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Nov 1880
Chaplin Hills

My First Battle

Somebody has said that the world is full of misplaced people — square pegs in round holes — and as an additional illustration of the fact, I ^{find} myself, with little natural or acquired ability for such productions, asked — and consenting — to read an essay, (if this is an essay,) in the presence of ministers, lawyers, teachers, and others, of critical literary tastes. The fact is not accounted for, it only remains as a fact. Being asked, and having consented, the natural question followed, — "On what subject can I say anything of interest," — and to this question, a respected friend suggested, that nothing would be more interesting, than some narrative of personal experience, in the war, already growing into a struggle of a past that is

2) almost old, For accepting this suggestion, and venturing to rehearse again, what it seems to me must be the threadbare story of ~~seventeen~~^{twenty-four} years ago, and for the apparent egotism of choosing the story of my own experiences, I shirk the responsibility upon my friend, —

Forty ~~one~~^{one} ~~and~~^{and} ~~sixteen~~^{sixteen} years ago from the eighth of ~~that~~^{next} October, with nearly a thousand others, — almost all young men, full of patriotism, and impatient to strike blows for their country, — I stood on the bluff at Milwaukee, to take the military oath, and be mustered in as a soldier of the United States.

A few days later we encamped on Kentucky soil and began the unaccustomed life of a mobile army.

It is something of a revolution to a boy or man, brought up in the quiet and orderly habits of a home, to adopt at once a nomadic life.

Instead of leaving your bed, to return again when your usual hour arrives, and find it prepared daily by other hands, you take up your bed and walk, to put it down again, you know not when nor where nor how,

Instead of having a wardrobe kept for you by others, you carry on your shoulders all the garments you possess, — and keep yourself in such degree of comfort and cleanliness as you can attain to, Instead of regularly sitting down to a table spread for you with the acquirements of civilization, — you carry through all your tramps, your measured ration of raw material, and whenever and wherever time and opportunity serve, with such skill and success as total lack of knowledge or experience

gives, you supplement your daily duties be they light or heavy, by spreading your own feast, — Not furnished to please taste or sight, but for the one object which the very name of the providing department indicates — Subsistence —

But under the spur of necessity one learns fast, and a few weeks makes all this so habitual it seems almost the natural way of living.

We marched across Kentucky and Tennessee, and maneuvered up and down through Northern Alabama — into Georgia and Mississippi; — through the late winter and spring and summer scarcely seeing a hostile uniform, or hearing a hostile gun. Enthusiastic youth, eager and impatient to put down the rebellion, doubted if there would ever be a chance for a battle before their term of service should

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expire. — But in the early fall of 1862, the rebel army of Gen Bragg crossed the Tennessee at Chattanooga and marched northward, up the Sequatchie valley. There followed some days of uncertainty and uneasiness, — Masked behind the mountain ranges of East Tennessee, his movements and destination were difficult to learn, — The heads of his columns showed threateningly at every mountain road, — but when the foremost reached McMinnville, nearly half way across the state, — too far for a purposeful movement, — the orders went out, and the widely scattered detachments of the Army of the Ohio: — spread out like a fan, with Murfreesboro at the pivot and their front extending for a 150 miles, along the great bend of the Tennessee river, — were put in march for

their base. My own regiment was distributed for sixty miles along the Memphis and Charleston R.R. to guard the stations, and bridges. — ^{to my company} and ~~and~~ notice to march, came at midnight, when a train from the west, rolled into the bridge, where all, except the guard on duty, were sleeping — and, our major, from a platform car, shouted, "gather up your equipage, and all aboard." — In ten minutes the train rattled away from the deserted bridge.

As the sun appeared in the morning, we came in sight of Stevenson, at the junction with the road to Nashville. — none too soon — for at the same instant the first shot was fired from a rebel cannon, beyond the station. There ^{were} some hurried movements to get the men from the

cars and in line, and the train was switched off, on the northern road. For a half-hour the troops at the station were held in line, while an artillery duel went on between a battery on our side, and the guns of the invisible rebels.

When everything having been removed that could be, we filed off to the north, leaving the station to be, probably, soon occupied by the rebel detachment.

By long and rapid marches over the hot and dusty roads of southern Tennessee, we reached Murfreesboro in five days, — to find the roads to the north crowded with the gathering columns — for Bragg finding Murfreesboro and Nashville, unapproachable, was pushing forward into Kentucky. The long wearing march continued. At the

Crossing of Green river we struck into the same road along which the columns of Braggs left wing had marched, twenty-four hours in advance of us. A little later, finding that too little time was left him for a blow at Louisville, he turned off toward Eastern Kentucky and Cumberland Gap. — My regiment marched from Stevenson over seven hundred strong. — At 3.0 o'clock in the morning of the last day of September, after an all night march, less than two hundred men, ragged and weary, ragged, brown, and dusty, with nothing clean or bright, except their polished arms, — stacked their muskets and kindled their bivouac fires on the vacant lots of Louisville. Three days later refreshed, re clothed, and rejoined

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by the worn-out men, dropped in the last day and night march, — four hundred marched again in pursuit of Bragg. —

On the morning of October 8th just one year from the day we became soldiers of the Union, we marched from our bivouac near the little village of Taylorsville, and as usual tramped along the crooked Kentucky road, with no more of incident than on every previous day — The forenoon was nearly passed, when we halted for the hourly rest, — and stretched ourselves under the shadows of the rail fences, for such shelter as they afforded, from the hot sun.

The usual five minutes passed, and ten, and fifteen, — and men began, as usual, to say "Wonder what we are waiting for, — We shan't get into camp till after dark" — and then,

Suddenly, two cannon shot, rang out, away in front, and a minute later, from out the woods, which hid the road, half a mile off, came half-a-dozen cavalrymen of our advance guard, clattering back on the head of the column.

Some men got on their feet to see what was coming - and officers said - "Wonder if they have run against any thing down there" - and the skeptics, said, - "That's nothing, - No danger of our having a fight" - In a few minutes the bugle sounded and word passed to fall in, - and the men said "here we go again" - But as our men got into line, we saw the gunner of the battery which was marching in advance of our regiment,

pulling down the fence, and then they wheeled their guns into the old cornfield at the side and we followed.

We saw the guns go into position on a ridge perhaps forty rods forward and we filed into line in the hollow behind, about a dozen rods away, and were ordered to lie down, — and then, the artillery in our front were making the echoes of the Kentucky hills, and overhead shot and shells were screeching.

I don't know how it may have been with others, — for myself, I seemed to be a little dazed, — I couldn't quite realize yet that we were in a fight, or at least the very active, preliminary, of one. From our position in the hollow we could see nothing except our battery in front, which was thundering away furiously, — and the shot from the rebel battery

bounding over the ridge behind us. Shells began to burst overhead, as the rebel gunners improved in the range, and it made one's flesh crawl, to hear the long whirr of the splinters, which, one could not see, nor ~~not~~ tell where they would strike. —

Men began to get nervous, and say "Lieutenant, I don't like this" — It was hardly to be supposed, they would ~~enjoy~~ enjoy it — — — — but as yet, no one was hit. —

I don't know how long this lasted. — it may have been fifteen minutes — it may have been an hour — when the firing lulled a little, and at the call to attention, the men sprang to their feet. — We filed off to the left and advanced upon the ridge, where the country lay before us, — and

this is what we saw, — Just in front of us, the crest of the ridge on which we stood — a little down the slope and five or six rods away, a rail fence partly torn down, — beyond, a narrow valley, — and perhaps, forty or fifty rods away, the opposite ridge with a stone wall along the top.

Just at our left, the ridge we occupied, and the opposite one ended at a transverse valley, down which we could see for a mile in front.

Still to the left of us, and perhaps forty rods away the ridge rose again, lower than our position, — and extended out of sight among the scattered trees.

A crop the transverse valley, to the left of the ridge in our front, but a little further away was the nearer side of a piece of woods which bounded our view in that direction.

And as we halted, we saw a long

lines of rebel infantry, coming into view, from behind the opposite ridges, — and marching, at double quick and in some disorder across the transverse valley toward the woods. —

Our colonel saw them too, and shouted, — "Go K, put up your sights to 1000 yard and open fire"

With what effect this order was obeyed I could not tell, but the distance was great, and only accidental hits were made.

They were lost to view as they reached the wood, — but in a moment the rattling crash of musketry, from its shadows, made our hearts stand still. — and then from the edge of the timber, where they had entered their skulkers, and slightly wounded began to appear, — first — a few, then by

dozens, perhaps hundreds, running across the valley, or seeking shelters to hide behind, — Still the roar of the musketry in the woods was sustained, and slowly it came nearer — our own men appeared on the near side of the forest, in some disorder, — but coming back slowly, firing as they came — And looking to the ridge, beyond our left, I saw it, crowned with a battery of artillery and a line of infantry, — I do not know if they had just taken position or were there before our own arrival in line, but there they were, and as the retiring line joined them, and the rebels appeared in the edge of the woods they opened fire, — I do not know, if our own battery had been firing all this time, — I do not know how long a time it was, — I only know that I had watched the trees

and listened, to the swelling roar from among them, - and perhaps had seen that my own men stood fast. - But now, we were ^{to be} no longer idle watchers of our comrades struggle, bullets began to hiss overhead and our own line was ordered to commence firing. - On the opposite ridge a swarm of rebel infantry were coming into line behind the stone wall, and almost before we had time to think, there was an unceasing hiss and hum of bullets, around and over us, accentuated by the loud scream of shot and shells, and occasionally by the hoarse notes, of pieces of railroad iron, which went tumbling end over end through the air, thrown

at us by the rebel guns. Our men were falling too, — and yet were not half so nervous, and uneasy as while listening to the flight of ~~shot and shells~~ shells that hit nobody. They were ordered to lie down — but most were on their knees — settled down to steady firing — which went on with deadly monotony — a monotony unbroken by any movement of shifting lines or maneuvering columns.

In our front a rebel battery was thundering at us, — away off to our right, another, almost enfilading our lines was sending its shells howling overhead. — At the right of our regiment, our own brigade battery of six guns, was making the solid ground tremble with its rapid volleys, — the hot and smoking guns bounding at every discharge, — down at our left, ~~behind~~ ^{beyond} the narrow ^{interval} valley, another

was showering canister and shells across the valley in our front.

The steady roar of the guns was ringing in our ears, and through it, and with it, the crackling rattling crash of musketry came always, — but more clear and deadly than all other sounds, forcing itself to be heard, over ^{and} through the roar of the cannon, the crash of musketry, — ~~even~~ the screaming flight of ~~shot~~ ~~and~~ shells, — was that sharp unceasing hiss of the leaden bullets, overhead — around, sometimes patter-
ing on the ground in front, or striking with a dull sound, that told they had not come on an idle errand.

And yet no man, so far as I could see, in all the lines, showed any signs of faltering, or thought of retreat — no man looked at his comrades, as if

doubtful of their support. — each man kept straight at his duty, as if with full confidence that all others would do the same — A very triumph of discipline. No need for officers here, to use force, or persuasion, or arguments to keep men to their posts. The duty was done in standing by with words of caution and encouragement. No doubt many wished in their hearts, as I did, that this were all ended, — but if they thought of any other end, than fighting out the battle till it was won, they made no sign. There may have been incidents enough, — yet ^{to me} it seems mostly an afternoon of steadily roaring guns, — of screaming shot, — and falling men.

A bright boy of 18, sick in the morning, and left to ride in the

ambulance, at the first gun of the opening battle took his rifle and started forward to join his company - A few minutes after we were fairly engaged, he lay dead, - shot through from breast to back. Our major was on his horse behind the line, - at the first volley his horse dropped with a dozen bullets through him. - An hour later, I heard the thud of two bullets in quick succession, and looking round saw the major himself dead, - Ammunition was running low. Each wounded man who went to the rear was stripped of his cartridge box, The boxes of the dead were emptied.

The muskets were foul with long firing - One excited captain added to the list of wounded by running a ramrod through,

his hand, while assuring one of his men to drive home a ball.

A cool fellow in my company took out his tools and greased rags and cleaned out his gun in the height of the battle, — another, who wore his blankets in a long coil over his shoulder and across his breast, received a bullet, which was only prevented from going through him by the thick roll of blankets.

He only remarked, with a smile pointing to the spot — "Look at that Lieutenant" — Another, wearing a well filled knapsack, turned his back while loading, and received two bullets in the knapsack, which elicited only the comment, "Lucky I had

that knapsack". Another whose fouled rifle misfired, appealed to me. I helped him to pick the tube and work in a little powder from an opened cartridge, and then I leveled and fired it, and that was my first ~~and~~ shot at the rebellion.

Three times, from the opposite ridge, the rebel lines had essayed to advance, — but each time had succeeded in getting no further than over the wall — when they broke and retreated to its cover. — The firing was slackened now, for many of our men were out of ammunition — and no signs of a new supply — When men turned to say "I have only half a dozen cartridges left" we could only

say "Fire slow and make them count." — And then we heard the voice of the colonel. — "Pick up your dead and wounded and fall back" — Men looked at each other in surprise — there was no relieving line in sight — and it seemed like abandoning our post — but obeyed. We marched to the rear a few rods then filed off to the left into the transverse valley, and halted — They said we were waiting for ammunition, but none came, — and we marched to the rear, perhaps a quarter of a mile, and here we came upon the ammunition wagons. Shells were bursting overhead, but it seemed a safe and sheltered hollow, compared to

with the shot swept ridge in front, and the men who went with me to bring cartridges, - laughed at the nervous movements of the driver when a shell splinter struck the wagon, and he allowed the case of cartridges he had just lifted on the edge of the sideboard, to fall to the ground, before they could take it. The butt of a musket opened the case, and cartridge-boxes were quickly refilled. The ammunition did not fit our guns - but it could be used - As we marched up another ridge, we saw the new line, rushing at double quick, up the slope to take the place we had left. The blaze of their guns at their first volley, shone red in the darkening air. It was already night. It was eleven o'clock

when we made our halt by the roadside, and the ominous roar of cannon first startled us - and that seemed scarcely an hour ago, - but now, while we looked, the gathering darkness shut out, from view, all but the flash of guns, - the flashes grew less - the roar of the cannon ceased - and the battle was ended. We lay along the hill where we had last halted, - in momentary expectation of orders to take a new position - exhausted men dropped asleep on the ground, - the wakeful talked low, of the comrades gone, or the incidents of the day. Hours went on - and excitement gave way to fatigue and exhaustion, - and we slept on our arms, till the first signs of the coming day showed in the east.

Then the ranks stood to arms, in anxious expectation of the coming renewal of the conflict, — but the morning grew into day, — the sun came up, and rose above the trees, — and no noise of battle came back from the front, — not even the musket of a solitary picket, — And then there were rumors that the enemy were gone from our front, — the rumor grew into certainty, — the battle was really ended.

And now we had time to count the losses. Of the 5600 men who marched in the ranks of the Third Division yesterday, over 2000 are there no longer. We looked at our own battallion line, shrunken almost to half its length, — Of the ^{287?}387 men, "present for duty" on our morning reports

yesterday. 153 lie wounded in hospitals, or silent and cold on the bare ridge yonder. Of our color guard, every man was killed or wounded. —

And this was the official commendation.

Head Quarters Army of the Ohio.

(October 12th 1862

General Orders No. 47.)

The battle of Chaplin Hills fought near Perryville on the 8th inst, will stand conspicuous for its severity, in the history of the rebellion. It deserves to be commemorated for the determined valor displayed by that portion of the army that was engaged. The principal force of the enemy, on chosen ground, under Gen. Bragg, attacked our left wing as it was moving into position after a fatiguing march. The suddenness and strength of the

attack, and the fall of two of their gallant leaders, Jackson and Simell, caused some of the new troops of the Sixth Division to fall into disorder, and threw the weight of the battle, mainly on the Third Division. This was subsequently reinforced by two brigades from the center corps which itself had met with considerable opposition in moving into position. The enemy was repulsed with heavy loss; and when the army advanced to the attack at 6 o'clock the following morning, was found to have retreated during the night. — The good conduct exhibited by the troops on this field, only realized that which the General has always confidently expected of them. Fortuitous circumstances which so often affect the incidents of war, screened the enemy from a

combined effort of the ~~different~~ different corps until night intervened to prevent his defeat from terminating in the destruction of his army; but the thanks of the General are not the less due to the gallant officers and men under his command.

In the battle and on on the march the old troops have given the highest proofs of discipline and courage.

The nation will mourn the loss of the heroes who fell at Chaplin Hill; it will honor those who prove worthy to fill their places

By Command of
Major Gen. Buell

Jas B. Fry Col. & Chief of Staff.

Chaplin Hills

An item of this ancient history may be of interest to the old boys of the 10th if not to others.

The Third Division went into action at Chaplin Hills with about 5600 men - 14 battalions of infantry and three batteries of artillery. - In about three hours it sustained a loss of over 2100 in killed and wounded.

This exceeds by more than 500 the entire loss in killed and wounded in all arms during the entire Spanish war in 1898. I think the War Department's last revised figures put that loss at 1585.

And this occurred in an almost unknown battle. I doubt if on the streets of any Wisconsin City you could find one person in fifty who would know such a battle was ever fought either under the name it bears in the official report, or under the more common name of the battle of Perryville.

Seven years ago, in the principal city of the state where this battle was fought and little more than fifty miles from the field. I inquired at three R.R. stations, how to reach this

over

field, or the town near it,
At the last one, a bureau of
information was presided over by
a gentleman, presumably expert
in such matters.

When he informed me that he
could not give the route a
woman standing by, said - "I
can tell you how to get there"
She knew because she lived in
that vicinity

Murfreesboro Tenn
June 21 '63

Execution, deserter

Camp 10th Wis. Vols.
Murfreesboro, June 21st '63

Dear Mother,

I believe I have written
once or twice since I have rec'd
any letters from home, but I don't
know as I can spend part of this
Sunday morning any better than in
writing you a few lines.

I had a letter from Jane a couple of
days ago. Said she expected to
start immediately for home, so I suppose
if nothing happened she is there
before this. I should like to drop
in on you all, some of these days,
But I fear the chance is not very

good. When my eyes were sore I had some thoughts of applying for leave of absence, but I don't know as I should dare try it now. One captain in our division sent up an application for sick leave, and instead, he got an order to join the Invalid corps. He sent back a request to be returned to duty with his regiment, stating that he had improved so much in the two days after his application was sent in, as to be fit for duty. I wouldn't get into the Invalid corps, and have to command a lot of whining convalescents, for any thing if I could help it.

Witnessed yesterday a military execution. There was a man sentenced for murder by the military authorities a couple of weeks ago, there being no civil courts here; but the man executed yesterday, was shot for desertion, in presence of the whole division. The troops, (fourteen regiments of infantry and

and three batteries of artillery,) were formed in double lines on three sides of a square, inclosing fifteen or twenty acres, and the prisoner was brought out and marched down between the lines. He was preceded by a band from the Regular brigade, playing a dead-march and by the party of eighteen men detailed for the execution and followed by four men carrying his coffin, and by a company of the Provost Guard. After passing through the lines, the prisoner and escort marched to the center of the square where his coffin was placed on the ground and himself seated on it.

The guns of the firing party were loaded with half with ball, and half with blank cartridges and they were drawn up about two rods in front of the prisoner and a platoon of the guard on each side of him. A chaplain made a prayer, and then the Provost Marshal read

the charges, and the finding & sentence of the court, with the order of the Gen. for the execution, and at the same time the Adjutant of each regiment read a copy before his regt. Then the Provost Marshal gave the command to fire, and at the volley he dropped on the ground, and never stirred, having four balls through the breast and one through the neck. The men were very silent after the prisoner was brought into the square, though they made a good many comments before. They all seemed to think it served him right. He went over to the enemy and was captured about a month after. ||

I have been looking for a letter from Julian for several days, but from the recent news from Virginia, I presume he is again in active service, and I shall not be surprised if he has little time to write letters for a month to come. I infer from a paragraph in today's paper that Moccum's corps is near Leesburg,

Camp Andrew Jackson
Nashville Tenn

March 10'62

about prospects & commission
& a freezing Morgan's cavalry

Camp Andrew Jackson, near
Nashville, Tenn. March 10th 1862

Dear Mother

Your kind letter of the 2nd Feb
was received after some delay caused by our move-
ments, and found us away down in "Secession's"
hated for a rest & I suppose to concentrate
& prepare for an advance still further.

I have just received a letter from
John which gave two pieces of good news.
One, that they are advancing into Virginia,
and the other that he has received his
commission as 1st Lt. Co., 2nd Regt. 7th.
I congratulate him on his good luck for
the position of 1st Lt. implies more work
for head & hands than any other in the
service, & the possession of those magical
shoulder straps, quadrangles his pay, and

reduce his work to a half. It adds
something to his expenses too, but if there
is prudent he can make good ways.
I think you & the correspondent of the Times
who professed for me such an early
opportunity to get promoted were rather
fool. I have not been so sanguine of
receiving a commission, and consequently
am not disappointed. When Brig. Hill
was appointed Brigade Commissary, Capt.
Hillier thought I would get a commission
right off, and told me so, but we found
out that he would retain his commission
unless the Brigade was permanently organized
which has not been done, so I did not
get it that time, but I guess I expected
it as little as any body, and did not
feel very bad in consequence of "hope
deferred". I think there is some slight
prospect now that I may get a Lieutenantcy.
but I shan't make any great spread on it
before I get it, and if I never get one
I shall be satisfied if we accomplish

the object for which I enlisted. //

We do not get much early news here, but we have a generally credited rumor that Manassas is abandoned by the enemy, & tonight a flying rumor that Richmond is taken, is around the camp.

We have constantly a lot of ridiculous stories around and can't believe a true story when we hear it. The Nashville paper tonight reports that Gen. Coates has totally defeated the "Secesh" in Missouri & Arkansas.

We have never seen an enemy yet, at least not an armed body of them, and have not gained any glorious victories, but if the good object is gained, the end reached, I don't care if we never see one. We were out on picket for the first time last week, and were posted some 8 miles from here with nobody between us and the enemy, during the afternoon Lieut. Ford & myself with a few men went on a scout, 3 or 4 miles beyond our lines but we didn't see any body. A couple of days after, however, some of the enemy, known as Morgan's cavalry

made a dash inside of our lines and captured
a train²⁰ of wagons with provisions for our
cavalry regt, and about 60 men, but it didn't
do them much good, Our cavalry instantly
started in pursuit and in a couple of hours
recaptured all the horses & wagons & men &
took 700 prisoners from the other side. //

I send you a specimen of southern currency
which they use here. I have tried to get some
of the confederate scrip but I can't find any.

It is after tattoo and I must close now,
remember me to all the children, I hope
they will write when they have leisure.

I don't have a great deal.

Your son
L Dwight Hinkley

Murfreesboro Tenn
Camp Van Buren

Mar 31 62

pay it to check the rest
of the boys (and)

Camp Van Buren,
Murfreesboro Tenn. March 31st 62

Dear Mother,

I take the opportunity which
a little leisure affords, to write you a
few lines. I think I have not written
to you since we reached this camp, which
we did a little over a week ago. Perhaps
you will wonder where Murfreesboro is; I
never heard of it till we got to Nashville.
It is a very fine village, considerably larger
than Nashville, and was formerly the capital
of the state. The night we got here we
marched pretty late. We halted for the
night after dark 4 or 5 miles from here,
and had just got fairly settled down

and taken a bite of supper, when we
got orders to march on. So we started
about 8 o'clock, and between 12 & 1 o'clock
in the morning we reached our present
camp ground. We had some compensation
for our late march in seeing our regimental
standard flying from the dome of the
court house the next morning.

Our Col. is Provost Marshal and the
regt. is provost guard for the town.

We have got a splendid camp ground
here and now after a weeks stay we have
got the streets all smoothed & leveled,
the stumps grubbed out, and evergreens set
out, along the sides. The ground slopes
off easily down to a little stream
which runs along the front of the camp,
and a few fine large trees are scattered
around. Across the creek lies the village
of which we have a beautiful view and
it is a handsome one, ^{and} there are a good
many peach trees in the gardens and
now they are all in. Blow. The boys

like the duty here, though it comes
pretty often, and for one who have no
guard duty to do, it is the easiest place
we have had in a long time
I have to call the roll morning &
evening, detail the guards & march
them out at guard mounting, which
with other morning work keeps me
pretty busy till 9 o'clock after which
I have only miscellaneous work to
attend to, still I seem to have something
to do so far. Every morning at 1/2 past 4
the fatigue call is beaten and all the
tents must be put in order, blankets folded
&c. and the streets all swept clean, nobody
is allowed to throw any dirty water or anything
else in the streets. It is the best spot
we have had for a camp, and the officers
intend to keep it very nice.
Capt. Hellger has been unwell since we
have been here, and in fact sometime
before, and he has tendered his resignation.
It is not yet accepted but I think it will

be. I am sorry to have him leave us, though
it may give me some chance for a commission.
He has favored me more than I should have
expected from any one else.

I have had no letters from Julian since the
second of March, our mail has been very
irregular since we commenced our movements
& I presume it has been the same with him.
At any rate the 3d regt. is now where they have
been wishing to be, after the "success" in "old
Virginia". It is getting late and I must close,
I shan't ask you questions about things at
home, for I am sure you know what will
be interesting, or rather, that anything about
home will be interesting to me. If you don't
have leisure to write perhaps you can
inspire Mary or Aaron with a philanthropic
desire to benefit me. Mary used to be a good
hand to write news when there was not much
going on. Perhaps she thinks I have had more
letters than I have written, but I hope a letter
to mother will be taken as intended, for the
whole family.

The paymaster is here & we expect to get two
months pay to-morrow. I have got money
enough, but it tickles the rest of the boys so
I may as well feel good to. Good bye,

Your son

L. Dwight Hinkley

Huntsville Ala
Apr 14 '62

Camp Pike
Huntsville, Ala. April 14th 1862

Dear Mother,

I take this opportunity to let you know that I am still well, and that we have at last got away down here into a gulf state, and right into the midst of Secession of the most furious type. The people here are terribly bitter against us and terribly frightened too. One of the Ohio boys went into a house the other day and I presume had a quarrel with the woman who took his company and tried to stab him with it.

Some of our boys went to a house near where they were stationed to guard a bridge and the woman sat wringing her hands

and begging them not to kill her.

It took them some time to convince her that they did not intend to hurt her nor her property.

Our opportunities to write or receive letters or get other news, are rather limited just at present.

We hear rumors that Grant & Buell have totally defeated the enemy at Corinth which spoils our chance of fighting if true, also that island No. 10, is taken. but don't know whether it is true or not.

Capt. Hillger has resigned and gone home for which I am sorry, though I am likely to get a commission in consequence.

The mail leaves immediately and I have no time to write more, than that I am well, have not seen in my field yet and am not likely to be at present as I see & hope to hear from you soon.

Your Son

L. D. Ankley

Direct to Gen. Mitchell's Division

Huntsville Ala

The improved bill is one
of the old demand notes,
and is worth a premium
of 50 cents. Please ask your
Judge the receipt of this
in your next, so that
I shall know if you
get it. Yours Durecht.

Woodville Ala
July 24 '62
Fragging & info 2 registers

Woodville, Ala. July 24th '62

Dear Mother,

Your welcome letter was received
yesterday, and I employ a little
leisure time in answering it.

I wrote to Maria a few days ago &
presume you have got the letter before
this, if it wasn't captured by the Secesh.

There was quite an excitement, & lots of
ridiculous stories afloat, along this road
a few days ago, caused by the Secesh
making a dash into Murfreesboro &
capturing the guard stationed there, and
temporarily interrupting our communications.

But it is all cooled off now & nobody
hurt except the careless guards at Murfrees-
boro. I have got as well as ever and
do as much as any body, which is no great

thing, however, as all the duty our men have
to do amounts to less than 4 1/2 hours in 24
sig. 1 1/2 hours guard duty, 2 hours drill, and
1/2 an hour police duty. It is steady, warm,
weather now, and I presume the thermometer
has been above 90° every day for a month, &
from that to above a hundred degrees.
The people here say that July is about the
warmest month in the year, if so the heat
will not trouble us much, as our men
stand it first rate. We returned to our
quarters yesterday after a two days hunt for
guerrillas. We went down the R.R. about a
dozen miles, left the cars at dark, and
marched 10 or 12 miles halting at 1 o'clock,
after a rest of a couple of hours we started
again and went 5 or 6 miles further and
reached the vicinity to which we were bound
a short time after sunrise. Here we had
the disappointment to find that the company
we were in search of, had left during the
night. The cavalry which accompanied us
were in advance, and when we came up with

have them, they were searching the premises
of a man who is brother-in-law to the
Capt. of the company we were after. They had
found some sutler's goods which the guerrillas
captured a few days ago, consisting of crackers,
toilet soap, tobacco, liquor, & miscellaneous
articles. Our boys went to searching too and
soon found a couple of barrels of crackers,
two sets of goat harness &c. hid in a
straw stack, and all hands together
discovered about a wagon load of goods
on the premises. Some of the darkies came
around after a while and told the boys
that their master had a couple of wagons
hid on the hill back of his house, and that
he had sent some horses & mules into the
woods before we got there. A squad of men
started off with the negro for guide and soon
came back with 2 horses & 2 mules, one of the
wagons was hunted up, and a team equipped.
The recovered property was loaded into the wagon
and we started back, the cavalry taking with them
the man on whose premises we had found the goods.

Like all the rest of the citizens here, he professed to be strongly
opposed to bushwhacking, and was strongly ignorant of
the existence of things which we found to be right in this
house. The people here begin to realize some increments
of slavery. They have been sleeping a rattlesnake
leaged and now it begins to bite them. Every plan
they lay to do no mischief some negro finds out &
opposes. Negroes tell us where to find all forage, who
are the leaders of secession, where the bushwhackers
hide, and almost every thing which they don't want
us to know.

This war is making a great revolution in the opinion
of the intelligent men in the army. When we came
into the Southern states three quarters of the officers
& men in the ^{so far as my knowledge extends} western army were fast to declare that they
wanted nothing to do with the negroes, that they were not
fighting an abolition war &c, but now they are getting
disgusted with the careful avoidance, by our generals,
of all action in conflict with the institution, and I have
heard some of these same conservative officers declare
that they were in favor of emancipation, confiscation,
or any thing else, rather than this gingerly handling
of those who are doing all they can against the government.

Apples and peaches are getting ripe here
we have plenty of them to eat. Sometimes, I suspect,
the boys help themselves without leave, at other
places they have any quantity, and tell us to get all
we want. I am sorry to hear that your crops are
not flourishing this season. What does Major do with
himself Sundays &c. He has not written to me in a
long time. I don't know but he will say I haven't written
to him, but my letters are family letters for the use
of all. What did you do to pay the fourth?
We went off with us just the same as any
other day. I meant to write more, but am
afraid I shan't have time before the arrival of the train
which takes our mail. So I will say good bye.

Your son L Dwight Hinkley

Bardstown June

Nov 28 '61

Friday

Thursday

Nov. 28th 1861

Bardstown Junction Ky

Dear Mother,

I have been looking, this week for a letter from home, but have not yet received any.

This is thanksgiving day, and a rainy, muddy, day. Some of our boys have letters from Wis. which say they have 6, or 8 inches of snow there. Here it is so warm that I am comfortably writing in the tent. We have had colder weather than this, however, and gloves have been in demand, some mornings. Capt. Hillyer gave a thanksgiving dinner to the

Lieutenants and Sergeants, and it was a first rate one.

We are still doing guard duty at the same place where I wrote last, but are expecting every day to go further south. There are a good many troops coming into Ky. now. Several thousand have arrived in Louisville this week & we expect to see them coming down by here pretty soon. A party from our Co performed our first exploit last Saturday, ^{Nov 23rd} the capture of a couple of deserters from the 19th Ill. regt.

It seems to be the general expectation of military men in this part of the country that we have Buckner in pretty close quarters where he will have to surrender if he don't look out. I suppose we shall find out pretty soon.

The people around here are very friendly and all apparently good union men. Our boys stroll around the country considerable, and are very hospitably treated wherever they stop.

The tattoo has been beaten, & it is about time for me to stop.

I hope I shall hear from home soon. I want to know if my papers went all safe. I hope Myron & the girls will write when they have leisure without waiting for me to ~~set~~ the example, as I don't have much.

Yours Son,

L. Dwight, Hinkley
Co. K. 10th Regt. M. I.
Shepherdsville
Bullitt Co.
Ky.

Bardston June Ky
Nov 13 '61
Louisville

Bardston, Junction
Nov. 13th 1861

Dear Mother,

Here we are in "Old Kentucky". I meant to have written to you before we left Mil. but in the hurry of preparation did not get a chance. We left Mil. last Saturday morning, Nov. 9 in the cars. Arrived at Chicago late in the afternoon. Left there about dark & arrived at Indianapolis Sunday noon. Stopped there about an hour and started again for Jeffersonville on the bank of the Ohio. We got there about dark and staid all night in the depot

We found quite a change of temperature from that of Mill. Our boys found it quite too warm to sleep in the cars, and spread themselves out on the tops of the cars, and on the boxes of goods in the depot. I laid myself on the top of a car, and slept very comfortably without a blanket. Monday morning we crossed the Ohio to Louisville and marched through the city to the depot of the L. & Nashville R. R. where the citizens of L. provided us a breakfast, (as they have for every regt. which has passed through there). We then took the cars, & came out 20 miles south to Shepherdsville where the regt. encamped. The next day ^{yesterday} before we got fairly settled, our Co. was ordered to this place 4 miles further on, and we packed up and started in quick time leaving our tents to be sent after us.

They did not reach us yesterday,
and last night we made our
first bivouack in the open air.
It was a very fine, warm moonlight
night, and we all got along
finely. There is no village here
and our business here, is, to guard
a bridge & water tank, and the
Station and switches at the junction
which is about a 1/4 of a mile
from the bridge. It is a post of
some importance as there is a
sincon army of from 20 to 40,000
south of us whose supplies all
go over this road, and this is the
only water station for 40 or 50 miles.
There is no particular danger in this
place, the guard being required
to prevent any stray secession
sympathiser from burning the bridge
or destroying the tank.

Inclosed I send ten dollars 5 in
U.S. currency & 5 in gold. I sent while

in Mil., my papers together, I hope
he will write and let me know if
they all came straight.

The address is "Co. K. 10th Regt. M. I.
Chap. Herdoville. Bullitt Co, Ky.

I send you some poor photographs
which I had taken in Mil. I meant
to have got some better ones but did
not have time.

This is a rough scrawl but I am
sure you will not criticise it.

I'm haste,

Your Son

L. Dwight, Ambley

Please give my best
respects to all your family
and await in the land of
the pilgrims, when you
write to them, for I don't
have time to do it myself.
I don't ever write home
and to Indian friends either,
but other correspondents, except
our company command, is only
occasional. I will oblige you
the girls to write as often as they
can, for the letters never come
Did father have
any grain to sell
at the high price of
the last month?

Murfreesboro Tenn
Mar 1 '63
G. D. H.

10th Wis. Vol. Inf.
Murfreesboro, Tenn. March 1st 1862

I devote the leisure of this ^{bright} Sunday
morning to a letter home; though I can
hardly call it morning, for it is near-
ly noon. Regulations require an
inspection of every company by its
commander at 4 o'clock on Sunday
morning and this, with other duty
usually takes up a good part of the fore-
noon. We never have any drills, or
do any unnecessary police duty, on Sunday,
but guards and pickets, mount as
on other days, and if necessary forage
trains go out. We have had no
Chaplain in our regiment since we
were at Bacon Creek, and I think I
have heard preaching only once or
twice since then. When I am not

on duty, which may be half the time,
I generally spend the day, writing, and
reading, when I can get any thing worth
reading. I rec'd two letters from home
last week; one of Jan. 26th the other of Feb.
15th, and a General yesterday, all of
which, of course gave me much pleasure.
I have written three or four since the
one you mention having received,
which, if the mail carriers do their
duty, you have received before this.

We are still, in breathless suspense,
awaiting the movements of the paymaster,
who has commenced paying our brigade,
but hasn't got through with the first
regiment yet. A Mr. King (brother
to your neighbor), who belongs to the
21st regiment, was here to see me
a few days ago; he said he had
seen me at home, but I thought
it must have been Julian, as I
have no recollection of ever seeing him,
Myron must have grown some if

my coat fits him. You had better
and give all of the clothes in my trunks,
with for I am not likely to want them soon
unless I get mustered out by a con-
solidation. I would like pretty well
to see you all this spring, but that
is out of the question; I am too
miserably healthy ever to get leave of
absence, and if I could it would
be for so short a period, it wouldn't
be worth spending the money for.
In one week, half, my term of service
expires; it looks like a long while, a
year and a half ahead, but the time
that is passed does not look long, when
I review it. The rapidly succeeding
events, since the guerilla bands first
assailed our lines of communication, and
for a while, last August, isolated us in
the midst of the enemy's country, have
almost seemed like the doings of a week,
instead of half a year. I had ^a letter
from Henry last week. He is

express messenger between Berlin & Haricon
Days he is not yet entirely recovered from
the disease, (dysentery) on which he got
his discharge. We have considerable rain
and the mud, in consequence is pretty
deep. We have expected to move from here
before long, but cannot do it till the roads
become dryer. The rebels are reported to be
at Tallahoma, which is something over
40 miles from here, their advanced post
being at Shelbyville, 12 or 15 miles nearer.

We generally see their cavalry when we
go to the front on foraging expeditions.
Col. Mr. Myron, who has been to Wisconsin
returned today. I don't know whether I ever
told you that our old Colonel resigned when
we first came here. We have no captain
yet. It seems to be our fortune to have but
one officer, on duty at a time. Lieut. Hills
is occupied in settling up the business of the
commissary department, from which he has been
relieved. I don't think he will ever do duty
with the company, as he is not able to stand
the fatigue. I hope this may find you
all well and enjoying yourselves as is,
Your affectionate son
L. Wright Hinkley,

Waukegan, Wis

May 5 61

Dear Mother

Waukegan May 5th 1861

Dear Mother,

Dear Mother I have not written home for you some time that I am almost ashamed of myself, but the fact is there has been so much excitement here lately that I couldn't write. Two weeks ago didn't look like Sunday here, the streets were full of men all day and enlisting was going on.

We are not in quite so much of a fever now, and the boys in the company here are getting anxious if we can't go. Our Waukegan company falls in the third regiment, while the President's proclamation as yet calls for only one from this state. That one is in camp at Janesville, and the

Gov. has ordered the second to send down
at Chaddison in anticipation of another
call. The rest are alternately hoping
and fearing according to the shifting
probabilities. Infirm is orderly sergeant
of the company which gives him considerable
to do. He has to keep the muster roll and
do the writing of the company, and he
says I will have to write his letters
for him while he stays here.

I know you are apt to borrow trouble,
mother, and I don't know but you
will worry because Indian has enlisted,
but if I was in your place I wouldn't
get about it, perhaps they will
never leave town, and if they should
of worrying would be all lost, besides
not doing him or you any good any way
more than that if they are ordered for
service, it is the opinion of those who
are great at guessing that the Wis. soldiers
will go to Cairo in Ill. where they may

never see an enemy. Julian has
made up his mind that it is
his duty to go, it certainly seems to be
necessary for somebody to do so, and
though I shall be ever sorry to have
him leave, as any one, I can at least
take so much of a philosophical view of
the matter, as to see that the danger at
present is rather small. The company
formed here contains a large proportion
of the best of the young men of the town,
so that so far as associates are concerned
Julian would never have better.

I have not concluded yet that I ought
to fight, but I suppose you won't be
that surprised if I should before six
months go round.

My dear letter is all war so far as in
fact there is no other topic here.
Are the girls away to school now?
And how does the farming progress
this spring. Cowing is not done yet

Madwaukee Wis

Nov 4 '61

no 425

Camp, Holton, Wis.
Nov. 4th 1861

Dear Father

Inclosed I send you
my papers which I wish you
to take care of. I have, all
the time, thought I should
get a chance to come home
and make you a short visit,
but, as we shall probably leave
here Thursday, the 7th that
prospect is at an end.

The papers inclosed are,

C. Wells' note	\$122,50	Due Sept 24/62
B Johnson's "	75,00	" Jan. 1 st 1862
A. J. Ellis' "	129,32	" Sept. 21/62
" " " "	100,00	" " " "
" " " "	two receipts.	

There is also a receipt for Wheat
which belongs to Julian. There is
only one of the notes which comes
due very soon. Unless I should
send some other word I hope you
will make the best use of
them. Write to me as soon
as you hear from me again and
let me know if this comes to
hand all right. If you go to
Waupun this fall you can take
my trunks home if you choose, &
if the folks find anything in them
which they can use, they are welcome
to them. I have a trunk & valise &
Julian a trunk at Ellis', the keys
of all but the valise are at Mr. Wells.
I have one pretty good suit in my
trunk, the rest might as well be
made over for Myron or used in any
other way. The probable destination
of our rept. is Louisville Ky.

and we shall most likely be
there this week. We have got
nearly all our equipments & I expect
we shall have a pretty good load
when we get them all on.

I hope Myron & the girls will
not wait for me to write, but let
me hear from them as often as
possible, I presume they will have
more leisure than I will.

I suppose mother will not need
an invitation to write.

I don't have much expectation of
coming home before my time is
out, though some think the war
will be ended in a great
deal less time. If it is I shall
be agreeably disappointed.

I will write again as soon as we
come to a halt.

Your son,

L. D. Hinkley

Bacon Creek Ky
Dec 21, '61

Camp ^{Jefferson} ~~Washington~~,
Bacon Creek, Ky. Dec. 21st. 1861.

Dear Mother,

Since I wrote you last we have changed our quarters, and are now within eight miles of Green river, the advanced line of our army. We staid at Elizabeth ^{Dec. 17} a week and last Tuesday the whole Brigad which is composed of 4 Ohio regiments and ours, started forward. We marched 12 or 13 miles the first day and camped at night near two other brigades, which moved forward in the morning with us. It made a long string

filling the road for 3 or 4
miles. We camped the second
night at the place where we
still remain. The country around
here is full of camps, and I suppose
all the way from here to Green river.

We passed old camps all along
the road which were occupied a week
ago by a good many thousand men,
all of whom have moved ahead
of us. A few of our men are
reported to be on the other side
of Green river, and the advanced
posts of Gen. Buckner's army are said
to be 3 or 4 miles from them.

A little skirmish took place
down there the day we arrived here.

We expected to move the next
day, when we stopped here, but
are still waiting expecting to go
every day. All the army in
central Kentucky, which must

be near a hundred thousand
men are slowly moving south.
I expect before I write again, we
shall be nearer Nashville.

The weather here has been
beautiful for the last fortnight,
today it is a little colder, so
that over-coats are comfortable.

We don't see anything that looks
like hostility yet. The people all
seem to be friendly. I don't know
as it will seem like war till
we see some of Buckner's men.

I had a letter from Julian
yesterday. He was well & expected
to stay in Frederick this winter.
It is after "taps", and I shall
have to stop.

Hoping to hear from you soon I am,
Your Son,

L Dwight Hinkley
Via Elizabethtown Ky. Co. K. 42.

Louisville Ky
Sept 30, '62

Louisville, Ky.
Sept 30, '62

Louisville, Ky, Sept. 30th 62

Dear Mother,

You may perhaps have discovered by the papers, that we, with the rest of the army of the Ohio, after a march of 300 miles have been concentrated before this city, and will not be surprised at the date of this. For nearly two months, we were almost without communications with the "outside world" having received but one mail in that time. We left our positions on the M. & C. R. R. on the night of Sunday Aug. 31st by cars, and reached Stevenson just before noon Monday. We reached the depot just as a force of the enemy from Bridgeport fired their first shot. The way we tumbled off the cars and formed in vain slow. We marched up to the foot where our artillery was replying to that of the enemy, and stood there in line about half an

low. While these three shot from the enemy went
over our line striking about 20 rods in the rear, all their
shells burst before they got half way, that is the nearest I
have been to being "under fire". They presently ceased
firing, whether silenced by the superiority of our cannon, or not,
I don't know, though our shells seemed to burst very near
them, while theirs did no damage. While we were at Co
the last the train with our baggage started for
Nashville, and after the wagons were loaded with stores, or
the force at Stevenson, consisting of our regt, the 15th Mich. In
& two companies of engineers & mechanics, commenced our
march, as we then supposed for Decherd, but it extended
to Nashville, 130 miles, which we accomplished in five
days marching, during which time we were without
blankets & some of the men without coats. At
Nashville we came up with our baggage, We rested a
day & a half, & got the first mail for a month. I also rec'd
my commission, dating from the 12th Aug. From e't we
made a three days march to Bowling Green, where
we went into camp, appearances indicating something of
a stay, and I then discovered, what, during the excitement &
activity of the march, I did not know, that I was pretty
near used up & sick. We remained in camp 4 days or

spring which I did no duty. We again marched
and the regiment reached this camp on the 26th Sept.
I marched a couple of days from B.C. and then had to
give it up, and take to the ambulance. When we came
near Green river a fight was expected and the ambulances
were ordered to be cleared, and we were sent back to
Cave city, after a couple of days, the hospital, at that place
was broken up, and we were given our choice to go to
St. Louis, or Springfield, or I wished to be as far forward as
possible I chose the latter place, but on arriving there I
found no hospital nor any other place to stay, I
finally concluded to go ahead and join the regt.
I did not succeed in overtaking them but reached
here the next day after them, I had a bad headache
when I started but got over that and am pretty well now
with the exception of a sore eye, which I expect will
be well pretty soon. Much dissatisfaction exists among
the men, that Gen. Buel has not attacked the enemy
under Bragg. There are now concentrated here the flower
of the western army, the men who fought at Mill Springs
& Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Pea Ridge, and every battle in
the west, and besides these, all the old soldiers of the
army of the Ohio, who though they have not been in the field

have been hardened by more than a year of service, and all are anxious for a fight. Our boys, who begin to think themselves veterans have considerable fun at the expense of the new recruits we find here. Some of the men of the 2^d Regt, complained to our boys that they had to use river water for three days, and that they marched 50 miles without stopping. But the men who have just accomplished a 300 miles march, during half of which the Ohio river would have been a Godsend at any time, and who remember the time when they marched 150 miles through deep mud, without a halt, to reach Bowling Green, couldn't sympathize with them at all. The troops here are as rapidly as possible getting equipped and restoring the wear of their long march both in clothes and strength.

We are under marching orders and have been since we have been here. We may go, at any moment, but I rather think we shall be paid first. We have made out our rolls and been mustered since we have been here. Where we shall go if we march from here is a question I am not able to answer.

I have hastily scribbled so much of our progress and whereabouts, as I knew you must be expecting to hear from me. I have not time to write much more. I have not heard from Julian for a good while. I am looking for a letter every day.

Hoping to hear from you soon, and that you are all well, I remain

Your son

L Dwight Hinckley

and performed what we
expected of them
The 10th Regt. is praised
all hands for gallant
conduct and very many
is a wonder to have
his number
We were under fire
and killed 200 whites
and lost 50 killed & 109
wounded. We went into
action with 16 troops
387 men. Our color
and all did me of our
color guard were killed
the color company had
31 wounded. We came off
with but two killed & 4 wounded
I was untouched. I got
a scratch on my arm

of the battle near Washington Heights
on the 8th of Oct. and that our regiment
was engaged, and I take this opportunity
to relieve any anxiety you may feel
for me. I wrote to you at Louisville
of our arrival there on the 28th Sept. ^{26th} after
a short rest we left there on the 1st Oct. in
pursuit of Bragg, the Army of the Ohio, having
been increased by the addition of a regt. of
new troops to each brigade, making 5 regts.
to a brigade. After the first two days, we
moved slowly forward till the 8th when we
reached the vicinity on which the battle
was fought, after waiting and maneuvering

for some time, during which we could hear
the artillery at work in front, we were ordered
forward to support a battery. We moved
up and took position in a hollow behind the ridge
on which the cannon were planted, and were
ordered to lie down. We lay here about two
hours, while the artillery was firing, a rebel
battery opposite, reloaded with solid shot, shells,
and canister, which whistled over our heads,
and the balls and fragments from canister and
shells fell pretty thick among us, but only 3
were hurt at that time, 1 killed 1 mortally wounded
1 slightly. At the end of that time the rebel
infantry moved up to attack us, and our battery
moved forward to short distance. Our regt,
also moved up and took a position on the left
of the battery, behind the crest of the ridge, and lay
down. We had scarcely gained the position when
a strong column of the enemy advanced on our
front, but half a minute of sharp firing drove
them back to the shelter of a fence and ridge

about 40 or 50 rods distant from our line. Two or three times they attempted to advance but with the same result. They largely outnumbered us, there being a brigade opposed to the 38th Indiana and our own regt but they finally contented themselves with firing from behind their shelter. At this time the firing was really terrible. Two rebel batteries were sending their canister shot over us, and one of our own fired over our line, and I believe there would be little exaggeration in the usual description that "the musket balls flew over us like hail". Officers who were at Childs & Peas Ridge say that on neither field was there any fierce fighting.

For about two hours this continued when our ammunition was gone, and our fire ceased. Our men behaved splendidly. At the first of the firing they were a little excited, but soon cooled down and fired as deliberately as they ever did at a target. Soon after our ammunition was gone we were ordered to retire.

and though the fire of the enemy was still hot
the regt drew back steadily, nobody showing
any desire to run away or be first off the
field, but rather, leaving it reluctantly.
We were marched back about a half a mile
and rec'd a new supply of ammunition, but
meanwhile, as there were no troops to occupy our
position the enemy advanced and the whole of
our left wing retired about a quarter of a mile.
At this time it was near dark and the new line
was reinforced by troops arriving on the Bardonia
road, and after a few minutes sharp firing
it became too dark to see and both sides
drew back for the night, leaving the
rebels in possession of the ground on which we
were first posted. After receiving our new
supply of ammunition our regt. was not engaged
but was formed in the second line.
I am sorry to say that the new regt did
not do very well. The 27th Wis. fired
but one volley and ran, and some others
did no better. I believe all the old
regts. of the Army of the Ohio did their duty

Near Bowling Green
Feb 19 '62
Bowling Green Taken

Camp near, Bowling Green, Ky.
Feb. 19th 1862

Dear Mother,

Since I last wrote to you
our army has been moving, and without
the loss of a man we are now in possession
of one of the bulwarks of secession.
We moved from Basin Creek to the south
of Green river on short notice and had
just settled down to the conclusion that
we should have another long stop, but
last Wednesday evening we got orders to prepare
to march as soon as possible. The camp
was a scene of activity all night. The first
of the division started soon after midnight,
but our brigade being the last, did not
march till near sunrise. We had heard

W. H. Estlin

that the road was obstructed by the "Sicest"
and about noon we came to the first of
the obstacles which did not amount to any-
thing. They were small trees from 6 to 12
inches thick lying with just the tops in the
road. They extended in all perhaps a
couple of miles, and a pioneer party
cleared the road nearly as fast as the columns
advanced, but the "sicest" more work to
put them in the way than it did us to get
them out. We halted the first night nearly
20 miles from Green river, before we got our
tents pitched it commenced raining and
soon turned to snow, which made it to
our tired men the most uncomfortable night
we had spent. Some of them tired ^{out} with the
unaccustomed marching, threw their guns
and knapsacks on the ground, and found
them in the morning covered with snow
& ice. We started again about 2 o'clock
and marched with occasional halt till
after noon when we halted for the cavalry

to reconnoitre the country. About 2 o'clock
word came back that the Cavalry & Loomis'
battery of Porrot guns had reached Bowling green and
fighting had commenced. We instantly started
and overhauled till we reached the banks of
the Big Barron opposite B Green, and I tell you
it was a jaded and footsore set of men
who pitched their tents that night.

We found every thing quiet. It seems that
having heard that the enemy had evacuated,
and were destroying the place, the artillery
went forward with all speed, accomplishing
the last 9 miles in 40 minutes. When Loomis
came in sight he found that the rebels had
just set the bridge on fire having battered
down the splendid R. R. bridge the night
before, and were busy removing the last
of their stores. He immediately planted
his guns about a mile from the town &
the first intimation the enemy had of his
presence was a shell which demolished
the engine attached to their train, another

set fire to their store house and scattered
them in every direction
It was late at night when we arrived
and encamped, and next morning we
marched out to a ferry to cross the river, our
officers expecting a fight though we did not
know it. We reached the ferry & halted to
wait our turn to cross. After waiting a
short time we saw some soldiers coming
back, and our Col. announced that
Bowling Green was in quiet possession of
Col. Church's brigade which was met
with three cheers and we marched back
to camp to rest till Sunday morning when
when we were ordered to pack up instantly to
cross the river, which proved to be no small
job. The ruins of the P. & O. bridge which lie in
the stream afford the foundation on which
is laid planks wide enough for one to cross,
the bank on the opposite ^{side} is a perpendicular
wall of rock, along the foot of this a slippery
shelving bank affords a path sometimes wide
enough for two, sometimes for only one, for some
30 rods, and up a steep path to the top. Over
this bridge and up this path we had to
carry every article of our baggage and
it was something like work too. We
loaded our baggage on a flat car and when
we got through it was after dark. I slept on the
car that night and about 2 o'clock it com

commenced raining, However by putting a tent
over me I got through the night without
getting wet. Yesterday afternoon we started
pulling our car with our baggage, and
came out to this spot, 7 miles.

Last night it commenced raining
and has been pouring down all night,
and all the morning.

The fortifications of Bowling Green are
said by those who pretend to know to be
very strong I send a kind of sketch
of their situation

North

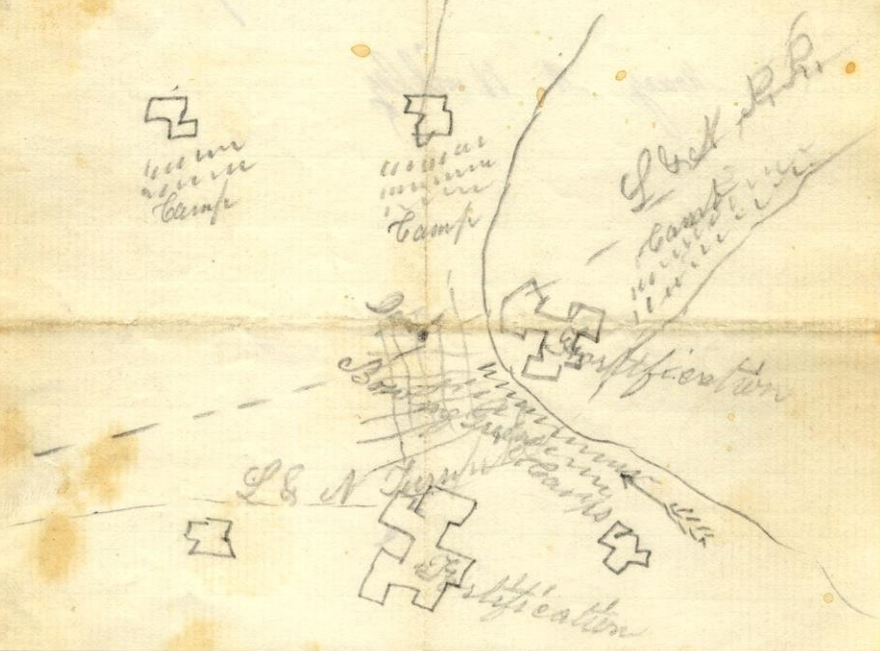
1000 m
2000 m
Camp

1000 m
2000 m
Camp

1000 m
2000 m
Camp

Fortification

Fortification



I have not time to write much more,
We are probably on the road to Nashville,
We don't get much news, but we hear that
Fort Donaldson is taken and Nashville threatened,
I don't know as we shall have any
hand in the taking, but I think our
officers intend to if they can get there
quick enough. We have not seen
any body yet to shoot at and I
suppose if we can gain the end without
shooting it will be just as well,
Give my love to all the children
at home and accept much from

Your son,

L. Dwight Hinkley

Mary A. Hinkley

Waupun Wis

Sept. 15, '61

entering the
gone & secrets

Waupun, Sept. 15th '61

Dear Mother

I wrote to you a few days ago, and I presume you want to know by this time what I am going to do. Well, the probabilities of my soldiering, of which I wrote you, are converted into certainties. Sam's persuasives didn't accomplish the desired result. I think if we have got one sympathizer with "seces" in the family we ought to have at least two in the army of the nation. I have not got through work yet, as soon as I do, I shall try to come up and see you. We have got between 50 & 60 sworn in

to our Co. and are getting more every
day. I don't know how long it
will be before we shall leave
here for camp but I hardly think
it will be for two or three weeks.

I had a letter from Jubin Monday
They were when he wrote about 20
miles from Washington & he
was well & in good spirits.

He says they are getting an "awful
big" army down there. There are
camps all around them in every
direction. They must be somewhere
near the Chain Bridge and probably
not very far from some of the "secess"
so that they may be gratified in
their desire for a brush, before long.

Sen. Dodge & Mr. Blake the Cong.
minister put down their names as
members of our Co. but have not
been sworn in yet and I don't
know whether they will go.

I think I shall try to get off
the last of this week and if I see
you and all the rest at home I
can talk easier than write.

I want to write more letters so I
hope you will excuse the brevity of
this from

Your son,

L. Dwight Hinkley

Milwaukee Wis

Sept- 27th 1861

leaving camp

D D D D

Dear a Camp Holton

Camp Holton of 1861
of a Camp Holton, Wis. Sept. 27th

Dear Mother, hij of of of

When I wrote you my
last letter I thought I should
be able ^{to} get away, and come up
to see you last week but I was
so busy I did not see any chance
to leave, and our orders to go
into camp came sooner than
we expected, so I am sure.

I think I shall get a chance
to leave before our Regt. leaves
Milw. unless we leave suddenly.

Our orders to camp were sent in
on the 22nd ^{to leave the 27th} but not rec'd till the
night of the 27th and we left
the next day, yesterday, on the 11^o clock

train, arriving here about $\frac{1}{2}$ past 3,
All the people of Waupun were very glad
to see us off, at least, a great crowd
followed us to the depot, and hurried
when we started. Mr. Ashmun was
in W. and made a few remarks on
the occasion. Maybe you will see him
soon, he told me, he and Mrs. A. intended
to make you a visit soon.

After we got here we marched through
the streets a couple of miles to this
camp which is very pleasantly located
on high ground commanding a fine
view of Lake Michigan. The principal
drawbacks are the nearness of the 9th Reg.
Dutch, the smallness of the drill grounds,
and the prospect of a cool breeze off the
lake. Ours is the fourth Co. on the
ground and we had to pitch our tents
and fix things after we got here which
kept us pretty busy till dark.
The rest of the Co's for our regt. (the 10th)

are expected this week. If you should
get time to write to me direct your
letter to "Care of Capt. Hillyer, Waupun Regts
Camp Adlon Millsaukes." Tell Myron
I don't know as I shall be able to
send him any more "Leslies".

I thought you might want to hear
from me so I sent you this to let you
know where I am. I had a letter
from Julia the fore part of last
week. They were at Frederick, all
well & in good spirits. I would like to
hear from any of you at home. don't
know how much time I shall have
to write. With love to all I am,

Your son

L. Dwight Hinkley

Mary A. Hunkley

Mary

H Hunkley

Myron E

Mrs E. D. Hunkley

Mrs. E. D. Hunkley
Camp, Wagon
Millwaukee

Case of Capt Hilger. ^{Wagon} ^{Wagon} ^{Wagon}

Elizabethtown Ky

Dec 15 '61

the daily routine

Camp Washington,
Elizabeth, Ky. Dec. 15th '61

Dear Mother,

I have been looking
for a letter from home for some time,
but have not seen one yet.

Before we left Mill. I sent all
my papers to father, and have
been looking for some notice of their
arrival. I have written a couple
of times since, but don't hear any
thing yet. We left our first stopping
place a week ago to-day, and made
our first march on foot. Some of
the boys thought it pretty hard
to carry their load, and it does
make ones shoulders ache some, but
I can stand it if the rest do.

The regt. went about a dozen miles the first day, to the bank of Pulling Fork where we bivouaced in the woods.

The next day we laid by for some reason unknown to me, and the second day started again. It took us about half a day to get our baggage and teams across the river the bridge being broken down. The roads were miserable narrow, rough, muddy, and everything else but good. In one place the road follows the bed of a creek 2 or three miles, sometimes on one side, sometimes on the other, and sometimes in the middle. It took our regt. pretty near two days travel to come the 25 miles between Sheperdsville & Elizabeth. We pitched our camp here in a very nice place. Close by are the camps of 4 or 5 Ohio regts, which with ours form a brigade. Our acting Brigadier Gen. is Col. Gill of one of the O regts. The camp of the headquarters of our Division is

close to our camp, Major Gen. Mitchell
the astronomer, is the commander
of our division. There are some
12 or 15 thousand troops encamped
within sight & hearing of us & I suppose a
good many more not far off.
We are kept pretty busy now, and
myself especially. Reveille is beaten
at 15 minutes before 6, when we get
up & I call the roll immediately after,
then I have to prepare a report for the
Adjutant. We have breakfast at
7. The Surgeons call for the sick, whom
I have to call out, 15 minutes after,
Guard mounting at 8, at which I
have to march out the detail from our
Co. I immediately after guard mounting
I have to carry the morning report to
the adjutants. At 1/2 past 9 we have
Company drill till near noon, then
dinner, at 2 Battalion drill till 4
at 1/2 past 4 dress parade, at 8 in
the evening Tattoo beats when I call the

roll again. Besides this there are rations
to draw and issue, clothes, guns & accoutrements
to keep in order, all of which occupy the
time pretty well.

I have almost filled my paper with
camp affairs but I thought it would
interest you to know how we live
down. I had a letter from Julian
yesterday. They had moved back
to Frederick and expected to go
into winter quarters there.

The weather here has been very fine
for winter most of the time since we
have been here. Two weeks ago
there was a cold snap, when the
thermometer went down to zero, or
near it, but it got warmer in a
couple of days, and while we were
on the march to this place it was
uncomfortably warm. I wonder what
all the children are doing? I hope some
of them can write to me without waiting
for me to begin. I hope you will have
leisure to write soon. W.

Your son,

L. Dwight Hinkley
Co K 10th Regt W I
Elizabeth Ky.

Bacon Creek Ky
Feb 6 '62
Sent home 25⁰⁰

pay day - says letter off
and sent money

Camp Jefferson.
Bacon Creek Sta. 6th '62

Dear Father,

Your letter arrived here
in due time, and I take the present
opportunity to answer it. A pouring
rain last night and this morning,
put a stop to drill, which is the
reason for my not being otherwise
employed. We received our pay to
the first of Jan. yesterday, and I
inclose a draft for Twenty five dollars
payable to your order, which ^{P.S.} I suppose
you can get specie for at the nearest
bank, and perhaps from any one who
has it. That does not need it for immediate

use. The draft I got, because more convenient to send, and being payable to order, no risk of losing by the mail as there might be with the notes

We received as much of our pay, in demand notes, as could be made with \$5,000 notes, the ballance in specie. Our regt. is sending home a large amount of money. Lieut. Ford told me the paymaster had given \$20,000,00 in drafts. From our company, the Capt. has sent one package of nearly a thousand dollars, and I think half as much more has been sent in small packages. I am glad to see the men sending the money home as I think a good share of them are better off when they have none.

Since the first company was paid off, the sutler's tent has been thronged, and 1/20 of the money goes for things which do more hurt than good. Even when the men have no money and have to have an order countersigned by

the captain, (which is something of a
check on their foolishness) some of them
run up bills of 10, or 12 dollars, and
not 25 cents of it for articles which
they need. Since I have been in camp
I have spent a dollar or two and I am sure
I could have got along as well without
the greater part of the things.

05,00 The most of the men buy eatables
and make themselves sick by stuffing.
Our sutler's is a regular swindling shop
any way. They furnish miserable
articles at enormous prices and I should
think make 200 or 300 percent, on every
thing they sell. ||

I suppose you will find plenty
of use for the money when you
get it, and if you find it convenient
when I get home, to return it, I presume
I shall find use for it. I have not
time to write more, and hoping this
will find all well at home I am in haste.
Your son, L Dwight Hinkley

Bacon Creek Ky ✓

Jan 19, '62

Camp details
Squad mounting

rations & the co.

Camp Jefferson
Bacon Creek, Ky. Jan 19th '62

Dear Mother,

Within a short time I have received two or three letters from yourself and the girls which I shall try to answer all in one.

Things go on monotonously with us in camp, and our daily work is pretty near a sample of all.

This part of "old Kentucky" is a very fertile of mud. I believe it is ahead of Wis. in that respect. Our camp is on a side hill, where one would think the water would all run off, but it is mud all over.

All day yesterday and last night it rained, sometimes a regular thunder storm, but thanks to a fly roof to our tent, we lay dry and listened to the pattering overhead. It is so warm too, that one blanket is too much covering, and I am writing now without any fire and the tent open. We have had some cool snaps but only for a day or two at a time. Our day begins here at $\frac{1}{4}$ before 6 o'clock, when a cannon is fired, a bugle sounded at headquarters, and the drums of the regt. beat the reveille, which lasts just about long enough to get dressed. Then we have roll-call, which is any business. Every man who is out in the ranks in one minute after the Co. is called to fall in, gets put on guard. After roll-call the men put the tents in order, pack their blankets, &c. and the cooks get breakfast. Our Co. is

divided into 12 messes of 6 or 7 men
each. Our tools are a spail, a camp kettle
a spider, and a pan, to each mess, and
a tin plate, cup, knife, fork, & spoon to
each man. We can fry beef & yol
bacon, and make coffee and nasty pudding
and soup pretty well. When we have
raw flour we make pancakes with
the flour, water, and salt. We generally
get breakfast about 7 o'clock after which
comes guard mounting at 8 o'clock. ||
This takes about 5 men a day who
are detailed at the morning roll call.
At the first beat of the drum, which is
the drummers call, the men turn out in
their Co. streets with their overcoats on.
The first Sergeants see that they are all
in order, and at the second beat, which
is the Adjutant's call, march them to
the place for Guard mounting, where we
have to wait till the end of the ceremony,
which is about half an hour. For a half
an hour after I have to make a morning

report, in a book we have for the purpose,
and carry it to the Adjutant's quarters,
At half past nine when the weather permits
we have battalion drill for two hours which
by the time we get back to our quarters brings
us close to dinner time. At two o'clock we
go out for Company drill which also lasts
two hours. It is my business to form the Co.,
every time it comes out. At half past four
we come out again for dress parade
which occupies another half hour. Then,
we get supper; at 8 o'clock in the evening
we have about the same performance as in
the morning, bugle sounds at head-quarters,
the regimental drums beat the tattoo; we
have another roll call, and at 9 o'clock
come the "Yaps" after which every body is supposed
to be in bed, as that is the signal for lights
to be extinguished, and silence to be preserved.
However that happened about half an
hour ago and I am still writing.

Besides this regular routine there is considerable
other duty to be done. Every two days I have
to draw rations, for which there must first
be a 'return' made out of the number of men to
draw rations which the Capt. signs and the
Col. signs, and it then goes to the commissary
from whom I get the rations, and then
divide them as near as possible among the
messes. Some of the boys, (who I suppose would
grumble if they were going to be hung, grumble
about the provisions) but I think they are

first rate. Two days rations for our company generally consists of about 100 lbs. of fresh beef, 65 lbs. of bacon, if we have, all hard bread, we get about two barrels which is a pound to a man, a day; if we get flour it is a little more than a barrel, about a pailfull of sugar, (25 lbs) nearly as much coffee, and about $\frac{2}{3}$ of a pailfull ^{each} of rice, hominy, 3 quarts of salt, 6 lbs. of soap, 2 lbs. of candles, about once a week we get a barrel of potatoes and a few onions.

So you see we are not likely to starve to death, nearly everything we have had has been of good quality so far. If I intended to have sent this letter by a man who came with our Principal Surgeon, Dr. Marks of Steyer's Point, and is now going back there, but did not get it ready in time, he starts to-morrow morning and will probably travel faster than this letter will. I gave him a couple of cartridges and some

crackers which he promised to leave at
Buena Vista. I thought they might be
curiosities to you. I never saw a cartridge
and but one minie ball, and never
a hard cracker till we had them to
eat. I like the hard bread very well.
The specimen I have sent you, (if you
ever get it) is one of the hardest and
toughest, some are a great deal better,
so tender that they get broken up in
the barrels. I have written all this
about myself, &c. and as it is getting
late I must leave other things till
another time. I hope the girls will
be content to take a part interest
in this letter, though if I have time I
shall be glad to write to them. I am
glad father has got his farm all
right. I suppose he will feel easy
now to fix it up as much as he can.
I hope Myron will write again whenever
he can. With love to all I remain,

Your son L. Dwight Hinkley

Nashville Tenn

Dec 25 - '62

city of M^cE. & Burnside

Camp Brady Johnson, near Ashburn, Tenn.

Dec. 25th 1862.

Dear Mother,

I take a few minutes of this "Merry Christmas" to write to you; that is, I intend to do so if superior authorities will let me alone long enough.

Last night we had orders to be ready, and march at 8 o'clock this morning. This morning, a few minutes before that time, when we had got tents struck, and nearly everything onto the wagons, word came that we were not going this day, and so we unloaded, and set up our tents again. A little while ago we were drummed out, and stacked arms, and were dismissed.

with orders to be ready to march at a moment's notice; under which orders, by the way, we have been living for the last two weeks. It is reported that fighting is going on in front; so distant, however, that we can hear nothing of the artillery. We may march tonight, and we may not go for a week.

We have a very nice camp here, the only drawback being, that it is a long way to water, nearly half a mile; all the water for two or three regts. is brought that distance in canteens and camp kettles, but that isn't anything for soldiers; when we were marching, we generally thought we were lucky if we got within a quarter of a mile of water, at night. The winter so far has been beautiful, but its beauty though pleasant to us in camp, has been a drawback on the operations of this army. There has been no rain to speak of, and the Cumberland river is

so low that boats cannot get up to Nashville. The capacity of the railroad is but little more than sufficient to feed the army, and this difficulty of supply keeps us here, to say nothing about the very risk of an interruption, by some rebels burning a bridge, &c.

There have been but few days yet when it froze any, and most of the time it is real Indian summer weather.

That was rather a bad affair at night, Fredericksburg. Every body now seems to want to condemn somebody. The papers that "pitched into" McClellan because he didn't rush things, now "pitch into" Burnside because he did. But I can't see how those who blame Burnside for attempting to storm the fortifications of Fredericksburg, built in a fortnight, could have expected him to take Richmond which the rebels have been fortifying for a year. Of course, we must expect a fearful loss of life.

that is inevitable, but it seems to me as if the fault was, that the force at command was not used, that when the van of the center column was so near the enemy's works, they were not supported and crowded forward by a heavy force behind them. Well, we may find out that McClellan & Bull though slower may be surer than some rushing warriors.

I have not heard from Julia for a week or more; the last news, he was at Antietam ford.

I am sorry things are not in a shape that I can make a Christmas present to you at home, but the paymaster has not been around yet, and I have broken my last $\$$.

Hoping this may find you all well, and that I may hear from you soon. I remain

Your son

L. J. Hinkley Lieut,
Comd'g Co. K. 11th W. V.

Murfreesboro Tenn

May 28 '63.

Buy land?

Camp, 10th Wis. Vols.
Murfreesboro, May 28 '63

Dear Father,

I have been looking over
my memorandum book to-day
and came across a memorandum
of the notes I left with you
before I came away from Wis.

I have a minute of the
time when done, but not of
the date of the notes. They
are all past and some
time ago, but I am not
sure whether they were all
given for a year. Will you
write me what the dates
of the notes are? I understand

that the legal rate of interest was reduced to 7 per cent, last winter. I don't exactly know what to do with them; I guess the notes at the present rate will draw more, than with the interest added at 7 per cent.

I have had some notion, if I had somebody to attend to it for me, to invest \$300, or \$400, in land, in Minnesota, or somewhere else, at a venture. I think a good selection would be worth more in two or three years, than the money at interest. The thing of it is, whether one would get a good place, not being there to choose for himself. I suppose taxes are pretty high now — what did you have to pay last year? By the way, have you got a surplus copy of the Internal revenue tax law? We are taxed

three percent, on our pay
which is deducted from our
payment. It amounts to \$3.25
a month on mine. //

It is all quiet here, and not
much prospect of any thing
else. I am not on duty yet
though my eye is not much
sore; it isn't pleasant to
be out in the sunshine, of
which we have plenty
now. As I have never
deprived Uncle Sam of much
service, by being sick, and as
there are more officers for duty
in the regiment, than for a
long time past, I don't feel
any compunction, about laying
out still, till I get all right.

Myron wrote that you were
going to sow a good piece
of wheat this spring. I hope
it will turn out well this

season, I see by the papers,
that fruit trees &c. look promising
this spring. We had strawberries
here about a week ago, and I
saw corn to-day about three feet
high. Give my love to mother
and the girls. Tell Myron he
mustn't forget his correspondents.
I knocked over my inkstand and
crumpled my paper just now,
for which I am sorry.

Hoping to hear from you as soon
as convenient I remain,

Your son
L Dwight Hinkley

Murfreestown Tenn
June 5th '63

Camp 10th Wis. Vols,
Murfreestown, June 3rd '63

Dear Mother,

I received a letter from
Mary A. day before yesterday, and
wrote one to her ^{the} day before, but
I have a little leisure, and I
hope you won't object to getting
another. Our lazy life goes on
with but little change, or rather
has done so till within two or three
days. For that time we have
had some expectation of moving.
Night before last we were
all stirred up about 11 o'clock
by an order to inspect companies
and report immediately there.

effective strength, and to be provided with three days rations in haversack and five in knapsack. I began to think we should march before morning, but here we are yet, without any new developments. Yesterday cannonading was audible all day and till late in the evening.

We may have to march at any time, and may not go for a month. We had a hard shower last night, and it is cloudy and threatening now.

Except this little stir about marching, the monotony of routine duty prevails. Reveille about sunrise turns out all hands — to get their breakfast. Three times a day the bugle sounds the "drill call", generally followed immediately by the "recall", and the boys give a hurrah and go to bed again — or somewhere

d eke. They are all pretty well, though
almost too lazy to enjoy good health.
Everybody is in excellent spirits, and it
is inspiring to its sister, (when the
men gather after sundown to talk
and laugh, and jump, in the cool
of the evening) to the cheerful
hurrah, which breaks out sometimes
in one camp, sometimes in another,
and is taken up by regiment after
regiment, through the whole
division. I had a letter from
Julian yesterday - all well,
one from Jane at Chicago a
few days ago. She thinks she
shall get home this summer, I guess
I shall have to wait till next year
before I come. Hicksburg
still holds out, and I am a
little afraid will continue to
hold out. I suppose the expectation
that troops will be withdrawn
here from the army in front of us to

relieve that place, is what keeps us
on the alert.

Did I write the other day that we
have new fruit and vegetables here?

I don't remember. We had straw-
berries a month ago in our mess,
and green peas, radishes lettuce and
cherries a fortnight ago. There is
corn here as high as my shoulder.
I haven't seen any wheat, so
I don't know how large that is.

I don't feel in writing mood this
morning and will suspend this
stupid letter. Hoping this may
find you all well I remain,

Your affectionate son

L Dwight Aubrey

Murfreesboro Tenn

June 23 63

going to start march

Camp 10th Wis. Vols.
Murfreesboro, June 23, 63

Dear Mother,

I wrote to you only a day or two ago, but drop a line now, to let you all know, that there is a prospect of something to break the monotony of the last three months. We are under orders to march tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock, and I believe the whole army has marching orders. Where we are going is not known, but of course we suppose it is

straight ahead. At any rate it
won't be a great while before we
find out. We are to take ten days
rations. There is a rumor that
the rebels are evacuating Shelbyville
but I don't know whether there
is any foundation for it. Unless
they are we are not likely to
move very far, without meeting
some of them. I have not
time to write much this
evening. If we go anywhere
I will write at the first oppor-
tunity. Haven't heard from
Julian, since they commenced
moving in Va.

With love to all I remain,
Your son

L Dwight Pickley

I have blotted my paper which I hope
you will excuse in consideration of the scarcity
of the article here.

If so they have moved some
ways since Julian wrote to me last
and are pretty near the old ground
where the Third passed their first
year of service. I am looking with
a good deal of interest for the news
from that quarter. If Lee moves
his army into Penn. though they
may do a great deal of damage
to the citizens of that part of the
country, yet, it seems to me, if the
army of the Potomac does anything
at all, it will be a disastrous
business for the rebs. It should
be hardly possible for them to get
out again, the army they take across
the Potomac. We are still waiting
for Vicksburg and I am a little
afraid Grant will make a failure
there, yet. The papers tell some
big stories about operations at

Port Anderson, among others a report
that a black regiment, lost
six hundred killed and wounded
in an attempt to take the place
by assault. I suppose it is a possible
thing, but I think if any regiment,
black, white or green, ever lost two
thirds of its number; it was because
they got in a place where they
couldn't run away, and got no
quarter from the enemy. I don't
doubt but they can make soldiers of
the negroes, but the attempt to make
the country believe in their courage, by
such excessive sandation, is just lumbering
about of a piece with an estimate, which
I saw the other day, that the number
of colored troops was 35,000, of which
5000 were in the Dept. of the Cumberland.
I suppose there are some negroes in the
employ of the government in this

department, but if there is one
battalion, or one company of drilled
and armed colored troops in the dept.
I have got to see the man who
has seen them. I don't know
how much faith government will pin
on its black soldiers, but I venture
to believe we shall find them just
what the English found their Indian
Scapows, and what soldiers from a
subjugated race have always been
found, — never a match on equal
terms for those who have once ruled
by them, and never steady, and reliable
as soldiers. But enough about the darts;
As for ourselves we still a little
eat, and say abed, through
these long warm June days, and
wonder what will turn up next
in the military game and when
we shall be galvanized into

sudden activity by a word of
command, I say "these long days",
and yet, they fly so fast I hardly
keep track of them, and can scarcely
believe it is six months since we
won our way here through an
iron shower, and that in little
more than a year our regiment
goes out of service. But so it
is, and if good fortune follows, as
heretofore, I shall be at home and
a citizen again almost before we
think of it. I have been spinning
out quite a letter without much in it.
But interesting material isn't very plenty
now. Tell Myron he mustn't forget
to write, and I suppose Gene will
be added to the writing corps.

Hoping this will find you all
well. I remain,

Your affectionate son
L. Dwight Kirkley

Murfreesboro Tenn
Feb 15 '63

Camp 10th Wis. Vol. Inf.
Murfreesboro, Tenn. Feb. 15th 1863.

Dear Mother,

I don't know as I owe you all a letter, but as I don't get any, I am going to take revenge by writing more, and make Uncle Sam's mail carry more one way. For some reason unknown, our mails have been very scanty lately, or rather, ever since we left Nashville.

Some days we get none, and other times, from one to five or six, for the company.

I don't recollect whether I have mentioned that our designation has been recently changed. The army of the Cumberland is now divided into 3 corps, and we are a part of the center, or 4th Army corps. Each corps is composed of several Divisions, numbered 1st, 2nd, &c, and these again are formed of 3 Brigades, of

five regiments each. We are now of the
First Brigade, First Division, 14th Army Corps,
Army of the Cumberland, or, Scribner's Brigade,
Granger's Division Thomas' Corps, Rosecrans'
Army. Perhaps the best way to direct letters,
would be, Name, Co., Regt. Granger's Division
Rosecrans' Army Murfreesboro, Tenn. Being carefull
to write the No. of Regt. and State, and the name
of the Division commander legibly.

Our Division is still the same troop as when
under Rousseau. We begin to think there
is some prospect of getting pay as the paymaster
is here and has sent our rolls for correction.

We are pretty well pleased at the prospect, for
nearly every body is out of money. I have
got just thirty cents in postage currency,
and I expect I owe a hundred dollars for
myself and the boys. We expect to get
four months pay, and I think, after
this I shan't get behind hand again
if our "green-backs" become visible in
reasonable time. Time slips off wonderfully
fast this winter, what, with guard picket,

foraging expeditions, fatigue duty, and company
business, I hardly know what becomes of the days.
We go tomorrow morning at 7 o'clock as guard
to a freight train of 200 wagons, and we
are to carry two days rations.

I have quit housekeeping, and gone into
a mess with several other officers. I expect
it will cost more, but it saves a good
deal of trouble saying nothing of the better
living. I have got the laziest specimen
of animated beings, in existence, in my employ.
His color is black, and his name is Jasper.
When he chops wood we have to look across
a post to see whether the axe moves, and
I don't think it an exaggeration to say that
I can do more work, at anything in half
an hour, than he will do in all day.

Pretty extensive fortifications are being thrown
up here, which cover or enclose an area
of 2 miles. There is no appearance of
an advance from here just at present,
and there will be no ability to
advance, till the railroad bridges admit

of bringing supplies, and carrying them beyond here. The rebels are forcing every body into their army, as near to our lines as they dare come. A good many citizens come into town every day who are running away from the conscription. Our scouting and forage parties frequently bring in prisoners who desert from the enemy, or throw themselves in the way on purpose to be captured.

I had a letter from Julian about a week ago. He was getting along well.

I hope I shall hear from some of you soon, if there is such a thing as getting a letter through this way.

I hear that crops are bringing a good price in Wis now. I hope father has some on hand to take the benefit of it.

With love to all and hoping this may find you well I remain

Your son

L D Hinkley Lieut.
Comd'g Co. K 10th Wis Vols.

Murfreesboro Tenn
Jan, 4, '63

In the field before Murfreesboro
Jan. 4th 1863.

Dear Mother,

Murfreesboro is taken, and as I presume you have seen by the papers that we have been in a fight here I take the first opportunity to let you know that I came out unhurt. We went into the fight on the 31st ult, and the battle of that day was on the whole I think an advantage to the rebels. They attacked the right wing of our army, at day break completely surprising them, and by this stroke gained the rear of our center. We finally drove back the wing and by retiring the center re-established our line. At noon we were in position in an open field where we lay all the afternoon and night, expecting a renewal of the fight. In the morning before light we moved back into the woods and made fires (we had none

during the night) to get our breakfast. Just as we finished, a tremendous burst of artillery & musketry firing, started us out on "double quick". We went forward, took position in an open field where we staid three days & nights, passing the time in a pleasant alternation of lying down in the mud when the rebel artillery fired, and falling in when musketry firing became sharp in front. At night before last, a couple of hours before sundown, a sharp encounter took place on our left wing. Two rebel batteries a regiment of infantry, colors, &c, were taken. Last evening after dark our men made a dash at the rifle pits of the rebels which they captured after a brisk engagement.

It rained all last night and for the first time I got drove out of my nest. I got up at 1 o'clock wrapped my rubber blanket around me and sat by the fire till morning. This morning we moved back into the woods to warm & dry ourselves, & cook breakfast. No firing this morning, and it was soon discovered that there was no enemy in front.

of us. A cautious reconnoissance showed
that they had evacuated the town,
and I hear that our cavalry & artillery
had been six miles beyond it without
encountering anything. We were on rather
short rations for a couple of days. One day
my fodder was an ear of corn, parched.
Some of the boys ate some horse flesh cut
from one killed by the enemy's shot, more
for the sake of saying they had lived on
it, than because they were starved to
it. I write this by firelight on a
sheet of paper which I have carried in
my haversack and has been wet & had
accounts for the general appearance
of the thing. Excuse the brevity of
this from

Your son

L Dwight Hinkley

I have concluded to send
along another picture I was
going to keep. The man should
sit by making the streak across
the face, and gave it to me.

L. H.

Murfreesboro Tenn.
April 5th '63

cost of food & clothing

Camp 10th Wis. Vols.
Murfreesboro, Tenn. Apr. 3^d 1863.

Dear Mother,

I received Myron's letter of
March 15th a few days ago, but have been
rather busy for several days and have
not had time to answer, till now.

Last month ended the first quarter
of '63 and I had a lot of returns, and
reports &c. to make out. I haven't got quite
through yet but near enough, so that I
take time to write a letter. Enclosed
I send you my picture. I suppose
you would not know who it was
unless I told you. I haven't shaved since
we left Alabama last fall. I think
I am getting fat by the look of the picture.
The position is "Parade-rest." The

picture is not very good but is the best that can be got here. We have fine weather lately, and use it by drilling twice a day; company drill in the forenoon & brigade drill in the afternoon. We have got a nice camp and our tents all fixed up nicely, but I don't suppose we shall enjoy it a great while. Shelter tents have been issued to us, and though there are no other decided signs of breaking up camp, yet I think Gen. Rosecrans will not let the time go by without doing something. There is skirmishing going on occasionally in front, and detachments go out nearly every day to reconnoiter the country around. Night before last, some of our pickets were driven in. The fortifications here are going up, on an immense scale.

I have heard officers say, (though I think it doubtful) that they are the most extensive field works in the country. Perhaps the Gen. will keep the army here till the works are more nearly finished. Some folks think

The rebels will come and attack us here, but
I don't believe they will ever fool themselves
so bad as that, They can't do a better thing
for us or get themselves into a worse job.
I have not got any pay and don't expect
to get any till next payment. There is
near 800 dollars due me now. I expect I
shall be in debt considerable. I owe a hun-
dred dollars or more now. Everything costs
a pile here, A coat about \$30. pants \$12
to \$15, boots \$10 to 15, wooden shirts which are
the only kind worn, \$2.50 to \$5, a piece, a cap
with insignia of branch of the service, \$6, shoulder
straps, from \$8. to \$16, &c. Provisions, such
the things as are supplied by the commissary department
are not very high, as the law requires them to
be sold at the first cost, to the government; but
anything else is about like the clothing.
Potatoes & onions from the sutler cost about \$10
or \$12, a bushel, butter from 50 cts to \$1,
a pound. &c. As I am the only officer in
the company I got tired of keeping up a
mess, and went in with several other

officers, where we have nothing to do but go and eat when the time comes. Board costs about 20 dollars a month.

I don't remember whether I wrote to you that Lieut. Hills has resigned and gone home. He has done so, and I am now the only officer belonging to the company.

It don't make any difference with my duty as I have been the only one present for the last five months, I heard from Julius a few days, He was as usual, all right, well, and in good spirits.

It is near drill time and I must close
Hoping to hear soon from you I
remain

Your Son

L Dwight Kinkley.

P.S. In directing letters it is not necessary to put on the letter of my company, but if you do make a different R^l from what the girls & tell you usually do. It is easily mistaken for an H.

L D K

Co. K. 10th W. V.

Marfreeboro Tenn
May 7 '63

Camp 10th Wis. Vols.
Marfreeboro Tenn. May 7 '63

Dear Mother,

I forget who wrote the last letter from home, but I presume one to you will answer for all. It is a cold wet day - not like most of the weather for a month past. I have but little news to write it is, "all quiet on the front" and nothing visible in camp, out of the common.

Last week we turned in our Gibley tents to store and the men are now living in their shelter tents. The officers have a wall tent for each company. With our shelter tents we have made an addition to ours, which makes a room 9 by 18 feet. Here is a diagram of our accommodations

The tents and other available
implements are ornamented with swords
and belts, haversacks, canteens, overcoats, &c.

I saw the other day a couple of lithographs
of the battle of Stone River of which I
ordered copies to be sent to father's address.
If you get them let me know. They
interested me because they represent
the part of the field where our regiment &
brigade were engaged, and are passably
correct. If you get them I will tell
you some more about them.

The papers for a couple of days have
brought vague accounts of the movements
of the army of the Potomac and we
are impatiently looking for further news.
Yesterday we had Hooker's congratulatory
order, mentioning the splendid
achievements of the 3rd, 11th, and 12th
Corps. That last is Julian's corp,
so I presume before this he has been
through another fight; I trust with
as good fortune as heretofore.

I had a letter from Jane yesterday,
said she was going to Chicago before
long. Since writing the other page
our papers have come, and give accounts
of hard fighting in Va. I don't get
the great success gained, but
I hope it may prove true, Lee has
been too old a bird to be caught napping
heretofore, and I hope Hooker will
not allow him to turn the tables on
him as they did on Pope last summer.
If it be true that our army has reached
a position to intercept the rebel communi-
cations with the south, it would seem
that they must fight at a disadvantage
or surrender, or scatter. A fight would
probably be the only alternative they would
think of, and the result of that would
decide whether Hooker has accomplished
anything. With a hope that when the
final trial comes there may be
no failure, we can only wait the
result.

I hope to hear as often as possible from
some of you at home, and I shall
try to write as often as may be.

If the rebels don't come to attack us
which isn't likely, I don't think we
shall have any fighting very soon.

I don't feel in writing mood this
afternoon and hope you will
excuse the brevity of this.

With love to all I remain

Your son
L. Dwight Hinkley

Murfreesboro Tenn
or May 26, '63
General C Grant - Verbena

Camp 10th Wis. Vols.
Murfreesboro, May 26 63

Dear Sister,

I received your welcome letter
a few days ago, and also one
from Abigail, for both which I
am duly obliged. I begin with
important persons — I have been
off duty for a week or ten days,
being troubled with a sore eye,
(not very bad, or I shouldn't be
writing this) and as sunshine
doesn't agree with it very well
I keep my quarters most of the
time. As usual, there is
nothing going on here, except
patient waiting, and until

the hour arrives for something else, the time is being occupied in improving the organization and discipline of the army.

About a week ago there was a prospect of a move, and we had orders to be ready at any moment, but nothing came of it.

[We have been watching the movements in the vicinity of Vicksburg with interest, in the expectation that Grant's success would force the enemy to draw reinforcements from our front, when there is no doubt, we should make a dash for Shelbyville and Tallahassee. Our last accounts from Vicksburg are encouraging, and Grant seemed to be carrying everything before him. A great many here, are confident, he has Vicksburg by this time, but I am getting not to be sanguine of any thing till it is done. That was a brilliant achievement of Grierson's

cavalry — to ride almost all
over the state of Mississippi and
break up every important line of
communication which the rebels had
between Vicksburg and the east.

Col. Straight who went from this
army with a command of mounted
infantry, was not so successful, though
he made as bold an effort. He
was captured within 40 miles of Rome, Ga.
and another day's march would
have made havoc with the rebel
communications, at that great railroad
center. I had a long letter from
Julian last week with an account
of the battles at Chancellorsville,
I confess I can't understand the
affair, I can see what the result
was, but I don't see any reason
for it. After the high anticipations
our first news gave, we were cor-
respondingly disappointed.

We are expecting the paymaster

again next week, and if Gen. Rousseau
don't start us off any where before that I
hope to be in funds once more.


Uncle Sam will owe me a \$1000.00
at the end of this month, I expect
I owe \$300.00 of that, the rest
will be for a fair start. #

I have got my muster papers all
completed and think I won't have
any more trouble on that score.

I didn't know you had any difficulty
about my address, Gen. Rousseau
resumed command of the division a
couple of months ago. Direct letters
Rousseau's division 14th Corps, Murfreesboro
and they will come all right.

Hoping this will find father, mother, &
all of you well, I remain

Your Brother
L Dwight Hinkley.



Washington, D. C.
Dec. 25th 1864.

R. W. Wells,

Dr. Day I telegraphed to you, two or three days ago, a request to send my valise, if with you. As the telegraph fails to bring me any answer, I write to repeat the request, for fear the message has miscarried entirely.

If the valise is still with you please send by express to me, Washington, D. C. & inform me by telegraph. The despatch will reach me at the office of the Am. Telegraph Co. I telegraphed to send valise by American Ex. Co. but if Adams has an office in Waupun, it will be more convenient.

I need some papers which the
valise contains, to settle my
accounts & get my pay.

When that is done, I expect
soon to be on my way home.

I suppose my friends in W.
do not yet know that I have
lost my left arm in an attempt
to escape from the prison camp at
Columbia, I am sorry to say
that to that circumstance I owe
my exchange. I hope soon
to see you & other friends, when
I can tell my stories better
than I can write them.

Yours, &c.

L. D. Hinkley

L D Hinckley
To R W Mas
Dec 21st
Washington
exchange + return 20pm



2.16
1.56
263
1039
21
1060
11.94
11.54

Libby Prison, Richmond, Va.

March 20th 1864.

Dear Sis. Mary.

I rec'd yours of Feb. 21st a few days ago, and devote my weekly opportunity to a reply. I have had letters from home & from Julian since he got in the field again, describing all the good times you had, and they made me wish I was there too. An exchange or ^{exchange of} paroles is going on now, and we are all hoping to be included, though it goes on so slow, that it will be some time before we are all out, even if nothing occurs to interrupt the transfer. A thousand or so of "coffeds" arrived today & tomorrow a lot of ours will go down, but the number includes only forty or fifty officers.

At that rate per week, the last of the eight or nine hundred here, will not get off very soon. I am enjoying my usual good health, as much as this place admits of enjoying, and read and study a little. I shall direct this to Lord Pine, as I don't know but you will be home before you will get this. With much love I am

Your brother

L. D. Hinkley

would get a furlough and
come home the night last

112 men and his Co 15 would

had a letter from her, she
had more letters from among
the wounded and wrote to let
us know I am in a hurry and must
close from your Brother

My son & Family

Saturday morning 11th,

Dear Sir,

Your letter arrived last night, with
another one of May 1st in was, we also rec'd a
letter from Julian, he was wounded on the 25th
city, in an assault on the rebel intrenchments
near Dallas, and wrote from the field Hos,
near that place, & he said struck the vertex
of his head, on the front of his cap
and glanced on the skull over the left temple,
said it would probably be a month before he
would be fit for duty again, and thought he

Lookout Valley
(Johnson's Creek)

Sept- 8 '63

(Across the mountains)

Journal in Lookout Valley, Ga.
Sept 8th 1863.

Dear Mother

Of course you know from the papers, that our army is "moving on" and are perhaps anxious to know where I am. I will give you a short narrative of our travel since leaving Anderson, Ga. We started from there Sept. 2nd. Our wagons and artillery went by way of Stevenson, but the infantry took a road straight over the mountains, some 1500 feet high. Three hours sharp climbing brought us to the top and then after a march of about a mile down we went on the other side and halted for dinner by a spring at the foot. A short march in the afternoon brought us to our camping ground for the night, by the side of the Stevenson & Battle Creek road - familiar ground, which our boys recognized at once, having traveled it eight times last summer. The next morning we reached Bridgeport about 10 o'clock.

expecting to go four miles beyond the river, but found the bridge broken down, and had to stop till next day. On the fourth we left our bivouac about 3 P.M., crossed the river and stoped a short distance from the bank. The next morning I was sent out with fifty men from our regt. to work on the road. The whole detail of 250 from the brigade was in charge of Maj. Ellis of the 33^d Ohio who got on the wrong road, and all the work we did was on a road our teams did not go over. The brigade got to camp before us, at Cave Spring at the foot of what I suppose is Racoon mountain.

Cheridan's division had just left when we arrived and their wagon train was getting up the mountain. The last of them got started about sundown, and our division ammunition train immediately followed. It is a long steep ascent ^{the road} running about a mile and a half diagonally up the face of the mountain. Two regts of our brigade were detailed to assist in passing the trains and the road was kept full all night. The next morning Sunday another regt. took their place, and a little before noon we relieved them and assisted in passing the last of the train about three o'clock. The division

marched about 4 o'clock, and went about six miles. The top of the mountain is a level table land and very dry, and we had a renewal of our last fall's experience, in the suffocating clouds of dust which was sometimes so thick I could not see the captain, at the other end of the company. We bivouacked after dark near a sluggish creek which furnished the only supply of that necessary fluid, water. We left that place early the next morning - yesterday - and after marching four miles, reached the west line of Georgia. Not that I have yet seen anything very inviting about the state, ^{but I cherish our entry,} ^{it's sacred soil} but it is new ground to us and, but recently profaned by the sacrilegious feet of invading "Yankees". Two miles from here the state line we dove down into another valley, and here, found Gen. Thomas' head quarters. ~~as we expected to have gone to Trenton a couple of miles further on, and to have stopped there.~~ But after a short halt near Ad. Co., we took another route and "put out" as if the Old Nick was after us. Stopped for dinner after going about ten miles in the forenoon, after moved on about a mile and stopped by a spring, and the men were ordered to fill their canteens; with an intimation that they would find

no more water for six miles, & a welcome shower during
the afternoon was a great relief to the men on whom
the suffocating dust and heat tells severely. About four
o'clock we suddenly came to a stand and found that the
road was blocked by the wagons of Negley's Division, ~~and~~
which had arrived at the foot of the Lookout mountains.
We went into camp for the night, and at this writing,
2 1/2 P.M., there is no prospect of our getting off today.
It is rumored that our sudden change of direction,
yesterday, was because the rebels commenced their evacuation
of Chatanooga yesterday morning and were moving south.
Our new route ~~is~~ ^{is} towards Clark or Dalton and I presume
the design is, if possible, to intercept the retreat of the
"rebs". We shall probably move on as quick as the road
is cleared of Negley's trains. I think we shall be in
Dalton before many days; possibly in Rome or Atlanta
before the month is out. If the 4th fight I am sure we shall
"flax them" and if they don't we get Chatanooga, Rome &
Atlanta any how. Perhaps it is useless to make
guesses about what I know nothing of. But a month or
two will tell. If we have good luck, we will make
things look blue to Jeff. Davis & Co.

It has been hot and dusty marching since we left Anderson
and we are a dirty set of fellows. The men carry their knapsacks
and the wagons of the division carry twenty five days rations.
What I have seen of Georgia so far is poor scrubby, all
mountains and valleys. The valley where we are now
is the best I have seen. Just ahead of us is the Lookout
mountain. What we shall find when we get up or over
that is more than I can tell, perhaps some "rebs".

I will write again as soon as possible.

With love to all I remain,

Your son L. Dwight Hinckley

Anderson Tenn
Sept. 1. '63

addressed, here.

sent at once

Camp 10th Wis. Vol. Inf.
Anderson, Tenn Sept. 1st 1863.

Dear Mother,

I received yesterday a letter from Myron and Jane, and have "spread myself" before this big sheet, to write a reply to you.

We are in a fair way to see a change from the ~~lazy~~ existence of the last three weeks. A battallion of regulars came up here yesterday, from division head quarters to occupy the stations which our brigade has been guarding and we expect to march, tomorrow. I presume we shall go to Stevenson and probably further. I presume you have seen by the papers that our bridges were laid two days ago, and two or three divisions are now on the south side of the Tennessee. The "rebs" have made no opposition, to speak of, and whether they will at Chatanvoga, is still a question.

We are likely, I think, to be in Georgia, in less than a week. The northwest corner of Ga. is not more than 20 miles from here, and

some of our men must be pretty near it now. I suppose you will have heard from Julian, since he reached New York.

I was considerably surprised to hear that they had taken that direction, and if they don't get a chance to shoot any rioters, they can have a very pleasant time. No doubt the New York rowdies will conclude that "discretion is the better part of valor" and so deprive the boys of the pleasure of sending them where they belong. I would like very well to make a campaign in N.Y. myself if the President could be induced to believe our services were necessary there.

As it is we shall be obliged to content ourselves with the refinements of a camp among the Tennessee mountains.

That must have been a hard gale which did so much damage at Buena Vista. Did it extend farther than that spot?

I expect I shan't know that part of the world, when I have the pleasure of seeing it again. Don't you have any more neighbors than you did two years ago? And ain't there any more farms in sight than when I was there last? Nobody has ever written that there is much improvement there.

I've been thinking, whether I can't get

something done, if you or the girls are not very busy. I can't get any stockings here that are worth anything, and if you or the girls can knit me two or three pairs without inconvenience, I will be much obliged, and pay more for them than I have to for the things we get here. They can be sent by mail, and if they weigh less than four ounces would cost only two cents postage, and if not over eight ounces, four cents. There is another thing I would like to get, but I don't suppose you can get it where you are. That is, some shirts. I can get plenty of shirts here, and have five or six now, but they are all so small that after washing once or twice they can hardly be worn. I have one on now, for which I paid five dollars, this summer and the sleeves are a tight fit.

The material I want is the same, or something like what ladies use for capes or some such "fixings". I'm not very well posted and can't explain exactly. I expect Jane knows what I mean. If women's shirts have become as much the fashion elsewhere as they have in the army you can see plenty such as I want, but I suppose they have not. Here a white shirt is hardly ever worn. However, I don't suppose any such material is to be had in the neighborhood of Lone Pine or whatever your township is. I believe, come to think of it, the name is Pine Grove isn't it? ||

Inclosed I send you my picture which will probably look more like me than the one I sent last spring, though it is a rather dim picture. I sent the other day a copy of "Rosovood Campaign, with the 14th A.C.," which I think will be interesting — to Myron, at least.

I sent two numbers of the "Atlantic" lately and have just recd the Sept. No. I will send that before long.

I am afraid I shall fail in the attempt to fill this sheet, and not to tire your patience by writing when I have nothing more to write, with best wishes to all I, for the present say Good Bye,

Your affectionate son,
L Dwight Hinkley

Anderson Station

Aug 9 '63

500 to Valley.

Camp 10th Wis. Vols.
Anderson Station N.C. R.R. Station

Dear Mother,

Aug. 9th '63

A year ago or rather a year
from the last day of this month we
bivouaced on Alabama soil for the
last time, before our long retrograde march,
and now we are again camped, not exact-
ly in Ala. but on the night of its hills and
within half a mile of the line. Our
brigade moved from Cowan on the 5th and
climbed the mountain where we crossed it
last fall. We are perched on the hill-
side, here, where we can look down
upon the narrow valley by which
Crow creek comes down the mountains
and down which the railroad also
runs. Our company has a pretty

good place though it is rather hard work
to climb the steep side hills. Water from a
spring 200 feet above us comes down
through logs to supply the water tank
at the station. and by cutting holes in the
logs we have it handy. We may stay
here two or three weeks though the present
talk is, that we shall not stay a week,
I do not care to stay a great while, for
this part of the valley is rather foggy
and looks as though it was a good place
for the ague, with which I have no
wish to make any further acquaintance.
Sheridan's Div. is ahead of us; one brigade
at Stevenson and two at Bridgeport.
At Bridgeport they are getting ready the timber to
repair the bridge. Yesterday a battallion of the
Pioneers went down with ropes and tools which
looks as if they were about ready to stretch it
across the river. It is said the whole
corps is under orders to march at a moments

ork notice. I should not be surprised if
the bulk of our army was on the south
side of the Tennessee in less than a month
k. and perhaps in a fortnight.

I wrote to Major, last week and
sent a topographical sketch of the field
out of Stone river; also to father a short
k. time before, inclosing \$ 35, I hope
to hear whether they arrived safely,
as soon as convenient. By the way, have
you ever received the pictures of "Scenes
at Stone River" which I ordered to be
sent to you ^{this} ~~last~~ ^{spring} ~~summer~~? I have never
heard of them. We have plenty of
of green corn, here now, and apples and
peaches are beginning to get ripe. Blackberries
are about gone. I had a letter from Johnson
from Warrenton Junction, just before we
left Cowan. He was well and thought their
campaign was nearly ended.

I have sent \$ 500. to Capt. Hillyer

to be invested in U.S. 5-20 Bonds.
I am going to send another hundred
as soon as I can get it to the express office.
You have got used to the backwoods yet?
I thought by her letters she had
been in Chicago too long to enjoy country
life. Tell her she musn't get the
"blues", she won't live any longer;
and when my time is out, (less than
fourteen months) I'll come and see her,
and we'll have a tremendous argument
about fighting. I'm going to write to her shortly
when I feel like it.

Give my love to the girls, I have been
looking for a letter from Marion for a long
time, I don't believe he has honored me with a
line for six months, ^{or less} If he was the Major General
Commanding he couldn't overlook my merits with
more indifference. With much love and
best wishes for the health & happiness of yourself & father
and all the rest I remain
Your son, L. Dwight Hinkley.

Cowan Tenn.
July 21 '63

pay \$0.00
money - family

Camp 10th Wis. Vol. Inf.
Cowan, Tenn. July 21st 1863.

Dear Father,

I wrote to you a few days ago,
but having nothing particular on hand this after-
noon, will send a few lines more.

Since I wrote before we have moved camp and
are now at Cowan, a station on the R. R. close
to the foot of the Cumberland mountains. We are
now camped on high ground in a beautiful grove
of oak and Hickory, which this warm weather
makes a desirable situation. Our quarters
would be considered rather airy for a Wis.
winter, and in fact for a winter here - being
only a canvas roof, which shades about eight
feet square. The ends of the tent being open, and
the sides too - about three feet from the ground.
We have been threatening to build up the ends and
sides with bushes to keep the rain from beating in,
but haven't done it yet. This is the greatest
country for Blackberries I ever saw and we

improve the season. The men gather bushels of them every day, and within five miles of a camp, there are not many that go to waste. To prevent the plundering, for which a good many men have a strong proclivity, a commissioned ^{officer} must go out with every squad, with a pass from Div. Head quarters, and he is held responsible for the good behavior of his men.

Last Thursday we went to Elk river to guard a supply train, and found our paymaster there. His iron chest was transferred to our ambulance and he returned to camp with us. The boys don't often guard a train with so much good will as they did that one. The next day we were paid off; the regiment for four months and myself for ten months, amounting to \$1080, 64. After paying my debts which amount to about \$200 and retaining enough for my expenses for three or four months, I shall have six hundred or seven hundred to send to Wis. If I get it there safely I shall be suited. ||

Our men never felt better than now. We have been making the "reds" skedaddle here, which will always raise the spirits of soldiers, and the news of success every where, proclaimed by the thunder of cannon brightens their hopes of a permanent and

early triumph. To-day there is a rumor that
the great guns of the iron clads have hammered
out the surrender of Charleston. I have some
doubt about its coming so soon.

I hope our government will not be so
confident of success as to slacken their efforts
and lose all we have gained now, as they
did when they stopped enlistments last year.
It looks as though the rebels would be forced to
abandon a great deal of territory to defend the
rest, but when they do concentrate, I am
afraid they will give us a good deal of hard
work and perhaps, hard fighting, yet. There
are a great many men predicting the end of the
war, in sixty days, and ninety days, &c.,
and offering to bet any amount on it. But how
can they can imagine any such thing after having
seen two years of military operations, and the
difficulties of extending them such immense distances
and knowing the inveterately hostile spirit of
the people of the south, and the armies and
resources still at their disposal, is more than
I can understand. If Lee's army had been
so seriously crippled as to be unable to defend
Richmond, I should believe the end of hostilities
a long way nearer than now.

We have just rec'd a telegraphic dispatch that

Morgan has about finished his mischief in Ind. & Ohio, having been defeated and a couple of thousand of his men killed and captured, and the rest likely to be. I rec'd James' letter day before yesterday, and one from Julian at the same time, written on the field of Gettysburg July 5th. I suppose you will hear from him before you get this, and know that he was hardly in the fight.

I hear that crops in Ohio, are suffering from drought. The water must be all coming down here.

This section of country around this place, Decher, Winchester, Manchester, &c. is very handsome lying, rich land, and if it was a civilized community would be a good place to live, and a man might get rich. It would cost hardly anything to keep cattle or any kind of stock.

Inclosed is \$35, of which please give Myron and Mary & Maria \$5, a piece and Mother \$10. Tell Myron I haven't had a letter from him for a good while. I will write again soon. With love to all I remain.

Your affectionate son
L. Dwight Hinkley

Near Decherd Tenn

July 8 '63

July } gett
+ } bids.
rainy marches,

Camp 10th Wis Vol. Inf.
near Decherd, Tenn. July 8. '63

Dear Mother,

I sent a line in pencil to you a few days ago, to let you know of my welfare, and have now a little leisure to write again. When I wrote at Manchester we were uncertain what was before us, and most of us expected a hard fight for the possession of Tallahoma. But the rebels seem to have thought themselves outgeneraled or outnumbered, and on that very day, as near as we can ascertain, commenced a hasty retreat, and made quick time over the mountains, and the last of them are now across the Tennessee and in Chatanooga. That is, the last of those who stand by their colors, the woods and mountains are full of men

who deserted on the retreat, and they are at
coming in, or being brought in, every day. Citizens the
say that a large part of the men from res
this section, who were in the rebel army are a
either at home, or hiding in the woods, not th
being certain how we would deal with sm
them. But though we have occupied the m
country and driven the enemy beyond the big
Tennessee river, our advance is but little w
short of a failure, owing partly to causes wa
over which no one could exercise control. an
The summer, up to the time we commenced M
this movement has been very dry, but the day fr
we left Murfreesboro, it commenced raining, and cr
has rained fourteen out of the sixteen days say
since. This constant rain, and the passage of th
some thousands of wagons and artillery carriages cr
has made the roads almost impassable, and by c
obstructed the movements of the troops. Our gon
right wing according to the programme was w
to attack the enemy on the Shelbyville pike, sm
and endeavor to draw their strength in that direction, th
The center, (in which we are) was to force the passage to

at Hoover's Gap on the Manchester pike, while
the left wing by a circuitous march was to
reach Manchester where they would be in
a position to assail the flank and rear of
the rebels at Tallahoma. But the rains
made the by-roads through which the left wing
moved, so bad, that the center reached Manchester
before them. The right wing, attacked so impet-
uously at Shelbyville that they drove the rebels
back on Tallahoma instead of drawing them
out, and as the arrival of our center near
Manchester, showed that a large part of our
day force was threatening their flank and line of
communications, they hurried out. The citizens
say they went in a hurry by here and that
they broke down hundreds of wagons in
crossing the mountains. We have been moving
by short marches since we left Manchester,
going from 2 to 6 miles a day but slow as
we go, our supplies cannot get up fast
enough. Our men have been for the last
three or four days, on less than half rations,
though there is a supply train of twenty five

Hundred wagons on the other side of Elk
river, some six or eight miles from here,
which can't get across the river. There were
a number of men drowned in crossing that
stream. The second brigade of our division were
the first that crossed, and they lost 5 or 6 men.
The next day our brigade crossed, The river
was about a foot lower than the day before,
but still nearly waist deep and with a
current so rapid, as I can testify, as to give
even a strong man full occupation, to keep
his feet. I believe there was no life in our
brigade but within an hour after we were
over, the rain poured down heavily, raising the
water again, and the division which followed
us had two or three drowned, Two nights
ago we had a tremendous shower which
nearly washed us all out of our bivouacs.
Part of us who took the precaution to lay rails
in the bottom of our shelter tents were out of the
water underneath, but the others got well
soaked. Some of the boys found in the
morning that their shoes had floated off

It was fun to us who could say still and keep half way dry, to hear the others, who were drowned out, standing around, while the rain pomed down in a perfect flood, some of them singing, to make themselves think it was fun, and some of them swearing at a rate that put the lightning out of countenance entirely. This has been a pretty rough jaunt though not such hard marching as we have had before, I have been wet nearly every day, and did not have my shoes off for nearly a week after we started. Last night I slept without my pants for the first time.

You will begin to think, I can think, of nothing but our own camp. But nevertheless we are watching eagerly and with what facilities we have, the news from other parts of the country. On the fourth, just after we reached our bivouac which was about noon, ~~we~~ a dispatch from Gen. Rosecrans was read announcing

that Lee was defeated, On the strength of that
the boys got up a big hurrah and a national
salute was fired in each division.

Yesterday afternoon we heard the cannon
at Tallahoma, thundering out a national
salute and knew there was some good
news, but though the artillery all around
us kept the echoes awake till dark,
and opened again with "reveille" ^{this morning}, we
did not find out till they were done, what
it was all about. Then we heard the
dispatch, ^{from the War Dept.} read, that Vicksburg surrendered
on the 4th and that the defeat of Lee,
was a total rout. If this last only prove
true there is good reason for exultation, and I
shall be only anxious, to hear from Johnson and
know that he has come off with his previous
good fortune. I heard from him last at Leeburg
under date June 22nd. I rec'd father's letter
since we have been marching and will write in a few
days if they don't keep snowing. Give my love to Jane
and the other girls. Tell a Myron not to forget to write,
I find on looking over my letters that it is all up, but that is
what I am doing now, so I hope you will excuse it.
Your affectionate son L Dwight Hinkley

New Dechard Tenn

July 11 '63

Note & all
expectancy & pay

Camp 10th Wis. Vols.
near Dechard Tenn. July 11 '63

Dear Father

I received your letter on the 30th June, but have not before had time to conclude what I would do. I never had any very serious idea of buying land, and abandoned it almost as soon as thought of. It is a good deal like a gambling venture, especially where one doesn't do it himself.

I had a letter from Allis a short time ago in which he mentioned those notes, and said he would be ready to pay them this fall, if I wanted the money. I wrote ^{to him} that they were in your hands, and that I should get

you to present them some time
this summer or fall. I will make
a proposal, if you choose to go to
Waujuan and see about it. The note
of C. Wells, I think I will not do
anything about at present. If you
have a mind to go to W and
obtain the payment of Allis' notes, I
will pay the expense of the journey,
and the hundred dollars will be
at your disposal. The rest of the
amount I think I will let
Capt. Hillger, loan for me for the
present, or until I come home, or
find some better way to dispose of
it. I don't think it will be very
difficult for Allis to pay the amount
of those notes at any time, but if
you conclude to go, perhaps it would
be best to write first to him and
see when he can be prepared, so
that you could get it without

delay. If I ever get paid in any kind
of time, I will send money
enough to pay traveling expenses.
If you go, I suppose I shall
hear from you before you start.

We are making muster and pay rolls
again and hope to get some pay soon.
Long if we don't move. I haven't been
troubled with any large accumulation of
funds in the last eight or ten months,
but will have a considerable surplus
when I do get pay. We have been lying
still for several days, one reason being
the inability to get up supplies fast enough.
The men were on half rations for several days
all the supplies being brought from the other
side of the river on pack mules, which just
enabled us to live from hand to mouth.
It commenced raining the day we left camp
and rained fifteen days out of sixteen. Getting
wet has been the principal incident of the
campaign, and that has nearly lost the

attraction of novelty. We have very little news, We just know that Vicksburg is taken, and that there has been a great battle in Pa.; but very few particulars. Even of the enemy in front, or who was in front, we don't know much. They have vanished over the mountains, probably across the Tennessee, and it is rumored that a part of them are gone to Va. I think it probable we shall occupy the line of the Tennessee, as soon as the railroad can be got ready for bringing up provisions &c. whether we are to "go for" Chattanooga this summer I can't say, but I believe we shall. I haven't heard from Jubian since June 22nd.

The recent successes of our armies make all in good spirits, and I think must make the rebels feel blue. Hoping they may hasten the time when we can all meet at home, I remain

Your affectionate son
L. D. Ankleby

Bivouac in Wilkes Valley, Ga.
Sept. 14th 1863.

Dear Sister

Your letter was duly received on the 9th of this month and I take the first opportunity to write you a line. I wrote to mother on the 8th while we were on the other side of Lookout mountain, and as I gave her a kind of daily record of our movements up to that time I will continue it to you. On the 1th Sept. we remained in Bivouac, and first heard the news that Rosecrans was in Chatsanooga. We hardly believed it then, but it has been since confirmed. The next morning we turned out at 4 o'clock and marched at 5. A short march brought us to the foot of the mountain in about two hours. We filed into the woods, stacked arms and our regt. and another were detailed to help the trains up the mountain. We went out to the side of the road and lay down, in the shade and as fast as the wagons came along men were detailed from the head of the column to help them. We lay all the forenoon and only a few men were taken from our regt. when another came out to relieve us, and we went back & got our dinner. The road goes up the mountain by steep zigzags and is about a mile and a half to the top. After dinner we buckled on our harness and started up. It was tremendous hot marching and it took us about two hours to reach the top. On the side of the mountain a family lives about half way up, whose miserable condition excited a good deal of remark. I did not see them but I have heard it mentioned by numbers of soldiers who stopped there. There was a woman and four or five children who were almost naked and starved. A good many of the boys gave them crackers from their own short rations, which were the only things they had to eat. One girl fourteen or fifteen years old had hardly any clothes, and laid under the bed when any one came in. A soldier of Sherman's Div. which came over day before yesterday,

told me that one of the children was dead when they came by. Some of our men gave them money, but our money is not of much use to them at present. At the top of the mountain we waited for the remainder of the train to be got off and the regiment sent to join us, and did not get started again till near sundown or march of two or three miles brought us to the eastern brow of the mountain just about dark, and we could see the camp fires of the second brigade which had preceded us, twinkling in the valley, two thousand feet below us. Like the ascent on the other side, the descent here is a half dozen steep zigzags, and the caution necessary in getting down the battery of artillery (which following the first regt in the brigade was ahead of us) made our progress slow. The evening was dark and we went stumbling down ~~with~~ but very misfortune was only a subject for jokes and laughter. One fellow slipped on a sliding package, and went head first into a deep rut filled with dust, and got up looking like a miller, only to be the subject of innumerable jokes. Half the company got a fall on the uneven road before we reached the bottom, all nearly about a clock, but nobody was hurt. It bivouacked in an open field, with orders to stand to arms at 3 o'clock, without sound of bugles. We turned out at 3 the next morning and directly after recd orders to march immediately. We filed out to the side of the road, and finding the wagon train was to go before us, we made the best use of the interval, to make a cup of coffee and take a bite of hard bread & bacon. We had hardly swallowed it when we started again. This valley is the best part of Georgia that we have yet seen, and shows more evidences of civilization than we before thought it is still wild enough. There are also more men in this part of Ga. than we ever found in North Alabama or rebel Tennessee.

We went out about four miles when we came up to Kegley's Div, and they report that the "rebs" were only two or three miles in front. We turned into a field and stacked arms, and began to think we should see something of our secess friends, especially when the pickets commenced firing soon after. I thought to see the road on which we have been marching runs from Bridgeport to Denton, Lafayette & Dalton and crosses the Raccoon & Lookout mountains, and Pigeon Hills. We have passed Trenton but did not go through it and are about 10 or 12 miles from La Fayette, and have the Chatanooga road crosses this one, and the "rebs" occupied the gap through which the road crosses Pigeon hills. About noon we were ordered to change our position and moved a short distance to the left and formed a line of columns. This began to look like a fight and directly we saw that the tents of Div. Headquarters which had been put up on our arrival were being struck. In a few minutes we moved forward through the bushes about a quarter of a mile and then two companies were thrown out as skirmishers. Cass was one of them, we advanced near half a mile through the woods and found a line of skirmishers along a fence with a field about 25 rods wide in front, and the "rebs" skirmishing on the other side. We relieved the line and held this position about three hours. The bullets came pretty close sometimes, but luckily we had not hit, the next day had three wounded. At the end of this time we were ordered to fall back. We had a first rate place and couldn't imagine what we were retired for, but we started back slowly, and when we came to the place where we left the regt, we found they were gone. We couldn't tell which way they had gone but kept on falling back and after going about a mile or more came out on the road and found that the regt. was still farther back on the road. We soon joined them and found that they had been alarmed for our safety.

and had about given us up for "gobbled." We didn't see it, not having been alarmed on that account ourselves. We soon found that the whole force was falling back, though what for we couldn't tell, as there had been no fighting to speak of, and we could not discover any display of force on the part of the "rebs." We fell back about three miles and halted just before dark. We hadn't got supper when we moved again and then lay down by our arms. We were just getting asleep when a half dozen guns were fired which started us up pretty quick. We found that a picket which was sent out ran into a party of "rebs" which had followed us and were fired into but nobody was hurt. We moved back again about half a mile and stopped on the top of a hill where we lay till morning. We heard a great many stories which nobody can tell whether to believe or not, and found afterward that one of our regts. which was left back with the wagons, supposed the 10th Wis. was all cut to pieces having heard such a story. The next morning, Sept. 12th, our brigade went back to the foot of the mountain where our battery was planted on a hill and a breastwork built in front of it, and we took to the shade of the woods. The other two Divisions of the 14th Corps came over the mountain this morning, and in the afternoon, Braman's Div. moved out on a reconnoissance and our brigade was ordered to support them, The head of the column went beyond where we met the rebs the day before but found nobody and we returned to camp. Yesterday was Sunday and we lay quiet all day, though we had made up our minds that we should have to march in the morning. Last night we heard that Crittenden's corps was marching down from Chatanooga and was within six miles of us, and that Gen. Rosecrans was with it, also that the rebs were in force at La Fayette. To day we are lying still again - reason unknown. I can't get niggine why we retired the other day - whether the rebs were found to be stronger than we - or whether it was a trick to get them up this way so that Crittenden could get behind them. It has been very warm and dusty marching.

far and a good prospect of the continuance of the same. Of course you
know we have got Chatanooga. but I think Gen. Rosey, will feel
disappointed that he didn't get part of the rebel army with it.
Unless they "think better of it" we may have a fight between here
and Dalton, though I don't much expect it.

We don't get much news or many letters now a days. I
have had but one since we left Anderson.

I will try to write again to some of you at the first
opportunity; till then with love to all I remain

Your brother,

L. Dwight Hinkley

[1]

On ~~or~~ about the ¹⁴15th of August, 1864, the last train load of Federal officers who had been confined in the prison pen at Macon, left that place, some ten or twelve hundred having been previously removed.

The steady advance of Sherman's army, and the threatening raids of his cavalry, began to excite the fears of our rebel ^{antagonists} ~~hosts~~, and convinced them that it was not a safe place for us. A week before our removal, Stoneman's command had awakened our hopes and alarmed the militia garrison of Macon, by approaching so near that the shells from ^{their} his guns fell in the streets of the city, though the expedition finally ended disastrously, and added a hundred or more to our number; among them Gen. Stoneman himself, the first Maj. Gen. whom the fortunes of war had thrown into the hands of the rebels. It was late in the evening when in obedience to the final order to move, we packed our ^{scanty baggage} ~~personal property~~, stowed in our haversacks the corn bread and bacon previously prepared, and filed out of the gate in answer to the roll call, but it was almost daylight before we were fairly ^{loaded} stowed in the cars, and in motion, ^{There were} en route, for Charleston. Between three

and four hundred officers ^{in this last detachment} ~~constituted this last instalment~~
and in consideration of the heat of the weather, and a
more regard to our comfort than they ^{rebel officers} had sometimes shown,
we were distributed at the rate of twenty five or thirty men
to a car, in box freight cars, of course. (During our
journey from Richmond to Macon, fifty or sixty
prisoners and three or four guards, were sometimes crowded
into one car.)

At last under way, we crawled along at the usual
rate of Southern railroads, and reached the Oconee river,
a distance of thirty or forty miles, about noon.

Here Stoneman's raiders had burned a bridge a week
before, and the leisurely labors of half a dozen white
mechanics, and a gang of negroes were slowly restoring
it, though it was not yet in a condition for the
passage of trains. The river, about twenty rods wide,
was deep and rapid, and the means of transit was
limited to a flatboat capable of carrying fifty or sixty
men, which three or four darkies drew back and forth
by a rope stretched across the stream. A train waited
for us on the east side of the river, and after three or
four hours work we were ^{transferred to it,} again ready to move.

A mesquite and myself had been, during all our
stay at Macon, looking out for some reasonable chance

to escape, and when we found that a journey was before us, decided that this was our opportunity, and made our preparations accordingly. We knew that of the fifty or sixty who had attempted to escape during our stay at Macon, nine out of ten had been recaptured, but were satisfied that the tenth chance was worth trying for. We had accumulated as much of a surplus of corn bread and bacon as possible, though that did not exceed a limited supply for three days (and had procured each, a little bag of salt, and a bunch of matches, with the best security against dampness that we could obtain. The method of our escape from our immediate guards we had definitely settled, and hoped to have little difficulty in its accomplishment.)

We had made a saw by filing teeth in the back of a ^{table} case knife, and intended, as soon as darkness favored us, to cut a hole through the floor of the car and at the first good opportunity, make our exit without consulting the guards at the doors.

The guards of our train were a detachment of Georgia reserve militia, composed of boys of sixteen or seventeen and old men of fifty and upwards, most of them recently forced into the service, ignorant of a soldier's duty, and having little of the vigilance ^{or interest} of veterans in their guard duty.

These guards were posted, two in each car at the doors on the sides, and the remainder on the roofs.

The train on which we were loaded on the east side of the Oconee, had been used to transport some of the prisoners who had gone to Charleston before us, and when we climbed into our car the first thing on which our eyes fell, was a large hole in the floor, evidently the work of some discontented Yank, and which, unaccountably the rebels had neglected to ^{close up} board over.

We congratulated ourselves on our good luck, as we placed ourselves and our baggage near this prospective door to liberty. ~~But some ill luck seemed to follow us as well.~~ One of the guards in our car was a wide awake boy, and unlike some of them, a genuine rebel, ^{who did his duty well,} and this opportunity for escape was not long hidden from his sharp eyes.

At the first station we saw him point it out to the officer of the guard, and our hopes sank several degrees when we heard him tell the sentinel, he would "see about it."

It was after sunset when we reached Millen, where the R.R. branches, one line running southeast toward Savannah, the other, north to Augusta, but the moon shone brightly, and there was little prospect of escaping from the train until darkness favored us. At every station at which we stopped, our vigilant sentinel jumped from the

car and remained on the ground until the train was about starting. Meantime, we lay quiet, pretending to sleep, but anxiously watching and waiting. Stations were passed, one after another, and midnight came without the wished for opportunity. Then came a change in the state of affairs. The sentinels in the cars were relieved, their places being supplied by their drowsy comrades who had been sleeping on the roofs. To our car were assigned a couple of thick headed boys and we quickly ^{our opportunity would come again} concluded that ~~the time was near for our attempt.~~ ^{we were again}

~~We thought the train would never stop again, and we watched the fading light, as the moon sunk behind the trees, with anxious eyes, but at last~~ ^{Between} two and three o'clock in the morning, the train came to a stand at a station (the name of which I have never been able to learn) somewhere about twenty-five or thirty miles south of Augusta. My comrade softly whispered: "Shall we try it now?" "Yes," I replied, and half a minute later she had disappeared through the floor of the car. I followed silently, and then we laid down beside the track to wait "further developments."

Hardly had we gained this position when we saw ap-

approaching, from the head of the train, the officer commanding the guard, with a lantern. We rapidly crept to the opposite side of the track, ~~and entrenched~~ ^{entrenched} ourselves close behind the wheels of the car, and had the satisfaction of seeing the officer pass on towards the rear of the train. Not to remain, though, for a few minutes we saw him returning on the side opposite that on which he had ^{first} passed.

Again we crept back, and as before lay close, while the officer halted beside the car, and cautioned the guards to be watchful, because some men had escaped at the last station. We lay, ~~trembling in our shoes,~~ at the danger of discovery, and yet ready to laugh at the thought, that while he was repeating his instructions to vigilance, some escaping "Yanks" were lying almost under his nose. While the officer was approaching, another man had slipped out of the car, and foolishly ventured to dart across the space which separated our train from another standing on the side-track. The guard caught a glimpse of him as he vanished between the cars, and when he called out, "Here, you man, come back there," we thought ^{it was} ~~our discovery~~ ^{all up with us} was certain. But the sentinel seemed not to be certain that he had seen any one, and after a moment called to his comrade in the next car,

"Glad! Did you see any man go under them cars there?"

The other responded, "No. Go and look", but the sentinel proved too stupid or indifferent, or too sleepy to make the effort and we escaped that danger. The officer paced on, and we breathed a little more freely, till we saw him again appear making his third round. (So our suspense the minutes moved so slow it seemed as if he was going round the train all night. But this proved the last time, and when he reached the end of the train, and we heard him shout, "All right! go ahead," we were almost tempted to respond "amen".

The train moved, gaining speed as the half dozen cars passed by us, and as we saw the last one pass, we shrank close to the ground almost expecting to be greeted by a musket shot. But no sharp-eyed sentinel discovered us, and in two minutes the receding cars were whirling round a curve, bearing on, free and still captive friends and leaving us free. Two hundred miles from the lines of Sherman's army, which we hoped to reach, and among a hostile population, where danger of recapture ~~haunted every~~ ^{attended every} step, but still, for the moment, at least, free. We did not stop long, however, to consider that phase of the situation, but sprang to our feet and dashed into the thicket which bordered

the railroad. Once there, we halted for a moment, to reconsider the plans we had so often talked over and which we now began to think might be realized. We found that five ^{men} besides ourselves had taken French leave of our guards. But it was no part of the plan of any comrade and myself, to join any other party. We had often agreed that the smaller the party, the better the prospect of escaping ~~the~~ ~~situation~~, and we trusted still to effect our object by slipping out of sight and avoiding communication with everybody.

We had left our blankets and extra underclothing with a mesmate who did not feel equal to the hard work of the attempt to escape, and now unincumbered with any thing but our overcoats, and the small stock of rations in our haversacks, we commenced our march. We had in our possession, a passable map of Georgia cut from Harper's weekly, and had calculated the course we designed to travel. A ~~limited~~ knowledge of astronomy, just sufficient to enable us to find the North star, was our dependence to keep the course. In our haste we had taken to the woods on the east side of the track, but the course we wished to follow was north west.

We made a wide detour to avoid the buildings of the station, and before we crossed the railroad it began to grow light. We pushed on for an hour or more, first west

a field, then through woods, till the sun rose, when we halted by a little stream, to consider whether we had better lie by for the day, or venture to travel in daylight.

Our eagerness to get forward overcame our fears, and we decided to move on cautiously. We kept in the woods avoiding all paths, and steering northwest, as near as we could judge by the position of the sun. Whenever it was necessary to cross a road, we reconnoitered carefully, and then made a rapid dash across what we considered the dangerous ground.

With all our caution we had a narrow escape from being seen this first day. We had made a few miles by noon, and halted to rest and take a lunch, in a piece of woods near the edge of a swamp, apparently far enough from any human habitation.

We were lying on the ground estimating how far we had come and how far we had to go, when we heard a voice and the clatter of feet. Looking in that direction we saw a boy ^{hiding} ~~in~~ a mule go down to a spring not more than a dozen rods away. We stretched ourselves flat on the ground, and had the satisfaction of seeing him retrace his steps, without a suspicion that a fugitive Yankee was within a hundred miles.

As soon as he disappeared we were not long in making tracks to a more secure locality, and this little incident having frightened us out of our purpose to travel, we settled down and endeavored to sleep during the rest of the afternoon. (In moving from our first resting place we caught sight of the house, not more than twenty rods from where we had stopped. We found afterwards that one of our greatest dangers was the coming unexpectedly upon houses in the most out of the way places, and when travelling in the daytime we always kept a sharp lookout for them. During this first day we came across a tree and filled our pockets with thorn apples, which we ate with a good relish, having had little fruit or vegetables for some months.) About sundown we resumed our march. Just after sundown we had a little experience of the natural obstacles to our progress. We came upon a disagreeable looking swamp across which our course lay. It was too dark to see how wide it might be, but jumping from bog to bog, and aided occasionally by an old log, we worked our way into it. After half an hour of scrambling, slipping and wading, over bogs, cypress knees, stumps, and logs, we gained the other side, quite satisfied to keep on hard ground thereafter, when it was possible. About eleven o'clock we came

to a large melon patch, and each of us laid hands on a huge melon. At the farther side of the field we seated ourselves in the bushes and soon dispatched our frage. A couple of hours later we discovered another melon patch, and repeated the experiment, to our great satisfaction. We had made up our minds to have some peaches, and during the first two or three nights, we turned aside into every peach orchard we saw, but failed to find any thing except on one occasion.)

We had heard while at Macon many wonderful stories about the sagacity and training of the dogs which ^{were} kept in all the southern states to hunt runaway negroes, ~~and were~~ at this time used to hunt escaped prisoners, and during the first few days we listened with a good deal of trepidation to the yelping of the hounds which our approach to the plantations, disturbed. ~~We had heard that they would detect the track of a runaway if they but crossed it on the road, and that once on the track it was almost impossible to elude or baffle them; that they could follow the scent across swamps if one only touched a bush occasionally; and if the scent was lost in a stream, would search for and find the trail on the opposite bank.~~ but after several days, or rather nights, travel, during which we escaped any serious

alarms from this cause, we concluded that the danger was greatly exaggerated, and moderated our fears accordingly. Once we thought we were certainly pursued. We had been travelling during a part of the night on a country road, and near morning had turned into a piece of woods to rest for the day when we heard the yelping of a hound in the direction from which we had come, and not far off. It came nearer and nearer, and when we saw the dog jump over the fence not more than a dozen rods off, we thought we had certainly reached the end of our career as escaped prisoners. It was too late to run, so we sat still and saw the hound rush by within a couple of rods, not after us but on track of a rabbit or some other small animal. We breathed freer, and after making a breakfast of apples, stolen during the night, stretched ourselves on the ground, for a nap, undisturbed by his yelping although he passed near us several times.

~~(One, the second night of our tramp, perhaps about one or two o'clock, while trudging along silently, we heard a faint roar or rumble. We listened, and as another breath of wind brought the sound to us we decided that we were coming to a mill. It was not till the noise swelled into the unmistakable clatter of an approaching train that we could make ourselves believe we were near the Georgia railroad which runs from Augusta to Atlanta. We had not expected to reach it~~

so soon by twenty four hours at least. We listened, as with
 a screech of the whistle, the train came to a stand at the
 station, fifty rods distant, and after a five minutes halt
 rattled away toward Augusta. Then we came out of
 the woods and making a circuit to the west of the sta-
 tion, came upon the track at a mile post marked
 21. (On the second night of our march we came upon the Gas
 railroad ~~We knew at once where we were.~~) At a station
 named Berzelia, twenty one miles west of Augusta, and
 a hundred and fifty from Atlanta. Not quite so far
 west as we had hoped to strike the railroad - but we
 were satisfied, - and having by this time worn off some
 of the caution with which we started, we followed the
 track, making much more rapid progress, than when
 scrambling through swamps, woods, and ploughed
 fields. This night we met the first person whom we
 had encountered on our march. We came upon him
 about three o'clock in the morning, and were close to him
 before we saw him. My comrade who was leading, had
 the presence of mind not to appear startled, and wal-
 ked straight by him as if his ^{being there was} ~~was~~ the most
 natural thing. ~~ordinary business~~ in the world. It proved to be an
 old negro, probably on his way home after a night's

visiting. He said, "Good morning, Massa" and went on without appearing to have any suspicion of us. Afterwards while on the railroad, we met at different times, several darkies none of whom ever seemed to have any suspicion that there was any thing unusual about us. Probably they would have been friendly to us if they had known who we were, but it was not our policy to make confidants of any persons, and when we met them we merely responded "good evening" to their salutation and passed on. Only once did we have any conversation with any of them, and that time we couldn't very well avoid it. We had come about nine or ten o'clock in the evening to a fine plantation, with a large white house, (which, by the way, was not a frequent sight in Georgia,) and beside the railroad a large peach orchard.

We at once climbed the fence and commenced an exploration of the orchard, without result, as far as fruit was concerned. Arrived at the further side we came to a picket fence enclosing a garden, and looking over we discovered some melon vines. (~~It didn't take long to decide that if we couldn't get peaches, we would take up with melons.~~)

With a dexterity for which we took to our selves infinite credit, considering that neither of us had ever been familiar with the business of robbing gardens, we pried off the lower end of a picket, ~~and after listening awhile to make sure that~~

we had not attracted attention, (for we were near enough
 to the house to hear voices there.) we slipped it aside, and my
 comrade crept through. I couldn't help laughing, to
 myself as I sat by the fence waiting for him, to think
 what my friends at home would say, if they could see
 me, creeping around like a burglar, on such small bus-
 iness as stealing water-melons. My comrade ^{he} shortly re-
 turned with two melons, the total crop of that garden,
 and after replacing the picket we regained the railroad
 track. A quarter of a mile or more from the house we
 sat down to dispose of our plunder, and were so intently
 engaged in discussing it, that although it was a bright
 moonlight night, we didn't observe the approach of a
 darky till he was close to us. We put on the best face
 we could, and kept at work at our melons, when he came
 up, stopped, and said, "Good evening, gentlemen." We replied
 "Good evening," and he asked, "Going down to the station to
 take the train?" My comrade responded, "yes," "How long before
 the train will be along?" "It's about time for it now," he
 replied, and looking down the track where the light of the
 locomotive just then came in sight, added, "There it comes."
 My friend asked where he belonged, and he pointed to the
 house from the garden of which we had just stolen the
 melons he found us eating, (we didn't tell him about the

though.) We asked how much further it was to the station. He replied, "About a quarter," and after a moments hesitation went on. From his language and appearance, ^{we} took him to be a house servant and an intelligent negro. During the greater part of this night we felt rather uneasy, but we never heard, any thing more from him, and concluded, that if he had any suspicions about us, he was friendly and kept them to himself. In explanation of our uneasiness, I should tell you, that at that time we were very uncertain of the friendliness of the negroes, and among those who put the most faith in them the house servants were regarded with distrust. This was the only conversation we had with any person during the fourteen days of our tramp. On the second day our stock of rations was exhausted, and from that time we depended on foraging for a subsistence. This was not difficult, as the corn fields which furnished roasting ears were always at hand, and our only fears were ~~excited by the risk of being discovered by our fires.~~ ^{that we should be} The first time it became necessary to roast corn we built our fire just at day light, but the cloud of smoke, which ~~seemed to our imagination, to spread out endlessly,~~ alarmed us, and as soon as we had roasted enough for that day, we obliterated all traces of the fire, and decamped, fearful that some one might be attracted to the place. After that we made our fires about two or three o'clock in the morning. We would gather about a

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dozen ears apiece, and at the first thick woods, we would leave the road and go so far into the wood that the light of our fire would be hidden, if any ^{one} should by any possibility be out at that time. There we would roast our corn, make our midnight meal, fill our haversacks with enough to last us through the day, and then from a lurking fear that ~~it~~ ^{the fire} might some way betray us, put as great a distance as possible, between us and the cooking place, before the approach of daylight, compelled us to hide. At first we made a fire every night; afterwards we managed to carry two days rations, and the last time we kindled a fire we roasted enough for three days. We lost the last of our matches at this place, and made the three days' rations, last four. To save transportation, we generally did the most of our eating at the cooking place, being willing to go a little hungry during the day, rather than carry so much corn.

Long skip

[The second or third night, (I am not sure which,) after we struck the railroad we left it again, though without intending to do so. The map in our possession showed a branch road running to Washington on the north side of the main line, but showed none running to the south. But the fact was,

one existed which joined the main road one station farther east than the road to Washington. When we came to the forks we unhesitatingly took the southern line, which after a short distance, ran directly south. We were a little suspicious that we had gone wrong, but kept on four or five miles when, it being almost light, we took to the woods. We afterwards found that this was a short branch only five or six miles long, which our map maker had overlooked.

The next night when we started we for a while bore to the southwest, endeavoring to come upon the railroad again, but not finding it, and convinced that we were going out of our course, we gave up the attempt, and turned straight west. Our conjectures as to our position, proved afterwards to be correct. We struck the railroad again two days later very near where we expected to. We kept on our course, across lots, through woods, and swamps, a part of the night, but we began to find this hard work, and having got on so far without molestation, were losing some of the caution with which we set out, so that when we came to a road running near our course we struck into it.

We were very cautious here for a while, but grew bolder as we found a clear course. Before we reached the railroad again we went through two villages. Each time, as we approached, we took it to be the buildings

~~of a plantation, and once in the street it was as safe to go on as to turn back. We marched through as nonchalantly as possible, without looking at barking dogs, but I felt easier when we left them behind.)~~

(On the seventh or eighth day of our pilgrimage we came again in sight of the railroad, just at the crossing of the Ocome river. We discovered it late in the afternoon, having been working along slowly during a part of the day.

We expected to find a guard at this bridge, and approached carefully to reconnoitre. As we feared we saw a party of soldiers round a camp fire. Further progress by that route being thus cut off, we made our way down the river half a mile or more, and then looked around us to see what we could do for a ferry. The river was about twenty rods wide, deep and rapid, and bordered by a narrow flat covered with timber and a tangled undergrowth of bushes and vines. By the time we were far enough from the bridge to attempt crossing, it was dark, and after looking in vain for something of which to make a raft, we concluded we should have to postpone the passage, until morning, and went back into the woods and encamped for the night. Our camping, by the way, on this march was a very simple business. It was only necessary to pull off our haversacks, put on our overcoats,

^{and} drawing the capes over our heads, to keep the mosquitoes off, lie down on the smoothest piece of ground we could find, and the thing was done. In the morning as soon as it was light we made our way again to the river bank, and this time were successful in finding eight or ten rails, which had drifted down the river, and lodged in the bushes.

Laying half-a-dozen of these together and two others across them we lashed them together with withes, then we added two more, cot-house fashion, and lashed them, and had our raft ready to launch. When we got it into the river we found that our water soaked rails were so heavy that it barely floated. We broke a lot of brush and piled on until we thought it would keep our clothes out of the water. Then we stripped and proceeded to embark our personal property. When we had it all on, the raft sunk so low that our dry goods were in imminent danger of becoming wet ones. We slipped into the water, my comrade taking one end of the raft and myself the other. Not being a proficient in the art of swimming, I rested a little weight on the raft, which tipped it so that a part of the clothes came near falling off. I made a dash to save these and tilted it the other way, and away went one of our haversacks to the bottom of the river, carrying with it ~~the largest part of our salt~~. I saw that I should never succeed in getting across in that way, and asked my

comrade if he could get the raft to shore. He said "yes" and I let go and made for the bank. But he, a better swimmer and with more resolution, wasn't disposed to give it up so, and kept on. When I got on the bank, he was well towards the middle of the river, and shortly, though carried a long way down, by the current, approached the other side.

Then I concluded I had better look out for some means of getting myself across, for all my clothes were on one side of the river and I was on the other. After following down the stream a little way, I found a dry pole with which I stuck to the water and paddled across, without any ^{serious} other mishap, than ~~scraping the skin off my breast on the pole.~~ When I got there my comrade had unloaded the raft. Everything had got soaked but we didn't care for that, now that we were safe across, and we had nothing to do during the rest of the day, but to wait for them to dry.

We spread the clothes in the sun and ourselves in the shade and in a couple of hours had every thing as good as before, except the best haversack. The country on the west side of the river was open fields, so that we did not dare to travel till night, and we whiled away the time as best we could. We never could succeed in sleeping during the day, even when we travelled all night, and I think that during the most of this tramp we did not sleep more

than two or ~~three~~ hours in the twenty four). If we stopped when it began to grow light we could sleep till the sun got up a little way, but not much afterwards.

~~Somewhere near here, and, I think~~ The day after we crossed the river, we first noticed a faint, distant, rumbling, which for several hours we took for thunder; then, the regularity of the sound, ~~never any louder, never prolonged,~~ convinced me that we heard the cannonade at Atlanta. I expressed the opinion to my comrade, but he was incredulous. We sat down and listened. At intervals the faintest pulsations of sound, came, apparently from the west, but Atlanta was full sixty miles away, with woods and hills intervening, and he persisted that it could be nothing but thunder.

Two days later, he agreed that the still faint thunder could be nothing but the thunder of cannon. On the tenth or eleventh night of our march, we saw the first signs of the work of Sherman's Cavalry. We passed the village of Social Circle where they had burned the depot buildings and cars, and towards morning, we came near one of the head streams of the Ocmulgee where they had burned the bridge.

We expected to find men at work here, and when we thought ourselves near the place we turned into the woods and camped till morning. When we reached the river, a short distance above, and ~~sat for the woods in sight of~~

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~~the railroad bridge, or rather the place where ^{the bridge} it had~~
been, we were fortunate in finding a large tree lying
across it which obviated all trouble ^{about crossing} ~~on the subject of a~~
~~bridge.~~

By this time we began to get pretty tired, and between the
hard work of travelling, the small amount of sleep, and
the constant tension of the nerves, my comrade was about
sick and our progress was painfully slow.

One of the landmarks of the country east of Atlanta,
Stone Mountain. It is a smooth, bare rock, some twelve
or fifteen hundred feet in height, standing alone in an
open country, and visible for twelve or fifteen miles in every
direction. We began to look out for this, and when we
stopped to rest near the morning of the twelfth day, I was
confident that we should see it to the south of us, as soon
as it was light. I was slightly disappointed therefore
when after starting in the morning we climbed a hill
and saw the mountain still ahead of us, to the north-
west. But it didn't look more than three miles off and
we concluded it wasn't such a bad miscalculation, after
all, and ~~taking~~ ^{with} the mountain for a guide we took a
course to pass a little to the north of it. All that hot
day we climbed up hill and down, the mountain seem-
ing to move off as we advanced, and at night we camped

just abreast of it having probably travelled ~~seven or eight or~~
~~ten miles, which looked like not more than three when we~~
~~started.~~ My friend was so nearly used up that we could
not go on that night, and, indeed, except for my eagerness
to get through, I felt no inclination for it, so we did the next
best thing by getting a good night's sleep. During this day
~~we got the only peaches we found on our march.~~ We were
~~plodding along through the woods when we came upon a~~
small orchard of peaches and apples ^{in the middle of a piece of woods}. It didn't take us
long to make a reconnoissance, and ascertain that there was
no house in sight, and then we proceeded to make the most
of our discovery. We found one tree of ^{fine} splendid peaches, and
nearly stripped it, filling our haversacks, pockets, ^{and} hats, and
stomachs. Then we made tracks for the woods. After going
about twenty rods we sat down on a log to make a better
arrangement of our supplies. While busy at this we heard
voices, and glancing behind us saw a couple of women, not
more than forty or fifty yards off, going towards the orchard we
had just left, no doubt, after the very peaches we were stowing
away. They hadn't seen us, and we quietly slipped off the log
and lay low till they were out of sight. We sympathized
with them in the disappointment which awaited them, but we
didn't think it prudent to stay to express our sympathy.
~~We lost no time in getting out of that neighborhood.~~

The day following our night's rest near Stone Mountain we pushed on slowly (the weather being hot and the country rough,) until the middle of the afternoon, when coming to a road, which ran near our course, we determined to wait for night and follow it. We were getting hopeful.

Sherman's army could not be more than ten or twelve miles off, and we had escaped so many risks, that what remained seemed almost nothing. When night came we crept out to the road and started forward. The road soon bore to the southwest and evidently led into Atlanta.

We took the first that branched to the north. Towards midnight roads began to be more numerous, and we followed those which ran nearest south-west. Then we began to see evidences of the passage of a good many horses. At a cross road had evidently been a station of a vidette. These signs of the recent presence of troops, encouraged us, and at the same time warned us to be cautious, and we concluded to camp until morning, thinking we could better make our way by daylight. We were early on our way the next morning.visions of a cup of hot coffee, (that greatest of soldier's luxuries,) drank under the protecting standards of Sherman's army, were in our minds. Even hard tack and bacon did not look like things to be despised. Rest, too was something

we courted, and all these visions we hoped to make realities before another sunset. A mile or more of travel, and we crossed ~~the~~ a creek on a foot bridge, then up a hill on the other side, the road all the way through woods. Here we came to one or two saplings, bent across the road, and fastened in a manner that would have swept a rider from his horse, and beyond, the abandoned post of a vedette. Half a mile further we caught sight of a picket station, also abandoned; the shelters once the component parts of a Georgia cabin, showing unmistakable evidence of Yankee construction. We made for this in search of some signs of recent occupation, and these we were not long in discovering. Some envelopes scattered on the ground, bore northern post marks so recent, they could have been there not more than one or two days. As yet we had seen no one and heard nothing, and in spite of the certainty of danger we were, unaccountably forgetting all our caution in the excitement, of the near approach to our friends. A few hundred yards on we came to some breastworks, and as we plodded along, looking for signs of a fight, we heard a little pattering of feet on the dusty road. We hesitated an instant, but it was too late to save ourselves by a retreat or a flank movement. A little bend in the road, a clump of bushes at the turn, had hidden the road from our view, and at the instant we caught the sound of horses feet, we saw their heads appearing from beyond the bushes, and next the unwelcome visage of two Confed. soldiers, each drawing a revolver from his belt, and not twenty yards distant. A single

glance convinced us that it was all up with us. The woods were open and clear enough of underbush for a horseman to get through them as well as a footman, and no activity would suffice to escape pursuit. Our army blue precluded all hope of deceiving them as to our character; there was nothing to do but accept the hard fortune which had befallen us. Just at the moment when we were elated at the near prospect of security, after all the long, weary ^{ing} miles we had marched, through briers and swamps, in darkness ~~or by the pale light of the moon~~, or under the burning August sun, it did seem hard, that now, almost within sound of the bugles of our army, all our efforts should go for nothing. There was little necessity for parley. We were Federal soldiers, they were rebels, and it didn't need any words to make it plain. They wheeled their horses about to escort us to their camp about a mile and a half distant. We had no cause to complain of our treatment by them, which is more than could be said by all the prisoners who fell into the hands of rebel cavalry. Our captors were very civil, and one of them seemed almost sorry that they had taken us, when he found out where we had come from. On our way they told us some marvelous stories, which, ~~while we could not believe,~~ were yet, so circumstantial, that it seemed there must be some foundation for them. Gen. Sherman, they said, had been removed from command on account of his failure to take Atlanta. ~~That~~ our army had abandoned the attempt, and were retreating under the command of Gen. Thomas, and ~~that~~ no Yankees,

remained south of the Chatahoochee. We were conducted
into the presence of Gen. Ferguson commanding the brigade of
cavalry. From him we learned how near we had come to liberty.
Two days before our army had occupied the ground on which he was
encamped, and he told us if we had been there twelve hours sooner
we might have heard the music of our bands not more than a mile
or two distant. We were pretty hungry by this time, having exhaust-
ed our stock of ~~food~~ ^{provisions}. Gen. F. furnished us with a few biscuit, the
only edibles he had on hand, and after a delay of an hour or more
sent us under guard of two men into Atlanta. On the way we
met several persons on their way out to see where the "Yanks" had
been, all jubilant over the supposed retreat, and nearly every one
ready with the question, "Are there any Yanks on this side of the river
yet?" It wasn't long though, before they discovered their mistake,
and this same afternoon, (Sunday, Aug. 28th) we saw long columns
of troops marching through the city, to meet this new movement of
Sherman against their communications, which resulted a few days
later in the capture of the city. We reached the city, a walk of
eight or nine miles; a brief examination before the Provost Marshal
sufficed to perial our names, rank, &c. we were assigned to the
guard house, and so ended our effort for liberty.

S. D. H.

1
In compliance with the request of some members of the Lodge, I
propose to give some account of my final escape from rebel ^{Jessie}
hands; and take up my story where I left off. At the guard ^{house}
in Atlanta, I shall say nothing of ~~the~~ our march to East Point
and of the appearance of the rebel soldiers who flocked to see
us, or of our ride by railroad the next day to Macon, except
that during the ride we looked out for another chance to escape
but found none. Evening found us safely lodged again
in the stockade from which we with our friends had
started two weeks before. We had not entirely given
up the intention to escape. Here we remained two days,
at the end of which time with a dozen or more of sick and
wounded comrades we started for Charleston. During the
night we cut a hole in the car, ^{which work was finished about the time we reached} ~~but my comrade who~~
~~had worn out~~ ^{the place of our former escape,} but my comrade who
had worn out his shoes, on that tramp, hesitated to undertake
the long march almost barefoot, and my resolution failed at
the prospect of going through it all, again, alone, and we let
that opportunity slip. In due time we reached Charleston
and there, on a warm September evening we had our intro-
duction to the Jail yard, and I regret to say that

acquaintance with the Palmetto City never extended farther than this institution and the Work House adjoining.

Here, in narrower limits than at Macon, we resumed the monotonous routine of cooking our rations, eating and sleeping, all the more irksome from the brief respite we had enjoyed. The staple production of South Carolina formed a large part of our ration, and we all became masters of the art of boiling rice, whether we would or not. Our evening amusement, here, was to listen to the roar of the guns and to watch the flying shells from the batteries on Morris' Island.

These batteries kept up an unceasing fire, Rarely an hour passed, day or night that did not bring Gen. Gilmore's compliments to the city of Charleston. The place of our confinement was within the range, but not in the line of fire, though on one or two occasions, ^{shells} they came so near that a few fragments ~~of shells~~ struck ^{upon} the buildings ^{and} in the yard. At night their flight was visible by the burning fuses, which twinkled like stars, as they slowly rose against the sky, to descend with a rush and an echoing crash upon the houses and streets of the city. As each one ^{rose in the air} ^{and} ^{came} into view, it seemed to be coming directly towards us.

but the nearer approach ^{of each} showed that its direction was
 a little to the right of our location. The ^{or} loud hissing of
 had a friendly sound to our ears, and when ~~the~~ ^a louder
 crash, ^{than usual} accompanying the explosion, proclaimed the dem-
 olition of some building, it always brought out an enthusias-
 tic cheer. On the 7th of Oct. we left Charleston. The yellow
 fever had appeared in the city, and either for this reason, or
 because Gen. Foster com'd'g the Dept. of the South, had placed 600
 rebel officers in a stockade on Morris Island, exposed to the fire
 of Fort Sumpter, the rebel officials thought best to remove
 us. The chances for escape at Charleston were very small and
 once out of the prison, the almost impenetrable swamps along the
 coast, rendered ~~it~~ nearly hopeless the attempt to reach our forces
 on Morris Island or at Beaufort. Of more than 100 who escaped
 on their way from Savannah to Charleston, I know of but two who
 succeeded in getting through. Columbia the capital of G. S.
 was the point to which we were removed. Here the
 rebels had no quarters nor any secure place for us
 and after an unsuccessful attempt to induce us
 to give our paroles not to escape, they established
 a camp for us, if that can be called, ^{establishing} a camp

which consisted in surrounding 6 or 8 acres with a line of sentinels. At the end of a week or two two tents with capacity to shelter 5 men each, were furnished for every hundred men. They allowed ~~us~~ a limited number each day to go with a guard into the woods around our camp, to cut wood, and poles to ~~make~~ ^{build} shanties with, but the number of axes was so small that it was nearly two months before all were provided with ^{such} shelters as they constructed in this way. The rations here were not much different from what we rec'd before except in the entire absence of meat, and the substitution for it of *Lorghum molopus*.

All this grew intolerably irksome, and every day some one resolved to escape by means which he would some time before have thought desperate. Although possessed of a tolerable share of Stoical apathy I could not rest easy in the prospect of remaining here all winter and for an indefinite period after ward, and looked around to see what I could do. The partner of my former effort, being now without, other shoes than a pair of cloth slippers, declined to make an attempt to escape

and I joined two other friends who were better prepared for such an attempt. We made our plans and on the evening of the 19th of Nov. attempted to carry them into execution. As I have said, the camp was surrounded by a line of sentinels. each of whom walked back and forth over a space of about 40 yards, ^{and from 50 to 100 feet dis.} Inside the line of sentinels ^{about} another line ^(called the dead line) was marked by stakes, which no prisoner was allowed to pass; the guards being instructed to fire on any one doing so. We proposed to get as near the dead line as possible, ^{on a dark night} and when the sentinels were going from us and in opposite directions to run between them, taking the chance of getting hit. The evening ^{of Nov. 19} was dark and rainy, and ~~we started~~ ^{we started} about 9 o'clock, made our way to a shanty which stood close to the dead line at the point which we thought favorable. Here we waited some time, stooping close to the ground. We could just see the sentinels pacing back and forth, and we watched with beating hearts for the moment when they should be most widely separated. At last it came and at a signal we started. We ^{had almost} reached the line on which

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the sentinels walked, one of my comrades a little in advance, the other a little behind me, when there came a blinding flash in my face, which for a moment confused me completely. I turned and walked back toward the camp, hardly knowing what I did. One of the party went on and escaped, the other turned back with me. After the first instant, I comprehended that I was wounded, and before I had gone half way to my tent began to feel faint. Some one helped me into a shirt where the flow of blood was stopped, the surgeon was called, and I was removed to the hospital. I need say nothing of the dreary, monotonous days in the hospital tent. I believe the surgeon gave me the best attention his means permitted, and my old messmate was the best of nurses. Early in December came rumors of an exchange of sick and wounded, and when ~~at last~~ on the 10th or 11th of the month, a book was brought in to record our paroles we began to believe them, though we had heard too many similar rumors to put full confidence in them. But at last on the 12th Dec, 200 sick and wounded were notified to be ready to move, and before night we were

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on the cars, and moving towards Charleston, we cared
little then for dirty and crowded cars, for ragged clothes
or miserable rations. ~~The~~ early morning found us in
Charleston; a foggy cloudy, misty morning, which
would prevent the steamer from going down the harbor.
We were quartered in the Pavillion Hotel, abandoned
on account of its exposure to the fire of the Morris Island
batteries. Two hours passed here and then came an order
to go on board the steamer. We marched ~~into the~~ ^{to the wharf and}
on to the decks of the Steamer Laura an English blockade
runner. The fog still hung thick over the bay, but after
~~the~~ ^{another} hour of waiting, the pilot gave the order to shove off
and we moved down the harbor, Castle Pinckney and
Battery Bee came into view through the fogs and were left
~~behind~~, and next the shapeless walls of Fort Sumpter,
and the miles of parapets surrounding the old Fort
Moultrie, and last of all the ^{thin outlines of the,} blockading fleet and
the transport steamers, which were to bear us home,
I need not tell, how feelingly a hundred voices
sang ^{up} "Home again from a foreign shore" or how

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enthusiastically they shouted for "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Rally round the Flag"

It is sufficient to say, the steamer which ~~we~~ carried us neared the fleet, and dropped anchor half a mile outside Fort

Sumpter, a boat put off from the Steamer New York bringing Col Mulford, Ex. Com. who stepped on deck in a clean uniform and bright buttons, which looked so brilliant beside ~~looking so bright and new beside our ragged and mottley dress~~ our ragged and mottley attire.

A short conference, settled the preliminaries, and another steamer came alongside, to the decks of which we were rapidly transferred, ^{once more} and under the shadow of ^{the} National Ensign we lay down to sleep. And so at last ^{made our} we escaped from the hands of the rebels.

Final Release
from
Southern Prisons

31	
<u>7</u>	30
219	7
74	21
<u>868</u>	<u>12</u>
1519	74
<u>16058</u>	