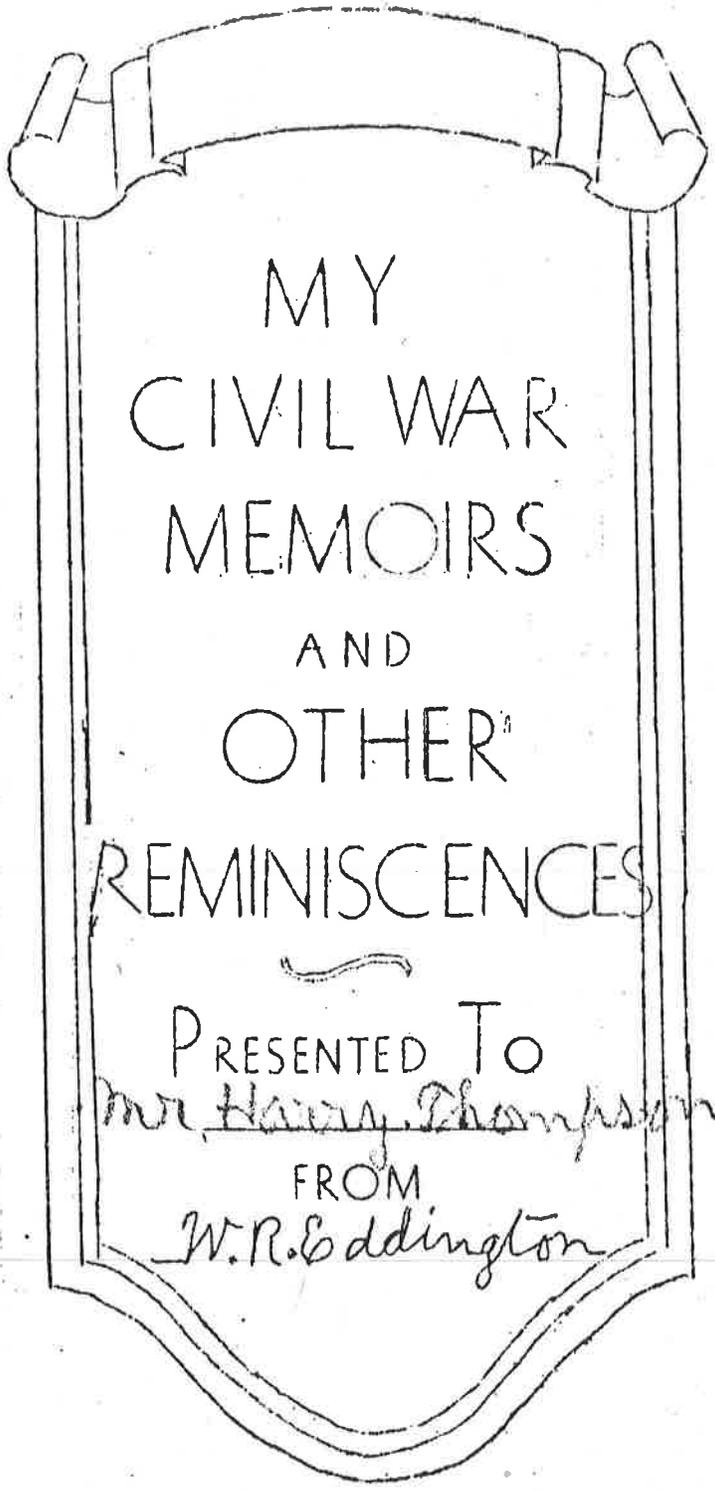


Ruth Means
Mar, 1955



MY
CIVIL WAR
MEMOIRS
AND
OTHER
REMINISCENCES

PRESENTED TO
Mr. Harry Thompson
FROM
W.R. Eddington

I, W. R. Eddington was born April 2, 1842, at Woodburn, Illinois in Bunker Hill Township, Macoupin County, and when I was about eighteen months old, my parents moved to a farm just across the line into Brighton Township. They took me along without consulting me in the matter, and I don't remember now if I wanted to go or not. Anyway, I did not like to see them go alone so I went along with them just for company, for I knew they would get lonesome without me. You see I was boss in those days--or I thought I was--but I have learned a good deal since that time and that part of it was all a dream.

Well we finally got settled down and I began to grow up. One day when I was about three years old, my Mother went to visit one of our neighbors and she took me along. When she was not watching me I slipped out of doors, and started to view the landscape o'er on an expedition all my own. The first thing that took my fancy was a pretty white box setting out under a tree. I thought I would go and examine it, and when I got there I found a lot of bugs running in and out of it through a small hole near the bottom. It was such a pretty sight to see them run in and out through that little hole, but soon they slacked up a little, and I decided I would hurry them up a bit. I picked up a little stick, and stuck it in the hole and punched it, and lo and behold, they came out in swarms, and I soon found out that every bug had a sting in its tail and they sure made good use of it on me. They taught me a lesson I remember to this day, and that is, never meddle with other folks business if you don't want to get yourself stung and don't ever punch a stick in a hive of bees.

Now I will give you a history of my dancing. When I was about eight years old, my Father and about a dozen of his associates concluded they would have a dance and blow-out at one of the neighbors. It was a one-room log cabin 16 x 20 feet and about a mile from our home. Everything was put out of doors and the room cleared for action. They had several gallons of whiskey. My Father went, and I asked if I could go with him. He said "Yes," and Mother said "No", but I went anyway. The dance began by each taking a good size drink out of the jug. The usual manner of taking it in those days--each helping themselves out of the little brown jug. They danced awhile, and then stopped to take another drink. It went on this way until about midnight and they were now all drunk. They got into disputes and went to swearing, fighting, yelling, and a free-for-all fight set in, which scared me almost to death. It was after midnight and dark as pitch, but I set out for home and I believe I ran every step of the way home. That was my first and last dance, and if I live to be a thousand years old, I will never go to another dance unless I am forced to do so.

After this my career was about the same as any other average child until I was about ten years old. My Father was a drunkard. He had an old gentle horse on which he would put a saddle, take a sack, put a gallon jug in the sack and tie the sack to the pommel of the saddle and send me to a little town about two miles distance to buy whiskey for him. In those days every grocery store and street corner sold whiskey. The price was from 20 to 25¢ per gallon. I would get my jug filled and take it back home to my Father. Then he would begin drinking and never stop until he was drunk. I have seen him many many times when he would not draw a sober breath for two weeks at a time, and when he was in this condition he was very abu-

sive and cruel to his family. I have seen him take a gun and try to shoot my Mother and shoot the candle light out. I have seen him many times take a butcher knife and get after my Mother and drive her out doors, where she had to hide out in the brush all night to keep away from him. This I have seen many times over.

I am not an educated man as I never had the opportunity to go to school. There were no school houses or free schools here until I was fourteen years old. We had three months school each year, the parents paying the tuition. The school was held in a room rented from a private family, each year changing to a different family. I was six years old when I first went to school and went five terms to this kind of a school. The sixth year, I went to a public school and got a six months period and in 1856 the first public school was built in our neighborhood. I then got three six month terms. That is all the schooling I ever got, but when I was nineteen years old, in the winter of '61 and '62, I taught a six months school in the new school house.

My Father died January 14, 1855 at the age of forty-three. He drank himself to death, but I had a good Mother. She lived to be in her eight-second year and died on April 2, 1896. There were nine children, three girls and six boys. They are all dead but me. None of them ever lived to be very old and the oldest one was only fifty years when he died.

When I was about thirteen years old I made the trip from my home to Springfield, Illinois, in a two-horse spring wagon. That is now seventy-nine years ago last March. For long distances on the way, there was not a house and the wild prairie grass was higher than a man's head and full of wild prairie chickens, with millions of wild pigeons, geese, ducks, brants, cranes, and pelicans flying overhead. And as we went into the city of Springfield there were but a few stores and business places. The State House had not been built at that time. We went through the city and west about seven miles to a farm house occupied by a family named Davis. Now I expect you are anxious to know the secret of this trip. Well, if I don't tell you, you will never know what it is, for there is not a soul alive today that knows anything about it. Well, I won't keep you in suspense any longer but I will give you the true facts in the case. I had a cousin living here who was a nice good young man, pretty well fixed financially. He operated a threshing machine. He started here and worked north as the season advanced. Finally he found himself in Springfield, and he found still more than that--he found a farmhouse with three nice young ladies in it. As his whole object seemed to be to capture one of them, he came back to Springfield again after the threshing season ended and he married the girl of his choice. It was a case of love at first sight and they turned out to be a very happy couple. After they were married her folks gave her some things, among which were three cows and a calf. I came out here with him to drive the team back while he drove the cows. We made the distance of about eighty miles all right.

The Civil War broke out in April 1861, when the slave states seceded from the Union and formed a separate Government called the Confederate States of America. They fired on the Union Flag at Fort Sumpter at Charleston, South Carolina, which started the Civil War, which lasted four years.

I wanted to enlist in the army but my Mother was not willing and as I was not of age, I could not get in without her consent so I waited until the second year, when President Lincoln issued a Proclamation calling for 600,000 more men. The war had been going bad for the Union up to that time so my Mother told me if I still wanted to go in the army I might do so.

Early on the morning of August 7, 1862, I with four of the neighbor boys left our homes and went to Bunker Hill, Illinois, and took a train for Gillespie, Illinois, where they were making up a Company for the war. There we signed the roll for a three year enlistment in the U. S. Army. We slept that night in a box car loaded with wheat. The next morning we were put on a train and headed toward Springfield. We got Sibley tents the same day. There was a hole in the top to let the smoke out. They were big round tents, about eight feet high and were supposed to hold about fifteen men each. We had to get a man from another Regiment to show us how to put them up. That night we slept in our tents, our heads to the outside, our feet toward the center, on the ground without blankets.

The next day we drew blankets and uniforms. Then we were sent out to clear off a place to drill and parade. Then we were sent out to drill five hours each day and dress parade in the evening. This parade is for the purpose of letting the Officers see if every man has his uniform clean and his buttons and equipment bright and shiny, and to hear what Regimental Orders are to be given for the next day.

On September 8, 1862, we were drawn up in two ranks about three steps apart and inspected by the ministering officer to see if we were fit for the service. I was the first man to be examined. After he had gone all over me carefully, he started for the next man but turned around and came back to me again and said, "How are your eyes?" I told him I could not see anything but the light with my right eye. He said, "Step to the rear." I stepped back behind the rank and he went on inspecting the others and while he was doing that I walked back to the other end of the rank and stepped up in the line again on the left and when he came to me the second time he went all over me again. He said, "You will do, you pass." He never asked about my eyes. So he mustered us into the U. S. Service for three years or during the war. That meant if the war closed before three years was up, we would be sent home when the war closed.

We drew our guns and stayed at Camp Butler drilling until about October 20th, when we were put on cars. My first guard duty while we were at Camp Butler, was guarding a large covered wooden railroad bridge which spans the Sangamon River at this point to see that no one crossed there unless they had a permit from Commanding Officer of Camp Butler and also to prevent anyone from trying to set it on fire.

Company A had an election for officers, and I was elected as Fifth Sergeant of the Company. We were put on cars on the Chicago and Alton R. R. and started for Alton. When we got there they concluded the train was too long and they divided it and ran it in two sections. They started us out on the C. C. St. L. R. R., now called the Big Four R. R. We went through to Terre Haute, Indiana, and as we rolled along over the great prairies of Illinois for miles and miles, there was not a house to be seen--nothing but a great ocean of wild prairies grass waving in the wind higher than a man's head. We passed

on through Indianapolis to Cincinnati, Ohio. It was night when we got there and they dumped us off the cars in a lumber yard and we did not sleep on the ground that night for each one of us helped ourselves to a board and slept on that.

There was a Pontoon Bridge across the Ohio River here. It was built by stretching a long rope across the river and fastening each end securely to the banks. A lot of skiffs or small boats are tied to the front end of them to this rope and a joist or timber is laid from one boat to the next one until it reaches all the way across the river. Then boards are laid across those joists which makes a floor for the bridge and the whole structure is anchored down to the bottom of the river with heavy iron anchors and the bridge is ready for use. The next morning we crossed over the Ohio River on the bridge, which rocked like a cradle, to a little town called Covington in Kentucky.

The Rebels had gotten within about twenty miles of Cincinnati on the Kentucky side of the river before we arrived, and when we got there they retreated south. After staying at Covington a short time, we started after them. At a town called Cynthiana, about 25 miles from Covington, there had been a fight a few days before and the houses were all full of bullet holes.

On this march we had a snow storm. We marched all day and when night came we scraped the snow away with our feet, threw our blankets down on the ground, and footsore and weary we piled down on them, too weary to eat, and tried to get a little rest for the long march ahead of us on the morrow. When we got up in the morning our blankets were frozen solid to the ground. We pulled them loose, rolled them up and strapped them on our knapsacks and after drinking a cup of coffee and feeling more dead than alive, we started again on our long march to Nicholasville, Kentucky, seven miles from Mammoth Cave, Kentucky.

We stayed here about two weeks to see what course the Rebels were going to take. They kept on going south and we started on our backward march to Louisville, Kentucky by the way of Paris, Lexington, Frankfort and the blue grass region to Louisville, Kentucky, where we arrived about December 1, 1862. It was raining hard when we got to Louisville and we went into camp near the State Fairgrounds which were surrounded by a highboard fence. As soon as we broke ranks, we went after the fence, and in about fifteen minutes we had the whole fence stripped. Every man got a board to sleep on that night. We needed them for it was mid-winter and we were all as wet as drowned rats. We had to drive the geese out of their swimming holes and drink the water and sometimes we could not get anything to drink for long spells at a time. We stayed here until December 20th and by that time there were a good many soldiers here as we were collecting an army together to attack Vicksburg. On December 20, 1862, all the forces here were put on steam boats and sent down the Ohio River to Cairo, Illinois. We had a good deal of trouble getting down the river. The water was low, and every once in a while the boat would stick fast on a sand bar. We would take long poles and stick one end out in the sand bar in front of the boat and lean the other end back against the top of the boat, make it fast there and when the engines would start it would push the boat forward and as the poles straightened up, that would raise the front end of the boat up enough so it would go over the sand bar. We proceeded down the Mississippi river, more boats joining us at Cairo.

and Memphis, Tennessee. When we got our forces all together we had a fleet of 102 boats loaded with men, horses, cannons, ammunition, provisions, and eighteen or twenty gun boats.

It was rumored that the Rebels were going to attack our fleet below Memphis, so we were all put off the boats on Christmas Day 1862 and formed in line of battle along the levee. We stayed there all day waiting for an attack, but none came so we went back on the boats again and proceeded down the River to the mouth of the Yazoo River. We went up that river to Chickasaw Bayou, one of the defenses of Vicksburg on the north. The hills are over a hundred feet high in some places, and along on the top of those hills the Rebels had their big guns planted and their breastworks and rifle pits built, while down where we were, all was water and swamps. The weather was terrible cold and we could not have a bit of fire. I thought I would freeze to death. We had a good spring here where we got our water to drink, but the Rebels put poison in it and killed some of our men. We fought here from December 26, 1862 to January 2, 1863, but we could not do anything with them. Our bullets would go right over their heads as they stood in their rifle pits. This was our first battle and we got licked, rather discouraging, you will say and I guess you are about right, but we are going to do better next time.

On the night of January 2, 1863, we went back on our boats again. The boats were out in the Yazoo River, seven miles away, so we had a seven mile march before we could get on them. The Rebels found out that we were leaving and they began shooting shells at us before we reached our boats. We pulled out and left them, but we are going back later and there will be a different story to tell next time.

Well we got on our boats again and headed toward the Mississippi River. Again we went up the river to the mouth of the White River, then we went up the White River about twenty-five miles. There we came to the chute that connects the White and the Arkansas Rivers together. We crossed through this chute into the Arkansas River. We went up that river about seventy-five miles and we came to a place called Arkansas Post. Here the Rebels had built a big fort and heavy breastworks and long rifle pits and they were well fixed to put up a strong fight.

We arrived here on January 10, 1863. We disembarked from our boats about two miles down the river from the fort and that night we moved the troops around through timber and brush to surround the fort. The weather was cold and the ground was low and swampy. We were wet up to our knees and as we could not have any fire or move about, we suffered greatly from the cold while standing in line waiting for daylight to come, for well we knew that on the morrow, many would sleep beneath the sod. The morning of January 11th opened up bright and fair. It was about eleven o'clock by the time we got the fort entirely surrounded, our batteries up, and our men in position and we got the order to advance. Our forward movements were met by a hurricane of bombs, grape, canister, shrapnel shot, and thousands of musket balls. We got the order to lie down. We fell flat on our faces and began to crawl forward toward them, lying on our breast and shooting and then rolling over on our backs and passing the butt of our guns down between our feet and loading our guns as we lay on our backs. We then shoved the guns forward, rolled back on our breast to shoot and

always creeping a little closer toward them.

While lying on our breasts the man lying next to me on my left, was struck by a ball which took the top out of the second button on his coat, cut the third one off and went through all his clothing and lodged against his breast bone without breaking the skin. I heard the ball hit him and reached over and tore his clothes open. The ball fell to the ground. He picked it up and put it in his pocket with the remark, "I am going to take that ball home." We kept up this mode of fighting until about two o'clock in the afternoon. We had got within about forty yards of the Fort when the order was given to fix bayonets and charge. We jumped up, put on our bayonets and away we went on the run, over the ditch, over their breastworks and right in amongst them. They threw down their guns and put up their hands. The battle was fought, the victory won, and for the present, the shooting was done.

In the charge the man next to me had the first finger of his hand shot off and the ball passed so close to my right ear and it stung me so bad that I thought my ear was shot off. I slapped my hand over it but found no blood and I still have my ear.

We captured about 5000 prisoners and all their cannons and guns and munitions of war of every kind. They had a lot of new Enfield Rifles which had been smuggled to them from England. The boxes had never been opened and as some of our guns were not very good, we broke open the boxes and armed ourselves with new Enfield Rifles--leaving our old guns in place of them as the new guns were much superior to the guns which we had.

We gathered the prisoners up and put them on the boats and sent them to Alton, Illinois, where they were put in the Old State Penitentiary and kept there as prisoners of war for about two years. Next we gathered up the wounded for both sides and put them on hospital boats to send them to hospitals to be cared for by the doctors and surgeons. Many of them had to have their legs or arms cut off, or their bodies probed to find lodged bulletts. Such is the horrors of war.

Next we gathered up the dead of both sides, placing them in different places according to which side they belonged to. The Rebels we buried with their heads next to the Rebel Fort and their feet to the south toward the Arkansas River. We dug a long trench about six feet wide and three or four feet deep, laid them in, and covered them up with dirt. Our men we took out about a mile in the woods northwest of the Rebel Fort. We dug a separate grave for each one, placed the bodies in the graves and spread a rubber blanket over them and filled the graves up with dirt.

The day after the battle, which was January 12, 1863, it began to rain and kept up continuously for about thirty-six hours. That night the wind turned to the northwest and we had a real old blizzard with about eight inches of snow. Our pants legs were frozen stiff and we were actually freezing. We got axes and cut down trees and cut them off into logs and put them in great piles and set them on fire. We stood around them, burning on one side and freezing on the other. The fires melted the snow and with so many men tramping around, the mud was soon over our shoe tops. We did not have a bit of any kind of

shelter or sleep since getting off the boats on the evening of the tenth and until the fourteenth we were as wet as drowned rats.

I made this survey of the battlefield on the same day the battle was fought. Now if you will give me your attention for a few moments I will show you what I saw on this field. This was my second battle, but it was the first time I had a chance to survey the field after the battle. I started at the Fort and followed the Rebel breastworks west. The first man I came to was lying on his back and I thought he was asleep. I went up to him and felt of him and found he was dead. I could not see any marks on him. I took hold of his shoulder and rolled him up on his side and then I saw that the whole back of his head was shot away. It was hollowed just like a gourd. The face was not touched.

I went on a number of men that had been shot. The next man I stopped to examine was lying on his back, but his feet were standing up in front of him in a long legged pair of boots. The legs were cut off just above the top of the boots and they were both standing up just like he was still standing on them.

I still went on seeing other men who had been shot. Pretty soon I came to another scene which I stopped to examine. A man had been hit in the breast by a big shell and all that was left of him was a few fragments scattered around except for one string of intestines which was still attached to what had once been the body. The other end had been thrown out over the breastworks and was hanging on the top of a little bush about six feet high and about ten feet from the place where the body lay.

I went on to where the Rebels had parked all their extra munitions of war, horses, mules, wagons, ambulances, cannons, ammunitions,hardtack, meat and everything. That was all torn to pieces and mixed all together, not one whole piece. The gunboats had looted their parking place and threw their big shells into the park.

A few days before we captured the place, the Rebels ran a boat down to the Mississippi River and captured our mail boat, and we got our letters mixed up in the wreckage at the rebel park and a good many of the boys found their own letters from home to them and read them here. We gathered up all the wreckage and burned everything we couldn't use and destroyed all the breastworks. When this was done, we went back on our boats again.

On January 20, 1863, we went back on our boats and went down the Arkansas River to the Mississippi. We went down that river to Young's Point, about five miles due west of the city of Vicksburg. On this trip down the river we had to go ashore twice to cut cord wood and carry it aboard to make fire to run the boats with as there were no coal mines in that country in those days and the wood yards had all been closed up by the Rebels. That is how we worked our passage up and down the river.

On the 22nd of January, 1863, we were put to work digging a canal across Young's Point. It was about one and one-fourth miles long and we worked at it until March 6th. The object of the canal was to make a channel wide enough and deep enough so that boats could pass from

one bend to the other and get below Vicksburg without running by the batteries the Rebels had built along in front of Vicksburg which extended for about fifteen miles along the river front. We worked almost two months at the job. We had it all done except opening up the ends to let the water in and let it out when the Rebels cut the levee above us and let the water run all in the woods behind us. It rained almost all the time and the river rose rapidly and that night ran over the bank and filled our canal full. If we had had one day more we would have been all right. We had to move back up the river to Millikens Bend, twenty-five miles away before we could find ground to camp on. When the last of us got away from Young's Point, there was not a bit of ground to be seen and the water was running over our shoes as we stood on the levee. All the time we worked on the canal the Rebels had one gun they called 'Whistling Dick' that would shoot big shells on us. Sometimes it would knock our staging, wheelbarrows and planks all over the place. We would sit down under the bank until they got in a better humor and then we would get up and go to work again. There was so much mud that the wagon got mired down and could not get out. They had to be unhitched and the men dragged out the six mules with roped and then dragged out the wagon in the same manner.

While we worked on that canal almost one-half of the men were sick and could not work. They were dying every day like mice and no wonder, just throwing their blankets down in the mud and lying down in it. All the shelter we had was a piece of canvas 4 x 6 feet square through which the rain would sift through like a screen.

When the river went down our canal was as full of sand as it was when we began to dig it. Then General Grant decided to run the boats down the river and pass the batteries at Vicksburg. He took a gun-boat and a steam boat and tied the two together--placing the gun-boat next to the Rebel batteries and the steam boat on the opposite side. He made seven pairs of boats like this. He loaded all of the boats full of army supplies, horses, ammunition, hard-tack, bacon and other things. Then he called for volunteers from the army to run the boats by the batteries which extended for about fifteen miles down the river. The crew of the boats refused to go. There were so many volunteers from the army offered to go that he could not take them. He sent them back to their company. Then he called for volunteers from General John A. Logan's Division of Sherman's Corps and he got all he needed.

One dark night they towed out in the middle of the river above Vicksburg without fire or lights. They drifted down the river and passed safely by the Rebel batteries at Vicksburg and all the damage was one horse head shot off and three men slightly wounded. None were killed. They piled bales all along the sides of the boat for the protection of the men. On one of the boats (The Henry Clay) the cotton caught fire and burned to the waters edge, but the men and the cargo were saved. The great experiment of getting the boats below Vicksburg had been solved after months of other plans had all failed.

We had to have the boats below Vicksburg so that we could get across the river below. It was impossible to capture the city from the north and west on account of the high bluffs and the fortifications consequently we had to cross to the east side of the river to attack it from the east. And by getting the boats below we had the .

means wherewith to cross. The Rebels had the river blocked again at Grand Gulf about twenty-five miles below Vicksburg and after the Navy had bombarded it a night and a day without success, Grant ran his fleet of boats by the batteries at that place without loss or damage and landed at a small town called Hardtimes in Mississippi.

On the morning of April 15, 1863, the army at Millikens Bend, Mississippi, broke camp and started on their long march, about twenty miles down the west side of the river to the little town called Hardtimes, where we found our boats. We marched most of the time, day and night with about one hours stop at noon and midnight to make some coffee and eat some hardtack and sow belly. We would stop occasionally for about fifteen minutes to rest and snatch a little sleep. We stopped one day and night to rest at a place called Perkin's Plantation. On this march it rained about half the time and everywhere was water, mud and slush. Sometimes we could not get water enough on our marches, but this time we got more than we could drink and we did not have any place to put the overplus.

We finally arrived at Hardtimes on April 30, 1863, and it had been hard times all the way from April 15th when we started, to April 30th when we got there. There was nothing soft about it but the mud. As soon as we arrived here they ran the boats up the bank. The 13th Army Corps started out in the lead. That is the Corps to which I belong and we stayed in the lead. They drove us on the boat just as if we were a flock of sheep until there was not standing room for one more man. They ran the boat across to the east bank of the river, then they hustled us off the boat in short order and went back for another load and so on until the whole army were landed on the east bank of the Mississippi River at a little town called Bruinsburg. We had expected to go much farther down the river before crossing, but General Grant met a colored man and he told him there were two good roads leading out from Bruinsburg to the rear of Vicksburg so he took this route. Before we crossed the river we got orders to leave everything at Hardtimes but our guns and our blankets.

When the 13th Corps were all across the river, it was about 9 P. M. We were formed in line of battle and given five days rations of hard-tack and sow belly, and we did not get anything more for twenty days. At this place the high bluffs are about seven miles back from the river and at some place are about one-hundred feet high. There was a wagon road cut through these hills wide enough for four men to go up elbow to elbow. When our boats got past the Rebel batteries at Grand Gulf, the Rebels left that place and went out and formed a line of battle along on the high ridge crossing the wagon road. They expected to sweep us off as we went up through the deep cut through the hills.

We started on the march from Bruinsburg about 9:30 P. M. and got to the hills about 6 A. M. and found the Rebels waiting for us in the dark. We rushed up through the cut and gained the pressing Rebels back and as fast as our Regiments would come up, one would file right and the next would file left and each one would run along behind the line already there until they got to the end of it. They would step up in the line thus extending the battle line very rapidly. The Rebels did not hurt us bad in the cut as it was dark and their marksmanship was not very good as they shot too high. This is called

the Battle of Port Gibson and lasted from one o'clock in the morning until nine o'clock that night without a stop. We had no breakfast, no dinner, no supper. We drove them back about ten miles that day, took a good many of them prisoners, and captured all the cannon they had but one, and that we found the next day on the road with a broken axle. This battle was fought May 1, 1863, near Port Gibson, Miss. I think that this day was the hardest days work for me that I ever experienced in my life. Our Regiment was on the reserve line that day and we were double-quickened or ran from point to point back and forth and wherever our line was wavering or giving back, we were rushed in to help them hold the line. When darkness came I felt more dead than alive and I had not had a bite to eat for twenty-four hours.

The next morning at daybreak, the Rebels fell back to Port Gibson (during the night) crossed over Bayou Pierre and then burned the bridge. We had to lay over the next day and build a temporary bridge before we could get across the Bayou. The Rebels fell back and we followed them until the eighth of May when we were ordered forward to Baldwin's Ferry on the Big Black River to see that the Rebels did not come out from Vicksburg, cross the Black River and get in the rear of our Army. The rain poured down all the time we were there, two days and two nights. The river is not more than sixty or seventy-five yards wide and there was a whole Brigade of Rebels on the other side of the river, and only one regiment of us. We did not have a bit of shelter of any kind, except a rubber blanket and did not dare to loose a shoe string or a belt. We were there forty-eight hours before we were relieved as the man that was sent after us the day before could not find us.

The Rebels called, "Yank have you got any coffee?" We answered, "Yes, Johnny", so they said, "Bring us over some and we will give you a paper." The Yank pulled off his clothes, put some coffee in a paper, took it between his teeth and swam across the river with it, and when he came back, he had a paper in his mouth that had been printed in Vicksburg. The Rebels called us Yanks and we called them Johnnys.

Well, we got orders to move and follow up the army which had gotten quite a distance ahead of us, so we started out and caught up with them. They had gone into camp close by a big warehouse filled with bales of cotton. We were wet to the skin, for every little branch and stream was full and overflowing with water and we had to wade through them. Sometimes we had to hold our guns and cartridge boxes up over our heads to keep our powder dry. Four of us concluded that we would have something to sleep on that night to keep us out of the mud so we went into the warehouse and felled out a bale of cotton. We cut it in two and each of us took half and we piled down on that and slept like logs till morning--concluding it was no use to sleep in the mud even if cotton was worth one dollar per pound. We got up in the morning feeling fresh and find and of course we thought that this feeling was caused by sleeping in such a high-priced bed.

General Sherman's Corps, the 16th Army Corps took the lead and we took second place. Our rations were running low and we stripped the bark from slippery elm trees eating them as we marched along. The day before I managed to steal an ear of corn from the horses,

which helped some to prolong existence. Sherman's Corps fought a battle at Raymond, Mississippi, just a short distance in our front. Sherman went straight north about thirty mile to Jacon, Mississippi. There is a road leading off from Raymond in a northwesterly direction for about ten miles to a place called Edwards Station. There is a road and also a railroad called the Jackson and Vicksburg R. R. that runs alongside Edward Station. The wagon road from Jackson and the one from Raymond unite at this place forming a V. We took the Raymond road. They opened fire on us and we replied promptly and the battle was on and raged with all its fury until dark. We would drive the Rebels back and then they would turn their whole force on us and drive us back. They could not leave the point where the roads come together as Sherman was coming down from Jackson on that road and he might get in behind them and cut them off from getting back into Vicksburg. So the battle went on till about two P. M. when we heard Sherman's guns roaring over on the other road and from that time until night we forced them back gradually toward Vicksburg then taking many prisoners and capturing a lot of their cannons.

As we were making a charge we ran through a bee farm where there were a lot of bee hives. I kicked one of them and grabbed out a big junk of honey and ate it as I ran. It made me sick and to this day I can't eat honey.

The battle of Champion Hill, Mississippi was fought May 16, 1863 on Mrs. Champion's farm near Edward station, Mississippi. The Lord was good to us that night. Just before dark a bunch of hogs ran through our company and we got one for Company A so we had something to eat. This was the 16th day on five day rations and we were beginning to feel a little bit slim. I have Mrs. Champions picture.

That night the Rebels fell back about seven miles to Black River Bridge where they had more fortifications on the east side of Black River. Where they built the railroad bridge over the river, they had to go way back to start so the grade would not be too steep. It was a very long bridge built up on trussel work with a plank floor laid on it for wagons. When the Rebels fell back they left about 5000 of their men down on the east side of the river. The rest of them crossed over to the west side and burned the bridge. We followed up and May 17 the battle of Black River Bridge was fought. We captured about 5000 prisoners, seventeen cannons and all their army equipment. Before the fight began our regiment was sent down to the left to come up with the rear to prevent any of them escaping. Pretty soon the 60th Tennessee came down with their guns and their flag flying and when they saw us they threw down their guns, handed their flag over and surrendered. The 97th Illinois captured the 60th Tennessee. They were sent to Camp Butler as prisoners of war. A good many of them died there and are buried in the cemetery there.

We killed so many of the Rebel's horses at Champion Hill that they could not move near all their cannons, so today we sent back horses and got them. We had to build a temporary bridge to cross the river on and gathered up the Rebel arms and the wreckage of the battle and burned it.

but I got a handful of blackberries. We got within gunshot of the defenses of Vicksburg and the Rebels poured shot and shell into us. The next man to me on my left was killed. He was shot through the breast with a grape shot. We were moving forward slowly when my Second Lieutenant right next in front of me was killed, shot through the head with a musket ball. We kept moving on slowly and the man next to me was knocked down by the wind of a cannon ball but he was not seriously hurt. Night came to stop the slaughter for a short time. We had nothing to eat that night. We threw our blankets down on the blood-soaked ground and laid down for a nap. We were ordered to fall back on our advanced position to a hollow where we had some protection from the shot and shell that the Rebels were hurling on us like a hailstorm.

May 20, 1863, we drew five days rations. The first we had drawn since the 30th of April. We laid here two days resting and getting ready for the great charge. We brought up guns and placed batteries in position, and got ammunition for all the different branches of the service. In all the battles that we fought before we got to Vicksburg, we lost 1072 men and the Rebels lost 1042.

Early in the morning of May 22, 1863, the great charge of Vicksburg took place. Everything was a hustle and bustle, officers hurrying to and fro, men falling in line and drums and buglesounding. Finally regiments began to take their places in the long line and about 9:30 A. M. the order to advance was given. Every man was ordered to go over the Rebel works. We all pushed forward and were met by a Rebel hurricane of shot and shell, grape, cannister, shrapnel, solid shot, bomb shells, and tons of musket balls. Many of our men got into Rebel Forts but were killed or driven out. The Rebels had the inside of the circle and we had the outside. They could reinforce quicker than we could but we stuck to it until far into the night. In the morning when we started out my Captain was ordered to take charge of the skirmish line. That is the thin line that goes ahead of the main line of the charges. My Second Lieutenant was killed two days before, consequently I had only one commissioned officer and he was next to me on my left. At about ten o'clock in the morning they shot him right through the right shoulder. I was the Orderly Sergeant and next in command and had to take command of the Company. It must have been about midnight when everything got so still and we were so close to the Rebels we could hear them talking. I began to investigate and went to the right and could not find anyone. Then I began to realize that I was all alone there with my Company. I did not know what to do. I knew that it was my duty to wait for orders. I waited for quite awhile but no orders came so I made up my mind that something was wrong. I whispered to the boys to follow me and we went back about three-quarters of a mile and there I found our Regiment. The Colonel asked me why I did not bring my Company out when I got orders. I said, "Beg your pardon, Colonel, I never got any orders." "I sent a man to you," he said, "He never came," I replied. "All right, place your company in line," he answered.

On the 23rd day of May, 1863, we began siege operations by digging rifle pits, throwing up breastworks and placing batteries in position. As we had a great many men killed and wounded right around the Rebel Forts in the charge the day before, General Grant requested

a flag of truce from General Pemberton, the commander of the Rebels to bury our dead. As he refused, our dead and wounded men lay for four days on the parapets of the Rebel Forts. By that time the stench became so bad, the Rebels could not stay in their forts any longer so Pemberton sent a flag of truce out to General Grant requesting him to come and bury his dead and gave him two hours to do it in. When we got to them such a horrible sight as met the eye is difficult to describe. They were covered with flies and literally eaten up by maggots. We buried them as best we could in the short time we had to do it in and the shooting began again and the battle raged in all its fury day and night for forty-seven days and nights without a stop. We dug tunnels under their forts and placed powder in them and blew them up and in one instance in the blowing up of Fort Hill, a dog and a colored man was blown over into our lines. The dog was killed and the black man was scared so bad that he was almost white. I met the woman about twenty years ago who nursed that man back to life. She told me he got well.

In making our breastworks we would dig our ditch about four feet wide and run them parallel with the Rebel line of works for miles in length. Our line of battle was about fifteen miles long. We would dig down about three feet, then dig the top of the bank next to the Rebels down about one foot and back far enough to make a comfortable seat, then we would take bags and fill them full of dirt (these we called sand bags). We would lay these bags along on top--end to end--of the loose dirt we had piled up out of the ditch we dug. As we laid up the first tier of bags we left about two inch spaces between each end of the bags. Now we would lay another tier of bags on top of this one and this would leave a small hole through which we could put our guns. We would lay more bags on top of these until we had them away over our heads so that we were entirely hid from the Rebels. Now we would get a small stick, sharpen one end of it and split the other end and put a small tin case looking-glass in the split (most of the boys carried them) and sit with our backs toward the Rebels and our guns stuck in the holes behind us, the muzzles pointed toward the Rebels, stuck in the holes behind us, the guns cocked and our thumbs on the triggers. We would take the stick with the looking-glass in it and stick it in the bank in front of us, lining it up with the barrel of the gun levelled at the top of the Rebel breastworks and watch in the glass in front of us and whenever anything came across the gun in the glass we would pull the trigger. There were three men in the ditch for each hole. One to shoot, one to load, and one to sleep. We each took two hours at a time for each job. The shooter would shoot, then pass his empty gun down and the loader would pass him up a loaded one. At night we would keep up the fire promiscuously. This business went on day and night. One night I had to leave my hole to draw rations for the men. Another man took my place and the Rebels shot through the hole and killed him. And another time when I had to draw rations, I was away back from the firing line in a hollow. I was asking one of the men to go with me and help get the rations. He was standing with his face toward the Rebels and I with my back to them. There was a big elm tree behind him. It had a large limb on the side next to him. A musket ball whizzed over our heads, struck this limb, ran to the tree, glanced back and hit his leg from behind and came through the leg and lodged just under the skin on the knee cap. I heard the ball hit him and I grabbed him and held him up until the

surgeon, who was close by, came and ripped his pant leg up and there was the ball on his knee. The skin was not broken. The surgeon slit the skin and out dropped the ball. After this I went back up to the firing line expecting to get my old place and there was no room for me. I walked along the ditch until I came to the place where a new ditch had been made the night before running at right angles to the old ditch. This ditch was not yet completed, but I did not know that. I went along down the new ditch a short distance then I stepped up close to the bank, raised and looked over to the north where I could see the Rebel work. I had hardly got straightened up when a ball came right down the ditch and just missed my back. I got down from there and went back up the ditch the same way from which I had come, but could not find any good place to work. I had thought that ball was just a stray one so I went back there again and looked over, and another ball came and twenty paces out I saw a pile of fresh dirt. I knew well what that meant. It is what is called a skirmish pit. He had crept out there last night in the darkness from the Rebel works and dug him out a pit and now he was one of their sharpshooters. I went back up to the old place where my boys were and told them what I had found. He had gotten close enough to see the holes in our breastworks and that is how it happened that the man who took my place the night before was killed. I told the boys that could get range on the top of the pile of dirt to do so and I would go back and draw his fire again and back I went to the same place. I took a cap and placed it on my gun and raised it up very slowly and just as soon as it was up to the top of the breastworks here came the third shot. He missed the cap by a fraction. The boys all let fly at him and we never got another shot from that pit. I think the boys taught him a lesson he never forgot.

In running forward we zigzagged our line of trenches to get nearer to the Rebel line to start a new line of breastwork. As we went down hill, the Rebels could shoot right in on us. Something had to be done about it and so we got a lot of sticks about one inch in diameter and six feet long. We would draw a circle in the ground then sharpen one end of the stick and drive them in the ground around that circle about three or four inches apart. Then we would get small twigs, grape vines or small branches of trees and weave them in around these poles to keep them together. We would then fill it full of cotton and tramp it down solid. We would then push it over on its side and make a roller of it. Now when we were digging down hill toward the Rebels, we would place this roller across the end of our ditch which is about three feet deep. We would dig down under the roller and roll it forward. As we progressed, we took a long pole and put one end on the ground and the other end against the roller so that the Rebels could not knock it away with their cannons. The boys called this thing a "Gabion". I don't know if they got that name all right or not, but it answered the purpose. We kept on going until we got up in the big ditch which surrounds the Rebel Forts. Then they threw hand grenades down on us. We found them to be bad roommates. We could not live with them, so when they threw one down, we would grab it and throw it back in the Fort and they would explode every time just as they went over the parapet. We fed them on their own medicine and they did not like it any better than we did. We called for more, but they would not throw any. On July 3rd about 3 P. M. General Bowen and Colonel Montgomery came out with a flag of truce from General Pemberton to talk terms of surrender to General Grant. He refused to talk to them, but he told them

if General Pemberton wished to confer with him, he would meet him. They went back and General Pemberton and another officer came out and they talked together for quite awhile. General Grant's conditions were unconditional surrender and he told them if they did not put up the white flag by 9 A. M. July 4th and come outside of their works, stack their arms, and return back inside their works, he would act accordingly. At 9 A. M. July 4th, 1863, Vicksburg with all its garrison army all supplies and munitions of war were surrendered by General J. C. Pemberton, C. S. A., to General U. S. Grant, U. S. A.

A division of Union troops were sent into the city to take charge and the stars and stripes were raised over the court house. After these preliminaries were gone through with, the prisoners were allowed to come out and mingle all together with the Union forces. Many of them had not had a bite to eat for forty-eight hours. We opened our haversacks and gave them everything we had--even to the lasthardtack. They even had eaten their last mule and did not have one left. They had eaten even all the rats they could catch. We felt pretty dirty and lousy too, as we had not had a clean stick of anything to put on for more than six weeks and we were covered with graybacks, as we had not had any chance to clean up for the last two and a half months, not even to pick them off. Sometimes we were unable to get water enough to wash our faces for two weeks at a time, and other times some of our trenches did not have outlets and when it rained we had to take our caps and bail the water out with them so we could stay in them. We were a miserable looking set. I doubt if our own mothers would have recognized us if they saw us then. We captured and parolled over 31,000 prisoners at Vicksburg besides those that we killed.

We got marching orders again to start at 4 A. M., July 5th, for Jackson, Mississippi, forty miles east of Vicksburg. The weather was awful hot, 100 or more in the shade. The dust was about four inches deep, all cut up by Cavalry and artillery horses, wagons, cannons, and men. We filled our canteens with water when we started. They held three pints each. We had to make twenty miles before we could get any more. There was not much wind, but dust rose up between the ranks of men so bad it was almost suffocating. Nearing the creek where we expected to find water, we went into camp in the creek bottom, which was planted in corn and ridged up with a one-horse plow and ready to tassel out. We camped for the night in this cornfield but only five of Company A was here. The balance of them were lying along the roadside famished for want of water, overcome with the heat and dust. They could go no farther until they rested and cooled off and when they did get here all the water they found was a few little holes covered with green scum about an inch thick and you could smell it long before you got to it. It was but little better than a hog wallow. The boys began to come into camp. They were too near worn out to eat anything. They just threw down their knapsacks and laid down. We had a big rain here in the morning which filled the creek to overflowing. The water ran in the cornfield where the boys were lying. We got a drink of good water again, and it settled the dust which made our march the day before so uncomfortable.

We arrived at Jackson, Mississippi, July 17, 1863, and went into the fight. We were tired, foot-sore and weary. The rain we had had at our last camp did not reach here and it was dry and hot and dusty. We had to go two miles back to a creek to get our water to drink and when

we got there we found nothing but mud holes covered with a green scum about one inch thick, and we brushed the scum aside, the water was about the color of coffee with half milk in it and smelled worse than a rotten potato. We had to detail men to take all the canteens they could carry and go back to the creek and get water and bring it up to the men that were doing the fighting. We fought here until the night of the 17th of July. Our Cavalry was across Pearl River, both above and below the city and in another day we would have had them entirely surrounded, but that night they pulled out and left. We got a good many prisoners, but the most of them got away. The Rebels set the city of Jackson on fire in about a dozen places before they left. What Confederate supplies they had there, they destroyed to keep us from getting them. The city was on fire in so many places, and what with the water mains, fire fighting apparatus pump and everything destroyed by our shells, there was only one way left to put the fire out, and that was to tear down the buildings ahead of the fire. The citizens seemed to be paralyzed, and incapable of doing anything, and well they might be for shot and shell had been pouring into the city for the last seven days. We got orders to make a detail of men from each company to go up and help put the fire out. The boys went to work and the more they worked, the worse the fire got. Someone would always throw a fiery board far enough to reach another house, thus causing the fire to start again. So they sent the boys all back to their company's and left the fire to burn itself out with what help the citizens could give. I saw the biggest portion of the city of Jackson, Mississippi burned up.

We started back for Vicksburg, where we arrived on July 20, 1863. On this Vicksburg campaign we marched 265 miles, fought sixty-five days hard fighting with forty-seven nights thrown in for good measure, and never stopped long enough in all that time to clean up or kill the graybacks, or wash our clothes. When our things were brought up to us that we left at Hardtimes, my sword was among the missing. Now if the fellow that took it should ever see this and should get conscience stricken and return it to me, I will forgive him. Say Mister, there is a chance for you to get to Heaven yet. We camped down on the levee at Vicksburg. I was sick, worn out from the long campaign and exposure for about three weeks and couldn't do my duty. The doctor wanted to send me to the Hospital, but I begged off and let me stay in camp. The Second Sergeant took my duty and I was able to pick off the graybacks. They loaded shot and shell down on the levee on the steamer Black Hawk. They had a few more boxes to load when a man accidentally let a box drop off his shoulder, and the shells exploded and blew the vessel all to pieces and it sank there. There were five or six men on board when it went down, and nothing was ever seen of them again except some bloody water that came up. I was then within about twenty feet of it when it blew up, but I did not get hurt.

We went on the boat down to Bayou Sara on an observation expedition. We got off the boat and started north up in the country (This was in the state of Louisiana). It was night and a rooster crowed, and as it was against the soldier's rules to let a rooster crow twice, some of the boys took him in for fear of breaking the rule. They intended to have a chicken supper. As we marched along we met an old colored man with a pretty little bloodhound trotting along at his heels. I asked him if he would let me have the pup and told him I would give him hardtack for him. We finally made the trade. He took

the hardtack and I picked up the pup and carried him into camp.

Toward morning we came to a fine plantation. There was a nice drove of hogs. We stopped and made preparations into the butcher business. We found a large iron kettle--they used them in those days to make sugar in and it was very large. We made a fire, put some water in the kettle, three or four of the pigs, singed the hair off, cut them in pieces and put them in the kettle and sat down to take it easy until it was cooked. We did not have long to wait. We heard a big noise up the road and here the Rebels came yelling and we pulled out for our boat. The Rebels got the pork, but the boys stuck to the chicken, took him back to Baton Rouge, and made chicken soup of him.

From here we went to Carolton, La. We stayed here about two weeks resting and cleaning, washing, and killing graybacks. We next went to Algiers, across the river from New Orleans. On the 3rd of October, 1863, we took the cars and went out to Brashear City on Bayou Teche. There we were put on a boat and sent up to a small town called New Iberia. Our Regiment was detailed to stay at this place and guard the supplies for the army that was fighting at Franklin about seven miles farther up the Bayou. Each man had a board, so we drove some stakes in the ground, put some cross pieces on the stakes and laid our board on that to keep us up off the ground. The boat had come up the Bayou loaded with army supplies.

We got orders to march. The men all went to packing their knapsacks, rolling up their blankets and tearing up their bunks. I was the Orderly Sergeant and I asked them what they were doing. They said they were getting ready to march. It was night and the weather was cold. It was the 31st of October, 1863. I told them to lie down and get a good night's sleep for they would not get any the next night and anyway it would be noon the next day before we got the boat unloaded and our own things aboard. They stood around quite awhile, and they got cold and tore up their bunks and made a fire of them and stood around them until they had burned up all their own boards, then they came to me and wanted mine. I refused but they came back again and wanted me to get up to give them my board. I told them to go away and let me alone and that if them came back again and wanted my board, I would report them to the Officer, and they would get a march to the guard house. They knew what that meant, and after that I had peace.

About noon the next day, we got on the boat and went down Bayou Teche about seventy-five miles to a town called Brashear City. There was a railroad running from here to Algiers across the river from New Orleans. We got off the boat and the train that we should have taken took the 54th Indiana Regiment, and was gone, also bound for Algiers. Now this train was run by a Rebel engineer. They put a man in the cab along with him to see that he did not play any trick. When he got to a right sharp curve and a thick growth of timber, he told the guard the engine was broke, and he would have to go down under it to fix it. So he went down under the engine and out on the other side in the timber and darkness. The guard did not go down under with him, so this train was left standing here on the track without any light or signal of any kind being placed out as a warning. Now back to Brashear City again. The train that was to take our Regiment to Algiers arrived and the 97th Illinois Regiment was loaded on the cars. Some were box cars but there were five flat cars without any sides on them. On one of

these our Company A was put and as soon as I got them on board they threw down their blankets and stretched out and went to sleep. There was not room enough on the car for me to lie down so I sat on the corner of the car with my feet tucked under me. We had a long heavy train of box cars behind us loaded with army supplies, horses, prisoners, and other provisions, and as this was the first day of November the wind was rather cold. I pulled my blanket up over my head to keep the wind off. The country along this road was mostly flat and low and there was quite a ditch on each side where they got the dirt to make the road bed. The ditches were now about full of water. It was midnight and as dark as five black cats and a ton of coal thrown in for good measure.

We started for Algiers. We were flying through the air and just as a little streak of day began to show in the east, a mighty crash and roar threw my head forward. I jerked the blanket off my head, looked toward the engine, and everything looked like fire. I dropped my feet over the side of the car, put my hands down on the car, and sprang off, and as I did so I called, "Jump off boys, jump off!" I landed in the ditch on my head in about three feet of water. How I got out of the ditch I will never know. The last thing that I can remember was calling to the boys to jump off. When I found myself, I was standing about twenty paces away from the wreck, but I had turned around and was looking right toward it. I did not realize for quite awhile that I had been in the water, but I began to get cold and then I felt my clothes and I found they were as wet as a drowned rat. The car turned up on edge and the corner of the car that I was on missed the end of the ties and buried itself about a foot and a half in the ground, so you can see if I had stayed there you would not be reading this today. I had slept the night before, consequently I was awake on the train. I looked from where I stood and on the other side of the track and about the same distance away from it as I was stood another man that was the engineer of our train. He jumped three car lengths before I did. We were the only ones that jumped. The car that we were on, in turning the corner, caught another car which prevented it from falling down flat. If it had not been for that, I would have been the only man of Company A to escape.

Well, we all went to work to get the dead and wounded out, clear the wreck, and repair the track so that another train could come and get us. After we had got that done, I thought I would see if I could find my cap. I went back along the ditch looking carefully along the bank for some sign. I saw a place where it looked like something had been scratching in the grass. I stooped down to examine it and on the inside of the bank just above the water line I saw my knee prints in the mud. There was a stick about six feet long lying close by. I picked up the stick and went to feeling around and pretty soon I felt something. I slid the stick up after the bank and when it got up, there was my cap. I had the pole in it and the head was covered with mud. Now it is evident that I went into that ditch with force enough to stick the cap in the mud, and if the water had not been there it is possible I might have broken my neck. But that was not the cap that I wear now.

In the wreck we had thirteen killed and sixty-six hurt so badly that the most of them died in a short time and I don't know of any that did not have some hurt or bruise. I escaped with a stiff joint on my left thumb. That is the only mark I have to show for my Civil War

Service.

On the back end of the train that stood on the track were two box cars loaded with sugar, and when our engine hit them, it made the sugar free, so a lot of us boys thought it would be a nice thing to have all the sugar we could eat at once, so we went after it. We filled ourselves with every bit we could hold and filled our haversacks to overflowing for the next day. We soon became very anxious to give up what we had stored away for that day and by the time we got that done, we were very sure we would never need any more, so we got busy and cleaned out our haversacks. I ate so much it almost killed me. Now if you ever think you want to do anything like that, don't do it, and this advice comes from one that knows. That happened more than seventy years ago, and I can't use sugar to this day.

Our train came and we proceeded to Algiers. On November 3rd, we crossed the Mississippi River and entered New Orleans to do provost guard duty relieving the Regiment there who were being sent to the front for active work. The 5th Illinois was so badly worn up by losing so many men in the railroad wreck that it remained here until we got recruits from the north to fill its ranks.

We went into quarters at the Provost Marshall's Office at 48 Barrrome Street. Captain Pickering of the 24th Massachusetts was Provo Marshall. We were quartered upstairs in a two-story building which overlooked a pen surrounded by a high board fence. The boards stood on their ends, and in this pen we kept prisoners, mostly of our own men who had been picked up for not having a pass to be in the city of New Orleans or any other crime they may have committed. They were held here until the Provo Marshall could try their cases and decided what to do with them. Sometimes we had a lot of them and sometimes not so many, but we always had some. One time we had trouble with the prisoners. They were getting whiskey in some way and getting drunk, but how they were doing it we could not imagine. I was the Orderly Sergeant for the Provo Marshall. Whenever the boys wanted to go out in the city they had to have a pass signed by the Marshall. One day he called me to him and said to me, "Orderly, I want you to find out who is bringing that liquor to those prisoners." I answered, "Your Honor, I have been trying to do so, but as yet I have been unable to succeed." "Well," he said, "You investigate this matter and find out." Well, I watched every day for awhile to see who got passes and I noticed that a certain man who went out always took his gun with him. One day he went down the street and after he had gone I went out and went around the block the other way, and when I got to the corner, I saw him step to the side of a house, and I saw him stretch his arm out and put his hand against the house, then turn and walk away, but he did not have his gun. He walked around in the street awhile, looking in the show windows, then he crossed back over the street and went to the house where I had seen him before, stretched out his arm against the house and turned around and walked away with his gun. He went back up the street, passed the office and around the corner of the prison pen. I crossed over to the other side of the street so that I could see right down the street where he was standing. He had his gun barrel stuck through the fence and the prisoners on the inside were catching the liquor in their tin cups as it trickled from the gun. As each one got as much as he wanted, he would shove up the muzzle and the flow would start again. Then I went back up to my quarters. After a

while he came up and put his gun away. I did not say anything to him but I told the marshall what I had seen. He told me to send him in. I told him he was wanted in the office. He went in, but what took place, I don't know. The provo called me again and he told me to detail two men with guns and bayonets on, have them fill his knapsack full of bricks, strap it on him and march him up and down Barronne Street for six hours. We were never troubled any more with drunken prisoners.

One day we were sent down to Camp Chalmette, seven miles down the river from New Orleans, to dedicate it as a National Cemetery for the interment of Union Soldiers of the Civil War. There was music, singing, and dancing on the boat and band music and speech making at the cemetery. We returned to New Orleans after the ceremony.

We had to march out to Lake Ponchartrain, which is about seven miles north of the city, about once every week to capture smugglers-- people that were engaged in sending things across the lake to the Rebels. We would capture them, bring them back to the city and put them in the pen.

One day I went out and walked over the battlefield of New Orleans where the Americans gave the British a licking in the War of 1812. The American line of breastworks was plainly visible even then, and there was one old cannon lying there but it was lying on the ground, and the carriage was gone. The old gun looked like it could be made to work yet.

On March 4, 1864, Governor Michael Hahn, of Louisiana, was inaugurated as the first Governor of that State after the war, and our Regiment took part in the inauguration ceremony which was performed by a very brilliant display of gold braid and shoulder straps, with bands of music, drum and fife corps.

On the 23rd of March we had a grand review of our Regiment. Governor Richard Yates, who was visiting the Illinois soldiers in this department reviewed and inspected us. It was a grand treat for a good many of us, for we had not seen anyone from God's Country for so long a time that it cheered us all wonderfully to see him and to hear a few kind words from him and his sympathy which he had for the welfare of his soldiers.

In December 1863, we got a lot of recruits which filled up our ranks considerably and the Recruiting that was going on at this time throughout the country strengthened our armies greatly. We then went on an expedition to Morganzabend, a big bend in the Mississippi River and went into camp there. We stayed here quite awhile, and our business was to gather up cattle to supply the army with beef. The whole Regiment had to march once a week back into the country twelve miles to Atchafalaya Bayou. The Cavalry and Cowboys would swim their horses across the Bayou which was about fifty yards wide, then go around and gather up a drove of cattle. They would lasso the one that seemed to be the leader. They would lead him and all the rest would follow with a little help from the drivers. The cowboys would pull the leader in the water, and the drivers would force the cattle in and they would follow the leader and all swim across the stream. When we got them to the camp, we would make a pen with fence rails and put a partition

across the center. We put all the cattle in one of these pens, and after we had them two or three days with nothing to eat, we would throw down the partition fence leaving four rails up, and all the cattle that could not get over that would be killed and the meat would be issued to the soldiers. If we got too many at a time, they would die on our hands, as we had nothing to feed them on. This was how we got meat for the army week after week for some time. One day we went out and there were some Rebels there. We got in a mix-up with them and they killed one of our men. Some of those big Texas steers had horns that measured about six feet from tip to tip.

We were sent from here by boats to Dauphine Island, Alabama. On this trip we had to subsist mostly on what the boys called flap-jacks. We had but one stove on the boat and one pan for the whole Regiment to cook on and we were getting flour now instead of hard-tack. We would take a pan, put some water in it, then stir in flour enough to make a stiff batter about one inch thick, set it on the stove and let it stay long enough so that the mixture wouldn't run, turn it over and treat the other side the same way and the flapjack is ready for use, but we needed a spoon to eat it with. That is the way we lived for two weeks at one time, but even that was a whole lot better than nothing, and I have tried both ways.

Now to illustrate to you what I can do along that line. The boys told me it was my time to cook. I could not cook and told them so, but the answer I got was, "No back talk, do as you are told." That settled it, so I got busy and got a camp kettle that held about four gallons of water. I filled it about half full, made a fire, and set the kettle on. I put about two pounds of rice in it and stirred up my fire. I soon had things going fine. The whole thing was boiling now like a house on fire. Pretty soon I saw the kettle was getting fuller all the time and it wasn't long until it actually did run over. I did not care so much for the rice, but I was afraid that it would put my fire out. I did not have a thing to put it in, and I thought of my rubber blanket. I got it and my tin cup, spread the blanket on the ground, and went to bailing it out of the kettle on to the blanket. The faster it boiled, the faster I bailed and when the rice in the kettle was cooked, I had more on the blanket than I had in the kettle. But at the same time I had come out ahead, for I had saved my reputation as not being a cook and I had saved the rice which was quite a saving. There was enough cooked rice for a mess and there was enough half-cooked rice for another mess the next day. Now this is not a joke. I assure you this is a true story of my experience in cooking rice and now I am going to leave this cooking business to the ladies where it belongs for they know more about it in five minutes than I do in a lifetime.

We found ourselves now on Dauphine Island, a small Island in Mobile Bay, where oysters are plentiful and fat. We went out after the tide went out and picked them up by the bushel and the beauty of it is, they are ready to eat as soon as you catch them. All you need is a knife--just give the shell a knock, pry the shell open, scoop the oyster in your mouth. You don't even have to swallow him. He is so slippery, he will just slide down your throat without any effort on your part. There did not seem to be anybody living on this island, at least that I could see. I guess that is why the oysters were so plentiful. We had to leave the land of oysters as we had to get on the

boats to go up the Pascagoula River in Mississippi. We went on the steam boats and went in Mississippi Sound. The water was rough, and the boats were rocking as if they would go to the bottom. The Rebels had driven piles across the mouth of the Pascagoula River and it was blockaded so that our boats could not enter. The engineer succeeded in cutting off the piles at the mouth of the Pascagoula River and our boats got over the obstruction.

Our main force disembarked about five miles before we reached a town called East Pascagoula and went in camp here but our Regiment went on up to the city and went into camp and when we got established our Colonel issued an order that we should not take any boards from the piles of lumber that lay all about us on every side. "Or if you do," he said, "Don't let me see you do it." There were millions of feet of lumber here, and after the Colonel had issued his order, he went in his tent, closed the flap over the doorway, and stayed there, and when he did finally come out, the boys were all pretty well fixed and they were not lying down in the mud either. He looked around but said nothing. We were in the midst of a great pine forest that lay in the valley of the East Pascagoula River. It is not a large river, but it runs through a large valley of pine timber and cane brakes. Our business here was to load this vast pile of lumber on steam boats and send it down the river to Mobile for government work wherever it was needed. So we got busy and went to work at what looked like a never-ending job, but we knew that all things come to an end sometime and this did too. Our pay had been advanced up from twelve to sixteen cents and it was quite an encouragement for us to keep going. Besides if we were not at this, we would be at a much more disgusting job, but one that needs to be done worse than this one. That is killing gray-backs before they can eat us up. They never stop to rest, day or night. They are active. They seem built that way.

With Christmas drawing nigh, the Colonel wanted us to decorate the camp and his headquarters so it would look nice Christmas. He liked to see nice things and every man's buttons bright and buttoned all the way up to the top regardless of weather conditions. We went out to the cane brake and cut a lot of cane. Some of it was about twenty feet tall and $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick at the butt. We carried it to the camp, made a great pile in front of the Colonel's tent, made wreaths, and hung them around in different places. We made arches over the company's street. We had everything spic and span for a Christmas Day social celebration and everyone was feeling gay and happy when about nine o'clock Christmas Eve, here came the Rebels down from the north and as there was only one Regiment of our men here, we had to fall back on our reserves. The Rebels destroyed our camp and everything in it, and cheated us out of our celebration also, but we got the lumber and a fair exchange is no robbery.

Our whole force stayed here until the first of February, 1865, then we proceeded by boats to Barancas, Florida where there was an old fort. There is no town here but there was a light house over one-hundred feet high. It was situated on the north bank of Santarosa Sound and right across south of this fort is Santarosa Island, which contains another fort called Fort Picens, which the Rebels tried a good many times to capture during the War but never succeeded in doing so. We kept a guard stationed all the time on the top of this lighthouse tower while we were here. There was another old Fort here, about a

mile north of Barancas. It must have been very old for large trees were standing all around about it, which evidently must have grown up since it was abandoned. The sand here was just as white as snow, and to look at the sand dunes at a distance they look like great piles of snow.

On March 20, 1865, we left Barancas and went north through Pensacola, Florida, and at Black Swamp and then crossed this swamp. We had to build a road out of poles, called a corduroy road. There was about seven miles of it all grown up with small pine trees and the water was all the way from a few inches to three feet in depth. We cut the trees off at the top of the water. We cut off a log about ten feet long, and then we would float it to the place where we wanted to build the road, sink it down and put a man on each end of it to keep it from floating away. We would keep on this way until we had about ten feet of road laid down, and then would take a pole about ten feet long and lay it cross-wise on the end of those we had already laid down. Then we would cut forked sticks and drive them in the ground on all four corners. Now we had one section ten feet square of road built. We kept this up until we got to the other side of the swamp. We had to keep a man on each end of the pole while we were building it for two reasons, one to keep the pole from floating away, and the other to tell where to put the next pole. After we got our train over this swamp, we struck a few places where it was so bad our teams would mire down and could not get out. Then we would unhitch them, tie ropes to them, drag them and the rest of the train through in this same way. The Rebels opposed our march and attacked us with Cavalry. We had a small squad of Cavalry, but not enough to match them. They were shooting and skirmishing all the time. As soon as we got near to them, they fell back, then our Cavalry went after them. It was a running fight all day. Some dead horses, saddles, blankets and other articles of equipment were scattered along the sides of the road.

We headed for a small town named Pollard, up in Alabama. The Escambia runs near that town. It is about one-hundred yards wide with a swift current. There were two bridges across this river here and when we got the Rebels back near the river, we rushed them so hard, they crowded on the wagon bridge so fast the bridge broke down with them and many men and horses were drowned. The railroad bridge they burned before. The bridge was built of trestle work, and in burning it had burned off only one side, and the other rail was still there and extended all the way over the river. Now we had to get across that river in some way to accomplish the object for which we had come so far and worked so hard. We were almost in sight of the town where our journey would end. Someone yelled, "Come on boys, let's crawl the rail." We made a rush for the bridge and about 2000 of us, all the force we had, crawled the Escambia River on that one railroad iron.

We fell in line and started on our march to Pollard, Alabama, which lay about two miles away. Here there was a railroad running from Montgomery, Alabama, to Mobile. We put our forces around Mobile and in order to prevent reinforcements being sent down from Montgomery to Mobile it was absolutely necessary that this road be destroyed. That was our business here. We formed our men in twos and marched them along one side of the track. The rank next to the track was number one and the other one was number two. The first man stopped at the first tie to be lifted, then as the others pass along each man stopped at every other tie, and when all the men were ready, they stooped down and got ahold of his tie. At the command, they lifted

it up and with a mighty shove they turned the track upside down and the fall broke the rail loose from the ties. Then we went back to work and picked up the ties and built them in square pens like hog pens. We made them about three feet high. Then we took two ties and laid one on top of the other across the center of the pen. We took the iron rails and balanced them on top of those last ties we put on, filled the pens full of anything we could find that would burn, set them on fire and before the ends of the rails would be on the ground the rails were ruined. Our work done, we moved on. We ran out of rations and had nothing to eat. We found a mill and sent out teams and wagons to gather corn. We started the mill and stayed here two days grinding cornmeal for the army.

We moved on and arrived at Fort Blakely, Alabama, April 2, 1865. The fort was already partly surrounded by other troops and some breastworks were built and rifle pits dug. We took our place and went to sharpshooting. Fort Blakely was situated on the East bank of Mobile Bay, four or five miles southeast of the city. There was no town here but there was a strong fort with breastworks and rifle pits stretching out for a mile or more. In front of these works was a wide and deep ditch. A wire was stretched about one foot from the ground so as to catch our feet when we tried to jump over the ditch. Between our line and the Rebels was a quarter of a mile of ground all planted full of torpedoes over which we had to pass to get to them. We continued our operations of digging rifle pits until April 9, when we found the first torpedo. We dug one out last night but it did not explode. My company had three men shot by the Rebel sharpshooters.

We had to change our tactics. Last night the Rebels came out in front of my company and dug out a skirmish pit within about twenty yards of our line and put three sharpshooters in it. There was so much firing all night long that we did not hear them at work and the firing has been kept up very brisk all day and a good many of the men on both sides have been sent to their last long sleep.

The time came for the great charge to be made and well we knew that many of us would never see the light of another day for our eyelids may be closed in death. We came to the hour that try men's souls and although it is now more than sixty-nine years ago since this happened, as I go back and call to memory those scenes over again, the tears are running down over my cheeks so fast they blind my eyes and I have to stop and wipe them away. "Soft-hearted," you may say. Yes, but I have seen so much that it would melt the heart of one made of stone.

About five o'clock April 9, 1865, the drums sounded the long roll which is the signal for everyone to fall in line. We had just got our coffee for supper. We sat down in our tents, grabbed our guns and fell in line and they rushed us up in front and into the rifle pits. In a few minutes we got orders to charge. As we got out of the rifle pits the Captain of Company D struck a torpedo and it blew his leg off below the knee and sent it up in the air about fifty feet high, and my Captain who stood next to me on my right was shot through the left shoulder. I and two of my boys made for the skirmish pit. There was a Rebel Major and two privates in it. The privates jumped out and ran back toward the Rebel line but the Major stayed and kept on shooting. We jumped down on top of him. We picked him up and threw him out of the hole and told him to go to the rear. He started to go but turned

around as if to come back, but our Colonel caught him by the coat collar and forced him to the rear. Just then another of my boys came along and just as he got to the bank of the pit they shot him through the body at the belt line and he fell down in the pit right on top of me. I jerked out my knife, cut his belt in two and let his cartridge box off and I went on. All this happened in less than three minutes time. I had not gone far when a man next to me on my left stepped on a torpedo with his left foot. It blew his left leg off below the knee his right leg off above the knee and passed up between his head and mine, and never touched me. I grabbed him as he fell but I could not hold him.

We went on and when we were within about twenty yards of their works, they poured a volley into us which riddled our flag, cut the staff off about two feet from the top. We went on through that withering flame of fire which greeted us from the Rebel guns. We went over the ditch, over their breastworks and jumped down in the rifle pits right on top of them, too close to shoot them, too close to stick them with our bayonets, but we could still use the butts of our guns. We ordered them to throw their guns outside the breastworks. They did so and we gathered them up in groups and put guards around them until we could get things straightened out.

Our color bearer was killed on the breastworks. He had taken the flag staff out of the leather socket in the belt that goes around the waist and was holding it in his hands. He was shot right through the body while standing on the Rebel breastworks and as he fell forward, the flagstaff stuck in the ground. The Rebels grabbed for one of the color guards got it first and our flag didn't touch the ground and the Rebels didn't get it either.

I went to work trying to get my Company A together which was quite a task for it was now dark and there were so many men all mixed together by the time I got it was about midnight. I had forty men when we went in the charge. The battle itself lasted about twenty minutes and now I could find only twenty-six of my men. I reported to my officer, Second Lieutenant, the only officer Company A had. The others had been killed or wounded. He said to me, "Orderly, you will have to go back over the battlefield tonight and see if our men have all been picked up." Now he had been in a good many battles and knew well enough that the stretcher bearer corps always picked up the dead and wounded just as fast as we drove the enemy back, and in this case we had made a clean sweep so at first I thought I would not obey the order but on second thought I knew that would not do, for he would have me court-martialed, and I would be shot for disobeying orders. I knew it was almost certain death if I went. There was about one chance in a thousand that I might escape the torpedoes, but I made up my mind that I would go. There was no moon and it was dark as pitch. I struck out expecting every step would be my last, but I got to the other side of them all right. I went to where the field hospital was located in a hollow under a tree. I found twelve of my boys there, but one was missing. I saw the Orderly Sergeant of Company G and he told me where he was lying. He pointed east about fifty yards. He was shot through the body with a musket ball. He was dead so I went down to the tent where I left my coffee and hardtack. I sat down on the ground and ate some hardtack. I sat there for about twenty minutes before I could make up my mind to make another trip across the torpedoes, but I finally started. I went a few steps when the thought flashed to my mind

the Officer might think I had not been out to the hospital, so I went back to my tent, took my canteen and haversack and hung them over my shoulder and started again over the torpedoes and the same kind providence that shielded me in so many close calls was still with me. I made my report to the Officer. He looked at me and said, "I guess that is all right." Then he said, "Did you have your supper?" I answered, "Yes." Then he said, "I wish I had some, I'm awfully hungry." And I thought to myself, 'If you want it, do like I did, go and get it.'

Company A lost fourteen men out of forty, a little more than one-third of their number in about twenty minutes. This battle was fought after the war was over and was the last battle of the Civil War. General Lee surrendered all the Confederate forces to General Grant about one P. M. and this battle was fought about five P. M., April 9, 1865 at Blakely, Alabama.

Our work was done here, but we remained until the fifteenth. We captured 15,000 prisoners with all their guns and war equipment of every kind, even their commissary whiskey. Some of our boys imbibed a little too freely of the latter thereby losing their heads and running over the torpedoes. They lost their lives after the war was over.

On April 15 we were put on boats and sent across Mobile Bay and went in camp near the city of Mobile. The main part of the army went to Selma, Alabama, but the boat that our Regiment usually rode on had sprung a leak and we were sent over to Mobile to wait until we could get another boat. They put us on the boat and we were bound for Selma, Alabama. We went up the Mobile River to the junction of the Tombigby and Alabama Rivers where they unite to form the Mobile River. I saw lots of alligators and one black squirrel. It is the only black squirrel I ever saw in my life. He was just where the Tombigby and Alabama Rivers come together. He was up in a tree and seemed to be eating nuts. The alligator's upper jaw works instead of the lower one, and when he opened his upper jaw it stands right straight up and their tongue looks red. They lay around in the swamp and bayous on old logs or under the banks in streams. They hold their mouths open, and in the daytime the flies will gather on their tongues. Snap goes Mr. Alligator, and Mr. Fly is in the trap. At night they catch mosquitoes the same way. You can always hear their jaws snapping. Now we have to leave the subject and move on.

We took to the Alabama River. Every once in a while we saw a dead horse lying along the bank. General Wilson took Selma sometime ago with a Cavalry force. The river was very high at that time and Wilson pressed the Rebel Cavalry so hard they tried to swim their horses across the river and many of the men and horses were drowned. As we went up the river we saw them every once in a while. Some of them were hanging in the forks of the trees.

We were sent to Selma, Alabama to head off Jeff Davis, the Rebel President, who was headed this way. The Rebels had a cannon factory here. Wilson burned it down when he captured this place and there were many large guns lying here in all the different stages of construction before the shop was burnt down.

From here we made a surprise expedition to Cahaba, Alabama, about twenty-five miles down the Alabama River. Here we gathered up a lot of horses and mules and all of the boys that liked tobacco laid in a good

supply as tobacco was very plentiful here at that time. I and my officer went to a large plantation house to see if we could get some dinner. There was a lady sitting close by the door and the Officer asked if we could get something to eat. She said, "No, you can't get anything to eat here," and also said that she prayed that God would strike every Yankee dead before they got off her place. The Officer said, "Yes, Madam, but you know the prayers of the wicked availeth nothing." Then he turned to a colored boy and said to him, "Do you know where the hams are," and he answered "Yes, Massa." He told him to get one right quick. He struck out and pretty soon he came back with a nice ham. He told him to get half a dozen eggs and away he went and soon returned with the eggs. Then he asked him if he could cook. He answered, "Yes," and the Officer said to him, "Get busy now and do it quick. Fry some ham and eggs for we are in a hurry." He got some bread and we sat down and ate a good dinner while the old lady kept on with her threats about what she hoped the Lord would do to the Yankees. We paid no attention to her and when we were done eating, we got up and thanked her for the meal and told her we hoped we might have the pleasure of meeting her again sometime. We departed in peace.

From here we went to Marion, Alabama, hoping to capture Jeff Davis and a lively skirmish took place. We burned the junction depot and returned to Cahouba, then to Selma, Alabama on the twelfth day of May 1865. We were sent back to the city of Mobile, Alabama, and went into camp about one mile north of Mobile. We remained here about two weeks. The Government gathered up all the Rebel gunpowder and stored it in a large cottonward house in the northern part of the city of Mobile and while that was being done, the Rebels of the city were busy digging an under-ground tunnel from another house and running it under the house where the powder was stored. They put powder in there with a fuse to it and touched it off and the explosion that followed wrecked the north half of Mobile, leaving not a building standing in that part of the city, and thus I saw the city of Mobile, Alabama blown up.

We were put on an ocean-going steamer and sent down Mobile Bay to the Gulf of Mexico and across the Gulf to Galveston, Texas where we landed June 29, 1865. We went into camp on the outskirts of the city. Now my Company A had but one commissioned officer and he got married to a southern lady before we came down here and he brought his wife along with him. The Government will not allow women to stay in the camp so he went about a half a mile away from the camp, rented a room and he and his wife lived there. The army regulations say that there must be at least one officer in camp with the men. It was my duty to report his absense from the company to the Colonel, but I did not want to do that so I walked that extra half-mile every morning to get him to sign my morning report rather than make trouble for him. He treated me very nice. It was just the time of the year when figs were ripe and every morning when I would take my report to him, he would always give me a little paper sack full of nice ripe figs. We never mentioned the conditions under which we were laboring to each other, but we understood the situation all right. All is well that ends well.

The city of Galveston is situated on an Island of the same name. It is said there is but one well that supplies fresh water, the others being salty. At this time the city depended on wooden cisterns built on the ground for its drinking water supply. At this time it was said there was not a milk cow on the Island, but there were whole herds of

milk goats and sometimes some of the boys were known to have had goat milk for breakfast. The seashore here was beautiful. It was almost as hard as rock and a person could wade out about a quarter of a mile before getting below your depth. It was great fun to wade as far as one could and when the tide came in, it would throw you right out on the shore, but watch out if it is going the other way.

July 29, 1865, we were mustered out of the U. S. Service. We had roll with every man's name in the company on them and we mustered out, the Officer calling each man's name and signing his name letter for letter as it was on the roll. The roll was then given to the Company Commander. We were now out of the service, but we had to go to Camp Butler, Illinois, to get our pay and discharge. We got aboard the ship that was to take us to New Orleans. We started on our journey at the entrance of the harbor. There was a large buoy to mark the place where the channel is in the shape of a steam engine boiler. It is made of iron and air-tight so that it floats on the top of the water, and was anchored to the bottom with a long chain--the links of which were made of three-fourths inch iron and attached to a heavy anchor at the bottom. We had to change pilots at this buoy, consequently they kept a small sailboat at this point with an extra pilot and one man on board. The wind was blowing a stiff breeze and just as we passed this buoy, the pilot boat came straight toward us and we would have hit it right in the middle, but our Pilot turned the helm sharply and threw the stern of the boat around so the propeller caught in the chain of the buoy. The chain being so large, it took them about a half a day to cut it in two, but we finally got started on our way again. The weather got cloudy and they lost their reckoning. Finally we ran across a small schooner and got the latitude and longitude and they told us what point of compass to run on to find the mouth of the Mississippi River. A storm came up and the vessel caught fire down in the coal bunkers. We were quartered on the upper deck. As soon as they hollered fire, all of our boys ran down below. I was the only one that did not. There was a large cover made of wood called the hatch cover. I went and stood on that as I knew if the ship went down that would float. I was scared worse than I ever was in any battle, but pretty soon they said the fire was out and we found the river and landed in New Orleans at night.

During the war, the city of New Orleans made script for money. It was good in the city but nowhere else. When we left New Orleans I had fifty dollars of this script and I asked my Officer for a pass to go down town and get it changed. He had orders not to give any passes, but under the circumstances if I wanted to run the risk of being picked up by the patrols he said it would be all right with him. So I started out and had not gone very far when I met the Patrols. They asked me for my pass. I told them what my business was and they told me to go around the block and pointed in the direction and I got to the store where I had got the script. I showed it to them and told them I was going home and could not use it and I wanted to exchange it for greenbacks. They agreed to take the script and give me other money for it. I went out of the store and started down the street and had not gone very far when I met a boy about ten or twelve years old. "Hello, Mr., can you tell me where Bullshead is?", he asked. (That was where our boats were). "Yes, come along with me, I am going up there," I answered. I started to go and he said, "It's not down that way as I just came from there." I said, "Let's cross over to the next street as I know where I am over there." We went and sure enough the boy was right. We both found our boats.

We had to transfer from the ship to a river steamboat. We got a one-horse dray. We got our things off the ship and piled them on the dray and they were pretty high. The street was paved with cobblestones and as the dray passed one box of hardtack fell off. I ran up and pitched it back on. As I gave it a swing it hit my pocket in which I had a ladies small gold watch. It bent the case and broke the watch. I repaired it and it ran all right. I had paid fifty dollars for it a short time before. My daughter now has the watch. (July 24, 1934).

We started up the Mississippi and got to Illinois Town, now called East St. Louis, August 16, 1865. We left the boat and took a train on the C. & A. Railroad for Springfield, Illinois. We stopped one hour at Alton, Illinois. Many of the boys lived there and in the surrounding country. We got to Springfield at night. They dumped us off in a lumber yard so we didn't sleep on the ground but borrowed a board from the good man and returned it in the morning. The next morning our Colonel got a train and we went about seven miles east to Camp Butler. We were now back where we started, but instead of bringing the one-hundred we took away from here, we brought back thirty-five.

August 19, 1865, we were paid off and got our discharges. We started for home arriving there midnight August 19, 1865, having been gone three years and twelve days.

This is my record:

I never drank a glass of any kind of liquor in my life. I have never used tobacco in any shape, form or fashion. I never played a game of cards. I never learned nor don't know the name of one card from another. I never played a game of dice or chuckaluck. Never played a game of baseball, football or basketball. Never bet or gambled in any way. Never was inside of a theater or hospital. Never slept in a bed during the Civil War for more than three years. I never go to prize fights or horse races. I never danced. Have not drank tea or coffee for fifty-six years. I have not used honey or sugar for more than sixty years. I use as a beverage water with a glass of milk occasionally. My policy is to love and serve God to the very best of my ability. To love my neighbor as well as I do myself and to do unto others as I would like them to do unto me. This is the only road there is to true happiness in the world and the life that is to come hereafter. In politics I am a Republican. I have voted seventeen times for President and always for a Republican. I believe in freedom and liberty and this is something we get but very little of under a Democratic Administration. The war of their party rebellion took the lives of 640,000 of the boys of the north and it never can be known how many Mothers died from worry and broken hearts against that party's great rebellion against liberty and freedom.

Now I think this is the longest article ever written by a ninety-two year old Civil War Veteran. It has approximately 22,100 words.

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