

THE FALLS CITY TRIBUNE

Marching Through Georgia

By J. L. CLEAVER, Post Historian.

Hurrah, hurrah, we shout the jubilee,
Hurrah, hurrah, the flag that makes us free;
And so we'll swell the chorus from Atlantic to the sea
While we are marching through Georgia.

Away back in the sixties, when there was need of an army to prevent the southern slavery states from establishing a Southern Confederacy south of the Mason and Dixon line, a large number of the best young manhood of our country; young men from the colleges and schools; from the farm, workshop, factory, office, bank and business houses; doctors, lawyers, and preachers, representing every walk in life enlisted in that memorable army. From '61 to '65 under the leadership of able generals, they won victories on southern battle fields that preserved us as one country under one flag. "The Union forever, one and undividable," being their battle cry. Many of them left their bones in southern soil; many of them were maimed for life; but many survived the terrible ordeal, who young, able, and self-confident after their duty to their country had been fulfilled, came to Nebraska, settled on its virgin prairies, and in forty years have made our state blossom as the rose.

Falls City received its quota of this young blood and energy. Each year a few of these noble men, with hair whitened with age, have been laid gently to rest, their life work manfully done. Of those that survive, none are less than sixty, many being seventy, and some of them are eighty years old, who can be with us but a few more years.

These men keep up comradeship and reminiscences of the war through their Grand Army Post in this city, of which nearly all are active members.

At their meetings many recitals are given of their individual experiences when a soldier and during their subsequent life.

The following, a fair sample of a soldier's experience was read by the historian of the Post at the last meeting:

He was born in Fulton County, Illinois, on August 16, 1845. His father was a Campbellite minister, who spent the most of his time traveling over the country from Illinois to Texas as a circuit rider, engaged in evangelical work. When quite young he made two journeys, with his father to Texas, but the most of his youth was spent at his home with his mother at Canton, Illinois.

At the age of thirteen or fourteen he started out in life for himself, at first working by the month for farmers. He learned the trade of brick-mason and plasterer and followed this occupation.

On November 4, 1863, when eighteen years old, he enlisted as a recruit in Company F, of the 102 Illinois Vol. Infantry. This regiment had been in the service since August, 1862, and he joined this particular company and regiment because he had a cousin there. The recruits remained at Camp Butler, near Springfield, until December, 1863, when they started south to join the regiment at Tallyhome, Tenn., the trip occupying three or four days. They traveled in freight cars loaded with wheat. During the day they rode on the top of the freight cars and at night slept on the wheat in the cars.

From here the regiment moved south gradually, arriving at Lookout Mountain early in February, 1864. They camped at Wauhatchie Station until May 2, 1864, when they broke camp and started on the Atlantic campaign. He had with him one suit of clothing, a woolen blanket and a rubber blanket and a shelter tent, his canteen, haversack and gun. The rubber blanket he wore when it rained and slept on it at night, spreading it and the woolen blanket on the ground under the little shelter tent, which was just large enough for two soldiers to crawl into and lay down. It was only high enough for them to sit up in.

His regiment was armed with the Spencer rifle, which was the best magazine gun used by the Union Army during the war, and but few regiments were so armed, most all other guns being muzzle loaders and single

shooters. Because they were so armed, they were kept much of the time on the skirmish line in the advance of the army.

On the night of May 16, he was taken off the skirmish line, and allowed to rest until the next morning, which was Sunday. At about 10 o'clock his regiment was pushed to the front and formed in line. Here they unsling their knapsacks, piled them up in company piles, and placed a guard over them. This was the last he ever saw of his knapsack.

A valley was between them and the rebel works at Resacca, which was on the crest of a hill just beyond them. Pine trees covered the hillside and masked them from the rebel position while they were fixing bayonets and getting ready to advance. He heard General Hooker tell General Butterfield, who was their commander, that he wanted them to capture those rebel guns in the redoubt on the hill, and go as much further as possible.

This battery of four guns in the redoubt was about six hundred yards away. As soon as they emerged from the shelter of the pine trees, the redoubt opened on them. They went down into the valley of a little gully or ditch, then across the open space, and then up the steep hillside, running, yelling and firing until they were under the guns. He was probably thirty feet in front of the guns when they were fired the last time. The powder blast knocked him down, and rolled him over and over clear down the hill. He thought he was done for, but when he got up he found he was not much hurt. He ran up the hill again and into the redoubt, which his regiment had captured and taken possession of. This position was covered by guns in other rebel lines of works about seventy-five yards off, whose fire was so fierce they could not stay in the redoubt, or use the captured guns, but had to lay low in the ditch, in the meantime keeping up a steady fire from their Spencers, while scarcely daring to show their heads until nightfall. About midnight, being reinforced, they dug down the works and with ropes pulled out the four twelve-pound guns and took them down the hill and into the Union lines. These were the only rebel cannon captured by Sherman's Army during the Atlantic campaign, and their capture made their regiment famous.

During the charge the regimental flag was riddled with bullets, and the flag-bearer had his teeth shot out, his regiment losing eighteen killed and seventy-six wounded. Next morning they buried the dead ones in one grave. He helped pick up the dead for that purpose. About two o'clock the next day they started in pursuit of the rebel army, which had evacuated their strong position during the night.

At Burnt Hickory Creek his regiment was moved to the front battle line. It turned out all right, but to him it seemed one of the most dangerous and scary places he got into during the whole war. The battle was raging fierce in the deep woods; balls and bullets were coming fast and thick, carrying away three tops and cutting off limbs and leaves, and dropping men right and left. They marched into the woods, and during the afternoon, passed over six lines of troops, all laying down in line of battle, who opened up their ranks to let them pass to the front. A little in advance of the sixth line of troops, they formed in line of battle and lay down, it being then about dark. That night it rained and he lay there all night.

During the night the rebels evacuated their position. At Kennesaw Mountain his regiment was in the reserve and he just looked on. They swung around in the east side of Kennesaw and was in the sharp fight at Marietta. They threw up entrenchments wherever they went, often laying in them for days and nights. When out on the skirmish line they dug rifle pits in the ground, which were small holes in the ground, with the dirt thrown out in front, large enough to hold two or three soldiers, and deep enough to protect them from the bullets. They

would go out at about 11 o'clock at night, taking rations, water and ammunition to last them twenty-four hours, and they would stay until relieved the next night.

At the battle of Peach Tree Creek on July 20, 1864, about noon, his regiment drew up along the bank of the creek and stacked their arms; only a little ways off the skirmishers were engaged and the firing sharp. It was an awful hot day, (many of the soldiers being sunstruck). The cool water of the creek looked so inviting, many of the regiment pulled off their clothing and tumbled into the creek, and were having a good time when the skirmishers from the east came running through the corn field yelling that the rebels were coming, the bullets all the while tearing through the corn. Their officers got the men out of the creek and into line, many of those in swimming not having time to get on all their clothing before they had to grab their guns, and by the time they were in line the rebels were coming out of the corn field on the hill. His regiment in line of battle forded the creek and started up the hill to meet them, as they were advancing three or four lines deep.

They returned the rebel fire with their Spencers, which was severe enough to split the rebel lines, who surged to the right and left of them. The rebels were held back by other troops on their left, but those on their right gave way and fell back three fourths of a mile. His colonel was urged to get out of there as they were liable to be surrounded and taken prisoners. Instead, however, they turned their fire to the right and held their position, the rebels finally being driven back, the battle lasting all the afternoon.

They had nothing to eat since early morning, and nothing to eat at night, and were very tired. The ground was covered with rebel dead and wounded, he laid there all night among them. Beside him lay a wounded rebel who often called for help. He tied up his bandages and did what he could for him, but in the morning he was dead.

Settled down in this neighborhood for a siege of Atlanta, being in the rifle pits or entrenchments day and night for over a month. Every third day he would be on the skirmish line in the rifle pits, and then for two days he would be back in the main trenches, being under artillery and musketry fire all the time.

From here his regiment was sent back eight or ten miles to the Chatahoochee River, where they went into camp, until Sherman flanked the rebels out of Atlanta.

On September 2d marched through Atlanta and camped outside of the city, his regiment guarding the railroad. They broke camp about 10 o'clock one morning in November and started on the memorable march to the sea. His regiment moving at a snail's pace, owing to the slow movements of an immense wagon train they were guarding. They marched all that day and night, without halting for supper. In the morning they made a short halt for breakfast, resuming the march as soon as the meal was finished. Marched until night, when tired, sleepy and hungry they went into camp. Marched through a good country where forage was plenty, fresh pork, chickens, mutton, molasses, honey, sweet potatoes were brought into camp in abundance; one company driving into camp about thirty head of cattle they had picked up during the day's march.

Usually the line of march was indicated by the smoke of burning buildings and cotton, only a few private residences were destroyed however, as they dealt mildly with the citizens. The darkies were overjoyed to see them and followed the army in large numbers, showing their joy by singing and dancing. On November 29, his regiment was in the advance and they had the choice of chickens and other forage along the roadside, and at night when they camped almost every soldier was loaded with something good to eat. A flock of sheep was discovered close to where they were going to camp, and about a dozen soldiers broke ranks and charged in on the sheep. They were good at dodging, but so were the soldiers, and when a sheep was caught, it invariably carried the soldier to the ground with it, amid laughter and cheers of the whole regiment. In a short time the sheep were all captured. When the fun ceased, the feasting began.

Four or five soldiers were detail-

ed every morning from each company, making forty or fifty from the regiment, who would gallop away early in the morning across the country, and away from the roads followed by the marching army. They would pass the poorer looking farms, and dash up to the rich looking plantations, dismounting, some going to the smokehouse, others to the kitchen and cellar; some would tackle the bee-hives with water and smoke, and others dig sweet potatoes. Chickens, turkeys, ducks, and geese would be caught; flour barrels emptied into sacks and canteens filled with molasses.

Darkies were easily threatened into disclosing the hiding places of horses and mules. These would be harnessed to a wagon or carriage, the plunder loaded up, the foragers rejoining their regiment by nightfall. It would be distributed among the several army messes, and feasting would last well into the night.

In the southern part of Georgia, they struck a swampy country. Here teams were often mired in the mud holes. The nights were cold, but they built rousing camp fires of fence rails, which were very plenty.

At Savannah immense quantities of rice was found stored near the river. Darkies were put to work with mortar and pestal hulling the rice, and details of soldiers ran the rice mills day and night, while a constant stream of wagons were engaged in hauling it to the numerous army camps.

Embankments that the soldiers used as roads, ran across the low rice fields near the streams, in the center of which were canals that filled with water at high tide. By means of sluice gates, as the canals were higher than the land, the water was distributed over the rice plantations.

Christmas 1864 was a decidedly gloomy and cheerless day in camp. It had been raining hard every day for nearly a week. It was very wet and foggy, and a hard matter to keep up fires out doors, and in the tents the fire made more smoke than heat. When on guard or picket duty he would get wet to the skin. His only recreation was playing cards and swapping yarns. He did not hang up his stockings, or receive any presents.

New Years day was the coldest that had been experienced in this country for many years, and in Georgia it was near zero. This extreme cold occasioned a great deal of suffering among the soldiers who were poorly clad to stand such extreme cold.

Early in February, 1865, the army broke camp at Savannah and started northward, sixty-thousand strong, moving in four columns, with a front covering the country forty miles wide, cavalry and foragers swarming on each flank.

Columbia, the capital of South Carolina, was captured and nearly the entire city burned, and Charleston was evacuated by the rebels the next day.

At Charlotte, on the Charleston and Augusta Railroad, his regiment for three days was engaged in destroying the railroad. The soldiers would string out along the track, and at the word of command from the officers, each soldier would grasp a railroad tie, and by united effort the track for a long distance would be turned upside down. The ties were then torn loose from the rails, the ties piled up like cord wood, and the rails put across them, and fired. When the rails were red hot in the middle, they were bent or twisted so that they could not be used again.

His regiment was in the fierce fighting at Bentonville, where rebel General Johnson and his army were driven back.

At Goldsborough he drew new clothing, and then the soldiers of his "ragged regiment" appeared in an entire new suit of blue.

The route to Raleigh was swampy and it was during the rainy season, so that the roads were terrible. Day after day and sometimes at night his regiment built corduroy roads through the swamps, so that the artillery and baggage could move.

He was here taken sick with a drowsy trouble, rendering him unable to march, and he was sent to Morehead City on the coast, where he boarded the transport "Illinois," bound for the north by way of the Atlantic. He was put in hold of the vessel, although it was so crowded, there was scarcely room for them all to lay down. The weather was calm, and the transport kept close to the land, and in two days they were at Fortress Monroe, where he learned

that President Lincoln had been assassinated.

He was then transferred to another transport and taken to New York, going past the city up the Hudson River to Fort Schuyler, where there was a general army hospital.

Soon he was able to get around on his feet, but not well enough to march. He remained at the hospital until June 9, 1865, when he was discharged and furnished transportation to his home at Canton, Illinois. On his way home he stopped at Chicago, and at Camp Douglas stayed all night with his comrades of his regiment, they having arrived in Chicago ahead of him.

On reaching home he found his mother and brother there, but his father had died during his absence in the army.

In March 1886, he visited relatives in Parker County, Texas, where he had a good time as cowboy, riding after cattle and hunting.

In April 1867, he came to Falls City, Nebraska, and investing the little money he had in a farm of eighty acres, north of town, where he afterwards made his home for so many years.

His farm was only a raw piece of prairie, and he let it lay until the spring of 1878, when he broke it up and put in a crop.

On August 17, 1879 at Canton, Illinois, he was married to Miss Emma C. Hendricks, and they started for Nebraska the day after their marriage in a movers' wagon drawn by horses, the journey occupying fourteen days.

He settled down on his farm for one year, when on the death of his only brother, he and his wife returned to Canton, Illinois, to take care of his mother, with whom they lived during the next five years, and until her death.

In the spring of 1866 came back to his farm in Nebraska and went to farming. In September 1899 his wife died. They were two children born to this marriage, one child dying, the other child, Almeda, is now living with her father, James A. Hill in Falls City.

He lived on the farm for four years as a widower, when he married Mrs. Emma B. Hough, at Omaha, Neb., on August 10, 1903. In 1904 he left the farm and moved to Falls City, buying him a home.

In 1881 at Canton, Illinois he became a comrade of the Grand Army of the Republic, and on May 17, 1890, he joined Veteran Post No. 84 of Falls City, where he has always been an active and influential member, holding office in the Post frequently, and at one time being the Commander of the Post.

The following comrades were elected as officers of the post for the ensuing year:
Commander, J. L. Cleaver.
Senior Vice Commander, Levi Frederick.
Junior Vice Commander, Israel Messler.
Quartermaster, J. R. Messler.
Adjutant, E. P. Glines.
Chaplain, W. A. Whitaker.
Patriotic Instructor, J. C. Yutz.
Officer of the Day, Thos. Kelsey.
Sergeant Major, J. H. Cline.
Quart. Sergeant, J. W. Nauster.
Surgeon, Dr. W. H. Kerr.
Trustees, J. A. Hill, C. F. Kreker, and W. S. Korner.
Delegate, W. S. Korner.
Alternate, T. F. Plumb.
Committee on Installation, J. L. Cleaver, J. A. Hill and J. R. Messler.

Stony Meteorites.
Stony meteorites, according to Prof. William M. Pickering, who favors a theory promulgated by Prof. Chamberlin, may have had their origin in the earth as by-products of the catastrophe which split the moon off from our globe. The fact that they could not get cosmically very far away from us accounts for them dropping in on us occasionally when so inclined. "In support of this view of their terrestrial origin, we have the fact that 29 terrestrial elements, including helium, have so far been recognized in meteorites, ten of them being non-metallic. No new elements have been found. The six which occur most frequently in the earth's crust, named in the order of their abundance, are oxygen, silicic, aluminum, iron, calcium and magnesium. The eight most commonly found in the stony meteorites are these six, besides nickel and sulphur."

Pursed Up Lips.
"Why do you pout, girl?" "He went away without kissing me." "Better pout while the young man is around. He might take the hint."

WORTHY A PLACE IN HISTORY

Horemheb, During His Reign, Did More for Egypt, Perhaps, Than Any Other Ruler.

Horemheb was at this time (of his accession) 45 years of age, full of energy and vigor and passionately anxious to have a free hand in the carrying out of his schemes for the reorganization of the government. It was therefore with joy that, in about the year 1350 B. C. he sailed up to Thebes in order to claim the crown.

Had he lived longer he might have been famous as a conqueror as well as an administrator, though old age might retard and tired bones refuse their office. As it is, however, his name is written sufficiently large in the book of the world's great men; and when he died, about 1315 B. C., after a reign of some thirty-five years, he had done more for Egypt than had almost any other Pharaoh. He found the country in the wildest disorder and he left it the master of itself and ready to become once more the master of the empire which Aghaton's doctrine of peace and good-will had lost.

Under his direction the purged worship of the old gods, which for him meant only the maintenance of some time-proved customs, had gained the mastery over the chimerical worship of Aton. Without force or violence he substituted the practical for the visionary; and to Amon and order his grateful subjects were able to cry, "The sun of him who knew thee not has set, but he who knows thee shines, the sanctuary of him who assailed thee is overwhelmed in darkness, but the whole earth is now in light."—The Century Magazine.

GAMBLING HOUSE IN THEATER

Famous Resort of Rich New Orleans Idlers Had to Be Abolished by Law.

"The old French theater which was patronized by the Four Hundred of New Orleans in the days when my father was a young man was a unique institution," said Dr. J. L. Devonne, to the Baltimore American.

"In those days not only was it the scene of the finest acting in America, but the big building was devoted to other pleasures far outside the thespian entertainments. It had a spacious ballroom, and nooks where the best caterers of the day served exquisite suppers, and there was beneath the same roof a great apartment where gambling was in full blast during the progress of a play. I have heard my sire tell how the rich young creole bloods would slip out between the acts and win or lose thousands before returning to their seats. Some of them, of course, got too fascinated or too deeply involved ever to return. The acting of the greatest artist was a tame show by contrast to the excitement of the gambling tables. Many a young fellow squandered his patrimony in this old place, for then, as now, the manipulators of the roulette wheels and the faro dealers had a shade the best of the public.

"The losses were so many and ruinous that eventually the matter attained the proportions of a public scandal, and long before the civil war legislation was enacted that made gambling a felony and freed the historic old 'opera' of the degrading partnership in games of chance."

SHOW SKILL OF GARDENERS

Dwarfed Trees Product of the Knowledge and Patience of the Japanese.

These charming dwarfed trees are entirely a product of the patience and skill of Japanese gardeners, says a writer in St. Nicholas. The dwarfing of these is kept a secret by them and has as yet never been found out or imitated to such a marvelous degree by any other nation. While there are dwarf fruit trees grown in Europe, especially in Germany and Holland, no such tiny specimens have ever been produced there. The trees which are used for dwarfing by the Japanese embrace all varieties of conifers, such as pines, cedars, cryptomerias, junipers, many evergreens, such as hick, citrus trifoliata, etc.; some flowering plants like azaleas, maples; also some fruit trees, such as oranges and plums, which blossom and bear the most tiny fruits to perfection. It is claimed for some specimens of cedars that they are over 500 years old. These very ancient trees are handed down from father to son in some families, regarded as priceless heirlooms. It is to be regretted that so many of these beautiful dwarfed trees are lost through ignorance of the attention they require. The danger lies in overcare more than in neglect. Too many people imagine that these pretty foreigners need special attention and coddling, when, on the contrary, a great deal of fresh air, a reasonable amount of water and not too much warmth are the chief requirements. They are all hardy, and too much warmth in overheated rooms is sure to kill them.