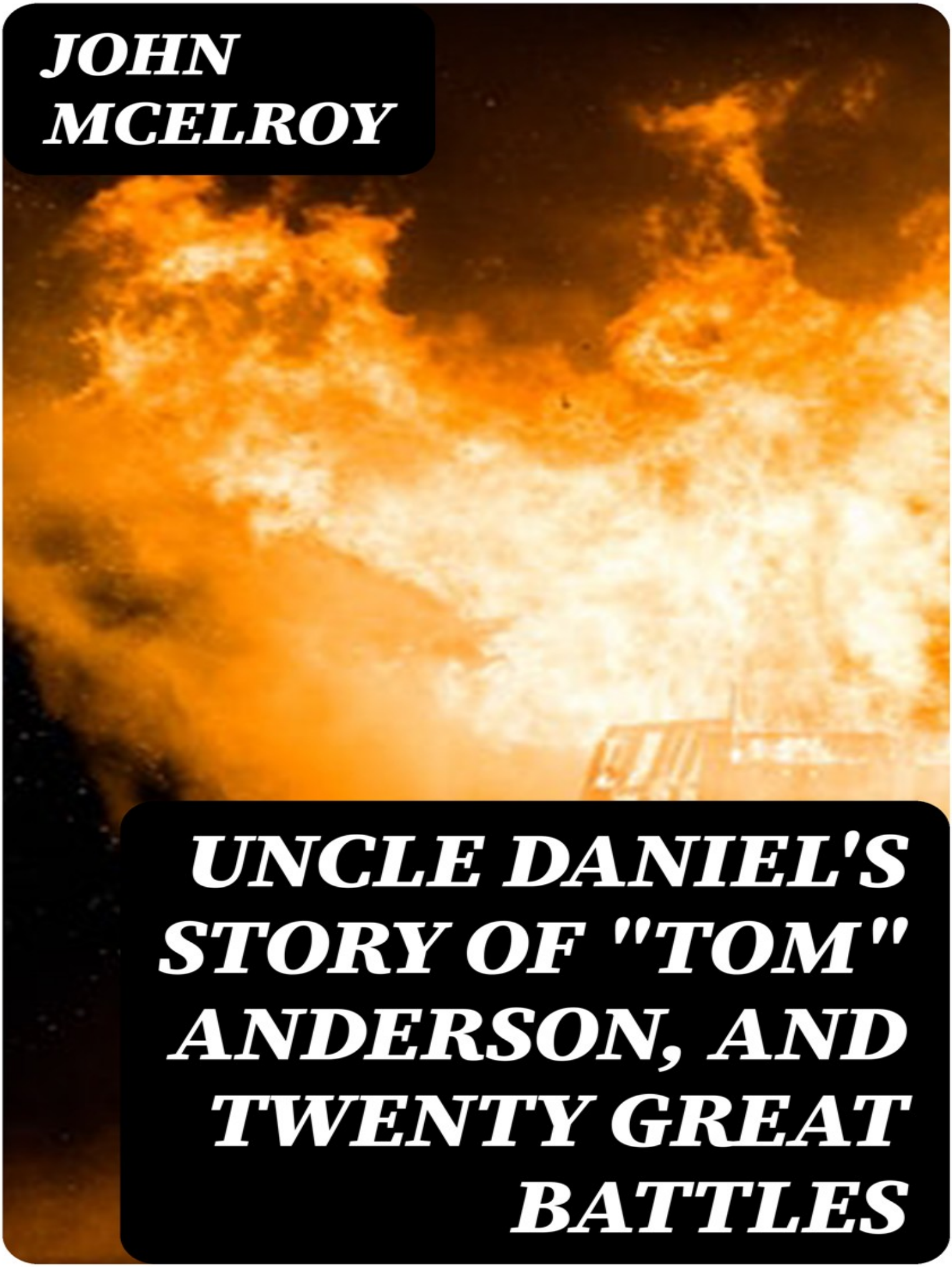
JOHN MCELROY
UNCLE DANIEL'S STORY OF "TOM" ANDERSON, AND TWENTY GREAT BATTLES

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Uncle Daniel's Story Of "Tom" Anderson, and Twenty Great Battles

EAN 8596547226888

DigiCat, 2022
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UNCLE DANIEL'S STORY.

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CHAPTER I.

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DARK DAYS OF 1861.—A FATHER WHO GAVE HIS CHILDREN TO THE
COUNTRY.—RALLYING TO THE FLAG.—RAISING VOLUNTEERS IN
SOUTHERN INDIANA.

“The more solitary, the more friendless, the more unsustained I am, the more I will respect and rely upon myself.”—Charlotte Bronte

ALLENTOWN is a beautiful little city of 10,000 inhabitants, situated on the Wabash River, in Vigo County, Ind., in the vicinity of which several railroads now center. It is noted for its elevated position, general healthfulness, and for its beautiful residences and cultivated society. Daniel Lyon located here in 1850. He was a man of marked ability and undoubted integrity; was six feet two inches in height, well proportioned, and of very commanding and martial appearance. In 1861, he was surrounded by a large family, seven grown sons—James, David, Jackson, Peter, Stephen, Henry and Harvey—all of whom were well educated, fond of field sports and inclined to a military life. The mother, “Aunt Sarah,” as she was commonly called by the neighbors, was a charming, motherly, Christian woman, whose heart and soul seemed to be wrapped up in the welfare of her family. She was of short, thick build, but rather handsome, with dark brown hair and large blue eyes, gentle and kind. Her politeness and generosity were proverbial. She thought each

of her seven sons a model man; her loving remarks about them were noticeable by all.

Daniel Lyon is at present 85 years old, and lives with one of his granddaughters—Jennie Lyon—now married to a man by the name of James Wilson, in Oakland, Ind., a small town conspicuous only for its rare educational facilities.

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UNCLE DANIEL TELLING HIS STORY.

On the evening of the 22d of February, 1884, a number of the neighbors, among whom was Col. Daniel Bush, a gallant and fearless officer of the Union side during the late war, and Dr. Adams, President of ——— College, dropped in to see Uncle Daniel, as he is now familiarly called. During the evening, Col. Bush, turning to the old veteran, said:

“'Uncle Daniel,' give us a story from some of your experiences during the war.”

The old man arose from his easy-chair and stood erect, his hair, as white as snow, falling in profusion over his shoulders. His eyes, though dimmed by age, blazed forth in youthful brightness; his frame shook with excitement, his lips quivered, and tears rolled down the furrows of his sunken cheeks. All were silent. He waved his hand to the friends to be seated; then, drawing his big chair to the centre of the group, he sat down. After a few moments' pause he spoke, in a voice tremulous with emotion:

“My experience was vast. I was through the whole of the war. I saw much. My story is a true one, but very sad. As you see, my home is a desolate waste. My family consists now of only two grand-children; wife and sons are all gone. I am all that is now left of my once happy family. My God! My God! Why should I have been required to bear this great burden? But pardon this weakness in an old man. I will now begin my story.

“In the month of ———, 1861, my nephew, 'Tom' Anderson,—I called the boy Tom, as I learned to do so many years before, while visiting at his father's; he was the son of my eldest sister,—his wife, Mary, and their only child, a beautiful little girl of two years (called Mary, for her mother), were visiting at my house. Their home was in Jackson, Miss. One evening my good wife, Tom, his wife, my son Peter, and I were sitting on our front porch discussing the situation, when we heard a great noise a couple of blocks south of us. The young men stepped out to see what the trouble was and in a very short time they returned greatly excited. A

company of men were marching down the street bearing the American flag, when a number of rebel sympathizers had assaulted them with stones, clubs, etc., and had taken their flag and torn it to shreds. It seemed that a Mr. 'Dan' Bowen, a prominent man in that part of the State, had been haranguing the people on the question of the war, and had denounced it as 'an infamous Abolition crusade,' and the President as a villainous tyrant,' and those who were standing by the Union as 'Lincoln's hirelings, and dogs with collars around their necks.' This language stirred up the blood of the worst element of the people, who sympathised with secession, and had it not been for the timely interposition of many good and worthy citizens, blood would have been shed upon the streets."

Here Col. Bush asked:

"What became of this man Bowen?"

"I understand that he now occupies one of the highest positions the people of Indiana can give to one of her citizens. You see, my friends, that we American people are going so fast that we pass by everything and forget almost in a day the wrongs to our citizens and our country."

"But to return to what I was saying in connection with the young men. Tom Anderson was in a state of great excitement. He said he had almost been mobbed before leaving home for entertaining Union sentiments, and feared that he could not safely return with his family. My son Peter suggested that, perhaps, they (being young) owed a duty to their country and could not perform it in a more satisfactory manner than to enter the service and do battle for the old

flag. To this suggestion no reply was made at the time. I said to them:

“'This seems to me a very strange condition of things, to see a Government like this threatened in its permanency by the very people that have controlled and profited most by it.' Tom replied:

“'Uncle, I have given a great deal of thought to this subject. You know I was born in Ohio. My father was an Episcopal minister, and settled in Mississippi while I was but a boy. My father and mother are both buried there, leaving me an only child. I grew up and there married my good wife, Mary Whitthorne. We have lived happily together. I have had a good practice at the law; have tried to reconcile myself to their theories of human rights and 'rope-of-sand' government, but cannot. They are very *different* from our Northern people—have *different* theories of government and morals, with *different* habits of thought and action. The Pilgrim Fathers of the North who landed at Plymouth Rock were men of independence of thought; believed in Christianity, in education and universal liberty. They and their progeny have moved almost on a line due west, to the Pacific Ocean, infusing their energy, their ideas of government, of civil liberty, of an advanced Christian civilization, with a belief in man's equality before the law. These ideas and thoughts have become imbedded in the minds of the Northern people so firmly that they will fight to maintain them; will make them temporarily a success, and would make them permanent but for their habit of moving so rapidly in the direction of business and the accumulation of wealth, which prepares the mind to surrender everything

to the accomplishment of this single object. The Southern inhabitants are almost entirely descended from impetuous, hot-blooded people. Their ancestors that landed at Jamestown, and later along the Southern Atlantic coast within our borders, were of an adventurous and warlike people. Their descendants have driven westward almost on a parallel line with the Northern people to the borders of Mexico, occasionally lapping over the Northern line. Their thoughts, ideas, manners and customs have been impressed upon the people wherever they have gone, by the pretense, always foremost and uppermost, as if a verity, that they were the most hospitable and chivalric of any people in America. Their civilization was different. Their arguments were enforced by the pistol and bowie-knife upon their equals, and slaves subjected to their will by the lash and bloodhound—the death of a man, white or black, being considered no more than merely a reduction of one in the enumeration of population. They have opposed common schools for fear the poorer classes of whites might have an opportunity of contesting at some time the honors of office, that being the great ambition of Southern society. They would not allow the slave to be educated for fear he might learn that he was a man, having rights above the brute with which he has always been held on a par. The aristocracy only were educated. And this was generally done in the North, where the facilities were good; and by sending them from home it kept down the envy and ambition of the poorer classes, where, if they could have seen the opportunity of acquiring knowledge it might have stimulated them to greater exertion for the purpose of storing their minds with

something useful in extricating themselves from an obedience to the mere will of the dominating class. Those people, one and all, no matter how ignorant, are taught to consider themselves better than any other people save the English, whose sentiments they inculcate. They are not in sympathy with a purely Republican system of Government. They believe in a controlling class, and they propose to be that class. I have heard them utter these sentiments so often that I am sure that I am correct. They all trace their ancestry back to some nobleman in some mysterious way, and think their blood better than that which courses in the veins of any Northern man, and honestly believe that one of them in war will be the equal of five men of the North. They think because Northern men will not fight duels, they must necessarily be cowards. In the first contest my judgment is that they will be successful. They are trained with the rifle and shotgun; have taken more pains in military drill than the people of the North, and will be in condition for war earlier than the Union forces. They are also in better condition in the way of arms than the Government forces will be. The fact that they had control of the Government and have had all the best arms turned over to them by a traitorous Secretary of War, places them on a war footing at once, while the Government must rely upon purchasing arms from foreign countries, and possibly of a very inferior character. Until foundries and machinery for manufacturing arms can be constructed, the Government will be in poor condition to equip troops for good and effective service. This war now commenced will go on; the North will succeed; slavery will go down forever; the Union will be preserved, and for a time

the Union sentiment will control the Government; but when reverses come in business matters to the North, the business men there, in order to get the trade of the South, under the delusion that they can gain pecuniarily by the change, will, through some 'siren song,' turn the Government over again to the same blustering and domineering people who have ever controlled it. This, uncle, is the fear that disturbs me most at present.'"

"How prophetic," spoke up Dr. Adams.

"Yes, yes," exclaimed all present.

Col. Bush at this point arose and walked across the floor. All eyes were upon him. Great tears rolled down his bronzed cheeks. In suppressed tones he said:

"For what cause did I lose my right arm?"

He again sat down, and for the rest of the evening seemed to be in deep meditation.

Uncle Daniel, resuming his story, said:

"Just as Tom had finished what he was saying, I heard the garden gate open and shut, and David and Harvey appeared in the moonlight in front of the porch. These were my second and youngest sons. David lived some five miles from Allentown, on a farm, and Harvey had been staying at his house, helping do the farm work. They were both very much excited. Their mother, who had left. Mary Anderson in the parlor, came out to enjoy the fresh air with us, and observing the excited condition of her two sons, exclaimed:

"'Why, my dear boys! what is the matter?'

"David spoke to his mother, saying:

"'Do not get excited or alarmed when I tell you that Harvey and I have made a solemn vow this evening that we

will start to Washington city in the morning.'

“'For what, my dear sons, are you going?' inquired the mother, much troubled.

“'We are going to tender our services to the President in behalf of the Union. Harvey is going along with me, believing it his duty. As I was educated by the Government for the military service, I deem it my duty to it, when in danger from this infamous and unholy rebellion, to aid in putting it down.'

“Their mother raised her hands and thanked God that she had not taught them lessons of patriotism in vain. She laid her head upon David's manly breast and wept, and then clasped Harvey in her arms and blessed him as her young and tender child, and asked God to preserve him and return him safely to her, as he was her cherished hope. Peter, who had been silent during the entire evening, except the bare suggestion to Tom to enter the service, now arose from where he was sitting, and extending his hand to David, said:

“'My old boy, I am with you. I shall commence at once to raise a company.'

“David turned to his mother and laughingly said:

“'Mother, you seem to have taught us all the same lesson.'

“His mother's eyes filled with tears as she turned away to seek Mary. She found her in the parlor teaching her sweet little daughter her prayers. My wife stood looking at the pretty picture of mother and child until little Mary Anderson finished, kissed her mamma, and ran off to bed; then entering the room she said:

“'Mary, my child, I am too weak to speak. I have held up as long as I can stand it,' and then burst into tears. Mary sprang to her at once, clasping her in her arms.

“'Dearest auntie, what is the matter? Are you ill?

“'No! no! my child; I am full of fear and grief; I tremble. My sons are going to volunteer. I am grieved for fear they will never return. Oh! Mary! I had such a terrible dream about all the family last night. Oh! I cannot think of it; and yet I want them to go. God knows I love my country, and would give all—life and everything—to save it. No, I will not discourage them. I will tell you my dream when I have more strength.'

“Just then my blessed old wife fainted. Mary screamed, and we all rushed into the parlor and found her lying on the floor with Mary bending over, trying to restore her. We were all startled, and quickly lifted her up, when she seemed to revive, and was able to sit in a chair. In a few moments she was better, and said:

“'I am all right now; don't worry. I was so startled and overcome at the thought that so many of my dear children were going to leave me at once and on such a perilous enterprise.'

“To this Peter answered:

“'Mother, you ought not to grieve about me. Being an old bachelor, there will be but few to mourn if I should be killed.'

“'Yes; but, my son, your mother loves you all the same.'

“Just then a rap was heard at the window. It being open, a letter was thrown in upon the floor. I picked it up. It was addressed to 'Thos. Anderson.' I handed it to him. He opened it, and read it to himself, and instantly turned very

pale and walked the floor. His wife took his arm and spoke most tenderly, asking what it was that troubled him.

“'Mary, dear, I will read it,' he said, and unfolding the letter, he read aloud:

“'Jackson, Miss., June — 1861.

“'Dear Tom—You have been denounced to-day in resolutions as
a traitor to the Southern cause, and your property
confiscated. Serves you right. I am off to-morrow morning
for the Confederate Army.
Good-by.
Love to sister.

“'Your enemy in war,

“'JOS. WHITTHORNE.

“'Mary sank into a chair. For a moment all were silent. At last Tom exclaimed:

“'What is there now left for me?”

“His wife, with the stateliness of a queen, as she was, her black hair clustering about her temples and falling around her shoulders and neck, her bosom heaving, her eyes flashing fire, on her tip-toes arose to her utmost height. All gazed upon her with admiration, her husband looking at her with a wildness almost of frenzy. She clenched both hands and held them straight down by her side, and exclaimed in a tone that would have made a lion cower:

“'Would that I were a man! I would not stop until the last traitor begged for quarter!'

“Tom flew to her and embraced her, exclaiming:

“'I was only waiting for that word.'

“She murmured:

“'My heavens, can it be that there are any of my blood traitors to this country?'

“The household were by this time much affected. A long silence ensued, which was broken by David, saying:

“'Father, Harvey and I having agreed to go to Washington to enter the army, I wish to make some arrangements for my family. You know I have plenty for Jennie and the babies, and I want to leave all in your hands to do with as if it were your own, so that the family will have such comforts as they desire.'

“David's wife, Jennie, was a delightful little woman, with two beautiful children—Jennie, named for her mother, and Sarah, for my wife. I said to David that I would write to his brother James, who was a widower, having no children, to come and stay with Jennie. I at once wrote James, who was practicing medicine at Winchester, Va., that I feared it would be 'unhealthy' for him there, so to come to me at once. This being done and all necessary arrangements made, David and Harvey bade all an affectionate farewell and started for their farm, leaving their mother and Mary in tears. As their footsteps died away their mother went to the door, exclaiming, “'Oh, my children! will I ever see you again?' “That night we all joined in a general conversation on the subject of the war. It was arranged that Peter should start next morning for Indianapolis to see the Governor, and, if possible, obtain authority to raise a regiment under the call of the President. This having been decided upon we all retired, bidding each other good night. I presume there was little sleeping in our house that night save what little Mary

did, the poor child being entirely unconscious of the excitement and distress in the family. The next morning Peter took the train for Indianapolis, Tom went down town to ascertain the latest news, and I took my horse and rode out to David's farm, leaving the two women in tears, and little Mary inquiring: “'What is the matter, mamma and aunty?' “I rode on in a deep study as to the outcome of all this trouble. I came to David's house, unconscious for a moment as to where I was, aroused, however, by hearing some one crying as if in despair. I looked around and saw it was Jennie. She stood on the door-step in great grief, the two children asking where their father had gone. “'Good morning, my daughter,' I said, and, dismounting, I took her in my arms, and laying her head on my shoulder she sobbed as if her heart would break.

“'O! my dear husband, shall I ever see him again? O! my children, what shall I do?' was all she could say.

“I broke down completely, this was too much; the cries of the little children for their papa and the tears of their mother were more than I could stand. He had never left them before to be gone any great length of time. I took Jennie and the children into the house. There was a loneliness and a sadness about the situation that was unendurable, and I at once ordered one of the farm hands to hitch the horses to the wagon and put the family and their little traps in and get ready to take them to my house, and turned David's house over to his head man, Joseph Dent (he being very trusty) to take charge of until David should return. With these arrangements I left with the family for Allentown. On our arrival the meeting of the three women

would have melted the heart of a stone. I walked out to the barn and remained there for quite awhile, thinking matters over to myself. When I returned to the house all had become quiet and seemingly reconciled. For several days all was suspense; nothing had been heard from any of our boys; I tried to keep away from the house as much as possible to avoid answering questions asked by the women and the poor little children, which I knew no more about than they did. But while we were at breakfast on the morning of ———, Jennie was speaking of going out to her house that day to look after matters at home and see that all was going well. Just at this moment a boy entered with a letter, saying:

“'Mr. Burton sent me with this, thinking there might be something that you would like to see.'

“Mr. B. was the Postmaster, and very kind to us. He was a true Union man, but the opposition there was so strong that he was very quiet; he kept the American flag flying over his office, which was burned on that account a few nights later, as was supposed, by Southern sympathizing incendiaries. These were perilous times in Southern Indiana.”

“Yes! Yes!” said Col. Bush. “We had a taste of it in Southern Ohio, where I then resided; I know all about it. The men who were for mobbing us at that time are now the most prominent 'reformers,' and seem to be the most influential persons.

Uncle Daniel continued:

“I opened the letter and read it aloud. It ran substantially as follows:

“'We arrived at Columbus, O., on the morning of ———, when
there was some delay. While walking about the depot I

chanced to meet your old friend the Governor. He was very glad to see me, and said to me, “Lyon, you are the very man I am looking for.” I asked, “Why, Governor? I am on my way to Washington to tender my services to the President in behalf of the Union.” The Governor answered, “You are hunting service, I see. Well, sir, I have a splendid regiment enlisted, but want to have a man of some experience
for their Colonel, and as you have been in the Regular Army and maintained a good reputation, I will give you the position if you will take it. I grasped him by the hand and thanked him with all my heart. This was more than I could have expected. So, you see, I start off well. We are now in camp. I am duly installed as Colonel. Harvey has been mustered in and I have him detailed at my headquarters. He seems to take to soldiering very readily. I have written Jennie all about matters. I hope she and my darling children are well and as happy as can be under the circumstances.

“'Your affectionate son,

“'David Lyon.'

“He did not know that I had them at my house, and all were assisting one another to keep up courage. This letter affected the whole family, and caused many tears to fall, in joy as well as grief; joy that he had succeeded so well at the beginning, and grief at his absence. That evening Jennie received her letter from the 'Colonel' as we now called him, all becoming very military in our language. Her letter was of the same import, but much of it devoted to family affairs. This made Jennie happy. We all retired and rested well that night, after pleasing the children by telling them about their father being a great soldier, and that they must be good

children, and in that way cause their mother to write pleasant things about them to their good papa.”

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CHAPTER II.

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BATTLE OF THE “GAPS.”—YOUNG HARVEY LYON BRUTALLY MURDERED.—
UNCLE DANIEL'S RETURN.—RAISING TROOPS IN SOUTHERN INDIANA.

“When sorrows come they come not single spies, but in battalion.” —-Shakespeare.

“Three days later Peter returned from Indianapolis, with full authority for Tom Anderson to recruit a regiment for the Union service. This was very gratifying to him, and he said to his wife, 'Mary, my time will come.' She appeared happy over the news, but her quivering lip, as she responded, gave evidence of her fears that the trial to her was going to be severe. My good wife then called us into tea, and when we were all seated, Mary said to her:

“'Aunt Sarah, you have not yet told us your dream. Don't you remember, you promised to tell it to me? Now let us hear it, please.”

“'Yes, my child. It has troubled me very much; and yet I don't believe there is any cause for alarm at what one may dream.'

“'Mother, let us hear it,' spoke up Peter; 'it might be something that I could interpret. You know I try to do this sometimes; but I am not as great a success as Daniel of old.'

“'Well, my son, it was this: I thought your father and I were in the garden. He was pulling some weeds from the flower-bed, when he was painfully stung on both hands by

some insect. Soon his fingers began dropping off—all five from his right hand and his thumb and little finger from his left.'

“Tom laughingly said, 'Uncle, hold up your hands;' which I did, saying, 'You see my fingers are not gone.' Whereupon they all laughed except Peter.

“My wife said to him:

“'My son, what is your interpretation of my dream! It troubles me.'

“'Well, mother, I will not try it now. Let the war interpret it; it will do it correctly, doubtless. Let us talk about something else. You know dreams amount to nothing now-a-days.'

“During all this time, Peter wore a serious countenance. We discussed the matter as to how Tom should go about raising his regiment. It was understood that he should start out at once, and that Peter should take the recruits, as fast as organized into companies, and place them in the camp of instruction at Indianapolis. The next morning Tom opened a recruiting office in Allentown, placed Peter temporarily in charge, and started through the country making speeches to the people (he was quite an orator), and soon succeeded in arousing patriotic sentiments in and about Allentown. After raising two companies, he extended his operations, going down on the O. & M. R. R. to Saco, a town then of about 1,000 inhabitants. While addressing the people, a mob gathered and were about to hang him. He stood them off until the Union people came to his rescue and saved his life.”

“That is just as it was where I lived,” said Col. Bush. “I know of just such a case, where a mob tried the same thing; some of them, however, repented before they went to heaven, I hope.”

Uncle Daniel continued:

“He left the town, however, under a guard and returned home. Soon after this he made a second effort, by arming 20 resolute men of his recruits with Colt's revolvers, which he procured from the Governor of the State, and returned to Saco. He at once gave notice that he would speak the next day. When the time arrived, he told his men to take positions in the crowd, scattering as well as they could in his front. This done he commenced his speech. Soon mutterings of the crowd could be heard, and finally the storm came and they rushed towards the stand. He shouted at the top of his voice, “Hold!” at the same time drawing his revolver, declaring he would shoot the first man that advanced another step, and also raising his left hand above his head. This was a signal for his men to “fall in,” and they all rushed into line in his front with drawn weapons. The crowd instantly ran in all directions, much to the amusement and gratification of Tom.

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TOM AND THE MOB.

“There were some loyal men in that community, and before leaving Saco, Tom had raised a full company. When the day came for them to leave, they marched with the flag presented to them by the ladies of the town proudly waving, and with drum and fife making all the noise possible. There was no more disturbance there, except in secret. The 'secesh' element murdered several soldiers afterwards, and continued secretly hostile to the success of our army. In a few days after this Tom had recruited another company. There seemed then to be an immediate demand for a regiment, with a brave and daring officer, at the Capital, for some reason not then made known. Tom was ordered to have his four companies mustered in, and, attached to six already in camp; he was commissioned Colonel, and the

regiment was numbered the —— Indiana Infantry Volunteers. Tom Anderson looked the soldier in every respect. He was five feet eleven, straight as an arrow, well-built, large, broad shoulders, black eyes and hair, and martial in his bearing.

“He placed his family in my charge. The next day after Tom had left (Peter Lyon, my son, having gone before him with the recruits), my wife, Mary, Jennie, the three children and myself, were all on the porch, when a tall man, fully six feet, rather fine looking, made his appearance at the gate, and asked if that was where Daniel Lyon lived. As I answered in the affirmative, he opened the gate and walking in, saluted us all with:

“'How do you do? Do you not recognize me? I am James Lyon.'

“I sprang to him and grasped his hand, his mother threw her arms around his neck and wept for joy, the other women greeted him heartily, and the little children rushed to him. Although they had never seen him before, they knew he was some one they were glad to see, as their fathers and uncles, whom they knew, were gone from them. We all sat down and the Doctor, as I must call him (being a physician by profession), gave us some of his experiences of the last few weeks. When he received my letter and commenced getting ready to leave, the people of Winchester suspected him of preparing to go North to aid the Union, and so they threw his drugs into the street, destroyed his books, and made him leave town a beggar. He walked several miles, and finally found an old friend, who loaned him money enough to get to my place.”

Mr. Reeves, who was of the party, said:

“I have been through all that and more, too. I had to leave my wife and family, and was almost riddled with bullets besides; but it is all past now.”

“I have been greatly interested, Uncle Daniel,” said Dr. Adams, “and am taking down all you say in shorthand, and intend to write it up.”

“The next day,” continued Uncle Daniel, “the newspapers had telegrams stating that the troops at Columbus and other places had been ordered to the East for active operations. I said to Dr. James that he must stay with the family while I went to Washington, as I wanted to see the President on matters of importance. The truth was, I wanted to see David and Harvey, as well as the President. I started the next morning, after telling the women and children to be of good cheer.

“When I reached Washington I found the army had moved to the front, and was daily expecting an engagement, but I could not understand where. I at once visited the President, to whom I was well known, and told him my desire, which was to see my sons. He promptly gave me a note to the Provost-Marshal, which procured me a pass through the lines. That night I was in the camp of my son David, who, you remember, was a Colonel. After our greeting we sat down by his camp chest, upon which was spread his supper of cold meat, hard crackers and coffee, the whole lighted by a single candle inserted in the shank of a bayonet which was stuck in the ground. While enjoying the luxury of a soldier's fare I told him all about the family, his own in particular. Harvey enjoyed the things said of him

by the children which I repeated. The Colonel, however, seemed thoughtful, and did not incline to very much conversation. Looking up with a grave face he said to me:

“'Father, to-morrow may determine the fate of the Republic. I am satisfied that a battle, and perhaps a terrible one, will be fought very near here.'”

'I asked him about the armies, and he replied that we had a very large army, but poorly drilled and disciplined; that the enemy had the advantage in this respect. As to commanding officers, they were alike on both sides, with but little experience in handling large armies. He suggested that we retire to rest, so that we could be up early, but urged me to stay at the rear, and not go where I would be exposed. To this I assented. Soon we retired to our couches, which were on the ground, with but one blanket apiece and no tent over us. I did not sleep that night. My mind was wandering over the field in anticipation of what was to occur.

Early next morning I heard the orders given to march in the direction of the gaps. Wagons were rolling along the road, whips were cracking, and teamsters in strong language directing their mules; artillery was noisy in its motion; the tramp of infantry was steady and continuous; cavalrymen were rushing to and fro. I started to the rear, as my son had directed, and ate my breakfast as I rode along. About 10 o'clock I heard musket shots, and soon after artillery; then the musketry increased. I listened for awhile. Troops were rushing past me to the front. As I was dressed in citizen's clothes, the boys would occasionally call out to me, 'Old chap, you had better get back;' but I could not. I

was moved forward by some strong impulse, I knew not what, and finally found myself nearing the front with my horse on the run. Soon I could see the lines forming, and moving forward into the woods in the direction of the firing, I watched closely for my son's command, and kept near it, but out of sight of the Colonel, as I feared he would be thinking of my being in danger, and might neglect his duty. The battle was now fully opened—the artillery in batteries opening along the line, the infantry heavily engaged, the cavalry moving rapidly to our flanks. Steadily the line moved on, when volley after volley rolled from one end of the line to the other. Now our left was driven back, then the line adjusted and advanced again. The rebel left gave way; then the center. Our cavalry charged, and our artillery was advanced. A shout was heard all along the line, and steadily on our line moved. The rebels stubbornly resisted, but were gradually giving way. The commanding General rode along the line, encouraging all by saying:

“'The victory is surely ours, Press forward steadily and firmly; keep your line closed up;' and to the officers, 'Keep your commands well in hand.'

“He felt that he had won the day. For hours the battle went steadily on in this way. I rode up and down the line watching every movement. I took position finally where I could see the enemy. I never expected to see officers lead their men as the rebels did on that day. They would rally their shattered ranks and lead them back into the very jaws of death. Many fell from their horses, killed or wounded; the field was strewn with the dead and dying; horses were running in different directions riderless. I had never seen a

battle, and this was so different from what I had supposed from reading, I took it for granted that, both sides being unacquainted with war, were doing many things not at all military. I learned more about it afterward, however. From an eminence, where I had posted myself, I could see a large column of fresh troops filing into the plain from the hills some miles away. They were moving rapidly and coming in the direction of the right flank of our army. I at once rode as fast as I could to the left, where my son was inline, and for the first time that day showed myself to him. He seemed somewhat excited when he saw me, and asked: 'In Heaven's name what are you doing here?'

“I said: 'Never mind me, I am in no danger.'

“I then told him what I had seen, and he at once sent an orderly, with a note to the General commanding. In a short time, however, we heard the assault made on our right. It was terrific. Our troops gave way and commenced falling back. The alarm seemed to go all along the line, and a general retreat began without orders. Soon the whole army was leaving the field, and without further resistance gave away the day. The rebel army was also exhausted, and seemed to halt, in either joy or amazement, at the action of our forces.

“Just as our army retired I found a poor young officer wounded. I let him take my horse, thinking that I could walk as fast as the army could march. I came to the place formerly occupied by my son's regiment. There I found quite a number of wounded men, and my young son Harvey trying to help one of his comrades from the field.

“Neither army was then in sight. I heard the sound of horses' hoofs; looked up, and saw a cavalry troop coming. I supposed it to be our own, and did not move. They dashed up where we were, and Col. Hunter, in command, drew his sabre and cut my dear boy down. I caught him as he fell, his head being cleft open. I burst out loudly in grief, and was seized as a prisoner. I presume my dress and gray hair saved my life. I was torn from my son and made to walk some three miles, to the headquarters of Gen. Jones, who heard my story about my adventure and my dead boy. He at once released me and sent an officer with me to that part of the field where my dead child lay.

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DEATH OF HARVEY LYON.