
















Family Group Sheet for James Cochran

Husband:		James Cochran	
	Birth:	19 Oct 1796 in Bedford, Middlesex, Massachusetts, USA	
	Marriage:	06 Apr 1829 in Greene County, IN	
	Death:	1879 in Greene County, IN	
	Burial:	out in the field on the old family farm	
	Father:	Glass Cochran Jr	
	Mother:	Mehitable Fuller	
Wife:		Rosemond Lester	
	Birth:	Abt. 1803 in Newberry, South Carolina	
	Death:	1879 in Greene County, IN	
	Burial:	out in the field on the old family farm	
	Father:		
	Mother:		
	Other Spouses:	Christian Bedenbaugh (1825 in Newberry, S.C.)	
Children:			
1	Name:	George Washington Bedenbaugh	
M	Birth:	1826 in Newberry, South Carolina	
	Marriage:	29 Sep 1865 in Washington, Daviess, Indiana, United States	
	Death:	Indiana, USA	
	Spouse:	Mary Ann Bowlen	
	Other Spouses:	Cyntha Margaret Burnett (02 Sep 1847 in Greene, Indiana, USA) Catherine Hully (09 Apr 1868 in Indiana)	
2	Name:	John Amos Cochran	
M	Birth:	10 Feb 1831 in Taylor Twp., Greene County, Indiana	
	Death:	18 Apr 1918 in Taylor Twp., Greene County, Indiana	
	Burial:	Simpson Chapel Cemetery, Taylor Twp., Greene Co., IN	
3	Name:	Jane Cochran	
F	Birth:	Nov 1831 in Taylor Twp., Greene County, Indiana	
	Marriage:	16 Dec 1847 in Greene Co., IN	
	Death:	05 May 1901 in Newbury, Grant, Indiana, USA; Age: 70	
	Spouse:	William Thomas Barker	
4	Name:	Peter Cochran	
M	Birth:	1833 in Taylor Twp., Greene County, Indiana	
	Death:	24 Jan 1863 in La Grange Fayette County Tennessee, USA	
	Burial:	Military Cemetery at la Grange, Tennessee	
5	Name:	James J. Cochran	
M	Birth:	22 Feb 1835 in Taylor Township, Greene County, Indiana, United States of America	
	Marriage:	28 Dec 1868 in Greene Co., IN	
	Death:	19 Jul 1905 in Taylor Twp., Greene County, Indiana; Age: 70	
	Burial:	Simpson Chapel Cemetery Scotland Greene County Indiana, USA	
	Spouse:	Louisa A Hambright	
6	Name:	Martha Ann Cochran	
F	Birth:	21 Dec 1837 in Taylor Twp., Greene County, Indiana	
	Marriage:	31 Aug 1862 in Greene Co., IN	
	Death:	15 Dec 1886 in Taylor Twp., Greene County, Indiana	
	Spouse:	Isaac Graham	

7 Name: Infant Cochran
? Birth: 1839



8 Name: William Cochran
M Birth: Abt. 1841 in Taylor Twp., Greene County, Indiana
 Marriage: 10 Jan 1874 in Indiana, United States
Spouse: Esttey Garrison



Notes:

John Amos Cochran

John Amos Cochran never married. He lived with James and Louisa at the old homestead. Family tradition has it that he and James never spoke to each other. Seems James could not forgive John Amos for not serving in the Civil War. This was extremely hard for James after his experiences in Andersonville and Florence, SC. Also, their brother Peter had died while serving in this war.

Peter Cochran

Peter Cochran never married. He served in the Civil War in the same unit as his brother James. In January of 1863 while in camp at La Grange, Tennessee, he became ill with one of the camp diseases that were very prevalent and passed away. He was buried in the military cemetery there in La Grange. He was just thirty years old.

Civil War Service Records
about Peter Cochran

Name: Peter Cochran
Company: A
Unit: 97 Indiana Infantry.
Rank - Induction: Private
Rank - Discharge: Private
Allegiance: Union

Co. A, 97th Indiana Infantry Regiment. He was a first cousin of Nancy Caroline (Barker) Davis, wife of William H. "Bill" Davis. Bill reported Peter's death by disease in his last letter to Nancy before he himself died. Peter's brother James Cochran also served in Co. A of the 97th Indiana. No grave for Peter has ever been found and he is presumed to be among the unknown burials in Memphis National Cemetery.

James J. Cochran

Census information tends to indicate that James Cochran (born in 1834) was the son of James Cochran (who may have been a younger brother of John). John had a son James but he was born in 1850. Both fathers were born in Massachusetts and both mothers were from (looks like) South Carolina.

Name: James Cochran ,
Residence: Scotland, Indiana
Enlistment Date: 20 August 1862
Distinguished Service: DISTINGUISHED SERVICE
Side Served: Union
State Served: Indiana
Unit Numbers: 655 655
Service Record: Enlisted as a Private on 20 August 1862
Enlisted in Company A, 97th Infantry Regiment Indiana on 20 August 1862.
Mustered out Company A, 97th Infantry Regiment Indiana on 09 June 1865 in Washington, DC

Civil War Service Records
about James Cochran

Name: James Cochran
Company: A
Unit: 97 Indiana Infantry.

Notes: (cont.)

Rank - Induction: Private

Rank - Discharge: Private

Allegiance: Union

Indiana Marriage Collection, 1800-1941 Recordinfo
about Stormer

Name: Louisa Stormer

Spouse Name: James Cochran

Marriage Date: 28 Dec 1868

Source Title 1: Greene Co Indiana

Source Title 2: Index to Marriage Record 1821 - 1920 [Lacking 1828

Source Title 3: W. P. A.

Book: H

OS Page: 247

Below is a letter which James wrote describing his experiences as a prisoner of war in the Civil War, after his capture by the Confederates during the battle of Atlanta, for a regimental history of the 97th Indiana:

At Home

March 23, 1890

My remembrance of prison life is so sad that I have tried to forget it. Hut there is something about it that will return to my mind. I was captured the 22d of July, 1864, at Atlanta, and hastened down that night to East Point, six miles from Atlanta; went into camp, stayed there all night and on the next morning. I think, we started for that "hell hole"-Andersonville. We marched to Jonesboro and there took the cars for Andersonville, and landed there the second day, I think in the evening, and was searched the second time, and then turned into that horrible place, without any shelter with the exception of the heavens. There were about 1,400 of us from Sherman's army. Well, they opened the gate and turned us in, like so many hogs into a slaughter pen, to make the best of it. So we went to work to see what disposition we could make of ourselves. So we found a place unoccupied, on the north side of that famous branch, that we read of in history. Here we sat down to consult what was best to do, and on examination what we had to improve our claims with, since the Rebels had taken everything from us, even down to our pocket knives; they even took my hat. There were eight of us that agreed to stay together; four of Company A, 97th Indiana-Greene Crawford, Bart Wiley, Elisha Abrams and myself. The other four were Atwater, of the 46th Ohio, Henry Kerts, of the 99th Indiana or 100th Indiana, and one of the 12th Indiana, and Wm. Ross, of Company G, 97th Indiana. Neither of us had any money or camp equipage except Henry Kerts and Atwater; Kerts had \$5.00 and Atwater some pieces of old tent. So we invested the \$5.00 in poles and a couple of forks and pegs to pin those old rags to the ground. Well, here was our outlay for living. The pole was seven feet long, and I suppose this was our chance for life. We had nothing to cook, nor nothing to cook with, so the thing was very evenly proportioned. So now we were in a state of dependent creatures, and a poor dependence it was. Those rags were our main dependence for shelter and to sleep on. So we made the best use of them we knew how. We were so thickly crowded we hardly had room to lie down. The suffering in that place was great. I saw men there so helpless, lying on the ground, and the lice and maggots had eaten their eyes out before death came. A man died just behind where our rags were staked down, and the maggots came through onto us pretty lively, and the stench was so bad it took a strong constitution to bear it. I have seen prisoners come in there in good health, who would give up, lie down, hide their faces, never look up or speak, and die! After serving one's country it was horrible to die in such a place. Our diseases were diarrhoea, scurvy, gangrene, and some kind of a fever they called "swamp fever"; we all had it, more or less. It was a sight to see the sick making their way to what the "Rebs" called "sick call." They crawled, hopped, went on all fours, were packed in blankets. I was there when that spring broke out. I have carried many a bucket of water from that blessed Providential spring. This spring broke out in August, 1864, after some heavy rains, and the south-east side of the stockade washed out at the same time. Our rations were simply a mixture of everything-rice, boiled in filthy water and shoveled into wagons and drawn inside; beans and mush the same way; flies, lice,

Notes: (cont.)

maggots, were all eaten by the prisoners. When one was convicted of stealing, he was lashed with a strap. There were one-third of the prisoners in there that were crazy, and I think many that got out have never entirely recovered from the shock and suffering, and I think I tasted a little too much of the place to be my old self again. Sometime in October we were put upon cars and started hack toward Atlanta as we thought to be exchanged, but when we got to Macon, the cars halted awhile and then branched off to the southeast, which knocked the exchange idea out of us all. Here I lost all of our squad. Fortunately we had provided ourselves with some of that life-saving water in our little buckets and had managed to provide ourselves with a coffee pot. and had them both full of water and covered over with some old boot tops and tied down to make it go as far as possible. There was such a cry for water we concluded we would drink up what we had and get another supply, as the negroes were packing water to the famishing soldiers. We sent our bucket and coffee pot for water and that was the last, as the cars started and left all of our worldly goods behind. We suffered and mourned over these things, for though their real value was not 30 cents, they seemed worth millions to us. We were going where we knew not and didn't seem to care, as the prospect for exchange was all gone. When we got close to Savannah, Georgia, the guards told us we were going there to be exchanged. That enlivened us a little. Arrived there about daylight, stopped a short time, when the train pulled out over the swamps in the direction of Charleston. S. C., where we landed about 2 o'clock. Got off the cars, marched through the city and were placed in the State's prison under the fire of our own guns. We could see the shells burst and hear them crash through the buildings but none fell among us. We were there probably two weeks, when we were moved out and camped on the fairgrounds. A camp guard was put around us, and by this time we were in a pitiable condition, so much so that the more tender hearted of the people in Charleston undertook in part to alleviate our sufferings by bringing out provisions and clothing of all descriptions, such as they could spare. They would throw the grub and clothing over the guard line and run from the guards, but finally the guard would chase them and take it all away from them. I saw many a race with the guards and women. A great many tried to escape while here, but most all were brought back, some badly lacerated, being chased by bloodhounds through those swamps and greenbriers. One man was brought in who was out fourteen days, he said the last thing he tried to eat was a raw coon he caught in the swamp. He tore the hide off and swallowed some of it, but it would not stick. I was taken from hereto Florence. Here rations were a little scarcer but a little cleaner. The beans were buggy, the meal musty, rice filthy, and one pint a day of each issued to the man. At one time we had nothing for three days and nights when the commander of the prison suspected a tunnel was being dug. I saw men there who had gone to the branch for water and not able to get back, with lice gathered so thick about their heads and necks they could rake them off by handfuls. Men burrowed in the ground for sleeping apartments and at night their comrades would cover them over with warm sand, so they could sleep. I and my three comrades separated in one of those ground holes by the death of the three above named. This left me in a worse condition than ever if worse could be, but I tried to brace up. I knew my time was next in that family, though all loss was some gain toward my condition, as I now fell heir to the sand hole, and could turn over without calling to the others, so we could all turn at once. I started out to find another mate, and I had good luck as I found Owen Wright, of the 14th Indiana, an old acquaintance I had seen in Andersonville. I got with him and staid with him until I was paroled. I helped to eat some terrapin soup at Florence. I have seen men draw their rations of meal-eat it raw-throw it up, and a second man would grab up the best of it and eat it with more or less sand in it and make it stick. If meal was spilled in the sand, the men would grab it up and eat it, sand and all, more sand than meal. A bean or grain of rice was as carefully searched for out of the sand as a hen poorly fed would search for grains of wheat (when fed in chaff) for her chickens. There was more or less shooting of prisoners both at Andersonville and Florence. I saw several that were shot. I saw Barrett, who commanded at Florence, knock down the prisoners with his cane or club, which he always carried when inside the prison gate. Shooting in from the gate was his delight, as he seemed to have no pity for the Yankees. Florence seemed the worst "hell hole" of all, as we had that inhuman Barrett to contend with, the worst brute in human clothes I ever laid eyes on. The boys of my mess were all tottering under starvation when we got there and I saw I would have to give them up shortly, and that pained me very much, as we had been together in so many tight places, but this beat all places I had ever seen. The first to go down was poor Green W. Crawford, Company A, with diarrhoea and fever; next was Bart. Wiley, with same disease; next Elisha Abrams. By this time I had lost all trace of my Andersonville comrades. My clothing was all gone, worn out, and I was lucky enough to draw a pair of drawers from the sanitary and that was all the clothing I had with the exception of an old shirt and an old pair of shoes and an old cap that I traded a canteen for. I was paroled December 7th, 1864. I don't think I could have stood it one month longer. Note: Co A 97th Reg Vol Inf Civil War

Notes: (cont.)

Prepared By:

Preparer: Jerry P Conners

Address:

Lake Barrington, il 60010
USA

Phone:

Email: jpcgenealogy@gmail.com