

LETTER ON THE CIVIL WAR

BY CAPTAIN JAMES P. CATTERSON

Looking back over my past life: to wit - while I was in the U.S. service as a soldier and thinking that a recapitulation of the same would perhaps be interesting to some of you who were comrades with me.

Therefore I (mentaley) again travel the road from Indianapolis to Chattanooga.

Very many things of interest will be omitted; facts, names, and dates, having been forgotten.

We were mustered into the service of the U.S. by Lieut. Newman, Mustering Officer for Indpls. District (the first of Sept. 1862) (this last part had a line crossed through it.)

We left Indpls. about the 2nd day of Sept aboard the Jeffersonville Carrs traveled all night, and the next morning after daylight crossed the Ohio River over to Louisville Ky. Went into camp six miles south of the city.

During our stay in this (Jefferson) county we moved camp four or five times I have forgotten dates. During our stay in this county Braxton Braggs rebel army invadid Ky. also Buels Army came back from Tenn after resting and recruiting the health of his men, started in persuit of Braggs Army, then in camp near Bardstown Ky. (Nelson County) October 1st was a hurring time for the 79th preparations for a long march were being made, all the comrades that were not able to stand the trip, was left behind, in Hospitals. The 79th marched out of Louisville with a light step, keeping time with our Martial Band. Many - Many hearts that for (now) PERHAPS HAD not felt pain or sorrow, now felt heavy and sad, as the mind (ran back) at home, the fact that we were past () from our homes and its pleasures, not one could say I am shure to meet you again, with such feelings the day passed sloley away.

In the evening; late, we went into camp, prepared and ate our Coffee and Crackers. During the night and after our camp fires had gone out and all was still, (saw the barking of the neighboring dogs the restless neighing of the mules.) All perhaps who were not asleep, were thinking of the uncertainties of life; its joys and sorrows, when there came a sound in the distent west; rumbling over the hills plainley telling us a storm is sureley coming. and ere midnight, has passed, the rain had compleatly soaked through all our clothes. We were lying upon the bare ground, nothing over us for shelter to keep of the beating rain that was now upon us. And thus we moved on for dayes and weeks. When near the line of Jefferson and Bullett Counties Ky. Col. Shuler of 4th Ind () Cavly. met the forces of John Morgan and routed them. From this time, untill Bragg was driven out of Ky. (which was near the last of Oct, '62) hardly a day passed, without some part of the army engaged in fighting. At Crab Orchard and at Perryvill was some very hard fighting; in which Bragg, and his army, were badly used up.

After routing Bragg, and his followers from Bardstown, Nelson Co. Ky. we drove them in the direction of Cumberland Gap, through the counties of Nelson, Washington, Marion, Boule, Lincoln, Rickcastle, and Laurel. In this county, we halted, two or three dayes and then turned some what back, passing through the Co. of Rockcastle, Pulaski, Casey, Russel, Adair, Barren, Monroe, and Allen, into Tenn. passing through the Co. of Sumner, Wilson, and Davidson, to Nashville. arriving there near the last of Nov. /62, and went into camp, a mear remnat, less then 400 men was all that were able for duty.

Soon after our arrival at Nashvill, Bragg, and his forces, erected winter quarters near Murfreesboro, Butherford Co. the result was constant fighting on our front lines, untill the Battle of Stone river.

On the 26th of Dec. 1862, we were called into line and marched out onto the Road leading to Murfreesboro. Troops, had been passing, ever since the day previous, through the rain, working up the roads into almost an impassable condition, we joined them, without a murmer and on through mud, and rain, untill after dark ere we went into camp. During the after noon we could hear heavy cannons to our right, explaining in unmistakeable words, the object of our march. Many a stout heart, on that desolate Wilderness looking camp ground that night felt such sorrow as perhaps had never been felt before. Whoo can think of any thing that is calculated to reach the minds and hearts of men, more deepley, than the knowledge that they must in a few hours will be drawn up INTO LINE OF BATTLE, and there, face to face, with their fellow man; and they, as well as ourselves,

are prepared with every missile deadly missile of warfare, that man ever invented, and there to fight, knowing, that thousands, of lives must be lost in the contest for victory; Comrads, many a brave comrad, during those bloody days of the Battle of Stoneriver fell to rise no more, not any one present among earthly friends, to make his dying moments easy.

War is horrible, in any form, yet, when striped of evry thing, save that grinning monster Death, then it is ten times more horrible than can be conceived of or described.

And long before the fight was over, or victory gained, the language of another would say, Thousands had sank on the ground overpowered. The weary to sleep and the wounded to die. Thus the fight continued from day, to day, as we advanced, untill within three, or four, miles of Murfreesboro, halting near Stoneriver where our advance was so stubbornly disputed that our Commander, (Rosencrans) saw that a general engagement would follow and the lines were arranged accordingly.

Dec 31st this morning, the fight opened on our right with tremendous cannonading. The Rebel commander had massed his forces, and came with overwhelming numbers upon our right our men gave back and in doing this they, became confused, Regt. after Regt. Brigade after Brigade, retreating from the field, in confusion. For some time it looked as if the advancing Enemy could not be checked. However, help was soon brought forward consisting of a part of Vanleaves Divi. (and with it went the 79th Ind.) We went into the fight, about one Oclock P.M.; at times almost in a hand to hand combat, constant fighting untill night ended the struggle, the 79, be it said to their prais, night found us in possession of the disputed ground, the enemy had been driven from the field, and Baties Brigade had advanced over one mile.

After night, we were moved back to the left, and rested; lying in the mud, and water, untill morning. Comrads you remember well that cold and dreadful night, Many a blanket that composed the only bed, was on this morning frozen to the ground, on eather side of the Soldier while he slept. Daylight, came at last; we were called into line, cold and shivering, we arose from our beds, of mud and Blankets; to obey the call. We were soon dismissed, and allowed time to prepare our coffee and crackers. This over, we once more were called into line, and marched to the front, crossing Stoneriver, move forward $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, we remained on this line, that day and night. The fighting, today was mostly done with Artillery. each commander feeling the strength of his oponents forces. Jan 2, About 8 Oclock the enemy, opened on us with Artillery, the heaveyest directed at our center forces. Our Divi. now move to the front and occupy the summit of a ridge between Stoneriver and Murfreesboro and to the left of Murfreesboro and Nashville Pike. About one Oclock, we could see the enemy maneuvering in our front, preparing to advance, soon they began a brisk cannonading directed at our lines. At about 3 Oclock, their lines were formed, on and on they come, line after line, untill seven distinct and seperate lines of Infantry, could be counted as they came marching steadily on. When within about 150 yds. of our lines our General gave orders to the gunners at our cannons to fire, this brought all to our feet. The men now standing in line, directed a destructive and well directed shot into the ranks of the enemy. For a time this checked them, yet, as often as their lines were broken a new line would take their place and thus they came up, bringing to their support numerous peaces of Artillery; on they come, constantly pouring into our lines a well directed shot from muskets and cannon. With such odds against us we gave way retreating to the opposite Side of Stoneriver. At this point, we got help from Artillery, and Infantry, and now came our time for revenge. We now directing upon them, the most destructive deadly fire that my eyes ever beheld. Hundreds were falling every minute. Now they, in confusion broke and fled, leaving us in possession of the field, the dead and wounded. Comrads Many a brave and good Soldier; of both the Blew, and Gray, on this afternoon fired, his last gun. Near the close of todays fighting I was wounded and withdrew at night from the front. This was the last hard fighting during the battle of Stoneriver.

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Jan. 4th 1863 with many others I started to Nashville arriving their the following morning called and obtained lodgings at No 65 Cherry St. 12th of Jan I applied for and obtained leave of absence for 60 days. On the 13th Started home aboard the transport Boat Hastings When our Boat arrived at Evansville I in comp. with Lieut. Foster and others took the train for Indpls. arriving there the 18th about midnight we were met by Wm & Samuel Johnson and conveyed home in a Sley

I remained at home untill some time in March. And now again I part with home, and friends, to join my comrades in the field then near Murfreesboro Tenn.

About June 28th All the forces leave Murfreesboro and again are in pursuit of Braxton Bragg and his army, we move on three different Roads, and on the following day, our advance attacks Bragg forces and completely surprises and routs them. Bragg suffers by desertion every day. His men coming in by 10, 50, & by 100; The part of the Army that the 79th was with, left Rutherford County Tenn. traveling through Cannon, and into Warren, to the County seat of Mc Mimmsville, arriving there on the 10th of July 1863. remained untill the 16th of August. We again broke camp, leaving Warren Co. pass through Vanburen, (and at the same time cross the Cumberland Mountains and for a short time camp near Pikesville; County seat of Bledso Co.

On the first of Sept, we leave Bledso Co. and travel through Marion, out of Marion Co Tenn. we cross through the corner of Jackson Co. Ala. into Georgia. Dade County, through Dade Co. into Tenn again. Hamilton Co. then to Chattanooga, from which place we again drove the Rebel Army of Braxton Bragg and took possession on the 9th of September 1863 General Rosencrans pursued after Bragg's Army, untill Bragg met and formed a junction with Longstreet. Then followed the battle of Chickamauga, fought on the 19th & 20th of Sept, at which time Rosencrans withdrew his Army from the field, and fell back to Chattanooga, where from the advantages of position, he would be able to hold his position, for he had learned, that Longstreet had three Divs. Then the Georgia Militia all combined was to great an odds to contend with longer; hence his retreat to Chattanooga, where with the help of natural fortifications, we could hold, and did hold them in check, for over two months, untill Gen. Hoocher, and Gen. Grants forces, came to our relief. Then began the fight in front of Chattanooga; known as Mission Ridge began on the 23rd & ended on the 26th of Nov. 1863. I was not in the Battle of Chickamauga, therefore cannot give a detailed account of it, Officers & men agree that the two days fighting, was as desperate as any previous action that they were ever in

At Chattanooga, we began to fortify on the 21st in order to hold the place, that Bragg had been driven from only a few days before However; all fighting did not cease for weeks Picket fighting continued for some time. All this died away untill at times you would have supposed from their familiarities, that the two Armies were perfectly friendly; save an occasionally shot from the Artillery. Things wore along thus for some time, Yet our condition was anything but pleasant. We were living on half rations of coffee, hard tack, & Bacon. Our Horses, & Mules, were Starving every day, by hundreds, and our condition could not be bettered untill the enemy were driven away. Below Chattanooga, the rebels held the Railroad, and River, in their possession thereby, preventing supplies from coming to us. Such was the condition of the Army, of the Cumberland, at the time Gen. Hoocher and General Grant, came to our help. Now began the battle of Mission Ridge

November 23rd About 1 o'clock preparations were now completed (NOTE must have meant "completed" - Eloise Castetter) for driving the enemy from our front, that had been for the last two months, annoying, and threatening us with starvation. The lines were formed, to the front of our entrenchments, and we start with steady step, and a determined resolution to drive the enemy from our front. In doing this we gained positions of some very advantageous positions of ground, from one of those positions our Artillery commanded the entire valley between our lines and Mission Ridge. During that night their Artillery, that had been stationed in the valley, was moved back to the Ridge, also their Infantry, was withdrawn to the foot of the Ridge, into their entrenchments, leaving a string line of skirmishers in their front, perhaps thinking, we would renew the charge on the following morning, if so they were disappointed, for we had finished our part of the work for the present.

The next blow was from Gen. Hooker, on the 24th his forces started on our extreme right to gain possession of Lookout Mountain, which they did, in splendid order. Surely nothing ever equaled this day's work, this Mountain Fight, during the war.

How I wish that I could paint, or describe, that day's work, sufficiently plain, for you citizens to form something of its correctness, but I cannot you may think you see it, but no you do not, do not as those saw it, who had been shut up in Chattanooga, for two months or more, on half rations, crowded together, among the dead, and dying horses, and mules.

Lookout Mountain, is one of those rough, rugged uneven Mountains, its height, I am unable to give, though it is very high, its sides, look as if the top had at some time tumbled off, and lodged on the way down, in many places, are large rocks, larger than any building you ever saw, and partly buried in the earth, then there are all sizes down to the smallest of stone, all together, it is very rough, and hard to climb over, and up such places Hooker's men had to climb, and fight, their progress was disputed inch by inch, yet on and up they move, charge after charge is made, and allways successful, until lost from sight, have now ascended into the clouds, Still the fight goes on and up. The roar of Artillery comes thundering down the Mountain side as the pieces are discharged, reloaded and discharged again, & again, trying to beat back those brave men, who had pledged their honor, and lives to defend the American flag, & government against all enemies; this oath they were now making good for they continue to fight, on and up. Now, some can be seen emerging above the clouds, now others, and yet others, continue their onward and upward march, until the principal fighting is now above the clouds, and until night hides them from view. Still the fight goes on, one continuous blaze of fire can be seen from their guns. I now leave them at 11 o'clock P.M. the fighting has principally died away, only as occasional shot from the pickets.

November 25th this morning all is quiet, as though the enemy had fled. Hooker is in possession of Lookout Mountain, and advancing by the right flank; aiming to get in the rear of the enemy, who now appear to be concentrating his strength on Mission Ridge, and moving to our left, for danger is threatening from that quarter by Gen. Sherman's forces, who has crossed the Tenn. River with his Army. As soon as it was light enough to see this morning, thousands of the enemy could be seen passing to our left along the top of the ridge. Soon the fight begins by Sherman, opposed by Bragg's forces, they appeared to think that they could drive him back and compel him to recross the river, but no, the Mississippi Blood hounds (as the boys called themselves) was not to be driven, their brave, and undaunted General had led them to victory to obtain for that, they were more than a match for those who opposed them. Much the hardest fighting that was done at any time, was done by Sherman's men. It must not be supposed that all the fighting done on Lookout Mountain, was done by Hooker, for a portion of the Army of the Cumberland, was with him, and a portion now assisting Sherman, in one of the most hot and bloody engagements, lasting from early morn, until after noon, the result of which could be seen by all who visited that part of the battle field. The graves were very numerous. Could scarcely be counted.

I was on the ground some four or five days after the fight, and although somewhat accustomed to looking on this manner of destroying man and beast, this battle ground, presented to me the most desolating, and heart sickening that I had ever looked upon. In places as I was walking over the field, alone, no one to draw my attention away, or disturb my thoughts, I would have to look for some bare place to set my feet to avoid treading on fragments of men.

Such fighting as this field indicated, had been fought with a bravery worthy of men in a better cause. I found some men who had crolled away, and hid themselves, after being wounded, there to die; those men were yet unburied and perhaps remain so to this day.

Such work as this was the order of the day on our left, at the time orders were given for our commander, to hold his men ready to move at any moment, and at the time a signal should be given, by firing the cannon of our center battery, the entire line must advance and drive the enemy from their entrenchments, take possession, and hold them. Soon the entire line were in motion.

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But no sooner did we begin to move, than the enemy at the top of the ridge, opened on us with numerous peaces of Artilery, but our lines were not checked or broken, on we went through the brush, over logs, through briers, and thorns, and now as we came out of the thicket, we were ordered forward on double quick, We could now plainly see the Rebel entrenchments, at the foot of the ridge, and the glistening Bayonets, of the enemy, as they lay behind their works, awaiting our approach, on we go, their guns, leveled, and discharged, doing but little damage, and without waiting to fire a second time, they turn and aim to get to the top of the ridge many of them were shot down in the attempt. We were not long reaching the works, they had just left, when to our surprise, hundreds of soldiers was lying flat in the ditch, they had trown aside their Guns, they sprang to their feet, shouting to our boys to come on, they threw up their hats, with joy saying, they had long been waiting for an oppertunity to get into our lines, that they were good union men, and allwayes had been

We had now crossed their entrenchments, and are charging, Shouting as we go up the ridge. All their strength is now thrown against us, yet we go on, and up, their Guns are all directed at our advance, loaded, and double charged, fired in quick succession, into our ranks, still we go on, untill near the top of their line of work, when we were checked for a short time, they were now sending thousands of flying missels of death into our lines ever minute, they had prepared shells along their works, and now threw them over their work by hand, busting, and scattering their rugged fragments, in every direction.

We all now appeared to be struck with one sudden impulse, and as with one mine we spring over their works, using the Bayonet, and the butts of the musket, on all whoo showed fight or aimed to get away.

And thus endid our work on Mission ridge. The enemy that was not disabeled, or captured, now were on the retreat, going in the direction of Daulton Georgia, leaving their dead and dying, in our care. Also a large part of their Artilery and thousands of small arms. On their retreat they burned their wagon train, suplies, and ever thing that would hender persuit, or be of interest to our Army.

J. Clouse Hopkins Castetter
3-1978

(This biography was copied from the book "PORTRAITS AND BIOGRAPHICAL RECORD). The frontpiece states "A Portrait and Biographical Record of SOONE, CLINTON and HENDRICKS Counties, Ind., containing biographical sketches of many prominent and Representative Citizens, together with biographies and portraits of all the Presidents of the United States, and biographies of the Governors of Indiana.)
CAPTAIN JAMES P. CATTERSON

Capt. James P. Catterson, a prominent farmer of Brown township, Hendricks County, Ind., is of Irish descent. His grandfather, James Catterson, emigrated from Ireland about 1774 and located in Virginia, and later in Pennsylvania. His grandfather's wife is supposed to have been a sister of Patrick Henry. They were married and four children were born to them in Ireland. After some years the children went to Kentucky, where they married. James Catterson, son of above, and father of our subject, was born in Ireland, in Donegal county. He married Sarah Wyant, of Kentucky, daughter of Jacob and Sarah Wyant, the former of whom was a slave-owner and planter and who became the father of the following children: Cyrus (deceased), Zerelda, Emerine, James P., Sarah (deceased), George, Elizabeth, Mary, Robert, Margaret (deceased).

Robert Catterson was a soldier in the late Civil war in company A, Fourteenth regiment, Indiana infantry. He was wounded in the battle of Antietam and soon as he recovered he was promoted to the rank of Lieutenant colonel of the Ninety-seventh Indiana volunteers. He led the charge at Jackson, Miss., and was promoted to brigadier general and honorably discharged with the rank of brevet major general. The father and mother of subject were married in Owen county, Ky., lived there some ten years, and then emigrated to Marion county, Ind., in the fall of 1832, where they owned 160 acres of land, cleared it up and made a nice home, all by hard work. The father was a Jackson democrat in politics, but afterward, when Jackson vetoed the bank law, he voted with the old-line whig party. He was a deacon of the Missionary Baptist church many years and a charter member of Lick Creek church, and aided in building the old hewed log structure. He lived to see much improvement made in the county, and died April 5, 1841, the wife dying January, 1873.

James P. Catterson, our subject, was born in Owen county, Ky., March 20, 1827, and was four years old when his father emigrated to Marion county, Ind. He has seen the county develop to its present high state of cultivation from its primitive state. He attended the old log-school-house of the pioneer fathers, and later attended the old academy at Lebanon, Ind., and secured a license to teach. He enlisted in May, 1847, for the Mexican war, in company D, Fourth Indiana infantry; went down the Mississippi river to New Orleans, thence on a sailing vessel to the Rio Grande; then to Vera Cruz; then marched several hundred miles and participated in the battle of Mulamantola, on October 9, 1847; next was at the Pueblo fight, on the 12th of October, in which they withstood all of Santa Anna's troops. On the 18th of October he fought at Acaleso, and on the 22nd at Cladellier. Our subject had traveled several hundred miles, had seen much active service, and was honorably discharged, July 16, 1848. He married Emerine McKee, daughter of William and Jane McKee, early settlers of Trimble county, Ky., but who came to Marion county, Ind., in 1848. Our subject's children are named Buena Z., Hulda, Alva R. (deceased), Minnie R. (deceased), Elzena F., James S., Lou Etta, Cora M., Sallie N., Emma F. (deceased), Elizabeth J. (deceased), India McKee. James, Lou Etta and Emma F. attended Danville Normal college, and have all taught some years. Our subject has served two terms as township trustee. He is a staunch republican, with strong prohibition proclivities. He and wife are devout Methodists, and his family aid the church financially very largely. He owns 100 acres of fine farm land -- as good as any in the township -- and has a good house and two barns. Mr. Catterson enlisted, June 7, 1862, in company F, Seventy-ninth regiment Indiana volunteer infantry, and was in the campaigns of Kentucky, Tennessee and Alabama, taking part in the battles of Crab Apple Orchard, Perryville, Murfreesboro (in which he was badly wounded in the right foot); he was captured at Harper's Shoals, paroled, and afterward exchanged. His next battle was at Mission Ridge. He next was placed in charge of batteries Sixth Ohio, Twenty-sixth Pennsylvania, Capt. Bridges' battery of Chicato, and First Missouri artillery from St. Louis, located at Chatanooga. In forming the company our subject was elected second lieutenant, and was afterward promoted to the first and later to captain. He was the first new captain appointed in his regiment. He was honorably discharged May 4, 1864. He is a member of the G. A. R. post 241, Brownsburg, and a member of the F. & A. M. He is one of the progressive and enterprising citizen of Hendricks county.

(This book published in Chicago: A. W. Bowen & Co. 1895)

Emma was alive in 1873 -
mistakenly Elzena died in 1860

THE FIGHT AT CHAPLAIN HILLS.

By Captain James P. Catterson.

The fight at Chaplain Hills -- the heroism and horrors of a battlefield at or near Ferrysville, Kentucky, Oct. 8, 1862:

I propose to relate, partly as an eye witness, the incidents of this dark and bloody ground, which, I am confident, will surpass both in heroism and horror those of the old "Indian days" of Herrod and Boone, or of any other stricken field, at this, our battle of "Chaplain Hills," fought on October 8, 1862.

General Buell having completed his preparations of the Federal army, had been pressing General Bragg of the Rebel army, invading Kentucky, from within ten miles of Louisville, by the different roads leading toward Frankfort, Taylorsville, Bardstown and Shepherdsville, since the first of October, driving in the rear of his army and cannonading on each of the roads, with more or less skirmishing each day as we marched forward for 70 miles.

Bragg moved his main army from Bardstown to Springfield, and as Buell's troops converged near that place on the 6th, Bragg made a stand to check us east of the town. Heavy cannonading and shelling took place and the fruits were several slaughtered men and horses, some prisoners and a devastated country -- barns and houses, haystacks and fences being wiped away by the fire enkindled by bursting shells. Bragg was compelled to fall back.

Again that day he made a stand on the eastern bank of Pleasant Run. Another engagement took place, Bragg being compelled to recede, leaving the same desolating marks -- the face of the dried-up country being again swept far and wide as by the bosom of destruction. He tried to burn the bridge after passing, but was pressed too hard to effect it.

On the morning of the 7th, Bragg's rear made a stand and prepared for battle, at an almost impracticable hill for our cavalry and infantry, east of Lick Run. A few field pieces of ours proved the position to be untenable, and Bragg drew off his pieces and men. On the afternoon of the 7th he made another stand, with his rear on the crescent-shaped hills of Chaplain's branch of Salt River, and planted his artillery, shelling us. Our battery dismounted one of his pieces and we forced them over the hill. He and his troops gave it up (I presume in a mistake), and a great mistake it proved to be for them, as it was the central stronghold and the very key of the whole position, proven by the obstinacy with which it was fought for the whole of the next day.

Our army had been marching since Oct. 1st, through a country that afforded but little water for man or beast, and that of a very impure quality. There having been no rain for many weeks (I may say months), rivers and creeks were dried up. I saw not one drop of running water on the road from Louisville to the battlefield, 70 miles. In the lowest places of the beds of streams were larger or smaller pools of impure water, tasting and

smelling of the odor of the cattle of the country, and our horses and mules that had been ridden in to drink the filthy compound were frantic to get that as they would in the desert of Arabia.

Where the shallow pools were rocky the soldiers were fain to fill their canteens far in the night after the cavalry horses had done stirring it up. Where there was gravel bottom they made a natural filter by scraping holes with their hands near the edge of the water and you could see a long dark line waiting patiently through the long hours of the night for it to trickle in, and filling their canteens, carry them two and three miles to camp. The Rebel army had drained all the wells on their march and we could only get the slow trickling as we marched along, crowds of our men were waiting around them all the day and night.

It will be understood that on this march of two great armies over the same road, the horrors of thirst were aggravated by the condition of it. Each column of troops could be traced many miles away by the clouds of dust rising at least half a mile high in the air from their march. The dust was in step deep to the infantry. Our front moved in the day and encamped as far as the eye could see the fire on the hill sides at night; the rear moved at night to encamp in the day. Men and horses were choked and strangled, and dust, dust, dust, and no relief of rain or water to check the suffering. It is over now, but I have a recollection of it that will last me to my grave. The enemy knew they had us in the "dry valley" and were determined to keep us there at any expense of blood and men. They boasted at Harrodsburg on the 8th and on the day of the fight that water was fifteen miles in our rear and that thirst would be our destruction; that they had the springs in front and would hold them. They proved to be not pertinacious enough to make good their boast, or thirst would have been our destruction.

At 2 o'clock a. m. on the 8th, the Rebel army forced back on our cavalry pickets on the central crescent-shaped hill. Our cavalry sending for re-inforcements, two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery were sent to make the position good during the night. Rifle firing continued until day dawned, when "flashed forth the red artillery" on the enemy advancing to retake the position he should have kept the evening before. Battery was opposed to battery as they threw themselves back on the roads from Perryville to flank us toward Lebanon on our right and toward Bloomfield on our left, and crush out our advance before our center or rear could come up, until the line of battle was extended one mile on our right and four miles on our left, in shape like a gigantic reaping hook.

Their artillery was of the best construction and was handled in the most admirable manner, as witnessed the murderous precision of their fire; smoothbore and rifled guns and the unerring and far-shooting "Parrott" of all calibers, from six to twenty-four-pounders, raining on our heads and around us storms of shot and shell, shrapnel, grape-and-canister, and every conceivable projectile invented by man to slay his fellow man.

The earth was literally covered with iron and lead for miles and miles that was thundered forth by both armies from before dawn until the second hour of the moonlight. And horror of horrors! Men who had nursed at

the same breast, took deadly aim at each other in this state of Kentucky in this civil war. And, comrades and citizens, would you think it strange if God's peculiar curses should be rained down on those who inaugurated this fratricidal strife for nothing but lust of political power or an abstract idea?

We held our ground firmly all day and night on our center. On our right our tide of battle prevailed, and the enemy was swept back past Perryville, and there we captured a large number of prisoners and ammunition wagons. On our left were his most determined attacks in the endeavor to force us south, cut off our supply trains from Louisville and force us into a country more desolate than the one we held. His attacks there were fearful. His skirmishing infantry took every advantage of tree and stump, stone wall and fence, as he came on. He was repulsed and driven back, but came up again and again to the charge in the most gallant and determined manner, and at last, at a fearful cost of life to himself, his army was so badly cut up that he was compelled to retreat before the dawn of the 9th.

A great part of the men who fought in this battle were those of Shiloh who were used to scenes of blood and unwilling to retreat on either side, which accounts for this dreadful struggle.

The bravery and the heroism were unparalleled. Of scores of instances I will give a few, as related to me by those who were eye-witnesses. One Illinois regiment of Federal troops stood on the crest of a hill until all the field officers had fallen, and there was no one to command, their ammunition was all expended, and that they died like Romans at their post, is proven by the fact that the next morning after sunrise he counted forty-four of them lying shot dead in the forehead or through the heart, in the exact straight line of battle, with their arms at their sides. There were seventy-five more guns lying in the same straight line, proving that number had been too severely wounded to carry their arms to the rear when ordered back. There were fifty more lying dead in the same field with their arms beside them, shot before they gained the cover of the next hill and the enemy checked by the reserve regiments.

One regiment from Michigan stood in line awaiting the storm of battle. At the first close volley their standard was shot away and the flag torn to shreds. The soldiers beside the standard-bearer caught and flung it up in the air, until there was quite a number shot on the spot. When the broken remnant of the regiment fell back, they carried the tattered fragments of the old symbol as carefully as a mother bears her child. In front of the destroyed Illinois regiment was a worm fence from which the Rebel soldiers took such deadly aim, that in nearly every fence corner lay a dead or wounded soldier. The fence was fired by the bursting shells and in the morning a fearful sight met our eyes. In the ashes of the fence lay a scorched and blackened mass of humanity, roasted men, and to all appearances, from the struggle, many of them only wounded when the fire caught them.

The death of our men, in the scorching sun and the chilliness of the long cold October nights, was merciful compared with the torture those

men met in the slow but sure approach of the flames creeping along the fence to the spot where they lay writhing.

A flock of sheep was in the field, the dead ones were scattered about and the wounded ones crept into the same fence corners with the men, and man and beast were roasted and charred together. The terrible inhumanity of the commanders of the Confederate forces is proven by the fact that they allowed our dead and wounded to be stripped of all their coats, hats and shoes, and some of them of pants, and in the morning they raised their heads, with ghastly chattering jaws, unable to speak, and fell back senseless. There were many wounded men who were stripped and who had the life frozen out of them on that bleak hillside when it required a blanket to keep a sound, well-clothed man comfortable. The enemy carried many of their dead and wounded into Perryville and vicinity, and every farmhouse, shed and stable, garden and orchard were strewn with them.

As usual, the heavy cannonading brought on a rain. The evening of the 9th was cold and chilly, piercing to the very bone. I went to one of their hospitals at night (where mules had been corraled) and there found crushed and wounded Tennesseans, Kentuckians and Georgians strewn around on the cold wet straw and earth by the hundreds, with a poor tattered blanket for covering to keep off the peltings of the pitiless storm through that bitter night. I asked them if they were provided with rations; they answered "No." I then went to guard headquarters and related their destitute condition to the guards who, without any contention, gave up their rations to be distributed among their fellows. On the morning of the 10th, I saw two rows of corpses awaiting the soldiers' hasty burial, and I was confident from the looks of the survivors that the necessity of attention and the cold night air had slain as many as our bullets had.

The miserably weak hospital force left to cope with the awful work before them was totally unable to attend to the wants at any of the hospitals, but death was fast making their work less.

On the morning of the 10th it was estimated that two thousand Rebel soldiers were lying on the right, center and left, in an extent of six miles of the line of battle, their comrades and commanders marching off, leaving them unburied -- never even sending in a flag of truce asking us to give them sepulture.

They were left upon the battlefield, mangled and torn, festering and putrefying, and the hogs devouring them. The citizens of Perryville then began to bury them to prevent a pestilence but many of them, perhaps, were never found, where they had crawled to die between the logs and in ravines and ledges of rocks, that will perhaps never be found until the last trump shall sound, when, if their conscience does not smite them, those gaunt skeletons will rise up in judgment before those unchristian and inhuman men -- the chiefs and leaders of this bloody rebellion -- who turned their backs on their suffering and unburied men and held high church at Harrodsburg next day, where, with backs well clothed and stomachs well filled, were congregated Bragg and Smith, Hardee and Cheatam, Buckner, Marshall and Morgan, and last but not least of this list of names, Leonidas

Polk, late Bishop, not even asking for their dead "a little earth for charity."

We learn that the righteous Lord is long suffering, but for all these things, these men will be called to judgment for leading these misguided men to whiten this land with their bones. Truly this land is made a darker and bloodier land than the Indian made it in days of yore.

Were these poor men dogs even, they should have been better cared for by their leaders and not have been left to the mercy of the elements. If this is the Southern chivalric idea of treating your fellowman who has served you faithfully to the death, God save me from chivalric honors. I fear they would press me to perdition. That their common soldiers are brave and true our own wounded and dead too plainly attest in characters of blood.

One of our battery officers said to me that they swept up (while their leaders kept at a safe distance) again and again to our batteries and were disseminated and driven back repeatedly ere they silenced two of our guns on the left.

Our artillerists, when close pressed, filled the cannon with infantry cartridges by the shovel full and swept scores of them to destruction at each volley, and all in front they lay scattered around like leaves swept from the trees.

Of those engaged in said battle some fourteen or fifteen thousand were either killed or died in over-crowded hospitals, many of them yet to die of their wounds, or travel to their graves through long weary years of pain from wounds never to heal, or with amputated limbs, and some of them begging their bread from door to door.

3) James Patrick Catterton
b. 3-20-1827

W.
m. 9-25-1849 to 11-11-1852
d. 9-25-1909 - 83 yrs. 3mo 5d.

W. 13'burg
C. 7'burg

married

Emeline Dimpin McKee

b. 7-8-1834-79

W.

d. 11-15-1913 - 79 yrs. 4mo 7da

W. 13'burg
C. 7'burg

4 Buena Zoella Catterton
b. 9-4-1853 - age 73 died - near Swagler

d. 1-10-1941 - C. 7'burg
m. 7-8-1871 to
Mason Francis Ballard

b. 7-14-1851

d. 8-31-1918 - C. 7'burg?

4 Olva Robert Catterton

b. 7-26-1855-

d. 8-9-1856 - aged 1 yr. 14 days.

4 Minnie Rosema Catterton

b. 6-14-1857

d. 3-18-1881 - aged 23 yrs, 9 mo, 4 days (died in m. to James Martin on 3-19-1877)

4 Elysa Frances

b. 7-23-1859

d. 10-9-1860 - aged 1 yr, 2 mo, 16 days.

4 James Siegel Catterton

b. 9-8-1861

d. 4-15-1933

m. 2-24-1884 to Rosa Jane Clark
b. 2-17-1865-

d. 4-7-1937

4 Janetta Catterton

b. 6-14-1866

d. 4-14-1947

m. 10-15-1910 to Martin S. Clinton

b. 1-13-1848

d. 10-1-1926

4 Rosa Mary Catterton

b. 9-30-1867

d. 12-1-1945-

m. 10-11-1891 to Sanford Emma
b. 6-1-1869

d. 3-27-1931

18
B. 1848? mother - Swington (Swagler)
in m. to

4 The true name Sarah ^{Smith} Catterton
Sallie Tarrant Catterton
b. 7-1-1870
d.

m. 9-7-1891 to Grant Catterton

b.
d.

4 Emma Florence Catterton

b. 8-6-1872 - near 13' long

d. 12-17-1936 C. New Bedford (near 5' long)

m. 5-27-1896 to Clarence Pearl Hayward

b.
d.

4 Elizabeth Jane Catterton
(Libby)

b. 8-28-1874

d. 2-17-1880 - 5 yrs. 5 mo, 20 days

4 Indiana (India) McKee Catterton

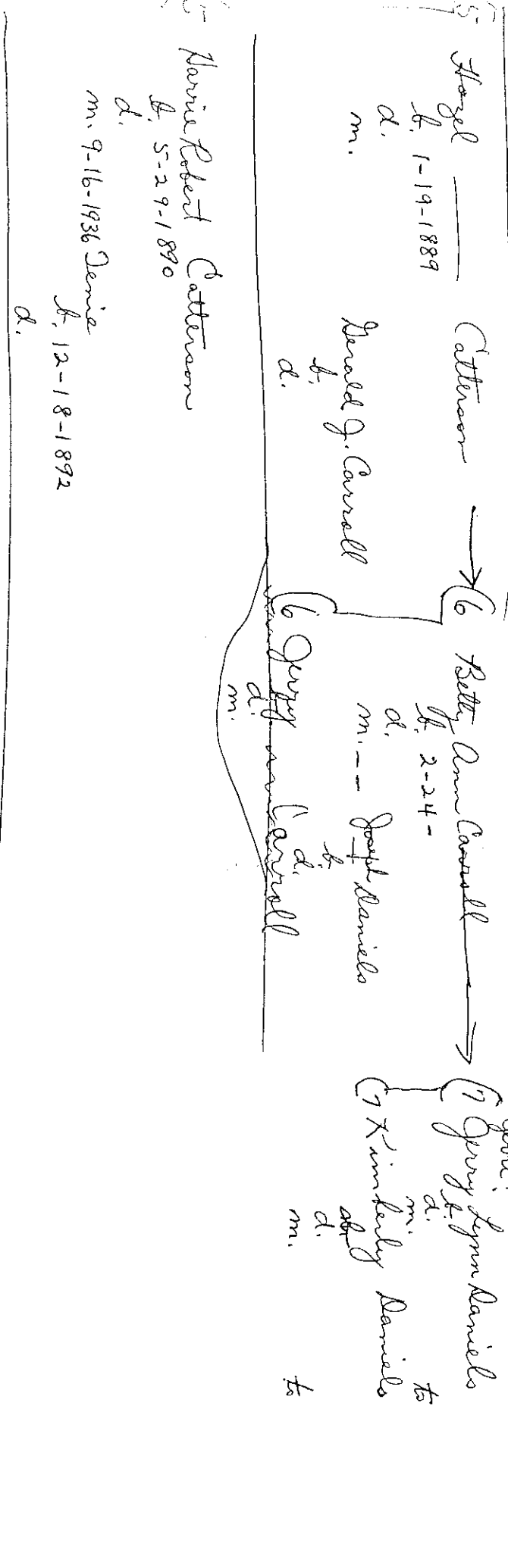
b. 8-28-1877

d. 11-18-1924

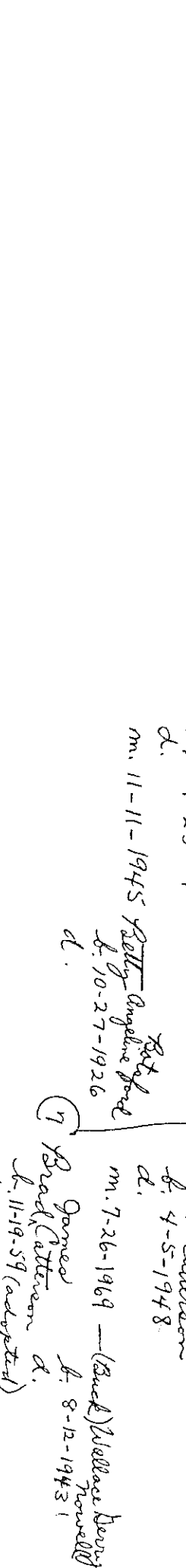
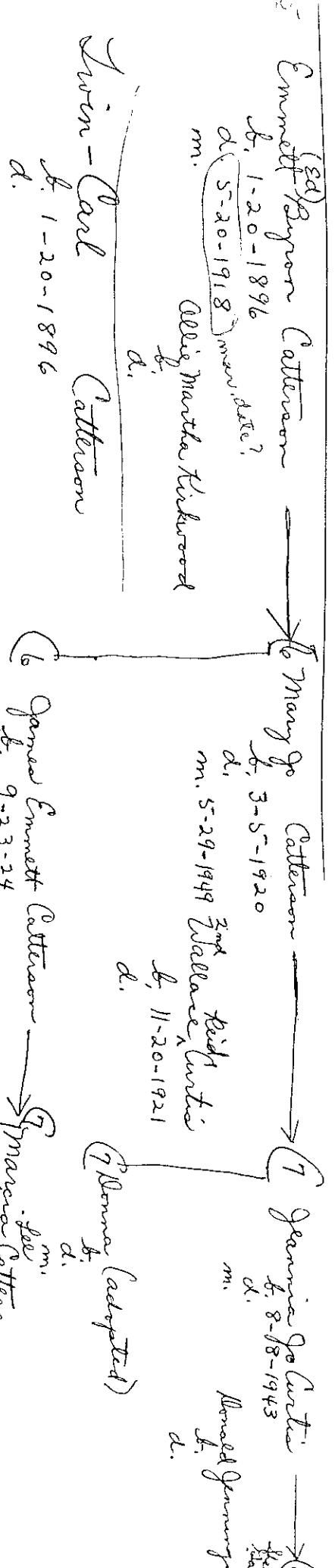
m. 1-23 1910 to Harry Harding Hopkins

d. 12-23-1880
d. 5-17-1967

4 James Siegel & Rose Jane Catterton children



5 Marie Columbus Catterton
b. 7-21-1892
d.



5 Emmette Lavin - Carl Catterson
b. 1-20-1896
d.

5 Kenneth James Catterson →
b. 9-21-1901 Denver, Colo.
d. ~~8-27-1923~~ Daniel
m. 8-27-1923 ~~Ellen~~ Hazel
b. 7-3-1898 Daniel
d. ~~not~~
Ben Foster was
Daniel Hoobell

6 Robert Kenneth Catterson →
^{his grandparents, Tom James}
b. 4-15-1930 Sutton, Neb.
d.
m. 10-25-1953 Patricia Scott
b. 3-11-1930
d. ~~not~~

7 Linda Ann Catterson
b. 4-5-1959 Milwaukee Wis
m.
d.
Mark Scott Catterson
b. 6-28-1961
d.

6 Rena Jean Catterson →
b. 11-8-1924 Ros Morris, Iowa
d. ^{Butter}
m. 9-4-1947 Ornie G. ^{William}
b. 3-24-1924
d. ^{not}

5 Janet Catterson
b. 6-14-1866
d. 1947
m. 10-15-1910 Martin F. Clinton
b. 1-13
d. [?] 1846 (George
Catterson)

4- Vera May Catterton
b. 9-30-1867
d. 12-1-1945
m. 10-11-1891
Joseph Emma
b. 6-1-1869
d. 3-27-1931

5- Lois Emma Emma
b. 9-12-1892
d. 10-8-1893
age 1yr. 26 days

5- Clara Mabel Emma
b. 11-30-1897
d. 3-18-1969
m.
Harry Bladen
b. 10-16-1888
d.

5- Norma Ellen Emma
b. 9-19-1902
d.
m.
m.
1st Herman Bangsten
b. 1-20-1906
d. 3-16-1969
2nd
b.
d.
William

5- Rose Josephine Emma
b. 1-2-1906
d.
m.
Ellis Bunnell
b. 11-11-1905
d.

6- George Foster Bladen
b. 5-11-1922
d.
m.
Mary Sawyer
b. 12-18-

7- Vivian Bladen
b. 11-12-1948
d.
m.
James Bladen
b. 12-21-1950
d.

6- Charles Finley Bladen
b. 6-16-1927
d.
m.
Carolyn Myrger
b. 1-23-

7- Charles Finley Bladen (9?)
b. 8-8-
d.
m.
m.
Clayton Bladen
b. 18-6-

6- Money Harold Bladen
b. 7-7-1931
d.
m.
Maximie Schutte
b. 12-28-1933
d.

7- Cheryl Bladen
b. 6-3-1957
d.
m.
m.
Linger
b.
d.

6- Frankie Lena Bladen
b. 5-25-1937
d.
m.
Phyllis Baker
b. 9-30-1938
d.

7- Money Rick Bladen
b. 1-12-1955
d.
m.
m.
Marion Kay Bladen
b. 9-18-1956
d.

7- Dorothy Eric Bladen
b. 7-16-1968
d.
m.
m.
Frank Bladen
b. 3-13-1961
d.

7- Marilyn Bladen
b.
d.
m.
m.
Bladen
b. 9-7-1970
d.

5) Norma Ennis (Baughton) ~~Stallard~~
d. m.
1st Herman Baughton d. d.
2nd Willhelm

6) Joseph K Baughton
b. 6-14-23
d. 7-27-55
m.
Mildred Marlowe
b. 3
d.

Rosemary Baughton
b. 12-1-1925
d. m.

7) Walter Leroy Baughton
d. 8-15-1947
m.
Charlene Westbrook
d.

Gregory Alan Baughton
b. 7-5-51
d. m.

8) Walter Lee Baughton
b. 5-14-1964
d. 8-24-1968

8) Kenneth Joseph Baughton
b. 7-22-1967
m.
d.

8) Christy Kay Baughton
b. 9-21-1976
d. m.

5 Josephine Emira -

d.
m.

Ellis Emmell
d.
m.

6 Robert Allen Emmell

d. 8-12-1935-

d.

m.

Patricia Em Dale
d. 8-27-1938

7 Maurice Douglas Emmell
d. 5-18-1945-9

d.

m.

d.

m.

7 Norma Kay Emmell
d. 12-15-1962

d.

m.

d.

m.

7 David Allen Emmell
d. 6-23-1965-

d.

m.

4 Bessie Wpnt Catteroon
d. m.

Marjorie Ornbuckle
d. m.

Raymond C Ornbuckle
b. 7-18-1892
d. 6-19-1951
m. 12-25-1917 Mildred Lutz
d. m.

Robert Lutz Ornbuckle
b. 10-19-1922
d. m. 9-7-1946 to Beverly Poff
d. b. d.

Mildred Sarah
Gene?

Mildred Lutz
d. m.

Rice Jean Ornbuckle
b. 11-18-1928
d. m. 11-5-1949 Leo Edwin Webb
d. b. d.

Mary Gregory Webb
b. 12-1980-1951
d. m.

Russell Lester Ornbuckle
b. 9-10-1895
d. m. 3-31-29 Helen Kallett
d. b. d.

William Eugene Ornbuckle
b. 12-29-1933
d. m. ?

Paul Robert Webb
b. 4-12-1953
d. m.

Edwin Ralph Ornbuckle
b. 9-27-1930
d. m. 2-14-1970 Sharon Briggs
d. b. d.

Adopted name?
d. m.

Harold Irene Ornbuckle
b. 3-8-1899
d. m.

Harold Ornbuckle
b. 12-11-1901
d. m. 12-25-33 Helen Kinney
d. b. d.

Margaret
b. 8-15-1943
d. m.

Emma Florence Peterson
b. d.
m.

Clarence Paul Raycock
b. d.
m.

5- Thelma C Raycock
b. 11-20-1904
d. 2-2-1962
m. 1-5-1929

Millard Peterson
b. 10-17-1907
d.

6- Mildred ? Raycock
b. 5-14-30
d. m.

Robert Collins
b. 7-28-1926
d.

6- Thelma ? Raycock
b. 1-17-1932
d. m.

Stanley Wagner
b. d.

7- Steven ? Collins
b. 2-6-1951
d. m.

7- Robert ? Collins
b. 3-26-1953
d. m.

7- Alan ? Wagner
b. 5-28-1952
d. m.

7- Keith ? Wagner
b. 2-12-1954
d. m.

7- Sandra ? Wagner
b. 7-29-55
d. m.

7- Mark ? Wagner
b. 2-23-1959
d. m.

7- Blana Wagner
b. 6-17-1960
d. m.

7- James Wagner
b. 9-29-1961
d. m.

7- Linda Wagner
b. 1-15-62
d. m.

Raycock = P. F.

5 Robert ? Jaycock
 b. 6-3-1914
 m. 7-20-1935
 Virginia Owens
 d.

6 Robert Jaycock
 b. 2-6-1937
 m. _____
 d. _____
 7 Robert Jaycock
 b. _____
 m. _____
 d. _____

6 David ? Jaycock
 b. 10-11-1938
 m. _____
 d. _____
 8 Shirley ?
 b. _____
 m. _____
 d. _____
 9 ~~Robert Jaycock~~
 b. _____
 m. _____
 d. _____
 10 ~~Shirley Lee Jaycock~~
 b. _____
 m. _____
 d. _____

6 Ann ?
 b. _____
 m. _____
 d. _____
 11 Julia Ann Jaycock
 b. _____
 m. _____
 d. _____

6 Danny ? Jaycock
 b. 12-31-?
 m. _____
 d. _____

India Mc Kee Catterton
 b. 9-28-1877
 d. 11-18-1924
 m. 1-23-1910 Henry Flanking Hopkins
 b. 2, 23-1886
 d. 5-17-1967

Howard Drillely Hopkins →
 b. 12-12-1910
 d.
 m. 6-4-1939 Elizabeth Leachman
 b. 5-21-1908
 d.

5 William Everett Hopkins →
 b. 4-10-1912
 d.
 1st m. ~~Anna~~ Eunice Claxton
 2nd m. ~~Mary~~ Chandler 1-1-47
 b. 12-8-1915
 d.

5 Frances Hopkins
 b. 1-6-1914
 d.
 m. 2-10-1936 Walter O. English
 b. 1-8-1910
 d.

6 Nancy Sue Hopkins
 b. 12-13-1938
 d.
 m. 6-7-1957 James Copeland
 b. 4-30-
 d.
 6 Hazel
 b. 3-31-1949
 d.
 m.

7 Jeffrey Alan Copeland
 b. 10-4-1958
 d.
 m.
 7 Sandra Sue
 b. 10-3-1961
 d.
 m.

6 Anna Marie Hopkins
 b. 4-18-1953
 d.
 m.

6 Ruth English
 b. 3-1-1936
 d.
 m. 4-7-1956 Henry Wagley
 b. 5-30-1934
 d.
 7 Henry Wagley Jr.
 b. 10-12-1956
 d.
 m.
 7 Mary Ann Wagley
 b. 4-17-1958
 d.
 m.

6 Mildred English
 b. 2-23-1938
 d.
 m. 9-8-1957 Joseph Dent
 b. 7-22-1936
 d.

7 David Wagley
 b. 8-11-1965
 d.
 m.

7 Richard William Wagley
 b. 8-18-1967
 d.
 m.

Mildred - Continued

⑥ Mixed: Joe Dent's children (cont from first page)

⑦ Amy Jo Dent
b. 9 - 26-1958
d. m.

h. d.

Dent

⑦ Day
b. d. m.

h. d.

Dent

⑦ James
b. d. m.

h. d.
Dent (adopted)

⑦ John
b. d. m.

h. d.

5- Mary Elvira Hopkins
d. b. 10-16-1915

m. 6-26-1938 Robert Stuart Castler
d. b. 6-19-1917

6- Maxine Day Castler
d. b. 10-3-1942

m. 6-25-1961 James Arnold McCarter
d. b. 2-28-1941

6- Anita Jean Castler
d. b. 5-15-1947

m. 6-23-1968 Donald Ray Appenack
d. b. 3- -1947

7- Robert McCarter
d. b. 6-4-1962
m.

7- Genevieve Blanche McCarter
d. b. 7-26-1964
m.

7- James Arnold McCarter Jr.
d. b. 5-2-1967
m.

?
d. _____
Appenack

JAMES PATRICK CATTERSON

The following names are grandchildren of James Patrick Catterson who are residents of Hendricks County as of July, 1974.

Mrs. Ellis (Josephine) Burnell, R.R. 3, Danville

Mr. William Hopkins, Plainfield

Mrs. Lester (Frances) English, R.R. 2, Brownsburg

Mrs. Robert (Eloise) Castetter, Plainfield

JAMES PATRICK CATTERSON

Mr. George Gladden	Liberty Township
Mr. Lindy Gladden	Guilford Township
Mr. Morey Gladden	Liberty Township
Mr. Frank Gladden	Guilford Township
Mr. Robert Burnell	Middle Township
Miss Rosemary Boughton	Lincoln Township
Mr. Bill Arbuckle	Lincoln Township
Mr. Ed. Arbuckle	Lincoln Township
Mr. David Laycock	Center Township
Mr. Robert Laycock	Lincoln Township
Mrs. James (Nancy) Copeland	Guilford Township
Miss Elaine Hopkins	Guilford Township
Miss Anna Hopkins	Guilford Township
Mrs. Joe (Mildred) Trent	Lincoln Township
Mrs. Don (Anita) Abplanalp	Washington Township

The names listed above are the great grandchildren, who live in Hendricks County at the present time, of James Patrick and Ermine (McKee) Catterson.

Indiana "India" McKee Catterson was the mother of Mrs. Elvira (Stephens) Coaklet of Clarksville.

Donagel
 This wife and grandparents see as
 sister to Richard Henry
 1794?

GRANT No. :
 NAME: Catterson

SP 252
 Harry Harding Hopkins
 2-23-1880
 Brownsburg, Indiana
 5-17-1967
 Brownsburg, Indiana
 Greenwood Cemetery

Indiana "India" McKee Catterson
 8-28-1877
 Brownsburg, Indiana
 1-23-1910
 Brownsburg, Indiana
 11-18-1924
 Brownsburg, Indiana
 Greenwood Cemetery
 Brownsburg, Indiana

ANCESTORS
 Born
 Married or Unmarried
 Died
 Buried
 Cemetery

1 Born 7-8-1824 M Drinkle Co., Ky. D 11-15-1913 Brownsburg, Indiana Greenwood Cemetery Brownsburg, Indiana		2 Born 1-5-1825 M D 1-5-1892 Near Radel Cemetery Warramaker, Ind.		3 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		4 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		5 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		6 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		7 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		8 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		9 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		10 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		11 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		12 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		13 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		14 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		15 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		16 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		17 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		18 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		19 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		20 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		21 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		22 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		23 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		24 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		25 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		26 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		27 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		28 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		29 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		30 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C		31 Born 9-20-1867 (age 53 yrs) M D W C	
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Donagel
 From Mrs. London Allen
 Indianapolis

Donnegal - 1764

?1794

(1) James Catterson was born in County Donnegal, Ireland. Came to USA in 1774.

(2) James Catterson b. 10-28-1793 d. 4-5-1841 - aged 47 yrs. 5 mo. 7 days
Sarah Wyant b. 8-14-1803 d. 1-5-1873 - aged 69 yrs. 5 mo. 21 days
James Catterson & Sarah Wyant were married 4-22-1821.

CHILDREN OF JAMES & SARAH (WYANT) CATTERSON:

Cyrus Wingate Catterson - b. 1-18-1822
Zerelda Catterson b. 10-25-1823
Emerine Catterson b. 5-16-1825 d. 1-20-1872 - aged 47 yrs.
James Patrick Catterson b. 3-20-1827 d. 9-25-1909 - aged 82 yrs. 6 mo. 5 days
Sally Catterson b. 6-10-1829 d. 8-20-1829 - aged 2 mo. 10 days
George William Catterson b. 1-1-1831
Elizabeth Catterson b. 2-18-1833
Robert Francis Catterson b. 3-22-1835 (*In the Civil War*)
Mary Ann Catterson b. 5-3-1837
Margaret Jane Catterson b. 8-17-1840 d. 1-1-1873 (*m. Capt. Irwin*
(Chaplain in Civil War))

(3) James Patrick Catterson b. 3-20-1827 d. 9-25-1909 - aged 82 yrs. 6 mo. 5 days
Emerine Turpin McKee b. 7-8-1834 d. 11-15-1913 - aged 79 yrs. 4 mo. 7 days
James Patrick Catterson & Emerine Turpin (McKee) Catterson married on 11-11-1852.

CHILDREN OF JAMES PATRICK CATTERSON AND EMERINE (MCKEE) CATTERSON:

(4) Buena Zerelda Catterson b. 9-4-1853 d. 1-10-1941
m. Francis Marion Ballard on 2-8-1871
Alva Robert Catterson b. 7-26-1855 d. 8-9-1856 - aged 1 yr 4 days
Minnie Rocenia Catterson b. 6-14-1857 d. 3-18-1881 - aged 23 yrs 9 mo. 4 days
m. Simeon Martin on 3-19-1877
Elzena Frances Catterson b. 7-23-1859 d. 10-9-1860 - aged 1 yr. 2 mo. 16 days
James Siegel Catterson b. 9-8-1861 d. 4-15-1933
m. Rosa Jane Clark on 2-26-1884
Louetta Catterson b. 6-14-1866 d. 4-14-1947
m. Martin L. Clinton on 10-15-1910
Cora May Catterson b. 9-30-1867 d. 12-1-1945
m. Santford Ennis on 10-11-1891
Sallie Wyant Catterson b. 7-1-1870 d. 2-20-1954
m. Grant Arbuckle on 9-7-1891
Emma Florence Catterson b. 8-6-1872 d. 12-17-1936
m. Clarence Pearl Laycock on 5-27-1896
Elizabeth Jane (Libby) Catterson b. 8-28-1874 d. 2-17-1880 - aged 5 yrs. 5 mo. 20 days
Indiana McKee Catterson b. 8-28-1877 d. 11-18-1924
m. Harry Harding Hopkins on 1-23-1910 (He was b. 2-23-1880 d. 5-17-1967)

William McKee (father of Emerine Turpin McKee Catterson) b. 1804 d. 9-20-1867 - 63 yrs.
m. Emerine Jane Turpin (b. -180 d. 9-20-1867 - aged 63 yrs.

1. GENERATION:

James Catterson *d. 1764*
b. County Donegal, Ireland
d. before July, 1822
m. *? 1794*
He came to U.S. in 1770
Mary ? Henry
d. before 1775 d. between 1822-1830
(His wife was supposed to be a sister of Patrick Henry)

NOTES:

Children of George William Catterson (generation #3) (who later in life lived at Westfield, Indiana):

Octavio (oldest son, called "Ootie" - he was a plasterer)
Robert (lived at Westfield, Indiana)
William (a doctor at Noblesville)
Dora (a plasterer & a gambler)
Oliver (also a plasterer)
Mary - (m. a *?* Baker)

A Frank Hallard gave the above information to Eloise (Hopkins) Castetter in April - 1959

2. GENERATION

James Catterson
b. 10-28-1793 - *Warrick Co, Indiana*
d. 4-5-1841 - age 47
m. 4-22-1821 to Sarah Wyant
b. 8-11-1803
d. 1-5-1873 - age 69
(She was the daughter of Jacob and Sarah Wyant)
c. New Bethel Cemetery (near Indianapolis)
Warrick, Indiana

NOTES:

Children of George and Elizabeth (Catterson) (Generation #3) Harveys:

Edward Harness
George Harness
Charles Harness
Margaret (Harness) Smock
Lenna (Harness) McAlpin
Lucille (Harness) Morgan

NOTES:

Emerline (McKee) Catterson also had a sister named Rebecca (McKee) Hall who lived in Indianapolis.
Also, another sister was: Jennima Melvina McKee who was married to John Lindsay in 1850 down in Henry Co., Ky.

3. GENERATION

Cyrus Wingate Catterson - b. 1-18-1822
Zarelda Catterson - b. 10-25-1823
Emerline Catterson - b. 5-16-1825 d. 1-20-1872
James Patrick Catterson (*See Civil War*)
b. 3-20-1827
w. Owen County, Ky.
d. 9-25-1909 - age 82 yr. 6 mo. 5 days
w. Brownburg, Indiana
c. Greenlawn, Brownburg, Indiana
m. 11-11-1852 to Emerline Purdin McKee

b. 7-8-1834
w. Trimble Co., Ky.
d. 11-15-1913 - age 79 years
w. Brownburg, Indiana
c. Greenlawn, Brownburg

{She was the daughter of:

William McKee
b. - - -1804
d. - - -
m. - - - to Emerline Jane (Purdin) McKee
b. - - -
d. 9-20-1867 - age 63 years)
m. 6-10-1829 d. 8-20-1829 in Franklin

George William Catterson - b. 1-1-1831 (lived at Westfield)
Elizabeth (McKee) Catterson
b. 2-18-1835 c. Greenwood, Ind.
d. 7-19-1906 (in Southport, Ind.)
m. 9- - -1860 to George Harness
Robert Francis Catterson b. 22-1835
(in Civil War, Co. A, 49 Reg. Minnesota, gun 40-45 caliber)
Mary Ann Catterson - b. 5-3-1837
Margaret Jane Catterson
b. 8-17-1840
d. 1-1-1873

Joseph Irwin (Chaplain in Civil War)

NOTE: From a newspaper article of John W. McKee's obituary (from a collection of articles compiled by Lou (Catterson) Clinton) it gives the following:
John W. McKee (a brother of Emerline (McKee) Catterson) b. - - - d. 10-25-1904 - lived at Mecca, Park Co., Ind.
c. Greenlawn Cemetery, Brownburg, Indiana.
m. *?* (His wife died 15 years before he died - his legally married except his two youngest.)

Compiled: March - 1973

Eloise (Hopkins) Castetter

(1) GENERATION

- 1. James Catterson
- b. County Donegal Ireland
- d. before July 1, 1822
- m. Mary Henry
- b. before 1775
- d. between 1822-1830

(His wife, Mary, was supposed to be a sister of Patrick Henry.)

(It is stated in the biography of J. P. Catterson in the Boone, Hendricks, & Clinton book of biographies that the above James Catterson came to the U.S. in 1774; however, we feel this is a typographical error possibly, because other dates indicate otherwise. We feel this date possibly should be 1794 (?).

*NOTE: Children of George William Catterson (Generation 3), who later lived at Westfield, Ind.)

(This information was given to Eloise (Hopkins) Castetter by her cousin, Frank Ballard, in Apr. 1969.)

- Octavio (oldest son, called "Oct" & was a plasterer)
- Robert (lived at Westfield, Ind. & was in Civil War)
- William (a doctor at Noblesville, Indiana)
- Burn (a plasterer & gambler)
- Culver (also a plasterer)
- Mary (married a ? Baker)

(2) GENERATION

- James Catterson
- b. 10-28-1793 in County Donegal, Ireland
- d. 4-5-1841 -age 47 yrs.
- m. 4-22-1821 Sarah Wyant
- b. 8-14-1803
- d. 1-5-1873

(Sarah Wyant was the daughter of Jacob and Sarah Wyant)

James & Sarah Catterson are buried in New Bethel Cemetery, New Palestine, Ind. (near Indianapolis, Indiana)

NOTE: Children of George & Elizabeth (Catterson) (Generation 3) who later lived in Southport, Ind.)(near Indianapolis, Indiana) (Their last name - Harness)

- Edward Harness
- George Harness
- Charles Harness
- Margaret (Harness) Smock
- Lenna (Harness) McAlvin
- Lucille (Harness) Morgan

*NOTE: Emerine (McKee)Catterson also had a sister named Rebecca (McKee) Hull who lived in Indianapolis.

Another sister was Jemimma Melvina (McKee) who was married to John Lindsey in 1850 down in Henry Co., Kentucky.

*NOTE: From a newspaper article of his obituary (from a collection of articles of Lou (Catterson) Clinton):

John W. McKee (He was a brother of Emerine (McKee) Catterson)

- b. - -
- d. 10-25-1904
- c. Greenlawn Cemetery, B'burg
- m. - -

He was living at Mecca, Park Co., at the time of his death. His wife died 15 years before he died. All his family were married at the time of his death except his two youngest.

(3) GENERATION

- 3) Cyrus Wingate Catterson
- b. 1-18-1822
- 3) Zerelda Catterson b. 10-25-1823
- 3) Emerine Catterson b. 5-16-1825
- d. 1-20-1872
- 3) James Patrick Catterson
- b. 3-20-1827
- w. Owen County, Kentucky
- d. 9-25-1909 (82 yr. 6 mo. 5 da.)
- w. Brownsburg, Indiana
- c. Brownsburg, Greenlawn Cem.
- m. 11-11-1852 to: Emerine Turnin McKee
- b. 7-8-1834
- w.
- d. 11-15-1913 (79 yr.)
- w. Brownsburg, Indiana
- c. Greenlawn Cem., Brownsburg
- (She was the daughter of: William McKee and -
- b. - -1804
- d. - -
- Emerine (Turnin) McKee
- b. - -
- d. 9-20-1867 ((63 yr.)
- 3) Sarah (Sally) Catterson
- b. 6-10-1829 d. 8-20-1829
- in Franklin Twp., Indianapolis
- 3) *George William Catterson
- b. 1-1-1831
- *Elizabeth "Becky" Catterson
- b. 2-18-1833
- d. 7-19-1906 c.Greenwood, Ind.
- m. George Harness 9- -1860
- 3) Robert Francis Catterson
- b. 3-22-1835
- d.
- m.
- (In Civil War, Co. A, 49 Reg. Minnesota, gun 40-45 caliber)
- 3) Mary Ann Catterson b. 5-3-1837
- 3) Margaret Jane Catterson
- b. 8-17-1840
- d. 1-1-1873
- m. - - Joseph Irwin
- (He was a chaplain in Civil War

(- Eloise (Hopkins) Castetter
 (312 Raines Street
 (Plainfield, Indiana 46168
 (- April 27, 1973

James Catterson (your great, great grandfather) born in Ireland. Came to USA in 1774

James Catterson (son of above) your great grandfather was bor. - Oct 28 - 1793 - died 2-5-1841 aged 47 yrs 5 mo, 7 d
Sarah (Sally) Wyant was born Aug 14 - 1803 - died 1-5-1873 aged 69 yrs, 5 mo, 21 days
James Catterson & Sarah Wyant married April 22 - 1821

Children of James & Sarah Catterson

Cyrus Wingate Catterson - born Jan 18 - 1822
Zerelda - b. - Oct 25 - 1823
Emerine - b - May 16 - 1825 - d. 1-20-1872 aged 47 years
James Patrick - b - March 20 - 1827 - (your grandfather) d - 9-25-1909
Sally - b - June 10 - 1829 - died 8-20 - 1839 aged 10 yrs, 2 mo, 10 days
George William b. - Jan 1 - 1831
Elizabeth b - Feb 18 - 1833
Robert Francis b - March 22 - 1835
Mary Ann b - May 3 - 1837
Margaret Jane b - Aug 17 - 1840 (m. Irwin) d. 1-1-1873 aged 32 years

James Patrick Catterson b. 3-20-1827 - died 4-25-1909
Emerine Turpin McKee b. July 2 - 1834 - died 11-15-1913
James P. Catterson & Emerine J. McKee married Nov. 11 - 1852 } your grandparents
82 yrs, 6 mo, 5 days
aged 79 years

Children of James P. & Emerine Catterson

Buena Zerelda Catterson b - Sept 4 - 1853 - died - 1-10-1941
Married Francis Marion Ballard 2-8-1871
Alva Robert b - 7-26-1855 - died 8-9-1856 aged 1 yr 14 days
Minnie Rocena - b - 6-14-1857 - died 3-18-1881 aged 23 yrs 9 mo. 8 days
m. Simson Martin 3-19-1877
Elyna Frances - b - 7-23-1859 - died 10-9-1860 aged 1 yr, 2 mo, 16 days
James Sigel b - 9-8-1861 (your father) - died 4-15-1933
m. Rosa Jane Clark 2-26-1884
Louetta b - 6-14-1866 - d - 4-14-1947
m. Martin L. Clinton 10-15-1910
Corey May b - 9-30-1867 - d - 12-1-1945
m. Sanford Ennis m - 10-11-1891
Sallie Wyant b - 7-1-1870
m. Grant Arbuckle - 9-7-1891
Emma Florence - b - 8-6-1872 - d 12-17-1936
m. Pearl Loycock 5-27-1896
Elizabeth Jane - b - 8-28-1874 (Libby) - died 2-17-1880 aged 5 yrs, 5 mo, 20 days
Indiana McKee b - 8-28-1877 - died 11-18-1924
m. Harry Hopkins 1-23-1910

William McKee (father of Emerine McKee Catterson)
was born 1804
died
married Emerine Turpin (date?)
died 9-20-1867 aged 63 years

A MEXICAN VIEW

It will be remembered by some of the RECORD readers that James P. Catterson of this place and W. R. Clinton of Indianapolis, veterans of the Mexican War, visited Mexico in the winter of 1899 and 1900. A Mexican newspaper dated February, 1900, recently came into Mr. Catterson's possession. In an article referring to their visit to that country it said:

Among the many tourists from the United States, who visited Guadaluajara during the early part of February were two who may indeed be looked upon as very rare visitors. They were gentlemen over 70 years old and from Indiana and fought in the war against Mexico fifty-two years ago. They came here to look over the fields where the battles took place during that war period. It was their intention to have visited this country years ago, when the party consisted of three, but by postponing the trip from year to year one of the warriors died, and the old gentlemen were not able to execute their desire till this year. Tourists always, when coming to this country and when arriving in a city, make at once a start for churches, hospitals, penitentiaries and orphan asylums, but these veterans were only inquiring for old Mexican warriors, and more so in the cities, where they remained several days visiting streets and houses, where they considered the positions identical with those passed by them fifty-two years ago. The battlefields were of course the principal attractions to these two old warriors. They expected to find well preserved graves of their dead comrades, enclosed with railings and some tombstones indicating the names of the soldiers buried there. But the present generation has entirely forgotten the words of the German poet Goethe: "Don't forget the dead ones who, when alive, were true," etc. Another German poet says: "Imtod verient, ist freund and feind." This means that when they are buried, friend and enemy are alike.

On the hill of Chapultepec, where these two old warriors had fought and where many of their comrades had been killed, their sorrow was intense, as only one monument was discovered indicating the spot where the graves of some fallen soldiers were to be found. From Saltillo there are three roads which come together at one "garrita" (city gate), where a battle was fought and where 800 Americans were killed, who were buried in a great many graves near the roadways. It is possible that these graves were not made deep enough, as in some places can be seen plainly bones and skulls of the buried ones, something which Mr. Catterson, one of the veterans, said made a fearful impression on him, and as two cousins of his were buried there, the look of those bones made the old gentleman shed many tears, as he, of course, considered some of these human remnants as belonging to his dead relatives, and as his dearest companion of his youth was also buried at the same place, this visit to the old battlefield has

made an everlasting impression upon the old man, who, before departing from Indiana for Mexico, had already heard about the neglect of remembering the fallen warriors at this place.

About three years ago another old veteran made the United States government acquainted with the case but no attention whatever was paid to the matter. Heavy rains during the course of so many years may have caused the exposure of the rest of the buried soldiers. The American government might have taken some notice of the matter, when laid before it by that old veteran, although the blame rests with the government of the state of Coahuila, where the field of battle was, and the municipality of Saltillo itself. A government ought to make it one on honor to keep the graves of soldiers in a good condition and more so, if they are those of a fallen enemy. In France there are thousands of graves from the time of the war of 1870-71, which at a great expense to the French government are kept in a splendid condition and where rest as many Germans as Frenchmen, side by side. We are confident that if this matter was laid before the present Mexican minister of war Gen. Bernarke Reyes, that he, with the American ambassador, Gen. Clayton, would soon remedy the evil, as the first named general is an old warrior himself, and his duty to take the matter in hand, and more so, too, as he himself is a veteran. The two visitors to Mexico, who are by this time back in Indiana - Messrs. W. R. Clinton of Indianapolis and James P. Catterson of Brownsburg - we hope will soon be able to hear of the Mexican government having cognizance of the matter by restoring the bones to decent graves, which will be kept in good condition.

(This article was copied from a clipping that had been printed in the Brownsburg Record. This clipping was in a book of clippings compiled by Mrs. Martin (Lou Catterson) Clinton of Brownsburg. This book is now in the possession of Miss Hazel Arbuckle of Brownsburg, Indiana. I borrowed this book and have made copies of several items concerning some of the Catterson family history.)

- Mrs. Robert (Eloise) Castetter
312 Raines Street
Plainfield, Indiana 46168

(Copied on 1-14-70)

LETTER ON THE CIVIL WAR

BY CAPTAIN JAMES P. CATTERSON

2/2

Looking back over my past life: to wit - while I was in the U.S. service as a soldier and thinking that a recapitulation of the same would perhaps be interesting to some of you who were comrades with me.

Therefore I (mentaley) again travel the road from Indianapolis to Chattanooga.

Very many things of interest will be omitted; facts, names, and dates, having been forgotten.

We were mustered into the service of the U.S. by Lieut. Newman, Mustering Officer for Indpls. District (the first of Sept. 1862) (this last part had a line crossed through it.)

We left Indpls. about the 2nd day of Sept aboard the Jeffersonville Carrs traveled all night, and the next morning after daylight, crossed the Ohio River over to Louisville Ky. Went into camp six miles south of the city.

During our stay in this (Jefferson) county we moved camp four or five times I have forgotten dates. During our stay in this county Braxton Braggs rebel army invadid Ky. also Buels (WASION) Army came back from Tenn after resting and recruiting the health of his men, started in persuit of Braggs Army, then in camp near Bardstown Ky. (Nelson County) October 1st was a hurring time for the 79th, preparations for a long march were being made, all the comrades that were not able to stand the trip, was left behind, in Hospitals. The 79th marched out of Louisville with a light step, keeping time with our Martial Band.

Many - Many hearts that for (now) PERHAPS HAD not felt pain or sorrow, now felt heavy and sad, as the mind (ran back ^{to THOSE}) at home, the fact that we were just (PARTED) from our homes and its pleasures, not one could say I am shure to meet you again, with such feelings the day passed sloley away.

In the evening; late, we went into camp, prepared and ate our Coffee and Crackers. During the night and after our camp fires had gone out and all was still, (same the barking of the neighboring dogs the restless neighing of the mules.) All perhaps who were not asleep, were thinking of the uncertainties of life; its joys and sorrows, when there came a sound in the distent west; rumbling over the hills plainley telling us a storm is sureley coming. and ere midnight, has passed, the rain had compleatly soaked through all our clothes. We were lying upon the bare ground, nothing over us for shelter to keep of the beating rain that was now upon us. And thus we moved on for dayes and weeks. When near the line of Jefferson and Bullett Counties Ky. Col. Shuler of 4th Ind (Cavly) met the forces of John Morgan and routed them. From this time, untill Bragg was driven out of Ky. (which was near the last of Oct, 62) hardly a day passed, without some part of the army engaged in fighting. At Crab Orchard and at Perryville was some very hard fighting; in which Bragg, and his army, were badly used up.

After routing Bragg, and his followers from Bardstown, Nelson Co. Ky. we drove them in the direction of Cumberland Gap, through the counties of Nelson, Washington, Marion, Boule, Lincoln, Ridkcastle, and Laurel. In this county, we halted, two or three dayes and then turned some what back, passing through the Co. of Rockcastle, Pulaski, Casey, Russel, Adair, Barren, Monroe, and Allen, into Tenn. passing through the Co. of Sumner, Wilson, and Davidson, to Nashville. arriving there near the last of Nov. /62, and went into camp, a near remnat, less then 400 men was all that were able for duty.

Soon after our arrival at Nashvill, Bragg, and his forces, erected winter quarters near Murfreesboro, Butherford Co. the result was constant fighting on our front lines, untill the Battle of Stone river.

On the 26th of Dec. 1862, we were called into line and marched out onto the Road leading to Murfreesboro. Troops, had been passing, ever since the day previous, through the rain, working up the roads into almost an impassable condition, we joined them, without a murmer and on through mud, and rain, untill after dark ere we went into camp. During the after noon we could hear heavy cannons to our right, explaining in un mistakeable words, the object of our march. Many a stout heart, on that desolate Wilderness looking camp ground that night felt such sorrow as perhaps had never been felt before. Who can think of any thing that is calculated to reach the minds and hearts of men, more deepley, than the knowledge that they must in a few hours will be drawn up into line of Battle, and there, face to face, with their fellow man; and they, as well as ourselvs,

are prepared with every missile deadly missile of warfare, that man ever invented, and there to fight, knowing, that thousands, of lives must be lost in the contest for victory; Comrads, many a brave comrad, during those bloody days of the Battle of Stoneriver fell to rise no more, not any one present among earthly friends, to make his dying moments easy.

War is horrible, in any form, yet, when striped of evry thing, save that grinning monster Death, then it is ten times more horrible than can be conceived of or described.

And long before the fight was over, or victory gained, the language of another would say, Thousands had sank on the ground overpowerd The weary to sleep and the wounded to die. Thus the fight continued from day, to day, as we advanced, untill within three, or four, miles of Murfreesboro, halting near Stoneriver where our advance was so stubbornly disputed that our Commander, (Rosenkrans) saw that a general engagement would follow and the lines were arranged accordingly.

Dec 31st this morning, the fight opened on our right with tremendous cannonading. The Rebel commander had massed his forces, and came with overwhelming numbers upon our right our men gave back and in doing this they, became confused, Regt. after Regt. Brigade after Brigade, retreating from the field, in confusion. For some time it looked as if the advancing Enemy could not be checked. However, help was soon brought forward consisting of a part of Vanleaves Divi. (and with it went the 79th Ind.) We went into the fight, about one O'clock P.M.; at times almost in a hand to hand combat, constant fighting untill night ended the struggle, the 79, be it said to their prais, night found us in possession of the disputed ground, the enemy had been driven from the field, and Baties Brigade had advanced over one mile.

After night, we were moved back to the left, and rested; lying in the mud, and water, untill morning. Comrads you remember well that cold and dreadful night, Many a blanket that composed the only bed, was on this morning frozen to the ground, on eather side of the Soldier while he slept. Daylight, came at last; we were called into line, cold and shivering, we arose from our beds, of mud and Blankets; to obey the call We were soon dismissed, and allowed time to prepare our coffee and crackers. This over, we once more were called into line, and marched to the front, crossing Stoneriver, move forward $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, we remained on this line, that day and night. The fighting, today was mostly done with Artillery. each commander feeling the strength of his oponents forces. Jan 2, About 8 O'clock the enemy, opened on us with Artillery, the heaveyest directed at our center forces. Our Divi. now move to the front and occupy the summit of a ridge between Stoneriver and Murfreesboro and to the left of Murfreesboro and Nashville Pike About one O'clock, we could se the enemy maneuvering in our front, preparing to advance, soon they began a brisk cannonading directed at our lines. At about 3 O'clock, their lines were formed, on and on they come, line after line, untill seven distinct and separate lines of Infantry, could be counted as they came marching steadily on. When within about 150 yds. of our lines our General gave orders to the gunners at our cannons to fire, this brought all to our feet. The men now standing in line, directed a destructive and well directed shot into the ranks of the enemy. For a time this checked them, yet, as oftain as their lines were broken a new line would take their place and thus they came up, bringing to their support numerous peaces of Artillery; on they come, constantly pouring into our lines a well directed shot from muskets and cannon. With such odds against us we gave way retreating to the opposite Side of Stoneriver. At this point, we got help from Artillery, and Infantry, and now came our time for revenge. We now directing upon them, the most destructive deadly fire that my eyes ever beheld. Hundreds were falling every minute. Now they, in confusion broke and fled, leaving us in possession of the field, the dead and wounded. Comrads Many a brave and good Soldier; of both the Blew, and Gray, on this afternoon fired, his last gun. Near the close of todays fighting I was wounded and withdrew at night from the front. This was the last hard fighting during the battle of Stoneriver.

Jan. 4th 1863 with many others I started to Nashville arriving there the following morning called and obtained lodging at No 65 Cherry St. 12th of Jan I applied for and obtained leave of absence for 60 days. On the 13th Started home aboard the transport Boat Hastings When our Boat arrived at Evansville I in comp. with Lieut. Foster and others took the train for Indpls. arriving there the 18th about midnight we were met by Wm & Samuel Johnson and conveyed home in a Sley

I remained at home untill some time in March. And now again I part with home, and friends, to join my comrades in the field then near Murfreesboro Tenn.

About June 28th All the forces leave Murfreesboro and again are in pursuit of Braxton Bragg and his army, we move on three different Roads, and on the following day, our advance attacks Bragg forces and completely surprises and routs them. Bragg suffers by desertion every day. His men coming in by 10, 50, & by 100; The part of the Army that the 79th was with, left Rutherford County Tenn. traveling through Cannon, and into Warren, to the County seat of McMinnville, arriving there on the 10th of July 1863. remained untill the 16th of August. We again broke camp, leaving Warren Co. pass through Vanburen, (and at the same time cross the Cumberland Mountains) and for a short time camp near Pikesville; County seat of Bledso Co.

On the first of Sept, we leave Bledso Co. and travel through Marion, out of Marion Co Tenn. we cross through the corner of Jackson Co. Ala. into Georgia. Dade County, through Dade Co. into Tenn again. Hamilton Co. then to Chattanooga, from which place we again drove the Rebel Army of Braxton Bragg and took possession on the 9th of September 1863 General Rosencrans pursued after Bragg's Army, untill Bragg met and formed a junction with Longstreet. Then followed the battle of Chickamauga, fought on the 19th & 20th of Sept, at which time Rosencrans withdrew his Army from the field, and fell back to Chattanooga, where from the advantages of position, he would be able to hold his position, for he had learned, that Longstreet had three Divs. Then the Georgia Militia all combined was too great an odds to contend with longer; hence his retreat to Chattanooga, where with the help of natural fortifications, we could hold, and did hold them in check, for over two months, untill Gen. Hooker, and Gen. Grants forces, came to our relief. Then began the fight in front of Chattanooga; known as Mission Ridge began on the 23rd & ended on the 26th of Nov. 1863. I was not in the Battle of Chickamauga, therefore cannot give a detailed account of it, Officers & men agree that the two days fighting, was as desperate as any previous action that they were ever in

At Chattanooga, we began to fortify on the 21st in order to hold the place, that Bragg had been driven from only a few days before However; all fighting did not cease for weeks Picket fighting continued for some time. All this died away untill at times you would have supposed from their familiarities, that the two Armies were perfectly friendly; save an occasionally shot from the Artillery. Things wore along thus for some time, Yet our condition was anything but pleasant. We were living on half rations of coffee, hard tack, & Bacon. Our Horses, & Mules, were Starving every day, by hundreds, and our condition could not be bettered untill the enemy were driven away. Below Chattanooga, the rebels held the Railroad, and River, in their possession thereby, preventing supplies from coming to us. Such was the condition of the Army, of the Cumberland, at the time Gen. Hooker and General Grant, came to our help. Now began the battle of Mission Ridge

November 23rd About 1 o'clock preparations were now completed ^{(NOTE} must have meant- "completed" - Eloise Castetter) for driving the enemy from our front, that had been for the last two months, annoying, and threatening us with starvation. The lines were formed, to the front of our entrenchments, and we start with steady step, and a determined resolution to drive the enemy from our front. In doing this we gained positions of some very advantageous positions of ground, from one of those positions our Artillery commanded the entire valley between our lines and Mission Ridge. During that night their Artillery, that had been stationed in the valley, was moved back to the Ridge, also their Infantry, was withdrawn to the foot of the Ridge, into their entrenchments, leaving a string line of skirmishers in their front, perhaps thinking, we would renew the charge on the following morning, if so they were disappointed, for we had finished our part of the work for the present.

The next blow was from Gen. Hooker, on the 24th his forces started on our stream right to gain possession of Lookout Mountain, which they did, in splendid order. Surely nothing; ever equaled this days work, this Mountain fight, during the war

Now I wish that I could paint, or describe, that days work, sufficiently plain, for you citizens to form something of its correctness, but I cannot you may think you see it, but no you do not, do not as those saw it, who had been shut up in Chattanooga, for two month or more, on half rations, crowded together, among the dead, and dying horses, and mules.

Lookout Mountain, is one of those ruff, rugged uneven Mountains, its height, I am unable to give, though it is very high, its sides, look as if the top had at some time tumbled off, and lodged on the way down, in many places, are large rock, larger than any building you ever saw, and partly buried in the earth, then there are all sizes down to the smallest of stone, all together, it is very ruff, and hard to climb. Over, and up such places Hookers men had to climb, and fight, their progress were disputed inch by inch, yet on and up they move, charge after charge is made, and allways suckfull, untill lost from sight, have now ascendid into the clouds, Still the fight goes on and up. The roar of Artillery comes thundering down the Mountain side as the peaces are discharged, reloaded and discharged again, & again, trying to beat back those brave men, who had pldged their honor, and lives to defend the American flag, & government aganst all enemies; this oath they were now making good for they continue to fight, on and up, Now, some can be see emerging above the clouds, now others, and yet others, continue their onward and upward march, untill the principal fighting is now above the clouds, and untill night hides them from view. Still the fight goes on, one continuous blaze of firo can be seen from their guns. I now leave them at 11 oclock P.M. the fighting has principally died away, only as occasional shot from the pickets

November 25th this morning all is quiet, as though the enemy had fled. Hoocker is in possession of Lookout Mountain, and advancing by the right flank; aiming to get in the rear of the enemy, whoo now appear to be concentrating his Strength on Mission Ridge, and moving to our left, for danger is threawtning from that quarter by Gen. Shermans forces, whoo has crossed the Tenn. River with his Army As soon as it was light enough to see this morning, thousands of the enemy could be seen passing to our left along the top of the ridge. Soon the fight begins by Sherman, apposed by Braggs forces, they appeared to think that they could drive ~~him~~ back and compell him to recross the river, But no, the Mississippi Blood hounds (as the boys called themselvs) was not to be driven, their brave, and undaunted General had led them to victory to obtain for that, they, were more than a match for those whoo opposed them. Much the hardest fighting that was done at any time, was done by Shermans men. It must not be suposed that all the fighting done on Lookout Mountain, was done by Hoocker, for a portion of the Army of the sumberlain, was with him, and a portion now assisting Sherman, in one of the most hot and bloodey engagements, lasting from early morn, untill after noon, the result of which could be seen by all whoo visited that part of the battle field.

The graves were very numerous. Could scarcely be counted.

I was on the ground some four or five days after the fight, and although some what accustomed to looking on this manor of destroying man and beast, this battle ground, presented to me the most destrictive, and heart sickning that I had ever looked upon. In places as I was waiking over the field, alone, no one to draw my attention away, or disturb my thoughts, I would have to look for som bare place to set my feet to avoid treading on fragments of men.

Such fighting as this field indicated, had been fought with a bravery worthy of men in a better couse. I found some men whoo had crolled away, and hid themselvs, after being wounded, there to dye; those men were yet unberied and perhaps remain so to this day.

Such work as this was the order of the day on our left, at the time orders were given for our commander, to hold his men ready to move at any moment, and at the time a signal should be given, by firing the cannon of our center battery, the entire line must advance and drive the enemy from their entrenchments, take possession, and hold them. Soon the entire line were in motion.

But no sooner did we begin to move, than the enemy at the top of the ridge, opened on us with numerous peaces of Artillery, but our lines were not checked or broken, on we went through the brush, over logs, through briers, and thorns, and now as we came out of the thicket, we were ordered forward on double quick, We could now plainly see the Rebel entrenchments, at the foot of the ridge, and the glistening Bayonets, of the enemy, as they lay behind their works, awaiting our approach, on we go, their guns, leveled, and discharged, doing but little damage, and without waiting to fire a second time, they turn and aim to get to the top of the ridge many of them were shot down in the attempt. We were not long reaching the works, they had just left, when to our surprise, hundreds of soldiers was lying flat in the ditch, they had trown aside their Guns, they sprang to their feet, shouting to our boys to come on, they threw up their hats, with joy saying, they had long been waiting for an opportunity to get into our lines, that they were good union men, and allways had been

We had now crossed their entrenchments, and are charging, Shouting as we go up one ridge. All their strength is now thrown against us, yet we go on, and up, their Guns are all directed at our advance, loaded, and double charged, fired in quick succession, into our ranks, still we go on, untill near the top of their line of work, when we were checked for a short time, they were now sending thousands of flying missals of death into our lines ever minute, they had prepared shells along their works, and now threw them over their work by hand, busting, and scattering their rugged fragments, in every direction.

We all now appeared to be struck with one sudden impulse, and as with one mine we spring over their works, using the Bayonet, and the butts of the musket, on all whoo showed fight or aimed to get away.

And thus endid our work on Mission ridge. The enemy that was not disabeled, or captured, now were on the retreat, going in the direction of Daulton Georgia, leaving their dead and dying, in our care. Also a large part of their Artillery and thousands of small arms. On their retreat they burned their wagon train, suplies, and ever thing that would hender persuit, or be of interest to our Army.

(NOTE: This was copied from Captain James P. Catterson's original letter. It was typed "letter for letter" as it was written - errors in some of his spelling of words and errors in punctuation and all.)

Copied by Mrs. Eloise (Hopkins) Castetter, 312 Raines Street,
Plainfield, Indiana

VETERAN GONE

JAMES CATTERSON DIES.

PASSES AWAY AT HIS HOME
FIVE MILES N. E. OF BROWNS-
BURG, INDIANA.

AT THE ADVANCED AGE OF 82.

James Patrick Catterson who lives 5 miles Northeast of Brownsburg died at his home Saturday September 25th 09 after a short illness. While Mr. Catterson has been in rather poor health for several months past he was not regarded as being seriously ill until quite recently. He was born in Owen county Kentucky, March 20th, 1827 making him at the time of his death 82 years, 6 months and 5 days of age.

He with his parents emigrated to Indiana from Kentucky, when he was at the age of four years and settled near Indianapolis where he grew up to manhood and, for quite a number of years was a member of the Indianapolis police force. He enlisted as a soldier in the Mexican war in 1847 and with the exception of one, is the only surviving soldier of his regiment (being the 5th Indiana Volunteers.) In 1861 he again enlisted as a soldier in the Civil War enlisting in the 79th regiment, Indiana Volunteers and was mustered out May 4th 1864 on account of wounds received in line of battle. During his service he acted as Captain of his company and served with credit to himself and superior officers. On November 11th 1853 he was united in marriage to Emerine Turpin McKee, and to this union there were born 11 children, they now are Mrs. Sanford Ennis, Mrs. F. M. Ballard, Mrs. C. P. Laycock, Mrs. Grant Arbuckle, Miss Lou Catterson, Miss India Catterson and James Catterson, and survive the father, while Alva F., Francis E. Elizabeth and Minnie preceded the father to the grave.

He was a member of the Methodist Episcopal church, his membership being held at Traders Point, Indiana.

In the year 1865 he located on the farm upon which he died, and the homestead was known for miles around as the Catterson home and farm, where there was always an evidence of industry. Funeral services were conducted at the house Monday at 10 o'clock A. M. by the Rev. McKinzie and J. T. Jones for the church and Brownsburg Lodge 241 F. & A. M. officiated as a lodge in paying their last tribute to their brother dead. After the services the remains were brought to Brownsburg followed by one of the largest funeral processions seen in years, and all that was mortal of J. P. Catterson was lowered in the grove at Green Lawn cemetery there to await the day of resurrection.

To offer a tribute of appreciation of those who have passed away, is the voicing of sentiments which might better be expressed while our friends are with us. Words of kindness and encouragement spoken of our friends while they are on earth are worth far more than all the eulogies and flowers when they have departed. In that eternal sleep there is no pain, no visions and dreams - no consciousness. Peacefully they

J. Eloise Hopkins Catterton
3-1978

rest knowing not of the turmoils of earth or the heartaches of relatives and friends. No trials, no suffering, no tribulations of mankind penetrates the calm and peaceful precincts of the tomb. Death is not an unwelcome visitor after all. He of whom these lines are written is unconscious of the effort, for he has passed into that dreamless sleep. He has withdrawn from the desert of life to the oasis of death in the quiet precincts of which no spoken or written word can ever penetrate. In spite of this, we who remain here when those whom we appreciated, respected and loved, are gone, cannot refrain from offering our poor tributes to the memories of the departed.

We knew James P. Catterson as a boy knows a man, this acquaintance with him was not of a lifetime but we have the satisfaction of feeling that we knew him as many did not. In his ambitions we had much in common. He was a dreamer who saw things which lie beyond most mental horizons. His mind was a question mark - he was a constant seeker after knowledge. He was always delighted with the discovery of some new fact and he was happily free from bigotry, prejudice and superstition. His opinions were honest and they were always carefully weighed. He cared more to be right than to be applauded, yet he was ambitious. In temperament he was an optimist. He lived in the sunshine of hopefulness and shunned the dark shadows of despair. In spite of his age and infirmities he suffered with a resignation and cheerfulness which was magnificent. No rack of physical pain or ill treatment by his fellow man ever embittered him or cast a shadow over his patient optimism. But he had his faults - for he was human. They were so few and trivial, however, that they were seldom seen and never magnified.

His heart was big and his hand was charitable. He was full of human sympathy; His ear was never deaf to the appeals of the weak and poor, but he done his charities unnoticed: He was courageous, but tender hearted. He was a wise counsellor, a true friend a good husband and father - he was a man. That he was a man, embodies everything worth while. It is the best that can be said of anyone. In his case it is a deserved tribute - the last that one can offer who feel that James P. Catterson was his friend.

CARDS OF THANKS

Formal words cannot express our appreciation of the many acts of kindness shown us and words of sympathy spoken by our friends and neighbors during the sickness, death and time of burial of our loved one. We desire to thank you earnestly for them.

Mrs. James Catterson and children

(Note: This article appeared on the fourth page of "The Brownsburg Record" under the "Cards of Thanks" column. /EC)

(Note: This article of his obituary was copied from "The Brownsburg Record" under the dateline of: Friday Morning, October 1, 1909. G. A. Johnson was the publisher. (Johnson was better known as "Andy" Johnson, husband of Nora (Hopkins) Johnson, father of Esther (Johnson) Lange and Beth (Johnson) Boyd, former residents of Brownsburg.)

This paper was purchased from the sale for Miss Hazel Arbuckle on 9-23-72 for the use of all the Catterson clan. The price of subscription in 1909 was listed as \$1.00 for one year.)

- Mrs. Eloise (Hopkins) Castetter
10-3-72

(Note: No corrections were made in the paper's punctuation or spelling.)

Eloise (Hopkins) Castetter

Same as No. _____
Chart _____



10-16-1915
Brownsville, Indiana
6-26-1938
Brownsville, Indiana

SPOUSE

Robert Stuart Castetter
6-9-1917
Plainfield, Indiana

CHART No. _____
NAME _____

2 *Elaine Hopkins*
B 2-23-1880
W Brownsville, Indiana
M 1-23-1910
W Brownsville, Indiana
D 5-17-1967
C Brownsville Cemetery

4 *Everett Swilley Hopkins*
B 1-19-1854
W Brownsville, Indiana
M 3-2-1879
W Brownsville, Indiana
D 11-22-1937
C Brownsville Cemetery

8 *William Hopkins*
B 1-17-1809
W 10-26-1841
M Brownsville, Indiana
D 12-31-1891
W Brownsville-Brownsville
C Rock River Harding

16 *Richard Hopkins*
d. 9-18-1774
m. 12-21-1796
d. 6-30-1810
Richard Hopkins
d. 9-18-1774
m. 12-21-1796
d. 6-30-1810
Guarantee, Maryland
d. 8-5-1835

5 *Maria Frances Burns*
B 1-27-1860
W Brownsville, Indiana
D 2-11-1932
C Brownsville Cemetery

10 *John Thomas Burns*
B 7-18-1833
W Brownsville, Indiana
C Brownsville Cemetery

21 *Frank Thomas*
B 3-18-1859
D 1-22-1885
W Brownsville, Ind. Co.
C Rock River, Ind. Co.

21 *Richard Mack*
d. 2-29-1812
23 *Frances Smith*
d. 1-15-1814

6 *James Patrick Castetter*
B 3-20-1827
W Owen County, Ky.
M 11-11-1852
D 9-25-1909
W Brownsville, Ind.
C Brownsville Cemetery

12 *James Castetter*
B 10-28-1793
W Owen County, Indiana
D 4-22-1824
W Owen Co., Ky.
C Rock River, Ind.

25 *Mary Henry*
d. before July, 1822
26 *Mary Jane*
d. before July, 1822

27 *Mary White*
(Frank)
28 *William*
d. 1804

7 *Emeline Jackson McKee*
B 9-8-1834
W Winkle Co., Ky.
D 11-15-1913
W Brownsville, Ind.
C Brownsville Cemetery

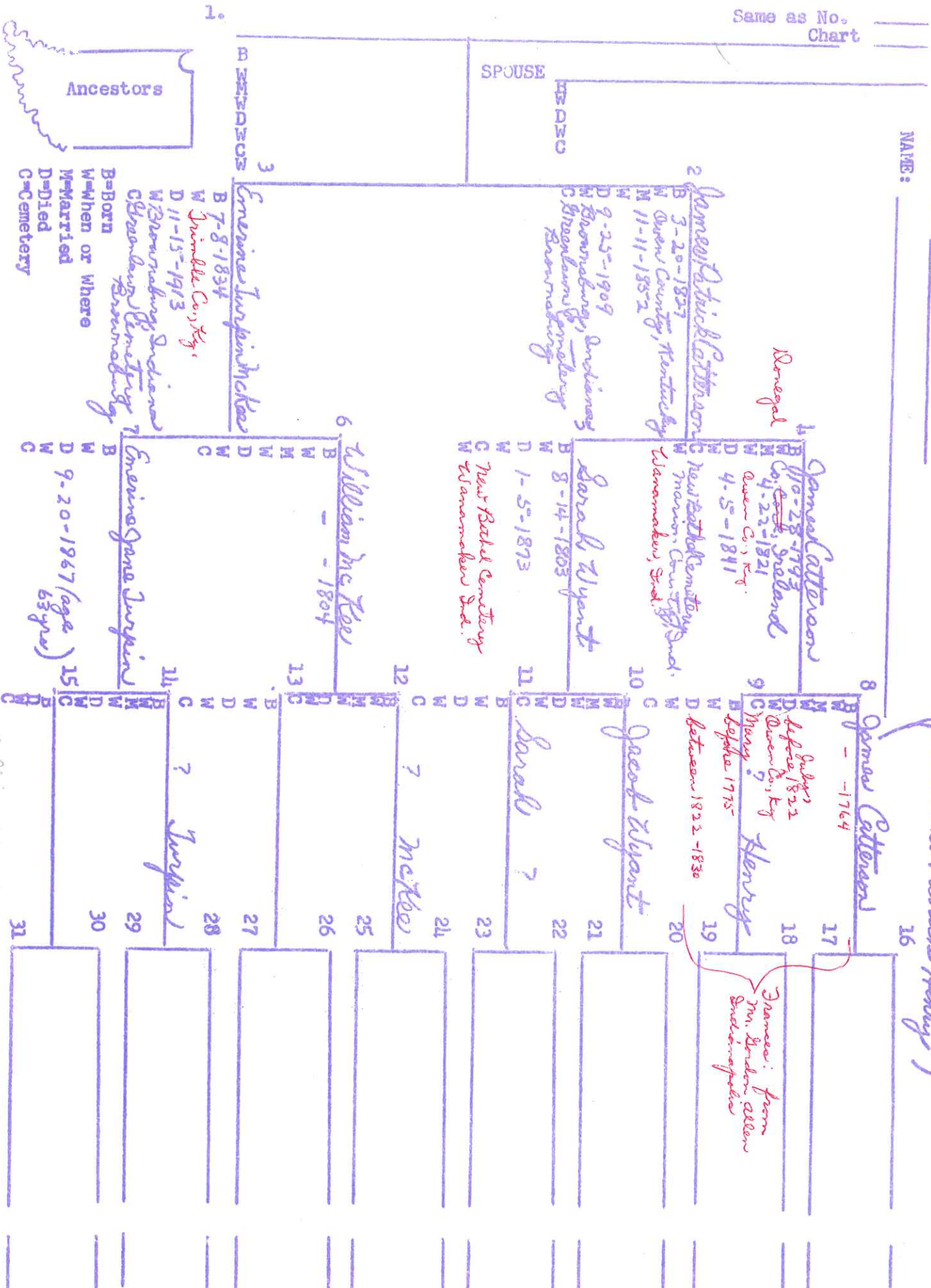
15 *Emeline Jane Dupkin*
B 9-20-1867
D 1-15-1867
C Brownsville Cemetery

31 *Emeline Jane Dupkin*
B 9-20-1867
D 1-15-1867
C Brownsville Cemetery

31 *Emeline Jane Dupkin*
B 9-20-1867
D 1-15-1867
C Brownsville Cemetery

Same as No. _____
Chart _____

CHART No.: _____
NAME: _____



He came from County ~~Del~~ Ireland about 1794? 1794
 (His wife was supposed to be a sister to Patrick Henry)

James: from Mr. Braden's collection

9 Elsie Hoppling (asketal), 3-1947



1. B=Born
 W=When or where
 M=Married
 D=Died
 C=Cemetery

THE CATTERSON HOMESTEAD

"REMINISCENCES ABOUT A CATTERSON NAIL"

During this month of September, 1976, as many of the descendants of James Patrick and Emerine Turpin (McKee) Catterson gather in our yearly reunion to honor their memory, I believe you would be interested in learning many fascinating facts about the earliest settlement of the land which later the Catterson acreage became a portion thereof. This is documented through the abstract.

Originally, the land was entered as a land grant on 5-16-1836 by Thomas Eaglesfield. He entered 328.41 acres that included some of the 100 acres James Patrick and Emerine (McKee) Catterson later owned. In 1852, Mr. and Mrs. Eaglesfield sold all their land (328.41 acres) to the Peru and Indianapolis Railroad Company for \$3,940.72 (about \$12.00 an acre). In 1855, Peru and Indianapolis Railroad Company sold this total acreage to David Macy for \$2,000.00. Mr. Macy and his wife, in 1859, sold 248.41 acres to William McKee for \$3,726.00 (about \$15.00 an acre).

On 7-12-1860, William McKee sold two tracts of 20 acres (making a total of 40 acres) of his 248.41 acres to his daughter, Sarah (McKee) Wheatley, for \$600.00. On 8-14-1860, William McKee deeded Emerine (McKee) Catterson, another daughter, 80 acres lying to the east of Sarah's 40 acres. Emerine (McKee) Catterson paid \$300.00 in cash and \$600.00 as a gift for and in consideration of the love and good feelings which he entertained for her. In 1872, James P. Catterson bought 20 acres on the west side of his and his wife's 80 acres from Sarah (McKee) Wheatley and her husband, Silas W. Wheatley, for \$1,225.00.

(This above information was given in the abstract now held by Frances (Hopkins) English (granddaughter of James P. and Emerine (McKee) Catterson) and her husband, Lester English.)

Sometime about 1865, James Patrick and Emerine (McKee) Catterson built a log cabin upon a bit of the 80 acres of ground. The log cabin was built in the southeast corner of their acreage, moving into it from Old Bethel community located in the southeast part of Indianapolis, Marion County, Indiana. (This is now Wanamaker. Also, James Patrick Catterson's parents (James and Sarah (Wyant) Catterson) and some of their relatives are buried in the Old Bethel cemetery at Wanamaker.) (Note: Their oldest child, Buena (Catterson) Ballard was born there; however, they also lived at an Indianapolis address at one time. (James P. Catterson, at one time, was a policeman in Indianapolis.) - EC

J. Eloise Hopkins Casteller
3-1978

In 1866, their sixth child, Lou Etta (Catterson) Clinton, was their first child born in this log cabin. Later, a summer kitchen and a small room were built to the north of the log cabin. Lou (Catterson) Clinton related years ago how she recalled playing, as a child, in a passageway between the log cabin and the summer kitchen building. Five of their younger children were born during the duration of the log cabin. This log cabin was torn down sometime between 1874 (Elizabeth Jane Catterson's birth year) and 1877 (the birth year of Indiana (Catterson) Hopkins), as my mother was the only child born in the new two-story home built by James and Emerine (McKee) Catterson upon the site of where the log cabin had stood. The summer kitchen and small room remained attached to the two-story structure. This new structure contained four rooms - a sitting room and the parlor downstairs and two bedrooms were upstairs. A fireplace was located in the sitting room; however, this was closed up and plastered over (leaving only the mantel standing) before 1910, the year Harry and Indiana (Catterson) Hopkins, my parents, were married. After their marriage, Harry Hopkins built on the covered backporch, the cellar, cellar house, attic and cistern. Probably, any of the Catterson cousins over 20 or 25 years of age would remember these areas!!

As an added bit of information, may I state that five generations of our Catterson clan had, at one time or another, made their home in the Catterson homestead as follows:

James Patrick and Emerine (McKee) Catterson
Harry H. and India (Catterson) Hopkins
Lester and Frances (Hopkins) English
Joe and Mildred (English) Trent
Amy Jo Trent

This two-story home remained standing until May or June of 1976. At that time, by Lester and Frances (Hopkins) English's request, the Brownsburg Fire Department destroyed this time-honored house by fire as a learning project for new volunteer firemen.

This large square nail, given to you during this day of our 1976 Catterson reunion, is one of many which Robert and Eloise (Hopkins) Castetter picked out of the ashes within the area of where that early summer kitchen structure was built by James and Emerine (McKee) Catterson a bit more than a century ago.

We sincerely hope you will keep and cherish this treasured memento as much as Bob and I do.

DON'T YOU JUST WISH IT COULD TALK!!! WHAT STORIES IT COULD TELL!!!

Eloise (Hopkins) Castetter (Mrs. Robert)
312 Raines Street
Plainfield, Indiana 46168

9-25-76