Newspaper articles of 23 July 1913,
the Civil War reminiscences of H. C. Bell.
Newspaper unknown.

HON. H. C. BELL CONTINUES WAR REMINISCENCE.

Pictures Real Soldier Life of Boy Who Ran Away to Join the Army.

The past again rises before me tonight, and I see the runaway boy from the cabin on the hill drilling in the camp at Chattanooga, tramping the lonely picket beat, encamping on Cameron Hill, footing it to the top of Lookout Mountain, and Missionary Ridge, and crying on the breastworks at Chattanooga when a letter was handed him that Ben Stephens, his most beloved boyhood chum was dead in the home of Billy Hodge, in Old York. I see him breaking camp on Cameron Hill to go off in the Hood campaign in December and January, 1864 and 1865, and I see him tramping through the snows and rains and mud of Tennessee and Alabama in pursuit of Hood and his shattered, demoralized army after his crushing defeats at Franklin and Nashville, Tennessee, and I see him on a transport, amid clouds of gun boats and other vessels, on the Tennessee, on their way to intercept Hood at his crossing of the Tennessee at Mussel Shoals, down below Bridgeport, in the state of Alabama, and I see him amid the roar of battle at Decatur where the cavalry of Roudy and of Wheeler tried to hold the Union army in check until Hood should have safely crossed the Tennessee, and in which they admirably succeeded.

which they admirably succeeded.

I see the boy sleeping on a pile of grain bags in the hold of his boat, as amid whistling winds, drifting snow, and wild uproarous night, the transport headed by gun boats, plowed onward to its goal, and amid the wild uproar of the tempestuous night I hear the wild, despairing cry of "Help, help," accompanied by the loud cries of "a man overboard," supplemented by the rushing and shufflins of many feet, and I see in the darkness the life boats manned and cast away from the boat to hunt for poor Henry Stiner, whom it afterwards appeared had in his sleep walked off the boat, and into the raging waters of the wild Tennessee, but whose cries for help soon ceased, and Henry was heard of no more, and I see the surprised looks upon the faces of officers and his company when the next morning the boy, who was thought to be the one who was lost, appeared from the hatchway among the men of his company on the boat, and I see the company called into line and hear the roll called to definitely determine who it was who had fallen overboard the night before, and I hear the dispairing and heartbroken cries of the brother of Henry Stiner when he learned that it was his brother and not the runaway boy from the cabin on the hill, who, amid the cold December waters of the Tennessee, had found a watery grave the night before. I see the boy on the march, standing picket, foraging for food, sleeping amid rain and snow,

the rain freezing as it fell, and I see the boy in the dead of night while on a foraging expedition, surrounded in a cabin on a hill, not unlike the one in which he had heard the father's lamentations and the mother's sobs back in Illinois, and I see him in the absolute power of a woman whose cupboard he was ravishing for food at the time, keep from the rebel cavalry the fact that the boy was within her hut, and allowing him by the back door to escape in the night, and by darting down a hill and into the brush which fringed the hill top, get away to join his comrades, instead, maybe, of being made to rot in Andersonville prison, as so many brave men had been made to do. I see the boy ragged, dirty, covered with vermin and half starved, survive those terrible marches and awful exposures the worst, so the historians say, of any during the war, and safely return to Chattanooga, Tennessee.

I see him rushed to Knoxville, Tennessee, to repel a threatened attack on that place. I see him on a paymaster's train in East Tennessee in the spring of 1865, and I see him at Bull's Gap, Tennessee where from the top of a car on which he was sitting when the train pulled in, he espied Iradel Evans, his cousin, and whose familiar, pock marked face looked good to the homesick boy, and whom he hailed in boyish glee, and I can hear the shout of Iradel as he said "Why, C———, how in the world

did you get here?" and I see the boy scramble down and rush to where Iradel stood, and I hear him say that a telegram has just come announcing the surrender of Lee, and that Col. Allen Buckner was just getting ready to assemble the regiment, the remnant, eighty strong, of the brave and efficient 79th Illinois Infantry, to read to them the telegram and to make a cheerful talk to his men. I hear the drums beat, I see the brave few who were left of all the thousand men who in the early days of the war had fought at Stone River, Liberty Gap, Chickamauga, Missionary Ridge, and on other bloody fields, fall into line, and I hear Col. Buckner, in his strong, musical and well modulated tones, read the telegram he had received, and I hear him tell the boys that now the war was indeed over and that they would soon be permitted to return to those they loved, and I hear the wild shouts of joy which broke from the brave and gallant few as the beloved Colonel's lips spoke these words of cheer at Bull's Gap, in Tennessee, in the spring or early summer of 1865. I see the runaway boy at Dalton, Atlanta, Cartersville, Marietta and Rome, Georgia. I see him regimental messenger for Brigadier General Prince Salm Salm, the

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(Continued from pp. 1).

Prussian soldier who commanded the boy's brigade, who was afterwards captured with Maximilian in Old Mexico, when Maximilian was shot, and where Prince Salm Salm, disguised in his wife's clothing, escaped and returned to Germany, and who in the war with France in 1870, commanded Queen Augusta's Body Guard, as they were called, a splendid division or cavalry, and who in a charge made at the battle of Metz, on the Rhine, Prince Salm Salm was killed, and whose memory is now perpetuated by a splendid monument erected on the Unter Den Linden, in Berlin, and whose wife was an American prima donna, whom he had married in New York, at the time he helped to raise the 62nd Dutch Regiment, and over which he was first made Colonel, and who accompanied him in all of his campaigns as a Union General in the war of the Great Rebellion.

I see the boy quartered in the court house at Rome, and I see him discharged at Marietta, Ga., late in October, 1865.

From the fact that the runaway boy had slipped into the ranks of the recruits designed for the 29th Indiana, at Indianapolis, Ind., and inasmuch as he had been granted the special privilege of continuing on with the recruits to the encampment of

the recruits to the encampment of of the 29th Indiana at Chattanooga, his muster roll had been lost or confused, and not a dollar of pay did the boy receive during the nearly thirteen months he served, until his final discharge; and I hear the good natured taunts of his comrades of Company K, that he would never be discharged or paid for his time, and I see the boy suffering many unhappy moments before his final discharge. But finally, on the advice of his company officers, and of Lieutenant Col. Ream, I see the boy, in his uncouth, mispelled way, indict a letter to Gov. Morton of Indiana, who turned over his letter to Adjutant General Pritchard of Indiana, a name the boy will never forget, who instructed the regimental and company officers of the boy from the cabin on the hill to make out a set of muster and enlistment papers for the boy, give him an honorable discharge and pay him for his entire term of service, and also to refund him $28, the amount of the boy's first outfit of clothing, and which they assumed the boy himself paid for, but which he did not do, making for him an extra payment of $28 more than the other privates received, and he received also a veteran volunteer discharge, as honorable as was ever received, but more unusual and unique, perhaps, than many, if indeed any other single soldier ever received.

And now I see the boy receive his honorable discharge at Marietta, Ga., and I see him at Chattanooga, again, and also at Nashville, Tenn., on his way home. I see him investing part of his army money he had received in the first "store suit" of clothing he had ever worn, and I see him proudly and happily returning home. I see him reach Terre Haute, Ind., on the 28th day of October, 1865, and on the 29th of October, 1865, which was Sunday, I see him and Fillmore Lukens hire a man with double seated rig to take them to York, Illinois, which they reached in the early afternoon, and from which they walked to the home of Lukens, a mile west, afterwards, the site of the old John S. Bradbury home, and from there the runaway boy walked, proudly, grip in hand, back to the cabin on the hill, from which in the early morning, thirteen months before, after he had heard the father's laments and his mother's dispairing cries, he had run away. As he climbed the hill to the log cabin on the brow of the hill, near where the Big Four tracks now cross the county road at West York, everything was seemingly deserted and still. The leaves on the maples were turning to gold, while the leaves on the oaks were turning to red and brown, and peace and absolute silence brooded over the dear old home, where his father had so long labored, and where through long

months at one time he had so frightfully suffered, and within whose sacred walls, though only of hewn logs, daubed with clay mud, he had passed so many happy days. As the boy approached the cabin on the hill his heart swelled with pride and joy that he had been a soldier in the army of the Union, and that by means of part of the money he had received the old home had been saved for his father and mother, and that there they could pass their lives peacefully, tho laboriously away, as the father did do, and as the mother, God bless her, is still doing, though nearly eighty-two. As I type the dream, like a benediction, rises before me now. The boy passed through the front gate and around to the back of the cabin on the hill, and all as before was silent and still. As he passed around to the west part of the cabin he saw the solitary person who at the time was there, in the person of his modest, silent father, approaching from the barn. His head was bent low as he silently approached, gazing as was his wont, when in deep thought, upon the ground. Finally he raised his head, a smile of surprise and joy broke over his face and beamed in his eyes, and in joyous tones he exclaimed, "Why, C———, my boy, how are you"? And then as was his wont, he lapsed into silence again and said no more, except to answer a few questions put to him by the boy,

C. Prevo, and George Hagar, and Bill and Isaiah Willard, and other friends and relatives of other days; but his dearest boyhood friend, though much older than the boy of whom I have typed these dreams of the past, was not there, having died the winter before, and for whose untimely loss the lonely boy had laid down his spade on the breast works and wept at Chattanooga, Tennessee, as I before have told.

But enough now. The dream vanishes away, and I wake to find myself in Washington, D. C., on the banks of the Potomac, far away, where, perhaps, regarding the boy who ran away from the log cabin on the hill, in the far off 1864, the dreamer may dream some more in another dream on another day.

And of all the sights and sounds of those far away times which doth most affect the boy, and which are most indelibly impressed on ear and eye and heart and brain, those of the low, sad and touchingly sympathetic words of the man, and the sobs and dispairing cries of the woman, which he heard in the night from the man and the woman in the cabin on the hill; the remembrance of the look of surprise, wonder and boyish grief at the parting on the faces of his cousins and boyhood chums, Pres. and Jim Bradbury, in the cane patch, where they were cutting the succulent plant near the old Evans-Bradbury grave yard when the runaway boy told them he was on his way to the army, and that of his boyhood

HON. H. C. BELL REMINISCENT.

Recalls Trials of a Fifteen Year Old Lad Seeking Enlistment in U. S. Army During War Times.

The past rises before me like a dream. My mind passes swiftly backward through more than forty-eight years. I see a nation rent with discord and bristling with rebellion. I hear the beat of drums, the scream of fifes, and I see the marching squadrons in their suits of blue. I see a cabin on the hill. It is night and silence reigns in that cabin, save the low voice of a man in great distress and the low sobs of a woman, sobbing over what the man is saying to her. I hear the man say to the woman that there is no hope; that he cannot pay the $316 due on the home which for ten long laborious years he has struggled and toiled to save, and that they must lose it.

Next morning I see a boy, clad in homespun, fifteen years of age, in his blue jeans coat, trimmed with green braid and with brass buttons, which his Aunt Becky had made for him, brown jeans trousers, cow hide shoes, brown yarn stockings, flannel shirt, and an old black hat on his head, slip in the early morning, just as day was breaking, out of that cabin on the hill, and pass swiftly and noislessly down hill in the direction of a little town on the Wabash river a mile and a half away. The boy was about five feet four inches in height, and would weigh

about one hundred and twenty-three pounds. Where was the boy going? He was on his way to Terre Haute, Ind., the nearest recruiting station, to enlist, to receive his bounty, and with it to pay off the $316 and save that home for that man and woman in the cabin, and who were his father and mother. He was running away from home, well knowing that that man and woman would never consent to the sacrifice the boy might be making for them. I see that boy turn off at the home of Henry Prevo, a prosperous farmer living near the cabin on the hill, to speak a parting word to his boyhood love, Rachel Emily Green, who was about his own age, and whom he spied milking a cow in the barnyard over by the barn. The boy stopped and told her where he was going—that he was going to the army, and bid her goodbye. Rachel Emily raised up from her milking of the cow and with the single and surprised exclamation, "O C——," stood gazing in a confused way and with unshed tears shining in her eyes at the boy as he turned and went rapidly in the direction of the home of Samuel B. Lake, who was to take the boy in his buggy to Terre Haute. The bay and Lake crossed the river at Darwin, and about two o'clock in the afternoon the beauties and surprising grandeurs of Terre Haute, then a city of about fifteen or twenty thousand souls, broke on the boy's enchanted gaze.

The boy had never been away from home two weeks at a time in his life. He rad never before reaching Terre Hauto seen a flat topped house or a locomotive engine. He could barely read and write, and what little learning he had had been switched into him by a mother who herself could neither read or write, but who was determined so far as she could control the matter, to see to it that boy, her eldest born, should have education. The boy, the first thing did after reaching Terre Hauto, to light out for the depot on foo mile away, to see the cars. He s them and his mind was filled w wonder at the sight. I see the l gazing with wondering eyes at unusual sights of the, to him, gr city. I see him approach the recr ing station, strip naked for exami tion, and I hear the doctor ask h "How old are you, my boy? and hear him reply, in a lie which, un the circumstances, was a virtue, a on the record of which boyish lie the book of life, an angel doubtl dropped a tear and washed it away. "I am eighteen years old;" a I hear the doctor reply, "You do look it, my boy," and I hear the bo brave reply, "Well, I feel it. Do And I see the doctor smile in an proving away at the patriotic lie knew the boy was telling him, for saw and appreciated the manly mot of the patriotic lie, and with a sm smack on the bare skin of the lifte

year old boy he said "Get out of he
you will do."

I see the boy fling away his bl
jeans coat his aunt Becky had ma
for him, his brown jeans trousers, l
yarn socks, his old cow hide sho
his rough flannel shirt and his c
black hat, and I see him proudly d
his suit of blue topped with a s
dier's cap. I see the arrival of t
man and woman whom he had hea
talking sad and low, broken by t
sobs of the woman, in the log cab
on the hill, intent on taking him ho
and I hear his loud protestations, m
ed with the only language save En
lish the boy spoke, against being ta
en back to the cabin on the hill.
see him taken before Col. Dick Thom
son, then Provost Marshal of t
Terre Haute District, to secure h
release. I hear his protestatior
made to Col. Dick Thompson, couch
in words less elegant than strong, a
his threats to run away again and e
list under a name they would nev
recognize as belonging to that bor
by the boy who had ran away from th
cabin on the hill, and I see the a
proving smile which broke over th
handsome features of Col. Dick, as h
beckoned the boy's father to follo
him into an adjoining room. I see th
boy in his brand new suit of blue glu
his ear to the key hole of the door
of the room into which the boy's fath
er and Col. Dick had passed, and I