panic in 1896, which caused me to lose several hundred dollars of bad accounts. My expense account was now quite a heavy load on account of helping to build a new House of Worship for a small Methodist Society, and also carrying a large interest account on my business. In spite of these unfavorable conditions, however, my trade increased slowly, and none of my paper went to protest.

I was forced to drop the live stock trade, on account of the serious illness of my son, who had charge of that work, but added coal instead, which compensated in part. I had a trade covering only about thirty-six square miles, and sharp competition. My annual sales ran along, from five thousand dollars in the beginning, to nine thousand dollars at the close.

This amount of business would not justify paying out much for help, and so my working day grew longer and more strenuous, until I began to feel that I must make a change; and again moved to Lincoln, in September, 1905. I had sold the little farm near Malcolm, some years before this time, and we were regretfully leaving behind us friends and acquaintances of a quarter of a century. Our Life Boat had brought us safely through the storms of that period, with clean hands, and a small balance

in our favor, but, while I don't claim to be a financial expert, I would not advise others to assume such a risk.

Mary and I were now nearing our—"three score and ten," and preparing to celebrate our Golden Wedding Day. We built a beautiful modern home on the corner of Eighteenth and Washington Streets, Lincoln, and on September 17, 1907, celebrated our fiftieth anniversary in the new home, enjoying the afternoon and evening with relatives, and new friends of Lincoln, and also many cherished friends from Malcolm, and receiving many beautiful tokens of their good will.

I soon got restless to again enter business. I had handled woven wire from its first output, and had studied the art of stretching it. This led the American Steel & Wire Company to select me to job their wire out of Lincoln, and assist in pushing the sale of their new steel fence post. The price of the post, however, was so high they sold slowly, and then principally for ornamental jobs in the city.

In connection with this work, I handled flour and feed, and drove the delivery team much of the time, which, in a couple of years, restored my strength, but the "gas-wagon" was now coming into view, and it could live without cracked corn and hay, and so the feed business soon became unprofitable.

At this juncture, I saw what, in some respects, was a new field of operation; the ramshackle condition of the fences in Lincoln was an "eye-sore;" they had been erected by men without proper tools or experience, and the advent of the steel post made the fence work still more difficult for one not properly equipped.

I was now at my three score and ten mile post, but I decided to quit the feed and jobbing trade and enter the business of fence construction. My mind was already working on more efficient tools to use in the work, and, by 1914, I had designed and patented two tools, both of which have stood the test of ten years service and now have no successful rival in their line.

I have spent a good part of my earnings to perfect these tools, but have not been financially able to push them into general use throughout the country, but their expert use on my own important jobs in and out of Lincoln has gained for me, at four score and five years, a position in the front ranks of professional fence construction.

Mary lived to enjoy our sixty-fifth anniversary, and twenty-three days later was called to her reward. Her journey of this life was eighty-five years, two months, and twenty-seven days, and at this date, mine counts eighty-five years and six days. I am in fair

health and happy, which is due in a large measure to the loyalty and love of my children.

I can not close this last chapter without paying my tribute to the good people of Trinity M. E. Church with whom we worshipped so many years, and who so tenderly assisted Dr. Wharton and Dr. Brooks at the funeral services of my dear Mary.

It was a joy to me to sing through KFAB at Lincoln, Nebr., on January 23, 1926, to my grand children, and great grand children, hundreds of miles distant, the following patriotic lines:

SONG OF A THOUSAND YEARS

Lift up your eyes, desponding freemen;
Fling to the winds your needless fears;
He who unfurled your beauteous banner,
Says it shall wave a thousand years.

CHORUS

"A Thousand years," my own Columbia;
'Tis the glad day so long foretold;
'Tis the glad morn whose early twilight
Washington saw in times of old.

What if the clouds, one little moment,
Hide the blue sky where morn appears;
When the bright sun, that tints them crimson
Rises to shine a thousand years.

Envious foes, beyond the ocean,
Little we heed your threatening sneers;
Little will they—our children's children—
When you are gone a thousand years.

Haste thee along, thou glorious noon-day;
Oh, for the eyes of ancient seers;
Oh, for the faith of Him who reckons
Each of his days a thousand years.

Looking backward across the years, I can now see where much wasted time might have been better employed, but such is life; we let time fly away with our better years, and not until age beckons us to slow down, do we take heed.

Mary and I both believed that loyalty to each other, coupled with honest industry and trust in God were the foundations of a Christian home, and that if we observed these things we should never go "begging bread." This belief grew stronger as the conflicts of life came one by one.

"O sometimes the Shadows are deep,
And rough seems the path to the goal,
And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep
Like tempests down over the soul!

REFRAIN

O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly
To the Rock that is higher than I; is higher
than I;
O then to the Rock let me fly, let me fly,
To the Rock that is higher than I.

O sometimes how long seems the day,
And sometimes how weary my feet;
But toiling in life's dusty way,
The Rock's blessed shadow how sweet!

O near to the Rock let me keep,
If blessings or sorrows prevail;
Or climbing the mountain way steep,
Or walking the shadowy vale."

All through the Bible, Christ is referred to as our "Rock of Refuge" but nowhere more strikingly than in Isaiah where He is referred to as the "Shadow of a Great Rock in a Weary Land."

"When the storms of life are raging
Tempests wild o'er sea and land
I will seek a place of refuge
In the shadow of God's hand.

CHORUS

He will hide me,
 He will hide me
Where no harm can e'er betide me.
He will hide me,
Safely hide me
In the shadow of His hand."

HIDING IN THEE

Psa. 31.2.

O safe to the Rock that is higher than I,
My soul in its conflicts and sorrows would fly;
So sinful, so weary, Thine, Thine would I be;
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

In the calm of the noontide, in sorrow's lone
hour,
In times when temptation casts o'er me its
power;
In the tempests of life, on its wide, heaving sea,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

How oft in the conflict, when press'd by the foe,
I have fled to my Refuge and breathed out my
woe;
How often when trials like sea billows roll,
Have I hidden in Thee, O Thou Rock of my
soul.

REFRAIN

Hiding in Thee, Hiding in Thee,
Thou blest "Rock of Ages," I'm hiding in Thee.

Lines by
Wm. G. Cushing

Music by
Ira D. Sankey

To me the old songs are ever new; and full
of comfort. I love to meditate on the follow-
ing:

"Jesus Lover of My Soul."

"Guide Me, O Thou Great Jehovah."

"The Ninety and Nine," and

"Abide With Me."

I love also to try to grasp something of the
beauty and magnitude of Heaven, and its loca-
tion. Long, long ago, the poet touched the ton-
gues of a boy and his mother with these beau-
tiful lines:

“I hear thee speak of a better land;
Thou callest its children a happy band;
Mother! O, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire flies dance through the myrtle
boughs?”

“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise;
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or 'mid the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?”

“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral
strand;

Is it there, sweet Mother,—that better land?”

“Not there, not there, my child!”

“Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy,
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Beyond the clouds and beyond the tomb.

“It is there, it is there, my child!”

Here is an old song—the words and music of which lifts us, at once, above the clouds of time, giving us a mental picture of the unfading beauties of that better world—“Golden Bells.”

WHEN THEY RING THE GOLDEN BELLS

There's a land beyond the river
That we call the sweet forever,
And we only reach that shore by faith's decree;
One by one we'll gain the portals,
There to dwell with the immortals,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

Don't you hear the bells now ringing?
Don't you hear the angels singing?
'Tis the glory hallelujah Jubilee,
In that far-off sweet forever,
Just beyond the shining river,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

We shall know no sin nor sorrow,
In that haven of tomorrow,
When our barque shall sail beyond the silver
 sea;
We shall only know the blessing
Of our Father's sweet caressing,

When they ring the golden bells for you and me.
When our days shall know their number,
When in death we sweetly slumber,
When the King commands the spirit to be free;
Nevermore with anguish laden,
We shall reach that lovely aiden,
When they ring the golden bells for you and me.

Yea sometime, somewhere, on the limitless plains of the universe, we shall be gathered with the countless millions who sleep in earth's bosom. We are told that "There shall be no night there" and that "We shall know each other there."

It is easier for me to comprehend Heavenly conditions, than for me to try to locate "Heaven," as a place. To my mind, the absence of all evil is "Heaven," and the absence of all good is "Hell," and so either may be realized, in part at least, while here on earth, and still, when we try to follow St. John's description of the "New Jerusalem," as he saw it, measured by the angel, and the immensity of that City, we truly love to think of it as "Our Eternal Home," for surely his description of the City in the twentieth and twenty-first chapters of Revelations, leaves our poor finite minds in bewilderment. Moreover, it would seem that all the gold and precious stones mined throughout all time would be but a hand-full of what John saw in the Holy City and in the foundations of its wall.

Then again, if the Kingdom of God should be with men on this earth, it would seem that this world would be far too small, but John says, "I saw a new Heaven and a new earth, for the first Heaven and first earth were passed away, and there was no more sea."

If all the seas are to be made dry land, the world will then hold a greater multitude of people. Be that as it may, God in his infinite wisdom and power will provide an "Eternal Home" for his obedient children. And so, to live here, at peace with God, and all men is the only thing that gives us a hope towering above the conflicts of this life, and becomes "a shelter" in the time of storm.

"DEATH AND LIFE"

"I do not know what may befall tomorrow,
What stores of blessing, or what weight of
sorrow;
But this I know, whatever may befall,
Whatever Life may be, Death ends it all.

But stay! Does Death end all we know of
living?
Though it may end the tears, and woe, and the
forgiving,
Is it not rather, O my Soul, the door
To Life Eternal, life for evermore?

No sneering doubts shall quell my heart's be-
lieving,
Though hell and furies ply their arts deceiving;
The icy stream may o'er my body roll,
But Death can never rob me of my Soul!"

The mistakes of my life have been many, but I have the consciousness of having tried hard to always be on the right side. If I have erred, I have preferred that it should be on the side of mercy and peace; not, however, to the extent of sacrificing fundamental principles and justice, as I understand them. My past has been full of cheerful toil and my future shall be employed in the best efforts I am able to give, though "I tarry but a night."

THE END.

1840 Indiana
& Civil War reminiscences

