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C. S. Morton

INDIANA'S
ROLL OF HONOR.

BY DAVID STEVENSON, A. M.

VOLUME I.

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TO THE MEMORY OF
INDIANA'S PATRIOTIC DEAD,
THIS WORK
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED
BY THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTION.

The General Assembly of the State of Indiana, at its session of 1862-3, unanimously passed the following resolution:

“RESOLVED, That it shall be the duty of the State Librarian to carefully collect, and arrange, in the manner hereinafter prescribed, for future preservation, for the use of the State, the names of all the Indiana soldiery (officers and men), who have fallen in this struggle, or who may hereafter fall, whether by disease or by the violence of the enemy; the time, place, and cause of their death; their names, ages, places of nativity and residence; place and date of enlistment, draft or substitution; regiment, company, commanding officers, from Colonel to Captain inclusive; length of service; the battles, skirmishes, or any other engagements with the enemy, in which they may have participated; and any other incidents of special interest connected with their history; and if officers, the office, date of commission, division, brigade, regiment or company, commanded by them, or to which they were attached, with the promotions, if any, and the causes for the same, and any and all other matters that may be interesting and useful in the transmission of these illustrious names, to the posterity of the State. That the whole be inscribed in a clear and legible hand, in such form as to be convenient for printing, in a large and suitable book or books, entitled ‘Indiana’s Roll of Honor,’ and the same to be placed in the Library of the State.’

The above resolution suggested the idea of the present work. It was at first my intention to have published in con-

nection with the "Roll" contemplated by the Legislature, a volume of sketches of our most distinguished dead. On visiting the armies much valuable information respecting the services of our Indiana regiments was obtained. To put this in proper form so that it might be preserved for the use of the future historian seemed an object worthy of ambition. Having collected the necessary materials, it soon became apparent that in order to make the regimental sketches intelligible to the reader it would be necessary to give an account of the various campaigns, and general descriptions of the several battles in which our regiments participated. Thus the work has grown to its present dimensions.

The "Roll" contemplated by the resolution of the Legislature will be published in the last volume of this work. The second volume will be devoted chiefly to regimental histories and biographical sketches.

I acknowledge my obligations to many officers and soldiers for valuable information furnished, without which it would have been impossible to have prepared reliable sketches either of campaigns or regiments.

This volume is illustrated only with the portraits (the frontispiece excepted) of those who have sealed with their lives their devotion to our Government. The next volume will contain the portraits of the most prominent of our living officers.

Never has any nation of the earth increased so rapidly as the United States. In 1793 the population of New York was thirty-three thousand, it is now over four millions. In 1793 the entire population of the United States was a little over three millions, it was, in 1860, nearly thirty-two millions. Forty-five years ago this place (Indianapolis) was a thick forest, now we have a population of thirty-five thousand. There is nothing in the history of the world that will compare with the growth of the United States. The Hebrew State did not reach its glory in the days of Solomon, but by the slow progress of five hundred years. The Assyrian Empire was twelve hundred years in rising to its enormous magnitude. It took Greece ten centuries to reach her Athenian power. It took Rome seven centuries to arrive at the

splendor of the Augustan age, but in this land where a century ago its broad plains and lofty mountains were covered with the unbroken green of the forest, or waving grass of the wide prairie, we now see large and populous cities.

It has been customary for orators in describing our national career, to say that we have, by a single bound, sprung from infancy to manhood; but the truth is, we have had no national infancy—we have had no barbarism to overcome. The first cry of this nation was for liberty, and her first struggle secured it. We began our national career with the accumulated experience of sixty centuries. The Declaration of Independence is a monument more enduring than marble or granite, of the intelligence and wisdom of its framers. The heroes of the revolution bequeathed to their children, the richest of all earthly legacies—republican institutions! Whether this rich legacy will prove a blessing or a curse, depends, under God, on the course pursued by the present generation.

Were this Government destroyed by the hands of her own misguided and infatuated children, it would be the deadliest blow that has ever been given to the cause of virtue, and the greatest obstruction that has ever happened to the onward march of civil and religious liberty. Unto America are turned the anxious eyes of all nations, to see the result of the experiment we are now making of popular self-government, and of the ability of a free people to sustain the Government of their own choice. From this land, consecrated to freedom by the blood of our fathers, goes forth the only ray of hope to cheer the fainting heart of the oppressed nations of the earth. Shall this ray, now so dim and flickering, be totally extinguished? Destroy this Government, and what becomes of the fair genius of liberty which has been driven out from older climes? Is she, broken-hearted, doomed to be an out-cast in the land of her adoption?

Americans! what will posterity say of us, as they read the history of these times, should they learn that we tamely and ignobly surrendered the most inestimable of all earthly blessings—a free Republican Government? If we have one spark of gratitude to the heroes of the Revolution; if we have any

veneration for things sacred; if we have one tender feeling for our children; if we would not be despised and execrated by all the nations of the earth, let us, with determined purpose, declare and vow that this Government must, and shall be, preserved. Let not our faith in freedom, in right, in God, waver. The darker the clouds which hover over us, let our faith in the success of the right be the more steadfast and sublime. This Government, bequeathed to us, is a reality, a glorious possession; yea, it is a sacred trust, which we are bound to transmit to our children, and must be defended against all foes, whether internal or external. Let us, on all proper occasions, and in every proper manner, express our gratitude to the noble and brave sons of Indiana, who are fighting our battles, and let us cherish and revere the memory of our sacred dead, who, far removed from their loved ones, have slowly wasted away by disease, or suddenly fallen on the battle field. Indiana has many gallant dead, whose deeds in life, and whose heroic deaths, should be recorded for all coming time. Her soldiery have never yet turned their back on the foe. Let us honor their patriotism, and perpetuate their memory.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

CHAPTER I.

The history of the military operations of the State of Indiana, during the present war, while they may be paralleled by a few of the other States of the Union during the same period, will, on a strict search of the records of the past, be found in many respects without a parallel in the history of the world.

At the commencement of this century, Indiana, then a wild territory, for the possession of which the white man contended with the Indian, had less than five thousand inhabitants. Ten years later she had little short of twenty-five thousand. In 1816 she became a State with a population little, if any, exceeding one hundred thousand. Less than half a century has since elapsed; and, in defense of that Union of which she is one of the younger members, she has already sent into the field a large army; an army equal in number to her entire population forty-seven years ago; an army larger than any which, during all that terrible struggle with the elder Napoleon, Great Britain—one of the first powers of the world—with her population of thirty millions, ever placed in the field; an army outnumbering more than four to one the number of English soldiers who landed on the Crimea, and moved to attack Sebastapol; an army larger by one-third than the entire force—English, French, and Turkish—which disembarked against Russia on that occasion.

Yet even to-day Indiana has but little over a million and

a third of population. That million and a third of people have already (December first, 1863.) sent into the field, fully armed and equipped, upwards of a hundred and ten thousand men: all, with an exception almost too trivial to deserve mention, volunteers. Only four companies, numbering less than four hundred men, finally marched into the field as conscripts. Even these were in excess of her quota.

The population of Great Britain outnumbered that of Indiana more than twenty to one. To match the efforts of Indiana in this struggle, she would have to send into the field, of her own subjects, at least two millions and a quarter of men. Yet Great Britain is deemed one among the most warlike and powerful of the nations of the earth.

Still another view of this subject may be taken. Indiana's vote at the late general election was about two hundred and forty-six thousand. The last demanded quota having been filled, Indiana, without resort to a draft, has sent to the field a number of men equal to half her voters.

And all this Indiana has done, not to repel invasion of her own soil, but to sustain the integrity of that Union into which she entered forty-seven years ago.

MATERIELS OF WAR.

In March, 1861, Gov. Morton, seeing that the storm was about to burst, repaired to Washington, where he obtained about five thousand second class arms. He also collected a few more from some of the militia regiments throughout the State; beyond these, when Sumter was first fired on, he had no means of arming the State. As the arming and equipping of men, in the approaching crisis, was of primary importance, the Governor, having called together the Legislature in extra session, recommended to them, in his message of April twenty-fifth, 1861, that a million of dollars be appropriated for the purchase of arms and munitions of war; together with other provisions as to the militia system, the definition of treason, the issuing of State bonds, &c. The Legislature responded with great unanimity. They voted, and placed under the control of the Governor, five hundred thousand

dollars for arms and ammunition, together with one hundred thousand dollars for military contingencies, they also voted a million of dollars for enlisting, maintaining and subsisting troops, and providing munitions of war. ~ .

Having thus the control of the necessary means, the Governor, on the thirtieth of May, 1861, commissioned Robert Dale Owen, formerly member of Congress from the First District, Agent to purchase arms and munitions of war for the State.

At first Mr. Owen's instructions were limited to the purchase of six thousand rifle muskets, and one thousand carbines. But these were gradually enlarged until the total amount of purchases made by him reached thirty thousand rifle muskets, all English Enfields of the first class; two thousand seven hundred and thirty-one carbines; seven hundred and fifty-one revolvers, and seven hundred and ninety-seven cavalry sabres. All the other arms needed, with the exception of a small occasional lot, were supplied directly by the General Government.

Of the above thirty thousand rifles, twenty-six thousand were turned over to the United States, and paid for by the War Department; four thousand were paid for by the State of Indiana.

The average cost of these rifles was, for the first twenty thousand bought, nineteen dollars and fifty-nine cents, and, for the last ten thousand, seventeen dollars and eighty-five cents. They were the best class of small arms, excepting only the interchangeable Springfield rifle, new pattern, which could be purchased; and to this may, in some measure, be attributed the efficiency of Indiana troops during this war. A large portion of the arms furnished directly by the Government were, unfortunately, of second rate quality, it being impossible to procure a full supply of first class guns.

As to the price paid by Mr. Owen for the first twenty thousand rifles bought, that gentleman, in his report, remarks:

“This is very considerably lower than the average price paid by the General Government for first class Enfield rifles during the period of my purchases. The later contracts for

sixteen thousand guns could, some time after they were made, undoubtedly have been sold at an advance of not less than forty or fifty thousand dollars."

This, however, does not include the last lot of ten thousand. As to these Mr. Owen says:

"The difference between the price paid by me for these guns, certified to be of the very best quality, and that paid by the Government for ordinary Enfields at the time of the transfer, was twenty-three thousand, three hundred and eighty-eight dollars."

"Including these last," says Mr. Owen, "the difference between the contract prices and those ruling at the time the arms were delivered, of all the rifles bought by me, would fall little, if any, short of seventy thousand dollars. It was in consequence of the fortunate or judicious character of these purchases, that the State found no difficulty in procuring the assumption of most of my contracts by the General Government. In this way Indiana was enabled, without throwing her bonds into market, or incurring losses by advances made, except for a few of the first rifles she bought, to place in the hands of a considerable portion of her troops arms of a quality very superior to the average of those which fell to the lot of other States."

Arms thus provided, ammunition was the next want. Not a single round of cannon ammunition, scarcely a ball cartridge, was prepared. Unlike the South, Indiana had never looked forward to the day when treason, led by folly, would assault with armed hand the life of the nation itself. Therefore, she had laid up no military stores whatever.

But on the twenty-seventh of April, 1861, just one fortnight after the telegraph had borne to Indianapolis the news that the Charleston batteries had opened fire upon Fort Sumter, the Governor had Capt. H. Sturm, then an artillery officer in an Indiana battery, detailed for the purpose of establishing at Indianapolis a State Arsenal. Capt. Sturm had been educated to this special branch of the service, in a European military school, and had much practical experience in the manufacture of every species of ammunition.

He at once commenced the erection of suitable buildings

and the purchase, with State funds, of sufficient materials to manufacture, in large quantities, ammunition for field pieces and small arms.

As the demand for ammunition daily increased and the necessity, so far from passing away, constantly became greater, as fresh troops were called into the field, calls were made not only from Indiana's own regiments, but, also, from other portions of our Western armies, so that what was first intended as a temporary convenience became a large and permanent establishment. Gens. Anderson, Sherman, Fremont, Buell and others were successively supplied.

The effect of this establishment on the success of the war in the West was far beyond the expectations of its founders. On sundry emergencies the armies in the South and West were supplied from this source when they were unable to obtain ammunition from any other. On more than one occasion serious disasters were thereby averted. This was especially the case at the time Cincinnati was threatened, in the months of July and August, 1862; when large and pressing orders were filled without a single day's delay.

At one time the number of hands employed in the arsenal reached six hundred; and during the past two years and a half the number of men employed have averaged three hundred and fifty. Great and much needed relief was thus afforded to many families who were thrown out of employment by the contingencies of the war. Preference, in every case, was given to those whose parents, children or near relatives had volunteered as soldiers, and who, in consequence, had been left more or less destitute and without the means of procuring employment elsewhere.

The report of the military auditing committee, signed by Messrs. Paris C. Dunning, John C. New, A. Kilgore and Samuel H. Buskirk, and made to the Governor under date October second, 1863, brings up the accounts of the arsenal till September fifteenth, 1863, and shows that, up till that time, the ammunition fabricated and turned over to the General Government amounted to the sum of six hundred and seventy-six thousand and ninety-one dollars and thirty-nine cents, (\$676,091.39). From the fifteenth of September till the first

of December, 1863, an additional amount of about thirty-two thousand dollars has been made and delivered; making the total ammunition furnished by the Indiana Arsenal to the General Government, from the commencement of the war till the first of December, 1863, upwards of seven hundred and eight thousand dollars, (\$708,000).

The funds for the preparation of this ammunition were all advanced by the State, and the ammunition was paid for, after actual delivery, by the General Government. Though the average rate of prices was lower than the cost to the government elsewhere, the net profit to the State by the operation, after payment of all claims and liabilities, was, up till September fifteenth, 1863, as reported by the above named auditing committee, eighty-two thousand and sixty-two dollars and fourteen cents, (\$82,062.14): a sufficient evidence of the economy and good management with which the arsenal was conducted by its Superintendent, Captain (now Colonel) Sturm. To this the auditing committee aforesaid, composed of members taken in equal numbers from the two political parties of the State, testify in the following terms:

“We can not close this report without bearing testimony to the ability, integrity and economy with which Col. Sturm has managed the affairs of the arsenal. His position has been a most difficult and responsible one, requiring constant and unremitting labor and great skill and perseverance. Fortunately for the State, he has shown himself equal to every duty that has devolved upon him; and we congratulate you upon the great success which has attended his and your efforts, as well on account of the pecuniary advantage which has resulted to the State from the operations of the arsenal as for the great service it has rendered to the government.”

It is, indeed, difficult to estimate the importance of the results in a national point of view, especially as regards military operations in Kentucky and Missouri, which have been obtained through the agency of the Indiana arsenal.

Almost as important as the supply of arms and ammunition was the procuring of clothing and camp equipage for the troops as they were mustered. At first the burden of this fell wholly upon the State, as it was not until the month of

August, 1861, that the Quartermaster General of the United States, at the instance of Governor Morton, appointed an Assistant United States Quartermaster for this State.

The report of the Quartermaster General of this State, made to the Governor in May, 1862, shows that the State expended under his direction, for clothing, including blankets, four hundred and six thousand four hundred and eighty-four dollars and seventy-five cents, (\$406,484.75). To this is to be added the amount of great coats and blankets bought by Mr. Owen, in New York, in the months of September, October and November, 1861; as shown in his report of August first, 1862, to be one hundred and thirty-five thousand two hundred and thirty-six dollars and six cents, (\$135,236.06). This, with the amount bought by the Quartermaster General gives as the total advanced by the State, for clothing and blankets, the sum of five hundred and forty-one thousand seven hundred and twenty dollars and eighty-one cents, (\$541,720.81). The Quartermaster General of the State expresses, in his report, the opinion, that the above purchases "will compare very favorably with those of any other State on the score of economy."

For camp equipments the same report shows that he expended the sum of sixty-five thousand eight hundred and one dollars and seventy-seven cents, (\$65,801.77).

As in the Quartermaster's Department, so in that of the Commissary, the State government had to provide supplies throughout most of the year 1861, no arrangement having been made by the General Government to furnish these until the month of September, 1861.

The report of Asabel Stone, Commissary General, shows that the State furnished to her soldiers seven hundred and twenty-eight thousand and eight (728,008) rations, at a total cost of ninety-four thousand one hundred and fifty-nine dollars and sixteen cents, (\$94,159 16) or twelve cents and ninety-four hundredths of a cent per ration. This is one-third less than the average cost of Government army rations delivered. And in the above cost are included the salary of the Commissary General, the wages of the men employed by him, and all other expenditures in his department.

The Soldiers' Home, a building erected but not furnished by the General Government, and capable of lodging two hundred and fifty men, and of accommodating, at one time, in its dining room, one thousand soldiers, opened August first, 1862, was placed in charge of Gen. Stone. The rations were furnished by the Government. By a strict system of economy, the saving on these in the months of September, October, and November, 1862, was three thousand seven hundred and seventy dollars (\$3,770). This gentleman was also placed in charge of the Post Bakery, at Camp Morton. This bakery frequently furnished to the soldiers eleven thousand loaves per day. Its nett profits, after paying all expenses, amounted, for the months of September, October, and November, 1862, to six thousand and ninety-one dollars and forty cents (\$6,091.40). This sum was expended in furnishing stoves and such other conveniences, and comforts for soldiers' quarters and regimental hospitals, as could only have otherwise been procured from the State, or by voluntary contribution.

In concluding the brief summary of the efforts made by the Executive Department of Indiana to supply the materiel of war, it is proper to add, that, in the case of various articles deemed necessary to the health or comfort of the troops of the State, as for example India rubber blankets, these, by order of the Governor, have been supplied from State funds.

ORGANIZATION OF TROOPS.

On no State in the Union, to judge from the results, did the first blow struck by the rebels at Fort Sumter, produce a deeper impression than on Indiana. In nine days from the issuing of the President's proclamation calling for seventy-five thousand men—so prompt was the response—there were in camp companies enough to organize nine regiments. Indiana's quota was four thousand four hundred and fifty-eight, rank and file. On the twenty-fifth of April, six regiments, containing more than five thousand men, were mustered into service; companies enough for three regiments more reluctantly returning home.

On the sixteenth of May, 1861, the Secretary of War gave notice to the Governor, that, on the second call of May third, four regiments were assigned to Indiana, making ten in all. The restriction appended to this requisition is remarkable. Secretary Cameron adds: "It is important to reduce rather than enlarge this number, and in no event to exceed it. Let me earnestly recommend to you, therefore, to call for no more than ten regiments in all, including the six regiments first called for." The ardor and the patriotism of the people of Indiana had to be restrained, not excited. In advance of this call, and in anticipation of it, three regiments had been already organized under State authority. They were at once turned over to the United States, and a fourth added a few days later, from companies waiting for acceptance. Thus, the second call was immediately filled. The urgency of the people to join the army was such, that, at the instance of the Governor, in advance of the July call for five hundred thousand troops, the Secretary of War allowed Indiana to send into the field: by order of June eleventh, 1861, six regiments; by order of June nineteenth, 1861, four regiments. Each of these contained one thousand and forty-six men. One regiment of cavalry (the Twenty-Eighth regiment, First Indiana cavalry) was included. Thus, the excess beyond the call was ten thousand four hundred and sixty men.

The calls upon Indiana by the General Government for troops in 1861 amounted to thirty-eight thousand eight hundred and thirty-two (38,832.) In reply, she sent, up till January, 1862, forty-eight regiments of infantry, three regiments of cavalry, and seventeen batteries; in all, fifty-three thousand and thirty-five men; (53,035) being in excess of the call fourteen thousand two hundred and three men (14,203). In the months of July and August, 1862, the President called for six hundred thousand additional men; and Indiana's quota was fixed at forty-two thousand five hundred (42,500.) By September twentieth, Indiana's quota, under all these calls, had been filled by volunteers, with the exception of six thousand and sixty. A draft was ordered; but before it took effect, on October sixth, the number deficient had been reduced to three thousand and three, for which number the

draft was made. The drafted men were to serve nine months. Of these, however, all but four companies (three hundred and ninety-five men) volunteered to serve three years, and were sent on, as volunteers, to fill up old regiments.

There is one episode connected with the response to this last call, which merits especial notice. It is the promptitude, unexampled, we believe, even among the wonders of this rebellion, with which regiments were poured into Kentucky, on the occasion of the sudden and unexpected invasion of that State by Gens. Morgan and Kirby Smith, when both Cincinnati and Louisville were seriously threatened. On the eighth of August, Gen. Buell telegraphed to Gov. Morton, that "a formidable raid threatened Kentucky," and urged that "troops be at once sent to Gen. Boyle." On the next day the Executive received an urgent appeal from the War Department, to which he replied, that "the quota of twenty-one thousand two hundred men called for in July would be raised in twenty days." Incredible of performance as the promise seemed, he kept his word. Within the space of sixteen days, eighteen regiments were not only raised, but also mustered in, armed, equipped, and dispatched by railroad to Kentucky's relief. Within nine weeks, in July, August, and September, 1862, thirty-one thousand men were recruited. Some of the details of this gigantic effort indicate the untiring exertions necessary to produce such results. On the sixteenth of August, late at night, Gen. Boyle telegraphed that "no time was to be lost," adding: "I hope the patriotic soldiers of Indiana will not wait for bounties. Our State will be overrun if they do." That night one regiment went to Kentucky. On the next night four regiments were dispatched. The next day two additional regiments were sent off, and that night two more, which were mustered in by candlelight. Cincinnati and Louisville were saved.

It ought to be stated, that Col. (now General) Carrington, detailed as mustering officer for the State of Indiana, arrived at Indianapolis on the eighteenth of August, 1862, and greatly aided in the emergency of that eventful crisis: and subsequently, by his prompt energy in procuring the enlistment and dispatch to the field of Indiana's troops. In other

respects the Executive was equally fortunate, as well in officers detailed by the General Government, as in those selected by himself. No one could have conducted the department of United States Quartermaster more faithfully or more efficiently, than Capt. (now Lieutenant Colonel) Ekin.

The Governor was also most ably seconded throughout all his arduous duties, by his private and military secretaries, Colonels Holloway, Terrell and Schlater, as also by Adjutant General Noble. In the times of urgent emergency to which we have alluded, these gentlemen labored with unflagging zeal and distinguished ability; thus greatly contributing to the successful results which have followed our State efforts.

Though Indiana was called upon, in 1862, as already stated, for drafted men, and actually did draft, as we have shown, three thousand and three, it is to be borne in mind that this occurred solely because—in consequence of irregularity in the filing in Washington of certain muster-rolls—she had not, at the time, obtained credit, as afterwards she did, for a number of troops exceeding this deficiency, which she had actually sent into the field. She actually had then, filled all the calls of 1862, without draft, and had a surplus. This fact, in justice to the efforts of her Governor and the noble response of her patriotic citizens, should be distinctly borne in mind.

So, again, in the present year, 1863. Under the call of August (one-fifth of first class enrolled) amounting to twenty-six thousand eight hundred and thirty-two men, (26,832) she furnished the whole by volunteering, with a surplus of sixteen hundred and sixty-nine (1,669). Recruiting under the second call, of September, the quota being eighteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-seven, (18,997), is completed and volunteers for old and new organizations continue to enlist. Such has been the response of Indiana to the calls of the General Government, not for her special defense, but for the suppression of the rebellion.

When her own State limits were passed by a hostile band—when the celebrated guerrilla, Morgan, crossed the Ohio, first into Harrison county, passing thence through the south-eastern tier of counties to Ohio—the effect was electrical, nay, seemed the work of magic. It was as if some modern Cad-

mus had sown again the fabled dragon's teeth over Indiana's forests and prairies; so did these teem with armed men, self-marshaled in defense of their native or adopted State.

On Thursday, the ninth of July, 1863, news reached Indianapolis that a rebel force estimated to be six thousand strong had crossed the Ohio and was marching on Corydon. Whereupon the Governor instantly issued a call to the patriotic citizens of the State, to leave their various occupations and turn out for its defense. Incredible as it may appear, within forty-eight hours from the time this call was issued, sixty-five thousand men had tendered their services, and were on their way to the place of rendezvous; while thousands more were preparing and had to be notified to remain at home. Within three days thirty thousand men, fully armed and organized, had taken the field at various points to meet the enemy.

The result was, that though on the first landing of Morgan's men a handful of troops who opposed them were driven back, yet within twenty-four hours, when attempting first to penetrate into the interior of the State, afterwards to retire across the river, they were confronted, in both attempts, by bodies of armed men, and their march converted into a flight which in five days, carried them across our eastern border into Ohio.

To provide against such incursions in the future, on the fifth of September, 1863, the Governor issued a proclamation for a more permanent organization of the militia. In the counties which were the most exposed, to-wit: those bordering on the Ohio river, he ordered that places of business in towns, except drug stores, telegraph and post offices, be closed after three o'clock, so that the able-bodied citizens, after having formed themselves into military companies, might meet and drill daily for not less than two hours. In other counties they were required also to organize and to drill at stated periods.

In concluding this brief sketch indicating the willingness and ability of Indiana to put forth, whether in immediate self-defense, or for the preservation of the national unity, an armed force with a promptitude and to an extent which to warlike Europe will seem incredible, we give but a faint idea of the enthusiasm and the determination which, for the last

two years and a half, have been exhibited from one end of the State to the other. If the occasion was great, the efforts were commensurate. If an insurrection so gigantic in its proportions, so vast in its resources, so persistent in its rage, be unexampled in all modern history, neither can be found in that history, up till the date of this rebellion, an example of so large a proportion of any civilized nation sent to the field of battle, not by forced conscription, but voluntarily by the spontaneous zeal and patriotism of the people.

CARE OF SOLDIERS.

In no State of the Union have soldiers, rushing to the defense of their common country, been more specially cared for than in Indiana. The benevolence of those who remained at home has kept pace with the patriotism of those who entered the field.

Early in 1862 the State Sanitary Commission was organized in accordance with the suggestions and plans of Governor Morton, and during that year received and disbursed in sanitary goods and money sixty-six thousand and eighty-eight dollars and forty-one cents. During the year 1863 the operations of the commission were greatly extended.

The officers and agents of the commission have conducted the very large and important business entrusted to them with great zeal, securing thereby the confidence of our citizens at home and the gratitude of many of our soldiers in the field.

In addition to the contributions which have been collected and distributed through the commission, probably an equal amount has been sent to the army through irregular channels.

Nor have the families of our soldiers been neglected. In many counties a regular weekly or monthly allowance has been paid to them from the public funds; hundreds of Soldier's Aid Societies have been formed, through which the needy have been sought out and supplied with the necessaries and comforts of life.

A well regulated system of military agencies was devised for the care and relief of our sick and wounded. Offices were opened at the following important points: Washington

City, Louisville, Saint Louis, Cairo, Columbus, Ky., Memphis, Nashville, New York City, Philadelphia, Keokuk, Evansville, Vicksburgh, New Orleans and Chattanooga, and placed in charge of well qualified business men. Regiments have been visited, their scattered sick and wounded collected and cared for, and when practicable removed to hospitals within the State, or furloughed to their homes. Besides, a general or supervising military agency was established at Indianapolis in connection with the State Sanitary Commission, to which regular reports from other agencies are sent, giving the names of all Indiana soldiers in the various hospitals, the regiment and company to which each belongs, date of admission, nature of disease or wound, prospects of recovery, lists of deaths, casualties and discharges. From these reports information respecting our wounded, sick and dead can at all times be obtained. The agents visit the hospitals regularly, distribute under-clothing and sanitary supplies, procure descriptive rolls, discharges, furloughs and transfers, collect pay, cause abuses to be corrected, and exert themselves to the utmost of their ability to assist and encourage our suffering men. A supply of sanitary goods is kept at each agency, together with under clothing and other needed articles for distribution. In case of a battle, the nearest agency at once dispatches efficient agents, with such stores as are likely to be needed. Indiana—with her surgeons and sanitary stores—is generally the first State represented on the battle field. The good accomplished through this instrumentality is incalculable. This system, first inaugurated by Indiana, has been adopted by most of the loyal States, but by none upon a scale so extensive as our own. All business by these agencies is conducted with the utmost promptness and dispatch, and in every case without charge. The Rev. I. W. Monfort, agent at Washington City, besides attending to the usual duties of his office, makes out all necessary papers for procuring pensions, bounty and back pay, due widows, orphans or other heirs of deceased or discharged Indiana soldiers, and collects and remits the same for which no fee is asked or received. The estimate placed on this feature of the agency by the officials in the various departments at Washington, is evident from

the fact that they give all business presented from it precedence over that of private agents and claim brokers.

The first decisive and important battle in the West, in which a very large number of Indiana troops were engaged, was at Fort Donelson, Tennessee. This place being on a navigable river, the Executive, on receiving news by telegraph of the battle, immediately dispatched, by steamer, to that place, an efficient corps of surgeons and nurses, with a large supply of hospital and sanitary stores. The boat arrived in advance of all others sent by other States. The weather being cold and inclement, the relief afforded to many of the Indiana troops was of the greatest importance. Other boats were afterwards sent under the same auspices. A few months afterwards the battle of Shiloh took place, a larger number of Indiana regiments and batteries participating in it than in any previous fight. The steamer Crawford, in charge of Commissary General Stone, was promptly chartered, and sent forward with surgeons and nurses, and an ample supply of necessary stores. As at this time much sickness existed among our troops, steamers were kept constantly running from Evansville to Pittsburgh Landing, until all the sick and wounded Indianians in that army were brought to hospitals in our own State, or made comfortable in the field by special medical aid, and sanitary supplies and stores, generously contributed by our citizens. Subsequently, when our armies on the Mississippi, and at Nashville, Tennessee, were suffering for lack of food, especially vegetables, and the sick in hospitals were almost destitute of proper supplies, the Governor dispatched boat after boat, laden with vegetables, fruit, underclothing, ice, and everything that could contribute in any way to the comfort of our brave men. During the siege of Vicksburgh, when hospital accommodations were sadly deficient, the relief afforded from Indiana was prompt and timely. Maj. Gen. Grant, on more than one occasion, expressed his hearty approbation of the Governor's efforts in looking after the large number of Indiana troops in his army; and Maj. Gen. McClelland, on the arrival of one of the relief boats, during the time he was in command of a large number of our regiments, declared that the succor thus

afforded was of more value than the reinforcement of a brigade of fresh troops. At the present writing, a steamer, sent to New Orleans with supplies, for our sick and wounded in the Department of the Gulf, is returning with nearly two hundred discharged and disabled Indiana soldiers.

No important battle has occurred during the war, at any point within reach, without having on the ground at the earliest practicable moment efficient and energetic agents from Indiana. After the disastrous battle of Richmond, Kentucky, where our troops, although raw and untried, fought most gallantly, but unsuccessfully, and where many were killed and wounded, the Governor at once fitted out an ambulance train under charge of experienced surgeons, and sent it through the enemy's lines under a flag of truce, to relieve the sufferers. This humane mission was most ably and successfully performed. We have not space to enter into details respecting the care and supervision exercised in behalf of our troops. The Executive, in his biennial message, bearing the date of January ninth, 1863, on this subject, says:

“These agents had their instructions to follow in the track of our armies, to pick up the sick and wounded who might have fallen by the way-side, visit the hospitals, report the names of the sick, wounded and dead, afford relief wherever it could be afforded, inform the State authorities what kind of supplies were needed, and where; also to visit the troops in the field, ascertain their condition and wants, and aid in having their requisitions for their supplies promptly filled. These agents have generally performed their duty well; and I believe have been the instruments of saving the lives of hundreds of our gallant soldiers, and of relieving a vast amount of suffering and destitution.”

After the battle of Shiloh, and in anticipation of the conflict at Corinth, the Governor applied for, and obtained, from the Secretary of War, permission to appoint two additional assistant surgeons to each Indiana regiment in the army of Gen. Halleck. Seventy surgeons were accordingly sent; and the necessity for having additional permanent medical force attached to the army was so completely demonstrated, that

Congress promptly passed an act authorizing a second Assistant Surgeon to be appointed for each regiment.

Early in 1862 arrangements were made with responsible agents to collect from the various Indiana regiments such portions of pay as the soldiers desired to transmit to their homes. The Congress of the United States had already authorized the President to appoint Allotment Commissioners for this purpose; but as there was no provision for paying the expenses incurred, the plan was, practically, useless. The Executive of Indiana appointed a number of Pay Agents to visit the army from time to time for this purpose. Many of our brave soldiers, who would never have saved a cent of their pay, were induced, by the ready facilities thus afforded, and by the example of the more thoughtful and frugal, to remit portions of their pay to loved one's at home. It has been often estimated by commanding officers, that a regiment will save and send away at least five thousand dollars more on pay day by means of the allotment system, now adopted by most of the States, or by the regularly appointed State Agents, than if left to the ordinary means of transmission. This is often money rescued from the sutler or gambler, which, instead of being uselessly spent, is sent to the relief of the wives and families of soldiers. Through this agency, during the year 1862, over one million of dollars were collected in the army, and distributed in accordance with the wishes of the soldiers, without charge, save the trifling cost of the express from the agents' residence to points of destination. In all this business not a single defalcation occurred, and not a dollar was lost. The risk, however, of traveling through the army, collecting large amounts of money—the agents being frequently compelled to stand guard for the treasure entrusted to them, was so great the plan was abandoned, and early in 1863 a permanent office was established by the Governor at Indianapolis, and a plan devised for the easy and safe transmission of funds by means of allotment rolls. It took several months to introduce the new system; the soldiers did not understand it, and the Paymasters, upon whom it imposed new duties, were for a time specially averse to it. Gradually, however, it gained a foothold and secured confi-

dence. Commanding Generals gave it encouragement, the Paymasters began to appreciate it, and of each payment now made to the army, the single State Agent usually receives, without expense or risk, about three hundred thousand dollars. The distribution is made by draft on eastern cities, without any cost except that of exchange. The plan is in great favor with our regiments in the Army of the Cumberland, who have, by extensive trial, learned to appreciate its value. Other armies are beginning to avail themselves of it, and remittances are coming in from Texas, and other parts of the Department of the Gulf, Vicksburgh, Memphis, Knoxville, etc.

CITY HOSPITAL.

The establishment of the city hospital at Indianapolis at the commencement of the war, and the location of hospitals at Evansville, New Albany, Jeffersonville and Madison, in which the military authorities of the State took great interest, were alike creditable to them and to the government. The city hospital alone from May, 1861, till January, 1863, received five thousand four hundred and ninety-five patients, who were treated by the accomplished and skillful Surgeon, Dr. John M. Kitchen, who was placed in charge. The hospitals at Evansville, under charge of army surgeons, being on the Ohio river, and nearer the army in the south and west, received a much larger number.

The capital of the State being the great railroad center at which was located the several departments having control over the military affairs of the Commonwealth, a large number of soldiers continually arrived and departed—many passing to join their regiments in the field, others returning discharged, or on furlough or “sick leave.” During the first year of the war it was often impossible to procure accommodations sufficient to provide for these men. To remedy the evil Governor Morton, early in 1862, determined to establish a Soldier’s Home, on a scale commensurate with the wants and interests of the public service, where our brave defenders could obtain food and rest. By the kind co-operation of the

accomplished United States Quartermaster, Capt. (now Lieut. Col.) Ekin, and Commissary of Subsistence, Capt. Thomas Foster, the requisite buildings were speedily erected, and the Home put in successful operation. Afterwards it was greatly enlarged, and is now regarded as one of the most complete establishments of the kind in the country. Individuals or regiments can there obtain good warm meals and comfortable lodging almost on a moment's notice. Convalescents and others connected with the army are always made welcome, and the management, under Capt. Frank Wilcox, is such as to merit the highest commendations.

During the fall of 1863 a "Soldier's Families Home," was opened under the same auspices. The large number of ladies and children, generally the families of soldiers, visiting their relatives in the hospitals here or elsewhere, made it necessary that some well conducted home be provided for them during their temporary stay, where they could be comfortably cared for and protected from imposition. It is a source of pride to our State that this institution has also been attended with great success. It is under the direction of an experienced manager and matron, and is governed by rules and regulations which insure all who partake of its hospitalities of a quiet and comfortable retreat.

Allusion has been made in this sketch to the special surgeons and nurses sent out by the Governor to administer to the sick and wounded in the hospitals and in the field, but the valuable services which many of them have rendered to the cause of their country call for a more extended recognition. In the last message of the Governor this subject is referred to as follows: "I have employed and sent to the field many additional Surgeons, to remain until the emergency they were sent to relieve had passed. After severe battles, the regimental Surgeons, worn down by fatigue and exposure, were found inadequate to the care of the wounded, and additional aid became indispensable. Many times all the Surgeons of a regiment were either sick or absent on detached duty, and their places had to be supplied by temporary appointments. They have generally discharged their duties with ability, and to the satisfaction of those to whom they

were sent, and for the promptitude with which they left their business and responded to these sudden calls, are entitled to the thanks of the State.”

In many cases these special Surgeons, actuated only by the largest patriotism, and the warmest humanity, to the neglect of their practice at home, have labored for weeks with the sick, the wounded, and the dying—on the battle field, by the road side, in camp, in hospital, wherever they could relieve distress and serve their country.

And the numerous nurses, many of them ladies of the highest character and social position, actuated by a desire to lend their aid in the great struggle, and influenced by the purest philanthropy, volunteered also, and served long and faithfully in the hospital. Some of these noble spirits volunteered their services in the early stages of the rebellion, and are yet patiently and cheerfully soothing the pangs of suffering far away from their comfortable and happy homes.

WESTERN VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER II.

Western Virginia was the first section of the Union to feel the desolating effects of civil war. Among her rugged hills, along her deep valleys, and by the pure streams which gush from her mountain sides, the troops of Indiana first learned to endure the hardships of the camp.

The first Western Virginia campaign was short, but brilliant. Events of greater magnitude—the shock of vast armies, and the spacious and blood stained fields, where the slain have been numbered by thousands,—have eclipsed the early victories of our armies. Yet they are not the less important, and the faithful historian, who has carefully observed the tide of success rolling onward to the suppression of the rebellion, will see and acknowledge the influence of these early victories upon the successful issue of the struggle; and will carefully record them in his pages.

Virginia is susceptible of three grand divisions. These have always been recognized by her people. The first, or Eastern section, extends from tide water to the Blue Ridge Mountains; the second, or Middle section, called the Valley, embraces the country between the Blue Ridge and the Alleghanies; and the third, or Western Virginia, embraces the mountain regions from the Valley to the Ohio River.

A feeling of hearty friendship never existed between these sections. The East, or Old Virginia, was largely slaveholding; and had succeeded in forcing through the Legislature

a system of taxation, which shielded the wealth of that section, at the expense of the Middle and Western portions of the State.

The question of a division of the State had long been agitated. The people of the West, had very little interest in slavery. Their's was an agricultural and mineral region. Their wealth, consisted in stock and lands. To develop the resources of their soil, required the miner's labor and machinery. With interests directly opposed to those of the eastern part of the State, they knew their connection under the same State government, with a people who could always outvote them, would continue to cramp their energies, and prevent the full development of their agricultural and mineral resources. In these views the people of the valley sympathized. In the discussion of the question at issue between these people, the Legislative Halls at Richmond were the scenes of many stormy debates.

Two-thirds of the inhabitants of Western Virginia, long before the question of secession was agitated, were warmly in favor of a division of the State. With this, the question of slavery had little to do. It was sometimes brought into the controversy by politicians, but had scarcely any weight, either in forming, or confirming, the opinions of the masses. A majority of the people were attached to their local institution, and, in the event of a division, were willing it should continue.

That, however, was not the issue, although the politicians, beyond the Blue Ridge, knowing the early prejudices of the people, on all occasions brought it into the controversy. In the East, slave property constituted the bulk of the planter's wealth; in the West, it was but the title of the farmer's estate. When, therefore, it was declared that slaves should be taxed *per capita*, while taxes on other property should be *ad valorem*, it was so manifestly unjust, that the strongest pro-slavery men in the West were as firm in their demands for a separation, as were those who were solely engaged in manufacturing and commercial pursuits. It was not Abolitionism, but unequal taxation, which caused the feeling of discontent among the inhabitants of the hills and valleys of

the West, to the government at Richmond. Internal improvements was another fertile theme in this local agitation. The West complained that the East received too large a proportion of the outlays of the State, and that the money drawn from the coffers of the poor and hardy settlers of the mountains, was used in opening up lines of communication east of the Blue Ridge, while the West was comparatively neglected. This subject was always agitated with zeal, and sometimes with great bitterness.

Such, briefly, was the condition of affairs in Western Virginia, when it was reached by the tide of secession which had rolled across the Eastern counties of the State.

The secessionists demanded a Convention to assemble at Richmond, to consider the position Virginia should assume in the crisis. Many of the public men of the Eastern and Central portions of the State, were strong in their expressions of love for the Union, but the controlling element, with persistent and fiery zeal, urged their mad project of disunion. The West had very little, if any, sympathy with secession.

Appeals and invectives from beyond the mountains; and from those who had by threats and bribery been brought to advocate the radical views of the Southern leaders, had no power to draw away the hearts of the people of the West, from their love of the old Union. After an active canvass, a delegation in Western Virginia was elected, and instructed to oppose a secession ordinance.

The Convention met at Richmond. That city was in the hands of a mob, determined to control the action of the Convention, by argument if possible, by force if necessary. Nearly all the western members heroically held out against the threats of violence, with which they were assailed, and fought at every step, the measures of the majority, even after all hope of checking the tide was lost. At length, in secret session, on the seventeenth of April, 1861, the ordinance of secession was passed. Agents were immediately despatched to Montgomery, to negotiate with the Rebel Government, for the admission of Virginia into the so-called Confederacy.

On the return of the Western Virginia delegates to their homes, those who had betrayed their constituents, were

received with merited scorn. A party, small in number, soon sprung up, who advocated the adoption of the secession ordinance. This party was sustained by squads of troops, sent from the eastern counties to dragoon public sentiment. But in spite of the most strenuous efforts of the secession leaders, the people were true to their convictions, and the ordinance, when voted upon, was defeated by a large majority, in nearly all the trans-Alleghany counties.

The strife continued, and ripened into bitter persecution of those who remained true in their allegiance to the old Government. Larger bodies of troops were pushed through the mountain passes. These overran the country bordering on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad. Gov. Letcher, on the twentieth of April—three days after the passage of the secession ordinance—wrote to Andrew Sweeney, Mayor of Wheeling, to “take possession of the Custom House, Post Office, all public buildings, and public documents, in the name of Virginia,” adding, “Virginia has seceded.” Mayor Sweeney, faithful to the trust which the public had committed to him, gave true expression of the popular sentiment, when, in his reply to Gov. Letcher, he said: “I have taken possession of the Custom House, Post Office, and all public buildings, and public documents, in the name of Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, whose property they are.” A noble reply, from the loyal Mayor of the loyal city of Wheeling. This brought the issue directly between the State and Federal Governments. It was evident to those who had watched the current of public sentiment in the West, that the hardy mountaineers, left to their own impulses, would rally around the old flag, which from childhood had been to them an object of reverence. This they were not permitted to do. By authority of Gov. Letcher, who had been legally elected Chief Magistrate of the State, squads of troops scoured the valleys, urging, entreating, and commanding men, to take up arms. Their State pride was appealed to, and, when all else failed, force was used, to compel them to commit some act, to compromise their loyalty to the Federal cause. In this way, a considerable militia force was raised in the counties where the Confederate troops were quartered, or through which they roved.

The Union men were not idle. A Convention was called at Wheeling. It assembled on the thirteenth of May. Nearly four hundred delegates were present. A determination to share in the fortunes of the old Union was manifested. The greatest enthusiasm prevailed. The National standard floated from the top of every public building. The favorite orators of the people were received with exultant shouts. Their patriotic sentiments were cheered to the echo. Twenty-six counties were represented by regularly elected delegates. A proposition was made to admit informal delegates. John S. Carlile, the most prominent politician present, who at Richmond had nobly contended against the secession heresy, opposed the admission of informal delegates, on the ground that a regular organization and parliamentary precedence was essential to give force and effect to the proceedings. Much feeling was exhibited by speakers representing counties where formal conventions had not been held. Finally the matter was referred to a Committee of one from each county represented. Delegates from some of the Valley counties were present who entreated to be taken along in the event of the secession of Western Virginia. Various plans of action were proposed. The boldest was by Mr. Carlile, who advocated the withdrawal of two congressional districts, comprising thirty-one counties, and containing a population of two hundred and fifty thousand, and the organization of a Provisional Government. Another plan was to organize a State Government to be recognized by Congress under the Constitution; and to submit it to the vote of the people. The vote on the secession ordinance was not yet taken, and the vote on the new State organization could be submitted at the same time. These, with other plans, were referred to the Committee on Federal Relations, who reported without recommending any definite action. The fear of committing treason to the State, seemed to weigh heavily on the hearts of members. Mr. Carlile moved the reconsideration of his resolutions, and supported the motion by a brilliant and powerful speech, depicting in eloquent terms the absolute necessity for prompt and immediate action. The adoption of the report of the Committee, he contended, would disappoint the people, and

result in the utter and inevitable subjugation of Western Virginia, to the Southern Confederacy. He declared, that in three weeks after the passage of such resolutions, every able-bodied member of the Convention would, at the tap of the Confederate drum, be drafted into the rebel army. Mr. Carlile's proposition was opposed by Mr. Willey, who declared that there was as much treason in acting now, as there ever would be, as by the terms of the secession ordinance, it was already operative. Besides, they had no means to set a government in motion, much less to maintain it by war; and the adoption of Carlile's plan would make their fair fields the theater of a relentless war, between two hostile powers. The Convention, having been in session one week, adjourned without taking any final action, but ordered the assembling of another body, at the same place, on the eleventh of June.

The Convention met on the day appointed. Arthur J. Boreman, of Wood county, was chosen permanent president. In his address, he reviewed the action of the Richmond Convention, and exhorted the delegates to firm, decided, and thorough action. The first action of the body was the adoption of a resolution offered by Mr. Carlile, thanking Gen. McClellan for sending troops to Western Virginia; commending the gallant troops at Philippi, and complimenting the bravery of Col. Kelly.

On the nineteenth of June, a Declaration of Independence was unanimously adopted. Fifty-six members voted for, and signed it. Thirty were absent on leave. The declaration set forth the grievances entailed upon the people, by the Convention at Richmond, and solemnly declared, that the safety and security of the people of Virginia, demanded the re-organization of the Government of the Commonwealth, and that all acts of said Convention were without authority, and void, and that the offices of all who adhered to said Convention, whether Legislative, executive or judicial, were vacated. Under this declaration, Francis H. Pierpont was chosen Governor. He summoned the Legislature to meet at Wheeling on the first day of July. The machinery of a State Government was put in motion, and recognized by the Federal Government, by the admission of Senators to Congress chosen under it.

PHILIPPI.

General McClellan, in May, 1861, was assigned to the Department of the Ohio, which included Western Virginia. He rapidly organized the troops called from the several States within his command. Indiana had six regiments ready for the field. One of these, the Eleventh, Col. Wallace's, had been sent to Evansville, to prevent the passage South, of supplies and munitions of war, and to protect the interests of the Government on the southern border. The following extract from the special order issued by Gen. Morris, on assigning the Eleventh to the border, will show how careful he was to recognize the supremacy of the civil authorities: "The regiment is charged with the duty of protecting the city and country from invasion, insurrection, or violence of any character; being held in strict subordination to the civil authorities, and being extremely careful to abstain from all interference with private property, the rights of citizens, or the good order and peace of society."

On the twenty-fourth of May, 1861, Gen. McClellan visited Indianapolis, and reviewed the brigade under the command of Gen. Morris, which consisted of the Sixth regiment, Col. Crittenden's; Seventh, Col. Dumont's; Eighth, Col. Benton's; Ninth, Col. Milroy's; and Tenth, Col. Manson's—all three months men. The review was the most grand military pageant that had ever been witnessed at the Capital of Indiana. The troops were in fine condition, and eager to be led to the field. They were highly complimented by Gen. McClellan. Their equipment was pronounced complete. In a short speech at the Bates House, Gen. McClellan assured the assembled thousands, that the Indiana troops would soon be called upon to follow him, and have an opportunity of winning the distinction they so eagerly coveted. These were not idle words.

The events just sketched convinced the Government, that if Western Virginia was saved, it must be done by force of arms. Although the result of every ballot proved the Union sentiment to be in a large majority, yet the secession element was well organized, and ably supported by armed bands from

the Confederacy. Gen. Lee was in command of all the State troops of Virginia. The Confederacy, while forming a strong military line on the Potomac, were hurrying troops through the passes of the mountains, to support the roving detachments, with a view to the permanent occupation of the territory. The Union men of the river counties raised a regiment, which was placed under command of Col. Kelly, of Wheeling. A Confederate force under Col. Porterfield occupied Grafton. They forced many citizens to fly from their homes, leaving their property to be pillaged by the enemy. These fugitives warned the people of the fate awaiting them, in the event of the success of the Confederates. The people flew to arms, and being joined by friends from Pennsylvania, marched toward Grafton in force about one thousand strong. On their approach Porterfield fled to Philippi. Col. Kelly, with his first Virginia regiment, arrived at Grafton shortly after its evacuation, and assumed command.

On the evening of the twenty-sixth of May, Gen. McClellan received notice at his headquarters, then in Cincinnati, that the rebels had burned two bridges near Farmington, on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, and were preparing to burn others between that point and Wheeling. He immediately issued the following address to the Union men of Western Virginia:

“VIRGINIANS:—The General Government has long enough endured the machinations of a few factious rebels in your midst. Armed traitors have in vain endeavored to deter you from expressing your loyalty at the polls; having failed in this infamous attempt to deprive you of the exercise of your dearest rights, they now seek to inaugurate a reign of terror, and thus force you to yield to their schemes, and submit to the yoke of the traitorous conspiracy, dignified by the name of Southern Confederacy. They are destroying the property of citizens of your State, and ruining your magnificent railways. The General Government has heretofore carefully abstained from sending troops across the Ohio, or even from posting them along its banks, although frequently urged by many of your prominent citizens to do so. It determined to await the result of the late election, desirous that no one

might be able to say that the slightest effort had been made from this side to influence the free expression of your opinion, although the many agencies brought to bear upon you by the rebels were well known. You have now shown, under the most adverse circumstances, that the great mass of the people of Western Virginia are true and loyal to that beneficent Government under which we and our fathers have lived so long. As soon as the result of the election was known, the traitors commenced their work of destruction. The General Government can not close its ears to the demand you have made for assistance. I have ordered troops to cross the river. They come as your friends and brothers—as enemies only to the armed rebels who are preying upon you. Your homes, your families, and your property, are safe under our protection. All your rights shall be religiously respected.

Notwithstanding all that has been said by the traitors to induce you to believe that our advent among you will be signalized by interference with your slaves, understand one thing clearly—not only will we abstain from all such interference, but we will, on the contrary, with an iron hand, crush any attempt at insurrection on their part. Now, that we are in your midst, I call upon you to fly to arms and support the General Government. Sever the connection that binds you to traitors—proclaim to the world that the faith and loyalty so long boasted by the Old Dominion are still preserved in Western Virginia, and that you remain true to the Stars and Stripes.”

This address was accompanied by the following to the volunteer army under his command:

“**SOLDIERS:**—You are ordered to cross the frontier and enter upon the soil of Virginia. Your mission is to restore peace and confidence, to protect the majesty of the law, and to rescue our brethren from the grasp of armed traitors. You are to act in concert with the Virginia troops, and to support their advance.

I place under the safeguard of your honor the persons and property of the Virginians. I know that you will respect their feelings and all their rights. Preserve the strictest dis-

cipline; remember that each one of you holds in his keeping the honor of Ohio and of the Union.

If you are called upon to overcome armed opposition, I know that your courage is equal to the task; but remember that your only foes are the armed traitors—and show mercy even to them when they are in your power, for many of them are misguided. When, under your protection, the loyal men of Western Virginia have been enabled to organize and arm, they can protect themselves; and you can then return to your homes, with the proud satisfaction of having preserved a gallant people from destruction.”

The troops from Ohio and Indiana were immediately put in motion, for the seat of war. A portion of Gen. Morris' brigade, the Seventh, Col. Dumont's, and the Ninth, Col. Milroy's, started by railroad to Wheeling,—the Sixth, Col. Crittenden's, went to Parkersburg, from thence to Philippi, where it joined the other two. The Eighth regiment, Col. Benton's, and the Tenth, Col. Manson's, subsequently were sent by rail and water to Parkersburg, where they joined the column which was eventually led by Gen. McClellan in person. The Ohio regiments, commanded by Colonels Irvin and Andrews, crossed the river from Benwood to Wheeling on the twenty-seventh of May.

Through the State of Ohio, the approach of our troops was everywhere hailed with enthusiasm. Letters from our officers and men were filled with graphic descriptions of the attentions shown them at every station. It was different when they crossed the Ohio river. Along the railroads, a Union flag, occasionally waved as the train swept by, but no enthusiasm was evinced. Some poetical accounts were at that time written of lively and heartfelt demonstrations of welcome to our troops, but they fade from view, in the preponderance of testimony, that the wealthier classes were sullen, and the poorer classes at least undemonstrative.

The Ninth Indiana crossed the river at Benwood and proceeded on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad to Grafton, where it arrived on the first of June. The Sixth and Seventh regiments followed next day.

Gen. Morris arrived at Grafton in company with the Indi-

ana troops. The General was accompanied by a very able staff. Major Love, a graduate of West Point, who had served with distinction in the regular cavalry during the Mexican war, was Brigade Major. John A. Stein, of Lafayette, was Acting Assistant Adjutant General, and Milo S. Hascall, afterwards Gen. Hascall, a West Point graduate, was aid-de-camp, and Dr. Fletcher, Mr., afterwards Col., Hines, and other young men of intelligence from Indianapolis, were members of the military family, as volunteer aids.

Col. Kelly was on the eve of starting for Philippi, to rout Col. Porterfield's force at that point, when Gen. Morris arrived at Grafton. Kelly's troops were already in line. The expedition and its object were known to every one in Grafton. Gen. Morris sent for Col. Kelly. On consultation this expedition was abandoned.

Rebel sympathizers who eagerly watched our every movement, and had means of communication with the rebels, which the Federal commanders could not detect, supposed that no attack would be made on the rebel forces. Morris felt convinced that the small force of Col. Kelly,—inferior in numbers to the army he was about to attack—would be met in some of the mountain defiles and perhaps defeated.

The utmost Kelly with his forces, could do, was to defeat Porterfield; Morris wished to capture him. The Seventh and Ninth Indiana regiments were already in Grafton, the Sixth Indiana and Fourteenth Ohio were expected at Webster that evening. Col. Lander, volunteer aid to Gen. McClellan, was coming with a section of Burnett's Ohio artillery. These troops came as expected. Gen. Morris, instead of making the direct attack, contemplated by the gallant Col. Kelly, planned an expedition, which was to start quietly and secretly, and attack the enemy's camp in front and rear.

The attacking force was to move in two columns, by different roads. The First Virginia, the Ninth Indiana, and a portion of the Fourteenth Ohio, were to move east to Thornton, a small railway station five miles from Grafton, and from thence march under command of Col. Kelly to the rear of the enemy's position. The second column, consisting of the Sixth and Seventh Indiana, and Fourteenth Ohio—Col. Lan-

der accompanying the column in charge of the artillery—were to march from Webster, a distance of twelve miles, and assail the enemy in front. The attack of the two divisions was to be simultaneous, at four o'clock in the morning. The column from Webster was instructed to wait on the hills above Philippi, for the signal of the approach of Col. Kelly's column. The march was made at night, through darkness, rain and mud. Bravely the soldiers toiled in a drenching storm, through a strange and mountainous country. Their route lay through valleys crossed by swollen streams, over the spurs, and winding along the slopes, of the more elevated range of mountains. The early dawn found the column from Webster on the heights above Philippi. At the foot of this range of hills, ran Tygart's Valley River—a branch of the Monongahela—across it, nestling in one of the most romantic little valleys in Western Virginia, lay the pretty little village of Philippi. The road wound down the ridge to a fine bridge, which spanned the river at the entrance to the town.

The advance of this column was discovered by the enemy. Col. Lander was riding ahead of the troops in the gray of the morning, when he was seen by a woman who twice fired at him with a pistol, and started her little boy across the hills, to apprise Col. Porterfield of the approach of Federal troops.

Impatiently the column awaited the signal of the approach of Col. Kelly. The officers swept the hills across the valley with their glasses, straining their eyes to note the most trivial evidence of a moving object. The camp below was in commotion, the firing of the pistol by the woman having aroused them. The boy sent never reached the camp. He was overtaken and held by some of our men until the action opened, when he was sent back to his belligerent mother.

The hour appointed for the attack came and passed, but still Col. Kelly's division had not arrived. Col. Lander, fearful that the enemy might escape unhurt, if he longer waited for the arrival of Col. Kelly—who might still be some miles away toiling among the hills—ordered the battery to unlimber and begin the attack. Soon after the sound of the first gun woke the echoes of the hills, Col. Kelly's command

appeared in sight, but not at the point expected. The treacherous guide, in the darkness and storm, had led the column astray. It entered the town immediately below the camp, instead of debouching from the hills upon the Beverly pike, which would have thrown it directly in the rear of the enemy, and secured his capture. The battery soon got range of the rebel camp, which was about a quarter of a mile distant. The first ball pierced through a barn and took off the leg of a man named Dangerfield.

The enemy made no attempt to take a position of defense. At the first flash of the guns, they fled, each eager to secure his own safety. While the artillery thundered from the hills, the infantry moved down the road at double quick, rushed through the bridge, shouting like Indians; Kelly's forces closed upon the fugitives from the flank, the two columns uniting on the main street of the town, and continuing the pursuit along the Beverly pike. The rebels were fresh. The Federals were wearied by a long and fatiguing night march. The pursuit was continued for about two miles, when our troops, failing to overtake the retreating foe, returned and took possession of the abandoned rebel camp.

The only casualty to the Union forces in this brilliant surprise, was the wounding of Col. Kelly, the chivalrous Virginian, who was shot in the shoulder by a pistol ball, while leading the pursuit through the town. It was never known who fired the shot. A rebel Quartermaster, named Simms, was seized and accused of the act. He would have been roughly handled by the heated followers of Col. Kelly, had not that noble soldier interfered to protect him. It was reported that the shot was fired after the fight, and by the hand of an assassin. Capt. Benham, the Chief of Engineers, who subsequently investigated the matter, says in his report to Gen. Morris, "notwithstanding one report to me that he was shot from a house, I am still disposed to think he was shot in a fair fight by a gallant fellow who was surrounded, and fired at the brightest mark."

The life of Col. Kelly was for a long time despaired of, but he finally recovered and has since, as Brigadier General, been actively engaged in the field.

Porterfield's force consisted of twelve hundred men, five hundred of whom were cavalry. He had represented to the citizens that he had twenty-five hundred men. His object in exaggerating the number of his force, being to overawe the Union, and strengthen the secession, feeling. A large amount of stores was left behind by the fugitives, but the captures were not so important as then represented. Col. Porterfield's baggage and official papers fell into the hands of the Union army. Three hundred and eighty stand of arms and a flag of one of the rebel regiments, were among the trophies. Col. Willey, who had led the bridge burning party, was taken prisoner. Upon his person was found his commission in the Confederate service, and letters from Gen. Garnett, the rebel commander.

Col. Dumont, of the Seventh Indiana, assumed the command on the fall of Col. Kelly, and immediately commenced vigorous efforts to secure the approaches to the town,—to ascertain the state of the country, and the condition of the enemy. In this work he was ably assisted by Capt. Benham of the Engineers. In his first official report, written on the fourth of June, Col. Dumont speaks of the services of Jonathan W. Gordon—of the Ninth Indiana—who had at his solicitation “led a small mounted scouting party on a hazardous expedition and performed it in a very satisfactory manner.” This seems to have been the origin of that efficient system of scouting which characterized the operations of both campaigns in Western Virginia. Among the mountains it was a perilous service, but had the charms of adventure and romance, which made it irresistible to the bold and active sons of the Hoosier and Buckeye States.

The occupation of Philippi developed the fact, that nearly all the wealthier classes were strongly tinctured with secession. The leading men of the place had abandoned their homes, and gone with the Confederate troops. Those who remained were sullen, and unwilling to commit themselves to the Union cause. They argued that the retirement of the Federal forces would leave them subject to every species of oppression, and the most that could be expected from them was strict neutrality between the opposing forces.

The question of the permanent occupation of the place was at once presented to the mind of the commander. Should our forces fall back to Grafton, those who were yet uncommitted to the Confederate cause, would at once be forced by the rebels to commit the overt act of treason, and unite their destiny with the armed bands, which would soon be poured upon them. Capt. Benham carefully compared the reports of his scouts with the testimony of citizens, and came to the conclusion that Porterfield's forces, twelve hundred strong, were at Beverly, twenty-five or thirty miles from Philippi, at the junction of the Staunton pike, with the road passing through Philippi, and winding along the Laurel Hill range, to the passes leading to the Great Central Valley. Through these passes troops could be thrown from Eastern Virginia. Benham, in his report to Gen. Morris, suggested an advance upon Beverly, urging if Philippi was held, Beverly must be occupied.

Gen. Morris found it impossible to advance with a view to a permanent occupation. He had no wagons, the troops had been hurried from Grafton without even their camp equipage, and the limited number of teams obtainable in the country barely sufficed to forward supplies to Philippi. He assented, however, to an expedition to attack the forces gathering at Beverly. But a continued storm, such as frequently sweep over these mountain regions, delayed the proposed movement until the enemy pushed forces through the gaps of the Alleghanies, and effected, as they supposed, a permanent lodgment with Beverly as a center.

LAUREL HILL.

Col. Porterfield, before falling back from Grafton, had notified the authorities at Richmond, that it would be impossible to prevent the Federal troops from overrunning Western Virginia, unless a strong force was at once sent there. He reported that not over one-third of the militia were willing to take up arms for the State; the majority declaring if they must fight, they would fight for the Union. This notice did not pass unheeded. A plan of campaign was quickly adopted to

check the further advance of the Federal forces. Gen. Wise, who had organized a brigade in the Kanawha region, was ordered to cross the intervening mountains, and co-operate with the forces which were then being hurried through the Valley to oppose the army of Gen. McClellan. Gen. Garnett was placed in command of North-Western Virginia. He at once fortified the passes on the roads leading to Beverly. Beverly is the principal town in Tygart's Valley, and the seat of justice for Randolph county. The fine turnpike road from Webster through Philippi, crossing the Laurel Hill range—and the Parkersburg and Staunton pike, crossing Rich Mountain, there unite, and form the only practicable road for an army to cross the Alleghanies, which divide Western and Central Virginia. The authorities at Richmond evidently feared Gen. McClellan would push through the mountain passes, and effect a junction with Gen. Patterson, for the purpose of occupying the valley of the Shenandoah. Pollard, a Southern writer, in his "First Year of the War," says: "The demonstrations of the Federal forces in the direction of the Valley of Virginia, were certainly thwarted by the timely falling back of our army from Harper's Ferry to Winchester. Gen. Patterson's approach was expected by the great route into the Valley from Pennsylvania and Maryland, leading through Winchester, and it was an object of the utmost importance to prevent any junction between his forces and those of Gen. McClellan, who was already making his way into the upper portions of the Valley." The positions of Gen. Garnett were admirably chosen, as may be seen by glancing at a map of Virginia. If, at any point on his line, he might expect to check McClellan's advance, it was either at Rich Mountain or Laurel Hill; and in the event of that General moving his forces by rail to the Potomac outlets of the Valley, and thus effect a junction with Patterson, he could sally from his mountain fastnesses, and overrun the country thus left to his mercy.

We have no evidence that Gen. McClellan's instructions extended farther than to drive the enemy from his Department. His measures to do this were promptly taken. He dispatched Gen. Cox with a considerable force to the Kanawha

region, to hold Wise and Floyd in check. This end was accomplished, although a column of Gen. Cox's forces, under Col. Lowe, was repulsed in an attack on the enemy's works at Scareytown. Gen. Morris was ordered to advance from Philippi to Bealington, a small village, within a mile of the camp at Laurel Hill, where Gen. Garnett commanded in person, and where he was strongly intrenched. The instructions of Gen. McClellan were full and explicit. Gen. Morris was not to attack. He was to reconnoiter the country thoroughly, and amuse the rebel General with the idea that the main attack was to be made on that position. The plan was to hold Garnett at Laurel Hill, while McClellan gained his rear. Gen. McClellan himself moved from Parkersburg through Clarksburg and Buckhannon, and encamped at Roaring Run—a small stream which crosses the main Staunton pike, directly in front of the rebel works at Rich Mountain—where Col. Pegram commanded. Gen. Morris faithfully carried out the instructions given him. He moved to Bealington, and closely invested Gen. Garnett.

The skirmishing in front of the Laurel Hill intrenchments was heavy and constant. The enemy occupied the wooded hills in front of his works with masses of troops, and resolutely disputed the advance of reconnoitering parties. Nothing could restrain the ardor of the Indiana and Ohio soldiers. They frequently stole out from their camps, drove in the outer pickets, and engaged in a brisk fight with the enemy. The regular scouts of Gen. Morris were constantly in the saddle, and penetrated every by-path on the surrounding hills. Their adventures, always daring, and often perilous, would fill a volume. The Colonels were eager to lead their regiments in the storming of the works. This, Gen. Morris, under his instructions, could not permit. The orders given him were imperative. He was only to threaten—not to attack. The position and range of the enemy's works were concealed by the thickly wooded mountain spurs; but the scouts had penetrated by stealth to positions overlooking them. The situation was well known to Gen. Morris. He also knew the position could be turned. The laurel thickets,—from which the range of hills takes its name,—while they screened

the enemy, afforded shelter for our scouts, who were soon familiar with every rock and path in the vicinity. The only approach for artillery was by the pike, winding along the hill sides, lined with thick undergrowth, and overshadowed by tall forest trees. Our skirmishers often drove the enemy from their hiding places. The artillery frequently dashed up the road, and threw shells into the woods beyond. The men occasionally accompanied their charges with a yell, and poured volleys of musketry upon the startled rebels, whom they pursued until superior numbers from the works beyond drove them back. They then sought the shelter of trees and logs, and continued the fight, until positive orders recalled them to camp. Thus the skirmishing continued from day to day. The instances of individual daring and courage were numerous. Col. Milroy's Ninth regiment was especially conspicuous in these scenes. They had acquired the soubriquet of "Swamp Devils;" and from their annoyance of the rebel pickets and outposts, at Laurel Hill, they might also have appropriately been termed "Mountain Imps." Their Colonel there exhibited the qualities that have since distinguished him in the war—a daring akin to rashness, and a bravery which seldom sought counsel from judgment.

Gen. Morris, cool and cautious, carefully watched over his little army. While gathering information respecting the enemy's strength, he was willing our men should test their ability on his outposts, and occasionally feel his position. It seasoned the men, and accustomed them to stand fire. When the order to advance came, he knew he could depend upon them.

The Seventh and Ninth regiments lost several brave men in these skirmishes. The regiments opposed to them, so far as could be learned, were Georgians, who seemed to be foemen worthy of their steel. On one occasion, a Georgian, after a sharp engagement, in which neither party seemed to have gained much advantage, peeping from behind his tree, asked, "What troops are you?" "Ohio and Indiana Volunteers," was the response. "Volunteers!" exclaimed the Georgian, "you need not tell me volunteers stand fire that way!"

George P. Buell, the editor of the Democratic Review,—

formerly published in Indianapolis,—and who had once represented Marion county in the State Legislature, accompanied the Ohio troops to Western Virginia, and took an active part in these dashing enterprises. One Sunday morning he went with the advanced skirmishers to the wooded hill which concealed the enemy's works. It was swarming with rebels. When the skirmishers halted to deploy, and moved forward from tree to tree, Buell, who was well mounted, kept straight on to Laurel Hill. The audacity of the proceeding startled the rebels, who permitted him to proceed several hundred yards before they opened fire, which at length came in a perfect storm. Buell, hatless, rejoined his comrades, having run the gauntlet untouched by a shot.

The enemy's cavalry made several charges down the slopes of the hills, exciting the admiration of our men. On one occasion, a charge had been repulsed, with considerable loss. A wounded cavalryman was seen to reel upon his horse. A comrade who rode by his side had his bridle arm shattered. He took the bridle in his teeth, and with his sword arm drew up his falling companion on the saddle behind him, and succeeded in making his escape to camp, followed by the admiring cheers of the brave men with whom he had been battling.

But the thousand instances of chivalry on both sides must be left to the sketches which will be written concerning this war, in which the highest and noblest traits which dignify the race have been so frequently exhibited. Written they will be. There is a love for brave deeds—an admiration of the heroic—implanted in the human heart, which no system of ethics has been, or ever shall be able to eradicate. We admire a courageous enemy, however we may condemn the motive which incites him, provided there be nothing low or base in his acts. A mistaken motive we may condemn, but, in spite of our reason, we can not but admire the acts of a brave, noble and chivalric soldier. How often, when our brave volunteers returned from their first campaign, have we sat, hour after hour, listening to their recital, interspersed with complimentary remarks of the daring deeds of the foe they had so gallantly repulsed.

RICH MOUNTAIN.

Gen. McClellan, meantime, in his camp at Roaring Run, was preparing to move upon the Rich Mountain works. Could he drive Pegram from his stronghold, across the mountain, he would be in Garnett's rear, and entrap that General and his Laurel Hill force. Pegram felt secure in his fortified gorge. He boasted that his position could not be turned; and that he could resist a front attack from any force that could be brought against him. But his position was turned, in spite of the seemingly impassable barriers which frowned from his flanks. There was very little skirmishing about Roaring Run. Col. Pegram left his front door open, hoping Gen. McClellan would walk into the vestibule of his mansion, which was intended to be converted into a slaughter pen. A reconnoissance was made on the tenth of July, and on the eleventh the movement was made to turn the position, which resulted in the battle of Rich Mountain and in the capture of the stronghold. A young man named Hart, son of the proprietor of the mountain farm upon which Pegram was encamped, agreed to guide a force by bridle paths over the mountain on the enemy's left, to their rear. At three o'clock in the morning, the Eighth, Tenth and Thirteenth Indiana, and the Sixteenth Ohio, regiments, with Burdsall's troop of cavalry, left camp, under command of Gen. Roscerans. The troops were in light marching order, with one day's rations in their haversacks. Taking a wide detour to the south-east, the column commenced to ascend the mountain, through tangled undergrowth, over slippery paths, often so narrow that two men could not move abreast, and so steep that they had literally to climb from rock to rock. They passed far above Pegram's camp, following the ridge that curved to the rear. While following the uncertain path, the mountain top was reached, then the beautiful Valley of the Tygart river, with the Cheat Mountain range beyond, broke in the grey light of the morning upon the vision of the tired soldiers. Each turn in the narrow winding road changed the delightful scene which stretched far away below them. To their view was presented an ever-changing panorama of mountain and vale.

The pike struck the mountain at a depression between two high ridges, and wound up through the camp. The ridges almost meet at Hart's house, the highest point on the road. The column, without being disturbed by pickets, had reached the elevation above the farm house, a mile in the rear of the fortifications, when suddenly a volley was poured into them. It was evident the enemy had been apprised of their movement, and had disposed his force to meet it. The men were ordered to lie down. Gen. Rosecrans dashed along the mountain side, rapidly scanning the condition of affairs. At the first fire Capt. Chris. Miller, of the Tenth Indiana, fell, having been shot through the left lung. His subsequent recovery was a source of as great surprise, as joy, to the citizens of Indiana.

The rebels were discovered in force, intrenched behind log breastworks, on the opposite side of the road, and on the slope of the twin mountain spur upon which our forces had advanced. They had three pieces of cannon, partially protected by the farm buildings, from which they kept up a lively cannonade during the brief reconnoissance. Gen. Rosecrans moved his force from the thick wood on the hill top, to the cleared land on its side. There he formed his line—the Tenth Indiana on the right, the Eighth in the center, and the Thirteenth on the left, flanking or bending toward the front. The Nineteenth Ohio was formed in reserve. After considerable skirmishing, in which both parties lost many men, a large body of rebels, under cover of their battery, charged across the road. The Hoosiers lay still in the grass. The grape, canister and shells from the rebel battery passed over them. They were ordered to fire. Each man in the line sprang to his feet. A murderous volley was poured into the ranks of the advancing foe. They hastened back to their cover. Our men broke line and followed, each company and squad fighting independently of the other. The daring Col. Lauder, who was with the party, leaped upon a high rock—a conspicuous object for the rebel marksmen—urging the men to form in companies, and charge the batteries. A Lieutenant and twenty men, deployed as skirmishers, commenced picking off the gunners. In the meantime, Gen. Rosecrans, dashing

over rocks and stumps, and fallen timber, appeared among the troops, and reformed the line broken by the headlong daring of the men. The order to take the batteries was given. The skirmishers poured in a volley. The line dashed like a thunderbolt down the hill. The struggle was short. The rebels fought well, but nothing could withstand that furious charge. The batteries were taken—by what regiments it matters not—for all fought gallantly and well. The rebels fled towards their main position at the foot of the east slope of the mountain, followed for some distance by our troops, who could scarcely be restrained from rushing into the rebel intrenchments below.

The battle commenced about two o'clock and lasted for an hour and twenty minutes. A portion of the time, the firing was very heavy, and distinctly heard in Gen. McClellan's camp at Roaring Run. The Federal loss was light compared with that of the enemy, who besides their killed and wounded, had a number made prisoners. The entire force of Gen. Rosecrans was one thousand seven hundred and forty—that of the enemy about nine hundred. The disparity in numbers was more than equalized by the artillery and breastworks of the enemy.

When the battle opened two regiments of Confederate troops, were ascending the eastern slope of the mountain from Beverly to reinforce Pegram's rear guard. They were advised by fugitives of the defeat, and fell back, but were still in a condition to join in a night attack, should Pegram sally from his camp, upon the isolated little force of Gen. Rosecrans. Pegram, however, was threatened in front by a heavy force under Gen. McClellan, and, having been defeated in the rear by Gen. Rosecrans, took advantage of the night, which set in dark and stormy, to abandon his camp with all his stores, and fly over a mountain path in the direction of Laurel Hill. The regiments advancing to his aid, retired through Beverly towards the Cheat Mountain Pass. Early next morning Rosecrans moved upon Pegram's main works, and found only a few stragglers and sick, to tell the story of the hasty flight of their commander.

Gen. McClellan immediately moved his column to Beverly,

and took active measures to cut off the retreat of Garnett from Laurel Hill, and to capture the fugitives from Rich Mountain. The mountains were scouted in every direction. Prisoners were picked up on every by-path, who, wearied and dispirited, were brought to headquarters.

CARRICK'S FORD.

The capture of a courier despatched by Gen. McClellan, revealed the plan of his attack upon Rich Mountain. Gen. Garnett, at Laurel Hill, being advised of the movement and anticipating its success, hastily abandoned his camp on the night of the eleventh of July, hoping to pass Beverly before the force of Gen. McClellan could reach it from the Weston pike. The roads were heavy from the constant rains. He had proceeded but seven or eight miles in the direction of Beverly, when he found the route blocked in his front. Retracing his steps a few miles, he struck off at Leedsville, on the Leading Creek road, towards St. George, in Tucker county. This road plunges at once into the wild mountains of the Cheat range, and has all the characteristics of a tolerable pass-way over rugged and broken spurs swept by mountain torrents. The retiring force hastily disencumbered themselves of all superfluous baggage, and marked their track with blankets, knapsacks and clothing.

At daylight on Friday morning, the twelfth, conflicting reports were received at the headquarters of Gen. Morris, from the night scouts. One party reported that the enemy had evacuated, while another who had occupied a different stand point was positive he had been reinforced during the night. These conflicting reports rendered it necessary to send out other parties, who soon returned with stories quite as much at variance as those received in the early morning. Gen. Morris then ordered three regiments to approach the works cautiously by the pike. They marched up and found them evacuated; the tents, however, were still standing.

The entire column was put in pursuit of the enemy. Then followed one of the most exciting races between a retreating, and pursuing force recorded in the annals of the war. The

graphic accounts of the chase which reached us through the press at the time must be familiar to our readers. The advance had scarcely passed the deserted camp when they met with obstructions. The enemy had felled heavy trees across the road. Axes had to be obtained, and men set to work to remove the obstructions. The Seventh and Ninth Indiana, the Fourteenth Ohio, and a section of Barnett's Ohio battery, led the advance. There could be no mistake in reference to the line of retreat, for the deep mud was worked to a jelly by the active feet of men and horses. The mouth of the Leedsville road was closely blocked with fallen trees. It was evident the retreating foe had doubled on his track. He had turned and blockaded the road behind him. There was evidence too, that he had advanced towards Beverly. A short halt was made. A guide was found who led the advance by a rough and broken path around the obstructions. Night coming on, the men bivouaced on the rocks and among the bushes, many of them going supperless to their airy beds, those best provided for partook of a slice of raw pork or a piece of soaked cracker, which chance had left in their haversacks.

At two o'clock on Saturday morning, the advance was again in motion. The sky was overcast, and the weather cold. A chilling mist followed, which soon turned into a pitiless storm. The rain descended in torrents, and rushed in cataracts from the hill sides. The road was miserable. The soldiers slipped, and plunged, and scrambled along, often reeling like drunken men in the mire; but they overcame every obstacle in their eagerness to overtake the foe. The evidence of the haste of the rebels increased as our troops advanced. Broken wagons were upset in the gorges, and hung to the sides of precipices. The thickets on the road sides were strewn with officers' baggage, having been thrown out to lighten the teams. The soft mud in the road was thickened with blankets and other articles, dropped by fatigued and overmarched men. The enemy started twelve hours in advance of our troops. After fruitless efforts to bring up his train, he abandoned, first, much of the contents of his wagons, next, many of the wagons themselves. About

noon, the advance emerged from the defile upon Cheat River at Kahler's Ford. The main body was several miles in the rear, their march even more severe than that of the advance, as the mud became deeper by each additional body of men that tramped through it. At the ford the advance perceived the enemy. He was evidently seeking a position to make a stand. He halted a large portion of his force until the remnant of his train, lightened of nearly all its load, passed on. The Ohio and Indiana soldiers dashed into the stream, the water being nearly waist deep. With great difficulty, they were halted on the opposite side of the river, until the artillery arrived. A single shot set the rebel infantry in motion. On went the eager Union soldiers in pursuit, splashing through the mud, trampling the bushes beneath their feet. The rebels rally to cover their train. A scattering fire of musketry opens, and continues, until the artillery unlimbers. A few shells compel them to scamper. Thus a running fight was kept up for three miles to the second crossing, called Carriek's Ford, which takes its name from the owner of the farm. At this point, the mountains recede on both sides of the river, leaving a comparatively level bottom of about a mile in width. On the opposite side, the rebels prepared to make a stand. Here the bank is bold and high, rising about sixty feet above the shore, down which, the Fourteenth Ohio, being in advance, rushed for the ford. Rebel wagons were stuck fast in the stream. The teamsters implored the skirmishers not to shoot, as they were about to surrender. Gen. Garnett now rose from the bushes on the opposite bank, ordering his men, who were in position behind a fence, in an oat field, to fire. The Fourteenth Ohio, without flinching, received the volley. The rebel battery now opened. The Seventh and Ninth Indiana hastened up, Barnett's artillery unlimbered, and the battle, for a few minutes, raged with fury. The fire, however, was not destructive; the principal loss falling on the Fourteenth Ohio, which had received the first deliberate volley of the enemy. Capt. Benham, who commanded the advance, ordered Col. Dumont, with six companies of the Seventh Indiana, to cross the river above the ford, pass up the hill, and reach the

enemy's rear. The order being given, the Seventh, with their gallant Colonel at their head, plunged into the rapid stream. The head of the column reached the opposite bank, and were working up its almost perpendicular sides by the aid of rocks and bushes, when Capt. Benham, seeing the hopeless task in which they were engaged, ordered Col. Dumont to form his men in the river bed, to march down the river under cover of the bank, and charge the enemy in front at the ford, while the two regiments, the Ninth Indiana, the Fourteenth Ohio, and Barnett's battery, should pour their fire on the foe over the heads of his men. The command had to march about five hundred yards. The river's bottom was covered with bowlders, which turned at every step; yet the men formed with remarkable regularity. The moment the head of Dumont's column reached the ford, the rebels broke. Gen. Garnett strove to rally his men, but in vain. He stood on the bank waving his handkerchief, urging them to return, and exhorting them to dispute the further advance of our force. The Seventh rushed forward like a whirlwind. Major Gordon, who had accompanied the Ninth Indiana to Virginia, and joined the Seventh at the crossing, jumped upon a stump to cheer on the men. Gen. Garnett directed the attention of a few of his followers, who still clung to him, to the Major. A volley from their guns literally riddled the stump upon which he was standing. The Major, at the same moment, caught sight of Garnett, and directed Sergeant Burlingame, of the Seventh, to bring him down. The Sergeant fired, when the brave and gallant General of the routed and hard pressed rebel army, fell dead. A young Georgian, a mere youth, who, amid all calamity, had clung to his General, fell dead by his side. The battle was ended. The enemy fled in the wildest confusion, followed by our troops, until the hopelessness of further pursuit in those wild and dreary hills was self-evident even to the most eager and earnest. They returned. The reserve came up, and the army bivouaced for the night on the banks of the ford, forever made memorable by the operations of that day. Our loss was two killed, two mortally, and eight slightly wounded—in all twelve. The enemy's loss is not known. Eight of their dead were buried

on the field, three died in hospital, and twelve wounded fell prisoners into our hands. All night long the scouts and pickets continued to bring prisoners into our camp, until their number became an incumbrance to our wearied soldiers.

GENERAL GARNETT.

Major Gordon was the first to reach the fallen General. Life was already extinct. The brave commander of the Confederate army of Western Virginia had given his last order. Tenderly did Major Gordon straighten the limbs, close the eyes, and tie the face, of the gallant dead. The body was recognized by Major Love, who had been a class mate and an intimate friend of the deceased at West Point, and who, to his honor and manhood be it said, shed tears over the lifeless body of his former friend. He had it conveyed to headquarters, and gently assisted in preparing it for the coffin.

Gen. Garnett graduated at West Point in 1841. He was a military character by choice and education. He distinguished himself in the Mexican war, and since that period held very important positions in the army. He was at one time Superintendent of the Military Academy, and was regarded by the officers of the old army as one of its brightest ornaments. A personal description written at the time of his death says: "In person General Garnett was about five feet eight inches, rather slenderly built, with a fine, high arching forehead, and regular and handsome features, almost classic in their regularity, and mingled delicacy and strength of beauty. His hair, almost coal black, as were his eyes, he wore long on the neck, in the prevailing fashion of the Virginia aristocracy. His dress was of fine blue broadcloth throughout, and richly ornamented. The buttons bore the coat of arms of the State of Virginia, and the star on his shoulder strap was richly studded with brilliants.'

Major Gordon was placed in charge of the body of the fallen General, and of the effects found upon it, and was sent with them to the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, that they might be transmitted to his friends.

THE CAMPAIGN ENDS.

Gen. Morris returned to his camp at Bealington, where he made preparations for the return of his three months regiments to their homes, their term of service having expired. Gen. Hill was ordered from Rowelsburg to intercept the scattered army. Although he had a large force, the fugitives slipped through his fingers, and escaped by the way of Romney to Winchester, where they rallied and reorganized.

Gen. McClellan, in the meantime, had received an offer of surrender from Pegram, who, with six hundred of his followers, had wandered over the hills—unable to find a loop-hole of escape—until fatigue and want of food had broken their proud spirit. Gen. McClellan tendered them all the kindness due prisoners of war. Pushing on to Huttonsville, he learned that the force which had occupied Beverly—the reserve of Garnett's army—after having destroyed the bridge, had followed the Staunton pike over Cheat Mountain, and were in full retreat beyond the confines of Western Virginia. He followed to the "Summit," a place afterwards famous in the annals of the war, and sent detachments to the foot of the Alleghanies. The only evidence of an army there seen, were the brushwood camps on the rocky and wooded hills, the smoking embers of bivouac fires, and the wreck of wagons at the foot of mountain declivities, down which they had tumbled in the hasty flight of the rear guard of the Confederate Army of Western Virginia.

Gen. McClellan left a portion of Col. Kimball's regiment, the Fourteenth Indiana, as an outpost on the summit of Cheat Mountain, established a camp at the foot of its western slope, which he placed under command of Gen. Schleich, and returned to Beverly. Truly could the young General say—"the enemy is driven out of Western Virginia." The following address was issued by the Commanding General, and read at the head of the several regiments:

"Soldiers of the Army of the West:

"I am more than satisfied with you.

"You have annihilated two armies, commanded by educated and experienced soldiers, intrenched in mountain fastnesses

fortified at their leisure. You have taken five guns, twelve colors, fifteen hundred stand of arms, one thousand prisoners, including more than forty officers—one of the two commanders of the rebels is a prisoner, the other lost his life on the field of battle. You have killed more than two hundred and fifty of the enemy, who has lost all his baggage and camp equipage. All this has been accomplished with the loss of twenty brave men killed and sixty wounded, on your part.

“You have proved that Union men, fighting for the preservation of our Government, are more than a match for our misguided and erring brethren; more than this, you have shown mercy to the vanquished. You have made long and arduous marches, often with insufficient food, frequently exposed to the inclemency of the weather. I have not hesitated to demand this of you, feeling that I could rely on your endurance, patriotism and courage.

“In the future, I may have still greater demands to make upon you, still greater sacrifices for you to offer; it shall be my care to provide for you to the extent of my ability; but I know now, that by your valor and endurance you will accomplish all that is asked.

“Soldiers! I have confidence in you, and I trust you have learned to confide in me. Remember that discipline and subordination are qualities of equal value with courage.

“I am proud to say that you have gained the highest reward that American troops can receive—the thanks of Congress, and the applause of your fellow citizens.”

The victory of the Union army was complete. The short campaign was brilliantly conceived and ably executed. The Confederate plan for overrunning and subjugating the mountain districts was also marked with genius. The master players met, the first move of the Federal commander on the mountain chess-board scattered, in hopeless confusion, the rebel pawns. Rapidly did he follow his advantage, from skirmish to skirmish, and from outpost to outpost, from camp to camp, until the duty assigned him was thoroughly performed. Gen. McClellan had scarcely time to place his troops in positions to hold what they had gained, before events on another field called him to part from his victorious little army.

On the return of Gen. Morris' Indiana brigade to the capital of the State, to be mustered out of service, he issued the following address to his brave comrades :

“To the Officers and Soldiers of the Brigade :

“The term of service for this brigade, in the army of the United States, having expired, and the relation of officers and soldiers about to be dissolved, the General, in relinquishing his command, deems this a fit occasion to express his entire approbation of the conduct of the brigade, whether in the camp, on the march, or on the field of battle. The General tenders to all his thanks for the soldierly bearing, the cheerful performance of every duty, and the patient endurance of the privations and fatigues of campaign life, which all have so constantly exhibited. Called suddenly by the National Executive from the ease and luxuries of home life to the defense of our Government, the officers and soldiers of this brigade have voluntarily submitted to the privations and restraints of military life; and, with the intelligence of free Americans, have acquired the arts of war as readily as they relinquished the pursuits of peace. They have cheerfully endured the fatigue of long and dreary marches by day and night, through the rain and storm—they have borne the exhaustion of hunger for the sake of their country. Their labor and suffering were not in vain. The foe they met, they vanquished. They scattered the traitors from their secure intrenchments in the gorges of Laurel Hill, stripped of their munitions of war, to flee before the vengeance of patriots.

“Soldiers! you have now returned to the friends whose prayers went with you to the field of strife. They welcome you with pride and exultation. Your State and country acknowledge the value of your labors. May your future career be as your past has been, honorable to yourselves and serviceable to your country.

“The General in command, sensible of the great obligation he is under to the members of his staff, can not refrain from this public acknowledgment of the value of their services.

“To Brigade Major Love he can but feebly express his obligations. To his ripe and practiced judgment, his accurate knowledge of the duties of officers and soldiers, his unremitt-

ting labors to secure instruction and discipline, to his cheerful and valuable counsel, the General is greatly indebted.

“For the valuable services of Captain Benham of the United States Engineers, not only in the appropriate duties of his station, but in his voluntary and arduous labors in the field, the General desires, in the name of the Brigade, to thank him. He has proved himself not only the skillful engineer, but competent to discharge any and every duty incident to military life.

“To Captain Hines, Aid-de-Camp, and to Acting Assistant Adjutant General Stein, the General tenders his acknowledgments for their ready and cheerful performance of the severe duties imposed upon them.”

This short campaign had a decided influence in increasing the military spirit of the State. Everwhere the soldiers were received with enthusiasm by the people, and their narratives listened to with eager interest. When the regiments returned to the Capital ovations awaited them. When companies reached the county seats, crowds greeted them with enthusiasm. When the soldiers arrived at their homes, they were objects of especial attention and regard in their respective neighborhoods. As every district in the State was represented, and every county had at least given individual members to the regiments engaged in the campaign, a martial spirit was kindled throughout the length and breadth of Indiana. We do not think it is unreasonable to claim that our State owes much of the military reputation acquired in this war, to the experience gained by her sons in the first Western Virginia campaign, and to the love of the stirring scenes of camp life there acquired, and reflected on the masses of her citizens when they returned. The hardships they had endured were soon forgotten, and the pleasures and the wild excitement of the bivouac and the battle-field, were remembered and related with zest to eager listeners. As the magnitude of the struggle was unfolded, and as additional forces were demanded by the Government, the returned volunteers stepped forward and raised companies with comparative ease. As officers and as drill-masters, they soon brought the new levies to a state of efficiency, which, without their aid, would

have required time to perfect. The three years regiments, when sent to the field, had many experienced officers who had confidence in themselves, and in whom the men confided. The regiments bearing the same numbers with the six raised for the three months service, had a large proportion of the old members in their ranks. As additional troops were required, these men were promoted, and now are in every division of the army where Indiana is represented.



Wm. H. Miller

HISTORY OF REGIMENTS.

CHAPTER III.

THREE MONTHS' SERVICE.—SIXTH REGIMENT.

The booming of the cannon that battered Sumter's walls had scarcely died away, when, with lightning speed its reverberations were transmitted to a slumbering and startled nation. The call to arms was sounded, and thousands, anxious to wipe out the stains of traitor hands, rallied around our nation's emblem of liberty—the Stars and Stripes. None responded more promptly than Indiana, the Queen of the brave north-west. The Sixth was the first regiment organized in the State. It was in rendezvous at her Capital, on the twentieth of April, 1861, less than a week after Sumter had fallen into rebel hands.

Hagerman Tripp, of North Vernon, Jennings county, was among the first to offer his services. He reported a company of one hundred and sixteen men, having raised it in a small inland town, in the short space of thirty-six hours. Other companies, among them Crittenden's and Harrison's, were as speedily raised. The regimental organization was not completed until the twenty-seventh of April. The following is the roster, as prepared by Adjutant General Noble :

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Thomas T. Crittenden, Madison; Lieutenant Colonel, Hiram Prather, Vernon; Major, John Gerber, Madison; Adjutant, George W. Wiley, Madison; Regimental Quartermaster, Josiah H. Andrews, North Ver-

non; Surgeon, Charles Schussler, Madison; Assistant Surgeon, John W. Davis, Vincennes.

Company A.—Captain, Philemon P. Baldwin, Madison; First Lieutenant, Samuel Russell; Second Lieutenant, Isaac Stephens.

Company B.—Captain, Augustus H. Abbett, Columbus; First Lieutenant, Allen W. Prather; Second Lieutenant, Wm. C. Wheeler.

Company C.—Captain, Charles Childs, Washington; First Lieutenant, R. W. Meredith; Second Lieutenant, Alanson Solomon.

Company D.—Captain, Thomas J. Harrison, Kokomo; First Lieutenant, Thomas Herring; Second Lieutenant, Wm. R. Phillips.

Company E.—Captain, Rufus Gale, Madison; First Lieutenant, John T. Hendricks; Second Lieutenant, William Hamilton.

Company F.—Captain, Will C. Moreau, Knightstown; First Lieutenant, Robert Allison; Second Lieutenant, John Cole.

Company G.—Captain, Hagerman Tripp, North Vernon; First Lieutenant, Josiah C. Andrews; Second Lieutenant, George W. Kendrick.

Company H.—Captain, Fielder A. Jones, Seymour; First Lieutenant, Stephen Story; Second Lieutenant, Calvin B. Trumbo.

Company I.—Captain, John D. Evans, Noblesville; First Lieutenant, John F. Longley; Second Lieutenant, George A. Wainwright.

Company K.—Captain, Alois O. Bachman, Madison; First Lieutenant, George W. Wiley; Second Lieutenant, William T. Doys.

The large majority of the members of this regiment resided within the bounds of the Third Congressional District. The regiment was fully equipped with arms, and hoosier grey uniform, and remained at Indianapolis under almost constant drill, until the thirtieth of May, when, upon receiving marching orders, it started for Western Virginia. Passing through Cincinnati, it stopped for the night at Camp Dennison, where

its members were the guests of the Sixth Ohio, the gallant "Guthrie Greys." In the morning the regiment renewed its journey through the "Buckeye State." At every station the trains were hailed, and edibles of every description furnished to the passing soldiery. The choice viands were accompanied with bouquets of flowers, fresh from the hands of Ohio's fair daughters. While memory remains true to her trust, they will never be forgotten by the members of the Sixth Indiana. How different the reception when, at Parkersburgh, the Ohio border was passed and Hoosier feet struck Virginia soil. A black pall seemed to hover over the city. There the Hoosier soldiers received no smile of welcome, no friendly hand-grasp, but were confronted with scowling countenances, and haughty stand-off airs. The streets were quiet as the city of the dead, and the few who were in them, seemed to stalk along like "ghosts of the damned." Companies A, D and K were left here under Capt. Baldwin, to disperse a rebel organization at St. Mary's. The rest of the regiment went by rail to Webster, which place they reached on the evening of June second; here they were joined by portions of the First Virginia, Seventh Indiana, and Fourteenth Ohio. Hard crackers were now first issued to the troops. The night was dark and stormy. In a drenching rain, company after company formed, and filed away through the darkness, to surprise a rebel camp at Philippi, fourteen miles distant. Silently they wended their toilsome way up the mountain, carrying heavy knapsacks through mud and mire. The long night hours passed slowly and heavily, and morning dawned upon our wearied troops, near the enemy's encampments. Many, fatigued and exhausted, had dropped by the way-side. But hark! the boom of the cannon rings out merrily upon the morning air. It is the first gun of the war. It rouses the weary, and animates the laggard. Boom upon boom is echoed far and wide over mountains unused to such sounds. There are no laggards now; new energies are roused within them. The heights above Philippi, overlooking the quiet village—hid away among the hills—are reached at last. What a scene meets the eye! a scene which painters would rejoice to witness. The "God of Day" had not yet

risen from his slumbers. The tints of morning had just begun to dispel the gloom of night. A dense fog was rising like a curtain from the village. Barnett's Cleveland Battery now belches forth her loud thunder. Federal troops rush down the hill and dash over the bridge that spans a branch of the Monongahela, Tygart's Valley River. They enter the village. The quick volley of musketry rattles—the rebels hurriedly and rapidly retreat—men almost naked and daughters of chivalry frantic and *en dishabile*, fly down the Beverly pike, and clamber up the mountain sides, endeavoring to flee from the wrath of an outraged nation. From a hotel window where lately a rebel flag had waved, the stars and stripes now gaily float. The court house campus is filled with Union soldiers, who, with great relish, discuss a smoking breakfast which had been prepared for rebel palates. The doors of the jail are now unbarred, and men whose only crime had been *love of the old Government*, are set at liberty.

On the outside of the court house square stood several wagons filled with rebel property, which now fell a prey to the victors. Many articles never seen amongst Quartermaster's stores, nor mentioned in army regulations, were appropriated by our troops, in anticipation of the confiscation act afterwards passed by Congress. Owing to a want of proper co-operation, most of the enemy escaped toward Laurel Hill, and were not pursued. A small garrison was here left, and the Sixth, with the rest of the brigade, marched back to Grafton, where Gen. Morris, the commander of the brigade, established his headquarters, to watch the "drift of events." Every thing bid fair for a quiet time; no armed organization of the rebels was near. The Sixth went into camp on a high bluff north of the city. Gen. Morris had no cavalry, and to obviate this deficiency, Capt. Tripp, of Co. G, was put in command of a party of volunteer scouts. An order was given on the Quartermaster for a dozen horses and revolvers. The scouts were from the Sixth regiment, and consisted of the following persons:

Capt. Tripp, in command; Capt. Jones, Co. H. Lieut Allison, Co. F; Lieut. Longley, Co. I; Lieut. Hendricks, Co. E; Lieut. McKeehon, Co. G; Ord. Johnson, Co. D. Corp

Ellingham, Co. K; Corp. Potts, Co. H; Sergt. Boxley, Co. F; Wm. Lower, Co. F; H. I. Burge, Co. G; I. T. Patterson, Co. G.

The equipments, though the best the country afforded, were very inferior, consisting of broken bridles, and worn-out saddles. Away sped the light-hearted party, ready alike for fun or hard service, none knowing their destination. The orders given the Captain were queer for war times. He was to reconnoiter the country, watch the movements of the enemy, and mingle as much as possible with the inhabitants, and enlighten them respecting the purposes of the Federals in the prosecution of the war. Their minds had been poisoned by the cunning leaders of the rebellion, who took advantage of their prejudice against slavery—for Western Virginia was opposed to that institution—and told them the Union army intended to free the slaves and *settle* them in Western Virginia. It was important these erroneous opinions should be removed. So this little band started on its mission. They visited Pruntyville and the adjacent country, penetrated the enemy's lines to Tunnelton and St. George, in Tucker country; from thence they proceeded to Cranberry Summit, on Laurel Mountain; thence to Kingstown, conversing freely with the principal citizens. At St. George, they met a stanch Unionist, an old acquaintance of the Captain's, in the person of the hotel-keeper—a Mr. Tate—who had formerly resided in Jennings county; from him much valuable information was received. Three and a half miles distant was a regiment of rebel cavalry. Captain Tripp, with his scouts, visited the most prominent rebels in the vicinity, and gave them their choice, either to take the oath of allegiance, or be placed in arrest. The little band knowing—from their proximity to the rebel cavalry—that they were on dangerous ground, moved at night-fall up the mountain, to prevent capture, and be in a position for defense in case of attack. They afterwards learned their caution was well timed. A party of rebels visited the town that night to capture them; but the birds had flown. Thus these scouts traveled from house to house, and from village to village. Many of the citizens, ignorant of the purposes of the Federal army, fled at their approach. The clatter of

their horses' hoofs down the little valley roads, and the sight of their uniform, made houses tenantless—caused men and women to collect their families, and clamber up the rough mountain sides, to hide among the rocks and caverns. So much for the fear of Federal soldiers entertained at the commencement of the war, by the people who inhabit Western Virginia—a country as beautiful as the eye ever rested on. Her fertile valleys—limpid streams—her rock-ribbed mountains and flowery vales, make her the “Switzerland of America.” One day, as the scouts were passing through a little valley at the base of Laurel Mountain, they espied a hamlet—rode up, and inquired for the master of the premises. The mistress told them he had been absent five days—she knew not where. Dinner being upon the table, she invited the party to dine. They cheerfully accepted the offered hospitality, dismounted, and were in the act of providing hay for their jaded animals, when one of the party, in plunging the pitchfork into the mow, scratched a limb of the owner, who had been reported as absent, but who now sprang to his feet, and stood trembling in the presence of the surprised scout. The affrighted rebel expected immediate death, and asked for a few moments with his family. When he heard his fate, and the terms upon which he could still enjoy “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness,” he was wild with delight. Joyfully he took the oath, and has ever since been a stanch Union man. This little band traveled in seven days more than a hundred miles—conversed with many of the principal citizens of four counties, commenced the organization of a Union company at Kingstown, and passed around several rebel camps, without loss of life, or serious accident. After spending a day at camp, they made another trip to St. George, where they remained over night, and administered the oath to several refractory citizens. While there, Capt. Jones, Lieut. Longley, and Sergts. Boxley and Patterson, were sent to administer the oath to a leading rebel, who at first refused to take it, but finally consented, deeming it more prudent to swear loyalty to government than be a prisoner in the Federal camp. How he kept his oath the sequel will show. After the route of the enemy at Carrick's Ford, the

Federals, in returning to Laurel Hill, passed through St. George, at which place Capt. Jones was in the rear of the brigade, in charge of a wagon train. On a former occasion, his operations in this vicinity had made him a "marked" man. As the train was passing through a defile of the mountains, it was fired upon by bushwackers, and Capt. Jones, now Lieut. Colonel of the Thirty-Ninth—whose name is on Gen. Rosecrans' "Roll of Honor"—received a severe wound. A detachment under Major Gerber and Lieut. McKeehan were sent back to punish the guilty offenders, but all search for them proved unavailing. The old rebel, to whom Capt. Jones had previously administered the oath, boasted publicly that he had wounded the Captain. A Federal scout, named "Blackhawk," secreted himself near the old rebel's house, and remained there eight days, waiting for an opportunity to punish him, but he did not return. After the return of the scouts from the second trip to St. George, they received a reinforcement of thirty-eight men, and were ordered to Oakland, thirty-five miles distant, on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. They had procured a special train for shipment, when the order was countermanded, and they were sent to Philippi, to which place Morris' brigade had moved. On arriving at Philippi, Capt. Jones was ordered to go down the Laurel Hill road, until he encountered the pickets, and found the position of the enemy. The Captain and his men gaily dashed five miles along the winding turnpike to a point where they received information that the enemy's pickets were close at hand. They now moved more cautiously, and passed the supposed line without molestation. They proceeded eight or nine miles and found no enemy. The Captain then concluded he would go to Laurel Hill or find the enemy. He determined to dash through the rebel pickets, and cut them off from the main body. The ranks were closed, and a long strip of dark woods galloped through; but no enemy was yet visible. Fears were entertained that he had evacuated. Bealington, one mile from Laurel Hill, lay at the base of the hill below the party. Down the southern slope the troops gaily sped, with their faithful "navies" in their hands, and were just slacking their pace, preparing for

a charge over the bridge, when the rebel volley came. Horses shrunk back on their haunches, girths broke, and rider and horse lay floundering in the road. After the shock, back plunged the horses, and a general stampede seemed inevitable. A few of the horses had stood the fire, and the Captain ordered Lieuts. McKeehan and Longley to rally the men and move over the bridge. The order was quickly executed. The rebel pickets, taking advantage of the temporary shock caused by their fire, escaped through the darkness. The object of the expedition having been accomplished, the party returned to camp. Not one of them was hurt. The enemy aimed too high; several received shots through their hats. The loss was three horses and one man missing, and twenty-one saddle-girths broken. The horse equipments were all procured from the farmers, and could not stand the severe test to which they had been subjected. At dawn of day, the party reached Philippi, where our own pickets informed them they were all supposed to be killed or captured, and that one man, and three riderless horses, had passed them, occasioning great alarm in camp. Such proved to be the case. The troops were all under arms. The streets of Philippi, and the bridge, were barricaded. The scout who was in the rear had seen the men and horses fall as the volley came, and supposed "he was all that escaped to tell the tale." The scouts were warmly welcomed back, and shouts rent the air, as they passed by the different regiments to their camp, on the hill north of the village. They now entered on the most arduous duties of the trooper. They furnished all details for Morris' headquarters, and sent daily detachments to the front to watch the movements of the enemy, besides throwing out videttes on the several roads leading to Philippi. For twenty-two days they were kept almost constantly in the saddle, scouring the country in every direction, and bringing the General most valuable information. On one dark and rainy night, Captain Tripp, accompanied by six men, took the Meadowville road, running south-east from Philippi, penetrated the enemy's lines, confiscated several fine horses—the property of a noted rebel sympathizer—and returned with them to camp, having passed the rebel pickets without detec-

tion. A few videttes were daily thrown out a distance of seven miles from camp, on the Laurel Hill road, near where the enemy's cavalry picketed in force; on this road there were several Union men, who gave notice of the movements of the enemy. A dwelling, known as Thompson's house, upon this road, was a disputed point, but was occupied by our scouts at dinner hour, one eating while the others kept guard. Several amusing and spirited chases occurred in this vicinity. Rebel citizens displayed great tact in their efforts to ascertain our movements. The following will serve as an illustration. An old man at Thompson's, who was by our men considered harmless, on account of his extreme old age, used to sweep the roads, at different points, so that he might inform the enemy how many Federal troops had passed during the night. When caught in the act, he said it was through mere curiosity. He was, however, henceforth regarded as capable of aiding the rebels, and appropriately admonished not to repeat the operation.

On another night, all the scouts, and four companies of the Ninth Indiana infantry, were sent out to watch the enemy, who were reported advancing. The infantry, under command of Lieut. Col. Dunn, of the Ninth, were halted near Thompson's. The scouts dashed ahead, drove in the pickets near Col. Elliott's, at Bealington, went to within a mile of the enemy's camp, and heard the "long roll" beat on the arrival of their pickets; soon the rattling of the artillery wagons; the noise of the enemy's infantry, and the commands of their officers were distinctly heard. The Captain had dropped sentinels on all the cross-roads to notify him of any attempt that might be made to cut him off from his infantry reserve. In this state of affairs, it was found prudent to retire. The command to fall back was executed without loss. Next morning all were safe within our own lines. Such were the scenes witnessed, and such were the duties performed, by these fearless Hoosiers, for more than thirty days—days of ceaseless vigilance and unremitting toil. Horse and rider were inseparable. The country they traversed was entirely unknown to them, and full of dangers. Their march lay over rough mountains, and through dense valley-jungles, that

gave every advantage to the enemy's secret ambuscade. Their ceaseless labors and brilliant exploits, resulting in so much good to this little army, isolated from all commands, were attended without the loss of a man, and reflect much credit upon the skill and daring of the commander and his men.

On the fourth of July they were relieved, and returned to their regiments, receiving warm thanks from their brigade commander, for the able and successful manner in which they had discharged their duty.

Lient. Col. Prather, of the Sixth, was left in command at Webster, for the purpose of forwarding supplies, in which work he was actively engaged until the close of the campaign.

The forces under Morris soon moved to Laurel Hill; after two days' brisk skirmishing, the rebels evacuated their position, and were hotly pursued, overtaken, and completely routed at Carrick's Ford. The main body of the rebels escaped, having fled toward Romney. The march from Laurel Hill to Carrick's Ford was one of the hardest on record; though the men were on short rations, they bravely pressed forward through drenching rain and rivers of mud. After a march of forty miles, they overtook the enemy, who, on leaving Laurel Hill, had started several hours in advance of them. Morris now returned with his brigade to Laurel Hill, and the three month's campaign was virtually ended. The baggage captured from the retreating foe was collected, and the troops marched to Grafton. They returned to Indianapolis in the latter part of July. Who does not remember their bronzed features, and veteran-like appearance, as they marched through our Capital. Only one man of the Sixth was killed. The regiment was discharged on the second of August, and returned to their homes, where they received the warm congratulations and thanks of their neighbors and friends.

SEVENTH REGIMENT.

The regimental organization of the Seventh was completed at Indianapolis on the twenty-second of April, 1861. Ebenezer Dumont, a brave and energetic officer, who had served with distinction in the Mexican war, was appointed Colonel.

Three of the companies, viz: D, G and E, were from Dearborn county. Two, viz: B and F, were from Decatur. Co. A was from Hendricks county, Co. C from Shelby, Co. H from Johnson, Co. I from Ohio, and Co. K from Morgan county.

The following is the roster :

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Ebenezer Dumont, Indianapolis; Lieutenant Colonel, Benjamin J. Spooner, Lawrenceburgh; Major, Samuel P. Oyler, Franklin; Adjutant, James Gavin, Greensburgh; Regimental Quartermaster, David E. Sparks; Surgeon, Geo. W. New, Indianapolis; Assistant Surgeon, William Gillespie.

Company A.—Captain, James Burgess, Danville; First Lieutenant, Peter S. Kennedy; Second Lieutenant, Joseph S. Miller.

Company B.—Captain, James Morgan, Greensburgh; First Lieutenant, Ira G. Grover; Second Lieutenant, Benjamin Ricketts.

Company C.—Captain, John M. Blair, Shelbyville; First Lieutenant, John Flynn; Second Lieutenant, John C. Mayo.

Company D.—Captain, John F. Cheek, Lawrenceburgh; First Lieutenant, Jesse Armstrong; Second Lieutenant, Eli Matlock.

Company E.—Captain, John H. Ferry, Aurora; First Lieutenant, Henry Waller; Second Lieutenant, A. B. Patterson.

Company F.—Captain, J. V. Bemusdaffer, Greensburgh; First Lieutenant, Benjamin C. Shaw; Second Lieutenant, Josephus L. Tucker.

Company G.—Captain, Nathan Lord, Lawrenceburgh; First Lieutenant, L. K. Stevens; Second Lieutenant, William Francis.

Company H.—Captain, Joseph P. Gill, Franklin; First Lieutenant, William B. Ellis; Second Lieutenant, Welcome B. McLaughlin.

Company I.—Captain, John W. Rabb, Rising Sun; First Lieutenant, Solomon Waterman, Second Lieutenant, David Lasterman.

Company K.—Captain, Jefferson H. Scott, Martinsville;

First Lieutenant, Charles Day; Second Lieutenant, Theodore Orner.

The regiment remained in camp at Indianapolis until the 29th of May, 1861, drilling and preparing for the field, under the direction of its able and efficient Colonel. While at Indianapolis, the officers of the regiment presented to him a fine sword. The presentation was made by Adjutant Gavin in a neat and appropriate speech, to which Col. Dumont very handsomely replied. About this time, news of the rebel movements in Western Virginia, and of the taking and occupancy of Grafton by Col. Porterfield's rebel command, was received. The Seventh Indiana, together with other regiments, were ordered to Western Virginia. With light hearts and brilliant anticipations, they started for the battle field. Passing through Richmond, Indiana, Dayton, Columbus and Zanesville, Ohio, they arrived at Bellair, on the Ohio river, on the evening of the thirtieth. In every town and city they were hailed by large and enthusiastic crowds, who testified their devotion to the Union by their kindness to her soldiers. The regiment crossed the Ohio river to Benwood, and proceeded to Grafton. Gen. Morris, who was in command at that place, determined to surprise Col. Porterfield at Philippi. The attacking force was divided into two columns—one of which was under the immediate command of Col. Kelly, the other was accompanied by Col. Dumont, and by Col. Lauder of Gen. McClellan's staff. On Sunday evening, the second of June, the Seventh Indiana proceeded by rail to Webster, where it was joined by the rest of the command. At eight o'clock on the night of the second, the column took up its line of march to Philippi—the Seventh being in the advance. The night was dark—the rain continued to fall in torrents until daybreak. The heavy roads rendered it impossible for the command to reach the town at the time indicated in Gen. Morris' order. The advance guard, under Lieut. Benjamin Ricketts, of Co. B, Seventh Indiana, when within a mile of the town, engaged the enemy's pickets, and drove them back. The artillery was quickly placed in position on the heights overlooking the town, and fired a few rounds; then the Seventh, followed by the rest of the column, crossed the bridge,

and entered the town at double quick, driving the rebels before them. In passing through the town, the Seventh observed a rebel flag waving from the top of the principal hotel, which they captured. In its stead, the stars and stripes were run up and given to the breeze. The regiment, though exhausted by a long and fatiguing night march, continued the pursuit of the rebels for two miles, took some prisoners, and captured a large amount of baggage. Col. Dumont, in his official report, justly compliments the officers and men of the Seventh for their determination and bravery.

Col. Kelly, of the First Virginia regiment, having been severely wounded, while riding in advance of his troops through Philippi, was carried by some of the members of the Seventh to a hotel, where his wounds were properly dressed by the skillful and accomplished Surgeon of the regiment, Dr. Geo. W. New, who, according to Col. Dumont's report, "had proved himself as gallant and courageous in the field, as he is skillful in his profession." When the excitement of the rout of the rebels from Philippi was over, the members of the Seventh returned to camp, refreshed themselves, and laid down to rest. Never was sleep and rest more welcome and sweet to tired and foot-sore soldiers. These volunteers had taken their first practical lesson in the military art, and enjoyed, as they never did before, "nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep."

The Seventh went into camp at Philippi, under command of Col. Dumont, who, as ranking officer, assumed command of all the forces at that place. The regiment, on the sixteenth of June, marched across the river and took a strong position on the heights west of town. It contributed its share to the scouting parties which performed such valuable service during the campaign.

Among these scouts, Private Smith, of Co. C, was conspicuous. He was an excellent marksman, and such sport to him was glorious. When he fired his gun, it was well understood that rebel blood had been spilled. A squad of Georgians were concealed behind rocks, one hundred yards from our skirmishers, and were exceedingly annoying to our men. It was desirable they should be driven from their position.

Smith, eager for the task, with gun in hand, crawled upon the ground to a log, about two hundred yards to their left. He fired three successive shots. The rebels ran. Smith, too much elated at his success, rose from his hiding place, and was in the act of returning to our lines, when the enemy fired at him a volley, which brought him lifeless to the ground. It was afterwards ascertained that each of his three shots, previous to his death, killed a rebel soldier.

A party of four Union scouts went out from camp in the direction of Laurel Hill, to investigate the condition of affairs in that direction. At a turn in the road, they suddenly came upon a force of twenty rebels, with whom they exchanged shots, and then retreated. In the encounter, John Lowe, a member of Co. G, Seventh Indiana, was thrown from his horse. He quickly remounted. The rebels were upon him. One rebel, mounted on a fleet horse, passes him. Lowe sees his danger, deliberately draws his revolver, shoots the rebel in advance, coolly seizes the riderless horse, and triumphantly dashes along towards camp, leaving far behind him the tardy rebel pursuers.

The horse captured by Lowe proved to be the one which had previously been owned by one of Col. Steadman's men, who, while scouting, was killed by a rebel, who appropriated the horse to his own use. Thus the death of the soldier of the Fourteenth Ohio was avenged by a gallant member of the Seventh Indiana.

On one occasion, Capt. Bemusdaffer's company was on picket duty when the enemy was expected. Two mounted scouts, of the Second Virginia, passed the position occupied by the company, and were hailed by one of the pickets, who requested them to dismount, ground arms, and give the countersign. The scouts foolishly turned and fled. The picket fired and inflicted a severe wound upon one of them. No blame could be attached to the soldier who fired; he acted strictly within the line of duty.

FOURTH OF JULY IN CAMP.

The newly-risen sun on the fourth of July was saluted by

a round of thirty-four guns from Col. Barnett's Cleveland battery. The day was celebrated by Gen. Morris' command on the plain in front of the General's headquarters, in regular old-fashioned style.

After having been in camp for upwards of six weeks, the Seventh accompanied the command to Bealington. On arriving in front of the town, skirmishing with the enemy commenced. The impetuosity of the Seventh to be led against the enemy, was almost uncontrollable. They took part in skirmishing every afternoon for three successive days. Some of them, contrary to orders, broke away from their companions to have a shot at exposed rebels. In vain did the Commanding General issue orders to restrain these restless, fiery spirits. On one occasion, Geo. H. Rodgers, of Co. II, stepped out in full view of the rebels, and read in their hearing a fictitious account of the death of their rebel President. Such acts surprised the rebel skirmishers, who believed the Indiana troops were regulars.

While at Bealington, a part of the Seventh and a part of the Ninth Indiana regiments, mustering about five hundred men, commanded by Col. Dumont, made a reconnoissance to the right and rear of the enemy's line. They marched within five hundred yards of their works. The rebels placed their artillery and infantry in position to cut off or capture the expedition on its return. But Col. Dumont returned by a different route, and avoided the danger to which he was exposed.

The following night was one of alarms. At nine o'clock the long roll was sounded. The Adjutant of the Seventh formed the regiment in line of battle, and impatiently awaited the expected attack. Again the men lay down to rest. Again they were ordered to form in line of battle. No sign of an enemy being visible, the men were once more ordered to break ranks, when they again lay down to sleep.

The following night, Adjutant Gavin was detailed, with two companies of the Seventh, to hold the steep, high hill on the left. The pickets of the enemy had been advanced in that direction, and it was expected they would attempt to get possession of the hill, which would have given them command of our position.

During the night of the eleventh of July, our men posted on the hill could distinctly hear the swearing of the teamsters and the commands of the officers in the rebel camp. The night was one of almost Egyptian darkness. The rain fell in torrents. No soldier on that dismal hill closed his eyes that night in sleep. All surmised that Gen. Garnett was making preparations, either for battle, or for abandoning his position. At length the welcome morn came to cheer the wet, weary and care-worn soldier. The order to march was given. It was soon whispered in camp that the rebels had fled, and were in full retreat southward. On the morning of the twelfth the pursuit commenced—the Seventh being in the rear—and continued until two o'clock P. M., when our forces arrived at Leedsville. While here Capt. Blair and Lieut. Tucker captured three rebel prisoners. In the afternoon rain began to fall, which continued uninterruptedly until the next morning. The soldiers slept that night upon the bare ground, and slept as only soldiers can sleep, in spite of the pitiless storm. The Seventh, next morning, before daylight, wet, gloomy and hungry, were formed into line, and very soon were on the march towards St. George. The roads were slippery and almost impassable. The rain was falling rapidly. Cheat river was reached and forded. Soon the advanced guard overtook, as they supposed, the enemy. The troops were formed in line of battle. The Fourteenth Ohio, being in the advance, fired several volleys at an imaginary enemy in the woods, on the opposite bank of the river. Col. Barnett's battery was soon in position, and took part in the imaginary struggle. The Seventh advanced to the bank of the river, prepared to charge across, but no enemy was visible. A ludicrous circumstance here occurred. As the Seventh, during the firing, advanced across the field to take position, a mounted officer, Jehu-like, rode up, and ordered the Seventh forward at double quick, stating that the Fourteenth Ohio were being "cut to pieces by the enemy." Col. Dumont hastened the regiment forward, and was surprised to find not a man of the Fourteenth Ohio had been either killed or wounded. There had not been a rebel within gunshot when the firing occurred.

This imaginary battle having been fought and won, the

Seventh, with the rest of the command, recrossed the deep, swift stream, and renewed the pursuit of the enemy. The opposite bank of the next ford is very steep, and covered with thick undergrowth, which effectually concealed the enemy from view. At this ford Gen. Garnett prepared to resist our advance. Here he formed his infantry, and placed artillery on the left, which commanded the opposite shore. Col. Steadman's command, being in advance, were fired upon as they neared the ford. The fire was returned in gallant style. The Seventh now advanced and charged down the banks of the river. They crossed the river and captured the enemy's baggage, over which Col. Dumont placed guards, and hurried on in pursuit of the retreating foe. At the next ford, three-quarters of a mile from Carriek's Ford, the enemy made another stand, under the personal command of Gen. Garnett. They fired a few shots and retreated, leaving their fallen General dead on the field. Col. Dumont continued the pursuit for two miles, and then halted for the night. The next day, the Seventh, with the rest of Gen. Morris' command, took up the line of march to St. George, from thence to Bealington. Here the regiment rested for a few days. Their time of service being now expired, they were ordered to Indianapolis. On arriving at the Capital of their native State, they were welcomed back by Gov. Morton in a neat and patriotic speech, to which Col. Dumont eloquently replied. The regiment was then mustered out of service. During the short campaign in Western Virginia, the brave members of the Seventh nobly discharged their duty, for which they received due praise from their patriotic fellow citizens on their return to their homes.

EIGHTH REGIMENT.

The Eighth regiment was organized from the companies assembled at Indianapolis from the several counties in the State. Three companies were from Wayne county, and one from each of the counties of Grant, Randolph, Delaware, Madison, Henry, Hancock and Wabash. The following is the roster of the regiment:

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Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, William P. Benton, Richmond; Lieutenant Colonel, Silas Colgrove, Winchester; Major, David Shunk, Marion; Adjutant, A. I. Harrison, Indianapolis; Regimental Quartermaster, John Robinson; Surgeon, James Ford; Assistant Surgeon, G. W. Edgerly, Muncie.

Company A.—Captain, Jacob Widemar, Cambridge City; First Lieutenant, Francis Swiggett; Second Lieutenant, Geo. Adams.

Company B.—Captain, Oliver H. P. Carey, Marion; First Lieutenant, John Reuss; Second Lieutenant, Jacob M. Wells.

Company C.—Captain, Thomas J. Lee, Winchester; First Lieutenant, E. M. Ives; Second Lieutenant, Allen O. Neff.

Company D.—Captain, Thomas J. Brady, Muncie; First Lieutenant, Joseph T. Kirk; Second Lieutenant, Nathan Branson.

Company E.—Captain, Hiram J. Vanderverter, Anderson; First Lieutenant, John T. Robinson; Second Lieutenant, James Fergus.

Company F.—Captain, Frederick Tykle, Newcastle; First Lieutenant, Henry Ray; Second Lieutenant, Joseph W. Connel.

Company G.—Captain, Reuben A. Riley, Greenfield; First Lieutenant, H. C. Rariden; Second Lieutenant, George W. H. Riley.

Company H.—Captain, Charles O. Howard, Richmond; First Lieutenant, A. I. Kenney; Second Lieutenant, Robert A. Douglass.

Company I.—Captain, Mayberry M. Lacy, Richmond; First Lieutenant, Irwin Harrison; Second Lieutenant, James Conner.

Company K.—Captain, Charles S. Parish, Wabash county; First Lieutenant, Joseph W. Thompson; Second Lieutenant, Franklin Dailey.

The history of the Eighth is similar to that of the Tenth, as it left Indianapolis for the seat of war at the same time, was in the same brigade, performed the same marches, and participated in the same skirmishes and battles. At Rich Mountain it charged side by side with the Tenth and Thir-

teenth. In the camp, on the march, in the bivouac, or on the battle-field, the Eighth was always ready for the duty assigned it. There are many incidents of personal bravery connected with the short and decisive campaign in which the regiment bore an honored part, which would be well worth recording, but we have been unable to obtain them. The officers to whom we have written for details of their service, have replied that the history of the Eighth is substantially that of the Tenth.

NINTH REGIMENT.

The Ninth regiment was organized at Indianapolis, on the twenty-fifth day of April, 1861, by two companies from Laporte county, two from Cass county, and one company from each of the counties of Carroll, Elkhart, Allen, Jasper, Porter, and St. Joseph. The following is the roster:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Robert H. Milroy; Lieutenant Colonel, David M. Dunn; Major, Don J. Woodward; Adjutant, Henry Loring; Regimental Quartermaster, Carter L. Vigus; Surgeon, Daniel Meeker; Assistant Surgeon, M. G. Sherman.

Company A.—Captain, J. C. Hannam, Delphi; First Lieutenant, John H. Gould; Second Lieutenant, W. A. Pigman.

Company B.—Captain, William H. Blake, Michigan City; First Lieutenant, Ashael K. Bush; Second Lieutenant, Alson Bailey.

Company C.—Captain, Theodore F. Mann, Elkhart; First Lieutenant, Chas. H. Kirkendall; Second Lieutenant, James D. Braden.

Company D.—Captain, Thomas G. Dunn, Logansport; First Lieutenant, Clinton Weyner; Second Lieutenant, Orlando W. Miles.

Company E.—Captain, William P. Segar, Fort Wayne; First Lieutenant, Henry A. Whitman; Second Lieutenant, W. S. Story.

Company F.—Captain, Thomas J. Patton, Laporte; First Lieutenant, George W. Carter; Second Lieutenant, Joseph Richards.

Company G.—Captain, Gideon C. Moody, Rensselaer; First Lieutenant, Edwin P. Hammond; Second Lieutenant, ——— Guthridge.

Company H.—Captain, R. A. Cameron, Valparaiso; First Lieutenant, I. C. B. Suman; Second Lieutenant, G. C. Pierce.

Company I.—Captain, Andrew Anderson, South Bend; First Lieutenant, Henry Loring; Second Lieutenant, Henry J. Blowney.

Company K.—Captain, Dudley H. Chase, Logansport; First Lieutenant, Frank P. Morrison; Second Lieutenant, Alexander Hamilton.

The Ninth left Indianapolis by rail on the twenty-ninth of April, four days after its muster into the service of the United States. It proceeded directly to Benwood, and was immediately ordered to Grafton, where it arrived on the first of June. The expedition to Philippi was about to start, and the Ninth was assigned to the column of Col. Kelly. Capt. Patton's company was detailed as a camp guard. When his men heard the duty to which they were assigned, they were greatly disappointed, and deeply chagrined. The Captain in vain endeavored to have the order changed. Such was his anxiety to enter the field that he offered all his wages during the campaign, to any other Captain of the regiment, who would exchange places with him. He did not find any one to accept his offer, and had to bear his disappointment as philosophically as the circumstances would admit. In Capt. Cameron's company, some of the men complained because rations for the expedition were not served out to them. The Captain promptly informed those who were dissatisfied, that if he heard another murmur, those who complained should remain in camp. This threat effectually silenced all murmurings. The dreary night march, and the incidents of the rout of Porterfield's force, have been dwelt upon in other parts of this work. It is sufficient to say, that the Ninth participated in the toils and dangers of the expedition, and was distinguished for its order and steadiness.

At Laurel Hill, at Carriek's Ford, and in all the skirmishing of the campaign, the Ninth Indiana was always where the Commanding General wished it to be. Its history has

yet to be written. Nearly all the members of the regiment re-entered the service; and those who still survive, are holding positions in the several divisions of the army, widely scattered, and from whom we have been unable to collect incidents that could properly be used in this regimental history. The reader has only to follow the brief sketch of the campaign to see that the Ninth took a prominent part in every important movement of the troops in Western Virginia.

TENTH REGIMENT.

This gallant body of men was among the first to offer to the country its services as a regiment. It was organized by Colonel Joseph J. Reynolds, of Lafayette, Indiana, who commanded it until the tenth of May, when the following organization took place:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Mahlon D. Manson, Crawfordsville; Lieutenant Colonel, James R. M. Bryant, Williamsport; Major, William C. Wilson, Lafayette; Adjutant, Joseph C. Suit; Regimental Quartermaster, Zebulon M. P. Hand, Lafayette; Surgeon, Thomas P. McCrea; Assistant Surgeon, William H. Myers.

Company A.—Captain, Chris. Miller, Lafayette; First Lieutenant, John E. Naylor; Second Lieutenant, Alvin Gay.

Company B.—Captain, Dickson Fleming, Williamsport; First Lieutenant, Levin T. Miller; Second Lieutenant, John F. Compton.

Company C.—Captain, John W. Blake, Lafayette; First Lieutenant, Alexander Hogeland; Second Lieutenant, John Brower.

Company D.—Captain, Samuel M. Wilson, Frankfort; First Lieutenant, Joseph C. Suit; Second Lieutenant, Samuel M. Shurtle.

Company E.—Captain, William Taylor, Lafayette; First Lieutenant, John A. Stein; Second Lieutenant, Henry C. Tenney.

Company F.—Captain, Ezra Olds, Brazil; First Lieutenant, Demetrius Parsley; Second Lieutenant, Isaac W. Sanders.

Company G.—Captain, James H. Watson, Crawfordsville;

First Lieutenant, Ebenezer H. Morgan; Second Lieutenant, George W. Riley.

Company II.—Captain, William Conklin, Greencastle; First Lieutenant, E. R. Bladen; Second Lieutenant, David N. Steel.

Company I.—Captain, William C. Kise, Lebanon; First Lieutenant, John W. Perkins; Second Lieutenant, Reuben C. Kise.

Company K.—Captain, Charles C. Smith, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, Richard T. Fahnestock; Second Lieutenant, Z. M. P. Hand.

The Tenth was mostly from the Eighth Congressional District. The regiment was quartered at Camp Morton until about the middle of May, when it was removed to Camp McClellan, about three miles east of Indianapolis. While stationed at this camp the officers and men advanced themselves in the drill to a great degree of proficiency. It remained in camp at this place until the nineteenth of June.

At three o'clock on the morning of that day the order to move so soon as possible was received. The announcement pleased all. It was thought too good to be true. The regiment in "double quick" attacked bundles of clothing, bedding, cooking utensils, and packed them in almost impossible places; tents were stricken to the ground; affectionately young men wrote letters, and hungry ones cooked and ate rations. All was bustle and confusion. At nine o'clock the regiment marched to Cincinnati and then boarded the cars for Cincinnati, being *en route* for Parkersburg, Va., *via* Cincinnati and Marietta. At noon they left the city amid the cheers of an excited multitude.

The regiment arrived in Cincinnati at nine o'clock P. M., where a hearty supper awaited them. The Colonel thanked the good people of the Queen City, and then marched his command to the Marietta depot, where it remained during the night.

It then went on board the cars. Soon the familiar sound, "All aboard!" was heard. All were tired, and some seemed out of humor. After twenty hours tiresome, tedious riding, the clear, sharp whistle of the locomotive announced their arrival at Marietta. There the hungry and brave men

expected to find huge baskets filled with eatables. But alas! It was past midnight and the patriotic citizens of Marietta had retired to rest—having fed regiment after regiment for two weeks, and being both physically and *rationally* exhausted. The regiment was immediately marched to the government transports lying in the river below, and was soon joined by Gen. McClellan, who made every possible arrangement for their comfort. The next morning the fleet, containing the officers and men of the Eighth and Tenth Indiana, and General McClellan and staff, steamed down the Ohio. After a pleasant ride of an hour and a half, they were landed below the beautiful little city of Parkersburg, where they immediately cooked rations and prepared for another railroad trip, which they took in two or three days. The next road traveled was the Parkersburg branch of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, to Clarksburg. Here they arrived on the day following and went into camp on a large elevation called “Clark’s Hill.” They had no sooner cooked their rations than orders were received to fortify the hill, and place it in a condition for defense, which was done during the night after their arrival. The regiment remained at Clarksburg two days, and then took up the line of march for Buckhannon, about thirty miles distant, where it was reported the enemy was awaiting them. After two days march they arrived in sight of Buckhannon. The enemy had abandoned his position and moved on to Rich Mountain. The Tenth Indiana was in the brigade under command of Brig. Gen. Rosecrans. Nothing transpired while at Buckhannon except a grand review on the fourth of July by Gen. McClellan. On Sunday, the tenth, the brigade took up the line of march for Rich Mountain, and camped that night twelve miles beyond, on a small stream called Middle Fork. After resting nearly a day they moved on, and that night camped two miles from Rich Mountain, on a creek called Roaring Run.

Gen. McClellan had made preparations for the coming contest, but the movement did not begin until the second morning after the arrival of the Tenth Indiana. At three o’clock, on the morning of the eleventh of July, Gen. Rosecrans’ brigade took up the line of march for the enemy’s position

on the mountain, the object being to attack him in the rear, and, at a given signal, open on him in front. At daylight, the little army was seen winding its way up the steep, narrow road that led to the enemy's works. When within a mile of their front, the command turned to the right and occupied a path which was barely wide enough to admit of the passage of one man at a time. They pursued this narrow defile for the distance of nearly nine miles, when they alarmed the enemy's pickets, who fired and ran, killing several of Co. A, and severely wounding the Captain—Chris. Miller, of Lafayette. The Tenth took a position behind the hill, and there remained until the orders came to "charge!" This was done in gallant style, and resulted in the total rout of the enemy, and capture of his guns. The Tenth lost many brave men in the attack, but their success banished all thoughts of danger. After taking the battery which had been playing on them with such fearful effect, they drove the rebels, with great loss, from their chosen position. To no regiment belongs more honor for this victory, than the Tenth Indiana, whose gallant Colonel handled his command with great skill. After the battle, the Tenth camped on the ground, and the next day marched to Beverly, about three miles distant, where they remained nearly two weeks, making arrangements for a homeward trip.

They left Beverly on the twenty-fourth of July, and arrived at Indianapolis on the twenty-eighth, where they were cordially received. The citizens of the Hoosier Capital were glad to do honor to the noble victors of the most sanguinary battle of the three month's campaign in Western Virginia. Col. Manson, in his official report of the battle of Rich Mountain, after complimenting the field and line officers of his regiment, says: "I can not close my report without mentioning the name of private J. H. Boyle, of Co. C, for great gallantry; also young Hart, whose great knowledge of the country, and efficiency as a guide, I doubt not, contributed largely to our success."

ELEVENTH REGIMENT

Under the President's call for seventy-five thousand men, the quota of Indiana was six regiments. The companies required to organize them being accepted and in rendezvous at Camp Morton, Adjutant Gen. Wallace filed his report with the Governor, and obtained permission to take one of the regiments into camp. Proceeding immediately to Camp Morton, he selected ten companies, and on the 26th of April marched them to the old Bellefontaine Depot, in the north-eastern part of Indianapolis, which he hastily converted into barracks. The regimental organization was completed next day. Excellent use had been made of the *carte blanche* with which Col. Wallace had been entrusted, when he went into Camp Morton to select his companies. It had happened that a State Military Encampment, originating in private enterprise, had been held the preceding fall at the old military grounds near the city. That encampment had been attended by the following independent companies: The National Guards, City Greys, and Independent Zouaves, of Indianapolis; the Vigo Guards, and Harrison Guards, of Terre Haute; and the Montgomery Guards, of Crawfordsville. These composed all the companies of any actual vitality in the State at that time. Col. Wallace had been chosen commandant. There, in the pleasant September days, lasting friendships had been formed between officers, men and companies. Aside from the advantages accruing from association with gentlemen of considerable military experience as company officers, all of whom had demonstrated the possession of a natural love of arms—in those days the most costly pleasure that could be indulged—it was natural that Col. Wallace should seek association with acquaintances whose abilities he knew, and whom he had reason to respect and love. Accordingly, when he visited Camp Morton, and found there those six companies, organized and constituted very nearly as they had been at the previous encampment, they were his first selection. To them he added the Rumsey Guards, of Tipton; the Wallace Guards, recruited chiefly in Camp Morton; the Indianapolis Zouaves, of Indianapolis; and the Ladoga Blues, of

Ladoga, Montgomery county. In the final organization, these companies, of course, sunk their original names, and were known by letters, A, B, C, &c. These letters fell to the Captains by lot, as did also their position in the regimental line of battle.

The organization thus reported was approved by Gov. Morton, and commissions were promptly issued to the officers.

The following is the roster:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Lewis Wallace, Crawfordsville; Lieutenant Colonel, George F. McGinnis, Indianapolis; Major, Charles O. Wood, Terre Haute; Adjutant, Daniel McCauley, Indianapolis; Regimental Quartermaster, Henry Rice, Terre Haute; Surgeon, Thomas W. Fry, Crawfordsville; Assistant Surgeon, John C. Thompson, Indianapolis.

Company A.—Captain, Robert S. Foster, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, George Butler; Second Lieutenant, Joseph H. Livsey.

Company B.—Captain, John Fahnestock, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, Orin S. Fahnestock; Second Lieutenant, Daniel B. Culley.

Company C.—Captain, Jesse E. Hamill, Terre Haute; First Lieutenant, John E. Moore; Second Lieutenant, Frank Scott.

Company D.—Captain, Jabez Smith, Terre Haute; First Lieutenant, N. S. Brown; Second Lieutenant, Thomas F. Wells.

Company E.—Captain, De Witt C. Rugg, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, Henry Tindall; Second Lieutenant, Nicholas R. Ruckle.

Company F.—Captain, Ed. T. Wallace, Tipton; First Lieutenant, John Steveson; Second Lieutenant, Isaac M. Rumsey.

Company G.—Captain, Henry M. Carr, Crawfordsville; First Lieutenant, H. B. Wilson; Second Lieutenant, John F. Cavin.

Company H.—Captain, Wm. J. H. Robinson, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, Fred. Knefler; Second Lieutenant, Wallace Foster.

Company I.—Captain, Isaac C. Elston, Crawfordsville; First

Lieutenant, A. C. Wilson; Second Lieutenant, John M. Ross.

Company K.—Captain, W. W. Darnell, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, John A. McLaughlin; Second Lieutenant, William Dawson.

Though this regiment was the first of the six to be organized, and was, therefore, entitled to be numbered first, its Colonel voluntarily chose the last, viz: the Eleventh. As it was the unanimous wish of all parties, officers and men, that the system of tactics known as Zouave should be adopted and practiced, the regiment added to its name the word Zouave. Hence the name Eleventh Regiment—Indiana Zouaves.

No time was lost in preparing the regiment for the field. Everybody connected with it, besides the possession of ordinary military pride—an inspiration better known among soldiers as *esprit d' corps*—felt that the national necessities were as immediate as they were pressing. Within an hour after the election, quietly the work of discipline began. Each man felt that in some way, how he hardly knew, and could not describe, he had been divested of the large liberties of the citizen, and was a soldier whose will and judgment had been magically merged in the commanding officer. Leaves of absence were suspended, visitors were turned away from the lines, the hours of service were so arranged that not a minute of the day was lost. Without going into minutiae, it is enough to say, that the discipline adopted in the Eleventh regiment was more systematic and rigidly adhered to than in any regiment that ever left the State. In some instances the discipline was regarded as almost unendurable. A few officers and some of the men bitterly complained of it; but no attention was paid to their complaints. The Colonel was heartily supported by his field officers. He had the honor of his regiment in view. Those who appreciated his motive, worked on resolutely and earnestly.

The advantage of experienced officers very early manifested itself. The Eleventh had battallion drills on the commons north of their barracks, before the other regiments were organized. The War Department had not yet issued regulations respecting the uniform of volunteers. That important

matter was, therefore, in the hands of the regiments. The Eleventh, having adopted the name and tactics of Zouaves, adopted also their costume, except that the color was entirely steel gray. The only red in their uniform was the narrow binding of the loose collarless jacket and the top of the little jaunty cap. The breeches were baggy, buttoning below the knee, over the boot tops. The shirt was of dark blue flannel. The General Government was slow in its Quartermaster's department. Indianapolis was not yet considered of sufficient importance to justify the establishment of such an officer in it. In the absence of any prescribed system, Col. Wallace, upon his own responsibility, contracted for the adopted uniform with citizens of Indianapolis; and as something very creditable to the energy and enterprise of Mr. Eli Hall, the contractor, and the Messrs. Geisendorff & Brothers, his cloth manufacturers, it is not improper to add that a large portion of the wool consumed was not yet sheared when the agreement to furnish was made. As may be imagined the first parade of the Eleventh in uniform created a sensation.

By the eighth of May the regiment was fully equipped, lacking nothing for the field except colors. On that day took place their flag presentation, altogether the most memorable and imposing military ceremony that had been witnessed in the State.

The composition of the regiment was of a kind to excite the liveliest interest in its success. Its ranks were filled with young men of the highest social position in their respective communities. In Co. I alone there were thirty students from Wabash College. The Zouave system of tactics, then novel and popular, had attracted many of the boldest spirits of the State. The ladies of Terre Haute and Indianapolis prepared colors and concerted the ceremonial of presentation, which took place on the south side of the State House square.

The day was very beautiful. The march from the barracks was a grand ovation. In column of companies the regiment moved down Washington street, the even step, the well poised musket or rifle, the elbow-touch never lost, and the consequent unbroken alignment, testified already to a rigid discipline. Moreover it was the first regiment that had been

seen in march in the Capital, indeed, the first in the State. It is not strange, therefore, that the multitude which crowded the streets were thrilled with wild enthusiasm, and vented that enthusiasm in cheers which never ceased until the column halted in front of the State House, and drew up in order to receive the colors. The concourse there was immense. Space for formation in close column of divisions was made with the utmost difficulty. Hon. W. E. McLean eloquently presented the national flag in behalf of the ladies of Terre Haute. Mrs. Cady, of Indianapolis, presented the regimental flag which she had finely embroidered. The ladies of Indianapolis had appropriately delegated her to speak for them. The speech was in all respects creditable to herself and her many fair coadjutors. It was elegantly written and gracefully delivered. The effect upon spectators and Zouaves was most lively and touching; tears fell freely amidst rousing "tigers." Col. Wallace responded. After expressing his gratitude to the ladies for their patriotism, and the interest they had shown in the regiment, he turned to his men, and reminded them with great earnestness of the unmerited stain which had been cast upon the military fame of Indiana at Buena Vista, by the arch traitor Jefferson Davis. He besought them, while they did battle for the whole country, to remember that vile slander, and to dedicate themselves especially to its revenge, he bade them kneel, and with uncovered heads and uplifted hands, swear, "To stand by their flag and remember Buena Vista!" There had been no pre-concert in this matter, no resolving upon a scene, but so full had the regiment become of his feeling, that when he repeated, "kneel down, my men!" like one man, almost in the same motion and time, they all sunk upon their knees, and with upraised hands and faces took the oath, amid loud amens and fast falling tears. The scene was spontaneous and thrilling. *Remember Buena Vista*, became the motto of the regiment, and is so yet. The feeling there and then engendered spread through all the regiments of the State, and has contributed, in no small degree, to the glory our troops have won. Many a brave soldier has been held true to his colors, by murmuring in the storm of the charge, the simple words, *Remember Buena Vista*.

Upon returning to the barracks, Col. Wallace received orders to proceed immediately to Evansville. Promptly that night the regiment took up its line of march.

AT EVANSVILLE.

This destination had not been anticipated. Being the first of the regiments to be organized, armed, uniformed, and respectably drilled, its officers and friends had supposed it would be the first sent to the theater of action, which about that time fairly opened, under Gen. Morris, in Western Virginia. Moreover, they believed, that to go to Evansville, was to pass out of sight. With many misgivings, and some grumbling, they disembarked from the cars, and pitched their tents about a mile and three-quarters from the city of Evansville. The place of encampment had been inconveniently chosen. The locality proved unhealthy. The rains made it indescribably muddy. Upon proper representation of the situation, Col. Wallace received authority to remove his camp to the high hill, close to the river bank, and about a mile and a half below the town. A more beautiful encampment is seldom found. The white tents were visible through the trees from the city, while from the river, at night, the many fires, duplicated in the waters below, indicated the presence of a great army.

The reception of the regiment by the city was very cold. There were no cheers. Only one Union flag was observed during the march through the streets. Whether the suspicion of disloyalty against the citizens, was just, it was very certain that but few of them made public manifestation of welcome to their newly arrived defenders. This was better understood afterwards. A few days proved that the fealty of the city was merely dormant under the shadow of the secession influence which reached it from across the river.

Hardly had the regiment pitched their tents, before the inflexible system of discipline was resumed. It was drill, drill, all the time—officers in the morning, companies at noon, the battalion in the afternoon. The Colonel, believing that he had been sent to protect the city, permitted no intru-

sion upon citizens, or violations of their municipal laws. This care soon won respect and confidence. A week scarcely elapsed before fifty banners, flying from the house-tops, could be counted from the summit of the hill. The reputation for good order thus established, became wide-spread, and many were the gay parties, which came picnicing from the towns above and below on the Kentucky shore, to see the Zouaves. Their parade ground grew into a fashionable resort for the citizens of Evansville. The non-interference policy of the Colonel, so rigid that officers were not even permitted to attend the social parties which were made for them, established the regiment permanently in the affection of the people of Evansville.

The regiment, shortly after its removal to the new camp, became charged with a duty delicate as it was exciting. It had been discovered that a brisk contraband trade was carried on by boats on the river. Goods and cargoes, serviceable in war, from Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, &c., in despite of the trade regulations issued by the Secretary of the Treasury, too frequently found their way, by Green River, to Bowling Green, and by the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers far into the heart of the Southern Confederacy. The blockade at Cairo was effective on the Mississippi, but not on the Ohio. Mr. Robinson, the collector of the port at Evansville, was ordered to call on the commander of the regiment located there, for assistance. An arrangement was speedily effected, by which all passing steamers were subjected to search, and made liable to seizure of contraband commodities. It will be readily perceived, that the strange neutrality into which Kentucky had fallen, and which she vehemently insisted upon, made this duty one of great delicacy.

Two field pieces from the city, under Capt. Klaus, and a few German artillerists of experience, were put in position on the bank below the camp. Every passing craft, whether raft, barge, or steamer, was compelled to bring to, and submit to a thorough inspection. Two companies were every day detailed to support Capt. Klaus. All examinations were conducted by the officer of the day; and so prudently were they conducted, that offense was seldom given.

Meantime, Gen. Morris, with some Ohio and Indiana regiments, opened the campaign in Western Virginia. The victory at Philippi sent pleasure and confidence all through the West. The Eleventh had witnessed, with bitter regret, the younger organizations depart, without them, for the scene of honor. The Colonel heartily sympathized with his men; and having unsuccessfully invoked marching orders from other authorities, prevailed upon his friends to carry the application directly to the General-in-Chief. This succeeded. On the sixth of June, the following dispatch was received and published to the regiment:

“WASHINGTON, June 6, 1861.

“COL. LEWIS WALLACE:—You will proceed, by rail, to Cumberland, Maryland, and report to Major General Patterson.
WINFIELD SCOTT.”

The military situation at the time may be briefly stated. A Federal army occupied Washington and its environs. Another column, under Gen. Patterson, was at Hagerstown, observing the rebel Gen. Johnston at Harper's Ferry. Gen. Morris, with his Philippi victors, had his headquarters at Grafton, in Western Virginia. Cumberland is situated about midway between Grafton and Hagerstown. A force sent there would, on account of the railroad communication between the two places, look to Grafton for support. That communication, however, was constantly at the mercy of the rebels, who had a strong force at Winchester, and a respectable outpost at Romney. The effect of this latter circumstance was, that troops at Cumberland were, to all intents and purposes, completely isolated and self-dependent. With a superior rebel force at Romney, their situation would at all times be precarious. The sending of the Eleventh to Cumberland was precisely like sending it to a post far in advance of the army.

They broke up their camp the day after the receipt of the order, and taking the cars, bade adieu to Evansville. The demonstration on the part of the citizens was in the highest degree complimentary, contrasting strongly with the feeling shown upon their arrival. The whole populace had become their fast friends.

The route of the regiment was through Terre Haute, Indianapolis, Greensburgh, Lawrenceburgh and Cincinnati, thence to Bellair and Grafton. Seldom have troops been the recipients of such marks of popularity. At Indianapolis the crowd, in spite of the efforts of the officers, detained the trains through the night. The impression they made in Cincinnati is not yet forgotten. Their complete equipment, steady demeanor while marching, and strange gray uniform, astonished the thousands who lined Fourth street, witnessing their passage.

In the night of the ninth of June the regiment reached the vicinity of Cumberland. Not wishing to enter the city until day, they were halted outside, and on the bank of the Potomac prepared their breakfast. Never were a people more completely surprised, than were the citizens, when, in the gray of the morning, from the summit of a hill which separated the bivouac from the town, they caught the first view of the unexpected visitors. It was some time before they could be induced to open communication with them. When the men in the "outlandish big breeches" were found to be friendly Federal soldiers, good feeling was speedily established.

At Grafton the train had been stopped to take ammunition on board. While there, Col. Wallace ascertained from Gen. Morris that the rebels occupied Romney with a body of troops supposed to be at least twelve hundred strong. The General warned him to keep a look-out against them, as the enemy would be but a day's march from his post at Cumberland, while Winchester was heavily garrisoned by them.

On the way to Piedmont, the Colonel resolved to attack Romney, concluding that it would be better by such a demonstration to place the rebels on the defensive, than to assume it himself. To secure his command from molestation, the surest policy was to keep the foe in constant apprehension of attack.

At Piedmont he secured two loyal men, who agreed to guide him wherever he was pleased to go. One of them was afterwards caught and hung by the rebels. From them he obtained thorough information respecting the locality of

Romney and the approaches to it. Starting from Cumberland, a good pike road led down the Potomac a few miles, then branched off to the southeast, passing through Romney and terminating at Winchester. Another route was to return by rail to New Creek, from whence a narrow and dangerous mountain road conducted to the point of attack. By the pike, the line of march would be twenty-three miles; by New Creek, it was forty-six miles; one-half of it, however, by rail Col. Wallace resolved to take the latter route, and attempt a surprise. He believed the enemy, trusting to the difficult nature of the road, would most likely leave it unguarded. The regiment had no rest after leaving Evansville, except that which they had on the cars. Nevertheless, the Colonel resolved to attempt the enterprise before a tent was pitched in Cumberland. The rebels would undoubtedly hear of his passage down the road, but go to rest again, under the supposition that it would be some time before he would leave his camp, if he left it at all. Nobody knew the physical ability of the Zouaves better than the Colonel and his field officers. Their incessant training for six weeks at Evansville, was proof they could endure the march.

All that day the Zouaves slept and rested on the cars at Cumberland, while Col. Wallace, with his field officers, rode about the town and neighborhood, pretending to be looking out for a camping place. About five o'clock in the afternoon he informed the citizens that he would be compelled to return up the road four or five miles to a convenient ground by the river; he was very sorry suitable camp ground could not be found closer to the city. In fact, this industrious search for a camp was to deceive the secessionists, of whom the town was full, and who were sure to communicate with the rebels at Romney.

With many regrets the citizens saw the train depart. Four miles out, a halt was called and supper cooked. Then the route was resumed. Leaving the cars at New Creek, the little column pushed boldly out across the mountains. The night was dark; the ravines and gorges were hideously black. It was the Colonel's purpose to reach the town, if possible, by daybreak. Unfortunately, the guides, in endeavoring to

take a near cut, got the column badly entangled, occasioning a loss of three hours. The surprise, however, was complete. The rebels, having fired a few random shots, fled. The Zouaves pursued for some distance, and captured a considerable amount of arms, ammunition and provision. This expedition accomplished all its purposes, and showed conclusively the metal of the regiment.

The citizens of Cumberland were inspired with confidence in the courage of their protectors, and their loyalty, heretofore suppressed, at once flamed out so fiercely that many of the most prominent secessionists absented themselves from fear of their neighbors.

The rebel soldiers, flying from Romney to Winchester, reported the attacking force so strong that it was regarded in Richmond as the advance of an army. Harper's Ferry was forthwith evacuated. This latter result is given on the authority of the Richmond papers.

The fight was comparatively a trifling skirmish, but it was not the fault of the Zouaves. They could not make the enemy stand and give battle. The spirit exhibited in the enterprise attracted universal admiration. Gen. Scott commended it in language of the highest encomium. The enemy in a short time discovered that the victors at Romney were neither an army nor the advance guard of an army. Reassured by the intelligence, they reoccupied the town, but with an increased force of infantry, cavalry and artillery, about four thousand men of all arms. This was not the security Col. Wallace and his officers bargained for. Without a cannon or a horseman, with no chance for immediate assistance, within a day's march of an enemy possessed of every advantage, they had every reason to believe that an attempt would be made to avenge the audacious raid upon Romney by a return visit to Cumberland. The situation was faithfully represented to Gen. Patterson, and reinforcements were asked. Similar requests were made to Gen. McClellan, who, about that time, relieved Gen. Morris at Grafton. Neither of those officers could spare the required aid. Gov. Curtin was appealed to, and, after long consideration, he responded by sending two regiments of Pennsylvania Reserves, with a bat-

tery, under orders, however, not to cross the State line into Maryland, unless an attack should be made on the Eleventh. So tender and careful were the loyal authorities at that early stage of the war, of the assumed neutrality of the border slave States. Military necessity, with rude hands, has crushed out many chimeras, but none so hollow and unsubstantial as that called "neutrality." The two Reserve regiments keenly felt the peculiarities of their position, and despised the myth that held them chained to a geographical line. Campbell, the gallant Captain of the artillery, ascertained exactly where the line of division ran, and, camping his men close by, with cutting practical sarcasm planted his guns so that the wheels were in Pennsylvania and the muzzles in Maryland. This force was in command of Col. Biddle, of Philadelphia. In compliance with his orders, he took position on the road from Bedford to Cumberland, nine miles distant from the latter point, and there waited events.

But the period between the capture of Romney and the arrival of Biddle was exceedingly interesting to the Eleventh. The mountains, their passes, valleys and streams—all the region, in fact, separating Romney and Cumberland—became debateable land, and the scene of constant petty strifes and stratagems. The Potomac river was so low that the places where it was not fordable were the exceptions. Parties on both sides crossed and recrossed it at pleasure. Detachments of rebel cavalry frequently stole over in the night, and abducted Union men from the Maryland side, within three miles of the camp of the Eleventh.

Col. Wallace tried to impress horses to mount a portion of his command. He succeeded in mounting only thirteen. The thirteen thus mounted he converted into videttes, sometimes using them as scouts. As he could not afford to divide his regiment even a day, he prevailed on a company of home guards, belonging to Cumberland, to undertake the task of guarding the bridge at New Creek, which was essential to the keeping open of the communication by rail to Grafton. To increase his perplexities, the regiment ran short of ammunition; at the time the enemy was most threatening, the stock of cartridges was reduced to an average of ten rounds

to the man; nor could he obtain a supply from either Hagerstown or Grafton, although his applications were of almost daily occurrence. Feeling the urgency of the necessity, he finally sent Capt. Knefler in person to see Gen. Morris on the subject. Knefler reached Grafton in safety, but found his retreat cut off; the enemy, the night after he passed up the road, attacked the Home Guard at New Creek, drove them off in spite of a gallant resistance, and burned the bridge they were guarding. In nowise despondent, a detail of the regiment commenced the work of manufacturing cartridges; but for that the supply would have been entirely exhausted. The march from Indiana had been with rations for fifteen days; these began to fail. All that could be found in Cumberland were purchased or impressed. After much trouble a sufficiency was obtained in Pennsylvania. Altogether the situation of the Eleventh during this period furnished a good school, in which officers and men were taught valuable lessons in that important branch of the art of soldiering, called "taking care of themselves." As to the citizens of Cumberland, it is to this day pleasant to hear members of the regiment speak of the continued kindness and courtesies received from them.

This period of which we are now speaking will not soon be forgotten by the friends of the Eleventh. They lived from day to day in continued apprehensions of its welfare and safety; these apprehensions were constantly excited by almost daily telegrams announcing its cutting off, defeat or capture. Had they been in camp, however, they would have seen the groundlessness of their fear. Picket duty was so well and systematically performed that surprise was impossible; nearly a hundred wagons, impressed from the town and surrounding country, were kept on hand ready at a moment's notice to move the baggage. The regiment could not have been drawn into a fight unless at the pleasure of the Colonel. A retreat was always possible by way of the Bedford road into Pennsylvania.

Probably the most remarkable circumstance connected with the history of this regiment is its "luck" or rare good fortune. It seemed almost impossible to kill a Zouave. Deeds of such extraordinary recklessness and desperation

were performed that they can well be attributed to a belief in "a good star." Many instances might be given in illustration, but we will content the reader with one, taken from what the old members of the Eleventh call their "secret history." The incident is known among them as—

M'LAUGHLIN'S DEFEAT.

The enemy's scouts, and the Zouaves, doing picket duty at post number four, seven or eight miles above the Potomac, had, for several days and nights, been practicing "sharp" on each other. One evening, just after dress parade, Corporal Ford, in charge of that post, sent word that a body of rebel cavalry, had, as they thought, crossed the river unseen, and were in cover waiting for night, to make a dash. Colonel Wallace concluded to try an ambush on them. He sent the picket men, who had brought the intelligence, back to tell Ford that two full companies would be in the thicket close by the road side, at a designated point, by twelve o'clock at night; and that at that hour, or a little after, he must open a skirmish with the rebels, and by making frequent stands, followed by short retreats, gradually draw them down to the ambuscade. A certain whistle was the signal by which the pickets were to signify their identity to the secreted companies. The man hurried off to Ford. At nine o'clock, two companies were quietly called out, and the command given to Lieut. McLaughlin, of Co. K. The Lieutenant was fully initiated into the plan, and, with a full knowledge of the business on hand, led his men in good time to the point designated, where he posted them. Unfortunately, Ford, for a reason never known, instead of following his instructions, had withdrawn his pickets from the post before the time, and by pursuing a by-path, got on the Cumberland side of the ambuscade, where, to his astonishment, he found the rebels ready to attack him. A skirmish at once commenced, resulting in Ford's headlong retreat back upon the ambush. McLaughlin heard the firing, and the clatter of horses feet. He placed his men in position. Down came the picket, their horses stretching out like hounds at full speed, nearer, nearer.

Now they march on the ambush. McLaughlin stood up, and with all his men, listened breathlessly for the signal. The foremost rider was opposite the left flank of his left company, and still no whistle. It was too dark to judge any thing by sight. The flying horsemen might be friends or foes. Of one thing he was certain: he had not heard the signal. With a palpitating heart, he sung out to his ready men—Fire! The thicket kindled as with lightning. Every gun was discharged. There were screams of terror, and mad plunging of horses, in the road. McLaughlin and his companies darted from the thicket, and *captured every man of our own pickets, including the Corporal.* The fire had been direct. The imaginary foe was not ten yards distant. Yet, strange to say, only one man was wounded, and he eventually recovered. Four horses were killed, one or two wounded, and every rider thrown. The secret of the misfortune was: Ford, at the critical moment, forgot to whistle. The rebels in pursuit never inquired into the matter, but turned away and hastened up the mountain.

THE FIGHT AT KELLEY'S ISLAND.

Col. Wallace had been accustomed to send his mounted scouts to different posts along the several approaches to Cumberland. There were only thirteen of these scouts; but they were picked men, who, from much practice, had become accustomed to their peculiar duty. The following are their names and companies:

Company A—D. B. Hay, E. H. Baker. Company B—Ed. Burkett, J. C. Hollenback. Company C—Tim Grover, James Hollowell. Company D—Thos. Brazier. Company E—Geo. W. Mudbargar. Company F—Lewis Farley. Company H—Frank Harrison. Company I—P. M. Dunlap. Company K—Robt. Dunlap, E. P. Thomas.

On the twenty-seventh of June, the Colonel found it impossible to get reliable information of the enemy. Uniting the scouts in a body, he gave them in charge of Corporal D. B. Hay, with directions to proceed to a little town on the pike from Cumberland to Romney, named Frankfort, and ascertain if rebel troops were there.

Hay was sharp, cunning and bold—the very man for the business. Filling their canteens and haversacks, the brave men strapped their rifles on their backs, and started on their mission. Their horses were of the class now known as condemned. Hay's was the only good one. He had some reputation as a racer, and went by the name of "Silverheels." His rider had captured him in a scuffle a few days before, and prized him highly as a trophy. All the rest had been impressed into the service, and now made sad protest of their ribs by way of protest against their usage.

A rumor passed through the camp that morning, that Hay was going to have a fight before he returned. His procedure was certainly that of man in search of a fight. He took the turnpike to Romney, and never drew rein, until, from a little eminence, he looked down into the straggling village of Frankfort. The street was full of infantry. The horses picketed about indicated a large body of cavalry. Most men would have been anxious, after that sight, to return to camp quickly as possible. Not so Hay and his comrades. Sitting on their horses, they coolly made up their estimate of the enemy's number, and when they were perfectly agreed on the point, turned about, and rode leisurely away. On the return, they took another road very much broken, and which, threading among the hills, after many devious windings, finally brought up to the track of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. The taking of this road was a mere freak of fancy. It was by no means the shortest to camp, nor was its exploration of any probable use; yet it led to a fight; and if the scouts had known that beforehand, it is not likely they would have changed their course.

Three or four miles from Frankfort, while descending a mountain side, after turning a sharp elbow in the road, the men came suddenly upon a party of rebel cavalry. Each instinctively drew his bridle rein, and for an instant halted. Rapidly they commenced counting.

"Forty-one of them, boys!" cried Hay, turning in his saddle. "What do you say? Will you stand by me?"

"Go in, Dave," was the unanimous vote.

It took but a moment to unslung their rifles.

“Are you ready?” asked Hay.

“All ready,” they replied.

“Come on, then,” shouted the leader. “The best horse gets the first man!”

With the last word they were off.

It happened the rebels themselves were going in the same direction. They were also somewhat below them in the descent of the road. With his usual shrewdness, and quick as thought, Hay grasped his advantage of position. An abrupt declivity on the left of the narrow road, made it impossible for the enemy to form line. Neither could the rebels turn and charge up hill. They must go on to escape. If they stopped, “Silverheels” would go through like a thunderbolt.

The rebels heard the shout, and, in surprise, halted and took a look. The sight, under ordinary circumstances, would have been interesting to them. Not seventy-five yards behind, they saw Hay and his party galloping down the decline at break neck speed; their glance rested briefly on the little jackets, and big grey breeches, on the short, brown rifles shaken menacingly over the scarlet tipped caps, and on the straining horses; their ears recognized the yell of pursuit; and then they stayed not on their order of going. What they said, and whether they counted the assailants, we know not; but they began a retreat that soon took the form of a promiscuous fox chase, except that the shouts, which momentarily neared them, had little likeness to the joyous halloo of hunters.

Hay led the pursuit; Farley was next; the others followed as best they could; not one hung back. It is to be doubted whether, in his best days, “Silverheels” had made better time. A short distance from the foot of the hill he overtook the rebels. Just before the collision, Hay rose in his stirrups and fired his rifle into the party. He was so close that to miss would have been an accident. Swinging the weapon round his head, he hurled it at the nearest man, and the next moment, with drawn pistol, plunged furiously amidst them. They closed around him. The pistol shooting became sharp and quick. Hay received one wound, then another, but for

each one he killed a man. When his revolver was empty he drew his sabre bayonet. The rebel Captain gave him from behind a heavy cut on the head. Still he sat his horse, and though weakened by the blow, and half blind with blood, he laid out right and left. He fared illy enough, but it would have been worse if Farley had not then came up and pitched loyally into the melee. Close at his heels, but singly or doubly, according to the speed of their horses, rode all the rest. The rebel Captain was shot before he could repeat his sabre blow. Farley was dismounted by the shock of the collision. He clinched a foeman in like situation, a struggle ensued, he was thrown, but his antagonist was knocked down by young Hollowell before he could use his victory. Farley caught another horse. The eager onset relieved Hay, and again started the rebels who, in their flight, took to the railroad. Not a moment was allowed them to turn upon their pursuers. Over the track helter skelter they went. Suddenly they came to a burnt culvert. It was too late to dodge it; over or into it they had to go. Eight men were killed in the attempt to cross it. Hay, in close pursuit, saw the leap just as it was unavoidable. "Silverheels" in his turn cleared the culvert, but fell dead a few yards beyond. The chase ended there. When his comrades crossed over, they found Hay sitting by his horse crying like a child, on account of the death of "Silverheels."

The scouts then proceeded to collect the spoils. When they were all in, the nett proceeds of the victory were seventeen horses, with their equipments, and eleven dead rebels, three on the hill-side, and eight in the culvert. Hay re-mounted himself, and started with the party for Cumberland. It may be imagined with what satisfaction the brave victors pictured to each other their triumphal entry into camp. After going a few miles, Hay became so faint from loss of blood, that he had to be taken out of his saddle. The dilemma in which they now found themselves was settled by sending two of their number to a farm house for a wagon; meantime they laid their leader in the shade, and brought water for him from the river. While they were thus nursing him back to strength, a fire was suddenly opened upon them

from a hill on the left. This was a surprise, yet their coolness did not desert them. Hay bade them put him on a horse and leave him to take care of himself. They complied, clinging painfully to the saddle, he forded the Potomac and was safe. The others could probably have saved themselves, but in a foolish effort to save their horses, they lost the opportunity. Farley then became leader.

“Let the horses go, and give the rebels thunder,” was his simple emphatic order.

The fire, thickening on them, was then returned. Years before Farley had lost one of his eyes; the sound one, however, was now admirably used. He saw the rebels were trying to surround the party, and would succeed if better cover was not soon found. Behind them ran Patterson's creek. The ground on its opposite shore was scarcely higher than that which they occupied, but it was covered with rocks washed naked by the flowing stream. Farley saw that to get there would be a good exchange.

“It's a pretty slim chance, boys,” he coolly said, “but it wont do to give in or stay here. Let's make a rush for the big rocks yonder, and get the creek between them and us.”

The rush was made; under a sharp fire, they crossed the creek and took shelter behind the bowlders. Ten of them were there, but, to use their own language, they were all “sound as new fifty cent pieces, and not whipped by a long sight.”

Peering over the rocks, they counted over seventy rebels on foot making at full speed for the creek, evidently with the intention of crossing it. Each one felt the trial had come.

“Look out, now, and don't waste a cartridge. Recollect they are scarce,” said Thomas.

“Yes, and recollect Buena Vista,” said Hollowell.

The first rebel entered the creek before a gun was fired, so perfectly calm were those ten men. Then crack, crack, in quick succession, went the rifles, scarcely a bullet failing its mark. The assailants recoiled, ran back, and finding cover as best they could, began the exciting play of sharpshooters. This practice continued for more than an hour. The sun went down on it. About that time a small party of horse-

men galloped down the road, and hitching their horses, joined the enemy. One of the new comers made himself conspicuous by refusing to take the ground. Walking about, as if in contempt of the minnies which were sent whistling round him, he gave directions which resulted in another sudden dash for the creek. Again the rifles went crack, crack, in quick succession, and with the same fatal consequence; but this time the rebels had a leader; men were seen to fall in the water, but there was no second recoil; the obstructions were cleared in the face of the rifles, and with much cursing and shouting the attacking party closed in upon the Zouaves.

The fight was hand to hand. No amount of courage could be effective against the great odds at such close quarters; nevertheless, all that was possible was done. Night was rapidly closing upon the scene; over the rocks, and through the tangled thicket, and in the fading twilight, the struggle for revenge and life went on. There was heroism on both sides; that of the Zouaves was matchless, because it was in no small degree the prompting of despair.

Farley found himself again engaged with the leader of the rebels, a man of as much strength as courage; Hollowell saved his life at the cost of his rifle, but snatching the dead man's pistols, he resumed the fight. The pistols were brought into camp, and next morning presented to the young hero by the Colonel.

Thomas killed two by rifle shots; while loading a third time, he was struck by a pistol ball on the side of the temple, and fell senseless. A man in the act of striking him with a sabre, was shot through by Grover, and died on Thomas. It was dark when Thomas recovered; hearing no sound of fighting, he pushed off the dead body from him, secured his rifle, and hid himself in vines and bushes. In a little while the rebels came to remove the dead. He saw them carry thirteen dead bodies across the creek. In searching the island they found Hollenback, who had been shot through the body. Thomas heard the exclamation announcing the discovery.

"Here's a Yankee!" was the shout.

"Kill him, kill him!" arose on all sides.

"Come, get out of this!" said a strong voice.

"I can't, I'm shot," feebly protested Hollenback.

Yet they made him rise and wade the creek. When all was still, Thomas escaped by wading and swimming the Potomac.

Baker and Dunlap, of Co. I, the men sent for the wagon, hearing the second engagement, galloped with all speed to camp, and reported. The regiment was on drill when they arrived. Fifty men, under Major Robinson, were instantly detailed to go to the rescue. When the detachment reached the edge of town it was swelled to two hundred—the guards found it impossible to keep the Zouaves in the lines. The relief traveled fast, but arrived too late. The island was deserted. Pistols, broken guns, dead horses, and rocks stained with blood told the story.

The detail returned late in the night. Early next morning two companies, under Major Robinson, were sent down to search for some of the missing men and property, and bury such dead as they might find. In the afternoon the Major came back with some trophies, eight horses, and poor Hollenback. He had found Hollenback lying on a farmer's porch dead, but warm and bleeding, with a bullet hole and a bayonet thrust through his body. The woman of the house told Major Robinson how he died.

"The man wasn't dead when they brought him here," she said, "but a little while ago, when they heard you coming, they set him on a horse to take him off with them; but he fainted; he couldn't stand it. A man then stuck a bayonet into his back."

The Major glanced at the porch, and observed blood on the floor.

"Did they bring anybody else here, Madam?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! I reckon they did. Me and my man came out while they were at work, and we counted twenty-three men laid out side by side on the porch there. Two or three of them were wounded. I heard some one say that they had brought some of the dead men down the railroad. Ashby was one of the wounded."

The Ashby alluded to was a brother of the Col. Ashby of

Black Horse Cavalry renown. He afterwards died of his wounds.

By five o'clock the day after the fight the scouts were all in camp. They straggled in one by one. Citizens and soldiers turned out to receive them. Never did returning heroes have more sympathizing and admiring audiences. Thomas showed the kiss of the bullet on his temple. Baker wore the cap of a rebel—his own had been shot off his head. Dunlap had three bullet holes through his shirt. Hollowell exhibited his captured pistols and broken rifle. Farley yet retained the handle of his sabre-bayonet, shivered in the fray. Several of the men testified to his killing six enemies with his own hand. Not a man but had some proofs of the engagement, such as torn clothes and bruised bodies. But Hay was the hero. Three ghastly wounds entitled him to the honor.

Their final escape had been effected in the same manner. Finding themselves overpowered and separated, each one, at the first opportunity, had abandoned the battle ground, which proved to be Kelly's Island, at the mouth of Patterson's creek, and plunging into the river succeeded in crossing it. The enemy followed to the canal, on the northern side.

Hollenback was buried in the cemetery. A more solemn funeral never took place in the old town. The sorrow was universal. Loyal citizens thought—

"To every man upon this earth,
Death cometh soon or late;
And where can man die better,
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods!"

Col. Wallace officially reported the fight to Gen. Patterson, and the latter wrote the following general order and published it to his army:

HEADQUARTERS DEP'T OF PENNSYLVANIA,
Hagerstown, June 30, 1861.

General Orders, No. 29.—The Commanding General has the satisfaction to announce to the troops a second victory over the insurgents by a small party of Indiana Volunteers, under

Col. Wallace, on the twenty-sixth instant. Thirteen mounted men attached to the regiment attacked forty-one insurgents, killing eight and chasing the rest two miles. On their return with seventeen captured horses, they were attacked by seventy-five of the enemy, and fell back to a strong position, which they held till dark, when they returned to camp, with the loss of one man killed and one wounded.

The Commanding General desires to bring to the attention of the officers and men of his command the courage and conduct with which this gallant little band of comparatively raw troops met the emergency, by turning on an enemy so largely superior in numbers, chastising him severely, and gathering in retreat the fruits of victory. By order of

MAJOR GEN. PATTERSON.

J. F. PORTER, Assistant Adjutant General.

On the twenty-seventh, General McClellan telegraphed Col. Wallace for the particulars of the fight. The Colonel, after narrating the particulars, closes his report to Gen. McClellan by stating that the account "of the skirmish sounds like fiction, but it is not exaggerated. The fight was one of the most desperate on record, and abounded in instances of wonderful daring and coolness."

Next day, Gen. McClellan sent the following compliment, which was enthusiastically received when published to the regiment:

"GRAFTON, VA., June 28.

TO COL. LEW. WALLACE:—I congratulate you upon the gallant conduct of your regiment. Thank them for me, and express to the party how highly I honor their heroic courage, worthy of their French namesakes. I more than ever regret that you are not under my command. I have urged Gen. Scott to send up the Pennsylvania regiments. I begin to doubt whether the Eleventh Indiana needs reinforcements.

"GEO. B. McCLELLAN,
Maj. Gen. U. S. Army."

Prior to the fight at Kelley's Island, an incident occurred,

strikingly illustrative of the fear with which the Eleventh had inspired the enemy at Romney. A force, estimated at four thousand men, of all arms, had been concentrated at that place, under Col. McDonald. That officer had frequently sent messages to Col. Wallace, declarative of a fixed purpose to burn Cumberland. On the nineteenth of June, information came that the rebels were coming. The news was confirmed by an attack made that night on the guards of the New Creek bridge, twenty-three miles from Cumberland. As already stated, the guard, after a stout resistance, was driven off, and the bridge burned. At daylight next morning, the enemy were reported in force on the Maryland side of the Potomac, moving rapidly upon Cumberland, by way of Frostburgh.

Upon receipt of this news, the regiment made all necessary preparations. The sick were provided for, the tents all struck, and the baggage loaded in the wagons, then in camp, for such an emergency. About ten o'clock the pickets galloped in, and reported the enemy at Frostburgh, only six miles distant.

Col. Wallace ordered Quartermaster Ryce to move out with the train on the road to Bedford, Pa. When the last wagon had passed through the town, the regiment was formed, and, with flying colors, and band playing, marched after the train.

As the Colonel had kept his own counsel, the men were in ignorance of his purposes. They at once concluded that the movement was a retreat. Their shame and mortification were amusing. "Is this the way we remember Buena Vista?" was the common exclamation. The secessionists in the town had the same opinion of the movement, and took no pains to conceal their satisfaction. The companies passing the houses could see their smiles and sneers. These, coupled with the tears and despair of the many loyal people, turned the shame of the Zouaves into rage. Col. Wallace, pleased by the feeling manifested, paid no apparent attention to their bitter exclamations. As he rode along, however, he busied himself in telling prominent Union citizens to keep in their houses with their women and children, if the rebels came into town. It was afterwards known that these warnings had connection with his plans.

Slowly and sorrowfully the regiment followed in the wake of its train, going towards Bedford. Two miles and a half out of town, however, all were surprised to hear the bugles blow the halt; then no less pleased at the order to face about, and commence a return march toward Cumberland.

It appears that when the regiment was about half a mile out of town, the Colonel had called the attention of Lieut. Col. McGinnis and Major Robinson to a place which, he said, was good fighting ground. They agreed with him; and to that point accordingly the regiment returned, and went into position for battle. Then the Zouaves comprehended the object of the movement; the baggage had been moved for safety; the departure from camp was to obtain a better position for action, and one in which the line of retreat was at all times secure—a matter not to be lost sight of, when it is considered that the little force had no cavalry or artillery, and but an average of ten rounds of cartridge. The spirits of the men arose; and behind the stone wall, which stretched across the narrow valley, they waited for the enemy. When the Union citizens heard that the regiment had not left them, they again hung out the flags, which, a little before, they had taken down and concealed.

While speaking of Col. Wallace's purposes on this occasion, it is not improper to add, that he expected the enemy, when they took possession of the town, would scatter in search of plunder. If so, he intended to attack them in the streets. Hence his warning to Union men to keep in their houses.

The rebels, however, did not come. McDonald halted at Frostburgh, and hearing that the Zouaves were ready to fight him, he, that night, turned about, and marched back to Romney. Next morning the Eleventh re-occupied its old camps as if nothing had occurred.

The incidents given show distinctly that the duties performed by the Eleventh at Cumberland, were hard, fatiguing, and dangerous. They were, nevertheless, relieved by pleasant social intercourse with the people of the city, who took the fourth of July as a proper day on which to express their gratitude to their defenders. About ten o'clock in the morning, a train of wagons, under escort of the Continentals, the

independent company, which had so gallantly defended New Creek bridge a short time before, was observed to cross the bridge, and take the road to camp. Passing the lines, it stopped in the tented streets, and satisfied the wonder of soldiers by unloading a splendid dinner. Never were men more agreeably surprised. The festivity of the day was concluded by the presentation to the regiment of a beautiful garrison flag. The dance and song were continued far into the night.

On the seventh of July, Col. Wallace received an order from Gen. Patterson to join his army at Martinsburgh, Va., so soon as possible. On the eighth camp was broken up. The route of the regiment in this march was through Flint Stone, Hancock, Clear Spring, and Williamsport.

HOW THE ZOUAVES CONQUERED A MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

It happened that a regiment, from the old Bay State, marched into Martinsburgh immediately after the Eleventh, and was assigned to an encampment in an adjoining field. Two bodies more dissimilar in every respect, could not have been thrown together. Some of the New England officers were foolish enough to forbid their men from associating with what they contemptuously called the "Indiana grease bags." This amused the Zouaves, who resolved to bring their aristocratic friends to terms.

The two regiments turned out in their respective fields for battalion drill. Col. Wallace quickly saw that his competitors had the advantage of him in the possession of a new uniform, and a splendid brass band, and that the music of the latter was attracting the mass of spectators who had come over to see the new regiments; but he had an unexpected resource. Ellsworth had been to Boston with his celebrated Zouaves; and on the boards of a theater, there made exhibition of the tactics *a la France*. He believed, however, that few persons in New England had ever seen those tactics performed by a full regiment in a broad field. If so, he knew they would be irresistible. Breaking the regiment into column of platoons, he began the drill, in which the commands are all given by the bugle, and executed on the double-quick. The men

understood the joke, and did their best. A few movements brought back the spectators. Advancing, retreating, moving by the flanks, firing in advance, and in retreat, the rallies and deployments, &c., were done in superb style; and in the midst of them, a New York regiment, on drill a little way off, halted, wheeled into line, and while watching the performance, soon broke into cheers. Massachusetts alone remained obstinate. It was easy to see, however, that, despite the officers, the curiosity of the men was becoming ungovernable. In practicing the march in column, whenever the direction of their movement brought their front to the Zouaves, it was all right; but the moment their backs were turned, the utmost vigor was required to keep them from looking back. The field on which the Eleventh was drilling, was enclosed on its north side by a high rail fence, beyond which, was a hollow; then a low mountain side, covered on the top by a dense growth of cedars. The bugles blew "by the right flank, march," and off went the regiment at intervals taken; they leaped the fence, crossed the hollow, and, still on the double-quick, disappeared in the cedars. How will they be brought back? was the query. Suddenly the Massachusetts regiment halted, and, at ordered arms, became spectators. The victory was won. Directly the bugles sounded; the call was repeated promptly, and soon the companies re-appeared; and in perfect order returned to the field again. As the last man cleared the fence, an involuntary cheer broke from the Massachusetts regiment; the Zouaves replied with a "tiger" in addition; and from that time, the fraternization went on uninterruptedly. After that, the men with the big grey breeches were without rivals, and had the liberty of the town with or without the password.

THE END OF THE TERM.

In a few days the Eleventh, with the rest of Patterson's army, marched to Bunker Hill, about seven miles from Winchester, at which place Gen. Johnson was intrenched. A battle was the common expectation, and a proper climax to the service of the Zouaves. Gen. Patterson's movement

turned out, however, a mere observation. The morning the army should have been marched to Winchester, to the surprise and mortification of every body not duly informed, it was turned to the left, and taken to Charlestown. The night it laid at Bunker Hill, Johnson carried his force by rail to Manassas, where it was chiefly instrumental in the defeat of the Federal army at Bull Run.

At Charlestown the term of service of the regiment expired, together with that of a number of others from other States. Gen. Patterson had issued a general request to all such outgoing regiments to remain with him until their places could be supplied by new troops. Upon a vote taken, the Eleventh agreed to do so, and marched to headquarters to report their conclusion to the General, who complimented them in the most flattering manner for their patriotism worthy their fame. Shortly after, they were marched to Harper's Ferry; but before ten days, they were relieved, and ordered home. It arrived at Indianapolis on the twenty-ninth of July, where it was accorded a magnificent reception. On the second of August it was mustered out of service.

During almost the entire campaign, the Eleventh was isolated from all other commands; hence we have deemed it proper to give an extended account of its operations.

FIRST POTOMAC CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER IV.

EARLY OPERATIONS ON THE POTOMAC.

In the early operations on the line of the Potomac, the Indiana troops took but little part. There was no regiment from the State in the first grand army gathered at Washington. The Eleventh was ordered to Cumberland, and received instructions from Gen. Patterson, who held the upper Potomac. They held an important outpost, but did not participate in the series of maneuvers which characterized that campaign. In order to connect the links in the chain of events, it is necessary to glance at the leading movements around Washington, which culminated in the disaster at Bull Run.

Before the State of Virginia had formally seceded, troops from other Southern States were welcomed within her borders. The martial spirit which animated her people was directed to revolutionary ends. It was evident to every thoughtful mind, North and South, that her soil would be the great battlefield. The aggressive spirit which breathed from her public press, and awakened an echo in the hearts of her people, pointed to the capture of Washington, and the possession of Norfolk, Harper's Ferry and Fortress Monroe. On the nineteenth of April, the important works at Harper's Ferry were destroyed, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. On the twentieth, all that was combustible in Gosport Navy Yard was burned, the cannon spiked, and the ships

of war Delaware, Pennsylvania, Columbus, Merrimac, Raritan, Germantown, Plymouth, and United States, were scuttled, and set on fire. The frigate Cumberland was towed out of the harbor in the light of the blazing docks, stores and fleets. The garrison of Fortress Monroe was strengthened, and military possession taken of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. A heavy guard was placed at Long Bridge, and a line of pickets posted beyond. Troops were hurried up to Washington for the defense of the Capital. The activity and determination of the rebel leaders awoke a corresponding energy of purpose in the Federal authorities. Day after day the preparations for the impending struggle assumed larger proportions.

On the twentieth of April occurred one of those exciting incidents which stir the heart of a nation, and form an epoch in its history. A Massachusetts's regiment, in passing through Baltimore, was attacked by a mob. Two of their number were killed and eight wounded. The military struggled through the surging tide of maddened and infuriated men, while a perfect shower of bricks, stones, and other missiles, was poured upon them. They abstained from firing as an organized body. A few straggling shots were fired upon the assailants; but at no time during the affray, did a single platoon deliver its fire. From this time, until works were erected commanding the city, no attempt was made to pass troops through it. The Executive of Maryland and the majority of her people, were opposed to the revolutionary schemes of the Southern leaders. The riot was doubtless incited to hurry the State into the vortex of secession. The wisdom of the course adopted, after a full consultation at Washington by the National, State and city authorities, is now clearly seen. The Mayor guaranteed to preserve order in the city if the troops were sent by some other route. This was done. The excitement, no longer faumed by opposition, died away. The giant rowdyism which had long controlled the Monumental City, was shorn of its power for mischief.

On the twenty-seventh of April, by an order from the Adjutant General's office, three departments were formed from what might be termed the defensive line of Washington,

or the base for operations in Eastern Virginia. These departments, we will, for the purpose of our sketch, call the Army of the Potomac. The first, under command of Col. J. R. F. Mansfield, Inspector General of the army, embraced the District of Columbia according to its original boundary—Fort Washington, and the county adjacent, and the State of Maryland as far as Bladensburgh. The second, under command of Gen. B. F. Butler, included the counties on each side of the railroad from Annapolis to Bladensburg, Maryland. The third, called the Department of Pennsylvania, commanded by Gen. Patterson, included Pennsylvania, the State of Delaware, and all that part of Maryland not included in the two first departments.

The proclamation of Gov. Letcher, of Virginia, calling out the militia to defend the State from invasion, and the proclamation of President Lincoln, calling for forty-two thousand additional volunteers, and eighteen thousand sailors, for three years, bear the same date—May the third.

The Confederate forces occupied Norfolk, and were actively engaged in fortifying the approaches to the James River. Another rebel column, called the army of the Shenandoah, threatened the upper Potomac. And a third, having their pickets and outposts in sight of the dome of the Capitol, were menacing the center of our line.

On the twenty-third of May, our forces in Washington numbered about forty thousand. On the same day, about nine thousand of this army marched over Long Bridge for Eastern Virginia. Ellsworth's regiment of Fire Zouaves were sent by steamer to Alexandria. That town was taken without a struggle. Col. Ellsworth there lost his life at the hands of a hotel keeper, named Jackson, who shot the ardent young officer while in the act of taking down a secession flag, which had waved from the roof of the Marshal House. Col. Wilcox, with the First Michigan regiment, reached the town by the Washington pike soon after Col. Ellsworth had entered it from the water front, and surprised a small body of cavalry near the depot of the Orange and Alexandria Railroad. Arlington Heights were occupied. The work of throwing up defenses commenced. The organization into

brigades and divisions rapidly followed. Brigadier General McDowell was placed in command of the forces south of the Potomac. The work, of reconnoitering the country, of endeavoring to find out the disposition of the enemy's forces, and of divining his plans, proceeded. Unfortunately, the Northern press, dazzled by the display of force, and misled by the falling back of the enemy, commenced clamoring for an advance, unmindful and reckless of the fact, that our officers, who would be held responsible in case of a defeat, were the best judges of the preparations essential to secure victory.

On the first of June, Lieut. Tompkins, with Co. B, of the Second regular cavalry, made a dashing charge through the town of Fairfax, driving out and routing a superior force of Confederate cavalry and infantry, and capturing some prisoners of note. His loss was one killed, four wounded, and one missing. The exploit was brilliant and startling.

THE BATTLE OF BETHEL.

General Butler in the meantime had taken command at Fortress Monroe. It was under his orders the first serious contest in Virginia was fought. The enemy had established a camp at a place called Bethel. Big Bethel is a short distance from Little Bethel. These places take their names from two churches situated about eight miles north from Newport News, and the same distance north-west from Hampton. Our troops were stationed at Newport News and at Hampton. The rebels were at Big and Little Bethel, from which places squads of cavalry sallied at night upon our pickets.

General Butler resolved to route the rebels. The expedition, though well planned, was defeated by one of those blunders which raw troops frequently make. Gen. Pierce was in command of the force. It was to march in two columns. Duryea's Zouaves were to move from Hampton *via* New Market bridge, from thence by a by-road and take position between Big and Little Bethel, to cut the communication, and be in readiness to attack Little Bethel when

assailed in front. Colonel Townsend's regiment, and two howitzers, were to support this movement and move about an hour later. Another force was to move from Newport News, under command of Lieut. Col. Washburn, supported by Col. Bendix's regiment and two field pieces. These forces were to effect a junction one mile and a half from Little Bethel and attack it in front. Duryea and Bendix had taken position. Townsend's column was approaching. Bendix, supposing it to be the enemy, opened upon it with artillery and musketry. This blunder gave notice of the impending attack. All hope of a surprise was abandoned. Col. Duryea, at the moment of the firing, had surprised and captured the outlying guard at Little Bethel, and being ordered to fall back he joined the other columns, which were there concentrated for an attack. When the united force moved upon Little Bethel it was abandoned.

The enemy took a strong position on the opposite side of the south branch of Black river, with heavy batteries protected in front by earth works. Capt. Kilpatrick with two companies of skirmishers drove in the pickets, and secured a position for three pieces of artillery, supported by the advance of Duryea's regiment. The artillery, under Lieut. Greble of the First United States Artillery, opened fire. It was returned from the Parrott guns of the enemy, which told with fearful effect upon the exposed line of the Union forces. An attempt was made to storm the works under cover of Greble's guns, which had been advanced to within two hundred yards of the enemy's intrenchments. The order to withdraw was given. Capt. Kilpatrick afterwards reported that the rebel works would have been carried had not orders to retire been prematurely given. Lieut. Greble, who was serving one of his guns, fell at the last fire, a cannon ball having shot off his head. Major Winthrop, while standing on a log waving his sword and cheering his men to a charge, was pierced by a rifle shot from a rebel sharpshooter, and fell dead in full view of the enemy's line. Our loss was fifty killed and a proportionate number wounded. The enemy fought under shelter and did not sustain much loss—our troops, whenever they advanced from the cover of the woods on the left, were

exposed to the full sweep of the enemy's batteries and musketry. This battle took place on the tenth of June.

At the South this repulse was magnified into a great victory, and used with effect by the press and politicians to feed the vaunting spirit of the people—a spirit too common both North and South in the early stages of the contest.

THE AMBUSCADE AT VIENNA.

Gen. Schenck was ordered, on the seventeenth of June, to make a reconnoissance from Alexandria to Vienna, on the Leedsburgh road, and to station guards at the bridges and other exposed positions. Vienna is thirteen miles from Alexandria. The road runs through a valley with hills on either side, screened by heavy thickets. The Third Ohio regiment, Col. McCook's, embarked on platform cars, propelled by a locomotive, went through this valley, every yard of which might have masked a foe. Squads of men were dropped at the exposed points as the train moved backwards through the pass. The party were enjoying a merry ride when, within half a mile of the little hamlet of Vienna, a battery concealed by the thicket, opened upon them. The first round tore five men to pieces and crippled the locomotive. The cars were abandoned, and the men formed in line of battle, but successful resistance in such a position was out of the question; they fell back to the shelter of a wood a mile in the rear. The enemy did not attempt to follow. The Federal loss in this affair was five killed, six wounded and ten missing.

While the sympathy of the people of the North flowed out to the sufferers in this disaster, the criticisms upon it were severe—almost savage. Gen. Schenck was censured and ridiculed without measure. "Going scouting on a railroad train," passed into a proverb, when speaking of military incapacity.

GENERAL PATTERSON'S CORPS.

In the early part of June, Gen. Patterson moved from his camp at Chambersburgh for the Potomac.

Along the line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad there had been some very important skirmishes by detachments of Gen. Patterson's command, the most memorable of which was by a party of eleven scouts belonging to the Eleventh Indiana, under command of Corp. Hay, who encountered forty of Ashby's cavalry on Patterson's creek, twelve miles from Cumberland, and succeeded, after a severe struggle, in routing them. It was a hand to hand fight, and proved the gallantry of Corp. Hay and of the brave men who accompanied him. The history of the Eleventh Indiana contains the particulars of this engagement.

Previously, Col. Wallace having learned that a force was collecting at Romney, marched his regiment to that place, from Cumberland, and routed the rebels.

This movement alarmed Gen. Johnston, who feared a junction between Patterson and McClellan, and a demonstration in force in the Shenandoah valley. Such a movement would hold him at Harper's Ferry, then supposed to be a stronghold, and effectually cut him off from the center of the Confederate line at Manassas.

While Gen. Patterson was moving rapidly upon Martinsburg, Johnston destroyed the magnificent railroad structures spanning the river at Harper's Ferry, and fell back towards Winchester. His advance, after reaching that point pushed on to Romney, and found it evacuated by our troops. A detachment followed to New Creek, on the Potomac, where they observed a Federal force on the Maryland side. Their further progress was checked. The main column of Gen. Johnson halted at Charlestown, in light marching order. The sick soldiers and heavy baggage were sent on to Winchester, and he was thus in a position to move upon Patterson and dispute his advance, or hurry to the relief of the center in front of Washington, as the progress of events might direct.

Gen. Patterson crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, on the second of July, skirmishing with the enemy's pickets. At Falling Waters, five miles from the ford, on the pike leading to Martinsburg, his advance had a brisk engagement with a force of the enemy, in which our troops were successful. Falling Waters—the romantic name given to the battle field,

suggestive of the idea of a stream dashing over a ledge of rocks, or leaping down the precipitous side of a mountain—takes its name from a dam which gathers the waters of a limpid brook for the prosaic, but useful, purpose of turning the machinery of a mill. The rebel force was commanded by Colonel, afterwards the celebrated, General Jackson. Martinsburg was abandoned before the Federal army reached it. After a delay of two weeks at Martinsburg, Gen. Patterson moved towards Winchester. Gen. Johnston marched his main force in the same direction. The pickets of the two armies met at Bunker Hill. After several days skirmishing Patterson fell back to the abandoned camp of the enemy at Charlestown. Gen. Johnston resumed his original march and occupied Winchester, leaving large bodies of skirmishers to cover his movements.

The period of the enlistment of Gen. Patterson's men had almost expired, when it was decided to make an advance upon Manassas. His orders were to engage Johnston, and prevent him from effecting a junction with Beauregard, who had assumed command of the Confederate force in front of Washington; but this, with an army, hastily collected and anxious to return to their homes, the General found it impossible to accomplish.

Gen. Patterson has been hastily censured for his inability to prevent the march of Gen. Johnston to the relief of Beauregard; but as the light of time breaks through the cloud which passion, prejudice, disappointed hopes and ill-directed ambition, throws around current events, it will be found that it was more the misfortune than the fault of the Pennsylvania General, that his wily antagonist eluded his grasp.

THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

When Congress met in July, 1861, fifty-five thousand soldiers of all arms, were encamped around Washington. It was the most magnificent army that had ever been seen on this continent. Its equipment was pronounced complete. The praises of the Grand Army were upon every tongue in the loyal States. So little was the magnitude of the

struggle understood, that it was considered treason to doubt for a moment, the ability of this force to march without any serious difficulty direct to the heart of the Confederacy. Our politicians and editors had all become military critics. Their zeal was mistaken for knowledge. Their ignorance of the resources of the enemy was esteemed patriotism. On account of the clamor raised by them, the North became impatient for an advance.

It was well known the enemy were strongly entrenched a few miles from Centerville, in a position to cover the junction of the Orange and Alexandria and Manassas Gap Railroads. This seems to have been decided—in the popular mind at least—as the route to the rebel capital. The “on to Richmond” frenzy demanded the dispersion of the hordes at Manassas, and the forward march from thence without rest or delay.

Our people were unaccustomed to the sight of large armies. The glittering military array around Arlington Heights, turned the heads of the people and of their leaders. To check such an army, composed as it was of the most loyal citizens of our loyal States, was regarded as an impossibility. Fired with enthusiasm in our cause, and placing unbounded confidence in the prowess of our soldiery who were supplied with the most approved appliances of modern warfare, we were ready to stigmatize as traitors all who doubted the ability of that army to march direct to Richmond, and plant the stars and stripes on the dome of the rebel capitol. Gen. Scott for a long time resisted the public entreaties for an immediate advance, but at length surrendered his judgment to the popular clamor. The fact that the term of service of a portion of the troops was about to expire, might have influenced him to consent to the advance. It is not probable he indulged the prevailing idea, that our troops, after forcing the stronghold at Manassas, would have a holiday march to Richmond.

The advance, however, was decided upon. How much doubt of success lingered in the mind of the grand Old Chief, who had the general supervision of its movements, we perhaps will never know. We know, however, he has since reproached himself with moral cowardice for bending to the

storm of enthusiasm which for a season swept away calm judgment from the minds of our people. Forward! was the word. Leaving twenty thousand men to cover Washington, Gen. McDowell with thirty-five thousand, moving in several columns, by different roads, felt his way cautiously to Fairfax Court House.

No correct maps of the country could be obtained. The engineers had to penetrate in advance and collect that information in regard to roads, which is absolutely essential to the safe marching of a large army. It was one of these armed reconnoissances which brought on the first fight, called by the South, Bull Run, in contra-distinction to the decisive contest which is usually termed the battle of Manassas.

The enemy's line extended for ten miles along the western bank of Bull Run, a small stream rising among the eastern slopes of the Blue Ridge Mountains, and gliding between rugged and thickly wooded banks to the Occoquan river. Their right rested at Union Mills, the crossing of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, and extended beyond the main turnpike road leading from Centreville to Warrenton. Although the banks of the stream are high and rocky it can be crossed at several points on the line by old and long used fords, at which a glimpse may be obtained of the rolling plateau beyond, called the Plains of Manassas. The most noted of these fords, or the most frequently named in describing the battle, are Sudley's above, and Blackburn's and Mitchell's, below, the left of the enemy's line. A stone bridge spans the stream on the line of the turnpike. This stone bridge in the crowning battle became the key of the rebel position.

On the eighteenth of July Gen. Tyler, who led the advance division with seven regiments—Richardson's brigade—took the road from Centreville to Blackburn's ford, to feel the enemy and test the practicability of crossing there. On emerging from the woods which at that point crown the heights between Centreville and the Run, the descent was found to be between gentle and open slopes. On the opposite side the banks rose more abruptly and were wooded to the edge of the water. Higher up cleared fields could be seen, and away beyond, the more prominent elevations of the

plateau were visible. It was reasonable to expect that the wooded slopes beyond were filled with armed men, although not a glimpse could be seen of an enemy. A wary general would not neglect such an opportunity of checking the advance of an adversary, and the country had at that time evidence that every movement of our army was instantly communicated to the rebel commanders. The scene which broke upon the view of our troops as they emerged from the shade of the woods was one of beauty. The limped water danced over the rocky channel of the stream. The leaves murmured in the gentle summer breeze; all beyond seemed lulled to sleep. The quiet was soon broken by the storm and roar of battle. Two twenty pound Parrott guns were ordered to occupy the rise where the first observations were made. They opened upon the opposite hills in different directions, without meeting with a response. Ayer's battery was put in position on the right and joined its thunder to that of the Parrott guns. Suddenly a battery placed near the base of the opposite hill, commanding the ford, replied rapidly. Troops were seen moving over the plateau, but it could not be determined whether they were moving to, or from, the Junction at Manassas. Under this fire Richardson's brigade was ordered to advance along the skirts of the timber, and take, if possible, the opposing battery. They moved up in splendid order little dreaming of the reception awaiting them. When the column was fairly within the ambuscade, a deadly fire was opened upon them from infantry concealed in the thickets. No force, however brave or determined, could live amid such a shower of leaden hail. After struggling in vain to unmask the enemy, our infantry retired slowly, and in order, to the shelter of their guns. An artillery duel was kept up for a short time, after which the entire force returned to Centreville. Our loss was sixty killed and about two hundred and fifty wounded. The official report of Beauregard makes the rebel loss of killed and wounded at sixty-eight.

Although this movement of Gen. Tyler's was intended simply as a reconnoissance, it assumed the proportions of a battle, and as a prelude to the conflict which shortly after shook like an earthquake the Plains of Manassas, its impor-

tance can not be over-estimated. Exaggerated reports of the action were carried back by stragglers, and heralded over the country; but in no military view can it be regarded as a defeat. The effect was doubtless to dampen the ardor of the Union forces, and to inspire confidence in their opponents. It was certainly an error of judgment in Gen. Tyler, to push his infantry, in force, farther than was absolutely necessary to gain the information which the engineers, accompanying the expedition, were instructed to obtain.

Gen. McDowell's first plan of attack was to turn the enemy's right, by moving his main column upon the Junction. This plan was altered, and the battle fought upon the extreme left.

THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

In the early morning of the twenty-first of July, while the stars were still twinkling in the sky, Gen. McDowell put his column in motion for the attack. The troops moved by different roads. The plan was admirable. The force was divided into three divisions. One, under Gen. Tyler, was to march by the Warrenton pike, and threaten the bridge, while one brigade (Richardson's) was to move to Blackburn's Ford, and menace that part of the line, and guard against a flank movement by the enemy. The second, under Hunter, was to move on the same road, to a point between Bull Run and Cub Run, thence march to the right to Sudley's Ford, where they were to cross the stream, turn to the left, and uncover a ford between Sudley's and the bridge. Heintzelman was to follow Hunter to the middle ford, and there unite with him. The demonstrations against Stone Bridge and Blackburn's Ford were feints to cover the real attack; the full force of which, under Hunter and Heintzelman, was to be hurled against the left of the enemy's line. The fifth division, under Col. Miles, was to be held in reserve at Centreville, and to this division, Richardson's brigade—which was to threaten Blackburn's Ford—was temporarily attached.

Tyler's division and Richardson's brigade were early in position. The attacking columns of Hunter and Heintzel-

man having a longer march, did not reach the crossing until the morning was well advanced. Hunter pushed across the stream, and, without much opposition, formed his line. The enemy's pickets fell back as he advanced. Tyler's guns had been playing from half-past six o'clock, and lower down the creek, the roar of Richardson's artillery was heard. Hunter's advance brigade, under Burnside, soon became engaged, and the supports, rapidly as they could be hurried up, joined in the exciting work. Heintzelman, failing to find the expected ford below Sudley's, pushed forward after Hunter, and threw his division across, and upon, the enemy. They were upon the plains of Manassas. The plateau was rolling, broken by ravines, and dotted with groves and cedar thickets. Behind the crests of these hills, the enemy concealed his infantry. From their slopes, his artillery belched forth storms of shot and shell. The solid masses of the Union army moved on slowly, pushing back, by their irresistible weight, the enemy's line. The roar of the batteries was incessant. The crash of musketry, mingling with the thunder of the artillery, rolled in loud volumes of sound over hill and dale. The echoes of the strife from that famous and ill-fated field, fell upon listening ears at Washington.

The Confederate commander was not long deceived by the feint upon Stone Bridge and Blackburn's. He saw where the weight of the attack was to fall, and made his preparations to meet it. He drew in his line from Union Mills, and hurried up his brigades to strengthen his left, now giving way before the fierce onslaught made upon it. Onward and still onward the divisions of Hunter and Heintzelman pressed, until they had crossed the Warrenton road. The struggle at several points was desperate and deadly. The enemy clung obstinately to his ground, and only left it when forced away by an overpowering hand to hand encounter. Sullenly and doggedly he seized the next shelter, and hurled back defiance to his flushed and confident adversary. About noon, Sherman's and Keyes' brigades, of Tyler's division, crossed the Run. Sherman leads his infantry up the rugged sides of the creek at a point inaccessible to artillery, and joins in the fight. The tide rolls on. Keyes' brigade sweeps the

road down the stream, until they pass below Stone Bridge. The engineers clear away the abattis placed there. Now victory is with the Union arms. The enemy is held at bay on his right and right center. His left flank is doubled and dispirited. But our forces, having for hours toiled in the broiling sun, become wearied and exhausted. The turning point in the battle has arrived. All the reserves of the enemy have been hurried up from the Junction, and still he is not able to check the steady advance of the Northern troops. The Confederate Generals are meditating plans for retreat. But, lo! clouds of dust from the direction of the Junction, betokening the arrival of the remnant of the Shenandoah army, are clearly visible. The cry, "Kirby Smith is advancing," flies from lip to lip along the Confederate line. Cheer after cheer arises. Their drooping spirits are revived. Strong in hope, they nerve themselves for a last desperate struggle. The victorious Union troops are far within the Confederate lines. The columns of Hunter and Heintzelman have drawn in the left, and are nearing the brigades of Tyler. On a hill, below the Warrenton road, the enemy has planted a powerful battery. This hill is the key to his position. For its possession the final struggle is made. The conflict sways with varying fortunes around its slopes. Through sheer exhaustion, there is a lull in the storm of battle. Our wearied men seek rest on the trampled green sward beneath them. The guns cool their heated throats. But a long rest can not be expected while the fate of two vast armies hangs in the balance. Emboldened by the arrival of reinforcements, the enemy advanced from their cover behind the crest of the hill. The batteries again belch forth fire and death from their heated throats. The enemy rush upon our lines. Three times is Griffin's battery assailed. Three times are the bold assailants driven back. On other parts of our lines, their furious charges are also repelled. Our batteries are advanced. The hillsides swarm with fresh troops, who pour a murderous fire into our infantry supports. One regiment runs, another follows. The brigade of regulars, under Major Sykes, moves from the left to the right of Hunter's line, to cover the retreat. The order to fall back to Centre-

ville is given. The day is lost. The battle of Manassas is over!

THE RETREAT

Commenced, and that retreat soon degenerated into a panic. It is now known, from the reports of the rebel generals, that they intended to have attacked McDowell's force at Centreville, had he not moved upon their works, and offered battle to them on their chosen ground. Their route would have been over the direct road from Manassas Junction by Blackburn's ford. All through the terrible conflict the dream of throwing an overwhelming force upon McDowell's left, by this channel, haunted the brain of Beauregard, and even when leading the furious charges from the left of his line upon the right of McDowell, he watched for a favorable opportunity to make that flank movement. McDowell was aware of the risk he ran. The attention of the commandant of the reserves was directed especially to that point. Daviess, who outranked Richardson, and had assumed command of the forces on the left, blockaded with fallen timber every approach to his position. An attempt to throw a column of infantry and cavalry upon him was gallantly repulsed.

The brigades of Sherman and Keyes, from Tyler's central position at the bridge, had crossed, and shared in the perils of the fight on the plains, leaving Schenck's brigade to hold the road, engage the batteries, and if possible clear away the abattis which prevented a direct advance by the Warrenton pike. This duty was well performed. Carlisle's battery with six brass guns, and two twenty pound Parrotts, under command of Lieut. Haines, poured a storm of shot and shell into the works erected to sweep the approaches to the bridge, and the demonstrations of the infantry against the opposing batteries kept a large force of that arm from moving to the aid of their hard pressed battalions on the left.

The retreat—the rout—the panic. Who can describe it? Who can realize it? It is difficult to form a true conception of the horrible confusion of the flight of those terror stricken men. Chaos is the only word sufficiently expressive to con-

vey an idea of it. The directing mind had lost all power over the animal man, and matter animate and inanimate, tumbled together in one inextricable mass of confusion. Such a scene was probably never before witnessed. Thousands of civilians—from the members of Congress down to the most abject of the sycophantic expectants of governmental contracts—confident of an easy victory for our troops, had followed the army until they were within long range of the enemy's guns. When the tide, which had for hours rolled steadily onward to victory, turned, and the receding mass threatened to overwhelm them, their terror knew no bounds, they threw themselves into the disorganized mass, their frenzy adding to its volume and intensity. The scene was most disgraceful. Members of Congress and other civilians had been invited to witness the battle, and were as hilarious in prospect of their expected enjoyment as ever were the invited guests of any prince in view of the martial sport of the tournament.

It has been charged, but very unjustly, against those in authority, that this scene was so arranged as to take place on the Sabbath. Happy the day for our country when our people learn, that so far as right is concerned, men might as well attempt to annul God's providential laws, as those which he has given for the regulation of man's moral conduct. It would involve no greater impiety, or lack of sound judgment, for Presidents, Cabinets or Generals, to issue proclamations forbidding the eclipse of the sun, or the ebbing and flowing of the tide, than it does to issue orders releasing men from their obligation to keep the fourth commandment. So soon as our forces broke on the right and commenced falling back, the enemy threw forward his cavalry, and advanced his light batteries in pursuit. The regulars, under Major Sykes, presented an unbroken front to the horsemen, and held them in check. Had they broken through that wall of steel, and mingled with the disorganized and powerless mass, the result would have been far more terrible.

Our right wing crossed the Run without sustaining much loss by the enemy's cavalry charges. On the center Schenck's brigade checked their advance. Two companies of the

second Ohio breast a furious charge and sent the assailants back with many of their saddles emptied. The ground was not well adapted for the operations of cavalry. It was difficult for the most dashing horsemen to reach the flanks of our columns, but the idea of cavalry had complete possession of the minds of the men, and haunted them like a nightmare. The word "cavalry," repeated at any point in the line of the struggling mass, would cause the most wearied to strain every nerve, and to put forth almost superhuman efforts to escape.

An effort was made to rally the broken forces at Centreville, but it would have been almost as easy to have checked the course of the unchained mountain torrent. The fugitives swept on. The road to Washington for its entire length, was lined with wearied men, determined to put the Potomac between them and the imaginary terrors which pursued them.

The reserves formed at Centreville, and threw up temporary defenses. Gen. McDowell called a council of officers at which the question of reorganizing at that place was debated. It was decided to fall back to the Potomac. Orders were given to that effect, and the proud army which a few days before, had so confidently marched forth to meet a foe they had hoped to conquer, fell back dispirited and in fragments to the shelter of the intrenchments at Washington.

The enemy made no effort to follow up his success. His cavalry retired after a few ineffectual efforts upon our rear, and we have no evidence that he threw any infantry supports to his light batteries across the Run. Indeed he was in no condition to do so. He had been severely punished. His victory was gained by the death of some of his bravest leaders. The drain upon the vitality of his men had left him prostrated. His fresh troops and those which had not been exhausted in battle were demoralized by their success. Raw levies battled against raw levies. The absence of that rigid discipline acquired only by long habits of military restraint, was severely felt in his lines. With raw troops a victory is almost as demoralizing as a defeat. The critical time with a commander of such a force is immediately after a temporary success.

The losses in the battle were not so great on either side as at first represented. Gen. McDowell's loss was four hundred and eighty-one killed, one thousand and eleven wounded, and one thousand two hundred and sixteen missing; total, two thousand seven hundred and eight. The Confederate loss, according to their official report, was three hundred and ninety-three killed and one thousand two hundred wounded.

We can not more appropriately close our brief notice of this first great battle between Americans, wherein the highest degree of courage and endurance was exhibited on both sides, than by an extract from the History of the War, by that accomplished and graceful writer, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens:

“There have been rumors of great cruelty on the battle-field after the fight was over—of men prowling like fiends among the dead, and murdering the wounded; but these things should be thrice proven before we believe them of American citizens. Rumor is always triple-tongued, and human nature does not become demoniac in a single hour. One thing is certain, many an act of merciful kindness was performed that night, which an honest pen should prefer to record. Certain it is that Southern soldiers in many instances shared their water—the most precious thing they had—with the wounded Union men. A soldier passing over the field found two wounded combatants lying together—one was a New Yorker, the other a Georgian. The poor wounded fellow from New York cried out piteously for water, and the Georgian, gathering up his strength, called out: ‘For God’s sake give him drink; for I called on a New York man for water when his column was in retreat, and he ran to the trench, at the risk of his life, and brought it to me.’

“One brave young enemy lost his life, after passing through all the perils of the battle, in attempting to procure drink for his wounded foes.

“If there were individual instances of cruelty on either side, and this is possible—let us remember that there was kindness too; and when the day shall come—God grant it may be quickly—when we are one people again, let the cruelty be forgiven and the kindness only remembered.”

KANAWHA CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER V.

When Gen. McClellan—after the disaster at Manassas—was called to the command of the army of the Potomac, Gen. Rosecrans, who had been made a Brigadier in the regular army, succeeded him in Western Virginia. The Department was soon afterwards circumscribed by the proposed limits of the new State, which it seemed to be the settled policy of the controlling element at Wheeling to create. The force left for its defense was called the Army of Occupation. The rebel army was broken and scattered. The greater portion of it was captured or driven beyond the territorial lines of the department, but it must not be supposed that peace and quiet reigned over the wild and rugged region which the new commander was left to protect. A spirit of resistance to the authority of the Federal Government had taken possession of the minds of the mountaineers inhabiting the border counties. Bands of guerillas roved over the hills inaccessible to any regular force, ready to sweep down through every unguarded pass upon the loyal settlements. The agents of the rebel government were active in promoting discontent, in inflaming the passions and arousing the prejudices of the simple minded mountaineers. The General had not only to capture and destroy these troublesome bands, but also to adopt a policy to prevent the spreading of the baleful influence which created them.

On the twenty-fifth of July, 1861, Gen. Rosecrans issued

his first general order from Grafton. The three months volunteers had either left for home or were on their way thither. The force remaining was divided into four brigades. The first brigade, consisting of six regiments or parts of regiments of infantry, one battery of artillery and one company of cavalry, occupied the Cheat Mountain region and Tygart's Valley. The second and third brigades, consisting of six regiments of infantry, two batteries of artillery and one company of cavalry, were scattered over the region between the left on Cheat Mountain, and the right on the Kanawha. The fourth brigade under Gen. Cox, consisting of eight regiments of infantry and one company of cavalry occupied the Kanawha region.

These troops were necessarily scattered. The lines of railroad had to be guarded at every bridge, and outposts established far in advance of the depots of supply for the troops. Scouting became a prominent feature in the campaign, and was reduced to an almost perfect system. To meet the mode of warfare adopted by the enemy, it was necessary to have small bodies of troops constantly in motion following the trail of the guerrillas and finding their hiding places.

The short season of seeming inactivity and rest which followed Gen. Rosecrans appointment was really one of ceaseless activity and untiring labor. No great battles were fought, nor were there any startling reports received from blood-stained fields; but there was hard work performed, and many exhibitions of individual courage and endurance were given, all of which tended to prove that the Army of Occupation possessed the highest soldiery qualities. The mountain region became the school for scouts; there, many who have since distinguished themselves took their first lessons in the art of war.

The rebel government was disappointed, but not discouraged, by the rout of their army under Garnett, and the failure of Wise to drive Cox from the Kanawha Valley. They collected their scattered energies for another effort to drive the Federal troops from the seceded counties, which they desired to reduce to the authority of the government at Richmond. The success of their arms at Manassas had dis-

pelled the temporary shadow of their early defeat, and they were now confident of their ability to drive our army across the Ohio. Gen. Robert E. Lee was appointed by the authorities at Richmond to command their forces in Virginia, and was ordered to recover the territory to the Ohio border. General Lee was, even then, regarded as the ablest officer in the Confederate service. He resigned his commission as Colonel of cavalry in our army, to share the fortunes of Virginia—his native State—when she renounced her allegiance to the Federal Government. His reputation as a scientific soldier in the old army was well established. During the Mexican war he was on the staff of Gen. Scott, and enjoyed the entire confidence of his chief. The popular opinion of the army at that period was, that he was entitled to the credit of the plans which were so eminently successful from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico. Since that time he had been Superintendent of the Academy at West Point, and also Chief of Staff to the Commanding General. He had every facility for perfecting himself in all the branches of his profession. It is true he had never directed a battle, but he had planned campaigns or assisted in planning them, and followed Scott's victorious star from the Gulf to the Halls of the Montezumas.

That the rebel government felt the conquest of Western Virginia to be of prime importance, may be inferred from their appointment of Gen. Lee to the command of the forces assigned to that duty. Among the Confederate Generals he was second in rank, but first in all the attributes of a successful commander.

Gen. Lee hurried from Richmond by way of Staunton with reinforcements. He established his headquarters at Huntersville, in Pocahontas county, and called the scattered forces of Garnett to his standard. He placed a strong force on Buffalo mountain, at the crossing of the Staunton pike, extended his line from the Warm Springs in Greenbriar county, and matured his plans for bursting through the Federal lines and planting the stars and bars on the Custom House at Wheeling. What these plans were we have no means of knowing, except from the demonstrations made; but they were such as to inspire the Confederate Government

with the utmost confidence that the mountain region, with its untold mineral wealth, would soon be restored to them. Pollard, in his history of the war, says: "Gen. Lee's plan, finished drawings of which were sent to the War Department at Richmond, was said to have been one of the best laid plans that ever illustrated the consummation of the rules of strategy, or ever went awry on account of practical failures in its execution."

It will be seen that the territory, when Gen. Rosecrans assumed command was threatened at two points. Gen. Lee, with at least sixteen thousand men, was preparing to cross Cheat Mountain, while Wise and Floyd were ready to unite their commands and sweep down the Kanawha river.

Gen. Rosecrans had comparatively a small force with which to thwart the plans of the Confederate General. In speaking of the several districts in which his troops were located we will, for convenience, call Cox's brigade on the Kanawha the right, the Cheat Mountain division the left, and the small detachments on and near the lines of railroad the center. The center could be thrown to the support of either wing when hard pressed.

THE KANAWHA.

This stream, rising in the Blue Ridge Mountains in North Carolina, where it is called New River, and flowing in a northeasterly direction, breaks through the ridges of the Alleghanies, and, after receiving the waters of several large tributaries, becomes navigable before it empties into the Ohio. It is the outlet to the best coal and salt region in the State of Virginia. The salt works on the Kanawha were famous through the southwest. On the Ohio and Mississippi the fleets of salt boats, slowly floating with the current, had been familiar to the inhabitants along their banks from childhood; who had been accustomed to look to the region, from whence they came, for an unfailing supply of the essential article with which they were laden. It was one of the wild dreams of the North, that the stoppage of the supply of salt would materially aid in starving the South to submission.

The South dreaded the loss of the salt region as a calamity they could not repair. Gen. Wise had been early sent to the Kanawha region, and labored hard, with tongue and pen, to raise an army for its defense. We can easily believe, that the doughty Ex-Governor, like some of our own wordy warriors—who for years had planned political campaigns in their closets, and fought great battles on the stump—could wield the pen with more grace and skill, than he could the sword.

Gen. Rosecrans established his headquarters at Clarksburgh, took personal direction of the campaign on the Kanawha, and directed Gen. Reynolds, who had been appointed to the command of the Cheat Mountain division, to hold Gen. Lee in check. He organized a force to proceed by way of Weston and Sutton to the Gauley, intending himself to follow and cut off the retreat of the rebel General, whose roving bands of cavalry, under Jenkins, had penetrated to the Ohio River.

Gen. Cox, in the meantime, was feeling his way up the river from Guyandotte and Point Pleasant, skirmishing with Jenkins and his irregular cavalry, who seemed to be swarming on every hill and in every valley. Our troops moved by land and water. A large fleet of steamers moved cautiously up the river scouting the banks to guard against masked batteries as they advanced. Col. Guthrie, with the First Kentucky regiment, was ordered to move from Ravenswood to Cissonville, where he would be met by reinforcements. Reaching that place by a forced march, he routed a cavalry force, and captured their camp, but was unable to proceed further with his train, and returned to Ravenswood to follow the main column by boats. Gen. Wise was not so absorbed in the construction of his long periods, as to decline listening to the reports which reached him of the preparations for weaving a military net around him. He penetrated the design of the Federal General; and, although strongly intrenched at Charleston, fell back to the Gauley as Gen. Cox approached. The rebels, to retard pursuit, burned the bridges in their rear. The cavalry of Jenkins' hovered round the distant hills, watching the progress of events; but vanished from view at the first whistle of a Federal shell. A correspondent, writing at the time, says "Jenkins, to us, is an illusion, hovering just beyond our

reach, aggravating us by his constant contiguity, but without giving us the slightest annoyance in any other manner." It is evident Jenkins understood his business. The design of such a force is to keep the main body advised of all the movements of the approaching enemy, and to cut off any reconnoitering party venturing too far ahead of the column. When nearing Charleston, Cox's fleet captured the rebel steamer *Julia Moffitt*, laden with wheat, for the rebel camp. The main column came upon the first deserted intrenchments six miles from the town. It was on the brow of a hill, which commanded the road for nearly a mile, and protected by abattis of high trees, and stones rolled from the hill sides. The woods beyond were filled with brush tents. Everything around indicated that the rebels, in large force, had recently been there. Their position was well chosen, and almost impregnable against a direct assault. Further along, across a swampy ravine, was the blazing remains of a bridge, which the retreating force had fired. The summit of the hill near Charleston was girdled with intrenchments; so that, if the outer works had been stormed, the victors would have to press for miles through a lane of fire before reaching the point they were built to protect.

On the twenty-fifth of July Gen. Cox entered the town closely following the rebels. The splendid suspension bridge over the Elk River, which empties into the Kanawha, had been destroyed. The main column passed in pursuit; and, after a march of four days, reached Gauley Bridge, without overtaking the enemy. He had retired from that point before the arrival of our troops, and destroyed the bridge in his rear. Pursuit beyond this point was not deemed advisable. A base of supplies was there established for operations in front, when the time would arrive for a forward movement in the direction of Lewisburgh. The design of Gen. Rosecrans was to have a strong force in the rear of Wise; but his precipitate flight, before a column of sufficient strength could be prepared, with a train of supplies, to move across the rugged country between Clarksburgh and the Gauley, foiled that design.

Gen. Cox erected a temporary bridge over the river, forti-

fied his position, and sent out strong scouting parties in front to feel the enemy. The adventures in these expeditions were frequently of the most romantic nature. They were always hazardous; but there was an excitement attending them so different from the dull monotony of camp routine, that volunteers were always ready to follow the most dashing leader through the most dangerous roads. At all the frontier posts active bodies of men were constantly in motion during the month of August, feeling the enemy in front, and breaking up dens of guerrillas in the mountain fastnesses.

THE POLICY WITH PRISONERS.

The policy adopted by the Commanding General was firm but conciliatory. Depredations committed upon peaceable citizens were severely punished. All supplies taken or purchased for the use of the army were paid for. Arrests on mere suspicion, and without strong proof, were strictly forbidden; but armed persons arrested, were sent to the military prison at Wheeling, Va., or Columbus, Ohio. In the early stage of the struggle, the unscrupulous hordes who haunted the mountains, and preyed alike on citizens and the army, when arrested, were, upon taking the oath of allegiance, released. In some instances, the same men were captured two or three times, and as often turned loose after kissing the book. The imbecility of such a proceeding was fully discussed among the troops. If the men were guilty, why not punish them? If innocent, why waste our energies in hunting them down? Thus the men reasoned.

It became apparent, that unless the policy in reference to captured guerrillas was soon changed, our men so long as they could make good use of their guns, would not impose on themselves the trouble of bringing captured guerillas into camp. A well authenticated anecdote illustrates the feeling then prevalent among the soldiers.

A squad of men resting during a fatiguing tramp, caught on a rocky ledge, a rattle snake in the very act of springing upon them. They captured it and tied a withe around its neck. They admired its spots, counted its rattles, treated it

very tenderly and jested over the anxiety of the little snakes for the return of their parent. When the corporal ordered the men to fall in, one of them, looking at his snakeship, asked "what will we do with our prisoner?" "Swear him and let him go," said the corporal.

Our soldiers were greatly incensed against the inhabitants of the guerrilla districts. Their determination not to take any more prisoners, was abandoned when the wholesome order, subjecting the guilty to punishment and protecting the innocent from molestation, was issued. There were many who avoided taking any active part in the contest. The *role* of neutrality in the region between the advance guards of the two armies was a difficult one to play. Yet there were many, untutored in the diplomacy of the world, who had never been beyond the narrow valley which bounded their vision, unless to mill or market, who played it with consummate skill, and escaped uninjured in person and property. The duty of a division commander, to investigate the numerous charges preferred against citizens, was one requiring much wisdom and prudence. He had frequently to stand as an arbiter, between his own soldiers and a divided people, whom he was commissioned to protect from their own dissensions.

That this duty was performed, during this campaign, with strict regard to justice, the impartial historian must admit. Gen. Rosecrans, to guide the division and post commanders, and to instruct the people in the policy to be pursued, published the following address, and caused it to be widely circulated:

"To the Loyal Inhabitants of Western Virginia:

"You are the vast majority of the people. If the principle of self-government is to be respected, you have a right to stand in the position you have assumed, faithful to the constitution and laws of Virginia as they were before the ordinance of secession.

"The Confederates have determined, at all hazards, to destroy the Government which, for eighty years, has defended our rights and given us a name among the nations. Contrary

to your interests and your wishes, they have brought war upon your soil. Their tools and dupes told you you must vote for secession as the only means to insure peace; that unless you did so, hordes of Abolitionists would overrun you, plunder your property, steal your slaves, abuse your wives and daughters, seize upon your lands, and hang all those who opposed them.

“By these and other atrocious falsehoods they alarmed you, and led many honest and unsuspecting citizens to vote for secession. Neither threats, nor fabrications, nor intimidations, sufficed to carry Western Virginia, against the interests and wishes of its people, into the arms of secession.

“Enraged that you dared to disobey their behests, Eastern Virginians, who had been accustomed to rule you and count your votes, and ambitious recreants from among yourselves, disappointed that you would not make good their promises, have conspired to tie you to the desperate fortunes of the Confederacy or drive you from your homes.

“Between submission to them and subjugation or expulsion they leave you no alternative. You say you do not wish to destroy the old Government, under which you have lived so long and peacefully; they say you shall break it up. You say you wish to remain citizens of the United States; they reply, you shall join the Southern Confederacy, to which the Richmond junta has transferred you, and to carry their will, their Jenkins, Wise, Jackson, and other conspirators, proclaim upon your soil a relentless and neighborhood war; their misguided or unprincipled followers re-echo their cry, threatening fire and sword, hanging and expulsion to all who oppose their arbitrary designs. They have set neighbor against neighbor and friend against friend; they have introduced among you warfare only known among savages. In violation of the laws of nations and humanity, they have proclaimed that private citizens may and ought to make war.

“Under this bloody code, peaceful citizens, unarmed travelers, and single soldiers, have been shot down, and even the wounded and defenseless have been killed; scalping their victims is all that is wanting to make their warfare like that which seventy or eighty years ago was waged by the Indians

against the white race on this very ground. You have no alternatives left you but to unite as one man in the defense of your homes, for the restoration of law and order, or be subjugated or expelled from the soil.

“I therefore earnestly exhort you to take the most prompt and vigorous measures to put a stop to neighborhood and private wars; you must remember that the laws are suspended in Eastern Virginia, which has transferred itself to the Southern Confederacy. The old Constitution and laws of Virginia are only in force in Western Virginia. These laws you must maintain.

“Let every citizen, without reference to past political opinions, unite with his neighbors, to keep these laws in operation, and thus prevent the country from being desolated by plunder and violence, whether committed in the name of Secessionism or Unionism.

“I conjure all those who have hitherto advocated the doctrine of Secessionism as a political opinion, to consider that now its advocacy means war against the peace and interests of Western Virginia; it is an invitation to the Southern Confederates to come in and subdue you, and proclaims that there can be no law nor right until this is done.

“My mission among you is that of a fellow citizen, charged by the Government to expel the arbitrary force which domineered over you, to restore that law and order, of which you have been robbed, and to maintain your right to govern yourselves under the Constitution and Laws of the United States.

“To put an end to the savage war waged by individuals who without warrant of military authority, lurk in the bushes and waylay messengers, or shoot sentries, I shall be obliged to hold the neighborhood in which these outrages are committed as responsible, and unless they raise the hue and cry and pursue the offenders, deal with them as accessories to the crime.

“Unarmed and peaceful citizens shall be protected, the rights of private property respected, and only those who are found enemies of the Government of the United States and the peace of Western Virginia will be disturbed. Of these

I shall require absolute certainty that they will do no mischief.

“Put a stop to needless arrests and the spread of malicious reports. Let each town and district choose five of its most reliable and energetic citizens a committee of public safety, to act in concert with the civil and military authorities and be responsible for the preservation of peace and good order.

“Citizens of Western Virginia, your fate is mainly in your own hands. If you allow yourselves to be trampled under foot by hordes of disturbers, plunderers and murderers, your land will become a desolation. If you stand firm for law and order and maintain your rights you may dwell together peacefully and happily as in former days.”

THE GAULEY.

This stream, which unites with New river, and forms the Great Kanawha, rises in the Greenbriar mountains, and drains but a portion of three counties until it loses its name by a union of waters. The army of Gen. Cox went into camp just below the junction, and at the falls, of the Kanawha, where the waters of the Gauley and New rivers, after gliding through the hills, leap in loving embrace over the rocky ledge, and are lost to view by sweeping around the base of a jutting bluff. At this point the famed valley dwindles to a mere gorge. The mountains roll their rugged sides almost to the waters edge, leaving barely room for an encampment and a road. There are no broad valleys or rolling uplands; no smiling fields covered with golden grain tempting the eye. Above and around are high mountains which seem dovetailed into each other, for the apparent purpose of twisting the river into the shape of a corkscrew. The spot was romantic, and, as a military position, very strong.

The men soon became tired of gazing upon the monotonous sides of the huge mountains, which, like prison walls, seemed to bar them from the outer world. The desire to advance became a passion. The heavy details for guards and outposts in such a position, soon weary and dishearten the soldier, and he longs for the bivouac and the march.

CROSS LANES.

On Sunday morning, the twenty-fifth of August, Col. Tyler, with the Seventh Ohio regiment, was ordered to march to Summersville to disperse or capture a small force of the enemy reported there. He moved up to Twenty Mile creek, where he left his train, and advancing his regiment a few miles, he scouted the country in his front and on his flanks for several miles, but could not ascertain the number or position of the enemy. A few pickets or videttes were discovered and driven back into the hills. Night coming on, the regiment bivouaced at Cross Lanes. Early in the morning, while the men were cooking their breakfast, the pickets immediately around the camp were driven in, followed by a furious charge of cavalry and infantry. The men flew to arms, but the onslaught was so furious and unexpected that they could not be formed under the galling fire poured upon them. They fought bravely, but it was individual effort, and indiscriminate and hand to hand resistance against an organized attack. They were forced to fly to save themselves from destruction. Companies A and C on the flanks, formed and retired fighting to the woods, a distance of three-quarters of a mile. The cavalry charge along the road cut the regiment nearly in two. Col. Tyler with one portion retreated to Gauley Bridge. Major Casement with the remainder took to the mountain. After a circuitous march of one hundred miles along Elk river, they reached Charleston foot-sore and almost exhausted with hunger and fatigue. The train was saved. Capt. Baggs, of the Virginia scouts, called "Snake Hunters," was at the bivouac when the attack was made, and seeing the hoplessness of resistance, hurried back to the train, set it in motion, and conducted it safely to camp.

This affair caused great excitement at the time, particularly in Ohio. The first exaggerated reports represented the regiment "cut to pieces" and the men "butchered," but as the light of truth broke in, it took its place in the public mind, as a mere affair of outposts to be expected in all movements of an army. Col. Tyler suffered himself to be surprised, but there was nothing unsoldierly or censurable in the conduct

of his officers or men. Under circumstances calculated to appall the veteran soldier, they were surprised by an overwhelming force, and fought while there was the faintest hope of holding their ground, and, even when overpowered, cut their way out singly and in squads. The loss, when the stragglers from the mountains reached camp, was ascertained to be fifteen killed and thirty wounded. Capt. Schuteliff and several of his men were taken prisoners. The attacking force was not so large as at first represented. The tendency on such occasions is always to magnify the number of the enemy.

THE MARCH TO THE GAULEY.

Gen. Rosecrans, having thoroughly organized a strong column at Clarksburgh, took up his line of march for the Gauley, on the first of September, moving through Lewis, Braxton and Nicholas counties, *via* Weston, Jacksonville, Braxton C. H., and Summersville. Floyd was known to be on the river near Summersville entrenching for a stand, and establishing a base for movements down the Kanawha Valley, in the event of the Federal force in that region being reduced. The recent attack on the regiment of Col. Tyler, confirmed the intelligence received from citizens that Floyd had concentrated a large force for a vigorous campaign. His cavalry scouted the mountains in the counties through which Gen. Rosecrans would pass, coaxing all who could be coaxed, and forcing others to join his standard.

The march was over one of the wildest mountain roads in Virginia. The long trains wound around the rugged slopes, climbed the steep hills, dipped into the beds of streams, and passed through defiles, where the huge cragged rocks seemed almost to meet overhead. At Sutton the scattered outposts were called in, and joined the advancing column. Then onward swept the army over still higher hills, and along deeper defiles, the romance of the scenery increasing at every step. The army, leaving the valley of Big Birch Creek on the morning of the ninth, began to climb the mountain. After a tortuous winding of six miles, the summit was

reached, when a magnificent scene burst upon the view of the weary soldiers. The point they had reached overlooked the surrounding ranges, and onward, so far as the eye could reach, rose ranges of tree-topped hills, like the billows of the ocean, growing smaller as they receded, until lost in the dim haze of blue which bounded the vision. The advance had scarcely passed the summit when picket firing commenced. The enemy had an advance camp just beyond, called "Muddlethy Bottom." Their videttes hastened in to give the alarm. Our advance moved on, and found the camp fires burning brightly. It was near night. Fearing an ambush, the cavalry was recalled from the pursuit of the flying enemy, and the army bivouaced for the night.

The vanguard were in motion at four o'clock on the morning of the tenth, for Summersville, eight miles distant. As the scouts ascended the crest of a hill, overlooking the little town, a party of mounted rebels were seen hastening down the road. Stewart's Indiana cavalry gave chase. It soon became an exciting race. The shots from the Hoosier carbines only increased the speed of the fugitives. After a long ride, Capt. Stewart succeeded in capturing two prisoners, and in bringing them into camp. The Thirty-Sixth Virginia had left the town a few hours before the main column of Gen. Rosecrans entered it.

CARNIFAX FERRY.

The army passed through Summersville about eight o'clock A. M., Benham's brigade being in the advance. The conflicting reports from scouts and citizens rendered it extremely difficult to obtain an intelligent idea of the position or strength of the enemy. He was reported to be at Cross Lanes, and at several other points, in large force. That his camp was near was evident, and that he felt secure, was inferred from the fact that no attempt had been made to block the roads against the advance of our army. Benham's skirmishers felt every foot of the road in advance, and scoured the jungle which skirted it on either side. The country, after leaving the village, is broken and thickly wooded. About three

miles from the town, a road was reached, which led through ravines, thickly shaded with timber, to a ferry on the Gauley. Col. McCook was sent down with Schaumberg's Chicago cavalry to destroy the boat. He reached the river. The boat was on the opposite shore. Two men plunged into the stream to bring it over. This drew the fire from the thicket beyond. Col. McCook sent back for a support of infantry. The gallant cavalymen brought over the boat, which was scuttled and sent over the falls below.

About noon, the column halted at the forks of the road, one branch leading to Cross Lanes and Gauley Bridge, the other to Lewisburgh via Carnifax Ferry. It was here ascertained, that Floyd was intrenched on the heights overlooking Carnifax Ferry. Arrangements were at once made to reconnoiter the position. Columns were posted on the hills in the rear, and bodies of skirmishers occupied the ridges in front.

Gen. Benham's brigade was sent by the direct road to the Ferry. They moved rapidly until they arrived within a mile of the works, when they halted. Gens. Rosecrans and Benham made a reconnoissance. The position was strong. The river swept around a bend in the rear of the works. In front a crest of hills, crowned with fortifications, reached across the semi-circle formed by the bend. The valley, at the base of the hills, was thickly wooded. Their main battery was placed to sweep the approach by the road. Some distance in front was an open field; still nearer was another on a small plateau, where one of the spurs of the defensive hills juts out on the line of the road. Gen. Benham moved up with the Tenth Ohio, Col. Lytle's. The road through the forest was narrow and muddy. Suddenly turning an angle, the skirmishers were exposed to a heavy fire. The advanced camp was routed, and driven hastily into the works. The remainder of Benham's brigade, the Twelfth Ohio, Col. Lowe's, and the Thirteenth, Col. Smith's, with McMullen and Snyder's batteries, advanced and occupied the abandoned camp. The Tenth still pushed on. What was intended to be a reconnoissance in force, ended in a battle. Debouching upon the clear ground, a fire of musketry, grape and canister, was opened upon the Tenth. The regiment staggered under the murderous fire.

They instantly rallied. The aim of the enemy was uncertain. The shots of artillery and musketry rose like the smoke to the tree tops; only the random shots were effective. The two rifle guns of Capt. Schuender, and the four mountain howitzers of Capt. McMullen, were ordered up, put in position on the edge of the woods, and threw shells into the right of the intrenchments. Gen. Benham, after carefully scanning the works, concluded the weakest point was to his left. The Twelfth and Thirteenth regiments were ordered to advance across the deep valley, and attack under cover of the woods. Adjutant General Hartsuff led them. It was here the gallant and lamented Col. Lowe fell, pierced by a musket ball in the head, while waving his sword and cheering on his men. Gen. Rosecrans, under a heavy fire, sped along the hills to the right of the road, and formed McCook's brigade—the Third, Ninth, and Twenty-Eighth Ohio. McCook was supported by Scammon's brigade a little in the rear. The battle raged furiously on the left and center of our line. Col. Lytle, becoming impatient, led, without orders, his fiery Irishmen across the cleared space, to storm the battery in his front. He fell wounded. His force, too weak for such an undertaking, retired in good order to the shelter of the woods.

At length the enemy's fire slackened. He shifted his guns as if sorely pressed at certain points. It was determined to feel his left. McCook's brigade was ordered to advance. Adjutant General Hartsuff volunteered to lead them into position, having carefully reconnoitered the ground in company with the Commanding General. Col. McCook shouted to his "Dutchmen" with a wild cheer. They answered the summons. The Ninth, McCook's own regiment, and the Twenty-Eighth, Col. Moore's, led, Col. Porschner's Third following a little in the rear. Over densely wooded ravines, under a galling fire of musketry, McCook and his Germans moved rapidly. The courage and daring of their leader seemed to inspire every man of the command. The Ninth had attained a position flanking a rebel battery; and were about to rush upon it, when orders were given to halt. It was dusk when the brigade moved to the attack. In those

shaded ravines, night, with pitchy darkness, soon follows twilight. The battle had raged for four hours. Only the dim outline of the strong works were visible. Prudence dictated that the men should not be exposed to ambuscades on ground, every inch of which was familiar to the enemy, while to us it was an unmapped wilderness. The curtain of night dropped upon the scene, and the battle of Carnifax Ferry was ended.

The army had marched seventeen miles, scouted the woods, hills and ravines on the line of march, and fought the enemy in his chosen fortified camp. The regiments, wearied and exhausted, slept on the ground they occupied when the battle closed. Every effort was made by the Commanding General and his vigilant staff, to guard against a *sortie*, and to prevent a retreat. It was feared the wily Floyd would slip away in the night, if he did not make a dash at our lines. But the total ignorance of our Generals respecting the country, and the thick darkness, made it impossible to discover his avenues for retreat, much less to guard them. The intention was to storm the works in the morning; but when morning broke, it was found the enemy had put the turbulent stream between his force and ours, had burnt the bridge, and sunk the flats on which he had crossed. The General was anxious to pursue, the officers and men were wild for the chase, but the roaring torrent was between them and the retreating foe. Our force actually engaged at Carnifax Ferry did not exceed four thousand men. The nature of the ground rendered it impracticable to use the whole force. With the exception of Stewart's Indiana, and Schaumberg's Chicago, cavalry, our troops were all from Ohio. The Southern accounts state that Floyd's force was seventeen hundred. They fought behind intrenchments, and lost, according to their own report, one killed and ten wounded. Our loss was fifteen killed and seventy wounded.

On the twelfth, McCook's brigade crossed the river, and found the roads so obstructed, that all idea of successful pursuit was abandoned.

Gen. Floyd fell back to Dogwood Gap; from thence to the summit of Big Sewell Mountain. After resting there a few

days, he retreated to Meadow Bluff, to cover the approaches to Lewisburgh, the principal town in South-Western Virginia. Gen. Wise, who was Floyd's junior, refused to follow his superior officer, and intrenched himself in Fayette county, calling his stronghold Camp Defiance. Here we must leave these two belligerent chieftains, while we trace, in another portion of the rugged mountains of their native State, the discomfiture of their master in the art of war.



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CHEAT MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER VI.

The Cheat Mountain campaign in the summer and fall of 1861, has been but imperfectly understood by the great mass of our people. Opening at a time, when the nation was bewildered by the unexpected defeat at Manassas, and continuing through a period when all eyes were directed, either to the gathering hosts on the Potomac, or to the struggle in Missouri and the South-West, involving the opening of the Mississippi, the central defensive chain was regarded as comparatively unimportant. The Cheat Mountain link in that chain was scarcely ever thought of, except by those who had personal interests at stake, or whose immediate friends were in that portion of the Army of Occupation. When Western Virginia was thought of, the forward movement of Gen. Rosecrans to the valley of the Kanawha, stood out in relief, and obscured the more humble part of those who kept watch and ward at the North-Western gate. The defeat at Manassas had not entirely sobered the minds of our people. They still looked upon war through rose-colored spectacles. The idle dreams in which they had so long indulged, had not yet been dispelled. They still loved to contemplate a General mounted on a fiery charger bedizened with gold lace, having a sword flashing the rays of the sun in a circle around his head. Their beau ideal of a soldier, was a brigandish looking boaster with a sabre bayonet, breathing out profane imprecations against all who dared to doubt his ability to

stride from the Potomac to the Rio Grande without having even a hair of his moustache singed. While such was the popular delusion, in which the leaders of public sentiment shared, it is not surprising that a little army, stationed in an obscure outpost, should be almost forgotten, although the position they held might be the key to a long line of defense. The privations they endured and the labor they performed, scarcely gave birth to a paragraph, while whole columns could be filled with brilliant parades, and the popular ear tickled with the workings of the "anaconda." It was a period of great expectations!

Gen. Reynolds was assigned to the command of the first brigade of the Army of Occupation, on the twenty-fourth of July, 1861, and joined it immediately afterward. It consisted of the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Indiana, Third and Sixth Ohio, detachments of the First and Second Virginia regiments, Burdsall's and Bracken's companies of cavalry, the former from Ohio, the latter from Indiana, and Loomis' Michigan battery. Burdsall's cavalry was withdrawn shortly after, leaving but one company of cavalry on the line. This force held the roads and passes from Webster on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, to the summit of Cheat Mountain. The Virginia detachments were at Buckhannon, watching the guerrillas in Upshur county, and at the passes on the line of the main Staunton pike, to prevent raids from Tucker, Hardy, and Pendleton counties, around the rear of the advanced positions of our forces. The Sixth Ohio was at Beverly charged with the care of the subsistence depot of supplies, and with the duty of scouting the hills, around to the front of the Cheat Mountain station. This was an important point, as there were open paths by which infantry and cavalry could pass from the Allegheny Mountains at Monterey. The Third Ohio and the Thirteenth and Fifteenth Indiana with Loomis's battery, and a part of the cavalry, were at the Pass at the foot of Cheat Mountain, and at the junction of the Huntersville and Staunton pikes; and the Fourteenth Indiana with forty cavalymen were on the summit, which was the advanced post.

Gen. Reynolds did not make any immediate change in the

disposition of the troops, but worked resolutely and actively to make himself master of his situation, and to penetrate the designs of the enemy, who was evidently gathering a heavy force in his front. To aid him he had excellent troops, and an able staff. Capt. Geo. S. Rose, of Lafayette, was A. A. General; Capt. Levering, of Lafayette, Chief Quartermaster; Capt. Tarkington, of Bloomington, Chief Commissary; Lieut. McDonald, of the Seventeenth Indiana, and Lieut. Anderson of the Sixth Ohio, Aids-de-camp; Capt. Bainbridge, of the regular army, Judge Advocate.

The men adapted themselves to the duty required of them. There were few among them who could not, with comparative ease, penetrate the thickest jungle or scale the loftiest mountain peak.

Two young officers, Lieuts. Merrill and Bowen of the engineer corps, were attached to the head quarters to plan defenses and map the country. Dr. William Fletcher of Indianapolis, who had been one of the most active and zealous scouts in the three months campaign, was also attached to the staff, and was untiring in his efforts not only to obtain information of the condition of the enemy, but also to sketch the topography of the country. He was a close and correct observer; his reports were of great value to the commanding General and to the engineer corps.

After a thorough inspection of the position at the Gap, Gen. Reynolds resolved to establish another outpost above Huttonsville on the Huntersville road, near the junction of the Elk and Valley rivers. The point chosen was admirably adapted for defense. There the valley narrows to a width of five hundred yards; bold spurs from the Cheat and Rich Mountain ranges jut their thickly wooded sides through the meadows, and frown at each other across the stream. The Fifteenth Indiana, Col. Wagner's was ordered up, and at once commenced to fortify the pass. The labor performed by this regiment was almost incredible. Col. Wagner kept one-third of his force constantly in front, scouting and reconnoitering, while the remainder worked in the trenches, or on the hill sides, felling timber for abattis. The outlying pickets when relieved, returned to camp only to exchange their rifles for

the spade or the axe. The weary working parties were rested by relieving the weary pickets. Their rest was only a change of work; yet cheerily the men worked on, jesting about the variety which spiced their frontier life. A skirmish in front was hailed with delight, and the appearance of any considerable reconnoitering force of the enemy, on the debatable ground between the two armies, was always responded to by the little garrison marching to offer them battle in front of their intrenchments.

From the headquarters at the Pass, lines of telegraph were constructed to Kimball's camp on the Summit, and to Wagner's on Elk Water. Paths were blocked out through the mountains, across which infantry supports could be thrown from one camp to another in case of attack, without marching by the roads around two sides of the triangle. These paths were rough, they winded along the slopes of precipitous hills, pitched into deep ravines, led out at the same angle at which they entered, and twisted in all imaginable shapes around the crags strewed promiscuously on the elevations. Difficult as they were to travel, after the main roads were cut up by the teams, the men preferred them, and soon, except for supply trains, they formed the chief channel of communication between the camps. The cavalry and infantry were constantly in motion. At any hour of the day small squads might have been seen dashing over the rude trails, guiding their steeds along precipices where it would seem difficult for a goat to climb.

The camp at the Pass was in a nook at the base of the ascent to the Summit, on the banks of a lovely limpid mountain brook, kept constantly full by living springs above, and at a point where the crystal waters first sobered their glad-some glee to greet the softer scenery of the valley. In front rose a high rocky and wooded cliff. From the topmost branch of the tallest tree on its Summit, waved the American flag, which some adventurous spirit had securely fastened there. In the rear, the gently swelling hills, tamed to the use of man, dotted with open woods where flocks and herds were wont to feed, rolled in park-like splendor away until lost in the blue line of mountains beyond. The right rested

in the gorge at the head of the dell, down whose rugged sides the mountain torrent, which wound through the camp, leapt from rock to rock. The left was open to Tygart's Valley, with its beautiful river two miles away, with the Rich Mountain range in the distance.

The pike to the Summit ran along the foot of the cliff in front of the camp, and then began its winding way up the mountain side. At short intervals a "clearing" for a mountain farm let the rays of the cheerful sun fall upon the road, when the sun deigned to shine. Enormous overhanging rocks, covered with moss and vines, projected into the line of the road. From the excavations innumerable springs gushed out, whose waters crossed the road and fell down the steep declivities on the opposite side. About half way up the Summit a magnificent prospect breaks upon the sight. Rolling off for miles and seemingly running into a distant mountain range, appear a succession of cultivated hills and dales, interspersed with farm houses half concealed by the beautiful foliage. It is an elevated and varied plateau, high above the level of the streams. Approach it and what from the mountain stand point, appears soft as an Italian landscape is destitute of all beauty. The slopes which at a distance seem so gently curved, present, on a close inspection, sharp angular points. No vehicle of any sort ever was driven over its uneven surface. The pack saddle carries the scanty surplus to market, and the grain to mill. Rude bridle paths traverse it, and these alone form the medium of communication with the outside world. The tillable ground is confined to small portions of smooth surface where the washings from the stony pastures have accumulated and formed a soil deep enough for the plow and the spade. Grazing is the chief business of the primitive inhabitants, and the best farms are owned by the wealthy landlords of the valleys below.

The traveller, however, who pauses in his ascent to the summit of the now historical Cheat Mountain, to drink in the lovely vision which breaks upon his view at the half-way house, need not inspect the texture so closely as it was the duty of the soldier to do, and he can depart with the enchanting panorama graven upon his memory. This spot was in

the summer evenings a favorite resort for those who could obtain passes to cross the lines of their respective camps.

Passing on the winding way upwards, the character of the timber changes; soon the pine thickets shut out the light, and nothing is seen but the green leafy curtain on either hand, until crossing a brook at a sharp angle, the opening at White's house reveals the camp. The clearing comprised about sixty or seventy acres on the slopes of the twin peaks between which the road ran. The tents were pitched on the slopes of the mountain. Their occupants had to stay their feet against rocks, when they lay down at night, to prevent them from sliding down the mountain while they slept. Where the road inclines to the south tall trees were felled to form abattis for a line of rifle pits which skirted the brow of the hill, and gave a glimpse of a clearing on a minor elevation beyond, and of the Allegheny range of mountains in the distance; but with this slight exception the camp was fenced in by the cheerless pine thickets. It was a dreary place for a camp. The clouds rested constantly upon and below it. Rain fell daily. The slightest breeze caused the trees to give forth a most melancholy dirge. When it stormed they howled as if all the demons of the mountains had congregated to frighten off the intruders who had dared to set foot on their domain. To add to the discomfort, the soil was a sort of bog turf which never dried out. It is true there was not much soil, but what there was soon worked into slush and soiled the rocks, which otherwise might have remained clean.

Such was the situation of the camp on Cheat Mountain Summit when the Fourteenth Indiana and thirty or forty cavalrymen first held it. Before the events narrated in this chapter had all transpired the scene had changed. The huge pines which had so long been their prison house fell before the woodmen's axe. The old mountain top was shorn of its luxuriant growth, and strong forts frowned defiance from the heights where for ages huge trees had bent to the gale, and sung the storm king to sleep with their plaintive melody.

Of the south point of the mountain, we will hereafter have occasion to speak. We have endeavored to show the situa-

tion of Gen. Reynolds' force when the operations in the Cheat Mountain region commenced. It will be seen, after the Elk Water camp was formed, that the camps were relatively to each other as the points of a triangle, and each guarding an important pass. The communications were kept open by unceasing watchfulness; and by incredible labor, shorter routes were made to forward reinforcements. It was ten miles from Beverly to Huttonsville, four from Huttonsville to the Pass, nine from the Pass to the Summit, and eight from the Pass to Elk Water. The front from Elk Water to the Summit was not traversed by any regular road, and was probably, by a straight line, twelve miles. The enemy had but one fortified position, about twelve miles distant by the Staunton pike, on the crest of the Alleghany range; but he was gathering forces at different points in front, and shifting his camps so as to confuse and puzzle his opponent. Gen. Lee was trying a game of strategy! We will leave the two armies watching each other for advantages, while we devote a short space to incidents of mountain warfare of which this campaign was so prolific.

SCOUTING.

It is singular how wandering through the mountains became a passion with the men. For days and nights, and sometimes for a week, they would lie out in the deep solitudes which intervened between the opposing forces, watching for some sign of life in the enemy's camp, or tracking his scouts to intercept or circumvent them. An intimation that a few men were wanted to go in front, would at any time crowd the headquarters with anxious applicants. They had all been on outpost picket in turn, and became infatuated with the idea of scaling the rugged peaks which lifted their heads on every side, and of exploring the deep intervening valleys and ravines, where the silence of the grave seemed to reign. The regular scouts were regarded with a species of reverence. As they related their adventures around the camp-fires at night, the young soldiers sighed to emulate their exploits, and looked anxiously forward to the time

when they could tell how they had groped their way alone through the laurel thickets. Many of the scouts scaled the summits of moss-covered rocks, slept for nights behind a log, watching the clear stars shining above them as they dropped to sleep, to find themselves swept from their resting place by the mountain torrent, which a sudden storm had sent upon them; and after days and nights of privation and suffering, deemed themselves sufficiently rewarded by the sight of an enemy's camp on a distant hillside. It might be, that some lucky chance would lead them to the discovery of an unguarded path, by which they could lead a party to surprise the camp they had discovered. Remote from the pomp of war, locked up in their mountain fastnesses, with no hope of an advance in force, these dreams occupied the soldiers' thoughts. They were Western men. The rifle had been their early companion. The hunters' instincts were deeply implanted in their very nature. They had the self-reliance of frontiersmen. They never thought of the possibility of getting lost; and as to the fear of an enemy, while there was a tree for shelter, that was not to be thought of.

Happy, then, when a detail was made for a scout, was he who was counted in the number. A few hard crackers, and a slice or two of ham or bacon, was all the provision needed. The crystal springs, which everywhere gushed from the mountain sides, would supply the rest. With smiling faces, they would parade for instructions, and singly, or in small squads, plunge at once into the rocky thickets. Nothing more would be seen of them for days, when, one by one, they would drop in and relate each his story to the commandant. Doubtless some would select a cozy retreat, build a brush tent, and pass the time in fishing; but the great majority were anxious to win distinction, and faithfully performed the duty assigned them. Their stories sometimes partook of the marvellous. It would be strange were it otherwise. They rarely saw a human habitation in their wanderings, and, when seen, their instructions were usually to avoid them. Their communings were not with man, but with nature, in her most sublime mood.

It would be impossible, in the limited scope of this work,

to notice one-tenth of the romantic and often perilous incidents of this campaign, or to dress them with word-painting to convey a just idea of the surroundings. The reader must bear in mind that two hostile armies were playing "hide and seek" among the mountains; that there was debatable ground between them, over which small bodies from both forces roved; that this ground was rugged as nature, in her most forbidden temper, could clothe a hill, or scoop out a ravine, and dotted with vales, soft and smiling as the dream of a poet could picture. We must leave the colorings to the imagination of the reader, while we relate a few incidents which will recall to the mind of every soldier, who made the campaign in Western Virginia, something similar in his own history.

Lieut. Milliken, with thirty men of Burdsall's troop of Ohio cavalry, was left with Col. Kimball's command on the summit. The infantry scouts had penetrated by mountain paths the enemy's encampment on the top of Buffalo Ridge—the summit of the Alleghany range. The cavalry was ordered to make daily visits to the Greenbrier running between the Cheat and Alleghany ranges. It was a dangerous service, for there were at least fifty places between the outposts of our army and the south end of the valley, where they could be ambushed by infantry, and be powerless to make a successful resistance. The little river—the Greenbrier—glides along the foot of the Cheat, where the pike crosses it. The descent of the road to the river is steep, and cut into the face of the rock. Below the bridge is a ford, used by horsemen when the stream is not swollen. A high rock, covered with thick and tangled bushes, overhangs the ford. This gives the name "hanging rock" to the crossing. One day the dragoons had passed up the valley. No signs of the enemy were seen. Their pickets had been drawn back. The dragoons were returning gaily in the evening, and had stopped at the ford to water their horses, when a volley was poured down upon them from the "hanging rock." Three or four of their men reeled in their saddles and fell. The remainder dashed up the steep road to meet the assailants, but they had escaped, and were probably secreted among the cliffs.

The next day, a company of the Fourteenth Indiana, under Capt. Willard, was sent down the mountain to search for the party who had laid the ambush, Col. Kimball rightly judging that they were still prowling round the outlets of the valley. Willard left the pike at the Gum road—a mountain pass branching to the right about two-thirds of the way down the south eastern slope of Cheat. Scouts were sent out who discovered the bivouac of the enemy. Capt. Willard attacked them, killed and captured a number, and drove the remainder within the shelter of their fortified camp.

From this time till the close of the campaign, the rugged country between the hostile camps on the summit of Cheat and the summit of the Alleghanics, was fought for by the scouts, and was the scene of many thrilling adventures.

Col. Johnson, who commanded the Confederate camp on Buffalo Ridge, had, by authority of the State of Virginia, called out the militia of Pocahontas and the adjoining counties. They were to report to him, and receive from him their orders. They were to repair to the designated rendezvous, armed with squirrel rifles, and were to be distinguished, while in active service, by strips of white cotton cloth, sewed across their hats or caps. The mountains were soon infested with them. Their orders were to lie in wait behind the rocks, and in the bushes, and shoot Union soldiers as they passed. When captured, they invariably told the same story, that Col. Johnson's orders were to spare no one wearing a Federal uniform; and whenever any such were seen, to shoot and run. To the credit of the regular Confederate soldiers, it must be said, they denounced these proceedings, and often refused to support the "bushwhackers" in their murderous plots. When Gen. Lee arrived and assumed command, he opposed the guerrilla system of warfare, and held it in check in his immediate front; but around the foot of Cheat Mountain, the "bushwhackers" continued to rove.

Shortly after their surprise at "hanging rock," Burdsall's dragoons were relieved by Bracken's Indiana cavalry. One detachment was sent to the summit, and scouted along the slopes of the Cheat and the Alleghanics. The other was left at the Pass, and ranged over Tygart's Valley, feeling the

enemy's lines on Point and Valley Mountains. Their first expedition to the Alleghanies resulted in a thorough reconnoissance of the enemy's position, and the roads around it. Capt. Coons, with two companies of the Fourteenth Indiana, preceded the cavalry to the Valley, and drove in the enemy's pickets. The whole command then bivouaced at the foot of the mountain, at the place where Camp Bartow was afterwards constructed. The cavalry, divided into small squads, penetrated every path leading up and around the slopes, and captured a number of prisoners. Col. Johnson sent down a large force to cut off the reconnoitering party; but, by skillful maneuvering, they, without injury, returned with their prisoners to camp.

It became almost the daily duty of the cavalry, after this affair, to visit the valley and watch the movements going on between the camp on Alleghany summit and Gen. Lee's forces at Big Spring and Huntersville. They were frequently ambushed on these excursions. On one occasion, when returning from a long scout, in the direction of Greenbank, a party of "bushwhackers," supported by regular Confederate troops, got between them and their camp at the summit, concealing themselves in the thicket at the Gum road, they poured a volley into the advance of the cavalry, mortally wounding three men. William Hanthorn was shot through the lungs, Harry Chayne through the thigh and shoulder, and the third through the bowels. Poor Chayne lingered for some months, bearing his sufferings with great fortitude, and finally died at Beverly, whither his comrades, with tender care, had carried him. The small squad of cavalry charged into the bushes, and drove the enemy through the woods until darkness put an end to the pursuit.

With varied fortune these skirmishes continued, until Col. Johnson moved his camp to the base of the mountain and commenced to fortify that strong position. He moved in the night. When the next morning dawned the hill sides were dotted with his tents. Capt. Thompson, of the Fourteenth Indiana, with his company, was on a scout when the movement was made. Marching boldly through the little valley, he encountered, at the base of a hill, round which the road

wound, what he supposed to be a scouting party of the enemy, and boldly charged them. They fell back behind the spur and he followed at a run. Turning the point, the Confederate camp, not over a mile and a half distant, burst upon his view. The long roll was beating and the men were swarming from their tents. He ordered his men to fall back firing. Shortly a troop of cavalry dashed over the fields to gain his rear, and cut him off before he could gain the bridge at the "hanging rock." Fortunately he had left twelve resolute men at that point, who held the bridge and ford until Capt. Thompson and his command crossed.

Dr. William Fletcher and a loyal Virginian named Clark, who was acquainted with the country between Beverly and Staunton, and who had been with Dr. Fletcher in his adventurous trips from Philippi and Bealington, were at headquarters. Gen. Reynolds hearing that a large force of the enemy was in the neighborhood of Big Spring, directed Dr. Fletcher and Mr. Clark to go out on the Huntersville road and learn the situation. They were to ride to the outline pickets, leave their horses and proceed from thence on foot. With a few crackers in their pockets and their pistols in their belts, they started. They kept up Tygart's Valley river, passed the place where the Elk Water camp was afterwards established, and met the pickets some miles beyond. Leaving their horses with the pickets, they pressed forward. The country became more broken, the valley narrower, and the turbid little stream frequently crossed and recrossed the road. The cabins of the inhabitants were poor and the occupants not much disposed to converse with strangers. It was neutral ground, frequented by soldiers from both armies, and the people feared to commit themselves. Still rougher grew the road and more narrow the valley, until the scouts reached the little settlement called Mingo Flats, a plateau on Valley Mountain. Here they were told, in answer to questions, that no Confederate soldiers had been seen for some time. In reply to inquiries for lodging they were directed a little further on. They were weary and foot sore. The sinking sun was throwing the mountain shadows across their path. They quenched their thirst at the crystal springs which gurgled up

by the way side, and struggled onward. Trudging along wearily they mounted a high hill and turned to the right over a mountain pass. Two miles further, they noticed the tracks of horses and looked cautiously around. A horseman in citizens dress appeared. He stated that the Confederate army had fallen back to Huntersville, and that there were no rebel troops at Big Spring. The horseman galloped on. The echo of the horses hoofs on the rocky road had died away. They had commenced to descend a gentle slope. One hundred yards directly in front stood a large oak tree. The stillness of the grave pervaded the scene. No sound was heard save the echo of the footsteps of the scouts, and the note of a solitary whippoorwill. Clark came to a halt and remarked to his companion: "I see a man behind that tree, let us take to the woods and go round." Dr. Fletcher replied: "No, I think you are mistaken. I have been able to make out any form I wish to, on dark and shadowy evenings." Clark stepped back to a line with Fletcher and the two advanced. As they neared the spot "halt! halt! halt!" rang out from behind every bush and tree, and stump and stone. Clark was anticipating such a greeting, and jumped back with his revolver drawn. The ambush was well laid. A tall soldier stood in front of Dr. Fletcher with a squirrel rifle pointed at his breast. Putting a bold face on the matter Dr. Fletcher asked: "What are you stopping citizens here for, on the public highway?" "Surrender!" was all the reply. Clark, who stood a little behind, whispered, "Run Fletcher, run." There was no chance to run with that rifle pointed at his breast, and the muzzles of a dozen others bearing upon him. Fletcher asked his challenger, "What will you do if we surrender?" "Only take you to camp, and then if you are all right let you go." Fletcher then whispered to Clark to run. "If he does," said the tall Alabama soldier, "I will blow your heart out." There was no alternative. Fletcher threw his revolvers on the ground and gave himself up. Clark, being a little outside of the circle of pickets, could have shot one of them and escaped in the bushes, but he knew the moment he pulled trigger, or jumped from the road, the life of his friend was the forfeit, and he determined to suffer captivity with him.

The picket was under the command of Capt. Bird of the Sixth Alabama. To his questions, Dr. Fletcher gave his true name and rank, adding that he was out scouting under orders, and had walked into the ambuscade. No discourteous expressions were used to him, but when Clark was spoken to, he was cursed as a traitor to his native State, and told he would be hung as a spy. The next morning they were sent under a strong guard to the advanced camp of Gen. Lee, half way between Big Spring and Huntersville. Dr. Fletcher describes the camp as beautiful. The road to it from Big Spring was descending all the way. It lay in a beautiful valley at the foot of a steep hill. It was clean, well ordered, closely guarded, and contained, according to Fletcher's estimate, six thousand men. From this place they were sent handcuffed to Huntersville. There were camps all through the valley and on the hills which encircle the town. Here they had an interview with Col. Gilham, of Virginia, with Gen. Loring, and finally with Gen. Lee. Dr. Fletcher estimated the force around Huntersville at twelve thousand men, and remembering the small force under Gen. Reynolds, and the unfinished state of his defences, he trembled for the safety of the comrades he had left behind. Brooding over the dangers which beset Gen. Reynolds and his command, he resolved at all hazards to attempt an escape that he might give warning. He did so, fled to the mountains, was wounded, captured and returned to prison. His narrative of this adventure, and of the risk he ran of being hanged as a spy, with his trials and sufferings as a prisoner in Western Virginia and at Richmond, is highly interesting. We have not space to record it. After a long captivity he was released and had the pleasure of meeting his comrade and fellow prisoner, Clark, who, after a still longer captivity, was also released and returned to Western Virginia, where he afterwards acted as a scout under Gen. Averill.

After the capture of Fletcher and Clark, our scouts found it almost impossible to get within the enemy's lines from the Elk Water front. Gen. Reynolds resolved to send a small party by another route. One of the most remarkable features of North-Western Virginia is the Cheat River. It

has its origin in the Big Spring near which Gen. Lee's army, or a portion of it, was known to be encamped. The spring, in the highest plateau of these mountain ranges, gushes up in a volume of water thick as a man's body. It is the dividing point of the streams. The spring runs northward along the Cheat Mountain ridges, and receives constant accessions to its volume from other springs which burst from the rocks at almost every step. Where it crosses the Staunton pike, immediately below the intrenchments on Cheat Mountain Summit, it assumes the proportions of a river. The scouts of the Fourteenth regiment delighted to wander up the wild mountain stream. Lieut. Slocum, of the Fourteenth Indiana, who had frequently distinguished himself in scouting expeditions, was selected to lead a small body of picked men, by this watery path, to the enemy's lines at Big Spring. Hudson George, of the cavalry, a fine draftsman, accompanied the expedition to make drawings. The party started, and after days and nights of almost incredible toil, succeeded in reaching the camp at Big Spring to find it evacuated. They took sketches of the positions, and returned by the same route to camp, completely exhausted. Their feet were lacerated, and their clothes tattered.

These incidents, a few of the thousands of this campaign, will give the reader some idea of the hardships endured by the Cheat Mountain army while waiting and watching on the outposts of Western Virginia.

THE ADVANCE AND REPULSE OF GEN. LEE.

The result of all these skirmishes, and laborious and often perilous scouting expeditions, strengthened the conviction that Gen. Lee intended, by an attack in the rear, to break the communication between the camps, for the purpose of overwhelming the force at one of the passes, and capturing or annihilating the garrison at the other. Captured prisoners did not hesitate to acknowledge that such was his design. They expressed their firm belief that our little army would soon be prisoners at Richmond. They had the most unbounded confidence in their General, and avowed that he

had ample force to carry out his designs. What these designs were, and how our army was to be captured they never told. A careful analysis of the reports of scouts led to the belief that six thousand men under Gen. Jackson, of Georgia, was in front of Col. Kimball on the Staunton pike, while Gen. Lee had fifteen thousand in front of Elk Water, in his several camps. So adroitly, however, and with such consummate skill, was this force maneuvered that when they broke camp at Big Spring and Huntersville, our most cunning scouts could never get near enough to discover the exact position of their camps, or ascertain where their main body lay. The volumes of smoke from their camp fires had to be taken as the index of their numbers. The mountain curtain which masked their movements was drawn closer and closer by doubling up outposts and picket lines, until it was impossible to peep behind it. In the meantime the Seventeenth Indiana, Col. Hascall, had arrived and taken part in the operations at the Pass, and had in the midst of terrific storms, made two night marches to the Summit, to repel a threatened assault upon the works. The Twenty-Fourth Ohio, Col. Ammen, and the Twenty-Fifth Ohio, Col. Jones, with Daum's Wheeling battery, had been added to the garrison at the Summit, and assisted in erecting the forts and field works. The Sixth Ohio, under command of Lieut. Col. Anderson, was ordered up from Beverly to Elk Water; the Third Ohio and Loomis' battery had preceded them.

As the month of August drew to a close, the storm thickened. Gen. Reynolds had not over six thousand men to defend his line of communication and beat back the assault in front. The privations and sufferings of the troops in the mountains had reduced the strength of many of the regiments nearly one-half. But what they lacked in number, was made up by the enthusiasm and devotion of the men. The General was constantly in the saddle, moving from camp to camp, inspecting the lines, cheering and encouraging the men. His unceasing vigilance was well known to the enemy. It is probable that expeditions were planned within the rebel lines to capture him, and that it was the starting of one, considered certain of a successful result, which at that time gave

rise to the report in Southern prints, that "Gen. Reynolds was captured in Cheat Mountain while passing between his camps." Their skirmishers increased in number. Our outlying pickets fell back mile by mile before them. At the summit, Col. Kimball's outer pickets were at the "deadening," about two miles in front of the intrenchments. He had blockaded the road between that point and the bridge, having removed the planking of the bridge, and built wings of logs as a protection for sharpshooters on each side of it. Hamilton's Valley, just below the deadening, swarmed with rebel infantry, whose jests and taunts could be distinctly heard at the picket post, from their bivouacs under shelter of the rocks and thickets below. It seemed, from the demonstrations, that the summit was to be the chief point of attack; but Gen. Reynolds arrived at a different conclusion. They might, by scaling the mountains, throw a force of infantry on the flanks or the rear of that post; but they would never attempt to attack it in front. He judged correctly, that the feint would be there, and the real assault at Elk Water. Accordingly, he instructed Col. Kimball to keep a strong force in the rear of his works, in the direction of the Pass, and took command himself at Elk Water.

While Col. Kimball was thus closely besieged, Jackson's whole force being under his outer defenses, a reconnoissance in front of Elk Water, made on September the fifth or sixth, in force sufficient to break through or drive back the net work of pickets, disclosed the fact that Gen. Lee's main force was at Mace's Farm, fourteen miles distant, with camps stretching behind Point Mountain. This mountain our pickets yet held; and from the time a forward movement of the enemy commenced, a regiment was kept there. The march to the picket post was along a ravine, formed by Elk Water Run, a turbulent mountain stream, hurrying its waters to the Valley river. The bed of the stream, filled with bowlders and shelving rocks, over which the waters rapidly rushed, formed the road bed for one-half the distance. Seven or eight miles from the debouch of the ravine, was an abandoned pike, leading to the summit of Point Mountain, and continuing along the crest of the main spur, which intersected the

Huntersville pike ten miles in front of the intrenchments. The regimental marches up this turbulent stream were usually made at night. Numerous were the bruises and cuts received by the men as they moved in the dark over the rolling stones and shelving rocks. On the ninth of September, the Seventeenth Indiana relieved the Sixth Ohio at Point Mountain. Col. Hascall, before starting out, remarked that his regiment had marched hundreds of miles in Western Virginia, and had always heard of the enemy in force a short distance ahead, but had never yet been able to find him. He began to doubt whether there was any considerable rebel force in the country. It was late when the regiment arrived. The night was clear, and the stars twinkled brightly. Col. Hascall asked where the enemy were. Col. Anderson, pointing to the distant hills, replied, "they are there," and directed the attention of Col. Hascall to the smoke curling like mist above the crest of the hills. Hascall said, "I can not see it." Anderson dryly replied, "You will see it in the morning." The pickets were relieved. The men of the Seventeenth, like their Colonel, had little faith in the report that a large army was in their front. The remembrance of their tedious night marches to the summit of Cheat, and other points, for a fight, and their repeated disappointments, chafed them. They felt that a *sortie* from the enemy's camp would be a relief. The videttes danced on their posts, and fired into the thickets. The reserve bivouaced over more ground than there was necessity for occupying, and built roaring fires to moderate the cold mountain breeze. The enemy were not slow to accept the challenge thus thrown out. From behind the quiet dreary crests, a moment before so still that the very smoke seemed to steal upward, as if fearful of throwing a wave of sound upon the air, signal lights streamed, and bonfires blazed. The rumbling of wheels, and the murmur of voices, soon followed on the clear morning air. The Seventeenth had stirred up a hornet's nest at last. The officers prepared to meet an attack. The first impulse of the commandant of the nearest camp was to attack; but Gen. Lee was not to be turned aside from his long deliberated plan. He was sure of cutting off the force. The rumbling of wheels

heard was the moving of detached forces to concentrate for the advance upon our main works. When morning broke, the hillsides were still dotted with tents, the teams were passing to and fro to mill, as was their custom days before. The field-glasses showed the sentries were on post; but the army was on its march to cut off the audacious regiment which had dared to disturb their morning slumbers.

The same evening that these events were transpiring on Point Mountain, Lieut. Col. Owen was sent, with five companies of the Fifteenth Indiana, one company of the Third Ohio, and a squad of Bracken's cavalry, along the Huntersville or Marlin pike, to feel the enemy. Their advance, eight thousand strong, were reported to be at Marshall's Store, twelve miles distant. Col. Owen advanced beyond the picket station at Conrad's Mill, and bivouaced for the night. At four o'clock in the morning he pushed on, throwing out Lieut. Driscoll, with ten men of the Third Ohio, and Lieut. Bedford, with ten men of the Fifteenth Indiana, to scout the laurel thickets in advance. Capt. Wing, of the Third Ohio, was in advance of the column. Immediately after passing through a dense thicket, which lined the road on both sides, the scouts commenced firing, having suddenly come so close to the enemy that a hand to hand scuffle ensued between private Edwards, of the Fifteenth Indiana, and a soldier of a North Carolina regiment. At a small house on the road side, private Morris surprised four dragoons at their breakfast. The firing aroused the camp, three-quarters of a mile distant. The long roll beat to arms. The picket reserve exceeded the force of Col. Owen, who retired slowly with his command, firing by sections, countermarching and re-forming. The enemy did not pursue, but steadily moved his columns up, occupying the valley as well as the road which skirted the side of the mountain. It was highly important to hold the junction of the Huntersville and Point Mountain pikes, until the Seventeenth regiment could retire from their exposed position. Capt. Templeton, with two companies of the Fifteenth Indiana, was sent there, supported by Major Christopher, of the Sixth Ohio, with two hundred men of that regiment. On the morning of the eleventh, Capt. Templeton's

pickets, under command of Sergeant Thompson, were suddenly confronted, at a sharp turn in the road, by a solid column of the enemy moving down in irresistible force. The Sergeant fell back, firing from the thickets, and lost two killed, two seriously, and one slightly wounded, and one taken prisoner. He brought his dead and wounded with him. Capt. Templeton dispatched a dragoon for reinforcements, and fell back on Major Christopher's post at the mill. In the meantime, a scout, who knew the country well, reported two regiments advancing by a mountain road—which intersects the pike in the rear of the mill—with the intention of cutting off Christopher and Templeton. The left wing of the Fifteenth Indiana, under Major Wood, was hurried rapidly up to that point, and orders sent the advance to retire. They reached the support under Major Wood in advance of the flanking force, closely followed by the solid column of the enemy's center, which now closed rapidly up, and in the evening General Lee's army was in position in front of the works at Elk Water. Colonel Hascall and his gallant regiment escaped by the Elk Run road, reaching the outer works as the enemy was massing his columns for the assault.

Two companies, under Capt. Thompson and Lieut. Jones, had been detached to the junction of the turnpike, and there engaged the advance of the enemy, holding them in check. When the regiment was ordered in with all speed, it was supposed these companies, so far in advance, were hopelessly cut off. Lieut. Col. Wilder, however, refused to return without them, and dashing ahead, found them deployed in the thickets skirmishing as they retired, and brought them safely to camp.

In the meantime a brigade of Arkansas and Tennessee troops, numbering twenty-eight hundred, under command of Gen. Anderson, had been toiling around the rugged and pathless slopes of the Cheat Mountain range, to reach the rear of the works on the Summit. This movement was the key to Gen. Lee's great strategic plan to entrap the Cheat Mountain army. If he could get this force securely posted on the Staunton pike between the Pass and the Summit, he could hold Kimball's garrison in their prison house on the

bleak hill top, and, storming the works at Elk Water, sweep down the valley and dictate his own terms for a surrender. The march of Gen. Anderson's brigade over the untamed hills is described by the prisoners as one of the most arduous ever undertaken by a large body of troops. They had two nights of rain and were constantly wet. The air was cold. When they reached the path between the Summit and Elk Water, in the elevated valley heretofore described, they were exhausted. They had been so long creeping in the darkness, through the thickets, that like mariners who had taken to their boats in a fog, they knew not where to go. They with buoyant spirits and light hearts had left their camp, confident they could fall upon Kimball's rear, while another force attacked him in flank, and drive him into the jaws of Johnston, who was holding the main road in front. The Arkansas men, and a few Texans, had burnished the blades of their bowie knives and loudly boasted of the number of stubborn Yankees they would slay. Their leader was sure he could hold the pike and isolate the camps. There is nothing like cold and hunger, and mountain marches, to take the braggardism out of troops, and reduce vain glorious boasters to the dimensions of ordinary men. When the Arkansas and Texan troops arrived at the path and the pike they had no inclination to test the metal of their burnished blades even on a Yankee—nor had they any disposition to fight, except desperation urged them to do so. They could not retreat in a body the way they came, for few knew how to get there; their scouts who had crawled through the bushes and got a view of the works on the Summit, reported them nearly as strong in the rear as in front; they feared to advance to the Pass as the notes of preparation came up from there, and they were uncertain as to the force the General had around him; to follow the path to the left would lead them directly to the Elk Water camp, where they feared to go, and they accordingly clung to their screen of wet bushes, more than half whipped by hunger, fatigue and the utter confusion of ideas, before a shot was fired.

Thus matters stood on the evening of the eleventh. The bulk of Gen. Lee's force massed in front of the works at Elk

Water, with his flankers feeling their way along Stewart's and Elk Runs to the right and left of our entrenchments; Gen. Jackson with three thousand men in front of the deadening at the Summit, two regiments creeping on Kimball's right, and the brigade of Gen. Anderson lurking in the bushes midway between the Pass and the Summit, ready to spring upon the pike and charge either to the right or the left. Thus far Gen. Lee's plan, so far as he was aware, had worked to a charm. His divisions were just where he had designed to place them. He knew not the feeling of terror which took hold of the brave men of Anderson's column after their dreary mountain march. Intelligent prisoners afterwards related how, as they lay in their hiding places, the conviction crept over them that instead of surrounding our forces they themselves were securely trapped. They could see companies of our troops, deployed in the distance like regiments, marching along the path and the pike; to their right and rear were the strong works of Cheat, with its vigilant garrison; to the left and rear Elk Water, and in front the Pass; and miles away in their rear through the tangled bushes was all their hope of succor, and they dreaded that the Hoosiers, accustomed to the woods, had followed the windings of Cheat River and cut them off.

Gen. Reynolds, sleepless and watchful, was aware that a large force was moving on the mountains. Their shifting bivouacs and stealthy watch fires had been noted, but he could not tell upon which wing of his army their weight was to fall. His headquarters were at the Pass—with the Thirteenth Indiana, Col. Sullivan, two pieces of artillery, and his devoted cavalry escort—but he personally directed the movements at Elk Water. His labor at this time was herculean. So quietly and unostentatiously was it done, that only those of his own army, who were near headquarters, had any conception of it. He had the stores from the Pass removed to Huttonsville, putting the Tygart Valley river between them and danger of a raid, and he hastily constructed field works, while Col. Sullivan disposed his regiment along the approaches to the Pass to guard against surprise.

On the night of the eleventh, or rather on the early morn-

ing of the twelfth, one of those cold storms of wind and rain which visited the Cheat region so often in the summer of 1861, swept over the hills. The telegraph to the Summit ceased to tick after midnight. The operator supposed the wire had been broken by fallen timber, and early in the morning despatched men to repair it. The last message from the General to the Summit was one of warning. Lient. Merrill, of the Engineers, passed the headquarters on his way up the hill at dawn. He was warned by the scouts not to proceed, but he laughed at the idea of the enemy getting round—kept on, and was captured a short distance beyond the picket line. A picket post of the Thirteenth Indiana was attacked a short distance to the right in the direction of Elk Water, and still further on, Capt. Bence with a company of the Sixth Ohio, on picket, was captured with his entire command. These captures revealed the position of Anderson's force. The General was exceedingly anxious to convey orders to Col. Kimball directing the disposition of his force in the rear of his post. Two members of Bracken's cavalry, H. C. Britz and William Pulfer, volunteered to carry them. The orders were hastily sketched, and the cavalymen putting spurs to their horses dashed up the mountain by the pike. In a short time Pulfer returned hatless, his clothes being perforated with bullets. They had dashed into a solid body of infantry, and strove to cut their way through. Britz was shot through the head, and having the despatches on his person the enemy if they read them, had the satisfaction of knowing the General was advised of their movement and would fight them at every point. Three companies of the Thirteenth Indiana, under Capt. Clinton, were ordered up the pike to hold the road, while the remainder of the regiment were deployed at the head of the gorge or pass to watch the movements of Anderson. Col. Kimball did not of course receive the orders sent him, but his soldierly instincts led him to adopt the very measures indicated in those orders.

On the evening of the eleventh, Capt. Coons, of the Fourteenth Indiana, with sixty men from the different regiments at the summit, and four cavalry men were sent to picket the bridle-path to Elk Water. It was this little force, together

with other small detachments from Elk Water and the Pass, marching to the several picket stations, that the enemy had seen when they came in view of the cleared ridge, and that had so alarmed them. Capt. Coons disposed his little picket guard in close proximity to the overwhelming force, but so quietly did the enemy lie in their ambush that he did not discover them until morning.

On the morning of the twelfth one of Lieut. Delzell's command of Bracken's cavalry was started down the mountain with dispatches. A supply train of the Twenty-Fifth Ohio had started before day. The dragoon had proceeded only a mile and a half when he found the wagons standing in the road without horses or drivers and with evident marks of a struggle in the deep mud. He returned with all speed and reported the fact. Col. Kimball, accompanied by Col. Jones of the Twenty-Fifth Ohio, Lt. Col. Gilbert of the Twenty-Fourth Ohio, and Lieut. Delzell of the cavalry, proceeded with two companies of the Fourteenth Indiana and twelve dragoons to the point of attack. Capts. Brooks and Williamson deployed their men as skirmishers in the thicket, and soon found the enemy in great force and drove them. One hundred men, under Capt. Higgins, made up of details from the Fourteenth Indiana, and Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Ohio, with Lieuts. Green and Wood, were advanced by the pike to the Pass, to reinforce Capt. Coons, who was engaged on the Pass, and whom it was feared was cut off. Hastening on, Capt. Higgins soon met a cavalry soldier who reported a large force at the junction of the pike and the pass and that Capt. Coons was endeavoring to cut his way through. Major Harrow, with two companies of the Fourteenth Indiana, was coming up and Capt. Higgins moved cautiously on. He soon received a volley from the bushes which passed over the heads of the men, and they were ordered to charge the ambush, which they did in gallant style, routing the large force concealed there, who were pressed back by Lieut. Green upon their reserves in the valley, where Capt. Coons was fighting, and communicated the panic to that part of the line. Capt. Coons had stubbornly held the ridge, repulsing every assault upon him with fearful slaughter.

The panic was now complete. Brooks and Williamson were driving them at one point, Higgins, Green, and Wood at another, Coons, with his unerring marksmen, was picking them off in scores whenever they attempted to assail the ridge he so gallantly held. A detachment of the Thirteenth Indiana, returning from a scout, ran into them at another place and poured in a galling fire, escaping without loss by dropping behind a ledge of rocks; the advance of the same regiment was in view hastening up the pike, Major Harrow was at the junction of the pike and path, and far over on the ridge, near Elk Water, a battalion of the Second Virginia, under Col. Moss, attracted by the firing from the picket post, had formed in line of battle. The bushes on every hand belched forth fire, and every opening in the trees glistened with bayonets. The enemy fled in dismay, throwing aside everything which would encumber their flight.

No sooner had Col. Kimball made the disposition of the forces in his rear, described above, than he was informed that the enemy was advancing in force on his front and right flank. Company E of the Fourteenth Indiana, under Lieut. Junod, held the deadening as a picket post. He was surrounded, and in endeavoring to force his way through to the bridge was shot through the head and killed, private George Winder falling dead by his side. The men made their escape in the thickets and reached camp. Placing a strong force at the bridge, which, with its flooring removed and its heavy wings loopholed, could be easily defended, Col. Kimball sent Capt. Foote, with one company of the Fourteenth and one of the Twenty-Fourth Ohio, up Cheat river to feel the force on his right flank. Capt. Foote found the enemy two miles above the bridge and attacked them vigorously. They fled in confusion, making but little resistance, and left behind some prisoners captured by them in the early morning. This ended the fighting. Anderson's force was hopelessly routed. Pursuit would have been imprudent. Jackson still held the deadening in front with a large force. All day he waited there, his artillery in position looking for the signal from Anderson in the rear; but that signal he never received. The force engaged on Kimball's rear and flank, consisted of

the Twenty-Third, Twenty-Fifth, Thirty-First and Thirty-Seventh Virginia regiments, and one battalion from the same State under Cols. Talliaferro, and Heck, and the First, Seventh and Fourteenth Tennessee, under Cols. Manny, Hadden and Forbes, the whole commanded by Gen. Anderson in person. Our whole force, actually engaged, did not exceed five hundred men.

These skirmishes around the summit, so brilliant and so important in their results, were not known at head quarters. Gen. Reynolds, satisfied with the ability and zeal of Col. Kimball, knew he would hold his post. Leaving Col. Sullivan, with the Thirteenth Indiana, to hold the Pass, he hastened round to the Elk Water Front. It was towards evening when he arrived there. The dark masses of the enemy's columns could be seen from the outpost, three-quarters of a mile in front of the intrenchments, apparently resting on their arms awaiting an order to move. They had been in that position for some hours. A few skirmishers on their front and on their flanks, kept up a lively fusilade with our restless pickets, but not a sound came up from the long dark column of men. The artillery was strung along the road and the infantry in the meadow below. It was a beautiful picture as seen from some of the elevations which jutted out from the mountain range. On the one side, the Federal soldiers stood upon their entrenchments peering through the winding valley to get an occasional glimpse of the enemy. From the main works but little of the movements in front could be seen, but from the lookout stations over the ravines and from the outposts the whole panorama was distinctly visible. Thus the two rival hosts stood for hours silent spectators of the skirmishing in the little arena between them. There were more amusing incidents than serious accidents, in the ring where the actors performed. Mounted officers, orderlies, or squads of dragoons, anxious to do something to attract the special attention of the vast audience, would ride up close to some house or cluster of bushes from which a flash of musketry would occasionally issue. Then they would scamper away followed by a squad of sharp shooters who would keep up the chase until driven back by our own rifle-

men going on the "double quick" to the rescue. Occasionally a horse would flounder in the mire compelling his rider to execute a feat of ground and lofty tumbling, and a laugh would come up from the sharp shooters as they hastened to the rescue. But the spectators on the parapets and hill sides soon tired of such scenes, and longed to see the threatening host advance. That host was evidently waiting for a signal to attack.

Gen. Reynolds, accompanied by the Colonels of the several regiments and his escort, rode out among the skirmishers as the setting sun threw the shadow of the hills across the valley. As he swept the enemy's position with his glass, the rebel gunners sent a twelve pound shot, over the heads of their men at the cavalcade. It fell short. The General hastily wrote a line and handed it to an orderly. In a few moments Loomis' Parrot guns were out and hurling shell at the head of the enemy's column. Their long and quiet dream was broken. They hastily fell back out of range and partly out of view. Loomis turned his guns upon the houses and bushes which concealed the reserves of their flanking skirmishers, and soon scattered them. Gen. Reynolds then became convinced that no attempt would be made upon Elk Water that night. He also felt confident that Kimball had baffled their designs on his position. Turning to Col. Marrow he ordered him to have his regiment, the Third Ohio, ready to march at three o'clock in the morning. It was important to open communication with the summit. The Third Ohio and the battalion of the Second Virginia were to take the bridle path across to the Staunton pike, and the Thirteenth Indiana, moving up from the Pass was to effect a junction with them and force a passage up the mountain.

Late in the evening Lieut. Col. John A. Washington, of Gen. Lee's Staff, formerly proprietor of Mount Vernon, while reconnoitering our works in company with two other officers, ran into a picket post of the Seventeenth Indiana and was killed, three minnie balls passing through his breast. He fell from his horse; his companions wheeled and escaped, one of them wounded. When approached he asked for water, which was instantly handed him, but before his lips touched the

canteen he expired. When the body was brought to camp it was recognized by Capt. Loomis, Lieut. Col. Anderson, of the Sixth Ohio, and several other officers, who had known him in happier days. His remains were tenderly cared for. In the morning they were sent with a flag of truce to the enemy's lines, meeting a flag from Gen. Lee on its way to our picket line to inquire respecting him.

The columns of Marrow and Sullivan marched at three o'clock on the morning of the thirteenth as ordered, the first, by the path, and the second, by the Staunton pike, and found the work they had been sent to perform already accomplished by the skirmishing we have already described. They found the road strewn with the *debris* of the routed army, and marched into the fortifications at the Summit without seeing a rebel soldier.

Gen. Lee's forces were in position again in front of Elk Water when day dawned. Again there were long hours of waiting. Gen. Reynolds had not heard of the success on the mountain. Reports were received from men who had been cut off from their commands, and who made their way into camp, that Gen. Anderson's forces were retreating in disorder, but there was no report from the Summit. Gen. Lee had doubtless heard the same rumors, but still hoped for the signal of success from his flanking force. Gen. Loring was to have led the storming party. He sat on his horse at the head of the column—two dragoons on each side of him—stern and silent, chafing at the delay. For hours on the thirteenth he sat there as he had on the twelfth. At length an aid dashes up and delivers an order. It was from Gen. Lee, commanding him to fall back. Loring raved like a madman, and with a terrible imprecation vowed he would disobey the command. Putting spurs to his horse he dashed among the troops and by wild appeals fired their enthusiasm. He then called the regimental commanders and proposed to make the assault in defiance of orders to the contrary. The majority assented to it, and the fiery Loring was about to give the command to advance when a second imperative order from Gen. Lee checked him. Gen. Loring had been long in the Federal army, and was, when the war broke out, in command of one

of our cavalry regiments on the frontier. He had distinguished himself in Mexico where he lost an arm. He was a rigid disciplinarian, and accustomed to yield the same implicit obedience to superiors which he unrelentingly exacted from those under him. His habits of discipline prevailed, and he fell back.

General Lee had by this time heard of Anderson's repulse, and he saw in that the failure of his grand strategic plan. The large bodies of troops reported marching on the mountains—Marrow's and Sullivan's columns—might mean an attack upon his flank, and prudence dictated that he should fall back. Loring still urged the storming of the Elk Water works—he was confident they could be carried. Gen. Lee admitted they might, but at a fearful loss of life, such as he was not willing to hazard.

On the fourteenth Gen. Lee retired to his old position along the Valley mountain, and Jackson's force fell back to the Alleghanies from the front of Cheat Mountain, and the project of bursting through the Tygart Valley to the Ohio river was abandoned.

The Confederate loss in this movement was never known in the North. They buried in the mountains most of their dead, and carried off a portion of their wounded. Their loss was estimated at one hundred killed, and ninety prisoners. Our loss was ten killed, fourteen wounded, and sixty-four prisoners. The combinations of the great Confederate strategist were foiled by the genius of the Federal commander.

SCOUTING AGAIN.

A series of skirmishes by small bodies of troops followed the withdrawal of Gen. Lee's forces to their old positions. The orders of Gen. Reynolds were to hold his line at all hazards. He was not prepared, if he had been permitted, to advance it. He could only harass the enemy by reconnoissances, and seek to cut off his detachments wherever they could be found. Our skirmishers followed up the enemy as they retired. A cavalry picket post was established at Point Mountain, and kept there until the swelling of the mountain

torrents from the rains rendered it difficult longer to communicate with the camp. It would be impossible to enumerate all the movements in front during the month of September. The men were not suffered to rest in camp while there was an enemy in front. Regimental marches to feel the enemy were made whenever the turbulent streams in front were fordable. We shall refer to a few of these.

Two companies of the Third Ohio, accompanied by a detachment of cavalry under Sergeant Garner, were sent by an old Indian trail across the dividing ridge, Turkey Bone, to the Back Fork of Elk, to communicate with the outposts of Gen. Rosecrans on the Gauley. The trip was over one of the wildest regions of that wild country. The route lay up Elk Run to Brady's Gate, from whence the party, to avoid the scouting parties of both Lee and Floyd, plunged at once into the mountain wilderness, with nothing but the long disused trail to guide them. The cavalrymen had to lead their horses, and to help them up and down the steep and rocky slopes. The animals were useful to carry the men dry shod across the swollen torrents; but when the opposite valleys were reached, they were so exhausted and foot-sore that they had to be nursed instead of mounted. The expedition was four days out, and returned after passing round the flank of Lee's army without detection.

On the twenty-eighth Col. Sullivan, with his own regiment, the Thirteenth Indiana, the Sixth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Anderson's, a section of Loomis' battery, under Lieut. Gilham, and a detachment of Bracken's cavalry, marched from Elk Water to feel the enemy at Mingo Flats, one of their old encampments on Valley Mountain, and to ascertain his strength. Leaving heavy pickets to hold the passes, and carry information should the enemy attempt to get round in his rear, Col. Sullivan cautiously approached within three miles of the enemy's pickets. A heavy storm which had been raging with fury, swelling the streams to angry torrents, compelled him to halt and bivouac. The storm subsided in the night, and the streams falling rapidly as they had risen, by daylight the troops were again in motion. Reaching the neighborhood of Marshall's Store, where the enemy's outer pickets

were reported to be, Lieut. Shields, in charge of the sharpshooters, was ordered to deploy his command and get round the post, while Col. Sullivan moved up with three companies. Advancing in this way—Shields deployed along the mountain slopes, and Sullivan in the road—Marshall's Store was reached and passed, without any signs of the enemy. Continuing on, the pickets were encountered and driven in, within half a mile of the elevated plateau called Mingo Flats. They were reinforced by three companies from the camp beyond. Col. Sullivan ordered up six companies under Major Foster, who drove them across the Flats to their works. The road from Marshall's Store was terrible. It had been much used by the enemy during the summer, and was almost impassable from deep mud. Lieut. Gilham succeeded in getting up one piece of artillery. Then disposing his forces to resist an attack, should the enemy leave his works to offer battle, Col. Sullivan leisurely surveyed the position. Mingo Flats is a clearing of about two hundred acres on the mountain—flat, as its name indicates. The camp was beyond this clearing, at the base of a hill, protected by ravines and earthworks. Col. Sullivan estimated the force there at fifteen hundred infantry and a squadron of cavalry.

Having accomplished the object of his march Col. Sullivan prepared to return to camp. The storm, which had only lulled, broke out with redoubled fury. To use an expression of one of the narrators, "the rain came down in great sheets of water." The streams were over their banks, and the ravines flooded. The road crosses the Tygart Valley River in three or four places, between the Valley Mountain and Elk Water camp. The command succeeded in crossing the first ford. By the time it reached the second, the water was over the narrow meadows that skirted the banks of the stream. Great trees were being whirled rapidly down the channel by the boiling and foaming waters. Some of the horsemen plunging in were swept away, and with difficulty rescued. Two or three men, who, contrary to orders, persistently attempted to cross were drowned. The troops had to bivouac on the mountain side, and wait for the waters to subside. This storm is memorable in that region. It was

one of the most terrible that ever swept over it. In some places, particularly at the outlets of small runs, the face of the country was entirely changed by the force of the torrents. At Cheat Mountain Pass, where Gen. Reynolds so long held his head quarters, the little mountain brook we have heretofore described, forsook its original bed and worked out a new channel, carrying out nearly a mile of the Staunton pike with it. Here Mr. Howell, of Terre Haute, sutler to the Fourteenth Indiana, who had started for Beverly, was drowned in attempting to cross the stream on horseback.

At Elk Water camp the valley was submerged. The Sixth Ohio had left their tents standing with all their baggage not required by men in light marching order. The turbid water was four feet deep all over it during their absence. When they returned all their camp comforts had been swept away by the angry flood. The water in twelve hours had risen ten feet in the valley, and some of the mountain rivulets were said to have risen several feet in the same time.

The Fifteenth and Seventeenth Indiana regiments were out in a very exposed position during this terrible storm. They had marched for the summit without their tents, and were bivouaced on one of the slopes of the mountain, without any shelter except what the bending pines and vine covered rocks afforded. Their suffering—thinly clad as they were, without overcoats or blankets—was such as no pen can adequately describe. The Second Virginia was holding the bridle path on the ridge, between Elk Water and Cheat summit, and although exposed to the storm, they were above the turbulent streams, and suffered more with cold than by the concentrated force of the waters. On Cheat summit the storm raged with greater fury than on the slopes of the Rich Mountain and Valley Mountain ranges. There it was intensely cold. Several small scouting parties were out, and were forced to the shelter of rocks over which the water poured in cataracts. There was no shelter for the animals on the summit, the brush stables having been cut down during the seige. Fifteen horses perished during the night. The gallant but ragged Fourteenth Indiana—the heroes of Cheat Mountain—whose name and fame will, while time lasts, be

associated with that bleak and cheerless mountain peak, endured their full share of suffering during the terrible storm.

But we must hasten on. Reconnoissances were pushed in every direction, of which those we have described are only a sample. The conclusion arrived at was, that a portion of the enemy's force had been removed from the Elk Water front, to some other scene of operations, and that Gen. Lee himself had taken his departure.

The roads in the rear of both armies had been worn out during the campaign, and a sea of mud interposed between Staunton and Valley Mountain and the Greenbrier, on one side, and between Webster and Elk Water and Cheat Summit, on the other.

There was debatable ground between the fronts, over which scouting parties, or "movable columns," alone had passed, where the roads were good. The enormous trains to and from the base of supplies, had not cut them up. From Elk River to Marshall's store, on the Huntersville road, was a delightful ride to those who were willing to take the risk of a random shot from the bushes. Down the south-eastern slope of Cheat Mountain to the Greenbriar, and along the little valley to the foot of the Alleghanias, the Staunton pike was as firm as before the war. Either army had but to remove a few miles back from their original line, to place an impassable barrier to artillery in their front. This, the force left on Valley Mountain, seems to have done. The column in front of Cheat, however, still held their post at the "Traveler's Repose," at the foot of the Alleghanias. The position was fortified with great skill. Their pickets extended to the foot of Cheat, and since the advance, they had been stubborn in holding the valley.

THE BATTLE OF GREENBRIAR.

Gen. Reynolds was reinforced in the latter part of September by the Seventh and Ninth regiments of Indiana infantry, one regiment from Ohio, the Thirty-Second, Col. Ford; by Howe's regular battery, and by a company of cavalry from

Ohio, under Capt. Robinson, and one from Pennsylvania, under Capt. Greenleaf.

It had long been a cherished idea with Col. Kimball to drive the enemy from his position on the Staunton pike. He had frequently asked permission to march against the works on the Alleghany Mountain, when the enemy's principal camp was there, and afterwards to move against the fortifications at Greenbriar, with such force as could be spared. But while the Elk Water front of our line was threatened by Gen. Lee, this favor could not be granted to the gallant Colonel. Having satisfied himself by reconnoissances in force, in the direction of Huntersville, that Gen. Lee had abandoned all idea of forcing a passage down Tygart's Valley, and as the mud was impassable between his camps on that road and our forces, Gen. Reynolds resolved to throw a large force temporarily on the top of Cheat Mountain, and feel the position, which frowned in front, and which the rebels boasted was impregnable.

It was with this view that the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Indiana had been ordered up the mountain; and other preparations made for a march on that line. The Thirteenth Indiana, Howes' and Loomis' batteries, and the cavalry, were moved there so soon as the swollen streams fell sufficiently to admit of their being forded. The temporary bridges erected during the summer had all been swept away by the floods. The storms followed each other in such quick succession, that, rapidly as the streams ran out, it seemed almost impossible to get three days' food for any considerable force of men, and forage for animals, collected on the Summit. The road up the north-west slope of the mountain had become impassible. Where it passed into the pine thickets it had been worn three or four feet deep, and the mingled mud and rocks, in which the wheels sunk to their axels, so impeded transportation that it took several days to get a train through.

After incredible labor, the ammunition, and three or four days supplies of food for men and horses, were landed on the Summit, and six thousand men, with three batteries of artillery, and three companies of cavalry, were resting on the cold bleak crest of the inhospitable Cheat, ready at a word

to move down its eastern slope, where small skirmishing parties had so often gone. The clouds hung gloomily. The chilling winds moaned plaintively through the pine trees, and cut into the very flesh of the thinly clad soldiers. The sun might be shining cheerfully in the little valleys at the mountain base, but all the time preparations were going on for the reconnoissance, the Summit of Cheat was enveloped in heavy black clouds, or in a thick mist, which would soak those exposed to it thoroughly as a rain storm. The only chance for living through such weather was by building huge fires, and these it was difficult to have without exciting the suspicion of the enemy that a heavy force was concentrating to attack them. The march to Staunton and the occupation of the rich valley of the Shenandoah, had long been a favorite dream with the men. They could never become reconciled to the idea that they should be kept in those cold and cheerless mountains, merely to hold a country which, in their estimation, was not worth the life of one brave man, while the garden of Virginia lay apparently within their grasp. They hoped to winter at Staunton, and they were willing—nay anxious, to be led across the intervening barriers, confident that they could fight their way to that goal of their hopes. As they gathered around their camp fires on those cold, damp October days and nights, and noted the preparations around them, they hoped it meant a march straight forward through those bleak hills to a more hospitable clime. Cheerfully they spoke of these things, and of their willingness to take the chances of obtaining supplies by the way, rather than winter where they were. But no permanent advance was intended. It was difficult to get subsistence to the army even to the western slope of Cheat, and beyond, it would have been an impossibility; yet the soldiers loved to indulge in the fancy that before the snows of winter whitened the hill tops, they would move onward and shake hands with the Union army of the Potomac, on the banks of the Shenandoah.

The movement contemplated, however, was only a reconnoissance. Gen. Reynolds deemed it prudent to feel the strength of the enemy's fortified position, and ascertain his force, before he matured his plans for its reduction. The

reconnoissance terminated in a battle, although that was not the intention.

On the morning of the third of October the troops commenced their march down the mountain. A drizzling rain was falling. The Thirty-Second Ohio, Col. Ford, with one piece of Daum's Virginia battery, took the advance, so far as the Gum road. This road was a mountain path, which leaves the pike a mile above the valley, and winds through the hills to the Green Bank road, on the left flank of the enemy's works. It was a noted spot, where our scouting and small reconnoitering parties had frequently been ambushed, and it was important that it should be held by a strong and reliable force, to guard against an attack on the flank or rear of the advancing column. Col. Ford was to halt his command here and hold the road. It was about five miles by the pike from the enemy's works, and eight or nine by the path to the Green Bank road.

After giving the advance under Col. Ford an hour's start, the reconnoitering column moved down the mountain in the following order: The Ninth and Fourteenth Indiana, Twenty-Fourth Ohio, Seventeenth Indiana, Loomis' battery, six ten-pound rifled Parrotts, Thirteenth Indiana, Howe's regular battery, four brass six pounders, and two ten pound howitzers. The reserves—Fifteenth Indiana, Twenty-Fifth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Richardson, and Braeken's Indiana, Robinson's Ohio, and Greenfield's Pennsylvania cavalry companies—immediately followed.

Col. Milroy prepared to encounter the enemy's pickets after passing the Gum road, and deployed two companies as skirmishers. He met with no opposition until he reached the first Greenbriar bridge just after daylight. A company was stationed there, which delivered a random volley and fled. One of Milroy's men was killed and another wounded. He crossed the bridge and halted until the column came up.

The little valley of the Greenbriar, upon which the Union troops were now entering in force, is one of the most picturesque spots in Virginia. It is about six miles long and two wide. The cold pine clad Cheat is at one end, and the Alleghany at the other, the spurs from each interlocking on the

sides, softening on the left to an open grove and thickly tangled with undergrowth on the right. To look upon the little dell from the road or the hill sides one wonders where the river which dances through the meadows enters, and where it takes its exit. The openings in the hills are so narrow that the trees interlock across the chasms, and it requires a critical survey to trace the stream. The pike runs through this vale, crossing the winding river at the foot of Cheat and at the foot of the Alleghany range. The enemy's works, which they had named Camp Bartow, were located where the pike crossing the little stream at a sharp angle, receives the Green Bank road, and commences its winding ascent of the Alleghany. A noted tavern called the "Travelers Repose," and a mill stood near the bank of the river. The mill race running on the bank eight or ten feet above the ordinary level of the river, skirted the right flank and two-thirds of the front of the works, forming a double moat for the first line of intrenchments. In the rear of the house and stables, the ground rising in terraces, was girdled with rifle pits. The defences on the left flank were screened by the thick timber which clothed the hill down to the water's edge. They could not be seen at any time during the battle, but they were afterwards found to be stronger than those in front and on the right.

The valley is winding. The gently sloping hill on the left, as if to assert its mountain origin, about half way up the valley, throws out a rough spur, covered with dense undergrowth, and the thicket extended to the river on the opposite side. This spur hid the terraced camp from our forces. It was to this thicket the pickets retreated from the bridge. A reinforcement of six companies had been sent out to assist them in holding it. Col. Kimball, with his Fourteenth Indiana, was ordered to charge it in line, while Col. Milroy, with the Ninth, and Col. Dumont, with the Seventh, marched by the flank along the river, where they would be prepared to give an enfilading fire and join in the pursuit. Steadily, as if on parade, the Fourteenth, with their ragged garments fluttering in the breeze, formed across the road, and with a cheer moved up, preserving a beautiful alignment. The right wing,

under Kimball, was on the level; the left, under Major Harrow, on the slope, facing the ragged spur. The Fourteenth had no desire to waste ammunition, and paid no attention to the random shots from the bushes. They reserved their fire until they entered the thicket, when Kimball gave the order, and a ringing volley started the rebels from their ambush. They broke and fled. The Seventh and Ninth Regiments were by this time on their flank, and poured a volley into them. They were thus driven to the hill on our left, and eagerly the Fourteenth clambered up the rocks after them, driving them from cover to cover, until the bugles sounded the recall. The number of the enemy killed in this charge was never known. Sixteen dead bodies were found in the bushes, and ten or twelve prisoners were taken.

The approaches being thus cleared, Gen. Reynolds selected the ground for Loomis' battery. Loomis moved rapidly up, unlimbered his guns, and opened fire. The enemy replied from a battery near the house, and from some guns on the crest of the hill, concealed by the thicket which crowned it. In the meantime Capt. Howe had selected a spot within six hundred yards of the enemy's first line of fortifications, and dashed up to it over the meadows. Daum followed with his single gun. The infantry, except the reserves, advanced as supports to the artillery. In a few minutes the thirteen guns were pouring a tornado of shot and shell into the devoted rebel camp, tearing into shreds tents and wagons, and driving the troops to the shelter of their ditches, or the woods in the rear. The enemy replied briskly, but at random, and did but little damage. Very few of their shells exploded. They were picked up all over the field. The roar for thirty-five minutes was terrific. The artillerists, on both sides, worked without cessation. Loomis advanced his battery and sent shells from his Parrotts into the wooded hill, where the enemy had masked one of his batteries. The view of the field during this cannonade was beautiful to those who loved the noise and roar of battle. The sun had broken through the clouds which had hung over the hills in the early morning, and glistened from the proud array of bayonets stretched across the meadows, and moving along the

slopes of the hill to the left. Our whole force was in full view of the works, the reserves having advanced beyond the knotty spur. The cavalry was in column on the road. The Fourteenth Indiana and the Twenty-Fourth Ohio, were advanced along the open woods to our left. The Ninth Indiana was watching our right flank, skirmishing with the enemy, who had sent out sharpshooters to annoy us from the thickets on the river bank.

The fire of the enemy gradually slackened, it was then discovered that all the guns, except one, in his first tier of entrenchments were silenced. Upon this one gun the whole weight of our batteries was poured, but without effect. It continued to reply. The gunners got range on Howe and Daum. Daum's gun was disabled by a solid shot, and two of Howe's men, and several of his horses, were killed. The guns of both batteries were discharged simultaneously at the spirited piece, and forced it to retire to the shelter of a knoll, from whence it occasionally emerged during the engagement, and delivered a shot. But its power was gone. It was conjectured that the skillful gunners, who handled it in the early part of the engagement, were killed, for its shots were henceforth harmless. During the cannonade Gen. Reynolds advanced so closely to the works that he had a full view of the position. He accomplished his object and wished to retire. But about this time a number of wagons were seen winding down the mountain, and it was reported heavy reinforcements for the enemy were arriving by the Green Bank and Monterey roads. To give color to this story a rifle gun, not yet heard from, opened from one of the upper terraces. The enthusiasm of the Colonels, who had with deep interest watched the cannonade, was fired. They clustered around the General urging for permission to storm the works. The General positively refused, but consented to let them make a flank movement to our left, and attempt a dislodgment from that direction. The Seventh, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Indiana, and the Twenty-Fourth Ohio were selected, the Seventh leading. At the same time the Ninth Indiana was to move up on our right, and the Thirteenth Indiana and Twenty-Fifth Ohio in front. The cavalry was also put in position to charge,

the moment the road was opened by the infantry. The enemy observed the movement and prepared to check it. They massed their remaining guns under cover, and as the flanking column moved for their works, they hurled at it a perfect hailstorm of grape and canister. The Seventh staggered and threw the column into confusion. They soon rallied. Gen. Reynolds, who had yielded only to the importunate entreaties of his regimental commanders, sent a peremptory order for them to retire.

Had the camp been stormed it would have been a barren victory. The roads in the rear were open, and there was no probability of capturing the men. They could escape over the hills from the pursuit of cavalry. The practiced eye of the General also discovered that the enemy, even in their retreat, could slaughter his men from the rocky and wooded hill sides. The batteries shelled the hills where it was supposed the reinforcements were, until their ammunition was exhausted, then they limbered up and leisurely retired. Our loss in the action was ten killed, and thirty-two wounded. The enemy's loss was heavy in the infantry fight at the outpost. The Southern accounts state that our artillery firing was not destructive. Gen. Jackson, in his report, acknowledges a loss of six killed and eight wounded in the entrenchments. His loss in the picket fight was over two hundred.

Our troops were under the enemy's guns for four hours. With the exception of the slight disorder in the Seventh Indiana, they were cool and steady as the bravest veterans. The regiments supporting the batteries were required to lie down, and when the orders were given to retire many of the men, notwithstanding the furious cannonade, were sound asleep, and had to be roughly shaken to rouse them for the march. In one company of the Thirteenth Indiana a small squad had collected, and were deeply absorbed in a game of seven up, when Col. Sullivan rode along the line ordering them to fall in. The game seems to have been very exciting, for one of the men swore he had high, low and jack in his hand, and would take the penalty of a court martial before he would throw up.

Leisurely the troops marched to the Summit, where bivou-

acing for the night, the several regiments returned to their camps the day after the fight.

THE ENEMY RETIRES.

Gen. Reynolds returned to Elk Water and sent the Third and Sixth Ohio, who had been left to hold that post during the reconnoissance, to watch the camp at Big Spring. A portion of the Second Virginia, three pieces of Loomis' battery, and Capt. Robinson's Ohio cavalry accompanied the expedition. Col. Marrow, of the Third Ohio, was in command. In a drenching rain, as usual, the column took the line of march from Elk Water. The next day it reached Mingo Flats, four miles from Big Springs, where the enemy's advanced camp had been found by the force under Col. Sullivan. The place was deserted. The camp had covered an area of a thousand acres on a hill sloping gently from the center to a range of lofty hills, which, like giant sentinels, guarded it on every side. The autumn foliage of the oak, with its variegated tints, crowned by the deep green of the pines waving defiantly above the battlemented rocks, made the scene indescribably beautiful. Here the infantry bivouaced, by the side of the clear streams gushing from the rocks, and Col. Marrow, with the cavalry, pushed on. Arriving at Big Spring, where Gen. Lee's headquarters had been, he found ruin and desolation in striking contrast to the grandeur and beauty of the scene which a distant view had presented. The enemy had evidently retired hastily and in disorder. The tents were standing, but cut into shreds; army stores, strewn around, were trampled into the deep mud; the charred remains of barrels and boxes were everywhere visible; wagons with their axles cut and spokes broken were sticking in the mire; gun barrels, bowie knife blades, and pistol barrels, were found amid the embers of the fires which had consumed their stocks and handles, and great masses of cartridges were trampled into the muddy pools. The mud from this point onward was very deep. To escape with any of their stores the enemy had been compelled to cut trees and make corduroy roads. Frequently wagons were to be seen stuck immova-

bly in the mud and abandoned. The sites of fifteen detached camps were counted between Big Spring and the crossing of Greenbriar river, not one of which had held less than a regiment—many of them had held brigades.

It was ascertained that the rear guard of the enemy, on this line was at Huntersville, the sick and wounded at Warm Springs in Greenbriar county, and the main army on its march to some other scene of operations.

This virtually ended the campaign of Gen. Reynolds in Western Virginia. Gen. Jackson abandoned his camp at the Greenbriar, and fell back to the summit of the Alleghany range, unwilling to risk another bombardment in his stronghold at Camp Bartow. Had he remained, Gen. Reynolds, with the force then at his disposal, and the knowledge he had acquired of the country, would have cut him off.

Colonels Dumont and Milroy had in the meantime been promoted. The Cheat Mountain army was divided into three brigades. In the month of November the most of the troops were ordered to Kentucky. Gen. Reynolds was ordered to report in person to Gen. Rosecrans at Wheeling, and General Milroy, with one brigade, was left to hold the mountain passes.

THE BATTLE OF ALLEGHANY.

Gen. Milroy, on being assigned the command of a brigade, established his headquarters on Cheat Summit, and during the months of October and November scouted the hills and valleys with small detachments. The little valley of Greenbrier again became the theater of frequent skirmishes. Some of these were sharp and well contested. The evacuation of Camp Bartow left the Green Bank road open to our reconnoitering parties, and both flanks of the enemy's position were thoroughly examined. The General himself, with a small body of cavalry, advanced to the base of the steep bluff upon which the enemy's works were erected. Col. Edward Johnson, of Georgia, had been left in command when Gen. Jackson was ordered South. He had a force of twelve hundred Confederate troops, together with seven or eight hundred

Virginia militia. Small detachments were also stationed at Monterey, Huntersville, and other points inaccessible to any considerable Union force. Johnson felt secure in his mountain fastness. He disregarded the demonstrations of Milroy against his rock bound fortress, but indulged his troops in occasional skirmishes with the restless detachments of Milroy in the valley. Milroy chafed like a caged lion. Johnson was willing to accommodate him with small affairs, but whenever a battalion moved down the valley, he drew in his pickets, and quietly watched from the heights. On one occasion only, when three or four companies had bivouaced near the deserted Camp Bartow, and built large fires, did he consent to march out. He did it so quietly, that the first intimation the detachment had of the presence of an enemy was a volley upon their flanks from the wooded hillsides. Our brave men unable to approach the concealed enemy, collected their wounded and retired.

In the month of December Gen. Milroy succeeded to the command of the Cheat Mountain division of the army, and established his headquarters at Huttonsville. His force consisted of the Ninth and Thirteenth Indiana, the Twenty-Fifth and Thirty-Second Ohio, the Second Virginia, Bracken's cavalry, and an artillery company without field guns, under Capt. Rigby. The Ninth Indiana was stationed at the Summit, the Twenty-Fifth Ohio and Second Virginia at Huttonsville, with an outpost at Elk Water, the Thirteenth Indiana and the Thirty-Second Ohio at Beverly, Rigby's battery at the Pass, and the cavalry scattered along the line, wherever there was a stream to cross, a scout to make, or a message to be carried.

With such of this small force as could be spared from the duty of guarding his long line—subject to incursions of guerillas from Hardy and Tucker counties—Gen. Milroy resolved to attack Johnson in his fortified camp at Alleghany.

The Twenty-Fifth Ohio, under Col. Jones, and a detachment of the Second Virginia, under Major Owens, moved to the Summit on the twelfth, and three hundred of the Thirteenth Indiana, under Major Dobbs, and one company of the Thirty-Second Ohio, under Capt. Hamilton, marched from Beverly

for the same destination. The roads in the valley were almost impassible. The deep mud was covered with a light frozen crust, which broke at every step. The provision trains had to be forced by the hands of the men to the foot of the mountain slopes. The mountains were covered with snow. The troops were exhausted when they reached the Summit, but were required, after a short rest, to resume the march. The Ninth Indiana, Col. Moody, descended to the Greenbriar Valley on the morning of the twelfth, and skirmished with the enemy to retain possession of the temporary bridges over the river. By ten o'clock at night the whole force, numbering two thousand men, was concentrated at Camp Bartow, but many of them so exhausted that it was evident the mountain march before them would overtask their energies. The night was intensely cold. Gen. Milroy allowed the men to build fires and make coffee. Soon the mountain sides were red with flames. Some person set fire to the mill—the only building at that time left standing in the Valley—and the flames from the dry timbers ascended toward the clear cold sky. To surprise the enemy was now impossible. From any of the heights overlooking the bivouacs he could count our men and distinguish the arm of service to which they belonged.

Gen. Milroy called the commanders of detachments to his camp fire, unfolded his plan and gave his instructions. Col. Moody, with the Ninth Indiana and the detachment of the Second Virginia, was to march six miles by the Green Bank road, then turning to his right ascend the mountain and attack the left flank of the enemy. Their batteries were placed at the edge of the bluff commanding the Staunton pike. These Col. Moody was to charge and capture. The guide asserted that the road was clear, and the guns were unprotected by either abatis or earthworks. Capt. Rigby, with sixty unarmed cannoneers, was to accompany Col. Moody, and turn the guns upon the enemy when they were taken by the infantry. The brow of the hill was to be reached quietly, and the attack made at four o'clock precisely. Col. Jones, with the Twenty-Fifth Ohio and the detachments of the Thirteenth Indiana and Thirty-Second Ohio, was to move up the mountain by the pike to the foot of Buffalo ridge,

turn to his left, scale the heights, and charge the right and rear of the works simultaneously with Col. Moody's attack on the left. The reserve under Major Dobbs, consisting of sixty-seven men of the Thirteenth Indiana, under Captains Clinton and Johnston, and forty cavalymen under Captain Bracken, was to accompany Col. Jones' column to the foot of the bluff and turn to the right on the road, which was cut into the face of the hill at an angle of forty-five degrees, striking the summit and turning square to the left upon the plateau, at the point where the batteries were massed. The reserve was to wait on this road, where it was supposed they would be out of range of the batteries, which were so placed as to sweep the road beyond. Col. Moody took up his line of march about eleven o'clock, and at twelve the column of Col. Jones and the reserve moved up the mountain. It was a clear starlight night. At every step upward the cold increased in intensity. Silently and cautiously the command advanced. The measured tread of the men on the hard frozen ground was the only sound. The hill side gave no indications of a concealed foe. An ambush was expected by the men, and there were a hundred places before they arrived at the foot of the fortified ridge, which they proposed to storm, where their ranks might have been decimated by a single volley. The first picket post was met about one mile from Buffalo ridge. The Twenty-Fifth Ohio, being in advance, received their fire and had one man killed. The pickets fled over the hills, and reached their camp. From this time until the battle opened on the right an ominous silence rested over the hill soon destined to witness the hardest battle, for the number engaged, that had yet been fought in Western Virginia.

Col. Jones left the pike while the stars were brilliantly twinkling in the clear cold sky, and advanced up the steep and rocky face of the ridge. The distance to the summit, by the route traveled was about one mile. As the command approached the brow of the hill the enemy's pickets were discovered, but they retired without exchanging shots with our men. A company of the Thirteenth Indiana, led by Lieut. McDonald, of Gen. Reynolds' staff, was in advance. They were ordered to follow the pickets at double quick.

They soon reached the edge of the woods and were in full view of the camp. The enemy was formed and advancing. Lieut. McDonald deployed into line. Col. Jones formed the remainder of the command on his left, and the whole line opened fire. After a few rounds the enemy retreated in confusion. They were rallied, and again advanced, firing with great vigor. Then it was, that some of our men, startled at the bold front and rapid advance of the enemy, fell to the rear. Capts. Charlesworth and Crow, of the Twenty-Fifth Ohio, Capt. Hamilton of the Thirty-Second, Lieut. McDonald and Capts. Myers and Newland of the Thirteenth Indiana, rallied them, and the enemy, unable to face the storm of lead, again fell back. Their next effort was to turn the right flank of our line. In this they failed, but our men, in changing ground to meet the attack, fell into confusion, and it required extraordinary exertion on the part of the officers to again present an unbroken line. Three other attempts to drive our force from the woods were met and repulsed. The enemy then attempted a flank movement on the left. Col. Jones ordered a portion of the command to advance and attack the flanking party, which was done with a yell. They broke and our men pursued to the cabins within the camp enclosure, when they in turn were driven back. The firing until this time had been very heavy. Col. Moody's command had not appeared. Many of the men having expended their ammunition and become discouraged, left the field. The efforts of the officers longer to control them were unavailing. A little band of choice spirits however, presented a bold front to the advancing column. The artillery at this time finding their efforts on the reserve unavailing, turned upon the devoted band of heroes who still contested the field on their right. Their situation was desperate, and they fought like demons, driving the heavy column of the enemy towards their cabins. Col. Jones then gathered his little band and descended the hill. The enemy did not pursue, for Col. Moody's column about this time appeared on their left.

While the fight on the right was progressing, and up till the moment that the last desperate charge was made upon the thinned ranks of Col. Jones, the batteries on the hill had

been vainly striving to get range on the reserve. They could sweep the road up to the point where it turned to the right to ascend the ridge, but there from the configuration of the ground, they could not land a shot or shell. The persistent effort however, was annoying, and Gen. Milroy resolved to take it by a charge from the road. He had sent off all but sixteen men of his cavalry, to rally the fugitives from the right, and to form them if possible, a short distance in the rear, under the protection of a spur. Ordering Capts. Clinton and Johnson, of the Thirteenth Indiana, with their small command of sixty men, to deploy on the hill side and under cover of the timber get a position on the left hand side of the road facing the battery, Gen. Milroy put himself at the head of those sixteen horsemen, and dashed up the pike to capture the guns. By this time the Ninth Indiana, on the enemy's left, had opened fire. Milroy got right under the enemy's guns, which were placed on a perpendicular bank fifteen feet above the road bed, and protected by heavy timbers. The grape shot flew over the heads of the horsemen. The cannoneers, enraged that they could not depress their pieces, threw shot by hand, and hurled stones over the bank. In the meantime Capts. Clinton and Johnson had ascended the hill where they were met by the enemy's troops returning from the fight with Col. Jones on the right. By a rapid movement one battalion of this force was thrown in the rear of the little handful of the Thirteenth. Their capture seemed inevitable. Clinton and Johnson drew their men together, and charging with a shout upon the center of the enemy's line, broke through, and drove thirteen prisoners before them to the foot of the bluff. Milroy and his cavalrymen were left in the gorge. From the position he occupied no Union infantry could be seen. He was powerless there. The shots from the carbines of his men were wasted on the heavy timbers. The broken battalion through which Clinton and Johnson had charged was approaching. Gen. Milroy gave the order to gallop to the turn in the road at the foot of the bluff. He was followed by a storm of grape and canister from the batteries, and by a volley from the infantry on the brow of the hill; but the iron and leaden hail sung its song of battle far above his head.

The fight was over in this part of the field, and nothing remained but to collect the wounded, and carry them to the hospital established by Dr. Gall, of the Thirteenth Indiana, under the protection of a spur of a hill. The Doctor climbed the hill with Col. Jones' column, and remained under the leaden storm until the men of the Thirteenth begged him, for their sakes, to retire. At great personal risk, he sought the wounded, and had them conveyed to a cabin, where he assiduously labored in relieving their sufferings. The wounded had to pass for a quarter of a mile over a ridge, swept by the enemy's batteries. Four of his guns constantly played on this sole avenue of escape; but Providence threw a protecting mantle over our wounded in passing over that ridge. Not one of them was hit. Several shells burst in the midst of men as they slowly toiled along with their precious freight of wounded men; but the shells were harmless. The cavalry were carrying the last of our wounded on their horses, when half way over the ridge, four shells fell in their midst. The only effect was to startle the horses, at which a loud laugh rung out from the enemy's camps.

The column of Col. Moody was still engaged. Every shot and shout could be heard where Gen. Milroy stood. He was within half a mile of the position they occupied. A deep ravine, and an inaccessible bluff, interposed. It was evident Col. Moody had failed in taking the batteries; for now that the reserve was out of sight, and the exposed ridge no longer traversed by the wounded and those who were caring for them, the guns were all turned in the direction of Col. Moody's command. Gen. Milroy became uneasy for the safety of his men. His favorite Ninth, every man of whom he loved, might be in peril. To reach them by any road known to the guides or scouts, he must return to Camp Bartow and follow the route they had taken. This he resolved to do. Leaving Dr. Gall with the wounded, he started down the mountain with the cavalry. The distance he had to go was sixteen miles. He rode at the utmost speed down the steep hills, and up the rugged slopes. As he passed through Camp Bartow, where Col. Jones' column had re-formed, and was gathering up the stragglers, he gave orders, without

drawing rein, for a train to be sent to Doctor Gall for the wounded, and for other wagons to follow him. One by one the escort fell off. Their horses gave out. Some fell on the rocky slopes, and injured their riders. Two miles on the Green Bank road, stragglers from Moody's column were met. Some were in charge of wounded comrades, who had been brought from the field; but the great majority had never been in the fight after the first charge was made on the battery. They reported that the Ninth was still skirmishing in the woods on the bluff, but were in a position to retire at any moment. The roar of the enemy's artillery still reverberated through the hills, and the blue puffs of smoke could be seen on the left curling up over the summit. Gen. Milroy dashed on. When he reached the point where Col. Moody had left the road to climb the ridge, he suddenly checked his panting steed, and pointing up, exclaimed, "My glorious Ninth!" On the face of the hill, troops were seen slowly descending. The spaces between the companies, even at that distance, could be distinguished. The Ninth was retiring in perfect order, bearing with them their dead and wounded. It was not many minutes until the General was in their midst, and welcomed with lively demonstrations of regard.

Col. Moody, after leaving the Green Bank road, had found the track he was to pursue exceedingly difficult on a night march. The ascent up the rugged bluff was far more precipitous than he expected to find it. The hour for the attack had passed when he reached its base. They heard the firing and hastened on. But with all their efforts, it was eight o'clock before they reached the brow of the hill. A sharp picket fight took place there. Col. Moody formed his line on a slight depression in the ground. Contrary to the representation of scouts, a thick abattis of timber extended three or four hundred yards in front of the intrenchments. Col. Moody ordered a charge. Gallantly his men rushed forward; and while struggling in the fallen timber, a murderous fire was poured upon them. Volley after volley followed. So thick were the obstructions, that Col. Moody at once saw that to continue the attempt to reach the works over the tangled heaps of logs and brush would insure the destruction

of his command. The men lay down behind the logs, and kept up the fight for four hours. Major Milroy now asked to lead a storming party. He walked back and forth along the line, encouraging the men to continue the fight. At one time he got close up to the works, and an entire company rose and fired at him. The shots passed over his head. Turning indignantly, he taunted the rebels with their bad shooting, and told them to fire low. A laugh from the rifle pits, and a promise to hit him next time, was the reply. Many of our men crawled close up to the works, and conversed with the rebels, daring them to take a shot singly or in platoons. The instances of individual daring were numerous. Joseph Gordon, of the Ninth Indiana, was killed while standing on a log calling for an officer to lead a storming party he had improvised. But a second attempt to storm the works, with thinned ranks, and with the whole force of the enemy centered at that point, would have been murder. Col. Moody would not permit it. Judging that our left wing had been repulsed, he held the enemy from pursuit, and retired in time to reach the main road before nightfall. He drew off his men leisurely, and in splendid order. The enemy did not dare to pursue.

For the numbers actually engaged, this was the bloodiest fight which had yet occurred in Western Virginia. Our loss, by the reports on file, was twenty killed, one hundred and seven wounded, and ten missing. The enemy report about the same. The losses on both sides were doubtless heavier.

The reports of the battle, published at the time, in the papers North and South, were incorrect. The dispatches North claimed that the enemy was completely defeated, and that they burned their camp and retired to Staunton. The dispatches South boldly asserted that our troops were driven off in confusion, and pursued down the mountain with great slaughter. The truth is, the enemy defended their position with great valor, and at no period of the engagement did they show symptoms of deserting their post. Our attack was repulsed on both flanks, from the failure of the columns to begin the fight simultaneously, thus enabling the enemy to beat us in detail. The rebels did not pursue. Not a man

showed his face outside the intrenchments, as our forces moved off. Dr. Gall, who remained on the pike, within a mile of the works until late in the night, was uninterrupted, and the wagons sent for the wounded returned without having been hailed, much less attacked.

HUNTERSVILLE.

The last expedition undertaken by Gen. Milroy, while in command of the Cheat Mountain division of the army, was entirely successful. It was planned with skill, and executed with ability. Learning that Gen. Loring had removed his headquarters from Huntersville to Staunton, and left a large amount of stores at the former place under a small guard, Gen. Milroy resolved to destroy them. To reach Huntersville the attacking force would be obliged to pass a road leading directly to the enemy's camp at Alleghany, from whence they might be attacked on the flank, or if permitted to proceed, their retreat could be cut off. Gen. Milroy, to prevent the possibility of failure, determined to divide his force into three columns. The Ninth Indiana, under Col. Moody, was ordered to bivouac at old Camp Bartow, and make a feint of moving up the mountain. A battalion of the Twenty-Fifth Ohio and a detachment of the Second Virginia, with Bracken's cavalry, were to move through Elk Water, and by a rapid march reach Huntersville, destroy the stores and return. This column was under the command of Major Webster, of the Twenty-Fifth Ohio. A third column under command of Lt. Col. Richardson, was to follow Major Webster to the junction of the Green Bank road with the Huntersville pike, and hold that position until he returned.

Major Webster made a rapid march. From the old camp of Gen. Lee at Big Spring, the road was blockaded with timber. Without waiting to remove the obstructions, the teams were left with a small guard, and the infantry and cavalry went round the obstructions. The rebels, notwithstanding the celerity of the movement, were advised of the approach. On January fourth, Major Webster reached the Greenbriar bridge. The enemy was in position to dispute his passage.

Intrenchments, evidently thrown up before the retirement of the rebel army, extended on each side of the bridge, behind which the infantry was posted. Their cavalry was on the opposite bank. They had no cannon. Major Webster rode forward and reconnoitered the works. His judgment was that the force behind the breastworks did not exceed three hundred men. Their cavalry could be counted. They nearly doubled our force. Seeking a ford a short distance below the bridge, Major Webster ordered Lieut. Delzell to cross with his command, and charge the rebel cavalry, while he moved upon the intrenchments with the infantry. Delzell, followed by fifty men, dashed into the stream and was soon galloping up the meadow in line. Webster in the meantime was moving at double quick upon the breastworks. The rebel infantry gave one wild volley and broke for the hills. The cavalry, observing the flight of the infantry, turned and fled, before Delzell could get within striking distance. The chase was exciting. Our cavalrymen, for weary months, had scouted the mountains, and skirmished amid rocks and tangled thickets and this was the first chance they had to air the heels of their horses on a clear turf in pursuit of an enemy. The rebel cavalry fled through the town of Huntersville, and the infantry were soon lost to sight among the hills on the opposite side of the river, where pursuit was hopeless.

There was no opposition made to the entrance of our forces into town. A large amount of commissary and quartermasters stores were found, which were burned with the buildings in which they were stored. The jail, so long used as a prison for Union citizens and soldiers, was also burned, but private property was respected. The command returned to Huttonsville without the loss of a man.

REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER VII.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

The history of this regiment is full of stirring incidents. So gallant has been their conduct, and so invincible have they been on the field of battle, that, by common consent, they have been named the "OLD GUARD;" which name they proudly cherish, and so far the "Old Guard" has never recoiled.

Organized at Indianapolis in May, 1861, it rendezvoused at Camp Sullivan. It was raised as a State regiment, for one year, but when the proposition was made to volunteer for three years, it was unanimously adopted, and the regiment was transferred to the service of the United States.

Two companies were recruited at Indianapolis; one in Miami county; one in Jefferson county; one in Howard county; one in Huntington county; one in Washington county; one in Ripley county; one in Johnson county; one in Bartholomew county. The following is the roster:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Jere C. Sullivan, Madison; Lieutenant Colonel, Horace Heffren, Salem; Major, Robert S. Foster, Indianapolis; Adjutant, Charles H. Ross, Zanesville, Ohio; Regimental Quartermaster, Thomas H. Collins, New Albany; Surgeon, Ferdinand Mason, Indianapolis; Assistant Surgeon, Alois D. Gall, Indianapolis; Chaplain, Joseph Cotton.

Company A.—Captain, Cyrus J. Dobbs, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, George E. Wallace, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, George H. Rupp, Indianapolis.

Company B.—Captain, John M. Wilson, Peru; First Lieutenant, William H. Shields, Peru; Second Lieutenant, William F. M. Wallick, Peru.

Company C.—Captain, John C. Burton, Brookville; First Lieutenant, Edmund Finn, Brookville; Second Lieutenant, James C. Rothrock, Brookville.

Company D.—Captain, John D. P. A. M. Chauncey, Madison; First Lieutenant, Robert Scott, Madison; Second Lieutenant, William C. Stineback, Madison.

Company E.—Captain, Thomas M. Kirkpatrick, Kokomo; First Lieutenant, Barnabas Busby, Kokomo; Second Lieutenant, N. P. Richmond, Kokomo.

Company F.—Captain, Henry A. Johnson, Roanoke; First Lieutenant, Isaac Delong, Huntington; Second Lieutenant, Harmon H. Hendricks, Huntington.

Company G.—Captain, Stephen D. Sayles, Salem; First Lieutenant, Horace M. Attkisson, Salem; Second Lieutenant, Edward M. Butler, Salem.

Company H.—Captain, Wharton R. Clinton, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, P. P. Price, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, George Seese, Indianapolis.

Company I.—Captain, Benjamin H. Myers, Versailles; First Lieutenant, John R. Coverdill, Versailles; Second Lieutenant, John H. Roerty, Versailles.

Company K.—Captain, George W. Harrington, Columbus; First Lieutenant, Joseph B. Hunter, Columbus; Second Lieutenant, Daniel Stryker.

On the fourth of July the regiment left Indianapolis for Western Virginia, arriving at Clarksburgh, Va., during the afternoon of the sixth. The next morning it marched for Rich Mountain, and reached Roaring Run, at the foot of the mountain, on the morning of the tenth. Here it was assigned to Gen. McClellan's command.

At daylight, on the morning of the eleventh of July, this gallant band, only seven days from their quiet homes, moved into battle. Preceded by the Eighth and Tenth Indiana, and

followed by the Nineteenth Ohio, and a company of cavalry, all under command of Brig. Gen. Wm. S. Rosecrans, the column moved along a narrow by-path. Quietly they pressed through the woods, over the mountain spurs and through deep ravines, until miles of wilderness were traversed. About one o'clock our pickets came in sight of the enemy, who at once opened on our advance with two pieces of artillery. The column pressed forward until within range of the enemy's rifle pits, when it halted and the different regiments took position.

The enemy was posted behind breastworks on the Beverly pike, at the edge of a wood, in a small valley, between the summits of Rich Mountain. The Thirteenth was on the left. The right of our column opened fire, and the regiment moved slowly forward. Gen. Rosecrans rode up to the advance and ordered a charge. With a wild shout, the glittering bayonets of the Thirteenth plunged forward, led by Col. Sullivan. The contest was hand to hand, short, sharp, bloody and decisive. The enemy fled in terror from their stronghold. In less than three hours from the time the first shot was fired, our forces took the position and the enemy were fugitives in the mountains. The regiment lost eight killed and nine wounded.

It was known that Col. Pegram, with a large force of the enemy, was strongly intrenched between the position of the regiment and its old camp, so the column halted for the night.

On the thirteenth the regiment marched to Beverly. Resting a few days, it started, on the twenty-third, up Tygart's Valley. Moving up this valley, it passed through Huttonsville, and at dark reached Cheat Mountain Pass.

On the twenty-ninth of August, the regiment started on a scouting expedition. Following up a small stream, between two mountains, over rocks, brush and fallen timber, the men pressed on in the night, guided, at times, by the splashing footsteps of their comrades in the mud and water. At midnight the regiment halted, having made a march of twelve miles. At three o'clock they resumed the march, and at daylight reached Brady's Gates, a small cleared spot on the top of a mountain, in an almost unbroken forest. No enemy

was met, however, and, retracing their steps, through woods and mud, the regiment reached Cheat Mountain Pass on the first of September. On the third of September the regiment started on another scouting expedition and reached the top of Shaver Mountain, returning on the evening of the seventh, after having marched fifty-eight miles.

On the eleventh of September it was reported that the enemy in force, under Gen. R. E. Lee, were moving on our positions at Elk Water and Cheat Mountain Summit, and that a force of three thousand were marching round the mountain to flank the other camps, or attack us. Next day communications were cut off with the Summit. Gen. Reynolds moved his headquarters to Camp Elk Water.

At daylight on the thirteenth Col. Sullivan started with the regiment to open communications with the Summit. Winding up the mountain road the regiment passed the camp lately occupied by the enemy, who had just been driven away. The enemy retiring from our front, the regiment returned to Elk Water, having had sixteen men taken prisoners.

On the twenty-sixth of September, the regiment moved to reconnoiter the enemy's position at Mingo Flats, and, after marching through a heavy rain, and fording several streams, reached their camp on the second day, to find it swept away by the flood.

The first of October the regiment marched for Cheat Mountain Summit, arriving there on the second. Here it joined a force of six thousand men, under Gen. Reynolds, who was about to make a reconnoissance of the enemy's position on the Greenbriar River. Leaving the Summit early on the morning of the third, on the Staunton pike, our advance, at daylight, drove in the enemy's pickets. Crossing the river, and turning up a valley to the left, the column came in sight of the enemy's position. It consisted of strong fortifications at the head of the valley, flanked by steep mountains. Our artillery opened fire, and advanced within eight hundred yards of the enemy's works. The enemy's artillery replied with much spirit. The regiment supported Howe's battery, Fourth U. S. Artillery. The valley being narrow, the moun-

tains flanking it impassable, there was no room to maneuver. A fierce artillery duel took place, lasting until noon, when our whole force withdrew. The enemy was found to be very strong, in an impregnable position. The regiment lost one killed, and one wounded. The next day our forces fell back to Cheat Mountain. Soon afterward the enemy abandoned his position on the Greenbriar.

The regiment went into camp near Huttonsville on the tenth of October. Lieut. Col. Heffren was transferred to the Fiftieth regiment. Major R. S. Foster was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and Capt. Cyrus J. Dobbs, company A, promoted to the Majorship. The men, after their hard marches, gained new strength by a short rest in their new camp.

SCOUTING.

On the twenty-ninth of October the regiment left on a scouting expedition, through an unfrequented and unknown part of this truly wild region. So rough were the roads that the rations were placed on pack mules. Passing through Huttonsville and Elk Water, the regiment moved up Tygart's Valley, and turned to the right up Point Mountain, bivouacing near Brady's Gate. Ascending Pilot Mountain, it marched all day along its ridge, part of the time on a rude mountain path. The country was wild and desolate; the roads were covered with briars; and not a house was visible. Still the column pushed on. Crossing Holly River, on the first of November, it marched over several mountain spurs, and again came to the crooked Holly river. Following the course of this stream, on a foot path, through a narrow valley and an unbroken wilderness, save here and there a rude cabin, the column pushed on through the chaparral and unbroken woods. Presently our scouts were fired on, but the guerrillas were speedily captured. About two o'clock, November second, the command reached the forks of Holly River. A few miles off was the enemy's camp on the Big Elk River, under Gen. Floyd. Turning up the left fork of the Holly, the regiment climbed Brown's Mountain, and

marched along its summit; then, leaving the mountain, crossed the Little Kauawha, and at night arrived at a place called "Fort Pickens." Here, amid the wilds of nature, surrounded by rebels, with all the energy of the foe brought to bear against them, a band of mountaineers had erected a small block house, and were holding it against fearful odds. True to their country, the Union and the flag, they held their own against the guerrillas, and bid them defiance. Thus does the Union spirit live in many portions of the South. Bless the noble band among these desolate mountains, for they are truly a band of heroes! There were sixty of these hardy mountaineers; they lived and cooked in their small fort. They filled immense iron boilers with coffee, and treated the men of the Thirteenth like brothers. One gray-haired veteran of eighty, being asked if he was not too old to fight, drew himself proudly up, and, raising his rifle, said his eyesight was good for two hundred yards. It made the hearts of our men strong to hear that brave old patriot speak.

On the fourth of November, the march was continued through a thickly settled and fertile country. All this time our scouts were out, sometimes representing themselves as fleeing from the Union men, and getting loads of provisions for our hungry soldiers, sometimes telling Union citizens who they were, and gaining valuable information.

Bivouac'ing on Buckhannon River, for a night, the column pressed on, and on the fifth reached Middle Fork Bridge, on the Beverly pike. The next morning the march was continued, over Rich Mountain, and through Beverly. It had rained almost incessantly for several days. The roads were a floating mass of mud; the fields, swamps; sometimes the men went down to their knees in the sticky mud. It was struggle, splash and struggle. Over boots, and out of patience, in the bitter cold of November, our men moved resolutely forward, sometimes jovial and sometimes angry; hungry as men could be, yet on they pressed. The troops at Beverly fed the men as they passed through, and at sundown on the sixth they reached their camp, having traveled over one hundred and eighty miles in extent, broken up several nests of guerrillas, captured nine, and overawed these des-

peradoes so thoroughly that no organized band could afterwards be raised. Such was the famous scouting expedition of the Thirteenth, through the mountains of Western Virginia. A nine day's march with five day's rations; a great extent of country explored; much valuable information obtained; and the loyal men encouraged.

Col. Sullivan was appointed commander of the post at Beverly on the twenty-fifth of November, and the regiment performed guard and picket duty for three weeks. On the eleventh of December, Major Cyrus J. Dobbs, with about two hundred of the regiment, left camp for Cheat Mountain, to join Gen. Milroy in an expedition against the enemy at Camp Alleghany on the Staunton road. They bivouaced that night at Huttonsville, reaching Cheat Mountain Summit next day. After a short rest, the force moved on to Greenbriar. At midnight the column left Greenbriar, along the main road. The night was clear and cold; the roads rough. The column pushed steadily forward, and before daybreak on the thirteenth, came in contact with the enemy's pickets, who fired and fled. Advancing rapidly, the enemy's camp fires were seen on the top of a high mountain directly in front. At daylight, leaving the main road, the column turned to the left, following a path which circled round and up the mountain. At eight o'clock it reached the Summit, near the enemy's works, consisting of a fort and rifle pits. Halting to form line of battle, it was fired on from an ambuscade. A charge was made, the enemy fled to their rifle pits, from which they poured forth a destructive fire. By manuevers, the enemy were three times drawn from their rifle pits, and suffered heavily; but each time retreating to the cover of his works, he skillfully eluded an open fight. The fight lasted until noon, when, not having sufficient force to charge upon the works, our column withdrew. The attack was a gallant one, but failed for lack of proper support. The loss of the regiment was six killed, sixteen wounded, and one missing. Lieut. Jones was killed in this action. Leaving the battlefield, the regiment reached Beverly on the fifteenth.

On the eighteenth the regiment left Beverly for the east; crossing the Alleghany Mountains, it arrived at Green Spring

Run on the twenty-second. In six months it marched five hundred and fifty-five miles. On the fourth of January, 1862, it left Green Spring Run to reinforce our troops at Berkley Springs, but met the force falling back before the rebel General Jackson. Returning, it took its old position, and Gen. Lander took command of the department.

On the thirteenth of February, the regiment started on an expedition against a rebel force at Bloomery Furnace. The attacking column moved along a by-path; the Thirteenth taking the main road. Upon reaching the Pass, our troops were found in possession, the enemy having fled. On the second of March, Gen. Lander died, and the Thirteenth acted as a guard of honor over his remains. On the fifth the command left for Martinsburgh, arriving there on the seventh. Gen. Shields took command of the division to which the regiment was attached, on the ninth. Col. Sullivan commanded the brigade, and Lieut. Col. Foster the regiment. On the eleventh the column moved towards Winchester, and the next day bivouaced one mile north of that place.

On the eighteenth of March, Shield's division started on a reconnoissance towards Strasburgh, reaching Cedar Creek at night, across which a small body of the enemy fell back, burning the bridge. After an artillery skirmish, the column bivouaced. Crossed the creek at early dawn, the enemy falling back. Pushed on two miles beyond Strasburgh, and halted for the night. The next day the command returned to Winchester.

Near sundown, on the twenty-second of March, the enemy attacked our pickets on the Strasburgh road. The regiment was called out and remained on picket during the night. The next morning it marched nearly to Kernstown. With the exception of artillery firing, all was quiet till noon. At that time the fire swelled in volume, denoting a battle. At four o'clock the enemy unmasked his position on our right, and our infantry became engaged. The battle raged for several hours. The regiment held its post on the left for some time, when it was moved to the right. The enemy was posted in a wood. To reach his position, the regiment had to pass over an open field exposed to a terrific fire from shell,

grape and musketry. As the command approached the edge of the wood, the word was given for a bayonet charge. The eager line rushed upon the enemy, forcing him from his cover, and winning the battle. By night, our forces had driven the enemy from the field, and held possession of every part of the ground fought over. Night rendering pursuit difficult, the regiment bivouaced in the woods. The loss was six killed, two officers—Major Dobbs and Capt. Sayles—and thirty-one men, wounded.

On the twenty-fourth, the enemy was in full retreat, Col. Sullivan, with his brigade, in rapid pursuit. Gen. Banks took command of the troops at noon. The enemy's rear guard, consisting of cavalry and artillery, made a short stand at every favorable position, and somewhat retarded our pursuit. At night the regiment bivouaced at Cedar Creek. The next day—the enemy still retreating—the regiment passed through Strasburgh, and encamped at the foot of Round Hill.

On the first of April, the march was continued up the valley. A small force of the enemy's cavalry, with artillery, burning bridges and skirmishing, fell back as the regiment advanced. The regiment halted and encamped near Edinburgh.

On the seventeenth, at one o'clock, A. M., it moved up the valley, and at daylight reached Mount Jackson, the enemy still obstructing their advance. From Mount Jackson, the brigade was sent on a flank movement to the rear of New Market. After marching all day over muddy roads, the column reached the west branch of the Shenandoah River at dark and bivouaced. The next day crossed the river, and entered New Market.

On the twenty-sixth, the regiment marched over Massanutten Mountain to Columbian Bridge, and took position on outpost duty. On the second of May, Col. Sullivan was confirmed as Brigadier General. Lieut. Col. Foster succeeded to the Colonelcy, Major C. J. Dobbs to the Lieutenant Colonelcy, and Capt. John M. Wilson, of Co. B, was promoted to the Majority.

On the seventh, the regiment started on a reconnoissance

to a place known as Summerville, or Dogtown, seven miles up the river, where the enemy was known to be in force. Crossing the river, the force moved up the eastern bank six miles, discovering the enemy's pickets, who fell back. Companies were posted on the left to protect our flank, our right being on the river. The remaining companies went forward, and, having succeeded in the reconnoissance, were falling back, when word came that a company of the First Vermont cavalry, which had accompanied the regiment, had been cut off. The Thirteenth moved to their assistance. Gaining the crest of a hill, it engaged the enemy for a short time; but seeing him make a flank movement, the regiment fell back, the cavalry, meanwhile, escaped by swimming the river. The loss was four wounded, and twenty-four prisoners.

On the twelfth, in light marching order, the regiment left the outpost, joined the division on the Luray road, and bivouaced near White House Bridge. The next day, passed through Luray, down the valley; and on the morning of the fourteenth, reached Front Royal. The succeeding day ascended the Blue Ridge at Chester Gap, and bivouaced on the eastern slope. The day following reached Gaines' Cross Roads, and on the seventeenth arrived at Warrenton. The next day marched to Catlett's station, and halted for two days. On the twenty-first started for Falmouth, reaching there on the night of the twenty-second.

On the twenty-fourth it was reported that Gen. Banks had been overwhelmed in the Valley of the Shenandoah, and the regiment was ordered to retrace its march to Front Royal, and try and gain the enemy's rear. The next day reached Catlett's Station, and, following the railroad to Manassas Junction, turned to the left and proceeded along the Manassas Gap railroad, passing through Thoroughfare Gap, and bivouacing near Rectortown. The day after the march was continued till midnight, the regiment halting at the foot of the Blue Ridge mountains. On the thirteenth passed through Manassas Gap and at night reached Front Royal.

On the first of June, Gen. McDowell reached the command with reinforcements. During the morning firing was heard in the direction of Strasburgh. The command was ordered

in that direction. It was soon ascertained that Gen. Fremont had failed to intercept the enemy at Strasburgh. The division then proceeded in the direction of New Market, in hopes of intercepting the enemy. On the second it passed through Luray and reached the Shenandoah, but the enemy had burned the bridges, and the river was not fordable. The brigade was then ordered to Port Republic. Reaching Rockingham on the ninth the Thirteenth met the brigade from Port Republic, who reported the enemy as having forced its way through, and being in rapid march to Staunton. The division then took up its march down the Valley, the Thirteenth covering the movement. On the eleventh it reached Luray and went into camp. On the fifteenth continued the march, and on the seventeenth arrived at Front Royal. On the twenty-first again crossed the Blue Ridge, and on the twenty-fourth arrived at Bristow Station.

On the twenty-eighth the regiment left for Alexandria, and on the thirtieth embarked on transports for Fortress Monroe, arriving there on the first of July. The next day sailed up James River, arriving at Harrison's Landing that night.

All over the muddy flat around the Landing, in confusion and disorder, were scattered the weary veterans of the Army of the Potomac, crouching in the rain, without food or shelter, after seven days of terrible fighting. Through the rain and mud, each man with a sheaf of wheat on his back for a bed, the gallant members of this brigade pushed forward to the front. As they wound their way through the tangled mass of wagons and camps, cheers greeted them from their brother veterans. Through the swamp and up the steep hill they pushed, to the extreme front, where they entered on picket duty. Here it remained until the sixth, when it returned to the James River and went into camp. For two or three weeks the regiment worked on the defenses. On the fifth of August it went on picket toward Malvern Hill, remaining there till the fifteenth.

On the sixteenth it left the deserted camps at Harrison's Landing for the march across the Peninsula. The whole Army of the Potomac was moving, and clouds of dust covered every column. Crossing the Chickahominy on a pontoon

bridge, the regiment passed through Williamsburgh on the eighteenth, and on the twentieth reached Yorktown, where it camped. On the twenty-fourth it marched to Hampton.

On the thirtieth embarked on a steamer, crossed Hampton Roads, ascended the Nansemond River to Suffolk, and encamped near that town. Gen. Mansfield was in command of the post. Upon the arrival of the brigade Gen. Ferry took command, and the force took the place of troops whose term of service had expired.

During the latter part of September other troops arrived, Gen. Peck took command of the post, and Col. R. S. Foster was assigned to the command of a brigade of new troops, the command of the Thirteenth falling on Lieut. Col. C. J. Dobbs.

On the second of October the regiment started on a march in a south-west direction, near the line of the Roanoke and Seaboard Railroad, the forces being commanded by Col. Spear, of the Eleventh Pennsylvania cavalry. Halting for a short time, near daylight on the third, the forces pushed on and confronted the enemy at Franklin, where the railroad crosses the Blackwater River. The artillery and skirmishers were engaged three hours, and our column withdrew, falling back on the Deserted House. The next day arrived in camp.

On the twenty-fourth of October the regiment started on another reconnoissance. Marched some distance along the Franklin road, then turned to the right along the line of the Petersburg railroad beyond Winsor. Turning to the left, about noon arrived near Blackwater bridge, where a small force of the enemy was found, and some skirmishing took place. Next day returned to Winsor, and on the twenty-sixth arrived in camp at Suffolk.

On the seventeenth another expedition was made to the Blackwater region. The enemy was found in small force at Joiners' Ford on the Blackwater. After two days absence reached camp, losing seven men who were taken prisoners. On the eleventh of December another march was made along the Petersburg railroad. At daylight the next morning arrived at Miner's Ford on the Blackwater River. Here a small force of the enemy, posted in a stockade commanding

the ford, made a gallant fight. Several attempts to cross were repulsed. Companies I and K crossed below, stormed the position, and took all in the stockade prisoners, losing one man killed. The regiment then returned to camp.

On the fourth of January, 1863, it was transferred from Gen. Ferry's brigade to that of Col. R. S. Foster. The camp was moved to the south side of Suffolk. This was the front, under command of Col. Foster.

On the twenty-ninth of January the column moved toward Franklin. A force of the enemy, under Gen. Prior, was known to be at the Deserted House, eight miles from Suffolk. The next morning, at half past three o'clock, the enemy's pickets were encountered, who at once fell back. A short distance further their camp fires were discovered across an open field, about eight hundred yards distant. The regiment filed to the right and formed in a wood, unmasking one of our batteries, which had hastily taken position. The battery promptly opened fire upon the enemy's camp, taking him evidently by surprise. The fire was soon returned, however, from several pieces of artillery, and was very fierce on both sides until daylight revealed the position of the enemy. The infantry was then formed for a charge on the enemy's line, the Thirteenth being on the right. The line moved forward slowly. The enemy fired one round of grape upon the advancing column, and then fled. When our advance reached the wood the enemy was a mile beyond. His rear guard made a short stand, but our artillery soon drove it from position. The pursuit was continued for six miles till a narrow bridge was reached at King Soil's Swamp. Here the enemy's cavalry made a final stand, until their main body were too far off to be overtaken. The regiment then returned to Suffolk, having lost one officer—Lieut. Newsom—and ten men, wounded.

On the tenth of April it was reported that the enemy, under Gen. Longstreet, was moving to attack Suffolk. The next evening the outer pickets were driven in, and the enemy appeared in front. The whole Union force prepared to meet the enemy. The Thirteenth was stationed along the line of breastworks east from Fort Union, on the south front. The

two following days the enemy invested our works from the Dismal Swamp on our left to the Nansmond River on our right. The regiment remained in the works until the sixteenth. The enemy did not make a direct assault during that time.

On the eighteenth the regiment was ordered to take one of the enemy's batteries on the river bank, the gunboats failing to co-operate, the design was abandoned. On the twenty-fourth a reconnoissance was made on the Edenton road. Three miles out the enemy was found in force. Skirmishing was carried on day and night. Our gunboats and batteries kept up an almost constant fire. Reinforcements were constantly arriving, and our connection with Norfolk was uninterrupted. The enemy failed in every attempt to gain our rear.

On the fourth of May the siege was raised. Col. Foster, with part of his brigade, at once started in pursuit of the enemy. The pursuit was continued about fourteen miles; a few stragglers were captured, but the main force of the enemy crossed the Blackwater River, before our force could reach him. Our loss was one killed, Lieut. Couran, and eight wounded. The siege lasted twenty-three days.

On the thirteenth the regiment moved up the Roanoke and Seaboard railroad, with a force commanded by Col. Foster, to protect the workmen while they removed the rails from the road. The next morning arrived at Carsville. Near night the working force was attacked by a small body of the enemy, but they immediately fled upon our approach. The iron was removed, and on the nineteenth the regiment returned to the Deserted House. Gen. Corcoran then took command of the expedition, and the next day it marched to Winsor on the Petersburg road. From this road the iron was removed and brought to Suffolk. On this expedition the force marched fifty miles, and removed, and brought into Suffolk, forty miles of railroad iron, without losing a man.

On the twelfth of June left with a force under Gen. Corcoran to reconnoiter the positions of the enemy on the Blackwater. Bivouaced at Hollins' Corners. Next day marched to South Quay, finding a small force of the enemy. Moving

up the river camped that night at Carsville. Next day marched nearly to Franklin; then turned to the right and halted near Anderson's Corners. On the fifteenth marched to Blackwater Bridge; then back to Anderson's Corners; then to Carsville. The next day marched to Franklin, and saw the enemy on the other side of the river. Gen. R. Sandford Foster then took command, having received his commission of Brigadier General, which he had so well earned. On the seventeenth fell back to Beaver Dam Church, and the next day reached camp, having marched eighty-six miles. No enemy being in force in front, and the troops being needed at other points, preparations were made to evacuate Suffolk.

On the twenty-first of June, Gen. Foster took leave of the regiment. Lt. Col. Cyrus J. Dobbs was promoted Colonel, Major John M. Wilson, Lt. Colonel, and Capt. John C. Burton, company C, Major. On the twenty-seventh the regiment left Suffolk for Norfolk. The regiment, during the time its camp was at Suffolk, a period of ten months, marched four hundred and thirty-six miles.

Upon arriving at Norfolk, the regiment was placed on the steamer Columbia, sailed down Elizabeth River, and anchored in Hampton Roads. On the twenty-eighth started up Chesapeake Bay, to the York River, thence up the York River to the Pamunkey, and up that stream to White House, arriving there at night, when it landed and joined a force under Gen. Keyes, which had rendezvoused there.

On the first of July the expedition started on a reconnoissance towards Richmond, the main force moving on the York River railroad, while Gen. Getty, with his division and Foster's brigade, made a detour to the right, hoping to destroy the railroad connections north of Richmond. The regiment crossed the Pamunkey River early in the morning and at night reached King William Court House. The next day moved slowly and cautiously and bivouaced at Rumford Academy. The next day marched to Enfield, then turned west to Mongohick; then south to Taylor's plantation, arriving there late at night. On the evening of the fourth recrossed the Pamunkey and reached Hanover Court House; then moved along

the Virginia Central railroad to South Anna Bridge. Here the enemy was found in strong force; therefore no attempt was made to burn the bridge. The regiment took position in front, however, while details destroyed the track for some distance. At daylight the next day returned to Taylor's plantation, and early the next morning started on the return march, bivouacing that night at King William Court House, and arriving at White House Landing on the seventh, having marched ninety miles. The object of the expedition having been accomplished, White House Landing was evacuated.

At noon the next day, started on the march down the Peninsula, passing through New Kent Court House, Williamsburgh, Yorktown, and Big Bethel, arriving at Hampton on the thirteenth. The next day embarked on steamboat, crossed Hampton Roads, went up Elizabeth River, disembarked at Plymouth, and marched to Bower's Hill, eight miles distant, where the command went into camp, Gen. Foster commanding the post.

On the twenty-ninth of July the regiment left for Portsmouth. Here it embarked on the steamer Kennebec, and on the thirty-first left Fortress Monroe for an ocean trip to Charleston. On the second of August arrived inside the bar of Charleston, off Morris Island. The next day sailed down the coast to Stono Inlet, and disembarked on Folly Island, marched along the beach four miles and went into camp. Here it was busily employed in furnishing guards and protecting the working parties in the trenches. On the seventeenth acted as support to a battery, while the iron clads and batteries demolished Fort Sumter.

On the morning of September seventh, this gallant regiment had the proud honor of being among the first to enter Fort Wagner, the last of the enemy's strongholds on Morris Island.

During the year ending the first of September, 1863, the regiment marched five hundred and twelve miles, traveled on railroads thirty miles, and on steamers five hundred and eighty-four miles. Since it has been in the service it has marched nineteen hundred and five miles, traveled on railroad seven hundred and thirty-three miles, and on steamers

nine hundred and thirty-four miles, making a grand total of three thousand five hundred and seventy-two miles in twenty-six months.

The number of men in the regiment on the first of September, 1863, was six hundred and thirty-two. Officers, thirty-two.

Here we leave it in its adventurous career, on the burning sands of Morris Island, South Carolina, in sight of the birth place of the rebellion. At another time its famous history may be continued.

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

The Fourteenth regiment was organized in April, 1861, for one year's State service; and on the seventh of June, 1861, was sworn into the United States service for the term of three years, at Terre Haute, Indiana. It was officered as follows:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Nathan Kimball, Loogootee; Lieutenant Colonel, John R. Mahan, Greencastle; Major, William Harrow, Vincennes; Adjutant, John J. P. Blinn, Terre Haute; Regimental Quartermaster, Tousant C. Buntin, Terre Haute; Surgeon, Joseph G. McPheters, Bloomington; Assistant Surgeon, George W. McCune, Montezuma; Chaplain, Thomas E. Webb, Terre Haute.

Company A.—Captain, Lucien A. Foote, Rockville; First Lieutenant, Thomas G. Williamson, Evansville; Second Lieutenant, Tighlman A. Howard, Rockville.

Company B.—Captain, Jonathan D. Wood, Vincennes; First Lieutenant, Lynch M. Terrell, Vincennes; Second Lieutenant, William D. Lewis, Vincennes.

Company C.—Captain, Lewis Brooks, Loogootee; First Lieutenant, William Houghton, Loogootee; Second Lieutenant, Harvey Taylor, Loogootee.

Company D.—Captain, Elijah H. C. Cavins, Green county; First Lieutenant, Walter C. Lyman, Greencastle; Second Lieutenant, Balthazer Tremelin, Greencastle.

Company E.—Captain, Noah S. Thompson, Evansville; First Lieutenant, Nathan Willard, Evansville; Second Lieutenant, John C. C. Miller, Evansville.

Company F.—Captain, Jonathan B. Hager, Terre Haute; First Lieutenant, Charles M. Smith, Terre Haute; Second Lieutenant, Edward P. Williams, Terre Haute.

Company G.—Captain, John Coons, Vincennes; First Lieutenant, William N. Denny, Vincennes; Second Lieutenant, William H. Patterson, Vincennes.

Company H.—Captain, John H. Martin, Spencer; First Lieutenant, Dudley Rogers, Spencer; Second Lieutenant, Wiley E. Dittmore, Spencer.

Company I.—Captain, Philander R. Owen, Clinton; First Lieutenant, John Lindsey, Clinton; Second Lieutenant, William P. Haskell, Clinton.

Company K.—Captain, James R. Kelley, Bloomington; First Lieutenant, Milton L. McCullough, Bloomington; Second Lieutenant, Paul E. Slocum, Bloomington.

On the 25th day of June, 1861, the regiment went into camp at Indianapolis, and in a few days was fully armed and equipped. It left Indianapolis for the seat of war on the fifth of July, crossed the Ohio River at Bellaire, Ohio, and took the railroad for Clarksburgh, Va. On the seventh of July it took up its line of march towards Rich Mountain via Buckhammon, and arrived there on the morning of the eleventh—the day of the battle at Rich Mountain. The regiment was held in reserve in line of battle during the engagement, but was not in the engagement. It then moved on, with the army under Gen. McClellan, to Cheat Mountain Summit, in close pursuit of the retreating enemy, each day seeing his abandoned camp fires, but was unable to overtake him. The Fourteenth was left on the summit—the extreme outpost—to guard it; and for six weeks no other Union troops were nearer than twelve miles. In September other troops were sent to strengthen the position. Soon after the regiment established its camp on the summit, a series of scouting parties were sent out to learn the position of the enemy.

Distinguished among the many intelligent scouts belonging to the regiment, was a private named Summerfield, whose adventures would rival the history of many of those whom our border warfare with the Indian tribes have made famous. He closed his career by a glorious death on the field of Antietam.

Scarcely a week passed without a skirmish. Bushwhackers were constantly prowling around the camp, and firing upon the men. This resulted in a system of retaliation on the part of the Fourteenth. Pickets passing in rifle range of each other, were exposed to the shots of the opposing pickets. A butternut coat was a sufficient mark to draw the shot of the Federal soldier, as the blue coat was for the rebel. These shots on picket often brought out the whole command under arms like magic, each man eager for the fray. On the twenty-fifth of August, Dr. Joseph G. McPheters resigned, and on the fifth day of September, Dr. Geo. W. Clippenger was appointed Surgeon.

On the night of the twelfth of September the enemy surrounded the camp in large force. At that time two other regiments (Twenty-Fourth and Twenty-Fifth Ohio) were on the summit, all under command of Col. Kimball. The first notice given of the presence of the enemy was by teamsters, who had started early in the morning of the thirteenth to Huttonsville for supplies. The enemy attempted to capture their train within half a mile of camp, and succeeded in capturing a part of it, which was afterwards retaken. Simultaneously with the attack in the rear, the pickets in front were surrounded, some of them killed and wounded, and the rest dispersed in the mountains. The command was soon under arms, and detachments sent out in various directions to engage the attacking party. The enemy in the rear soon became panic stricken, and fled, leaving their dead and wounded, and large quantities of blankets, overcoats, arms, &c. In the front they remained in sight several days, but no general attack was made on the camp. The prisoners taken reported that they had ten thousand men around the camp, and they confidently expected that they would be retaken. This engagement made a strange and beneficial impression on almost every soldier. The night before the attack was one of those cold, rainy and stormy nights which are seldom experienced at that time of the year, except in a mountainous country. One brigade of the enemy, under Col. Rust, of Arkansas, became lost in the mountains in attempting to get in the rear of the camp. The others were hungry and

benumbed with cold. Although they had fully four times the number of men that garrisoned the camp, yet they became panic stricken, and fled without making any material resistance after they were attacked. The impression made on almost every one was, that it was an interposition of Providence in behalf of the Federal arms. Hundreds of profane, as well as Christian men, gave utterance to what seemed to be the universal belief.

On the third day of October, the battle of Greenbriar was fought, under command of Gen. Reynolds, of Indiana. The expedition was intended to be a reconnoissance in force. Only a part of the troops were engaged. The expedition started out from the summit at one o'clock, A. M., on the third, and encountered and drove in the enemy's pickets at daylight. After the pickets were driven in, the Fourteenth took the advance on the left of the line of battle. They met a regiment of Arkansas troops, sent out to hold a position in front of their works, and drove them from their chosen position into their intrenchments, killing, wounding, and capturing fifty-three of them. An artillery duel of three hours and a half followed, when Gen. Reynolds withdrew his troops in good order, having accomplished the object of the expedition. This was the first artillery fire the Fourteenth was ever under; and the small number of casualties resulting from it, caused very little uneasiness from artillery in subsequent actions.

Thus ended the severest campaign of the Fourteenth. Its severity consisted not in hard marches or hard fighting; but in the cold and rain of that dreary country, and in the suffering, induced from lack of sufficient clothing and rations. In midsummer, men, poorly clad, suffered more from cold than they would in a winter campaign with proper clothing. Ragged and hungry, the soldier walked his rugged and lonely beat day after day, for three months, without seeing but one human habitation. Not a corn field, wheat field, or orchard, was to be seen in this wilderness of mountains—nothing to disturb the dull monotony, save the occasional crack of the bushwhacker's gun.

On the seventh of October, the regiment left the summit, and went into camp at Huttonsville, in Tygart's Valley, where

it remained two months, during which time the health of the soldiers very much improved. In December they were ordered to that portion of Virginia, on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, under command of Gen. Kelley, and arrived at Romney, Va., on the twenty-first. On the seventh of January, 1862, the regiment accompanied the expedition to Blues' Gap, under command of Lieut. Col. Mahan. Very little fighting was done there. The rebels fled in dismay, leaving one piece of artillery, and several prisoners.

About this time Gen. Lander was assigned to the command of that division of the army; and on the eleventh he evacuated Romney, and fell back on the line of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, at North Branch Bridge. On the twentieth Lieut. Col. Mahan resigned on account of ill health, and Major Harrow was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel, and Capt. Foote was promoted to Major. The latter part of January and the month of February were spent in gradually opening up communication on the railroad towards Martinsburgh, with an occasional expedition some distance from the road.

On the thirteenth and fourteenth of February the regiment took part in an expedition known at that time as "Lander's Midnight Bloomery Dash." The troops started out on the evening of the thirteenth, marched within eight miles of Bloomery, and bivouaced until three o'clock, A. M., on the fourteenth. By some means the enemy were apprised of the movement before the attack was made, and sent the greater portion of their stores away. The cavalry first made the attack and were driven back, when the Fourteenth Indiana and Seventh Virginia came up, and the rebels were soon routed, with a loss of eight killed, and fifty-eight prisoners, twenty-six of the prisoners being officers. Col. Baldwin was in command of the enemy, and was captured.

After the death of Gen. Lander, Gen. Shields was assigned to the command of the division. The regiment arrived at Martinsburgh on the sixth of March. On the eleventh marched toward Winchester, and entered it on the twelfth, the enemy having evacuated it the night before. On the

twentieth was in the reconnoissance beyond Strasburgh, and on the twenty-first returned to Winchester.

The battle of Winchester was fought on the twenty-third day of March, 1862. The pickets were driven in on the evening of the twenty-second, and there was some artillery firing on each side. Gen. Shields was wounded by a piece of shell on the evening of the twenty-second. During the night the Federal troops were put in position, and the advance of the enemy fell back two miles. The Fourteenth slept on their arms during the night expecting the battle to open early next morning. The battle did not open until nearly noon, and then for several hours there was only artillery firing and skirmishing. Col. Tyler's brigade opened the infantry fighting about three o'clock, p. m. The Fourteenth was soon ordered to support him. They went into the battle at a point where the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania had just been repulsed with heavy loss. It was an unfavorable time for troops who had never been in a heavy infantry battle. Many of the wounded were running back through their ranks, some were writhing in the agonies of death, and others were dead. The frightened of other regiments rushed pell mell through their ranks. The enemy were intrenched behind stonewalls, and other cover, and it seemed like rushing into the jaws of death to charge them. When the Fourteenth came upon the line, all gave a "Hoosier Yell," and charged the enemy with the bayonet. The celebrated Stonewall Brigade—Jackson's Brigade—was in their front, but they faltered and fell back in disorder, while many of them fell with their backs to their enemy. The impression was that the whole force was in retreat. The Union troops rapidly followed, until they unexpectedly encountered Loring's brigade under cover of a hill and stonewall. Here the fighting was desperate. The superior number of the enemy would have repulsed the Fourteenth and the remnant of Tyler's brigade, had not the Thirteenth Indiana come gallantly to their support at the right time. After the Thirteenth came up, a volley and a charge along the whole line completely routed the enemy. Darkness put an end to the conflict. The loss of the Fourteenth was four killed and fifty wounded, among whom was

Capt. Kelley, who was mortally wounded. At the last charge the Fourteenth captured one piece of artillery, which was presented to the regiment by Major General Banks for their gallantry, but it was never taken from Winchester, owing to the active campaign that followed its capture. Colonel, now General, Tyler said if the Fourteenth Indiana had not given that yell, his men could not have held their line five minutes longer; that "that one shout was worth more to him than one thousand men." Gen. Banks arrived at night after the battle, and on the twenty-fourth followed up the retreating rebels. There was some skirmishing daily for over a month, but no general engagement.

On the second of April, Dr. Geo. W. Clippenger resigned, and on the twenty-first Dr. Anson Hurd was appointed Surgeon. In May Colonel Kimball was promoted to Brigadier General, Major Foote resigned, and Lieut. Col. Harrow was promoted to Colonel, Capt. P. R. Owen promoted to Lieut. Colonel, and Capt. J. H. Martin promoted to Major.

The Fourteenth remained in the Shenandoah Valley until the twelfth day of May, when Gen. Shields' division took up their line of march over the Blue Ridge, via Luray, Warrenton, and Catlett's Station to Fredericksburgh. All expected to go with Gen. McDowell to Richmond, but immediately upon their arrival at Fredericksburgh, they learned that Jackson was in the Shenandoah Valley, and that Gen. Banks' army had been compelled to fall back on the line of the Potomac. They were ordered back to the Valley via Catlett's Station and Manassas Junction. On their march from the Shenandoah Valley to Fredericksburgh and back again, they marched from sixteen to twenty miles each day.

On the night of the twenty-ninth of May, Kimball's brigade started from Rectortown on an expedition to Front Royal, which place was then held by the enemy. They marched into Manassas Gap, within eleven miles of Front Royal, and rested until daylight on the thirtieth, when they resumed their route. The enemy were evacuating the place when they arrived in sight, and the cavalry had a severe skirmish. The Fourteenth captured between fifty and sixty prisoners, and one piece of artillery, with four mules and harness. The

enemy on this occasion made no resistance, but abandoned everything and dispersed through the woods. This piece of artillery was given the regiment for their gallantry. It was the intention to have sent it to Indianapolis, but it afterwards exploded at Alexandria in firing at a target.

The greater portion of June was spent in marching and countermarching over the road between Front Royal and Columbia bridge, above Luray. A large portion of this road was marched over four times during the month, many of the men willingly making the march with bare feet, over a stone pike, with blood dropping from their feet at every step. They confidently expected to capture Jackson and his army. They were in hearing of the enemy's guns while Fremont was pushing Jackson up the Valley, and at one time a march of eleven miles would have enabled Shields' division to attack Jackson's rear, while Fremont was in his front. The soldiers were all anxious to make it, because such a march gave promise of success and victory.

It was in this month, so replete with military blunders, that the Port Republic affair came off. While that battle was being fought, Kimball's brigade was on a forced march to assist them, but, notwithstanding their efforts, did not reach them until that gallant little army of two brigades was in full retreat. It was here the Seventh Indiana won immortal glory. Kimball's brigade met the retreating brigades at a point near Conrad's Store, and awaited the approach of the enemy several hours, but no enemy appeared. They then covered the retreat to Luray.

On the thirtieth of June, the Fourteenth embarked at Alexandria for the army of the Potomac. They thought that "onward to Richmond" had emerged from the ideal to the real, but were soon doomed to a greater disappointment than ever. Disembarked at Harrison's Landing on the evening of the second of July, and went immediately to the front. On the third had a heavy skirmish, with considerable artillery firing, and drove the enemy. On the fourth were engaged in a light skirmish all day, the enemy trying to advance their lines. On the fifth had some picket skirmishing, after which everything remained quiet on their line while they were on

the Peninsula. The brigade was attached to Sumner's corps, (second army corps,) and has, since that time, remained with it. On the eleventh of August Lt. Col. P. R. Owen and Major J. H. Martin resigned, and Capt. John Coons was promoted to Lt. Colonel, and Capt. E. H. C. Cavins was promoted to Major.

Sumner's corps covered the retreat from Harrison's Landing. The regiment left the old camp on the sixteenth of August, and marched to Newport News, via Williamsburgh and Yorktown. On the twenty-sixth embarked at Newport News, and on the twenty-ninth disembarked at Alexandria. On the thirtieth marched to Arlington, and on the thirty-first to Centreville, but did not arrive until after the battles under Pope were over. On the second of September the army fell back under the defenses around Washington, the Fourteenth being a part of the rear guard. The enemy hung upon their rear and flanks, throwing an occasional shell towards and among them, until dark.

On the sixth of August the third division of the second corps was formed, and Gen. French assigned to its command. The Fourteenth was engaged in the battle of Antietam on the seventeenth of September. At that battle the line formed by Kimball's brigade moved into action very handsomely, and was the only part of the line that did not, at some time during the engagement, give way. Line upon line of the enemy was hurled against it, but each time repulsed with great slaughter. The battle flags of seven of the enemy's regiments were borne in rifle range of the Fourteenth, and each bearer was shot, while the colors of the Fourteenth floated triumphantly and defiantly throughout the engagement. The last effort made by the enemy, was by sending a column on their right flank, when the Fourteenth Indiana and Eighth Ohio changed front and drove him from the field. For their gallantry and obstinate fighting on that day, Gen. French named the brigade "The Gibraltar Brigade." The Fourteenth fought for over an hour within sixty yards from the enemy's line. For four hours they fought on one line, and shot their sixty rounds of cartridges. The officers gathered cartridges from the boxes of the dead and wounded, and distrib-

nted them to the men in the thickest of the fight. The loss of the regiment in killed and wounded, was fifty-seven per cent. of the number engaged. The regiment was commanded by Col. Harrow. After the battle the enemy's dead were found in heaps all along their front.

After the battle of Antietam, the army of the Potomac settled down to its characteristic quiet. A reconnoissance to Leesburgh, under Gen. Kimball, by his brigade and a regiment of cavalry, on the first of October, was the only episode to relieve the regular routine of picket and camp duty, during that month. They moved out from Harper's Ferry to Leesburgh, captured one hundred and fifty prisoners without any fighting, and on the following day marched back to camp. It was a hard march and came very nearly resulting in their capture, the rebel cavalry, in large force, having been only one hour too late.

On the first of November the second corps took up its line of march from Harper's Ferry, along the valley east of the Blue Ridge towards Warrenton. The advance guard were skirmishing with parties of the enemy every day, but they gave way without making any decided stand. The Fourteenth had a skirmish on the second of November, and drove the enemy out of Rockford Pass, and held it for twenty-four hours until relieved. The enemy made several demonstrations towards retaking the pass, and were driven back. The second corps arrived at Falmouth on the seventeenth day of November, and the regiment was immediately sent up the river on picket. On the eighteenth the enemy's cavalry captured a foraging train, near and outside of the picket line. The alarm was soon given, and the reserves of six companies were hastened to the rescue. They recaptured the train with a loss of only two horses. The rebel leader was wounded while charging in advance of his command. During the time the army of the Potomac remained on the Rappahannock, nothing outside of the usual routine of camp life occurred, in which the Fourteenth took part, except the battles of Fredericksburgh and Chancellorsville.

The battle of Fredericksburgh commenced on the thirteenth of December, 1862. The regiment was under com-

mand of Major Cavins, Col. Harrow being sick, and Lieut. Col. Coons being absent on account of wounds. Kimball's brigade, the Fourteenth being on the left, was the first to assault the works. The troops moved out of the city by a flank movement, under a heavy, well directed and destructive fire from the enemy's artillery. One shell exploded in the ranks of the Fourteenth, killing four, and wounding eleven men. Many others cut great openings in their ranks, but each time they were promptly and fearlessly closed up. Under a front and enfilading fire, it formed in line of battle, and advanced so far as it was possible for a single line to advance, receiving the enemy's fire from the front, and from their left flank.

For nearly an hour, the Fourteenth, unsupported, kept up this unequal contest. The first support that came up in less than five minutes broke and gave way in confusion. When entreated not to fall back, they answered that the whole line had given way, and the rebels were in the town. Then the question was asked, "What shall we do?" The commanding officer said, "Remember Antietam, the Fourteenth never runs from the enemy, we will hold this hill till our ammunition is exhausted, and then hold it with the bayonet." Soon the smoke cleared up, and on the right the Fourteenth saw that the "Gibraltar Brigade" still stood firm, and soon after they were supported by troops who stood. After expending all their ammunition, they fixed bayonets, and awaited an expected charge from the enemy; but the charge was not made. Eleven brigades were sent in after Kimball's, none of which advanced the line beyond the point taken by his brigade. The regiment remained on the field two hours after the brigade had been ordered off. The order was not received until the battle was nearly over. It was very difficult to convey an order to the regiment. The loss of the regiment in this action, in killed and wounded, was thirty-four per cent of the number engaged. The dead of the Fourteenth, and of Kimball's brigade, were found nearer the enemy's intrenchments than the dead of any other regiment.

While the dead were being buried, under a flag of truce, Gen. Stewart asked one of the men what brigade made the

first charge, and said it was the most desperate charge ever made by any troops. Gen. Sumner said, before the committee to investigate the causes of the failure at Fredericksburgh, that he selected Gens. French and Hancock's divisions to make the attack, because their troops had never turned their backs to the enemy in battle.

On the first of January, 1863, Dr. Anson Hurd resigned, and Assistant Surgeon Geo. W. McCune was promoted to Surgeon, and Dr. E. H. Sabin appointed First Assistant Surgeon. In January Col. Wm. Harrow resigned, and was subsequently appointed Brigadier General. On the twenty-first of January, Lieut. Col. Coons was promoted to Colonel, and Major Cavins promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. On the twelfth of February, Capt. William Houghton was promoted to Major. On the twenty-third of January, 1863, Maj. Gen. French presented to the color guard of the Fourteenth a fine breech loading rifle, as an evidence of his appreciation of the regiment in the battles fought under his command.

The Fourteenth participated in the battle of Chancellorsville, fought on the first, second and third of May. On the third of May the Gibraltar brigade, then commanded by Col. Carroll, was in line with Sykes' division on the left, and Hancock's on the right. At seven o'clock, A. M., the line advanced. The enemy was encountered after passing about seventy-five yards into the woods. After the third volley, they broke and fled, closely pressed by the Gibraltar brigade. An advance of two hundred yards further, disclosed a considerable force on the right of the brigade, while the Fourteenth, changing front, soon drove them out of their position, and across the Gordonsville plank road. On arriving at the plank road, the enemy was discovered again massed in force, with artillery so placed as to enfilade the line. The regiment fell back to the woods, and held the position there until relieved by fresh troops. They captured two pieces of artillery, but were unable to bring them off the field. They sent eighty-five prisoners to the rear. Later in the day, the brigade was moved further to the left, and took ground between the Eleventh corps and Hancock's division, where they constructed breast works. Here they were exposed to a

heavy artillery fire. On the fourth, the portion of the works held by the regiment, was shelled by the enemy. On the fifth there was a spirited skirmish in front, but no further general engagement; and on the sixth the brigade returned to camp at Falmouth. The loss of the regiment, in the several days fight, was seven killed, forty-nine wounded, and eight missing.

At this battle the enemy evidently thought that Carroll's brigade (Kimball's old brigade) was a part of their forces, and Carroll's men at first thought the enemy was another line of Union troops. After the first volley, the Fourteenth gave a Hoosier yell, and each volley was followed by a yell which told their friends in the rear they were driving the enemy. This little brigade, with less than one thousand men, unsupported on either flank, drove the enemy over the same ground over which they had driven line upon line of other Union troops. It can not be accounted for on any principle, except that they were seized with a panic. Many officers tried to rally them; but a yell and a charge by the old brigade would cause five times their number to recoil and break. Prisoners since taken, say that Jackson's men were never before known to be in such panic and confusion. While this brigade drove the enemy, Gen. Meade entreated Gen. Hooker to let him support Gen. French with his corps, but no support was sent. Many military men say if ten thousand troops had followed up that charge, it would have resulted in a signal victory to the Union army. Col. Carroll was complimented on the field by Gens. Hooker, Meade, Hancock, French and others, for the gallantry of his brigade on that occasion.

On the morning of the fifteenth of June the second corps left Falmouth, the other corps having left some days before. They had a hard and tiresome march, via Dumfries, Centreville, Gainesville, Edward's Ferry and Frederick City to Pennsylvania. They marched by day and night, under the burning sun and in torrents of rain, arriving at Gettysburgh on the evening of the first of July.

The battle of Gettysburgh was fought on the first, second and third days of July. The Fourteenth was supporting Woodruff's battery near the center of the Federal line, and

participated in the famous charge which drove the rebels with terrible slaughter from Cemetery Hill. With the Fourteenth it was a night fight. The moon had not yet risen, and the darkness was made more impenetrable by the dense smoke of powder. When they moved up to support the battery on Cemetery Hill, the cannoneers were engaged in a hand to hand conflict with the enemy. The deep booming of artillery, the heavy rattle of musketry, the bursting of shell, the missiles of destruction which filled the air, the darkness of the night, and the lines of flashing guns, together with the great importance of holding this key to the whole position, made the scene one of thrilling interest. It was a headlong dash in the dark—a yell—and a few rounds aimed at the flash of the enemy's guns, and all was over for the night. When the moon arose and shed her sickly light over the field, none of the enemy could be seen, except their dead and severely wounded. The enemy seem to have realized the importance of taking this hill. Their correspondents poured out their vituperation on Gen. Anderson for what they conceived to be his fault in not taking it on the night of the second. A heavy mass of infantry formed in front of this hill on the evening of the third for the purpose of assaulting it, but when their masses on their right were repulsed with such great slaughter they gave up the assault on Cemetery Hill. Had they carried that hill—as they would have done had not reinforcements arrived just at the time they did—Gen. Meade would have been completely defeated, for this hill commanded his whole line. The loss of the Fourteenth was six killed and twenty-six wounded.

The Fourteenth, with the exception of the right and left companies, was originally armed with smooth bore muskets. Whenever a capture of Enfield or Springfield rifle was made, they were retained, and the smooth bores turned over. After the battle of Antietam, it was found that the entire command had the improved arm without having made a requisition upon the ordnance department for them.

We leave this gallant regiment in front in the Army of the Potomac. Its toils and marches, and daring feats may furnish another chapter at some future period.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the twenty-second of July, 1861, Gen. McClellan was called to Washington, and at once proceeded to reorganize the army. The disaster at Manassas was followed by a season of extraordinary activity in raising troops. The States responded with alacrity to the calls of the General Government. Men volunteered for the three years service, faster than arms and equipments could be furnished. Gen. McClellan's great ability was demonstrated by the rapidity with which he brought order out of confusion.

On the seventeenth of August he was assigned to the command of the army of the Potomac, comprising the troops serving in the departments of Washington and north-eastern Virginia, in the valley of the Shenandoah, and in the States of Maryland and Delaware. It was an army formidable in numbers and magnificently appointed. The lines extended from Williamsport, on the upper, to Port Tobacco on the lower Potomac. The enemy had blockaded the Potomac by erecting batteries at Mathias Point, and their line extended from Aquia Creek to Leesburgh. They had formidable fortifications at Manassas, at Centreville, and at Leesburgh. There was a long season of quiet along this line, broken only by a few skirmishes. On the eleventh of September, Gen. Smith, commanding the advance brigade on the south side of the Potomac, near Chain Bridge, was directed to make a topographical reconnoissance in the direction of Lewinsville.

Battalions from the Seventy-Ninth New York, the Third Vermont, and the Nineteenth Indiana, with four pieces of Griffin's battery, and two companies of cavalry, were detailed for the purpose, and placed under the command of Gen. Stevens. The column proceeded to Lewinsville, a distance of four or five miles, reaching there at ten o'clock, in the morning, and driving out a cavalry picket of fifty men. Cavalry and infantry pickets were thrown out on the diverging roads, to watch the enemy, and Lieut. Poe of the engineers and his assistants commenced his surveys and proceeded over an area of four miles square. At half past two o'clock, the reconnoissance was completed and the pickets called in. They all responded to the recall except a party from the Third Vermont, and one from the Nineteenth Indiana. They sent word they were watching the movements of a heavy column of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, who were coming from the direction of Fall's Church. No attention was paid to this report, and the column was formed for its return march, when the enemy, three quarters of a mile distant, opened a rapid caannonade upon them. The firing was continued for ten minutes, when two ten-pounder rifled guns of Griffin's battery were unlimbered, placed in position and replied. A rapid fire of musketry was also opened by the enemy, from behind trees and other places of concealment, but without effect. Our infantry did not waste their ammunition upon a concealed enemy, but quietly supported the battery. The enemy's infantry did not emerge from the shelter of the timber, and after an artillery duel of an hour, our forces retired. The rebel cavalry made a demonstration as if to charge the rear of our column, but a few shells from Griffin's rifled guns induced them to desist, and shift their ground out of range. Our troops on this occasion behaved with great steadiness, and were highly complimented by the commanding general. The rebel force was commanded by Col. J. E. B. Stuart, afterwards so distinguished as the leader of the cavalry force of the Confederate army of the Potomac. The expedition accomplished its object, with but little loss. Lieut. Hancock, of the Nineteenth Indiana, was taken prisoner, and remained several months in Southern prisons before he was exchanged.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

The disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff, which for a period plunged the nation in gloom, grew out of one of those reconnoissances, so essential before any plan of attack upon an enemy's line should be determined. Gen. McCall was ordered to make a reconnoissance in force in the direction of Dranesville, and Gen. Stone, who commanded a portion of Gen. Banks' division, was ordered to send a small force in the direction of Leesburgh to distract the attention of the enemy while the column of McCall should make their observations. Our army on that part of the line was encamped on the Maryland shore. The Potomac opposite Leesburgh is crossed by two ferries, one called Conrad's, a little below Leesburgh, and the other Edward's, five miles above. Between the two ferries stretches a long narrow strip of land called Harrison's Island. Col. Devens was in command at that point and was ordered to send a few men across to reconnoiter, and hold the remainder in readiness to move at a moments notice. The scouts who had crossed returned, and reported a small encampment of the enemy about a mile from the river. Col. Devens, with three hundred men of his regiment, the Fifteenth Massachusetts, crossed over to attack it. He had only three small boats, each capable of carrying ten men. It was nearly four o'clock when all were transferred to the Virginia shore. They ascended the bank known as Ball's Bluff, by a path discovered by the scouts, where they found an open field surrounded by woods, upon which they encamped, and were there joined by Col. Lee with one hundred of the Twentieth Massachusetts. Early on the morning of the twenty-first of October this little force pushed forward to the spot supposed to be the rebel encampment, and found that the scouts had been deceived by a row of trees on the brow of a slope, the uncertain light through which resembled a line of tents. Col. Devens left his command concealed in the woods, and with two or three officers and men, ascended the slope and obtained a view of Leesburgh and the country around. Observing but few tents, he determined to hold his position and send back for reinforcements.

Gen. Stone, in the meantime, had made a feint of crossing a considerable force at Edward's Ferry, to favor the movement of Gen. McCall in the direction of Dranesville. The ruse was successful. Gen. McCall accomplished the purpose of his march and returned. The messenger from Col. Devens informed Gen. Stone of the supposed condition of affairs, and word was sent him to hold his position, and reinforcements would be forwarded to enable him to make a valuable reconnoissance. Col. Baker, of the First California regiment, was directed to move to Conrad's Ferry with his brigade at sunrise on the morning of the twenty-first. Gen. Gorman's brigade was sent to Edward's Ferry to make a demonstration on the Leesburgh road, and other movements were ordered to assist the force that had advanced from the bluff. To Col. Baker was given the direction of the force which was to cross the river to the aid of Col. Devens. He proceeded to the island and followed the same track at Ball's Bluff which the first detachments had taken.

As early as seven o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first, skirmishing commenced at the advanced position held by the Massachusetts men, and continued with varied success, the enemy advancing and retiring in turn till two o'clock. At this time the enemy appeared in force, and Col. Devens fell back to a position occupied by the First California regiment, which had crossed, and the line was formed by Col. Baker, who now assumed command. The attack was made with great vigor by the enemy, who rushed from the timber with a yell. They were met by a withering fire—wavered and fell back. They again advanced, and again a steady line of fire greeted them. Col. Cogswell, with the Tammany regiment, reached the field, and his men joined the line with a defiant shout. One piece of the Bunting battery, and two howitzers, came up, and poured a well directed fire into the rebel columns. But the rebels were reinforced, and again advanced with a shout. Their fire was destructive. The gunners fell, and the cannon was drawn to the rear. With terrible earnestness, the fight continued for an hour, when Col. Baker fell, pierced through the brain with a bullet. The enemy were pressing closely, and Col. Cogswell, who had

succeeded to the command, made his dispositions to fall back to the river. The retreat was rapid, but orderly. The line was again formed near the river, and a hopeless contest kept up for nearly an hour longer, while efforts were being made to remove the wounded to the island. But, alas! no arrangements had been made for a defeat. There was but one boat—a scow—to ferry all that worn and weary crowd to the island. Our brave but unfortunate soldiers had to swim, surrender or die. The enemy, flushed with victory, continued to press them down the bluff. The men plunged into the stream. Many were shot while swimming. Some escaped along the bluff bank, and reached the Union camps after several days; and others succeeded in escaping the shots which rained around them while struggling in the water. The scow, overloaded with wounded, left the Virginia shore. In their desperation, men clung to it. In the middle of the stream, it sunk with its precious freight of maimed and bleeding heroes. The scene was one to appall the stoutest heart. Still struggling on the bluff, were officers and soldiers fighting hopelessly against fearful odds to cover the escape of those who were struggling in the water, until they were shot down. “Fewer of the officers and men would have been killed,” say the rebel accounts, “if they had not been too proud to surrender.”

Our loss in this disastrous affair, in killed, captured and wounded, amounted to nine hundred. The rebels acknowledge a loss of three hundred.

Col. Baker, who fell, bravely fighting at the head of his command, was, at the time of his death, a member of the United States Senate from the State of Oregon. He was a chivalrous soldier, an accomplished gentleman, an able and eloquent speaker. When war was declared to exist against Mexico, he held a seat in Congress from the State of Illinois. He resigned, raised a regiment in his adopted State, and led it to the seat of war. At Cerro Gordo, he commanded a brigade after the fall of Gen. Shields, and fought it in such a manner as to draw an especial compliment from Gen. Twiggs, his division commander. He was wounded on the Rio Grande. Returning home, he was again elected to Congress. Later in life, he emigrated to California, and from

thence to Oregon, where his popular manners and surpassing eloquence soon gave him prominence, and he was elected a Senator in Congress. When the rebellion broke out, he raised a regiment, composed largely of returned Californians; refusing a Major General's commission, he led it to the field, and, "foremost fighting, fell."

On the thirty-first of October, Gen. Scott addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, asking to be placed upon the retired list, in consequence of age and increasing infirmities. The letter was placed before the President, and the request of the veteran soldier granted in full Cabinet council. Gen. McClellan was named as his successor in command of the army.

BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE.

The Pennsylvania reserve division, under command of Gen. McCall, was encamped beyond Langley's Church, the line of encampment stretching towards Lewinsville. The position held was the last point abandoned by the enemy, when they fell back from Munson's Hill and Fall's Church before the massive columns of the Union army, which had gathered along the line of the Potomac after the battle of Manassas. Between their picket lines, and those of the enemy, there was an open country not occupied by any military force. In this space, the village of Dranesville is situated. On the twentieth of December, Gen. McCall ordered Gen. Ord to march his brigade, as a foraging party, to seize a lot of forage known to be in the vicinity of the little town. The brigade consisted of the Sixth, Ninth, Tenth and Twelfth Pennsylvania regiments, the "Bucktails," a rifle regiment from the same State, a battery of Campbell's artillery, and a squadron of Bayard's cavalry.

It happened that a foraging party had been sent out by Gen. Stuart from Centreville on the same day. The forces were about equal in numbers. The rebels had four regiments of infantry, one battery of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry.

Gen. Ord left camp in the early morning. The march was slow and monotonous. The long line of wagons had to be

flanked on the narrow and winding road by strong bodies of infantry; and it was essential to scout the woods in advance, to guard against an ambush. The column crossed Difficult Creek by a stone bridge about noon, and halted for dinner. The advance companies, approaching Dranesville, reported that a large body of rebels could be seen from a neighboring hill. Shots about the same time were exchanged by some of our flanking companies with the enemy's scouts. Gen. Ord immediately formed his line of battle. The enemy occupied the Centreville road. Their battery was in position to sweep it. The battery was flanked by infantry, and supported by infantry and cavalry. Their front line was in and near a house in a field in advance of and to the right of their position. Gen. Ord planted his battery on an elevation directly in front of the rebel guns, and opened fire, advancing his infantry at the same time. The first half hour was what is termed an artillery duel. The rebels overshot our infantry line, and did but little damage. The practice of our gunners was perfect, and the rebel battery was soon obliged to change position, the most of their horses being killed by the unerring aim of our gunners. In the meantime, they tried a flank movement, with their infantry to the right of our line, advancing through the timber, and were driven back with great loss. The Buck-tails pursued them to the woods, and drove the scattering regiments to the shelter of their guns, which had been put in position again. The entire line was now ordered to advance, Gen. Ord leading. The command to advance was received with a cheer. Steadily they pressed forward into the timber, over gullies and ravines, tangled with thickets, the enemy's shell whistling above them. They passed the belt of timber, and entered upon an open field, to find the enemy in rapid retreat, his battery being drawn off by hand. Gen. Ord did not deem it prudent to pursue, as the enemy might have easily been reinforced from either Centreville or Leesburgh; and the topography of the country beyond was unknown to us. The enemy left their dead and wounded on the field. Gen. McCall arrived as the battle closed, and ordered an immediate return to camp. We lost but seven killed and sixty wounded in the battle, while the enemy acknowledged

a loss of forty-three killed, one hundred and forty-three wounded, and forty-four missing, making a total of two hundred and eighty.

ADVANCE ON MANASSAS.

On the twenty-seventh of January, 1862, the President's General War Order, number one, directing an advance of our armies on the twenty-second day of February, was written. The Secretaries of War and of the Navy, and their subordinates, the General in Chief and other commanders, were to be held responsible for its observance. Especially were the army at and about Fortress Monroe, the army of the Potomac, the army of Western Virginia, the army near Munfordsville, Kentucky, the army and flotilla at Cairo, and the naval forces in the Gulf of Mexico, ordered to be ready for a movement on that day.

It was the tenth of March, however, before the advance movement was made on Manassas. On the eighth, the President's General War Order, number two, was issued, dividing the army of the Potomac into four corps, to be commanded respectively by Gens. McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes. A fifth corps was formed of the forces on the upper Potomac, and placed under the command of Gen. Banks. Gen. Wadsworth was made Military Governor of the District of Columbia, and commanded the troops designated for the defense of Washington.

The heavy columns of the Federal army moved early on the morning of the tenth, and labored through the deep mud to Fairfax Court House. There rumors of the evacuation by the rebels, of Centreville, and even of Manassas Junction, reached them. Gen. Kearney, at the head of a portion of his brigade, pushed boldly forward and passing the deserted rebel camps,—which, like little villages, with tidy streets and neat, substantial weatherproof huts, were dotted over the hill sides,—marched into the intrenchments at Centreville. The evacuation was complete. Armament and stores were all removed. Nothing remained but their winter huts, and their long lines of intrenchments. It was evident the rebels

had wintered under comfortable shelter, and that they had been prepared to make a stubborn and vigorous defense. The advance pushed on to Manassas Junction on the morning of the eleventh. The rebel rear guard had just left it, destroying the railroad and burning bridges as they retired.

The division of Gen. Banks advanced upon Winchester about the same time, and entered the town without opposition, Gen. Jackson having retired up the valley as our army approached his stronghold.

Gen. McDowell's corps occupied the country north of the Rappahannock, recently held by the rebel army. On the fifteenth of April, Gen. Augur's brigade was advanced to Catlett's Station. On the sixteenth the trains with King's division came up, and on the seventeenth, at dawn of day, the command of Gen. Augur started for Falmouth. Lieut. Col. Kilpatrick, with the Harris light cavalry, led the column, skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry as he advanced. Several dashing charges were made. During the night Col. Kilpatrick continued to harrass the enemy, and on the morning of the eighteenth drove a strong force from a barricade across the road, and dashed into Falmouth. The enemy retired across the river, burning the bridges behind them. Augur's brigade soon came up. The rebel troops hastily evacuated Fredericksburgh, and a deputation of citizens waited upon Gen. Augur and made a formal surrender of the city.

Previous to the march on Fredericksburgh, the Army of the Potomac had been moved in transports to Fortress Monroe, where it halted for a short time.

On the fourteenth of March Gen. McClellan, then at Fairfax Court House, Va., issued the following address to his army:

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed; the formidable artillery you now have, had to be created; other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I have held you back that you might give the death-blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown, and your confidence in your

General, are worth a dozen victories. These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit; the Army of the Potomac is now a real army—magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, excellently equipped and armed—your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks, I see in your faces the sure presage of victory; I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right. In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you, where I know you wish to be—on the decisive battle field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent over his children; and you know that your General loves you from the depths of his heart. It shall be my care, as it has ever been, to gain success with the least possible loss; but I know that, if it is necessary, you will willingly follow me to our graves, for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us, victory attends us, yet I would not have you think that our aim is to be attained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you; you have brave foes to encounter, foemen well worthy of the steel that you will use so well. I shall demand of you great, heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, privations, perhaps. We will share all these together; and when this sad war is over we will return to our homes, and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac.”



L. A. Hendricks

PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER IX.

MARCH TOWARDS RICHMOND.

On Friday, April fourth, 1862, the army of the Potomac commenced its march from Fortress Monroe towards Yorktown. The right was assigned to Gen. Porter's division. Near Big Bethel, the rebel pickets were encountered. After a slight skirmish they retreated. On the seventh the army arrived in front of the rebel works at Yorktown.

The march up the Peninsula was attended with difficulties and privations which would appall the stoutest heart. For two weeks after the army landed, the rain poured down in a perfect sheet of water. The roads were turned into floating mud. Teams stalled, and men waded in mud. Transportation of provisions and ammunition was almost impossible. Men built corduroy roads upon the floating mud, but the water floated their roads away. Generals bivouaced on the stumps of trees.

In the midst of this dreary scene, all nature was beautiful. Gorgeous flowers sparkled in the morning sun; birds sang their sweetest notes; the budding beauties of spring were all around. The semi-tropical beauties of the forest budded amid the deluge.

The army were without tents or shelter for two weeks, before they marched, and left at Newport News a large number of sick, many of whom, for lack of proper accommodations, died.

On the nineteenth of April a rebel fort was carried by a gallant charge of the Third and Sixth Vermont. On the twenty-seventh another fort was taken by company II, First Massachusetts. Constant skirmishing continued all the time, and batteries were rapidly erected.

There were many instances of individual daring. One rifleman, called "California," kept the rebels dancing. He had a rifle pit, to which he went before daylight every morning as regularly as he would go to a day's work. His position commanded a heavy gun of the enemy. Whenever a head appeared at that gun, down it went with a bullet in it. One day the rammer got fast. Man after man mounted the parapet to remove it, but each one fell before the deadly rifle of "California."

The rebel army evacuated Yorktown on the third of May. Upon entering the works, four hours after their evacuation, everything was found in confusion. About fifty pieces of heavy artillery, spiked, also a large amount of stores, ammunition, and camp equipage were captured.

Gen. Stoneman, with a large force of cavalry and artillery, was sent in pursuit, on the Williamsburg road. The gunboats, with Franklin's division, went up the York River to West Point, while Smith's division advanced on the left.

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURGH.

The defences held by the enemy at Williamsburgh consisted of nine forts. The central work was called Fort Magruder. A few hundred yards from this was a dense forest. A ravine approached the fort. In front was a level field. Along the edge of this field, by the side of a road, hid by bushes, were the rebel rifle pits.

At about eight o'clock in the morning, May sixth, Gen. Hooker gave the order to drive in the rebel pickets. The fight soon became furious. Our musketry fire was terrible. Soon the enemy began to reinforce, and our ammunition to be exhausted. At about noon the enemy made a charge with a large number of fresh troops. They pushed back our column and captured three pieces of artillery. We had about

eight thousand troops. The enemy twenty-five thousand. All through the fight the woods impeded our advance, for behind each tree was a rebel rifleman. But the woods afforded us some protection from the fire of their artillery. Hooker fought on, though the rebels were pouring like an avalanche upon him.

It was now almost one o'clock. All through this gloomy morning had Hooker's division fought the battle alone. Our ammunition was exhausted, and empty guns could not keep back an enemy. Gen. Berry, of Kearney's division, wading through the mud, came with his column to the rescue. A wild cheer went up from the army, and with an electric yell his brigade formed a line and commenced a volley which no troops on earth could withstand; then, at a double-quick, they dashed with the bayonet at the confident foe, sent them reeling to their earthworks, pursued them into their stronghold, and drove them out with cold steel. Again and again did the enemy endeavor to recover their lost ground, but each time they were repulsed with loss.

It was now four o'clock, and the gallant Kearney, with Jameson's and Birney's brigades, came steaming through the mud to the rescue of the brave Hooker. They took the front, soon our line of battle was formed, and the enemy fell back from their earthworks to the cover of the forest.

At dark our troops were in possession of the battle field and earthworks. They were ready to renew the fight on the morrow. Our men lighted their fires, cooked their coffee, and bivouaced in the rain.

The morning came, but, in the mists of the rainy night, the rebel army quietly stole away from their position, and rapidly fell back towards Richmond.

While Hooker was fighting on the left, Hancock was battling on the right. His force was about five thousand. They met the enemy and drove him back, making a gallant charge. Hooker, however, won the battle, having done all the hard fighting. The loss of our forces was three hundred killed, and six hundred wounded.

BATTLE OF WEST POINT.

About the same time with the fight at Williamsburgh, occurred the battle of West Point. Gen. Franklin's division, which had sailed up the York river, reached the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattaponey rivers, and landed on the south side of the Pamunkey, near West Point.

Upon landing, our troops camped in a large field, surrounded by a dense wood. During the night the rebel pickets annoyed our advanced line, and the next morning our forces were ordered to rouse the rebels from their hiding places.

The Thirty-Second New York led the advance on the right. The Fifth Maine on the left. Entering the woods they approached a ravine, at the bottom of which they were fired on by the rebel skirmishers. Up they charged driving the enemy from their position. Soon a second ravine appeared in view. In attempting to cross this our men received a destructive fire, but still pressed on, driving the enemy out of the tangled thickets which concealed him from view.

This invisibleness of the enemy has been to us a terrible and destructive feature in this war. They have frequently selected their own ground, and then decoyed us into it. Most of the battles have been fought in woods and ravines. Upon the sides of these ravines the enemy have had their rifle pits and batteries. Often, in the battle, volleys are heard which make the very ground quake. The bullets quickly hiss. The shells sing their murderous song through the air. Yet amid the quivering branches of the leafy trees—for the trees are always leafy in the South—naught perchance may be seen, except a little bird, singing upon a bough in the intervals of the volley. The leaves rustle in the wind, and you look for the branches to part, and a mad foe to rush forward. Look until your eye-balls strain, but no foe is visible. The groans of the wounded and dying fall upon your ear. You look and wonder, a fierce volley now comes through the waving branches, comrades fall dead and wounded around you, and the earth and heavens seem to pour forth flame and death. A battery opens on a hill. The quick hiss of

the grape shot decimates our ranks. Yet no foe can be seen. How dreadful and terrible this tramping on to almost certain death, we must learn from those who, with a prayer on their lips, have gone into these awful scenes, and have come safely out again. It is something which can not be described, and can be thought of only as a wild dream.

At a third ravine the rebels had erected a breastwork from which they opened on our men with musketry, and grape, and canister. We charged to within a few feet of this work, but were forced back.

Soon our gunboats opened fire upon the enemy. The immense guns seemed effective, for a rebel battery, that had withstood all our attacks, was soon silenced.

At four o'clock the infantry rallied for the final charge. Our artillery had damaged the rebels, and the time had come to decide the battle. The whole division advanced, the First New Jersey charging, at a double-quick, upon the rebel work in the center, our artillery, all the while, keeping up a heavy fire. Our shells burst in their works. The cheers of the troops announced the position was won. The battle was over, and the field was ours. We lost two hundred and fifty killed and wounded. Our victory opened the way to White House Landing, further up the Pamunkey.

After these battles the army proceeded steadily towards Richmond. One column marching from the White House Landing, another by the way of New Kent Court House. Unimportant skirmishes occurred, and on the twentieth of May the advance reached New Bridge, eight miles distant from Richmond, driving the rebel pickets before them.

In this connection it will be necessary to give a brief account of the capture of Norfolk, and the destruction of the rebel monster Merrimac. The blockade of the James river by this formidable vessel, prevented the army from advancing on Richmond by that route, and changed the whole course of the campaign.

CAPTURE OF NORFOLK.

The morning of the eighth of May broke brightly and

beautifully upon the quiet banks of James River as if the whole world were at peace. Not a cloud in the sky—scarcely a ripple on the waters.

Early in the morning a heavy volume of smoke was observed stealing along from Craney Island, until, just as it reached Tanner's Creek, it changed direction, and moved towards Newport News. It was soon made out to be the steam tug *J. B. White*, which, with its owner and crew, had run away from the rebel stronghold, and brought us important information.

At seven o'clock, the gunboats *Galena*, *Port Royal* and *Aroostack*, steamed up the James River, and commenced an attack on Day's Point, some miles up the river.

At twelve o'clock, the *Dacotah* and *Monitor* approached Sewell's Point, the *Dacotah* opening the fight. She steamed up to the enemy's batteries, pouring in shot and shell like hail. The *Monitor* crowded herself off the beach, firing coolly and deliberately as if it were practice. In the meantime, the *Susquehanna*, *Seminole*, *San Jacinto* and *Naugatuck*, drew near, and poured in broadsides.

It seemed as if each sand hill was a battery; for so fast as one was silenced, another opened. The enemy had one large battery, which kept up a terrible fire. On this work our fleet poured a concentrated fire for two hours. Our shot and shell tore up their breastworks, and burst among the gunners. Still they fought. Confusion was at last visible. A thick smoke soon burst out in a vivid flame. Our shells fired their barracks; yet, amid the raging fire, they clung to their artillery, while in the smoke could be seen the rebel flag.

At three o'clock, the *Merrimac*, in all her huge proportions, with her bomb proof roof, and her long iron prow, hove in sight. The bombardment had almost ceased. A formidable monster was in the field.

Our steamers retired in the direction of the Rip Raps, while the *Monitor* hugged close to Sewell's Point, at first retiring as the *Merrimac* approached, in hopes to get her out of the narrow channel, and from under the batteries of the enemy. But the *Merrimac* was cautious, creeping around like a mole, and looking like one. She came down to the Point, turned clumsily around, and put back again.

The sun went down, leaving the iron-clad monsters watching each other; and the moon looked in quiet beauty upon the day's strife. Save the smoking ruins of the rebel batteries, all was peaceful as if there were no war. The morning found the Merrimac standing picket, three miles from Sewell's Point—the grand rear guard of the retreating enemy.

At dusk the batteries on the Rip Raps opened fire, and the shells fell in the rebel works. The darkness added beauty to the scene. A quick flash, like lightning, was seen, and then a ball of fire. It was the bursting shell.

All this time the rebels had been destroying property in and around Norfolk. Fires were burning on Craney Island, and at the Gosport Navy Yard. At times the whole island was enveloped in a dark cloud, bright flame shooting from beneath.

Perhaps a grander spectacle was never witnessed. Certainly no combat ever had a group of more interested spectators. It was a theater—nature furnished the scenery, and art the performance. An audience of twenty-five thousand looked upon the drama. In each breast was a feeling of retribution, for the waters rippled at their feet, in which was buried the gallant tars of the Cumberland and Congress. Hearts swelled with exultation as each shot told on treason.

On May ninth, at midnight, Gens. Wool and Mansfield, and Gen. Max Webber, with his brigade, consisting of the Twentieth New York, Sixteenth Massachusetts, Tenth New York, Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania, two cavalry companies, and a battery, took steamers at Fortress Monroe, and made a landing in Willoughby Bay, at a place called Ocean View.

The Twentieth New York landed first, and, deploying as skirmishers, pushed rapidly forward, starting up a rebel cavalry picket from breakfast, and following so rapidly as to occupy their barracks, and capture their dry goods. This was one mile from the landing. Our force pushed rapidly forward, until within three miles of Norfolk. At Tanner's Bridge a small force of rebels were met, with three pieces of artillery. The bridge was in flames. Part of the brigade countermarched on another road, and the rebels, seeing the movement, suddenly left. Our soldiers pushed forward, and

at eight o'clock, Saturday night, the Sixteenth Massachusetts and Twentieth New York rushed through the intrenchments, and Norfolk was ours. The enemy had abandoned the city.

There was a good road, about ten miles in length, leading from Norfolk to Ocean View—a fashionable watering place. Here the surf breaks heavily on the beach. By a singular oversight, no cannon had been placed upon this naturally strong position. The formation of the sand banks, which are a peculiarity of the sea coast, made embankments unnecessary. In fact, they are natural fortifications. They rise abruptly from twenty to fifty feet on the ocean side, and descend as abruptly on the land side.

When the rebels heard of our landing at what they supposed to be such an impossible place, their feelings of chagrin were indescribable. They telegraphed to Richmond that seventy-five thousand Yankees had landed, though there were not over five thousand. Then commenced the work of destruction and terror. For two days they were busy in destroying property. On Craney Island, they burnt buildings, machine shops, and founderies. They burnt the Gosport Navy Yard, blew up the dry dock, and destroyed the shops. They tried to burn the railroad bridge, but were prevented by the timely arrival of the Union soldiers.

On Sunday the Federal troops marched through the city of Norfolk. The men sneered at our sunburnt volunteers, and the women scowled. But what cared we? We were the victors, and could endure sneers.

At daylight, Sunday, the rebel crew of the Merrimac, learning of the surrender of their harbor, and our possession of the entire peninsula, fearing the guns in front, and dreading a visit from the Monitor, abandoned, in utter desperation, their vessel, having previously applied a slow match to the magazine, which, upon igniting, shook the earth for miles around. Thus did the Merrimac—the great terror of our navy—commit suicide.

Norfolk, with its narrow streets, and old-fashioned brick stores, resembled the lower portion of New York City. Nine-tenths of the stores were closed, and the dwelling houses seemed to lack inhabitants, though through the closed

blinds, as the martial music preceded some new force of Union soldiers, might be seen curious eyes, sometimes stern, but oftener frightened.

The scenery around the city was beautiful. A healthier location could not be found. The sea breeze cooled the air, and made the heat of the sun endurable. The river wound its way among capes and islands, its banks covered with pines, and adorned by many beautiful residences. A splendid building was the Naval Hospital. A very handsome garden surrounded it. The green lawn in front was soon covered by our troops, and Union music issued from its portico.

THE SITUATION BEFORE RICHMOND.

The line of defense against the further advance of the Union army towards Richmond, was the Chickahominy River. This river is formed by the junction of several small streams north of Richmond. Its general course is south-east. It is a sluggish stream, with swampy shores and low banks, which overflow after heavy rains. Its bed is full of stumps, and resembles our western bayous. Along both sides of the belt of wooded swamp, inclosing the Chickahominy, is a tract of level, open country, running back for a short distance on each side. Beyond, on the Richmond side, are heavy pine woods, intersected with numerous winding paths, for it is an old country, having been settled nearly two hundred years.

With this difficult stream to cross, its fords guarded by the enemy's artillery and riflemen, and its woods swarming with troops, the army necessarily moved slowly. There were bridges to build under fire of the enemy, roads to make, transportation to accompany the column; yet, by immense effort, all this was accomplished, and after a few brilliant skirmishes at Bottom Bridge, New Bridge and other points, the advance division of the army of the Potomac, under the command of Gen. Casey, crossed the Chickahominy, within six miles of Richmond, near Fair Oaks Station. There had been heavy rains the day previous, the ground on which they camped was flooded, and being of a clayey texture rendered

it impossible to move artillery. A more desolate country is seldom seen. Acres of trees had been felled to prevent the further advance of our army. Every house was in ruins. The men, to quench their thirst, had to drink slimy water.

On May thirtieth occurred a terrific thunder and rain storm which lasted all night, converting the spongy soil into a bog, and raising the waters of the Chickahominy so as to carry away two bridges Gen. Sumner had prepared for the passage of his column. The men having dug a few rifle pits, and felled timber, were exhausted by the storms of the night and the labors of the morning; and while cooking coffee and preparing dinner, the outer pickets were driven in. Thus began the battle of Fair Oaks, May thirty-first.

BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

It was noon, when the scattered fire of our pickets startled our camp. The One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania advanced to support the pickets. They went out quickly, and came in contact with the enemy's front line of battle before our men had loaded their guns. At once they received a full and destructive volley, which cut down one-fourth and demoralized the rest. They fell back in confusion, carrying with them discouragement to the forming columns, and were no more in the fight that day.

That surprise, while it disorganized the regiment, proved the great error which had been committed, in allowing ourselves to be surprised, and in sending out a small force with empty guns.

Gen. Casey's force hastily formed, and Col. Bailey, getting his artillery in position, opened fire as the rebel column poured through the woods in front.

The rebel army had started from Richmond in three columns; one came down the railroad on the right, another attacked the camp through the woods, directly in front, and the third came down the Charles City road, on the left, but failed on account of the high water to take part in the battle. Their object was to crush Casey's force before reinforcements should cross the Chickahominy. From the proverbial slow-

ness of our movements, they had every reason to look for the success of their plan, and failed only from the facts that their left column did not connect, and that our surprised troops fought with a desperation wholly unexpected. Perfectly informed of our position and force, they chose a point for the attack which could least endure it. They intended the blow to be desperate, and made it with their best troops. Eighteen thousand men, of high courage and discipline, of the rebel army, led by Gen. Longstreet, left Richmond that day and went out to battle. Never did courage and daring come nearer success. But they were beaten, and if our commanders had known the state of affairs, we could have followed their shattered columns into Richmond.

Gen. Casey's force, on that day, consisted of about six thousand effective men; they were broken down by sickness and hard marches, and from the effects of the surprise, fought at great disadvantage. With this feeble division Gen. Casey had but a small force to meet the combined rebel attack. But no thought of yielding entered the mind of this old soldier, scarred with the wounds of many battles and familiar with danger. His troops were at once formed, his three brigades maintaining their positions on the right, left and center.

Preparations were made to resist the attack. Spratt's battery was posted on the right, Regan's next, near the Williamsburgh road, Bates' battery on the left, and Fitch's battery in the rear.

The vigor with which the enemy pressed forward indicated the confidence of superior strength. Two rebel regiments pressed Gen. Naglee on the right; another felt Gen. Wassell on the center; and a third Gen. Palmer on the left, pouring in a fire hot and heavy, advancing with great resolution in face of a steady fire of canister and grape. The rebels had little artillery, and were evidently disposed to make good that deficiency by coming to close quarters, with their superior force, to break down by numbers the skeleton regiments of the advanced column.

Most of Gen. Casey's troops were thrown forward to the edge of the woods in front, to meet the advance of the rebels,

a few regiments having been left behind the slight rifle pits, rifle pits but in name, for they were only two feet deep, and afforded no protection to the men. Besides this, their camp was on an open field, with no protection, while the rebels, as usual, advanced through timber.

Thus a division, unused to war, was suddenly exposed, in an open field, to the heaviest fire, from a concealed enemy. Terribly the tempest raged; musket balls filled the air like hail; officer after officer fell before the deadly fire; men were cut down like grass; and the rebel column pressed on to victory. They took possession of the camp and buried their dead on the battle field.

For four hours Casey's men fought three times their number, and yielded only half a mile to the enemy. Gen. Casey showed great courage and skill. Although he lost one-fourth of his division, he held the rebels in check till Couch's division advanced.

The troops of Gen. Couch then advanced to the battle. It has often been our misfortune to put our troops forward in detached bodies, while the enemy massed his solid columns within supporting distance.

A short pause took place between the retreat of Casey's division, and the advance of Couch. The troops of the latter were so drawn up that when the enemy pressed forward his right wing became first engaged. Here the Twenty-Third Pennsylvania regiment was posted. They reserved their fire until the enemy was close upon them, and then poured in a sheet of living flame. But the increasing forces of the enemy compelled them to fall back. Rebels seemed to spring from the very earth. From each bush, and brake and tree an armed warrior sprang. The bushes shook with their rustling movement. They sprang up, as if by magic, and, with triumphant yells, their columns swept onward. Our ranks broke like glass before their terrible fire; our shattered column fell back, and left the enemy in possession of the camp, the battle field, and its trophies.

Col. Bailey, Chief of Artillery, who so gallantly opened the battle, was shot early in the afternoon. Major Van Valkenburg was also killed, with many other brave officers and men.

The rebel army camped on the ground occupied by Casey's division before the battle. All night they were burying their dead, and placing little shingle slabs, marked with the name and regiment of their fallen comrades. Sometimes they were buried singly, but oftener in clusters. Huge pits were dug in which the dead were tumbled without ceremony. For weeks after the battle the mounds raised over these pits swarmed with green carrion flies, and the sides of the mounds cracking open, exposed the decaying remains under their light covering of clay.

Sometimes, in the bushes, the dead could not be found; for the battle was fought mostly in a thick undergrowth, although it culminated on the open field where Casey camped. Strolling among these bushes, a few days after the battle, the bodies of dead soldiers could be seen. The dead lay with "their back to the field and their feet to the foe."

THE SECOND DAY.

Flushed with their victory on Saturday, the rebel army awoke with confidence on Sunday, to follow up their movements, sure of driving our column this time into, or beyond, the Chickahominy. Our army was ready to meet them.

During the night the divisions of Gens. Sedgwick and Richardson had crossed and taken position. Heintzelman was there with the fighting divisions of Hooker and Kearney. Sumner, French, Keyes, Meagher, and Howard had arrived, with part of their forces.

The rebel army occupied a piece of woods and the open field of our camp; their line extended from our extreme left, on White Oak Swamp, to the railroad near Fair Oaks Station, on our right.

On our right, on the other side of the railroad, the divisions of Gens. Sedgwick and Richardson were posted, their left resting on Hooker's right. Hooker's division occupied the center, in the wood fronting Sneed's house, on the Williamsburgh road, and Gen. Keyes the left.

About seven o'clock in the morning the fire of our pickets denoted the advance of the rebels. Heintzelman sent Hooker

to drive them from the woods, from which the head of their column was emerging. Kearney was fighting desperately on the extreme left. Our whole line advanced delivering terrific volleys. Again and again, the enemy pushed forward. They gathered in masses in the woods and dashed at our batteries, but were swept back by the murderous hurricane of grape and canister. The rebels found it impossible to break our lines and we found it difficult to shake them off.

The officers were all in their places, animating their men, who moved steadily forward, delivering their fire coolly and regularly. Thus continued the desperate struggle all day. The sun at last went down shining dimly through the sulphurous smoke of the battle. Dark night came on only to add to the horrors. The enemy still gathered in masses in the woods, occasionally making a dash at our batteries, only to be driven back. Sheets of flame issued from the woods; storms of bullets tore through the leaves and struggling men; the wild yells of the combatants drowned at times all other sounds, and it seemed as if human beings were turned into fiends. It was past eight o'clock when the battle ceased. We held our position, but the enemy held his, and was consoled for his disappointment in not driving us from ours by the spoils of Casey's and Couch's camp. The battle begun in disgrace to us, and ended with a severe repulse to the enemy.

The battle was over, but what pen can describe its scenes of agony? Friends and foes lay scattered over the field in their dying struggles. Here were deserted camps—dead and dying filled its tents—horses, wounded and mangled rushed to and fro. Here were Union soldiers; there rebels. Every wound known to the human body was seen in ghastly reality. All wanted water, those who could, crawled through mud, and drank eagerly the slimy flood. Some screamed, others moaned, and a few turned their eyes upward and breathed a silent prayer.

While lying thus, between life and death, a thousand thoughts crowd in a moment's space, upon the busy mind. The dearest scenes of life pass vividly before you. All seems quiet and pleasant. No thought of pain, or of death; but an abandonment of mind filled with beautiful scenes dearest

to the heart. Is this death? Happy they who thus pass through the dark valley, leaning on the arm of their Saviour.

Our loss, during the fight of these two days, was eight hundred and ninety killed, three thousand six hundred and twenty-seven wounded, one thousand two hundred and twenty-two missing, most of whom were prisoners, total five thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine. The rebel loss was four thousand two hundred and thirty-three, killed, wounded and missing. The rebels claim to have taken ten pieces of artillery, six thousand stand of arms, five colors, and a large amount of camp equipage.

The rebel army retired leisurely and in good order from the battle field of Fair Oaks, finding, from the rapidity with which the Union army received reinforcements, that they could not drive them back.

Our forces did not pursue, but contented themselves with occupying the battle ground, building redoubts, and constructing rifle pits. In the meantime, the Army of the Potomac was reinforced by Wool's veterans from Norfolk, and McCall's division. Most of our army was over the Chickahominy. The Williamsburgh road was open. B. Estvan, in "War Pictures from the South," says:

"The nearer the Federal forces approached Richmond, the greater became the tumult and disorder there. The conduct of the Confederate Government on this occasion, instead of allaying, served to increase the confusion; for instead of making a decisive effort with the forces then at Richmond, they ordered all the public officials to pack up their effects, and hand them over to the charge of the ordnance department, and directed the magazines to be cleared, and their contents carried away farther South. President Davis himself showed the white feather, for he hurried off with his wife and family to North Carolina; and, as may be supposed, that did not serve to allay the alarm of the people. In short, dismay and confusion reached their highest pitch. Gen. Winder's secret police lost all power of acting. The civic authorities of Richmond were anxious to do something, but were too bewildered to grapple with the mischief. A small number of desperate fellows from Baltimore took advantage

of these circumstances, and, at a public meeting, which they convened, actually passed a resolution for burning down Richmond the moment the enemy should attack the town. The sick and wounded were conveyed into the interior; many public buildings, as well as private houses, were made ready to be set fire to; and the distracted city was apparently on the eve of a great catastrophe."

This statement, if true, confirms what has frequently been asserted, that after the battle of Fair Oaks, our army could have easily taken Richmond.

From the second of June until the thirteenth, our army was busy digging, and felling timber, to prevent the rebels from taking us, while in the rebel capital all was confusion and terror, and its chief was sending messengers to every portion of the Confederacy to send to Richmond every regiment; to sacrifice all for the preservation of the threatened capital. Soon they were joined by a portion of Beauregard's army, which had slipped through Halleck's fingers at Corinth. While we were digging, and countermarching, and losing valuable time, the enemy were massing troops to overwhelm us. The series of battles came, alas! too soon. Gen. McClellan deemed it advisable to withdraw his army to the shelter of the gunboats on the James River.

Every few days, from the third until the twelfth of June, there was skirmishing along our line in front of Richmond. Occasionally a regiment was sent through the woods or swamps in front, to discover the position of the enemy, but were generally driven back with loss, after penetrating a short distance within the enemy's lines.

The enemy seemed to be sleepless, and every night our entire front line was aroused by heavy picket firing. Falling in behind their rifle pits, the Federals waited sometimes all day for an attack. The Union soldiers were ordered out every night to construct rifle pits. Some, weary and sick, continued to dig, until death relieved them from fatigue.

Thus dragged along the movements in front of Richmond, until June the thirteenth, when our sluggishness was startled by a bold and dashing movement of Gen. Stuart's rebel cavalry on our rear. This feat was so daring that a detailed account will be interesting.

STUART'S CAVALRY RAID.

The rebel force consisted of about twelve hundred cavalry, and a section of flying artillery, under command of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. It quietly met beyond the Chickahominy, near Kilby's station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburgh and Potomac Railroad, and moved thence parallel to, and to the left of, the road. It proceeded by the way of Hanover Court House, where it encountered the pickets of McDowell; but they fell back towards Fredericksburgh, thus opening a gap in our lines. So soon as Gen. Stuart was informed of this overcaution of McDowell's pickets, he expressed great satisfaction, and dashed rapidly forward. The column proceeded by the way of Eden Church, and Haw's Shop. Between these places, they were encountered by the Fifth United States cavalry, and a spirited fight ensued, resulting in driving our men back. They then proceeded to Tunstall's Station, on the York River Railroad, on their route capturing wagons, and destroying property. One part of the force was detached to the Pamunkey River, where they destroyed two transports, and a large amount of stores. The railroad bridge over Black Creek was burned, thus cutting off the Army of the Potomac from its supplies. They then proceeded to New Kent Court House, and destroyed more stores. At a little before dawn, on Sunday, June the sixteenth, they arrived upon the banks of the Chickahominy, near Forge Bridge. The bridge had been destroyed. This was near Charles City Road, and under the fire of the Union gunboats on the James River. The stream was not fordable. What was to be done? The Union forces were in rapid pursuit. Thousands were filling the woods and pushing on to capture their daring foe. First one horseman, then another, plunged into the flood—too deep; no ford to be discovered; no bridge. At last they thought of the old bridge at Jones' Ford; that could be repaired. At it they went, and soon accomplished the task. Then the daring band galloped up the Charles City Road, and entered the rebel lines.

THE SITUATION.

For nearly three weeks the opposing armies had looked upon each other without any decisive combat. But there was very little rest, for every night our pickets were attacked. Every day we had a hot sun or a drenching rain. The men were exhausted with work in the rifle pits. The immense labor imposed on the soldiers, with its constant alarms, reduced our effective force nearly one-fourth. The left wing, which was on the right bank of the Chickahominy, had intrenchments along its entire front, for it was exposed at any time to an attack from the whole rebel army. The right wing was on the left bank of the river, and reached to Mechanicsville. Thus the army laid in the shape of a V after the battle of Fair Oaks, and until the grand attack of the rebel army on the twenty-sixth of June.

The right wing, consisting of McCall's, Morrell's and Sykes' divisions, about twenty-five thousand strong, was posted from Beaver Dam to New Bridge. The center, comprising Smith's, Sedgwick's and Richardson's divisions, reached from New Bridge to the York River railroad. The left wing, consisting of Hooker's, Kearney's and Couch's divisions covered the front from the railroad to the edge of White Oak Swamp. It was seventeen miles to the James river, and twenty-five miles to the Pamunkey, where our base was at the White House. White Oak Swamp covered our left, although several roads, between it and the James river, would have enabled the enemy to cut off any communication in that direction, provided they moved in time. The effective force of our army was about ninety-five thousand men.

In front of Kearney's lines was an open space, partly swamp and partly felled timber, forming an abattis. In front of Hooker was a series of open fields and swamps; at their further edge thick woods.

On the twenty-fifth of June, early in the morning, Heintzelman's corps was ordered to advance and drive the enemy from cover. Pushing rapidly forward, Hooker's division drove the enemy from their rifle pits, and into the woods

at their rear. The fight raged fiercely for a time, but the enemy, finding themselves in danger of being flanked on their right, by Gen. Kearney, fell back, and Hooker held his position.

Gen. Kearney meanwhile had advanced through swamp and slashed timber a mile in front of his rifle pits. So soon as his force entered the woods skirmishing commenced, but the enemy was steadily pressed back, until his left came suddenly in contact with a log house filled with rebels. A volley was poured into our advancing column, killing and wounding several men, but the line pushed rapidly forward and the rebels fled, leaving behind their haversacks and blankets.

This log house had once been a school house. Near it was an abandoned dwelling surrounded by an orchard. To the right was a wheat field. To the left a meadow. Beyond heavy woods.

Our advanced line took position along a fence in the wheat field, orchard and meadow, while the reserve lay down in the woods. Soon a shell burst in the road close to the house, and then a shower of grape hissed through the branches of the apple trees over the heads of our troops. We then discovered the enemy had batteries commanding the position. Presently a shell whizzed at right angles over our heads. The enemy had a cross-fire on our troops. Gen. Kearney quickly got a section of a battery in position and replied, and succeeded in setting fire to a house in which their sharpshooters were posted, and had a lively skirmish. The fire of our battery brought on a battle.

BATTLE OF ORCHARDS.

It was now about six o'clock. The reserve was resting in the woods, listening to the shells flying through the branches of the trees. It seemed too late for a general battle. An orderly ran up to Gen. Robinson, with information that the enemy were advancing in force across the wheat field. The Eighty-Seventh New York was in front, and its Colonel had sent the message to Gen. Robinson asking for support.

Col. Brown, of the Twentieth Indiana, whose regiment

was lying in column of division, at once ordered his men to deploy, and they at once advanced. The fire grew fierce in front. The Twentieth, so soon as they reached the crest of a hill in the woods, were assailed with a heavy fire; with a yell and a cheer they gallantly charged the enemy. They were provided with patent water proof cartridges, which required no biting. Charging down the hill they met the enemy at a fence in the wheat field. Then roared forth their fire. The battle raged furiously. The Twentieth, eager and enthusiastic, rushed like wild wolves upon the First Louisiana, Third and Fourth Georgia, and a North Carolina regiment, driving them like frightened sheep. In front of them was a rebel battery. Capt. Lytle seeing it waved his sword and ordered his men to take it. Just then the gallant Captain fell mortally wounded. Still our line pushed forward, the enemy giving way, when suddenly, from the sedgy pines on the right, a destructive fire enfiladed our line. The men hesitated. They could not fight an unseen foe. A fire now opened from concealed forces on the left. Rising from behind a fence in front, swarms of grey-backs appeared. The regiment fell back, losing one hundred and ninety-two in killed and wounded. The rebels reported their loss six hundred and fifty in killed and wounded.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The dark night came on, and, although reinforcements arrived, it was too late to renew the fight. The forces slept that night in the woods and swamps, under the heavy fogs of June. The quiet of the night was occasionally broken by the fire of frightened pickets. The battle field was between the contending forces. All night long could be heard the groans of the wounded. From ditches and swamps came up their doleful cries, causing even the hardest hearts to weep. Their sufferings could not be relieved, for when efforts were made to remove the wounded, the rebel pickets fired on our details. A few of the most daring of the Twentieth, succeeded in rescuing the gallant Capt. Lytle, who afterwards died in hospital at Washington.

In the darkness some of our pickets killed their own comrades. The dreary hours dragged along till the gray dawn stole slowly in, and found our men waiting anxiously for the events of the day.

The sun arose, baking the fields into clay, its fierce rays scorching the wounded, who were dying for lack of water. The order came to fall back.

INCIDENTS.

In the rear of the column, at a turn in the road, behind a wood pile, lay two "blue coats" apparently sleeping. All was now quiet in the woods, the insects were chirping, and the birds singing their morning songs. The dewy leaves fluttered softly in the gentle breeze. The sun, where it penetrated the leafy coverts, sparkled upon the glittering drops of water the dew had left upon the leaves. All nature was hushed, as if it were a Sabbath of quiet. No sounds of strife; no noise of tumult. The men were quietly sleeping. One lay close to the wood pile; the other a little further off. Quietly approaching, a Union officer gently laid his hand on the shoulder of one and bade him wake up; but he could not be waked. His pantaloons were tucked into his socks, his rifle was clasped in his hands; his overcoat was on; he was full rigged as a soldier, and yet he slept. Stooping down the officer looked into his face, and observed a bullet hole in his left temple. He slept his last sleep. He went to the other sleeper; alas! he also slept the sleep of death. Quietly as little children, they slumbered upon the green moss of the woods in front of Richmond. No friends will ever know where they lie. No happy family on earth, will ever greet their return. A rifle, taken from one of them, had on the belt, "F. McCullough, company F." Thus do our braves lie unknown among the swamps of the Chickahominy. But the sacrifice will not be in vain. They need no monument to perpetuate their memory, for their deeds will live in the hearts of a grateful people. Their little fatherless children, now too young to realize their loss, may pronounce the simple and beautiful eulogy upon them, "My father fought and died for his country."

FURTHER MOVEMENTS.

On the morning of June twenty-sixth, Heintzelman's corps, composed of the divisions of Hooker and Kearney, fell back from their advanced position to their rifle pits, redans and fortifications on the Fair Oaks battle field. Here they rested for the day. At ten o'clock the rebels sent up a balloon from which a view of our position was taken.

At twelve o'clock there was heavy firing on the right. The troops of Gen. Hill had crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, and attacked McCall, the advance of our right on the left bank. The fight was severe; but our troops held a strong position at Beaver Dam. There McCall had cut an abattis and thrown up earthworks, which held the enemy till dark. This vigorous resistance compelled the enemy to throw numerous reinforcements across the river. During the night our troops fell back and took position at Gaines' Mills.

In the meantime Gen. Jackson had crossed at Mechanicsville Bridge, and, bearing in the direction of Coal Harbor, threatened our communications with the White House. Gen. D. H. Hill was crossing at New Bridge. So soon as Jackson arrived at Coal Harbor, Gens. Lee and Longstreet took command of the three columns, and approached Gaines' Mills.

One portion of our army was on the south side of the Chickahominy, fronting Richmond, and confronted by Gen. Magruder. The other portion, on the north side, had fallen back to a new line, and were confronted by the united forces of Jackson, Hill and Longstreet.

As the rebels, who had advantage of position, greatly outnumbered the Federal forces, Gen. McClellan,—not having received the expected reinforcements,—made preparations for retreating to the James River, across White Oak Swamp, to Harrison's Landing, a distance of about seventeen miles. The battles which ensued, were fought to cover the retreat of the army and save its immense trains. There was but one narrow road to pursue. Its course was due south from the Williamsburgh road, through White Oak Swamp, to the Charles City Road, about eight miles from the James River,

near Turkey Bend. Thence it took a south-westerly course to Malvern Hills, which was our last line of defense.

The night of the twenty-seventh, the whole of the long train connected with the right wing of the army, crossed the Chickahominy by different bridges, and joined the long train which took its winding way towards the James River. Orders were given to destroy all the stores and magazines along the railway to the White House, and evacuate that position.

BATTLE OF GAINES' MILLS.

This battle was fought in a rolling country, heavily wooded, at intervals open, with a few cleared fields. There is an unbroken succession of undulating hills two miles round the battle field. The whole country, as seen from the north door of Gaines' house, is unbroken, open, undulating, and table land. The right of this table land descends from Gaines' house to the creek. To the left there are ravines, with dense timber further to the left; the front being mostly table land. To the southeast, there is a large tract of timber commanding all advances upon the main road, in which were posted our troops and batteries.

At three, P. M., the enemy advanced, under Gen. Prior, and made an onslaught on our skirmishers posted in the woods, who fell back to the main column. Meanwhile, our batteries, from the high grounds, swept the whole face of the country. All that saved the rebel columns from utter destruction, was the gulleys and dips in which they screened their men.

Suddenly, in front, appeared a large force of the enemy, who rushed down into a wide gulley, crossed it, climbed over the felled timber, under a fierce fire, and began to ascend the hill on which our batteries were posted. An incessant discharge of grape and canister swept their ranks. Twenty-six pieces of artillery thundered a leaden storm through their line. Yet on they came, with guns at right-shoulder-shift, ready for the charge. They had nearly reached our guns, when, springing from the low timber, which had concealed them, several regiments poured a deadly fire in their faces.

This, they could not stand, and fell back in terror and dismay. Generals and Colonels had to march on foot, their horses having been shot. Regiments were commanded by Captains, and companies by Sergeants.

Receiving new supports, they again, with savage yells and colors flying, advanced. A perfect hurricane of fire met them, yet on they came. Swarming from the woods—springing from the solid ground—one interminable mass of foemen rushed upon us only to be driven back again with immense slaughter. Our infantry, from the woods, thinned their ranks, while our artillery, from the knobs, swept them from the ground.

Finding they could not force our center, they massed their troops on our left, but were met by a gallant resistance. Suddenly the roar of musketry increased in volume towards the extreme left. Jackson had got to our flank and rear, and was pouring in his fresh troops.

It was now past six o'clock. The ringing volleys of musketry sounded like the reverberating thunder, while the louder roar of artillery was the thunder itself, followed by its vivid flashes, lighting up the heavens. For two hours our left withstood this terrible shock of battle. The columns surged back and forth. First one yielding, then another. Our reserves were exhausted. The enemy still poured in masses of fresh troops. At last our line gave way, and swept back over the river. We had about thirty-five thousand men engaged. The rebel force was estimated at sixty thousand. The loss was very heavy on both sides. At night our forces crossed the grape vine bridge, and moved down the Williamsburgh road toward White Oak Swamp.

THE LEFT.

While this fight raged on the right, all was calm and peaceful on the left. They thought they were going into Richmond. They had heard nothing of defeat or disaster, and when at night the flashes of artillery, and the continued roar, told of the battle, they listened anxiously for the result, and, when the battle ceased, they anxiously looked for a messenger

with good news. The first thing they heard was a band playing in front. A report rapidly spread that our right had gained a hill near Richmond, and were about to shell the city. The men fell into line, and gave long and continued cheers; and, for the first time, music poured forth its cheering and stirring notes amid the swamps of the Chickahominy. Out came the veterans from their tents, and cheered. Cheered till they were hoarse, and, turning in, went to sleep again, to wake up and find all delusion, and the whole Union army in rapid retreat.

THE RETREAT.

On the morning of June twenty-eighth, the left wing of the army, which had been eagerly waiting to receive the order of "forward march," was startled at the strange movement of our columns. All night long the rumbling of artillery had been heard, and the white tops of our wagons been seen disappearing through the woods and swamps down the Williamsburgh road. Fatigue parties, too, were working at a second line of defenses, a mile in the rear of our first line, covering a turn in the Williamsburgh road. This did not look like "onward to Richmond."

Then came an order to draw six day's rations; pack up everything the wagons could hold; burn and destroy what we could not carry. Each man in Heintzelman's corps drew one hundred and fifty rounds of cartridges. The fighting division of the knightly Kearney was assigned as the rear guard of the Army of the Potomac.

From early daylight immense trains of artillery, intermingled with infantry, and cavalry, stragglers, cooks, sick and wounded, and droves of cattle passed our camp at Fair Oaks and poured down the narrow road in our rear. At the station huge piles of army stores were burned, the smoke of which curled dismally upwards. The rising sun, shining through the dismal curtain of smoke, appeared to be stained with blood. The sick, who could walk, were ordered to a hospital in White Oak Swamp. One of the most heart sickening features of this retreat was to see those pallid, dying

heroes, wondering helplessly and almost hopelessly along to some haven of rest. The government had not furnished our Chief with sufficient means for attending to the wants of our wounded, for there were at that time only a few two-wheeled ambulances attached to each brigade. These rude vehicles jolted so painfully that it was enough to kill a wounded man to ride in them.

But the most awful feature was the fact, which soon became apparent, that our wounded and mangled heroes who lay in the hospitals moaning in agony, would have to be deserted and left to the enemy. How could men fight, when they knew this would be their inevitable fate, if wounded. Yet they did fight, and like a band of knightly heroes, hurled the enemy back from every position they occupied in defense, until worn out and almost dead with fighting and fatigue, they plunged down in the muddy flat of the James river, at the end of the Seven Day's Battles. Some reached there only to lie down and die. Numerous graves dot the plain where our weary army rested.

The right wing of our army, after crossing the Chickahominy on Friday night, moved down the Williamsburgh road toward White Oak Swamp. On Saturday a force of the enemy attacked a position on Garnett's farm, near New Bridge. They were repulsed with heavy loss, and our forces fell back to Savage Station about six miles from Richmond, on the York River railroad. In the meantime, Jackson, moving between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey, captured the most of the Fourth New Jersey and Eleventh Pennsylvania regiments.

At daylight on the twenty-eighth our whole line on the left were drawn up in line of battle, having left our intrenchments in front, and fallen back to a position about a mile in the rear. Here small earthworks were thrown up, batteries masked in the woods, and infantry placed in the rifle pits. Before us were deserted camps. The thick smoke from the burning stores notified the enemy that we had undertaken some important movement. Behind us were the struggling masses of wagons, artillery, infantry, cavalry, sutler's carts, sick and wounded. In short, the paraphernalia of a large army.

It was a melancholy and desolate scene. As the banners waved, and the smoke ascended, and the long lines of men were drawn up to cover the retreat, a feeling of desolation spread over the hearts of the Union soldiery.

The enemy had thrown forces between our army and the Pamunkey to cut off retreat in that direction, and now they came pouring out from Richmond to complete their programme.

BATTLE OF PEACH ORCHARD.

At daylight, June twenty-ninth, one column came down the railroad from Richmond, and another down the Williamsburgh road. They had with them a railroad battery, mounted on a platform car. The Federal forces took position near the old battle ground of Fair Oaks, designated as Peach Orchard Station. The enemy opened with two batteries on our left, but their fire was ineffective. The rebel columns were permitted to come within three hundred yards of the Federal lines, when the whole terrible fire of our column burst upon them. They staggered, and before they could close up their broken ranks, our pieces again belched forth destructive fire. The enemy were fearfully cut up. For half an hour the fire was so rapid that it seemed the echo of one continued roar. They replied feebly, but were repulsed at every point with heavy loss.

They tried to flank us on the left, but our lines were extended to a creek about a mile in the rear of Savage Station. Our line of retreat was covered on the Williamsburgh road, and the enemy beaten back every time he made a new charge. To us it was a decisive victory, for it gave us time, and time was everything at this eventful crisis. The fight lasted from eight, A. M., till noon. Our forces fell back to Savage Station.

THE BATTLE OF SAVAGE STATION.

At Savage Station there is, on the right of the railroad facing Richmond, an open field of several hundred acres.

It was surrounded on three sides by timber, with the road from Smith's old camp debouching from the woods into the field at the west end.

Smith's division took position on the north side, in the edge of the woods, and Sedgwick's division on the east side, in the woods. At the open side, towards the railroad, two guns were planted, while in front twelve brass Napoleons, hidden by bushes, were ready to pour grape and canister into the advancing foe.

The enemy advanced rapidly, his skirmishers in advance of his main line. As they emerged from the woods into the open field, they caught sight of our two guns, purposely exposed, and having a mania for charging batteries, they at once advanced with great confidence and terrific yells.

Their onset was met and repulsed. Like wild beasts they charged and poured in their fire. With cool, calm courage our veterans hurled in their faces a fire so terrible that their columns recoiled in confusion. Our Napoleons thundered through their ranks, while a whole division poured in a fire of musketry.

In the meantime a rebel brigade was observed stealing down to the right, apparently with the design of flanking our troops by reaching a point on the Williamsburgh road. Two guns were quickly planted on the railroad, and swept with grape and canister their column, till it broke in confusion and fled to the woods.

Heavy infantry fighting then ensued, in which parts of Sedgwick's, Hooker's, Kearney's and Smith's divisions were engaged. The enemy advanced with great confidence; but they were as confidently met by our cool soldiers. Their steady columns melted before the fire of four thousand muskets and the deadly hail of our batteries.

Night came on, but put no end to the carnage. The steady roar of cannon, and the sharp, quick ring of musketry, now rolling in volleys, and anon reverberating as our men fired by file, proved that the bold rear guard was doing its whole duty. The dark night was lit up by the glare. The woods caught fire from bursting shells, and painted ruthless war upon the sky. The battle commenced about five, P. M., and

lasted till eleven at night. It was one of the desperate battles of the war. Our loss in killed and wounded was about one thousand. The enemy were repulsed, our trains saved, and at midnight our weary but resolute soldiers fell back to White Oak Swamp.

All through Sunday night our flank guard marched to the left, with the enemy following and evincing a disposition to harrass them. But the Union forces moved in good order down the single road which crossed the White Oak Swamp. Reaching the bridge, the column crossed, and, planting artillery on the hills, destroyed the bridge, and waited the approach of the enemy.

A deep creek crosses White Oak Swamp, emptying into the Chickahominy. It was six feet deep at the point where our men built the bridge. As it is approached from Richmond, the road, skirted with woods, descends abruptly. On the opposite side, it winds around hills, shaped like bee-hives. This was our strong position of defense. The swamp could not be crossed, save by this road. Jackson was sweeping down on the left bank of the Chickahominy, threatening our line of retreat by the Charles City Road, and Magruder was pouring his veterans down the New Market road from Richmond. McClellan relied on our gunboats, and delay, to out-general Jackson, and knew that Heintzelman, Hooker, and Kearney, would attend to Magruder. How they accomplished their task, the battle of Frazier's Farm, or Charles City Cross Roads, will testify.

Each bee-hive hill was planted with artillery, the light field pieces in front, the long range Parrotts in the rear. The infantry lay in front in rifle pits, supporting the batteries, while reserves were concealed by the woods. The Federals thus waited, on the quiet Sunday, for their eager foe.

All this time the vanguard of the Union army was pushing forward to the James River. As the head of the column emerged from the woods, a body of rebel cavalry suddenly charged upon it. McClellan expected annoyance in his front, and had masked artillery behind bushes. As the grey coats yelled in anticipation of triumph, our cavalry fell back till they were in short range. Then, from out their hiding places,

belched death, like lightning, killing their Colonel and forty men, and utterly disorganizing the force, which, like wolves, fled through the forest, troubling us no more.

THE ROUTE.

After crossing White Oak Swamp Bridge, new roads were found through the forest, and the column pushed silently on.

“One path was an old road for planters’ use, overhung with trees, and cut up by time and rains. Darkness came soon within its shades; and from the moment it grew dark, the immense line of wagons and troops began to hitch and halt. All night long these stoppages and delays occurred; and as often as they took place, the foot-falls of stragglers, upon the dried branches of the woods on either side, could be heard; and when forced to the road, their stealthy march could be seen flitting by in the faint starlight, which stole through the tree-tops.

“Halting and marching, waiting and moving, silent and listening, the great corps d’armee crept through the dark woods. To light a match, to fire the tobacco in a pipe, was a crime. Conversation, save in whispers, was interdicted. The armed thousands, and the batteries of cannon, and the immense trains of wagons, moved in darkness and silence over the sandy and tree-capped road.

“Listening for musketry in the rear; listening for cavalry on our flanks; halting and marching, sleeping and waiting—silent as if in funeral procession, we walked and walked, till a hill-top reached, and a clearing in the east, enabled us to see the coming day. With the sunrise the progress was steady. At half-past seven in the morning of June thirtieth, the column came out of the forest upon the wheat and clover fields of the Haxall estate; and, from the high ground which skirted it, the James River could be seen, and the masts of our iron-clad gunboats on its waters.”

But we must leave the right on the banks of the James River, at Malvern Hill, watching the roads debouching from Richmond, while we go back to the gallant band of heroes to the left and rear, who were the salvation of the army.

Sunday passed without a fight; our tired men retreating; the enemy following, shelling the woods as he advanced. Near White Oak Swamp was a general hospital, where all the Union sick and wounded, able to walk, had been sent previous to the retreat. The men had stretched a few tents, and were comfortable as circumstances would permit. But the enemy were upon them, and their tents had to be abandoned. Some could not walk. They were worn out and dying; and although despair lent energy to many, yet all through the terrible battle of White Oak Swamp the fire of both armies tore through the woods, where they lay helpless. The pursuit and retreat were too rapid to allow of rest, or to remove our sick and wounded from the hospital in the woods. They fell into the hands of the enemy.

White Oak Creek runs through a belt of swamp timber, precisely as the Chickahominy flows through its encompassing morass. The creek is about six feet deep, and was bridged by our engineers. A strip of bottom land lies on both sides of the swamp, and on the north side a steep hill, crowned with a farm house. This was encircled by a line of rifle pits. An abattis stretched across the bottom land. Beyond the stream the country was undulating. Near the stream was a farm house; beyond which, ran a small creek, covered by thick woods. This was the right of our position.

The house on the steep hill was the headquarters, for a time, of our Generals. Around its paing fence, on that Sunday night, many a weary soldier slept. One officer, severely wounded, lay on the grass in the door-yard. A woman bathed his wounds. Orderlies were flying to and fro. Artillery was taking position. Masses of infantry were filing through the woods. Cavalry were scouting, and soldiers building their camp-fires. Across the swamp could be heard the sound of the enemy's artillery following our columns. The rear guard lay down to rest on that dismal Sunday night in doubt and uncertainty; for they had not yet reached the James River, and knew not that our advance was there. The army, save the pickets and sentinels, slept. The gray dawn of the next day ushered in another battle.

BATTLE OF WHITE OAK SWAMP.

At daylight, Monday, June thirtieth, the head of the enemy's column, emerging from the woods, opened fire on our skirmishers. Under cover of a hill on the left bank of White Oak Creek, they threw artillery forward and opened a storm of fire from twenty-six cannon in seven batteries. Their fire was very damaging, blowing up several caissons, and creating much disorder among the troops and trains. Soon recovering, our batteries vigorously responded. An artillery duel took place. The enemy attempted to cross the stream, but were met and repulsed. Suddenly our long range Parrott guns opened fire, and the enemy recoiled. He attempted to gain the broken bridge, but so terrible was the fire of artillery and musketry that the head of their column melted away. Finding it impossible to cross, they sent a powerful force to our left, on the Charles City Cross Roads. While the battle raged on the right, the thunders of artillery and musketry rolled up from the left, reverberating from the waters of the Swamp, as if the Federal forces were surrounded by a line of fire. This battle has been called by the various names of Frazier's Farm, Glendale, and Charles City Cross Roads. It was a continuation of the battle of White Oak Swamp. The artillery still poured forth its terrible fire, from the hills on which opposing batteries were placed. Louder crashes opened the battle of Glendale.

BATTLE OF GLENDALE.

The battle was fought on a plane of sedgy pines, under cover of which our forces were disposed and our batteries skillfully masked. At about four o'clock, a heavy force of the enemy, under Gen. A. P. Hill, comprising eight brigades, were observed quietly working their way down the New Market road, in order to get between McClellan's trains and his army, to cut him off from the James River.

Heintzelman's corps, consisting of the divisions of Hooker and Kearney, were in position and met the advance of the enemy with a terrible fire. Orders were sent to our advance

to countermarch up the Charles City road, and Porter, Sumner, and Keyes hastened to the rescue.

Meanwhile the enemy hurled immense masses against our lines. McCall's division was routed, and broke in disorder. Following closely upon their footsteps came the howling masses of the enemy, pressing our columns into the woods. They were met by a front fire from the Sixteenth Massachusetts, and a diagonal fire from the Sixty-Ninth Pennsylvania, which broke their advance and caused them to fall back. The firing from musketry and field batteries was now incessant. The enemy did fearful execution in our ranks. Some of our most valuable officers fell. Painfully the battle went on. The roar of artillery and musketry was so familiar to the soldiers, that to them it seemed to be the natural condition of things that men should fight.

The fresh troops of the enemy pressed forward with great exultation. Column after column uncovered from the woods and poured terrible volleys into our lines. The bushes rustled with their thronging footsteps, and the sunlight gleamed from their almost countless muskets. Human nature could endure no more. Our line fell back, and the battle seemed to be lost. It was now five o'clock. The fate of the army was trembling in the balance, when a louder roar on our left spoke of a new ally. The gunboats had come to our rescue, and the battle was saved.

When the gunboats opened their loud fire, the previous roar of field artillery seemed faint as the rattle of musketry. Their colossal shells shook the solid earth, and completely drowned the feeble chorus of battle. As the shells descended among the thronging masses of the enemy, whole ranks were scattered. Confusion and terror took place of confidence. The Galena poured whole broadsides of fire, her shells flew through the forests carrying death and destruction in their track. The Jacob Bell and Aroostock poured in their fire, the moral effect was most encouraging for the Union army. A saviour had come, and the army gathered new life.

It was almost dark. The battle must soon be decided. The foe was gathering new force in front. Heintzelman collected his forces, and, with Kearney and Hooker, prepared to end

the combat. The enemy advanced. As if lightning had burst from the earth, a sheet of fire met them. They stood a little while. But Kearney, Grover and Sickles, rushed forward with their veterans. The enemy's lines gave way, and could not be rallied. Of fourteen thousand men that left Richmond, it is said only eight thousand marched back. Our loss was three thousand five hundred. This battle saved the army.

All that night the torches of the enemy could be seen in our front. They were gathering up the wounded. The cries of the wounded sounded most piteously from the deadly swamps, and the light of the lanterns cast a sickly glare where so many dead and dying lay. The unbroken, mournful wail of human suffering was all that was heard from Glendale during that long and dismal night.

During the night our army fell back, down the Quaker road toward Malvern Hill, about half a mile within the intersection of the New Market or River road, and the Quaker road, and two miles from the gunboats on the James River. Here the Union forces took position. This was where our army were to make the last desperate stand, and this was where the grandest battle of this campaign was fought on Tuesday, July first, 1862, known as the battle of Malvern Hill.

Before describing it, it will be necessary to show the plans of the Confederate leaders.

THE SITUATION.

If you take a map of Virginia, and run your eye along the line of the Virginia Central railroad, until it crosses the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, you will be in the vicinity of the position occupied by the Union army on the twenty-fifth of June, 1862.

Tracing from this position a semi-circular line, which crosses the Chickahominy in the neighborhood of the New Bridge, and the York River railroad, you arrive at a point southeast of Richmond, a short distance from the James River, where rested the Union right. This was near White Oak Swamp.

To give a familiar simile. Spread your fingers so that their tips will form as near as possible the arc of a circle. Suppose Richmond situated on your wrist; the outer edge of the thumb the Central railroad; the inner edge the Mechanicsville turnpike; the first finger the Nine Mile or New Bridge road; the second the Williamsburgh turnpike, running nearly parallel with the York River railroad; the third the Charles City turnpike, which runs to the southward of White Oak Swamp; and the fourth the Darbytown road. Commanding these several avenues were the forces of the Union army. The enemy's troops, with the exception of Jackson's corps, occupied a smaller, but similar circle, immediately around Richmond; the heaviest body being in the center, south of the York River railroad.

Such was the situation previous to Jackson's attack on our right. The plan of battle then developed was, first, to make a vigorous flank movement upon the extreme right of the Union army, which was near the Central railroad; secondly, so soon as we fell back to the next road, the enemy's divisions were to advance across the Chickahominy, change front, and, in co-operation with Jackson, who was to make a detour, and attack the Union army in flank and rear, drive us still further on, and, finally, when our army reached a certain point, known as "the triangle," embraced between the Charles City, New Market, and Quaker roads, all of which intersect, these several roads were to be possessed by the rebel forces. Our army would thus be hemmed in, and compelled either to starve, capitulate, or fight. How so excellent a plan failed, can only be attributed to the splendid generalship of McClellan.

The enemy, on Sunday, June twenty-ninth, learned the prompt and successful movements of Gen. McClellan. Then it was they first realized that he had stolen a march of twelve hours on Gen. Huger—who had been placed in position on his flanks to watch his movements—and had foiled their strategic plans, massed his entire force on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy, and was falling back on the James River.

The Union army was now entering the triangle formed by the Quaker road, the New Market or Long Bridge road, and

the Charles City road. Here, the plans of the rebel Generals were to culminate, and our army to be destroyed or compelled to surrender. Jackson was coming up the Charles City road on our right. Longstreet, Hill and Magruder were pouring down the Long Bridge road on our flank, and D. H. Hill, Whiting and Ewell were coming down the Quaker road from the direction of White Oak Swamp.

The road to Malvern Hill winds along through a low flat, and then ascends a hill as it approaches the river. Winding down the side of this hill through a corn field, it debouches on an elevated plateau of about twelve hundred yards in length and three hundred and fifty in width, surrounded by a skirt of dense, dark woods. This plateau, when our army reached it, was covered with shocks of wheat. On our left, Turkey creek penetrated the country for a short distance, forming an almost impassible barrier. On our right was a swamp and heavy timber. Upon the crest of the hill a dwelling, known as "Crew's house," was the center of our position. This hill we had lined with batteries, covering every square yard of approach.

This house at Malvern Hill is a quaint structure of the last century, built of red brick, and stands about one thousand yards from the James river, whose windings could be seen for several miles from its commanding position. Our gunboats, too, could be seen moving restlessly to and fro, ready to take part in the coming fight. Just below Malvern Hill was a small landing, where tents were pitched to shelter our wounded, but thousands sought cover in the woods, and thousands more plunged into the waters of James river to refresh their tired frames.

It was harvest time, when our weary columns poured down the Quaker road, and through the forest, upon the plateau of Malvern Hill. Here they inhaled the fresh breeze from the James river, and breathed new life. The wheat was cut and standing in shocks. Each artilleryman carried off a bundle to feed his horses, or to rest upon. Presently the infantry arrived. Each soldier had a bed of wheat. They rubbed the heads of the stalks between their hands, and eagerly devoured the raw grain. Our army here prepared for a new

battle. Our wounded and sick heroes were sent to the river; our artillery placed in position; our infantry covered; when the enemy's advance appeared and opened the battle of Malvern Hill.

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the skirmishers of the enemy, coming out from the woods in our front, were met and driven back by our fire. Two batteries of their artillery immediately took position, and opened fire, while their infantry gathered, under cover of the woods, to charge at the proper moment. Their batteries were soon silenced by our concentric fire, and the men supporting them thrown into hopeless confusion. As the battle progressed, and the enemy advanced, the roar of our guns and heavy artillery was terrific. The concussion shook the solid earth, and reverberated in crashes over the waters and along the hills. The determined manner in which the enemy pressed forward showed that they intended either to capture the Union army, or drive it with great slaughter into the river.

The fearful havoc of the rapidly bursting shells, from guns ranged to sweep any advance far or near, was terrible to behold. The burning sun which, for a few days had poured down its terrible heat, was now obscured by the smoke of battle. The enemy's guns poured their fire into our ranks, but more deadly, destructive and fatal was our reply. A perfect tempest of iron broke over the field.

At about five o'clock, Gen. Magruder ordered his men to charge across the field and storm our batteries. The rebel column advanced in excellent order, and, for a few moments, our guns ceased playing. Gathering courage from the stillness, the rebels broke into a full run, charging upon our batteries. Then our batteries opened, and the consuming fire of grape and canister seemed to lick up their forms like devouring flame. Their columns fell back in disorder to the woods.

New troops were thrown forward, and again the enemy's line advanced. Their columns moved nearer and nearer,

partially lost to sight in the thick curtain of smoke which overspread the crimson battle field. Again our batteries belched forth their lightnings, and the whirlwind of death swept through the advancing masses of men. Back they rolled like a retiring wave, their cries dismally echoed through the woods, and plaintively quivered over the waters.

A third column from the enemy's center moved upon our batteries. The dark mass disappeared in the cloud of smoke which hung over their comrades, yet on they moved. No sound of drum cheered their advance; no cheer announced their approach. At every step their ranks were thinned; yet on they rushed, till they gained the slope where our batteries hurled death into their ranks, then, with a yell of anguish, and of terror they recoiled. Recoiled, never to be rallied; back they fell, in terrible confusion, to the dismal forest.

To add to the horrors of the scene, our gunboats, on the James River, which had been moving restlessly to and fro during the fight, at last, by a series of signal flags, got the proper range, and begun to throw immense projectiles into the enemy's ranks. One shell struck a gun of their batteries shattering it into fragments. By the explosion which instantly followed, seven men, standing near the piece, were killed. They fell without the movement of a muscle, stiffening at once into the stony fixedness of death; one of them grasped the lanyard of his gun; another held in his hand the ramrod with which he was driving home the load in his rifle; while a third with compressed lips, retained in his mouth the little portion of the cartridge he had just bitten off. The faces of the victims expressed in death the emotions which animated them in battle—indifference, hope, terror, rage, were there depicted, but no trace of suffering. They passed into eternity unconscious of the bolt which sent them there.

It was now dark; the attack of the enemy's infantry had ceased, yet our gunboats continued to pour forth their fire. From the dark bosom of the river burst forth lurid columns of flame, while a semi-circle of light, like the path of a rocket, marked their course, and a bursting globe of fire, over and among the green woods, showed where they accomplished their mission of death. Move back as the rebels

would, the deadly missiles followed them, plowing their way through the forest, shivering the trees in their course.

The moral effect of these floating allies was most beneficial to McClellan. The enemy could not stand before the floating monsters of the James River, and fell back into the woods. All that dismal night, the shouts of the officers rallying their men, and the groans of the wounded, mingled in horrible discord, while from the thick clouds the rain poured down its glad flood upon the dead and dying.

The last gun was fired at about ten o'clock at night, and, by general consent, both parties began to search, amid the dreadful slaughter, for their killed and wounded. Lanterns glistened over the ensanguined field. The cries of the wounded were heard amid the laughing corn, and the deep, dark woods. Friend could hardly tell friend, or brother recognize brother.

CLOSING SCENES.

It was now midnight. Down in the little glade, by the river side, were gathered thousands of our sick and wounded heroes. Some were lying on beds of dry leaves; others in barns and stables. The terrible roar of battle had sounded in their ears all the afternoon. From the receding fire they thought our forces held the hill, and they in gladness lay down to sleep. But word came that Jackson was coming up the Charles City road; that we were surrounded, and must fall back on Harrison's Landing, seven miles below. Then ensued another scene of terror. Those that were able to walk, dragged themselves wearily over hills, and waded through bayous. But, alas! many could not stir. These their weak comrades supported. Many and heart-rending were the scenes of suffering. There was one little boy, with fair, rosy cheeks, and light blue eyes, who lay exhausted. His comrades could not endure the thought that he should die or become a prisoner. So weary and wounded as they were, they tenderly carried him seven miles, through swamp and woods, till they reached the friendly transports at Harrison's Landing. He was Allen Frizzell, drummer boy of the

Twentieth Indiana. He still lives to bless his comrades for their kindness.

All through that night our army moved along the road leading to Harrison's Landing. Through woods and fields poured the scattered columns. Alas! with all the punishment we had inflicted on the enemy, we were not the victors; for, although they were beaten back, we had no adequate force with which we could successfully pursue the foe. The streams of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, waded through the rain and mud, every moment expecting an attack. At noon they reached the James river, and the disordered mass lay down in the muddy flat at Harrison's Landing.

Thus closed the terrible battle of Malvern Hill. The battle field, and the surrounding region, seemed as if blasted by the lightnings of heaven. The splintered branches of a thousand trees told of the fearful havoc of the artillery. Houses were riddled, fences utterly demolished, and the earth itself plowed up. Thick and many were the graves. On the plateau, across whose surface for hours the utmost fury of the battle raged, the remnants of tender corn, which had grown up, betrayed no sign of having ever laughed and sung in the breeze of early summer. Everything but the blue heaven above spoke of the frightful carnival of death.

Our loss in these battles, on our retreat to the James river, was, in killed and wounded, nearly as follows: Mechanicsville, one thousand; Gaines' Mills, three thousand; Peach Orchard, five hundred; Savage Station, one thousand; White Oak Swamp, three thousand five hundred; Glendale, four hundred; Malvern Hill, two thousand. A total of eleven thousand four hundred. This does not include the missing, most of whom were taken prisoners. The rebel loss is supposed to have been about sixteen thousand.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The lowering clouds gathered in the sky, while the battle raged at Malvern Hill. Night came on, and our weary men rested. The rain fell in torrents, refreshing the wounded, and washing the clammy faces of the dead.

Our men slept in the rain. Sleep they would, though a thousand batteries roared in their ears. Sleep standing; sleep on horseback; sleep anywhere; sleep everywhere. For battle fatigues, and fatigue induces sleep. Tired nature must have rest. It was midnight, when along the line passed the whisper, "Wake, men! Wake! The enemy are in our rear." It was difficult to wake them. Each man had to be shaken to rouse him from his deathlike slumber. But they must wake, and wake they did.

The early, dismal dawn found our columns pouring down the road to Harrison's Landing. Cavalry were stationed at the crossing to show us where to go. Men streamed along in lines, cavalry went by in squads, artillery filed along by sections. Ours was an exhausted and tired army when it lay down to rest on the muddy plain at Harrison's Landing.

When the army reached their camp that night, and in their weariness lay down to rest, their eyes met a body of veterans marching up the river bank. Who were these new troops that had come to us in our hour of great trial? From their swinging tramp, we knew they were veterans. Each man had a sheaf of wheat on his back for a bed. Away they went, with shouts and cheers. "Who are you?" was the cry that went along our line. "We are Western boys—troops from Shields' division"—was the answer. There were Gen. Kimball, of the Fourteenth, and Col. Foster, of the Thirteenth Indiana. Six thousand men were marching to the front to take position. They swept past our camp, plunged through the muddy stream, climbed the hills, and took post for the night.

This was July third. The reinforcements moved across Herron Creek on the extreme right. Soon after passing a swamp on the Charles City road, the skirmishers reported the enemy in front, who fired from the bushes upon our men. The enemy was posted in the woods on the right and left of the road, with four field pieces in position, in an open field commanding our advance. The brigade at once pushed forward, the Fourth Ohio on the right of the road, and the Fourteenth Indiana on the left; the Seventh Virginia, and the Eighth Ohio, in reserve, with orders to take the guns;

but, before the guns were reached, a halt was ordered by Gen. Ferry, commanding the division; and the enemy at once withdrew their pieces to a commanding position about half a mile to the rear, and commenced shelling our brigade and the mass of the army lying in the flat at Harrison's Landing. At this juncture, Tidbald's battery came forward, and, taking a position on the left of the woods, soon silenced the enemy's guns.

About noon of the fourth of July, the enemy threw forward three regiments of Jackson's corps, who attacked our lines; but, after a short skirmish, he was driven back with loss. There was no further attack from the front while our army rested at Harrison's Landing.

CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING.

The ground our army occupied was once the farm of the father of Wm. Henry Harrison. Near the family burying ground, shaded by a grove of locust trees, stood the mansion. It was an old fashioned two story house—built of colored brick—with a hall in the center, the walls ornamented with choice paintings, and the floors covered with rich carpets, the chimneys heavily corniced. The garden around the mansion was surrounded by a row of thriving Swamp Elms.

This described the farm as the army found it. Soon all except the lovely scenery was changed. A blacksmith's shop was put in full blast at one end of the grave yard, and a tent filled with sick soldiers occupied one of its corners. Mules and horses were munching oats around the fence, and a commissary dealt out food at the main gate. The rich carpets disappeared beneath a coat of mud, and the chimneys were crowned with signal stations. Out of the windows hung blankets, and out of the doors looked sick and wounded soldiers. The house was a hospital, and its traitor owner in the rebel army.

For miles, when the column marched in, a broad field of corn stretched along the river bank, which became in wet weather a muddy flat, in dry, a dusty, or baked, clay field. The quiet river, too, seemed changed; for, so far as the eye

could reach, vessels of all sizes and kinds floated upon its waters.

The river, at this point, bends in a curve much like a horse shoe, the open end being inland. This gave a large water front. On the hills surrounding this natural amphitheater the army was encamped. The hills stretched from water to water, in a semi-circle. Thus both flanks rested upon the river, covered by gunboats.

The scenery upon the river bank is one of beauty. Woody promontories project into the water, and bushy islands lie scattered on its sparkling surface. Here a white sail nestled among the green islands, and there a gunboat floated like a grim sentinel upon the glassy river. Upon the land all was life. There was an interminable train of wagons, for they reached from the river bank to where the road disappeared in the woods. Tents covered the plain. Cavalry rode to and fro, and large droves of cattle moved towards the hills. The air was also filled with life. For look! There goes the balloon "Intrepid." Earth, air, fire and water, all united to carry on the war.

The camps were chiefly in the pine forests, that they might be shaded from the scorching rays of the sun. At night the whippowill sung his notes so regularly, and human-like, that it sounded like the signals of a scout, and the soldiers listened in their bushy houses till sleep turned the notes into a dream. At early dawn the air was vocal with music. The bugle no sooner sounded than the birds joined in the notes; then there was melody in the forest.

On a bold promontory about six miles up the river, on the opposite shore, was City Point—a collection of shattered houses—above which Malvern Hill towers up from the edge of the river. Still further up was the strange and mysterious Fort Darling, which bade defiance to our gunboats.

The north bank of the river, on which was our supply depot, was covered with the tents of the quartermasters and other officials. The banks were about twenty feet in height, and very abrupt. Roads, which teams could travel, ran through these banks to the beach.

The weather was sultry and sickly, the water bad. There

were fine bathing places, however, within our lines, these our soldiers regarded as luxuries. The flies swarmed.

For about a month the army remained quiet, at Harrison's Landing. On the night of July thirty-first, the rebels opened a heavy cannonade from a bluff on the south side of the river upon our camps and transports. Six of our men were killed and nine wounded. Our transports were scarcely injured. Our batteries soon silenced theirs, and, the next day our forces occupied the position.

On the fifth of August, a small part of our force made a rapid movement and took position at Malvern Hill. It was held for one day, our forces retiring the next.



Monroe

GEN. POPE'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER X.

While the Army of the Potomac was resting at Harrison's Landing, important events were transpiring in the valley of Virginia, which, connected as they afterwards were, with the history of that army, had an important bearing on its subsequent movements.

Major General John Pope, on the twenty-sixth day of June, 1862, by special order of the President, was assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia. His command embraced the first corps, under Major General Sigel; second corps, Major General Banks; third corps, Major General McDowell. Also a small force under Brig. Gen. Sturgis, besides the forces in the intrenchments around Washington, making an active force of about forty thousand men.

These forces were soon placed in position to cover the Rappahannock from Fredericksburgh to Sperryville. Sigel on the right, Banks and McDowell in the center, and King's division on the extreme left, at Fredericksburgh. No important movement occurred until the middle of July, when Gen. Hatch, of Gen. Banks' command, moved from Culpepper—where he had taken position—in the direction of Gordonsville, but, in consequence of bad roads, only succeeded in reaching Madison Court House, fifteen miles from Gordonsville. Meanwhile the advance of Jackson's forces, under the rebel General Ewell, had reached Gordonsville, and defeated the proposed movement.

On the seventh of August, a large portion of the infantry and artillery of the army of Virginia—the name by which Gen. Pope's command was designated—were assembled along the turnpike from Sperryville to Culpepper. King's division still remained opposite Fredericksburgh.

The cavalry forces were covering the front of the army. They were posted as follows: Gen. Buford, with five regiments, was at Madison Court House, with his pickets along the Rapidan river, from Burnett's Ford to the Blue Ridge. Gen. Sigel had a battery of artillery and a brigade of infantry supporting Gen. Buford, at a point where the road from Madison Court House to Sperryville crosses Robertson's river. Gen. Bayard, with four regiments of cavalry, was in position near Rapidan Station, where the Orange and Alexandria railroad crosses the Rapidan river, with his pickets extending to Raccoon Ford, east, and connecting with those of Gen. Buford on the West. From Raccoon Ford to the forks of the Rappahannock, above Falmouth, the Rapidan was lined with cavalry pickets.

On the eighth of August, Crawford's brigade, of Gen. Banks' corps, were occupying Culpepper Court House, and Rickett's division, of McDowell's corps, had reached there from Waterloo, a small town in the Blue Ridge mountains, about six miles west of Warrenton. In the meantime Gen. Bayard was skirmishing with the advance of the rebel column, and falling slowly back from Rapidan Station in the direction of Culpepper, the enemy advancing in heavy force on Madison Court House, from Gordonsville.

At the beginning of the campaign, Gen. Pope had issued an order requiring the troops to subsist off the country. The corn was in ear; the harvest waved over the plains in the beautiful valley of Virginia, and the hungry soldiers were not long in obeying the order. But, like all such orders, it soon spread into indiscriminate plunder. Everything was taken. The last cow, the last beehive, the last loaf of bread. Orchards were stripped, and property destroyed. The men helped themselves, and turned every citizen into an active enemy.

Such was the situation previous to the battle of Cedar

Mountain. Our troops had swept the country above the Rappahannock, and confiscated all food for man or beast. We secured the hatred of every man, woman and child, whom we had robbed. This may be one reason why the enemy were kept so well informed of all our movements.

Early on the morning of the ninth of August, Gen. Banks' corps moved forward from Culpepper towards Cedar Mountain, or, as the rebels call it, Slaughter's Mountain. It is a sugar-loaf mountain, about eight miles from Culpepper, and two miles west of Mitchell's station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Our column advanced on low ground. In the rear, was Cedar river; behind which was a small wooded ridge. At eleven, A. M., a dash was made upon the enemy, stationed on a knoll, from which they were driven, and a small number of prisoners taken. This opened the battle of Cedar Mountain.

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

The column of Gen. Banks, in the hot sun and dust, moved steadily forward through a small piece of woods into a meadow, and formed in line below the mountain. The division of Gen. Williams was on the right; Gen. Auger on the left and center; Gen. Green on the extreme left. Gens. Prince, Geary, Gordon and Crawford, occupied positions next to Gen. Green.

In a few moments a line of fire opened from the enemy's batteries, concealed in the woods, in the mountain, extending along our whole line. Our line at once advanced. A desperate effort was made to drive the enemy from position, and capture his guns. But we failed. From behind fallen timber, from ravines and bushes, a heavy infantry and artillery fire swept the open meadow, thinned the ranks of our advancing columns, and compelled our forces to fall back, with great loss.

Another column advanced. Upon emerging from the woods, across a new mown wheat field, they were met by a destructive cross-fire; but they pushed on, in the face of concealed batteries, until driven back by the murderous volleys and overpowering force of the enemy

It was now six o'clock; the battle had been going on, with slight cessation, since mid-day. Several divisions of infantry now made some most desperate bayonet charges upon the rebel artillery. They everywhere met a heavy infantry fire, slaughtering them fearfully. It was death to gain that hill, from the slopes of which the enemy poured forth his deadly fire.

Our line again pressed forward through the dense woods up to the rebel batteries. The enemy fell back. The leaden hail poured through our devoted columns. Yet on they pressed till the slope was gained, when, from out its deep recesses, came a living sheet of flame. Cannon poured forth grape; musketry flashed in the very teeth of our men. The woods swarmed with the concealed foe. Our Generals were wounded; our field officers disabled; yet on our column pressed, till the cartridge boxes were empty. Then, slowly retreating, we fell back to our first position steady as veterans, though we had lost the battle.

The battle was over, with great loss to the Union army. The enemy's loss was severe, but not so heavy as ours. McDowell's corps had arrived to reinforce our tired men. But Hill's forces arrived at the same time to strengthen the enemy.

Our tired troops fell back under cover of the woods to rest. It was night; the moon was full—not a cloud in the sky. Presently the wagoners commenced building fires to cook their coffee. These were so many beacon lights for the enemy, who at once opened from several batteries upon our camps. This created some confusion, and caused our troops to change position.

Suddenly, from out the dark woods, rushed a body of rebel cavalry, charging the staff of the commanding General. Our infantry replied. The General was placed between two fires, but fortunately escaped.

Our killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to about eighteen hundred men. The enemy lost about nine hundred killed and wounded.

The battle was a military blunder, and accomplished nothing. The hill, which was the strength of the position, had

been passed by our scouts several days previous, and could have been in our possession without a fight. But the unaccountable delays, which have cursed everything near Washington, lost us not only the lives of many brave men, but the battle also.

On the fourteenth of August, Gen. Reno, with eight thousand men, of the forces which had arrived at Aquia Creek, under Gen. Burnside, joined the army of Virginia. The whole force was at once pushed forward in the direction of the Rapidan, with the right, under Gen. Sigel, resting on Robertson's river, where the road from Cedar Mountain to Orange Court House crosses the river; the center, under Gen. McDowell, occupying both flanks of Cedar Mountain; the left, under Gen. Reno, taking position near Raccoon Ford, and covering the road from that place to Culpepper.

On the sixteenth of August our cavalry captured the Adjutant General of Gen. Stuart, and found upon his person papers showing that it was the intention of Gen. Lee to overwhelm the Army of Virginia, before it could be joined by the Army of the Potomac.

Just after the battle, in a skirmish which took place, Sergeant Thomas Harter—of Sharra's Indiana cavalry, which composed part of Sigel's body guard—suddenly appeared within our lines, bringing the important information that General Lee intended to make a move on our rear, and cut off Pope's army. The Sergeant left the company in the latter part of June, on secret service within the enemy's lines. He was arrested by the enemy shortly after penetrating their lines, and he was at once conveyed to Richmond and imprisoned. Being acquainted in the country, he was released on parole, and the better to disarm suspicion he enlisted in the rebel army. Here he gained the important information which saved our army from annihilation, and, deserting from rebel ranks, brought the news at the risk of his life to our General.

Previous to this, however, Gen. Halleck had become convinced of such a movement on the part of the rebel General, and had accordingly ordered Gen. McClellan, on the fifth of August, to evacuate Harrison's Landing, and join the forces

under Gen. Pope, via Aquia creek and Alexandria. The march of the Army of the Potomac did not commence until August fifteenth. It was August twentieth when Kearney's division, the advance of the Army of the Potomac, reached Alexandria. Gen. Burnside, in the meantime, had removed his forces from Newport News to Aquia creek. It will thus be seen that the Army of the Potomac, Gen. Burnside's forces, and the Army of Virginia were now consolidated under command of Gen. Pope.

On the eighteenth of August Gen. Pope became convinced that with his small force he could no longer hold his advanced position. He accordingly withdrew to the north side of the Rappahannock. Gen. Reno sent over his trains and took post on the bank of the river, leaving his cavalry at Raccoon ford. Gen. Banks crossed at Rappahannock Station on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Gen. McDowell crossed at the same place. Gen. Sigel crossed near Warrenton.

The topographical features of the country, at the head waters of the Rappahannock, gave the opposing enemy's force great advantages. The river was fordable at several points. The Blue Ridge mountains skirt the sources of the river, and, having several gaps, gave to the enemy who was well acquainted with the country, great advantages.

Thus, while our forces were watching the line of the Rappahannock from Fredericksburgh to Waterloo, on the twenty-fifth of August, a large force of the enemy suddenly appeared at the junction of Carter's creek and Hageman's river, and, driving our pickets before them, crossed with cavalry, artillery and infantry.

Starting from Jefferson, Culpepper county, the whole of Jackson's force, about eighteen thousand, with cavalry and artillery, while our forces were fighting at Rappahannock Station with Lee's main army, made a detour, and marching through Amosville, in Rappahannock county, crossed the Rappahannock river, within ten miles of the Blue Ridge mountains, and pushed rapidly north, Gen. Longstreet following. At Waterloo the enemy had a fight with Gen. Milroy's troops, but although Milroy beat them back from the bridge, the column that had crossed kept rapidly on to the north.

Over unfrequented country paths, and across open fields, the enemy's column marched forty-five miles in forty-eight hours, and pouring through Thoroughfare Gap pounced upon our unprotected rear.

On the night of August twenty-second, a small cavalry force of the enemy, that had crossed at Waterloo bridge, and been lying concealed in the woods near Warrenton, suddenly appeared at Catlett's Station, and driving away the baggage guards, and scattering the green cavalry, destroyed the head-quarter baggage of General Pope. They disappeared suddenly as they came, but created much panic at the time.

In the meantime Kearney's veterans of the Army of the Potomac were pouring down the Orange and Alexandria railroad, to the relief of Pope's army. They were approaching on the cars when the raid took place at Catlett's Station. There were many trains on the road, filled with wounded from the battle of Cedar Mountain.

Gen. Pope attempted to hold the whole line of the Rappahannock. He had already been flanked on his right by Jackson, and despatched the news to Washington; but was ordered to keep up his line to Fredericksburgh, happen what would. He was told that if he could hold his line till the twenty-third of August, he would be reinforced sufficiently to resume offensive operations. On the twenty-fifth of August two thousand five hundred men, under Gen. Reynolds, joined him, and the division of Gen. Kearney, four thousand five hundred strong, reached Warrenton Junction.

Finding that the enemy still continued to move on his right, while heavy masses confronted him at Rappahannock Station, Gen. Pope massed his force, on the twenty-third of August, on the north side of the Rappahannock, and disposed it to meet the enemy.

On the twenty-fifth of August the Army of the Potomac had arrived in the valley of Virginia. Masses of men swarmed at Aquia creek. Column after column poured through the streets of Alexandria. Every crooked road and by-path which led over Stafford Hills was crowded with troops. They swarmed in the woods and fields, and bivouaced in the sedgy pines. Their lines were interminable.

The columns of the Union army marched on. Gen. Pope said "he wanted nothing but men and guns," and he got them; but what use they were to him remains to be seen. Foragers scoured the country; stragglers eat up the green corn and stole the poultry; cavalymen confiscated everything a horse could eat. Masses of men choked up the roads, and trains of wagons got into the most convenient places for capture by rebel guerrillas. Still the columns poured on, few knowing what the plans were, and fewer seeming to care.

While the tired and dusty heroes of the Army of the Potomac were pursuing their devious way among the hills of Stafford; winding through sedgy pines; climbing hills; picketing on railroads; sleeping in woods, and hunting up a fight, events of great importance were culminating. It will be necessary here to relate how the Army of the Potomac joined the Army of Virginia. How, in avoiding the rocks of Scylla they plunged into the whirlpool of Charybdis.

MARCH ACROSS THE PENINSULA.

For several days previous to the fifteenth of August, there were mysterious movements in the Army of the Potomac, at Harrison's Landing. The rumbling of artillery wheels was heard all night. At the Landing transports were loaded to their fullest capacity.

At daylight, August fifteenth, Heintzelman's corps moved outside the breastworks down the Charles City Road. The main body of the army marched directly along the bank of the James river, by the Charles City road, and crossed on a pontoon bridge at the mouth of the Chickahominy. This bridge was six hundred and sixty yards long. Thirty miles of trains and sixty thousand men passed over it. It was built by Capt. James C. Duane, U. S. A. The march of the main body was of course unmolested, for one flank was covered by the gunboats, the other by Heintzelman's veterans; their front by cavalry, and their rear by Pleasanton.

Of course they foraged. The corn was in roasting condition, and was stripped for miles. Every farm house was patronized by soldiers. Eggs and chickens, pigs and calves,

rapidly disappeared. Horses and mules were confiscated. In every kitchen there were soldier cooks.

The sick had been sent away in steamers; everything of value had been placed upon boats and transported down the James river, and nothing was left for the enemy. Even to their bush houses the soldiers applied the torch, and the last glimpse they caught of their old camp, it was crowned by a column of smoke. They left Harrison's Landing, with its suffocating dust and myriads of tormenting flies.

The main column moved on down the Charles City Court House road. Soon the old county seat was reached, where a short time was spent in cooking coffee. This village consisted of a court house, a dilapidated tavern, and a jail. The tavern was a residence for owls and bats; the court house for straggling soldiers; the jail, with its iron cage, was empty.

Early daylight revealed the James river to the right, and the Chickahominy in front, with gunboats to protect the pontoon bridge. The army halted at night in a field on the north bank of the Chickahominy, and at daylight took up its march, by the way of Williamsburgh, to Yorktown. Reaching there, without any incident worthy of note, on the eighteenth of August, some portions of it marched down the peninsula to Fortress Monroe, while other portions went to Newport News, where they took steamers for Alexandria and Aquia Creek.

Meantime Heintzelman's corps was marching inland, to protect the flank of the grand army, passing down the James river. Its march was a tour of romance, and its history is worthy of special note. Upon reaching Charles City Court House, it debouched from the main army and filed left until it reached Jones' bridge, where it took position, threw out pickets and halted for the night.

All the night long the white tops of our wagons glistened in the moonlight; now winding up some hill, now disappearing beneath the overhanging branches of the woods, looking like a fleet of land ships, carrying the food for the veterans guarding them.

They halted at Christian's Mill, about seven miles from the Charles City Court House, up the Chickahominy. Here was

a ford, called Jones' or Providence ford, and here Stuart's cavalry crossed, on their return to Richmond, after their celebrated raid, June fifteenth. Here stood an old mill, and a small bridge. To the right a mill pond; crossing this bridge was a road which wound along the pond, and penetrated the open country beyond. To the right was an old brick house, on the summit of a hill. The line stretched along the river, reaching to the ford at which the teams were crossing, three miles on the left; the right was covered by the mill pond; in front, where the road emerged from the woods, a battery of artillery was masked; the center stretched from the mansion once occupied by the Christian family, to the old brick house on the hill.

The door yard of this old Virginia mansion was shaded by locusts. Here two companies stacked arms as a reserve. The men helped themselves from corn fields; the negroes baked corn bread; the clear stream furnished water; the sun went down, and the full moon came up, shining upon the glistening bayonets; looking upon the reclining forms on the green sward beneath the locusts; sparkling upon the water; while the hum of the summer insects, and the curious sounds of the denizens of the swamp, lulled the men to repose. This was the very romance of war.

The old soldier has a sense of perfect security in the enemy's country. Marching all day, though surrounded by hostile bands, he no sooner halts, than the camp fire is built, the collee cooked, his shelter tent up, and down he lies, in blissful unconsciousness of danger, as though in his quiet home, far from the field of battle.

Our forces were not attacked at Christian's Mill. They waited the greater part of the day; and in the shades of evening, took up their line of march towards the New Kent Court House road, reaching Burnt Ordinary at midnight. Here the column halted.

The next day they marched through the streets of Williamsburgh, with bands playing and colors flying. Soon York river was reached, and our tired and dusty soldiers plunged into its refreshing waters.

Upon arriving here, they learned that the main body of our

army had preceded them down the Peninsula. Camping for the night, the next morning, August twentieth, Heintzelman's corps took steamers for Yorktown, where they arrived August twenty-second.

The Army of the Potomac, on the twenty-third of August, had arrived at various points in Eastern Virginia to reinforce Gen. Pope's army. They numbered about ninety-one thousand veterans, but were scattered at widely different points.

When the Twentieth Indiana was marching up the Orange and Alexandria railroad, from picket at Rappahannock Station, under orders to join their brigade in Kearney's division, to help Gen. Hooker in his desperate fight at Kettle Run, August twenty-seventh, having marched fourteen miles, they were greatly surprised to see a large number of troops quietly in camp, while the artillery of a terrible battle was sounding in their ears. Such an unusual scene at such a time caused inquiry.

Stepping out from the ranks, an officer went into one of the tents, and asked, "What troops are these?" "We are Sykes' division, of Gen. Porter's corps." "Why don't you go into battle?" "We have no orders. We march ten miles a day, and then camp." This was at four o'clock in the afternoon of August twenty-seventh, while Heintzelman's corps were battling for life at Kettle Run and Bristow Station. The Twentieth rushed onward, some of its weary men falling exhausted by the way.

From August twenty-first till August twenty-fifth, there was constant skirmishing along the line of the Rappahannock, from Rappahannock Station to Waterloo.

Gen. Pope constantly watched this line, and reported to Gen. Halleck, that heavy columns threatened him at Rappahannock Station. Yet the Twentieth Indiana, which was on picket at that station, on August twenty-sixth, saw no force of the enemy in front. Co. G, of that regiment, under command of Capt. W. C. L. Taylor, who was left behind on the morning of the twenty-seventh, in consequence of our rapidly moving up the railroad to drive Jackson from Manassas Junction, saw no enemy in front, when they withdrew from their picket line.

It is evident Gen. Pope's lines were too extended, or he had a larger force under his command than he was capable of handling. For, on the twenty-fourth, he says, "he was satisfied that no force of the enemy was on the north side of the Rappahannock," and just before that he reported as follows:

"During the day of the twenty-fourth, a large detachment of the enemy, numbering thirty-six regiments of infantry, with the usual number of batteries of artillery, and a considerable cavalry force, marched rapidly north in the direction of Rectortown. They could be plainly seen from our signal-station, established at high points along the Rappahannock."

Rectortown is on the Manassas and Strasburgh railroad, an important point; and a force of the enemy reaching there, would cut off our communications with Washington at Manassas, and threaten our rear. Gen. Pope was deceived. Although he fought his best, Jackson out-generaled him; and Gens. Longstreet and Lee, following rapidly on, beat him in the series of battles which followed.

Manassas Plains covers an area of perhaps sixty miles in extent. It is a series of hills and woodlands, dotted here and there with small villages, intersected by small streams, and abounding in clear springs. From its hills a battle can be seen in the distance, when you can not even hear the report of artillery.

On these undulating plains have the principal battles in the valley of Virginia been fought. Bull Run is a small stream intersecting this valley, crossing the Centreville road. Cub Run is a branch of Bull Run. Several other creeks empty into it. The various battles in August were fought at Groveton, New Market, Gainesville, Hay Market, Kettle Run, and on the old Manassas Gap railroad, and should have the general name of the Battles of Manassas Plains, and not that of Bull Run, as there was but little fighting done on that fatal battle ground.

The cavalry force of the enemy that made the raid upon Catlett's Station, on the night of August twenty-second, was but a foretaste of what followed. Our General did not seem to note the danger. When Heintzelman's corps came down

the railroad that night, instead of posting his veteran force at Manassas, where the depot of our valuable stores and main supply was, he ordered the various regiments composing the command, to stretch along the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, from Warrenton Junction to the Rappahannock river, a distance of at least fourteen miles. In fact, none of these scattered regiments were within supporting distance.

Such was the situation, when, on the night of August twenty-sixth, Jackson's force, pouring through Thoroughfare Gap, captured Manassas, and cut the railroad at Kettle Run.

Then Gen. Pope suddenly realized his danger, and at once determined to abandon the line of the Rappahannock, and throw his whole force in the direction of Gainesville and Manassas Junction, in hopes to crush that portion of the army of the daring foe, which had passed through Thoroughfare Gap, before it could be joined by Gen. Lee.

The column of the rebel Gen. Jackson, eighteen thousand strong, consisting of A. P. Hill's, Ewell's and the Stonewall divisions, with no opposition, moved rapidly through White Plains, Hay Market, Thoroughfare Gap, and Gainesville, to Bristow Station. At Bristow Station they captured several detached companies of Union soldiers; burned two or three railway trains, and Ewell's division took position on the railroad to capture any isolated regiment that might approach. Hill's division moved on Manassas Junction, driving away the cavalry stationed there, and capturing six pieces of artillery, three trains of cars loaded with Quartermasters' stores, and an immense stock of Sutlers' goods.

Our cavalry had used their swift feet well; for they brought the news to Alexandria in advance of the telegraph. The First New Jersey brigade at once started to meet the enemy. Upon crossing Bull Run bridge, they were met by a heavy artillery fire, and compelled to fall back, losing many killed, wounded and prisoners. Here they were reinforced by the Eleventh and Twelfth Ohio, which held the enemy in check.

Meantime, a fight was going on four miles west of Bristow Station. Ewell's forces, sweeping down the railroad, picking up detached companies of guards, suddenly came in contact

with the head of the column of Gen. Hooker, who had collected his troops at the first alarm. The fight began about noon, and lasted till dark, Ewell having been driven back along the railroad, in the direction of Manassas Junction. At night both parties rested near the field of battle. The loss on each side was about three hundred killed and wounded.

The enemy, that night and the next day, held a grand jubilee at Manassas Junction. Their ragged and famished men helped themselves to every article of luxury or necessity. They had no wagons; they could carry nothing away. So they marched up, and ate, and filled their haversacks. Here was a starving man eating lobster salad, and drinking Rhine wine; there a man in tatters luxuriating on canned oysters and rare fruits. It was a magnificent feast at our expense. At nightfall, the long trains, loaded with valuable goods, were fired. As the costly conflagration lit up the heavens, the rebel forces moved away. One division went towards the old battle field of Bull Run; two divisions towards Centreville.

Orders flew thick and fast. Gen. Pope seemed to think that the whole corps could move at once, however much the troops were scattered. Thus, Kearney was ordered to move his division at daylight, when, under previous orders, his command was stretched for fourteen miles—from Warrenton Junction to the Rappahannock river. Gen. Pope was great on orders, but still greater on dispatches. When the army was falling back upon Washington, we received newspapers containing official dispatches “that we had whipped the enemy at Bull Run, and killed, wounded and captured sixteen thousand of his men.” The following is the official dispatch of Gen. Pope:

“To Maj. Gen. Halleck, Commander in Chief:

“We fought a terrific battle here yesterday with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continued fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy.

“Our troops are too much exhausted to push matters; but I shall do so in the course of the morning, as soon as Fitz-

John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas. The enemy is still in our front, but badly used up.

"We have lost not less than eight thousand men killed and wounded; and from the appearance of the battle field, the enemy has lost at least two to our one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every assault was made by ourselves. Our troops have behaved splendidly.

"The battle was fought on the identical battle field of Bull Run, which greatly increases the enthusiasm of our men.

"The news just reaches me from the front that the enemy is retreating towards the mountain. I go forward at once to see

"We have made great captures, but I am not yet able to form an idea of their extent."

Gen. McDowell was ordered to push forward at daylight, August twenty-eighth, from Gainesville toward Manassas Junction, resting his right on the Manassas Gap railroad, and throwing his left well to the east. Gen. Reno was to march at the same time from Greenwich direct upon Manassas Junction, and Gen. Kearney, at the same hour, upon Bristow Station.

Thus our army moved in three columns upon Manassas Junction; halting occasionally, to give the enemy time to burn and destroy. The column moved deliberately on in pursuit of a flying enemy; taking care, however, not to catch him. At length word was received that Jackson had left Manassas, then the column pushed rapidly forward and captured the position.

This was about noon, August twenty-eighth. The enemy retreated through Centreville. We immediately pursued. When Jackson reached Centreville he turned off to the left, on the Warrenton pike, towards Gainesville. By marching on the Manassas railroad, or, upon reaching New Market, turning to the left, we might have intercepted Jackson at Groveton or Gainesville. We did neither, but, slowly following his circuitous course, attacked him only when he took position.

As the pursuing column was marching over the Bull Run

battle ground, and winding among the hills approaching Centreville, towards sunset, away off to the left they saw the smoke of artillery, and evidences of a battle. It was King's division of McDowell's corps, fighting with Jackson's advance, which was retreating towards Thoroughfare Gap.

Darkness ended the fight. Each party maintained its ground. There was no escape now for Jackson, provided McDowell and Sigel maintained their position between him and Thoroughfare Gap. But this they did not do.

Gen. Pope says, "that he sent orders to Gens. McDowell and King, several times during the night of the twentieth, to hold their ground at all hazard."

Gen. Sigel says, "that just as he was in position to fight the enemy near Buckland Mills, a short distance from Haymarket, he received orders to march to Manassas Junction, away from the enemy; and he reluctantly obeyed the order."

Thus, amid the conflict of orders, Jackson held his position until Longstreet was enabled to reinforce him on the second day of the series of great battles.

BATTLE OF GROVETON.

Gen. Sigel pushing rapidly forward, on the morning of August twenty-ninth, found the enemy posted beyond Young's branch, near Haymarket. His left wing rested on Catharpin creek; his front towards Centreville; with his center he occupied a long stretch of woods parallel with the Sudley Spring New Market road; his right was posted on the hills on both sides of the Centreville-Gainesville road.

Gen. Schurz had the right; Gen. Milroy the center, and Gen. Schenck the left, and planted their batteries on hills in range of the enemy's position. The whole line advanced from point to point until involved in a desperate artillery and infantry contest. This fight was to prevent Longstreet from reinforcing Jackson. While the forces of Sigel were fighting Jackson's advance, those of Hooker, Kearney and Reno were closing on his rear.

The enemy's forces fell back several miles under the fierce attack of Sigel, but were so closely pressed that they were

compelled to stand and make the best defense they could. Accordingly they took position with their left near Sudley Springs, their right a little south of the Warrenton turnpike, and their front covered by an old railroad grade, leading from Gainesville in the direction of Leesburgh. Their batteries were numerous and well posted; some of them were of heavy calibre. The mass of their troops were sheltered in dense woods behind the old railroad embankment.

The left of the Union army fought with varied success from early dawn till ten o'clock in the morning, when the pursuing columns of the right got into battle, and then commenced the deadliest conflict.

The battle raged furiously, commencing on the left it extended along the whole line in front to the right. Gens. Sigel, Milroy, Schurz, and Schenk were battling terribly. About five o'clock, a brigade that held position along the line of an old railroad grade, which formed a natural breastwork, was startled by a heavy enfilading fire of the enemy on their left flank, sweeping the breastwork, and causing the whole brigade to break in confusion through the woods.

Then Kearney came to the rescue. His division moved rapidly forward, to cover their retreat. But no enemy could be seen. The green leaves of the forest moved in the gentle breeze, eager eyes could not pierce their leafy cover. A moment before, the very echoes quivered with the roar of battle; now all was still, except the murmuring winds. The silence was thrilling as the roar of battle had been terrible. The division filed into a road running alongside of the railroad grade. This had been the battle ground of the morning, the killed and wounded lay thickly around. The grade varied in height from three to six feet, and was a splendid natural breastwork, provided the enemy appeared in front.

The troops were filing behind this breastwork, by the left flank, in column, when a fire from the enemy, fierce, terrible, and destructive, swept the inside of the breastwork, from the left, enfilading the whole line, throwing several regiments into confusion. Gen. Kearney at once ordered the line to change front to the left, and swept over the railroad grade at right angles. The line advanced, driving the enemy before

them, but our forces were too light, and could not hold the ground. The enemy rapidly brought up heavy reserves, and our line was driven back. Gen. Stevens came to the support but did not have enough men to retard the advance of the foe.

The enemy had sharp shooters posted in trees, to pick off officers. Owing to the thick foliage they could not be seen, nor could the sound of their shots be distinguished amid the roar of musketry.

The firing grew fiercer; bullets seemed to fly thick as hail. The men lay down to avoid the fire, suddenly through a gap in the woods, a rebel battery, on a hill side on our right, opened fire, enfilading the line, and a storm of grape swept through the ranks, making a noise like the rushing wind. We were flanked on both wings, and fell back over the railroad grade, the surface of which was swept by the flanking fire of the enemy.

The rebels seeing this retrograde movement, rushed forward with hideous yells, thinking our destruction certain. They pursued our forces through the woods, and, catching sight of our covering batteries on the hills beyond, charged upon them with great fury. But a storm of death met them from the mouths of our cannon, which hurled them back in disordered fragments.

Again they formed, under cover of the woods, and advanced upon our batteries on the brow of the hills, only again to have their shattered columns driven back. A third time they appeared, in larger force, and advancing rapidly, approached within six hundred yards of our guns, when a perfect storm of grape and shell tore through their ranks, from a double row of batteries, and sent them shrieking to the woods. Yells and groans filled the air, and mangled limbs and bodies covered the hill side.

Fresh troops now advancing rushed upon the enemy, completing the discomfiture our batteries had begun. The enemy were driven from the woods, the railroad bank was repossessed, and the victory, for that day, was ours. Night closed upon the scene, and the weary combatants sunk to rest.

The scene that night, when viewed from the hill top, com-

manding the principal portion of the battle field, was beautiful. A thousand camp fires glistened in the woods and shone out in the cleared fields and upon the slopes of hills.

Dusky forms flitted to and fro. Away to the south a brisk skirmish was going on; jets of flame, in long lines, told of volleys of musketry; occasionally a larger, brighter glare, spoke of artillery. These bright lines of fire looked very spiteful to soldiers who knew how deadly were their missiles.

In melancholy contrast to this scene were our field hospitals. Here death waited for his victims. Under bushes, on the grass, in every conceivable place, our wounded and mangled heroes lay. Surgeons were busy all night, but so numerous were the sufferers that proper attention could not be paid to all. Some lay quietly down on the green sward and died peacefully, as if going to sleep. Others moaned and writhed in agony. Thus the mournful night slowly dragged away. Our loss was about six thousand, in killed, wounded and missing; that of the enemy about five thousand.

Day broke to see the gathering anew of armed hosts, and to witness a more furious battle than that of the day before.

SECOND DAY.

The heavy atmosphere and gray clouds in the east denoted rain. The dead of the previous day were on the field of battle. All our wounded had not been removed. There was little firing in the morning, occasionally a battery in our front sent a stray shot towards the enemy. There was no reply. The silence was ominous.

Directly in our front, and apparently in front of the center of the enemy's position, on the top of a hill was a stone church, partially hid by an orchard and forest. To the right the hill descends in gentle slopes; to the left it winds away among other hills, till lost in the forests.

As part of our army stood in position, dense columns of Federal troops were seen marching and countermarching, while clouds of dust in the distance, showed that new columns were approaching. A heavy force of infantry took

position in column of division, just beneath the brow of the hill, in front of the stone church.

Along the brow of this hill, at two o'clock, in the afternoon, the battle began. Stationed upon the ridge of the hill was our artillery. From fifty batteries great volumes of smoke leaped from heated guns. The air was filled with the fantastic white shapes which floated from the bursting shells. Men were leaping to and fro, loading, firing, handling the artillery. Occasionally a cry reached the ear, which spoke of disaster or death by some well aimed ball. The men gathered in little groups around their pieces, till the signal was given for firing. Then they scattered, leaving only the gunner, grasping the lanyard of his gun. The piece belched forth its smoke and fire and deadly missile; and then the little group gathered again, appearing in the distance like pigmies, while far off the white puff of the enemy's batteries showed an answering fire.

Heavier grew the fire. Deadlier the shock of battle. The air was filled with cheers and yells, and cries of struggling men. Above all rose a dismal canopy of smoke, through which the sun shone like a ball of blood.

Down in the green woods men were dying; along the banks of quiet streams soldiers lay dead. Shot and shell and death were everywhere; still the battle went on.

A rebel brigade crossed the field. Suddenly a shell fell among them, another, and then another, until the thousands scattered like a swarm of flies, and disappeared in the woods.

The fight was fearful, from two until five o'clock in the afternoon. Suddenly the storm burst with ten-fold fury upon our center. Battery after battery took position, only to be met by new batteries of the enemy. The storm of shot and shell filled the air with iron fragments. The roar of artillery eclipsed the thunders of heaven. The sulphurous smoke of the gunpowder, like a dismal cloud, obscured the sun. On the hill sides, in the woods and valleys, the long rolling crash of musketry filled up pauses in the deafening roar, and showed that the enemy was making his crowning effort.

Suddenly there was a lull; the artillery ceased its thunders;

at intervals a single musket shot was heard; the smoke of battle curled upwards and mingled with the clouds. A strange hum buzzed over the battle field, lately so noisy, now fearful in its silence.

A single cannon shot upon our left, then a terrible roar of musketry, mingled with cheers, announced that to be the main point of the enemy's attack. Swarming from out the woods the rebel hosts appeared in countless thousands. They captured our batteries, and poured a destructive fire into our supporting infantry. Our line gave way on the left at their fierce charge. Two brigades broke and could not be rallied. Soon the whole left wing of our army gave way. At first with great disorder. This was soon remedied. Then our forces fell back deliberately.

The enemy pushed heavy masses of infantry after our retreating columns, and, planting his batteries upon hills, commanded the whole battle field. We were outflanked and beaten, partially by concentrated forces, but chiefly by superior generalship. The loss on both sides was very heavy.

During the night our army fell back on Centreville, Gens. Kearney, Reno, and Gibson bringing up the rear. Crossing Cub Run, Slocum's division of Franklin's corps, was met advancing deliberately to the field. But they halted so soon as they met the head of our retreating column, and camped for the night. The enemy did not pursue us; but contented himself with throwing a few shot and shell into our wagon trains.

After midnight we reached Centreville. Every house and shed in it was filled with our wounded. Ambulances had been running all day, bringing them from the battle field. Wagons were rumbling through the streets; soldiers hunting their regiments; orderlies galloping to and fro. Confusion made that night dismal.

The morning of August thirty-first found the main body of our army within the intrenchments of Centreville. The scene at daylight was discouraging. It was raining, and round the camp fires were gathered crowds of hungry, tired, wet and wounded soldiers. Everything was dripping; the

mist steamed from the horses and the clothes of the men. Soldiers were trying to find their regiments; artillerymen their batteries; here could be seen the forewheels of an artillery truck—the gun being in possession of the enemy. Everywhere disaster stared in our faces. Meantime ambulances poured in along the Fairfax road from Washington, and everything having wheels was brought into use to remove our wounded. All that day there was a constant double stream of vehicles, moving in opposite directions, to and from Fairfax to Centreville.

Winding along the muddy road, long columns of reinforcements appeared in sight. They were soldiers from Sumner's and Franklin's corps; but, alas! they were too late. A day after the battle.

Gen. Pope, all that day, was engaged in getting the army in condition, resting the men, getting up supplies of provisions and ammunition. Fitz John Porter failed to assist him. Sumner and Franklin's corps had been delayed. Pope, sick at heart, applied for leave to fall back on Washington.

The enemy's advance appeared in force at Cub Run, on the morning of August thirty-first, fired a few shots from their artillery, but made no attempt to cross. Subsequent events showed they were making a bold movement on our right.

The army remained at Centreville all day, covering the movement of our army trains and ambulances. The New Jersey brigade was posted about two miles west of Fairfax Court House. About sundown a body of rebel cavalry appeared on a cross road near Fairfax, with two pieces of artillery, and captured a few wagons. They were soon driven off by the Jerseymen.

While we were waiting at Centreville for the enemy to attack us in the fortifications, they were moving slowly along the Little River pike to our right. They knew the strength of our position too well to attack us at Centreville. A reconnoissance developed this fact, and troops were at once pushed forward to Fairfax Court House, Chantilly, and Germantown. Just before sunset, September first, the enemy attacked us on our right, as our column was moving on the Centreville road.

BATTLE OF CHANTILLY.

General Reno occupied the right; General Stevens commanding the second division on the left, immediately moved against the enemy, leading his troops in person. While doing this he was shot dead by a bullet through the head, and the troops fell back in disorder. The movement of Gen. Stevens had been intended to cover the right of Reno's other division, which was in danger of being flanked. When the brave Stevens was killed, and his troops driven back, there was danger that our right wing would be turned, and the whole force destroyed. Unable to send forward regiments to occupy Stevens' position, Reno himself was falling back, and the whole line seemed likely to be lost.

At this critical moment the fighting division of Kearney appeared upon the field, and at once rushed into the battle. Gen. Kearney, penetrating too far in the enemy's lines, was instantly killed. Gen. Birney then took command, and ordered his own brigade to charge. This was done gallantly, and decided the contest. The rebels broke and run, making no effort to renew the fight. The field was held by our men for the night.

A terrific thunder storm raged while the battle was going on, the crashes of thunder drowning the roar of artillery and musketry.

Thus was fought the battle of Chantilly. In it we lost two valuable officers. Gen. Philip Kearney, the knightly hero, who had cheered his division through the bloody battles of the Peninsula, and who was a meteor in every fight, and defied death in every encounter. General Stevens, too, fell. He had been with Burnside in his battles, and was a brave and gallant soldier.

On the second of September the whole army fell back to the intrenchments in front of Washington. Part of the column proceeded on the Washington road, and part on the Alexandria road. The enemy moved north towards Leesburgh, and made no pursuit. Halting in front of Washington, the army was reorganized and Gen. McClellan again appointed Commander in Chief.

Gen. Kearney's old division went into camp at Arlington Heights. It was the first time in four months they had slept under tents. They rested there for one month. It seemed but a few days—so welcome was REST. It was a great blessing to the tired soldier, and only next to HOME. It meant new health, energy, life and joy. Only those who have been in battle, know the terrible drain upon the mental and physical energy of man. The soldiers were resting, therefore happy. During the long Indian summer days they lay under their shelter tents, smoking the soldier's pipe of enjoyment. Ah! those were happy days for the veterans.

When Gen. Pope took command of the Army of Virginia he issued the following address, which caused much feeling in the army of the Potomac, as it was regarded as a reflection upon the conduct of Gen. McClellan in his campaign before Richmond :

“To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia:

“By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

“I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when found, whose policy has been attack and not defense.

“In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western army in a defensive attitude. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily.

“I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving—that opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

“Meantime I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you.

“I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

“The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy.

“Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

“Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever.”

Here Gen. Pope's campaign in Virginia ends. Next follows the fortunes of the favorite commander of the Army of the Potomac, Gen. George B. McClellan.

The people of the loyal States were thrilled with pain on account of the disaster of the Union army at the second battle of Manassas Plains; but gathering new energy from misfortune, prepared to meet the shock of battle upon the soil of Maryland. The North freely poured forth her men and treasure. The President's call for new troops was promptly answered. With an elasticity which nothing could subdue, the Union army marched forward to meet the invaders. The rebel leaders had made their boast that they would dictate terms of peace to the loyal North on their own soil. That threat they fondly hoped to execute. Their victorious army had unresisted crossed the Potomac, and were rapidly marching on the Capital. But a new power was in the field. They were at last to feel the vengeance of a free people. With all their skill, daring and strategy they, with great loss, were hurled back into the desolated war fields of Virginia.

The army gathered new life after crossing the Potomac. The pure air of the North invigorated the men. The pleasant country roads, neat farm houses, shady lanes and rural scenes, brought to the memory of many a veteran the dear

home he had left to fight the battles of his country. From the gently rolling slopes and crowning hills of Maryland our men looked upon a scene of peaceful beauty. Industry was unharmed. The locomotive sped on its way unassailed, no secession, no guerrillas, no ruin here. The night closed in quiet. The morning broke with no wild alarm. The chiming bells of Sabbath sounded musically upon the ear, indicative of that peace and rest which all need. From out the doors of cottages and farm houses, poured gray haired men, lovely maidens, and little children—all eager to bless the sun-burnt veterans of the Union army. It was a march of triumph. Garlands of roses decorated the bayonets of our men. Wreaths of flowers hung upon the necks of the horses. The people laughed and wept for very gladness. Thus the column moved on, till battle and misery changed the lovely scene and filled the land with mourning.

CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.

CHAPTER XI.

On the second of September, Gen. McClellan was placed in command of the fortifications of Washington, and of all the troops for the defense of the Capital. The various garrisons were at once strengthened, and the troops disposed to cover all approaches to the city.

Meantime, the enemy had crossed the Potomac near Leesburgh, and threatened to invade Pennsylvania, or capture Baltimore. His forces had already occupied Frederick, Md., and Washington was in danger. New troops had been called for by the President, and thousands were rushing to defend the Capital.

The First and Ninth corps, under Gens. Reno and Hooker, forming the right wing under Gen. Burnside, were ordered to move on the fifth of September. The First corps was to move by the way of Brookville, Cooksville and Ridgeville, to Frederick; the Ninth corps by Damascus, on New Market and Frederick. The Seventh and Eleventh corps, under Gens. Sumner and Williams, on the sixth, moved from Tenallytown to Rockville; thence by Middleburgh and Urbana, to Frederick; the Eleventh corps moving by a lateral road between Urbana and New Market; thus maintaining the communication between the center and right wing, and covering the direct route from Frederick to Washington. The Sixth corps, under Gen. Franklin, moved to Darnestown on the sixth; thence by Dawsonville and Barnsville on Buckeys-

town, being in position to support the center. Couch's division moved forward to Poolsville. The troops were thus in position to cover Baltimore and Washington; our line extending from the Potomac river, near Poolsville, to New Market, near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, our front facing northwest.

Through every country road in Maryland, in the direction of Frederick, our columns pushed. The veterans were greeted with a hearty welcome as they toiled along the dusty roads. At many a farm house gate were gathered loyal citizens, cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and furnishing our soldiers with food and water. This was so entirely different from the sullen manner we had been received in Virginia, that it tended much to cheer the spirits of the troops.

On the twelfth a part of our right wing entered Frederick, after a brisk skirmish at the outskirts of the city. The next day the main body of the right and center passed through the town. The entrance of the Union army into Frederick was a perfect ovation. The people were wild with joy. They showered flowers upon the bayonets of our heroes. Every house opened its doors and received our troops with enthusiastic welcome.

On September thirteenth, our advance, consisting of Pleasanton's cavalry and horse artillery, after skirmishing, cleared the main passage over the Catoctin Hills, leaving no serious obstruction to the movement of the main body until the base of the South Mountain range was reached.

BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

The enemy occupied the sides and summit of the spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, called the South Mountain. The range, near Turner's Pass, averages in height one thousand feet, and forms a strong, natural military barrier. Through this Pass lies the turnpike which leads from Middletown to Hagerstown. The passes through this range of mountains are not numerous, and are easily defended. Turner's Pass, through which lies the National road, is the most prominent, and therefore was chosen as the route for the main body of

our army. The mountains in the immediate vicinity are steep, and on account of loose rocks, difficult of ascent. They are covered with thick woods, affording good hiding places for an enemy.

Early on the morning of the fourteenth, Gen. Pleasanton, with a cavalry force, reconnoitered the position of the enemy, whom he discovered to occupy the crests of commanding hills on each side of the National road, and upon commanding ground in the center, with artillery bearing upon all approaches to their position. The enemy's force was supposed to amount to forty thousand men, with twelve pieces of artillery, under command of Gens. Longstreet and D. H. Hill.

The broad road, winding up through the Pass, appeared to be peaceful and safe. No enemy was to be seen. The beautiful woods glistened in the sunshine of a September sun. Over the green fields flitted the shadow of a passing cloud. Our column pushed on. So steep was the ascent, that field officers dismounted and led their horses. The infantry, with bodies inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, breasted the hill, and climbed its rugged face.

Suddenly, a puff of smoke from the dark green woods shows that the wily enemy is not sleeping. Another, and a succession of puffs, and his batteries rain shot and shell over and around our advancing columns. Our men cheer and press onward.

Cox's division, of Reno's corps, first entered the battle. So soon as the head of the column was within range, the enemy opened a heavy artillery fire. Robertson's battery replied, while our troops filed right and left into the fields, and the two columns—Scammon's and Cook's brigades—stormed the crest in front, giving us an important position for further operations. The enemy threw forward fresh troops, pressing Cox. Gen. Willcox's division, of Reno's corps, arrived to support our column. At one o'clock, Sturgis' division was sent forward by Gen. Burnside. The fight raged desperately. Several times the enemy was compelled to change the position of his batteries.

At two o'clock, the head of Gen. Hooker's column

appeared, winding along the road. Our men cheered the old veterans. Gen. Meade rushed forward, and, with his Pennsylvania regiments, carried an eminence. Hatch's division plunged into the dark woods, which swarmed with concealed foes. Doubleday and Phelps rushed to the support. The crest was carried, and our forces pushed forward. Here the bravery of the Indiana and Wisconsin soldiers was conspicuous. Hatch's brigade fought desperately at a fence near the skirt of the woods. The enemy pressed onward with confidence, sweeping over an open space in front, but were met with a sheet of fire. For an hour their columns rushed against this band of heroes only to be hurled back in disorder.

Rickett's division took part in the fight. Then Gibbon's brigade arrived, and drove the enemy before them. Deploying his brigade, Gibbon engaged a superior force of the enemy, and steadily pressed them back until dark, holding the field.

Twilight came on; objects looked indistinct; yet from out the woods flashed forth the enemy's musketry. At intervals there was a lull, a straggling volley, and then a bright sheet of flame flashed in the face of our soldiers. Soon it was so dark that our men fired at the flashes of the enemy's musketry. The enemy sullenly retired. Occasionally a single piece of artillery flashed, and a single musket shot was heard. But the Union army won the battle, and slept upon the field.

We lost a noble General—Reno—who was killed while observing the enemy's movements. Our loss was three hundred and twenty-eight killed, one thousand four hundred and sixty-three wounded and missing. That of the enemy about two thousand.

BATTLE OF CRAMPTON'S GAP.

This battle was fought by the famous corps of Gen. Franklin. He had followed the shores of the Potomac, on his march towards the enemy. On the thirteenth of September he reached Sugar Loaf Mountain, surrounded it with cavalry, cleared it of the enemy, and established on its summit a lookout for the Union signal corps. Leaving the mountain on

the fourteenth, he passed through Burketsville, and advanced but a short distance, when he came in contact with the enemy's pickets at the top of the South Mountain range, near Crampton's Gap. The enemy was strongly intrenched at the base, on the sides, and in strong force in infantry behind the mountain. Eight pieces of artillery, planted on the slope of the mountain, at once opened on our advance. Gen. Slocum's division then formed in line of battle, and moved on the enemy's batteries. The brigades of Gens. Bartlett and Torbitt had moved but a short distance, when they received a fire from the enemy concealed behind a high stone wall running along the base of the Gap. Here a desperate fight occurred. In one hour the enemy was flying before the fierce charge made by the New Jersey brigade of Gen. Torbitt, and the brigade of Gen. Bartlett.

The rebels made a stand when they gained the crest of the mountain. Up the steep mountain rushed the gallant troops of New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. The top gained, another fierce struggle ensued. The enemy finally gave way, and fled in disorder down into the valley beyond, leaving in our possession four hundred prisoners, two pieces of artillery, and three thousand Springfield rifles. Our loss was one hundred and five killed, four hundred and forty-eight wounded. The enemy lost, in killed and wounded, about one thousand. The position was an important one, as it threatened the enemy's rear.

The enemy fled in much disorder, and fell back on Antietam creek, abandoning the mountain, our cavalry in rapid pursuit.

The corps of Hooker, Sumner, and Mansfield, pursued the enemy by the way of Boonsboro; Burnside and Porter advanced on the old Sharpsburgh road; and Franklin moved into Pleasant Valley, in hopes to relieve Harper's Ferry, then invested by the enemy. Franklin moved forward to Browns-ville, and found a force of the enemy, greatly superior to ours, drawn up to receive him. The total cessation of firing in the direction of Harper's Ferry, about this time, indicated the surrender of that position.

SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY

On the fifth of September, Col. Thomas H. Ford, Thirty-Second Ohio, took command of the forces on Maryland Heights. They were placed at Sandy Hook and Solomon's Gap. Those at Sandy Hook, under Col. Maltby, retired by Col. Miles' order, to the eastern slope of Maryland Heights, two or three days previous to their evacuation by Col. Ford.

On the eleventh of September the force at Solomon's Gap were driven in by the enemy. Col. Ford called upon Col. Miles for reinforcements. The One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth and Thirty-Ninth New York regiments were sent him on the twelfth; and on the morning of the thirteenth, he was further reinforced by the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York.

Col. Ford made unsuccessful requisitions for axes and spades, to enable him to construct defenses on Maryland Heights. With a few borrowed axes, he cut down trees, and formed a slight breastwork in front of his position.

Early on the morning of the thirteenth the enemy made an attack on the crest of the hill, and, after some fighting, our troops fell back in confusion to the breastwork, where they rallied. About nine o'clock they made a second attack, which the troops at the breastwork resisted until Col. Sherrill, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth New York, was wounded and carried from the field. Then the most of that regiment fled in confusion, notwithstanding the efforts of Col. Ford and others to rally them. Soon afterwards, the rest of our forces, under a misapprehension of orders, fell back. Then Maryland Heights were abandoned, by order of Col. Ford.

On the fourteenth the enemy attacked the extreme left of our line on Bolivar Heights. After a sharp engagement, they were repulsed by our troops, under command of Gen. White. On the same day the battle of South Mountain was fought. The distance is about seven miles, and each party could hear the artillery of the other.

That night, two thousand cavalry, under command of Col. Davis, of the Twelfth Illinois cavalry, made their escape from

Harper's Ferry, and reached Greencastle next morning, capturing on their route an ammunition train belonging to Gen. Longstreet, consisting of fifty wagons.

At daylight, on the morning of the fifteenth, the enemy opened their batteries from seven different positions, directing their attack principally upon our batteries on the left of Bolivar Heights. About seven o'clock in the morning, not having fought two hours, Col. Miles concluded to surrender, as the ammunition for his artillery was exhausted. He then hoisted the white flag. The enemy, not observing it, kept up a constant fire for half an hour, mortally wounding Col. Miles. At eight o'clock they perceived the flag, when the post was surrendered unconditionally.

So soon as the place was surrendered, Gens. A. P. Hill and Jackson, with their staff and some of their troops, rode into town. We then ascertained that their forces numbered nearly seventy thousand men. The Union loss, by this surrender, was eleven thousand five hundred and eighty-three prisoners, fifty pieces of artillery of various calibre, and six days' rations for twelve thousand men. The loss, in killed and wounded, on both sides, was very small.

BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

On the sixteenth of September our advance came upon the enemy posted upon the heights on the west side of Antietam creek; their left and center being upon, and in front of, the road from Sharpsburgh to Hagerstown, and protected by woods and irregularities of the ground. Their extreme left rested upon a wooded eminence near the cross-roads, to the north of G. Miller's farm; their right rested on the hills to the right of Sharpsburgh, covering the crossing of Antietam creek, and the approaches to Sharpsburgh from the southeast. Broken and wooded ground behind the hills concealed the mass of the enemy's forces. The ground in the enemy's front was undulating. Hills intervened, whose crests are commanded by the crests of others in their rear. On all favorable points their artillery was posted. Their line formed a semi-circle on a range of hills, its concave side towards us.

The rebel Gen. Jackson commanded their left, Gen. Longstreet their center, and Gen. A. P. Hill their right. All under command of Gen. Lee. Their force was supposed to be about seventy thousand strong.

Under the base of these hills, runs the deep stream called Antietam creek, fordable only at distant points. Three bridges cross it—one on the Hagerstown road; another on the Sharpsburgh pike; the third to the left in a deep recess of abrupt hills. It was evident, from the force of the enemy, and the strength of their position, that desperate fighting alone could drive them from their chosen ground. All felt that a terrible battle was on hand.

The plan of attack of Gen. McClellan was nearly as follows: Gen. Hooker was to cross Antietam creek on the right, establish himself on the enemy's left if possible, flanking the position of the enemy, and opening the battle. Sumner, Franklin and Mansfield were to send their troops also to the right, acting with Hooker's attack, while advancing nearer the center. The heavy work in the center was left principally to the batteries, Porter massing his infantry supports in the hollows. On the left, Burnside was intrusted with the difficult task of carrying the bridge across the Antietam, near Rohrback's farm, and of assailing the enemy's right.

Gen. Hooker moved with his corps across the creek at a ford to the right of Keedysville, without opposition. Fronting south-west his line advanced threatening the enemy's flank. Cavalry skirmishers were sent into the woods and over the fields beyond. Presently they were met by a sharp fire from a concealed battery. They at once fell back on the main column.

Infantry skirmishers then advanced to an open field inclosed on two sides with woods, protected on the right by a hill, and having a corn field in the rear. Penetrating these woods they were met by a sharp fire. Receiving support they rapidly advanced and cleared the timber of the enemy.

Gen. Hooker at once formed his line. Rickett's division went into the woods on the left. Meade, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, formed the center. Doubleday was sent on

the right, and planting his guns on a hill opened at once on a rebel battery that commenced to enfilade our central line. Meade's troops had a sharp contest and held their own. It was now dark. The enemy's position could only be discovered by the flashes of their guns. They pushed boldly forward on the right, and attempted to recover lost ground, but did not succeed. The fight flashed, glimmered, and ceased with the dark night.

With the first break of daylight the battle began. Morning found both armies as they had lain down the night before, looking almost in each other's eyes. Hooker attacked, but masses of the enemy soon checked his advance. Mansfield brought his corps to the support of Hooker. The fire now became fearful and incessant. What at first were distant notes, clear and consecutive, soon merged into a tumultuous chorus which made the earth tremble. By the help of Mansfield the enemy were driven back; but the good and gallant Mansfield lost his life in the effort.

Our lines pushed forward with cheers. Through the corn field, and into the dark woods, went the retreating enemy. Meade's division followed close after them, and endeavored to penetrate the woods. Out of its dark recesses came terrible volleys which checked their further progress. Closing up their shattered lines, our troops fell back. The enemy's column quickly pursued, with exulting yells, and deadly volleys of musketry. Gen. Hooker sent his nearest brigades to check them; but they surged back before the savage masses of the enemy. At last Doubleday sent in his best brigade. They went forward at a run. Through the woods, and storm of shot and shell from the enemy's batteries; over the open field, into the corn field, passing their retreating comrades, firing in volleys and then at will, they pushed rapidly forward. They reached the ridge of the hill, and held it. There were gaps in their line, but they closed up and kept an unyielding front. These were Gen. Hartsuff's troops, consisting of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts regiments. For two hours the tide of battle ebbed and flowed; now in our favor; then against us. Whole companies were swept away before the iron storm; the ground was strewn

with wounded and dead. Eight batteries were in full play. The din of heavy guns, the whistling and bursting of shells, and roar of musketry, were almost deafening.

To the right of the corn field and beyond it was a point of woods. Once carried and held it was the key of the position. Hooker determined to take it. Reconnoitering the enemy's position he was wounded by a bullet passing through his foot. He at once ordered Crawford and Gordon to advance and carry the woods and hold them, saying if they did this, "It is our fight." And so it was. His part of the battle was won, for this was the battle on the rebel left. The severity of Hooker's wound compelled him to leave the field at this critical moment.

It was now ten o'clock. The fight had been raging four hours. Gen. Sumner arrived and took command just as Hooker left. Crawford and Gordon were fighting in the woods, and holding them. Sedgwick advanced to their support. Gen. Sumner sent forward Richardson and French to the left. The enemy's reinforcements were approaching also, and the struggle for the position was again renewed. In attempting to extend his front, one of Sedgwick's regiments broke, under a terrible fire. The enemy came in force on that flank. Crawford was compelled to give way on the right, and his troops, pouring through the ranks of Sedgwick's advance brigade, threw it into confusion, and back on our second line. The enemy rapidly advanced, their fire increasing in intensity.

It was now one o'clock. Franklin came up with fresh troops and formed on the left. Slocum, with one division, was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first range of the hills which the enemy held. Smith with the other division, was ordered to retake the corn fields and woods, which all day had been so hotly contested. This was gallantly done. His division went forward on a run, and cheering as they advanced, swept like a rushing wind through the corn-fields, pierced the woods, cleared them of the foe, and held them. The key of the enemy's position was won.

It was now two o'clock. The plan of battle made it necessary for success that the attack of the separate columns

should be simultaneous. Unless this was done, the enemy, from his interior lines, could throw the greater portion of his force upon one column of our attack. The fight along the center was chiefly with artillery; batteries were vigorously worked. But all was quiet on the left. Where was Burnside? Why was not the bridge carried, and the enemy's retreat threatened?

The valley of the Antietam at the bridge, near Konrback's farm, is narrow, with high banks. On the right of the stream the bank is wooded, and commands the approaches to the bridge and ford. The steep slopes of the banks were lined with rifle pits and breastworks of rails and stones. These and the woods, were filled with the enemy's infantry, while their batteries commanded and enfiladed the bridge and ford.

At three o'clock, Burnside had made little progress. He had carried the bridge; but could not advance further. There are two hills on the left of the road; the enemy had batteries on both. At four o'clock, Burnside was ordered to storm these positions.

The day had been clear and bright, and now the scene shone with the splendor of a September sun. Four miles of battle visible; its glory seen; its horrors hidden; the fate of the nation hanging on its issue; could any one be insensible to its grandeur?

Gen. McClellan had signal stations on the Blue Ridge, commanding a view of every movement of the enemy. They could not make a maneuver which was not instantly seen by our keen look-outs, and as promptly communicated; and from our batteries, shot and shell met their strategic moves. It was the information, conveyed by the little flags upon the mountain tops, that enabled our troops and batteries to successfully meet the concentration of the forces of the enemy at any given point.

At four o'clock, Gen. McClellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin to advance. Franklin held his own; his movement was a success. The movement of Burnside now became the turning point of the battle. Had he pushed forward as ordered, at ten in the morning, he would have co-operated with Hooker, and had he succeeded in

reaching the Sharpsburgh road, would have been in the enemy's rear.

Burnside moved rapidly forward; he took the first hill; planted his batteries, and silenced the opposing battery on the next hill; the infantry then advanced rapidly and steadily; their long, dark lines were plainly visible as they moved over the green hill. The next moment the road was filled with clouds of dust. The hill was carried. New columns of the enemy appeared; his guns sent shot and shell among Burnside's column. In a short time a line of battle of the enemy appeared on the brow of a ridge above our men, and moved swiftly down in perfect order, and, though met by volleys of musketry, did not fire a gun. More columns of the enemy appeared, splendidly handled, they swept on like an overwhelming wave. Backward, forward, surging and swaying like a ship in a storm, the struggle went on. It was folly to contend against such an overwhelming force. Burnside was flanked and driven from the hill he took so bravely. He sent to McClellan for reinforcements. None were received. Burnside slowly fell back, and held the hill he first captured. The enemy did not push their advantage. Their fire gradually ceased. Before it was quite dark the battle was over.

Antietam was a drawn battle. The enemy could not be forced from his position, and fell back deliberately the day after. His loss was about six thousand, killed and wounded.

The Union army captured thirteen guns, thirty-nine colors, fifteen thousand stand of small arms, and six thousand prisoners. Our loss in killed and wounded, was about six thousand.

This was indeed a memorable battle, although productive of no decisive result. For fourteen hours nearly two hundred thousand men had been engaged in combat. The enemy fought with a bravery worthy of a better cause.

Long before daylight, on the morning of September eighteenth, our men were awake and ready to renew the battle. The silence of death brooded over the enemy's front; we could not penetrate their dark lines. Their pickets were heavy in our front, and with exultant feelings, the Union

army awaited the word of command, fully confident of being able to drive the enemy into the Potomac, or disperse his army. Morning came, hours slipped by, yet no order to advance was received by our eager troops. No attack was made by the enemy, and the day passed in waiting and hoping. Alas! delay let the prize slip through our fingers.

Gen. McClellan, with that caution which is part of his being, unwilling to risk all on the decisive result, awaited the arrival of reinforcements. The next day the order was given to advance, but the wily foe had disappeared over the Potomac. His movement was very quiet, and our advance captured only a few stragglers.

The retreat of an army so large as that of the enemy, across a river, carrying with him all his artillery and baggage, was certainly creditable to the commander. They passed away like the mist before the morning breeze.

A reconnoissance was made across the river on the nineteenth, which resulted in finding the enemy there, and capturing a few guns. On the twentieth, another reconnoissance found the enemy in force; our men were drawn into ambush and driven back with severe loss. This was near Shepherdstown, Va. The One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania proceeded to ford the Potomac, as the advance of Sykes' division. When they crossed they were ordered to climb a bluff. This bluff was very steep, rugged and rocky, and had to be ascended through ravines. When the regiment reached the brow of the bluff, they were confronted by an overpowering body of the enemy, who poured a destructive fire into their ranks. The rest of the brigade retired over the river; but the One Hundred and Eighteenth did not receive the order, and staid there to be murdered. At last its gallant colonel, Charles M. Prevost, having been wounded while holding the colors, concluded he could not fight the whole rebel army, and ordered his men to recross the river, which they did with a loss of forty-five killed, one hundred and twenty-one wounded, and one hundred and twelve missing.

Then came a season of rest. All was "quiet in the Army of the Potomac." Occasionally Stuart, with an impertinence wholly incompatible with our dignity, made a dash into our

lines; but he was driven back. It was necessary that the army should be clothed; the men must have shoes; the officers wall tents; red tape at Washington was slow. The army must travel with a caravan, and the men must carry enormous knapsacks, only to throw them away in the first fight, and have them charged by the paymaster to the poor soldiers who drew only thirteen dollars per month.

The beautiful days of September glided away. The roads were in splendid condition; the Potomac low and easy fordable. Yet the army waited and halted at Sharpsburgh; gazed upon the bluffs on the Virginia shore, while dispatches flew along the wires, telling this, that, and everything, but nothing was done. At length the enemy wakened us from our dream by one of his bold exploits.

STUART'S CAVALRY RAID.

A cavalry force of eighteen hundred men, and four pieces of flying artillery, under command of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, crossed the Potomac between Williamsport and Hancock on the tenth of October, at daylight, capturing our pickets, and pushing northward towards Pennsylvania. Reaching the National road, between Hagerstown and Hancock, they nearly ran against Gen. Cox's command, consisting of six regiments and two batteries, which had passed an hour previous. Pushing on, they entered Mercersburgh, Pa., about noon. Here they confiscated a few horses. Passing through the town, they took the route to Chambersburgh, arriving there after dark, in a heavy rain. Planting a battery on a hill, they demanded the surrender of the town, which was instantly acceded to. They entered the town in force, and a general plunder was commenced among the Government stores. The streets of Chambersburgh were converted into a vast dressing room. On every porch, and on every corner, rebels were to be seen putting on the new uniforms they had captured from the Union warehouses. The rebels donned blue attire, and the citizens were blue at the joke perpetrated at their expense. During the night a detachment scoured the country for horses, and brought in about six hundred.

Those that remained ranged their horses along the streets, facing the sidewalks, and lay on the sidewalks themselves. They did not enter any private houses. The officials all fled from the town at the approach of the rebel cavalry. No one could be found who admitted he held an office in the place. Combustibles were placed in the railroad depot, the Government warehouses, and the machine shop. A train was laid to the powder magazine. Three locomotives and cars, and the buildings mentioned, were consumed. About five thousand muskets were also destroyed.

From Chambersburgh the enemy's cavalry started towards Gettysburgh; but having passed the Blue Ridge, turned back towards Hagerstown, and then crossed to Maryland by Emmettsburgh. They continued their march through the night by the way of Liberty, New Market and Monrovia. Reaching Hyattstown at daylight, they captured a few army wagons. They then pushed for Barnsville, and thence to White's Ford, near Poolesville.

Meanwhile, the telegraph had flashed the news to Washington of the daring feat of this body of cavalry, and the whole line of the Potomac swarmed with soldiers to capture the bold adventurers. Stoneman had four thousand troops at Poolesville guarding the fords. Birney was after them; so was Berry; and Robinson's brigade, then at Arlington Heights, was sent flying to catch them.

It may be well to give a sketch of the march of Gen. Robinson's brigade, as it serves to show the manner in which military affairs were conducted in the Army of the Potomac.

On the night of October tenth, the brigade was ordered to march instanter for Poolesville. Everything was ready in half an hour. The men waited in a drizzling rain until daylight. Then the brigade left Arlington Heights to intercept Stuart's cavalry at Conrad's Ford, a distance of forty miles. As the cavalry had a day the start of the infantry brigade, it did not seem possible to unmilitary minds to catch them. The brigade passed over the Georgetown bridge and entered Maryland.

At dark it reached Rockville, and camped in a handsome fair ground near that village. At four o'clock the next

morning the brigade started for Conrad's ford, or wherever the rebels might try to cross. There were three new regiments in the brigade, and before it marched sixteen miles, the men were strung along the road from sheer exhaustion. There were no proper rests; no time given for meals; the men had to snatch what they could from their haversacks during brief pauses. Two men died from fatigue. One hundred and fifty gave out. But there was no stop; no rest. The brigade arrived in Poolsville at dark. It was then said the rebels were crossing at Conrad's ford. A scout might have found out whether this was true. But the whole brigade was rushed through mud and rain four miles further, only to find the river not fordable, and the rebels safe on the other side of the Potomac.

The rebel cavalry crossed at White's ford, without the loss of a man, having made a circuit round our lines, destroyed an immense quantity of stores, and obtained valuable information regarding the topography of the country and distribution of our forces.

After the flurry caused by this foray had subsided, the Army of the Potomac again lay down to peaceful slumber. The usual despatches passed to and from Washington. The usual bold moves were promised. But the rebel General Lee was not yet ready to move, and it would not do to hurry him.

All this time, stretched at ease along the banks of the river, slept and rested the grand army of the Potomac. Each man had plenty to eat, and little to do. A regiment of cavalry occasionally crossed the river; but always returned when they found the enemy in force. At last it was ascertained that Gen. Lee was falling back towards Richmond. The rebel General having a good start, it was thought safe to follow him. Accordingly, on October twenty-eighth, the Army of the Potomac received marching orders.

BURNSIDE'S CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER XII.

The Army of the Potomac crossed at Harper's Ferry, Berlin, and other points, and moved leisurely through the Loudon Valley, between the Blue Ridge and Bull Run mountains. Several cavalry skirmishes occurred, but no where was the enemy to be found in force.

Burnside's corps crossed at Conrad's Ford, climbing the abrupt bank on the Virginia shore. The country for a short distance is a succession of rolling fields, then comes bold hills and heavy timber, and soon the outlines of a range of mountains appear in the horizon. The first is the Kittoctan mountains, a continuation of the Bull Run Range. In the distance they appear like a blue cloud. This valley is good farming land.

The column wound its way through a scene of rural beauty. War had not desolated this portion of Virginia. The road wound along the edge of a hill, springs gushing from its base and rippling over the road. The wheat was springing up, and cattle grazing in the meadows. The men were in joyous spirits. Soldiers love activity. The column moved along the base of the mountains, through Salem and Warrenton.

On the fifth of November Gen. McClellan was removed from the command of the army and Gen. Burnside appointed. Meantime the army halted for a few days near Warrenton.

The removal of Gen. McClellan while the army was marching, was unfortunate, it caused a delay in the transfer of com-

mands. In other words it brought the army to a halt, and enabled the enemy to concentrate a force at Fredericksburgh.

November seventeenth the Union army left Warrenton for Fredericksburgh, the advance arriving opposite that place on the nineteenth. Gen. Sumner at once demanded its surrender. Gen. Longstreet declined his request. The result was that the army went into camp among the hills of Stafford; and the enemy began a series of formidable earthworks on the hills back of Fredericksburgh. Thus the two armies gazed upon each other until the morning of December eleventh, when that terrible disaster to the Union army took place, called the battle of Fredericksburgh.

While the long columns were filing through the valley of Virginia, resting in woods, bivouacing on plains, and halting for orders, a brilliant episode in the war was performed by Gen. Sigel's body guard, under command of Capt. Dahlgren, of Gen. Sigel's staff, composed of portions of Bracken's and Stuart's Indiana cavalry.

On a very pleasant day in November, about the twelfth, the squadron reached the bluffs on the Rappahannock above Falmouth. They had with them a scout who was a resident of Fredericksburgh. He crossed, and returned with the information that none but stragglers were in town. Crossing the difficult ford above Falmouth, over the rocky bed of the river, the troops wound along the river road and charged suddenly into the town on Sunday morning: the bells were ringing for church as their horses' hoofs clattered on the streets. They reached the railroad depot; there four hundred rebel cavalry were drawn up in line, ready for a charge. Not halting an instant, this gallant band of fifty-seven men, led by Lieut. Carr, of Bracken's cavalry, with whoops and yells, charged through the enemy's line, capturing forty men and putting the rest to flight. Pursuing the fugitives, they came upon another line of the enemy on the right, which they instantly charged and broke. Turning, they charged a body of cavalry in the rear. The citizens took part in the fight, firing on our men from houses. Our cavalry captured more prisoners than their own number, destroyed fifty thousand dollars' worth of property, and held the town of Fredericks-

burgh for an hour, with the loss of one killed, Robert Gapen, of Terre Haute, who had followed the company as a volunteer, and one wounded, Serg't Warren, of Stuart's cavalry, and four prisoners. The rebels lost about sixty killed and wounded.

Lieut. Garner, of Bracken's cavalry, was at Falmouth, with the reserve. When he heard of the fight, he desired at once to cross the river and hold the town; but the Major of the Sixth Ohio cavalry, would not permit his men to cross. Our gallant band returned, with the loss above stated, having, with their small number, surprised and held a town of four thousand inhabitants. Capt. Sharra, and Lieuts. Miller and Carr, were complimented by Gen. Sigel. A single division of our army could have promptly followed up this movement, and held the town, thus avoiding the unfruitful battle which afterwards took place.

For twenty-two days the Army of the Potomac camped on the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburgh. For the first time in the history of that army, the opposing pickets gazed upon each other without firing a shot. The strange spectacle was presented of two immense opposing armies quietly watching each other, peaceful as if all were a holiday pageant. From the heights of Stafford our army could see the enemy throwing up earthworks, digging rifle pits, building forts, making every preparation for a desperate defense. Their pickets lounged along the opposite shore, or gathered in groups under the shade of some building, scarcely one hundred and fifty yards from our pickets. Sometimes friendly conversation and trading took place between each side. On the hills, back of Fredericksburgh, details of the enemy's fatigue parties were seen busy at work. In the streets of Fredericksburgh, rebel soldiers strolled about, mostly without arms. Occasionally a gaily dressed staff officer galloped through the streets. On the distant hills tents sprung up like magic, and signal men, with their little flags, could be seen talking to other little flags on the blue horizon.

The golden sun of Indian summer shone upon the troops. Every natural advantage urged a prompt movement. But with that delay which has always characterized the move-

ment of large bodies of troops in the present war, the army waited until the enemy had finished his last earthwork, dug his last rifle pit, planted all his artillery; and then, having no further excuse for delay, the army was ordered to storm the position in front.

The sick were ordered from the comfortable log huts they had built in their respective camps, to report to the division hospitals. These hospitals were myths. A bare hill was selected for each hospital, the sick and dying soldiers—about seven thousand in number—were ordered out one rainy night in December, to said hospitals. They went staggering through the mud to lie down and die in the rain on the hill top. There were no tents, and but few surgeons. All was confusion; the moving army had no time to look after its sick men. Many a brave soldier, far removed from those he loved, died from the exposure of that dismal night.

THE SITUATION.

The Rappahannock river, in its course from west to east, is skirted, at the point where Fredericksburgh stands on its southern bank, by low crests of hills, which, on the northern bank, run parallel and close to the river, and on the southern bank trend backward from the stream, and leave a semi-circular plain six miles in length, and two or three in depth, inclosed within their circumference before they again approach the river in the neighborhood of Massaponax creek. Immediately above the town, and on the left of the enemy's position, the bluffs are bold and bare of trees; but as the hills, in their eastward course, recede from the river, they become lower, and are densely wooded, while low spurs, covered with copsewood, run down at right angles to the range of hills into the plain, behind and between which spurs, the center and right of the rebel army was posted, stretching for a distance of six miles from the extreme left, and ending near Massaponax creek, five miles below Fredericksburgh.

It will be apparent to the reader, that the left of the rebel army occupied a stronger position than the center and right. There was not sufficient room for the Union troops to deploy

and form, except under deadly fire from the enemy's batteries and infantry. On the center and right, there were fewer disadvantages; but the crest of every hill was crowned with a rebel redoubt, which, with its guns, swept the open plain. Even in its weakest point, the enemy's line possessed great advantages. No wonder Gen. Lee was elated at the prospect of a coming battle in his chosen position; for he felt confident of the defeat of the Union army.

The enemy's troops were divided into two large corps; Gen. Longstreet's corps was on the left, and Gen. Jackson's on the right; the whole under the immediate command of Gen. Lee.

The Union troops were divided into three grand divisions. Gen. Sumner commanded the right, Gen. Hooker the center, and Gen. Franklin the left; all under the command of Gen. Burnside.

It is estimated that the enemy's forces consisted of seventy thousand men, while the Union troops numbered about one hundred and twenty thousand.

The dark night came on as the Union columns moved; the solemnity of the approaching battle cast its shadows over the faces of the men; earnestness was seen in every eye. The columns disappeared in the deep ravines and among the thick woods on Stafford Hills; and the heavy rumble of artillery trains, or quick clatter of horses feet, was all that broke the silence of the night that was to witness the opening of the terrible battle.

On the river bank all was silence. A heavy fog hung over the water; and although a distant sound occasionally gave evidence of life upon the south bank, yet nothing could be seen, and our men halted and waited for the pontoons to be stretched across the river.

THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURGH.

It was a clear, cold night, for after midnight the rain had ceased, and the ground was thinly sprinkled with snow, as, on the eleventh of December, the advance of our army descended from Stafford Heights into the valley of the Rap-

pahannock. Dense clouds of fog hung over the bed of the river, rendering it impossible to obtain a view of the opposite shore.

Directly in front of Fredericksburgh, the Union engineers were working silent as possible, laying a double pontoon bridge. Boat after boat was quickly placed in position, until the bridge was nearly completed. Then the fog was illumined by a quick succession of flashes, and a spiteful musketry fire killed several of our bridge builders, and drove the rest to the shelter of the bluffs. Two heavy guns sounded out in the night from the enemy's position, and then we knew he was fully awake and ready for the struggle. Again and again did our engineers rally on the bridge, and try to reach, with their pontoons, the opposite shore, only to be driven back by the deadly fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who were posted along the bank, and in buildings near the shore.

The Seventh Michigan regiment, Col. Hall, then deployed along the edge of the bank, and opened fire on the enemy; but, under the protection of brick houses, cellars and rifle pits, it was found impossible to dislodge him.

One hundred and forty pieces of artillery then opened on the town. It was now daylight. The shot plowed through the buildings of the devoted city, and the shell tore up casements, or burst like snow flakes over the town. From one stone building, near the river bank, a deadly fire had poured all the morning upon our bridge builders. Suddenly, at a given signal, the fire of a dozen batteries was concentrated upon the spot. The building crumbled, and a cloud of dust marked where it stood. Our engineers again went to work to build the bridge. But, will it be believed? From out the very ruins came a deadly fire, and rebels thronged its ruined walls. Again our batteries opened, but with little effect.

Thus the struggle went on all the morning of December twelfth. Artillery could not dislodge them; infantry must. Volunteers were called for. The Seventh Michigan regiment, Lieut. Col. Baxter, (Col. Hall commanding the brigade,) volunteered to lead the forlorn hope. The men rushed to the pontoons, carried them to the water, jumped into them, and

pushed gallantly out into the stream amidst a shower of bullets from the enemy. Nothing daunted them. They reached the shore, charged gallantly through the streets of Fredericksburgh, driving the enemy from the rifle pits and buildings, and taking thirty-five prisoners. They lost five killed, and sixteen wounded. They were promptly supported by the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, and held the position till the bridge was laid.

Gen. Nathan Kimball's fine brigade then rushed over the bridge, and, charging gallantly through the main streets, drove the enemy from the city, and took position in front, where they remained during the night.

On December thirteenth, the day of the great battle, this brigade was selected to lead the forlorn hope in the attack on the enemy's works in the rear of the town. Crossing the canal in the rear of the town, they moved rapidly up the green slope toward the silent earthworks of the enemy. All at once the rebel batteries opened. Sometimes shells burst in the ranks. The fire was murderous. Yet the brigade moved swiftly on, closing up gaps in their lines, left by their fallen comrades, and pushed forward through fences and other obstacles, until, reaching the enemy's rifle pits, it was met by a terrific fire from behind stone walls, earthworks, and under cover of a ravine, from a superior force of the enemy. One-fourth of the command had fallen on the plain they had crossed, and the whole line was exposed to a most terrific fire of grape and musketry. Gen. Kimball was severely wounded, and the brigade fell back to meet the fiery veterans of the Irish brigade, under command of Gen. Meagher, rushing to the rescue.

How well they performed the task assigned them, will be immortalized in history. Emerging from the streets of the city, they encountered the full force and fury of the enemy's fire; and unable to resist or reply, pushed gallantly forward. Bursting from the town, and forming under the withering fire of the enemy's batteries, they proceeded to storm St. Mary's Heights, towering immediately in their front. Never in the battles of the old world was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin, than during the six frantic

dashes against the almost impregnable position of the enemy. From out the very blades of grass came a sheet of fire, carrying death with it. Yet on they rushed, till their bodies lined the sloping hill in front of the enemy's batteries. Their corpses strewed the ground like autumn leaves, and gave evidence of their desperate courage. No human force could have carried the position before which they were sacrificed, defended as it then was. Their loss is the best evidence of what manner of men they were, who pressed on to death with the valor of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle fields, and never more richly deserved it, than at the battle of Fredericksburgh. Out of one thousand two hundred men that went into battle, but two hundred and fifty escaped from the murderous repulse at St. Mary's Heights.

The history of one regiment is the history of all that tried to storm the heights during that terrible day—the thirteenth of December. At every point our brave legions struggled against the terrible combinations of the enemy's artillery and infantry, whose unremitting fire shook the earth, and filled the plain, in rear of the city, with deadly missiles of war. The struggling hosts of the Union stretched along the plain; their ranks were plowed by the merciless fire of the foe. In the stubborn, unyielding resistance of the enemy, there seemed no point likely to yield to the repeated assaults of our brave soldiers.

The enemy's batteries, from sixteen different positions, poured shot and shell upon our devoted men, in the plains below. It was a sight magnificently terrible. Every discharge of the enemy's artillery, and every explosion of his shells, were visible in the dusky twilight of the smoke-crowned hill. There his direct and enfilading batteries, with the vividness and intensity, and almost the rapidity of lightning, hurled the messengers of death into the midst of our brave ranks, which vainly struggled through the murderous fire to gain the hill and the guns of the enemy.

The Thirteenth New Hampshire, and the Twenty-Fifth New Jersey, among other regiments, tried to storm the "stone wall," from behind which the celebrated "Washington Artil-

lery," of New Orleans, Col. Lawton, hurled its murderous fire. Coming to an irregular ravine, the troops plunged in, climbed its opposite side, and advanced along the level ground toward the stone wall. Behind that wall was a sunken road. In rifle pits, on its flanks, were posted the enemy's infantry, four ranks deep, and on the hill above, lay, in ominous silence, their death dealing artillery.

While the Union troops were moving steadily forward, a startling crash, with a simultaneous sheet of fire and flame, was hurled by the enemy into our advancing lines. The powder from their musketry burned our very faces. The "leaden rain and iron hail" forced back our advancing lines to the cover of the ravine.

We had won a position near enough to the enemy's lines to find out their impenetrable strength; but thousands of brave men had been killed and wounded, and not a single battery captured from the enemy, or a single earthwork stormed. Such was the result of our disastrous attack on the enemy's center. Howard, Hancock, and French, had all been driven back; and although Sturgis held a position in the ravine, yet he could accomplish nothing.

The woods and hills of Stafford Heights were by this time filled with our wounded. They came in rapidly; some feebly struggling along on foot; some supported by comrades; some gasping in agony in ambulances. From the city to the Phillips' House, a distance of two miles, one continuous stream of ambulances filled the road; and along side a column of wounded men on foot covered the distance. This moving mass of mangled humanity was indeed sickening to witness. At least ten thousand mutilated men lay down that night in the field hospitals, or under the pine sedge of the hills.

Meanwhile, the left grand division, under Franklin, was fighting on the left. Much was expected from his attack. He had met but little opposition in crossing, and Stoneman's division had been sent to his assistance from the center. It was thought that by a bold attack, he could carry and enfilade the crest of hills, on which were the enemy's batteries, and sweeping down, by a simultaneous attack with the right and center, drive the enemy from their stronghold.

Franklin moved before sunrise, his right resting on the outskirts of the city; his center advanced a mile from the river; his left resting on the river, three miles below. Skirmishing commenced after daylight on his extreme left. A rebel battery opened on our troops, and the fire became so annoying that the Ninth New York regiment were ordered to take it. They advanced swiftly, but were driven back. Gen. Meade's division then went in, supported by Gen. Tyler's brigade, and by a rapid charge, carried the first line of the enemy's works, but were met at the edge of the woods by a destructive fire, which drove them back, and exposed Randolph's battery to capture. At this time Stoneman's division arrived. What was their surprise, after crossing the pontoons, to see whole divisions drawn up in line, with arms stacked, the battle raging a mile in front, while they were double-quickened past these halting divisions to the front. They arrived in time to meet Meade's veterans, overpowered by the enemy, falling back from the deadly woods. To save three Union batteries, Robinson's brigade, with a yell, charged, drove the rebel columns back, penetrated their first line, and were pushing on, when the order was received to halt. They held their ground, under a severe fire of the enemy for the rest of the day, and only fell back when the army re-crossed the river.

Had Gen. Franklin thrown his whole force into action, he might have carried the crest of the hill on the left, and secured us the position. Gen. Sturgis, at one time, held the advance, and met the enemy's full attack, and Gen. Ferrero, with his brigade, by a dashing charge, approached within a short distance of the enemy's works, driving them from their first line of intrenchments. But, as usual there was no support, and the gallant brigade fell back.

Night coming on, the battle was virtually ended. Our weary braves, with gratitude to God, saw the sun go down. The artillery which had thundered all day long, shaking the solid earth, and reverberating along the river, ceased to play. The angry musketry volleys were hushed. At intervals a single piece of artillery belched forth flame. This was soon silenced, and all was still, save the rumble of ambulances and army wagons.

Thus ended the bloody battle of Saturday, December thirteenth. We had fought all day, and accomplished nothing. The batteries poured their deadly missiles into our columns, until night was welcomed, and its shadows closed on the ghastly scene. The enemy were strong as ever; we were weakened by our loss. We made our main attack on the strongest point of the enemy's lines. The battle was a military blunder; a useless sacrifice of life.

The Sabbath morning dawned brightly on December fourteenth. The air was pleasant as in May; the leaves fluttered in the gentle breeze; the birds sung their sweet notes on the bluffs of the Rappahannock. Away, in the distant woods, crowning the crest of the enemy's position, rose the blue smoke of their camp fires. On a hill, commanding a view of the whole battle field, a number of large tents were seen, said to be the quarters of Gen. Lee. Along the slope of the hill were several long blue lines; they were our troops; a little in advance were posted the skirmishers. Our batteries opened on the enemy's works, but he made no reply. Occasionally there was musketry firing, but there was no general engagement.

The shrill scream of the locomotive echoed through the hills; the cars were bearing our wounded to Aquia Creek; the poor fellows swarmed by thousands round the depot; there were not cars enough to take them all away; some died on the platform. Those that had charge of the transportation, say that they carried twenty-five thousand wounded men to the transports, at Aquia Creek. Many of the wounded were wandering around among the woods and hills of Stafford, not knowing where to go.

All that lovely Sabbath day our army was drawn up in line of battle; every moment expecting orders to advance. It was a long, sad, lonely day in the field hospitals. During the afternoon the Union generals were in consultation at the Phillips House. The night came on and no general engagement took place; several times during the night there were rapid volleys of musketry.

On Monday, December fifteenth, the opposing armies were in the same positions. Our long lines of battle were yet

unbroken; our advance still clung to the edge of ravines below the crests, over which the enemy's batteries frowned. The lines of our supply wagons still crossed and recrossed the river. All our wounded were ordered across; the field hospitals on the south bank of the river were vacated. Our men regarded these preparations as preparatory to a bloody and decisive battle. It was reported Sigel had come up, with forty thousand men, and would flank the enemy on their left. There was a truce between the pickets, they met each other half way, traded coffee, tobacco, and other army luxuries. The day passed in anxious expectation.

Night came upon us; the rain fell; the winds howled through the pines like the roaring surf of the ocean. Orders came to move. Silently the men took up their line of march, and tramped drearily through the mud. They supposed they were to make a night attack. Soon they reached the river; then they knew they were retreating. The wild storm sounded in their ears like the murmur of a pursuing enemy. Silently the columns moved over the pontoons. The artillery wheels made scarcely any noise in the deep mud. The commands passed along the lines in whispers. What if the enemy should know this? Every moment they expected to have heard the volleys of his pickets, or seen the glare of his artillery flashing amid the storm. But he does not know it, for our pickets are yet in front. Towards morning, the last brigade had crossed the river. The bridges were all removed, save one for the passage of the pickets. These brave men still stood in front, amid the storm and darkness, peering anxiously into the night. An officer approached, and whispered to the officer in command of the pickets; the whisper passed along the line; they fell in, and swiftly reached the bridge; crossing rapidly they were soon on the north bank of the river. The next morning the battle field was vacant, save of the many dead who strewed its surface.

IN CAMP AGAIN.

The morning of December seventeenth, found the regiments composing the Army of the Potomac, marching to

their various camps. Sigel's corps was marching in. We again had the usual spectacle of a large body of fresh troops reaching us after the battle was over. The men stretched their shelter tents over the frames of logs, and prepared to make themselves comfortable for the winter. Some poor fellows, who had lost their blankets, bivouaced in the bushes in the low valleys, to escape the bitter winds which swept the hills, and were found frozen and dead in the morning.

Usually the Generals paid but little attention to the comfort of their men, in selecting camps. While they had their headquarters in some pleasant grove, shaded from the fierce sun, or bitter winds, the men were obliged to camp upon some ridge, where they were exposed to both heat and cold. The selfishness and cruelty of some of these Brigadier Generals disgusted whole brigades. It is unnecessary to particularize. It may be our Generals thought discipline required such treatment, but it crushed the hearts of our men and destroyed their confidence.

The Army of the Potomac, after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburgh, was ordered to make itself comfortable as possible. Our line extended across the narrow neck of land from the Rappahannock to the Potomac, guarding the railroad from Aquia creek to Falmonth, and protecting the stores at Aquia creek and Belle Plain. The men built neat log huts with fire places at the end, and chimneys made of clay. Over these they stretched their shelter tents, making a comfortable shelter for five or six men. Much ingenuity was displayed in the construction of some of these little buildings. Carpets were made of cedar and pine; tables of cracker boxes, and arm chairs of pork barrels. Around the open fire places soldiers sat, smoked and joked. The weather was cold and clear; drilling, road building, and picketing kept them busy enough to enjoy good health.

Stuart's rebel cavalry made a dash into Dumfries December twenty-third; captured a few sutler's wagons, killed three men, and on the advance of our force quickly fled.

The weather was pleasant; the roads were in such excellent condition, that General Burnside determined to make another move towards the enemy.

Friday, January sixteenth, the army received marching orders. There was three days delay, and it did not start until Monday. The men were in high spirits; artillery and baggage moved rapidly along the roads; everything bespoke success; but clouds gathered in the sky. About four o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain. The clothing of the men were soaked as they staggered on in the rapidly gathering mud. The roads soon became bottomless; artillery trucks sunk in the mud, and mules and horses went down to their bellies. Men staggered and struggled, and stuck fast. Yet still the rain came down.

The pontoons could not be moved. The troops halted that night in the mud; while they slept they were covered with more mud than glory.

At daybreak they moved forward. Every portion of the flat country was liquid mud. Horses and riders looked like images of clay. When the advance reached the bank of the river they saw on the other side a huge sign-board, with this inscription: "Burnside stuck in the mud."

It was impossible to move forward. The army was ordered back to its old quarters. The men, glad to return to their log huts, willingly moved, and soon were in their respective camps. Then the sun came out, and the men felt glad to think they were at rest again. They were in winter quarters, although the winter was nearly gone.

It is to be regretted that ever since the organization of the army of the Potomac a deep seated jealousy has existed among its prominent officers. Illustrative of this feeling we give the following testimony of Gen. Burnside before the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

"Gen. Burnside states that, beside the inclemency of the weather, there was another powerful reason for abandoning the movement, viz: the almost universal feeling among his general officers against it. Some of those officers freely gave vent to their feelings in the presence of their inferiors. In consequence of this, and also what had taken place during the battle of Fredericksburgh, &c., Gen. Burnside directed an order to be issued, which he styled General Order number eight. That order dismissed some officers from the service,

subject to the approval of the President, relieved others from duty with the army of the Potomac, and also pronounced sentence of death upon some deserters who had been tried and convicted. * * The order was duly signed and issued, and only waited publication. * * He (Gen. Burnside) was informed that the President declined to approve his order, number eight, but had concluded to relieve him from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and appoint Gen. Hooker in his place."

The following is the order referred to by Gen. Burnside :

GENERAL ORDERS—NUMBER EIGHT.

First.—Gen. Joseph E. Hooker, Major General of Volunteers and Brigadier General of the United States Army, having been guilty of unjust and unnecessary criticisms of the actions of his superior officers and of the authorities, and having, by the general tone of his conversation, endeavored to create distrust in the minds of officers who have associated with him, and having by omissions and otherwise, made reports and statements which were calculated to create incorrect impressions, and for habitually speaking in disparaging terms of other officers, is hereby dismissed the service of the United States, as a man unfit to hold an important commission during a crisis like the present, when so much patience, charity, confidence, consideration and patriotism are due from every soldier in the field.

This order is issued subject to the approval of the President of the United States.

Second.—Brig. Gen. W. T. H. Brooks, commanding first division, sixth army corps, for complaining of the policy of the government, and for using language tending to demoralize his command, is, subject to the approval of the President of the United States, dismissed from the military service of the United States.

Third.—Brig. Gen. John Newton, commanding third division, sixth army corps, and Brig. Gen. John Cochrane, commanding first brigade, third division, sixth army corps, for going to the President of the United States with criticisms

upon the plans of his commanding officer, are, subject to the approval of the President, dismissed from the military service of the United States.

Fourth.—It being evident that the following named officers can be of no further service to this army, they are hereby relieved from duty, and will report in person without delay to the Adjutant General of the United States Army:

Major Gen. W. B. Franklin, commanding left grand division.

Major Gen. W. F. Smith, commanding sixth army corps.

Brig. Gen. Sam. D. Sturgis, commanding second division, ninth army corps.

Brig. Gen. Edward Ferrero, commanding second brigade, second division, ninth army corps.

Brig. Gen. John Cochrane, commanding first brigade, third division, sixth army corps.

Lieut. Col. J. H. Taylor, Acting Adjutant General right grand division.”

REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER XIII.

NINETEENTH REGIMENT.

On the eleventh of June, 1861, the War Department decided to accept six additional regiments from Indiana. The martial spirit of her people was aroused, and the Nineteenth was among the first to organize and report for duty. The following were its officers:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Solomon Meredith, Richmond; Lieutenant Colonel, Robert A. Cameron, Valparaiso; Major, Alois O. Bachman, Madison; Adjutant, John P. Wood, Indianapolis; Regimental Quartermaster, James S. Drum, Indianapolis; Surgeon, Calvin J. Woods; Assistant Surgeon, William H. Kendrick, Indianapolis; Chaplain, Lewis Dale, Muncie.

Company A.—Captain, Isaac M. May, Anderson; First Lieutenant, James L. Kilgore, Chesterfield; Second Lieutenant, Alonzo J. Makepeace, Anderson.

Company B.—Captain, William W. Dudley, Richmond; First Lieutenant, Davis E. Castle, Richmond; Second Lieutenant, Samuel Hindman, Hagerstown.

Company C.—Captain, Robert W. Hamilton, Winchester; First Lieutenant, Reuben B. Farra, Winchester; Second Lieutenant, William M. Campbell, Winchester.

Company D.—Captain, Valentine Jacobs, Indianapolis;

First Lieutenant, Harry Vandegrift, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, Frederick R. Hale, Indianapolis.

Company E.—Captain, Luther B. Wilson, Muncie; First Lieutenant, George W. Green, Muncie; Second Lieutenant, John M. Russey, Muncie.

Company F.—Captain, John M. Lindley, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, Benjamin F. Reed, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, John A. Cottman, Indianapolis.

Company G.—Captain, John R. Clark; First Lieutenant, Leander Yaryan, Richmond; Second Lieutenant, Johnston D. Curl.

Company H.—Captain, Richard M. Kelley, Edinburgh; First Lieutenant, Theodore Hudnut, Edinburgh; Second Lieutenant, Lorenzo Fulton, Edinburgh.

Company I.—Captain, John H. Johnson, Spencer; First Lieutenant, John F. Baird, Spencer; Second Lieutenant, Benjamin F. Hancock, Spencer.

Company K.—Captain, Samuel J. Williams, Muncie; First Lieutenant, Benjamin C. Harter, Muncie; Second Lieutenant, William Orr, Muncie.

The regiment was mustered into the service at Camp Morton, Ind., by Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Wood, July twenty-ninth, 1861. On August fifth it received marching orders, and left its camp, filing through the streets of Indianapolis to the railroad depot, following the lead of its tall, brave Colonel, as determined and patriotic a band of heroes as ever faced a foe. On the ninth of August they arrived at Washington, and went into camp on Kalorama Heights, having been assigned to duty with the grand army of the Potomac, then commanded by Maj. Gen. McClellan.

Leaving the habits of civil life and assuming those of the soldier operated unfavorably upon the men, and for weeks while encamped here the sick were forty per cent. of the command. So alarmingly great had the sick list become, and of such a peculiar nature was a large portion of the cases treated, that it was supposed, by physicians and others, poison had been put into the springs which supplied the men with water. An examination, however, proved the supposition erroneous; yet the large number of sick continued, and not

until the men had become acclimated and inured to the life of the soldier, was any improvement in the health of the regiment noticed.

On the fifth of September the regiment, not yet brigaded, was assigned to duty temporarily under Brig. Gen. Smith, and participated in the advance of the right wing of the army at Chain Bridge. Many days were spent here by the army in establishing a safe position, fortifying, &c. At night the men slept on their arms in line of battle—the day saw them constantly in the trenches—until forts Marcy and Ethau Allen were completed.

On the eleventh of September the regiment was engaged, with other troops, all under command of Col. I. I. Stevens, in the affair at Lewinsville, where it displayed a courage and coolness of which veteran soldiers might well be proud, and which elicited a complimentary notice from their brigade General. In this affair one man was killed, two wounded, and three taken prisoners. On the twenty-eight of the same month Falls Church was advanced upon and occupied by our troops, in which the Nineteenth bore its part. Two days afterwards the regiment was brigaded with three Wisconsin regiments. The whole, under command of Brig. Gen. King, re-crossed the Potomac, and went into camp. Soon afterwards the brigade was ordered to occupy a position on Arlington Heights. In the rear of Fort Craig the Nineteenth put up winter quarters. The campaign for that year was over, and the men allowed to rest from the constant wearing labors of the past month. Nothing outside the usual routine of camp life—drills, picket duty, &c.—transpired until the tenth of March, 1862.

The army of the Potomac had been thoroughly schooled in the interim, in all that pertains to the education of the soldier, and high hopes were entertained by the country respecting its future achievements. At one o'clock of that morning this army commenced moving. The regiment whose history we are now tracing, left its winter houses and familiar parade grounds, filed into its appropriate place in the moving column, with a firm, soldierly tread, each ready and willing to do and dare whatever their gallant commander,

McClellan, dictated. Fairfax Court House was reached, between which point and Centreville the regiment encamped, eighteen miles from the point of starting in the morning. Manassas, the rebel stronghold, was evacuated, and no prospect of an immediate collision between the two armies remained. Soon after, the army fell back to Alexandria, Va., which distance (twenty miles) was marched by the regiment between the hours of ten, A. M., and five, P. M., of the eighteenth of March, 1862.

Here the army was divided; McClellan, with one hundred and eight thousand men, embarking upon transports; the remainder being formed into what was then, as now, known as the first army corps, and placed under command of Major General Irwin McDowell. The Nineteenth formed a part of this corps. April fifth found the regiment again on the march. Passing, the next day, the Bull Run battle ground, it encamped at Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, eight miles from Manassas Junction. Soon after, the lines of the army being advanced, the regiment moved forward, and was stationed on Cedar Run at Catlett's, twelve miles from Bristow. When the railroad bridge at this point, which had been destroyed by the rebels, was rebuilt, the position was evacuated, and the army, leaving the line of the railroad, advanced down the Peninsula between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, and took a position on the latter, opposite the town of Fredericksburgh, which formally surrendered to Gen. McDowell. The position was an important one for our army to hold, in that it did away with the blockade of the Potomac which had considerably annoyed its navigation, and served as a base line of intended operations in conjunction with McClellan's army, then on the Peninsula.

On the twenty-fifth of May, McDowell crossed the Rappahannock, and marched southward a distance of eight miles. Here a halt was made, in order to repair the railroad for army uses, and the Nineteenth went into camp near Guinney's Station, on the Fredericksburgh and Richmond railroad. At the time of McDowell's advance, Gen. Jackson was throwing his force upon Banks' little army, in the valley of the She-

nandoah, forcing his precipitate retreat. McDowell was ordered into the valley, to intercept Jackson, if possible, and prevent the occupation of that fertile region by his army. At one o'clock, P. M., of a sweltering day of May, the regiment left its camp to do what soldiers invariably dislike—retrace their steps. The march partook of the character of a forced one; the roads were dry and dusty; the men were required to carry an extra outfit of clothing, and in consequence they suffered greatly; indeed, many of the discharges for disability, is attributable to this and similar marches, in which the regiment has participated. The next night found them near their old camp, at Catlett's Station, forty-three miles having been traversed in the time mentioned. From this point to Haymarket, a station on the Manassas Gap railroad, distant fifteen miles, the regiment next went, where it remained a few days, until Jackson had encountered the advance of the army at Front Royal, and been sent to the right-about. Warrenton was then advanced upon and occupied, the rebel cavalry retiring as ours rode into town. Here again came the usual halt of two or three days, when the force was again set in motion for Fredericksburgh, forty-five miles distant, where they arrived after three days of marching, and went into camp. Here the regiment camped until the August following.

In the meantime, many changes had taken place amongst the officers. Lieut. Col. Cameron had been transferred as Lieut. Col. of the Thirty-Fourth regiment Indiana volunteers; Major Bachman promoted to fill the vacancy; Capt. May, company A, advanced to the Majority; Adjt. Wood resigned to accept a promotion, Lieut. Russey taking his position. The Surgeon had retired to civil life, Dr. Jacob Ebersole, of Aurora, Indiana, was commissioned in his stead; Dr. Haines resigned. An additional Assistant Surgeon being now recognized, Dr. Green was assigned to the position. Many vacancies had also occurred in the line by resignations. These were filled by the advancement of officers of inferior rank, and the appointment of non-commissioned officers. Many enlisted men had been discharged on account of disease contracted in the service; many others had died, still a

large number languished in hospitals. These causes reduced the regiment, originally ten hundred and forty-six strong, to six hundred fit for duty.

It must not be presumed that the time here was passed in idleness or inaction, nor that the experience in discipline and endurance secured by so many wearying marches, drills, parades, etc., was lost upon the men of the regiment. Lying in camp conveys to civilians the idea of a life of listless inactivity, to the soldier it conveys the idea of duties but a trifle less onerous than those of active service; at least, this idea was borne out so far as the soldiers of the department of the Rappahannock were concerned. The most rigid discipline was enforced; regimental and brigade guards were daily mounted; drills instituted; thorough inspections of men, clothing, and quarters, ordered regularly. The theoretical knowledge of the soldier's calling was faithfully instilled into their minds, thoroughly fitting them for the stern, practical duties they were so soon to be called upon to discharge, and in which they achieved for themselves great honors. The Nineteenth Indiana is in part indebted to that stern disciplinarian, and brave, though unfortunate soldier, Gen. McDowell for the reputation of bravery and soldierly qualities which it enjoys in the army, as well as State from which it comes.

On the fifth of August, at two o'clock, A. M., the regiment was in line, ready to march. A reconnoissance had been ordered, under Gen. Gibbon, and the regiment composed a portion of the forces for the purpose. At daylight the boat bridge on the Rappahannock at Fredericksburgh, was crossed, and the head of the column turned south, on the telegraph road. Eight miles were marched, when a halt was ordered, to allow the men to breakfast. An hour passed in this necessary occupation, and the column again passed on. The day was oppressively hot, the dust completely enveloped the moving mass; water scarce, and many fell out of ranks by the way side, from sheer exhaustion. At eleven o'clock, a small stream of pure water was reached, and regardless of orders a simultaneous rush was made for it. Though the column had not halted, a few minutes were given the men of

the regiment to bathe and cool their heated blood. While doing so, several reports of cannon, in quick succession, were heard. "Fall in," was the command of the Colonel, and in a few minutes the regiment was again on the march.

The advance of the expedition, composed of cavalry and artillery, had been opened upon by a masked battery of the enemy. It was deemed necessary to get the infantry in position with the least possible delay, as the number of the opposing force was not known. The regiment went forward in quick time four miles and took position behind a section of a battery, as its support. It was impossible for men to endure such a march under that broiling August sun, and be in condition to fight at its termination. Many fell in the road; others, less exhausted, sought the shade of some friendly bush or fence. Of the whole number, five hundred men, who started with the regiment that morning, less than one hundred took position behind the guns; these had marched eighteen miles by twelve o'clock, M. The enemy, so soon as our infantry was seen, had withdrawn, leaving the field clear. Pickets were then established, and the force went into camp for the night. Meantime, many of the men had come up, and the regiment began again to look like itself. Foraging by individual soldiers, was indulged in—it was permitted in those days—and each mess that night, regaled themselves on a repast of fresh potatoes, chickens, etc., almost repaying them for the hard march of the forenoon.

At sunrise, the next morning, the march again commenced, still southward, continuing for eight or ten miles without incident, save the capture of a few straggling rebels, when news of an attack on the rear, by cavalry, gained currency, and the column was turned back without a halt. Upon approaching the spot on which the regiment had quietly slept the night previous, the enemy's cavalry was descried, and it was thought a skirmish would ensue. A fiery aid rode at full speed towards the rear of the column, shouting, "We must cut our way back to Fredericksburgh; the enemy is in full force in our road!" This, however, was an error; for a single charge of the Third Indiana cavalry sent this "heavy force" flying in all directions. They had, during the day,

captured several wagons which had followed the expedition, besides thirty-five men of the regiment, who had either given out, or straggled the day before. An hour or two afterwards the regiment encamped for the night. This little episode changed the direction of the march.

In the morning, filing to the left, the column marched to Spottsylvania Court House, near which it halted. This move served to protect the rear of a force that had gone on this route to cut the Virginia Central railroad at Frederick Hall, which it accomplished. The next morning, the detached portions of the expedition being called in, the whole force started for its camps opposite Fredericksburgh, where it arrived at four, P. M., having marched a distance of seventy-five miles.

Previous to this date, the army of Virginia had been created, and placed under the command of Maj. Gen. John Pope, "headquarters in the saddle." The army of the Rappahannock had been assigned to him, and only awaited the development of his plans to form a junction with his forces near Warrenton; the advance of which was, at this date, at Culpepper. On the ninth day of August the battle of Cedar Mountain was fought, between forces under Gen. Jackson, and a portion of the army of Virginia, under Gen. Banks. On the morning of the tenth, the first division of the first corps (the other two divisions having previously joined Pope,) left its camp *en route* for that point, marching twenty-five miles that day. The regiment arrived at Ely's Ford, on the Rappahannock, where the river was waded, and the men, at ten, P. M., lay down to rest on its south bank, too tired to prepare their supper. At two o'clock the next morning, the regiment marched, reaching Stephensburgh at twelve, M., where they dined, and rested till five, P. M.; after which, they marched six miles to the position occupied by our army, near Cedar Mountain. It was expected a great battle would be fought next day. But Jackson had withdrawn his army to the south side of the Rapidan, and Pope advanced his to the late battle field. The Nineteenth laid until the nineteenth at the foot of Cedar Mountain. On that morning the army commenced its retreat.

All that long day, and far into the night, the tramping of troops, and rumbling of artillery and trains, were heard. At ten, P. M., the Nineteenth bivouaced, one mile from Rappahannock Station, on the south side of the river; the next morning crossed over and took position in line of battle, awaiting the coming of the fast following foe. At ten, A. M., the din of battle commenced. Our rear guard became engaged with their advance. Nothing, except an occasional boom of the cannon, was heard that day. The men slept quietly through the night. On the morning of the twenty-first the fog lay on the river. At about ten it lifted, and the enemy could be seen bringing their forces into position on the opposite side. Batteries lined the banks on either side, and battle, in all its terror, commenced. The regiment took a position supporting a battery. That night they slept upon their arms. During the series of battles, from the twentieth to the twenty-seventh of August, the infantry, save a small portion of the army, was not engaged. The Nineteenth suffered no loss, though for five days it was exposed to the shells of the enemy.

August twenty-fourth the first division fell back, the Nineteenth marching to Warrenton, where it remained until the morning of the twenty-sixth. Going from thence to Sulphur Springs, it supported a battery which played upon the rebels for twenty-four hours. While these events were transpiring, Jackson marched through Thoroughfare Gap, laid Manassas Junction—immediately in rear of Pope—in ashes. One division had attacked, and been routed by Hooker's corps, near Catletts. Stuart had attacked many of our wagon trains—among them the train of the Nineteenth, which was saved by the bravery of the guard and teamsters. The army was cut off from its base, and only one corps of the promised aid from McClellan had arrived.

McDowell's corps retreated on the Warrenton and Centreville pike, leaving Sulphur Springs, and marching through Warrenton on the twenty-seventh day of August. At ten, P. M., near New Baltimore, the regiment lay down to sleep. Many of these brave men, who, in the prime of life, and manly vigor, wrapped their blankets around them that night,

and "lay down to quiet slumber," were destined soon to sleep their last, long sleep. Early next morning the column again marched. Near Gainesville, perfectly unconscious of the proximity of the foe, the regiment halted, the men were supplied with fresh meat butchered on the ground, and towards sunset the regiment filed on to the pikes towards Centreville. One mile was marched, when reports of cannon gave unmistakable evidence of an attack. Two or three times during the day the column was fired upon by masked batteries. This was supposed to be but a section of flying artillery, which had annoyed the march that day. The brigade to which the Nineteenth belonged had reached a point opposite that from which this last gun had been fired, when it was opened upon by several guns at short range. The brigade was immediately put in battle order. The unearthly sound of these fearful missiles struck terror to the stoutest heart: yet cool and collected stood that line, obeying with alacrity every command, and waiting impatiently for the order to advance. The order was given; shells burst in front, above, and behind, crashed through the branches of the trees, plowed up the ground, and yelled demoniacly through the air, yet steadily forward pressed the line. Soon the cannon ceased; a dead silence prevailed. Up a gradual rise, for three or four hundred yards, at double quick, the column pressed, when, on reaching the summit of the ridge the line was halted.

The tall Colonel of the Nineteenth rode along the line—"Boys," said he, "don't forget that you are Hoosiers, and above all, remember the glorious flag of our country. If secesh tenders her currency, show them that Indiana is willing to take stock!" The determination of each to stand by the flag, was indexed in the countenance. A moment's silence ensued—a calm preceding a storm—when the crash of musketry was followed by yells from a thousand throats. The Nineteenth had received its first volley from infantry. The reply was quickly given—gun answering gun—flame flashing to flame—yell echoing to yell. Indiana was taking stock. The demoniac yells of the belligerents, the piercing screams of the wounded, and the deep groans of the dying,

could be heard above the din of battle. Men in the agonies of death and men already dead, lay thick along the line. The brave and gallant Major May, beloved by his regiment, received a mortal wound, and was carried from the field. Artillery was opened upon the line a hundred yards from the rebel right, and grape, canister and shell, whistled through and screamed above it. One hour and twenty minutes the battle raged. Twilight had deepened into darkness, and for the last half of this time the men were guided in their aim by the flash of the enemy's guns. At last, tired of the carnival of death, as if by mutual consent, the firing ceased. Each withdrew a short distance, and established pickets.

The following extracts are taken from Col. Meredith's report of this battle:

"The officers and men of my command behaved with great gallantry. When the ranks were thinned out by the deadly fire of the enemy, they were closed up with as much promptness as if on drill. The battle was fought at a range of about seventy-five yards. It was terrific from beginning to end. * * * I am informed, by what I consider reliable authority, that the Nineteenth Indiana had to contend against four regiments—the celebrated Stonewall brigade. Their colors were shot down twice during the engagement.

"Of the number, four hundred and twenty-three, who went into the battle, forty-two were killed, one hundred and forty-five wounded, and thirty-three missing, an aggregate loss of two hundred and twenty.

"During the engagement my horse was shot, and fell upon me, severely injuring me for a time. The command then fell upon Lieut. Col. Bachman, until I recovered from the shock. He exhibited great courage and coolness during the whole time, riding the lines and watching every movement of the enemy. From the commencement of the battle, he rendered me important services. Major May fell early in the engagement, which left no other assistance. Major May was a brave and gallant officer; his loss is felt, and regretted by the entire regiment.

"From information received of prisoners, I ascertained that Gen. Ewell commanded, in person, the forces we were

fighting, and was wounded by a musket ball, by which he lost his leg."

At eleven o'clock, p. m., Gen. King, commanding first division, called a consultation of his brigade commanders, when it was decided to withdraw the forces which had been engaged, to a safe position, as daylight would bring on another battle, and—unless reinforcements should arrive—sure defeat. Accordingly, shortly after midnight, the shattered column was put in motion, and about sunrise reached Manassas Junction, where they rested a short time, received rations and a mail. Communication had been established by Gen. Porter's corps, which arrived the day previous, and was now lying at this point. At an early hour in the forenoon, the loud booming of cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry, announced that the battle was resumed, and at about ten o'clock, Fitz John Porter's troops commenced marching towards the battle field. After this corps passed, the first division was put in motion, also towards the field, which it reached about five, p. m. The Nineteenth supported a battery the rest of the evening.

The result of this day's fighting, the twenty-ninth, was very favorable to our arms. Gens. Pope and McDowell, both telegraphed to Washington, that the enemy was defeated, and the stain that had rested upon our arms, from the first Bull Run, was completely wiped away. It might have been had all our available forces been brought into action; but they were not. Thus we failed to destroy Jackson's army, and secure a decided triumph to our arms.

At noon, of the thirtieth, Longstreet, who had succeeded in forcing his corps through Thoroughfare Gap, precipitated his whole command upon the left wing of the army, with such fury as to threaten its entire destruction. At the beginning of this attack, the Nineteenth, with the other regiments of Gibbon's brigade, were advanced into a thick wood, near the center of the line, where it remained under a furious fire of shot, shell and musketry, until the line was flanked on the right and left. At this juncture the order was given to fall back, which was done in good order, for three-fourths of a mile; here the brigade was halted to support battery B,

Fourth U. S. artillery. The advance of the rebels was repeatedly checked by this battery. By this time, the extreme left had been completely thrown around by an overwhelming force of the rebels, thus rendering the position untenable, and the brigade was forced once more to fall back. It was evident the day was irretrievably lost, and continuing the retreat the regiment, at about eleven, P. M., reached Bull Run, and crossed over on the bridge spanning that historic stream. As they crossed the axes of the engineers were busy cutting the beams which supported the bridge, and its rear guard was scarcely over when the structure fell, thus effectually preventing pursuit.

On the morning of the thirty-first, the march was still continued towards Washington, passing on through Centreville, the nights of the thirty-first of August, and first of September, were spent between that place and Fairfax Court House. On the evening of the first of September, was fought the battle of Chantilly, where the lamented Generals Kearney and Stevens fell. This was the closing struggle of Pope's famous campaign. On the afternoon of the second the regiment was again on the march, and about dark arrived at Upton's Hill. Here they met with their old and best loved commander, Gen. McClellan, who had again been assigned to the command. Giving him three hearty cheers they went into camp, safely guarded by the guns of Fort Buffalo.

On the night of the sixth of September, the army was put in motion. The Nineteenth received marching orders, and at nine o'clock, started on the memorable first Maryland campaign. Crossing the Potomac river at the aqueduct at Georgetown, the column marched slowly through the silent streets of the capital, and turning to the left, passed out of the city on the Rockville pike. At dawn a halt was ordered; coffee was prepared, and after a brief rest, the wearied soldiers pressed on. As the day advanced the heat became almost insupportable, and the men, fatigued with their long night march, sank down in the road by files. At four, P. M., the column halted and went into camp, near Brookville.

The division, which was now commanded by Gen. Hatch, Gen. King having been wounded at Bull Run, remained here

until about noon of the ninth, when it again started on the march, and proceeded ten miles a day, until the evening of the thirteenth, when Gen. Hatch halted and camped his division on the banks of the Monocacy, in sight of Frederick City. The march of the army thus far, had partaken of the character of a triumphal procession; everywhere the men were cheered and feasted, flags were displayed, and on every hand the most unbounded enthusiasm was shown at the sight of the Union soldiers. The veterans began to forget their late hardships; demoralization disappeared; order began to appear where confusion had reigned supreme; discipline resumed its wonted sway; and once more the army felt, that, under its favorite leader, it was equal to the herculean task before it. At an early hour of the fourteenth, the division crossed the Monocacy, passed through Frederick City and Middletown. By this time the advance guard, which had been engaged with the enemy all day, at the foot of the South Mountain, had developed the fact that the passes were occupied by the enemy in force, and that it would require a general engagement to dislodge him. Gen. McClellan ordered the attack to be made immediately, assigning to the first corps the duty of carrying Turner's pass, through which the national road wound its tortuous way over the mountain, towards Hagerstown.

In the meantime the Secretary of War had relieved Gen. McDowell from the command of the first corps, and appointed Gen. Hooker to succeed him. Although the soldiers of the first corps were much grieved at the loss of their old commander, yet, recognizing Gen. Hooker as one every way worthy to wear the mantle of that stern old warrior, at once transferred to him their allegiance.

In his plan of attack, Gen. Hooker assigned to Gibbon's brigade the honorable and important duty of carrying the pass itself by a vigorous advance along the national pike. Accordingly the Seventh Wisconsin was formed in line of battle on the right of the road, its left resting on the road, supported by the Sixth Wisconsin. The Nineteenth Indiana was formed in line on the left of the road, its right resting on the road, supported by the Second Wisconsin; and a

section of battery B, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., occupied the road itself. Skirmishers were thrown forward and the line advanced. The rebel skirmishers were soon found, but as the line pressed on they fell back, taking occasion to pour an annoying fire into the line from every fence, building or bush which lay in their way. Although many were killed and wounded by this fire, still the line pressed steadily, but slowly, forward. At length, just as the shades of night were beginning to fall, a sharp and well directed volley admonished Gen. Gibbon that he had reached the rebel line. The skirmishers were called in, the regiments in reserve ordered into line, and the battle of South Mountain, so far as this gallant brigade was concerned, was begun in earnest.

Here, as at Gainesville, the Nineteenth fought after dark; volley after volley echoed through the mountain gorge, and reverberated far over the valley beneath. The Nineteenth had been placed in position to enfilade the rebel line, and soon their line, unable to withstand the fierce onset, broke in disorder, retiring with more haste than military precision. A hearty shout from the brigade, gave an unmistakable token of victory. It was then nine o'clock, P. M., and pursuit being considered dangerous, the troops lay down upon their arms, holding the battle field. Many wounded prisoners were brought in. At twelve, midnight, the brigade was relieved by fresh troops, and retired from the front. The loss in the regiment at this battle was six killed, thirty-four wounded and seven missing, making a total of forty-seven. "The boys of the Nineteenth," said Col. Meredith, in his report of the affair, "behaved most gloriously. Too much praise can not be bestowed upon them for their courage and gallantry. The officers all were active in the discharge of their duties. Lieut. Col. Bachman was very efficient on this occasion, rendering me important service."

The next morning it soon became apparent the enemy had abandoned his position and were in full retreat towards the fords of the Potomac, at Shepherdstown. Gen. McClellan at once ordered a pursuit, and Gibbon's brigade was assigned to the advance. As the troops approached Boonsboro' they were met by crowds of people, who, with joy depicted in

every lineament of their faces, gave the most graphic details of the rapid and confused flight of the rebels, and all along the way the guns, knapsacks and clothing which had been thrown away, to put space between them and the "Yanks," attested the truth of their statements. At Boonsboro' the column filed to the left and took the pike towards Sharpsburgh, and after passing through Keedysville the brigade halted in a field, where an hour before the flying columns of Lee had halted for a few moments rest. Here it became apparent the rebels were disposed to make a stand. Reconnoitering parties were sent out, while the gallant Nineteenth, suffering for lack of rest, were permitted to lie down and sleep. Soon the skirmishers, who were sent to the front, discovered that the rebels had selected an admirable position on the Antietam hills, and that our further advance would be resisted by the entire rebel army. At that moment the shriek of a shell from a rebel battery on an adjacent hill convinced us that that position was not very far off. General McClellan at once began to make his arrangements for the impending conflict.

About four, P. M., of the sixteenth, Gen. Hooker, who had been assigned to the extreme right, put his corps in motion for the purpose of taking his position. This he did not reach till nine o'clock in the evening, when, forming his corps in the darkness, and throwing out pickets, he permitted the rest of the men to lie down. During the entire march, the flankers of the corps on the left, composed of detachments from the Pennsylvania Reserves, had been sharply engaged with the enemy. As the darkness increased the firing diminished, but did not entirely cease. During the entire night the pickets kept up a lively, though comparatively harmless fire.

At length the weary night wore away, and the first gray streaks of dawn of the memorable seventeenth of September found every man at his post; feeling that that was the day, and that the place, and they the men, who were to decide the destinies of the nation. One hundred thousand heroes were there ready to die, if need be, in the defense of their homes and government. On the other hand, one hundred thousand

brave men as ever stood in line of battle were there ready to give up their lives in a mad and impious effort to overthrow a kind and beneficent government, and to fasten on themselves a heavy yoke. From this long line of veteran warriors many prayers went up to God for the success of their arms and for their own safety. Many tears were shed as they thought of the loved ones at home. But much time was not given for reflection. The fiery and impetuous Hooker ordered the first corps to advance; soon the din of battle made the old hills of Maryland quake to their very foundation.

The Nineteenth, about five o'clock, A. M., was ordered to advance in column by division, across a field and take position in a wood, where it was to support another regiment which was in line.

Col. Meredith, who, notwithstanding his injuries received at Gainesville, continued with his regiment during the campaign, and commanded it with signal ability at South Mountain, found himself after that battle, unable to keep the field, and was compelled, notwithstanding his determination to the contrary, to remain in the rear. The command of the regiment then devolved on Lieut. Col. Bachman. After remaining in the woods a short time, as a support, the Nineteenth advanced through woods into an orchard, and on to a corn field, near straw stacks, where Gen. Doubleday, who was commanding the first division, afterwards sat and watched the fierce struggle of the division. Here the rebels began to pour down their battalions from their extreme left, threatening to turn our flank. At this critical juncture the Nineteenth Indiana and Seventh Wisconsin were ordered to cross the pike and occupy a position on the right of the pike, and prevent or defeat, if possible, the threatened attack on the flank. This was done, the Nineteenth deploying on the right of the Seventh. Shortly after Gen. Patrick's brigade came up as a support, and the advancing rebel line halted and was driven quickly back, with considerable loss.

During this time the right of Gibbon's brigade, the Second and Sixth Wisconsin, were hotly engaged with a large force of rebels, who were striving to capture battery B, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., which was stationed near the pike and

not far from the stacks previously mentioned. At length this rebel line, unable longer to stand the terrible fire to which they were subjected, broke and began to retire with considerable speed. At this moment, the Nineteenth, having completely silenced the enemy in front, changed front and double quicked forward a hundred yards, thus getting range on the flying rebels, and pouring a volley into their ranks which quickened their pace into a run. Col. Bachman, believing that a quick movement would secure a large number of prisoners, ordered a charge. To this order the Nineteenth quickly responded, and in an incredible short space of time, gained the road along which the rebels retreated and captured many prisoners.

To the left of the road, and immediately in front of the regiment, was a small hill, over which the flying rebels had retreated. On the brow of this hill were to be seen two pieces of artillery, which they had been forced to abandon in their rapid flight. Col. Bachman, glancing to the rear to see that his supports were close, ordered another charge to take the pieces. As the regiment gained the top of the hill they were greeted by a terrible volley of musketry from a full brigade of rebel infantry. For a moment the line staggered. The clarion voice of Bachman was heard urging his men to hold the hill until reinforcements could come up. The men rallying to his call began to fire into the dense mass of rebels in front; for five minutes they held the hill. Gen. Patrick, who was hurrying forward as rapidly as possible, was two hundred yards behind. In those five minutes, one-third of the line had fallen. Still Bachman cheered on his men. A rebel bullet struck him, and he fell to rise no more. Capt. Dudley, who succeeded to the command, seeing that the effort to hold the hill could not be successful, save at the sacrifice of the entire regiment, reluctantly gave the order to fall back, which was done in good order.

Another rebel line on the right of the road advanced in a line at right angles with the road, to short range, and began pouring a destructive fire into the regiment from the flank. Gen. Patrick reached the road with his brigade; and, immediately forming a line at right angles with it, poured a fire

into the rebels, which effectually checked them, and sent them to the right-about. The Nineteenth lost fully one-half its men; and not being in condition to do much further effective service, was withdrawn from the front, and supported a battery during the remainder of the day. The regiment went into this battle with about two hundred men. Of the many gallant heroes who were that day numbered with the dead, there was none of nobler presence, or more undaunted courage, than Alois O. Bachman.

For many days after the battle, the regiment lay encamped upon the heights overlooking the Potomac, near Sharpsburgh. The army was fearfully shattered in its struggle at Antietam. Regiments, which before had perfect organization, and admirable discipline, lost their commanders in the fierce onset. Company officers were killed. Indulgences were granted men in consideration of their bravery and sufferings. These things tended to destroy discipline. Reorganization was necessary to make the regiments effective.

Col. Meredith received a Brigadier General's commission. Capt. Samuel J. Williams was promoted to the Colonelcy—a better choice than which could not have been made. The men were now veterans, and desired a leader in whom they could trust. Such a leader they found in Col. Williams. Cool, cautious and brave, he was respected and obeyed. He promoted the discipline and efficiency of the regiment, which had been so nearly destroyed in the late fearful struggles in which it had been engaged. Capt. William W. Dudley was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. Drilling was again the order of the day; and the ground over which the fierce combatants had so lately surged in dread array, now resounded only to the sharp, quick command of the drill master.

About the middle of October the regiment moved to Bakersville, where it remained but a few days. On Sunday, the twenty-fifth of October, while the rain was pouring down in torrents, the regiment marched, passing through Keedysville after dark, and encamped a few miles further on. The next morning, at an early hour, the column was again on the march, stopping that night near Crampton's Gap, of the South Mountain range—through which it passed next morn-

ing. In the Middletown valley, near Berlin, the brigade encamped a day or two, waiting the completion of the pontoon bridge over the Potomac.

On the morning of the thirtieth of October the column passed into Virginia. Lee's threat of transferring the war to Northern soil proved but an empty boast, and the Army of the Potomac again stood upon the sacred soil of the Old Dominion. A few days afterwards found the regiment at Warrenton, where, on the tenth of November, the army was drawn up in line to take leave of Gen. McClellan. He had been removed from the army, Gen. Burnside assuming command. Soon after, the line of march towards Fredericksburgh was taken up. Stopping several days at every remove, sometime elapsed before the army was opposite that well known place. They did not arrive there until the rebel General had firmly located his troops on the heights in the rear of, and commanding it. The regiment went into camp at Brooks' Station, on the railroad between Falmouth and Aquia Creek. Cold weather had made its appearance; snow had fallen; the shelter tents were poor protection against the cutting winds and drifting snow. Huts were built to guard against these inconveniences. On the morning of the ninth of December the order to march was given and responded to. Gen. Sol. Meredith, recovering from his injuries and illness, had returned to the field, and been assigned to the command of the brigade, Gen. Gibbon having been transferred to the command of a division. Another regiment—the Twenty-Fourth Michigan—had been added to the brigade, and it was again prepared to make its mark upon the battle field. It was soon to have an opportunity to do so. The Nineteenth lay down that night on ground covered with snow. The morning of the eleventh of December, at four o'clock, the troops were aroused from their slumbers by the heavy boom of cannon in the direction of Fredericksburgh. All day the bombardment continued, and the Nineteenth bivouaced near the river bank the night of the eleventh.

On the morning of the twelfth, under cover of the heavy fog, which had settled over the valley, the passage of the river was commenced, the Nineteenth crossing at eleven, A.

M. About noon the fog moved slowly away, and the rebels opened their first fire, their guns having remained provokingly silent during the cannonading the day previous. Only a few shots were exchanged. The remainder of the day was occupied in putting the army in position.

The battle commenced in earnest on the morning of the thirteenth. Meredith's brigade was formed on the extreme left of the army, resting on the river, two miles below the point of crossing. Moving down the river bank, it was found necessary, in furtherance of general operations, to dislodge the enemy from a grove of timber, in which he had posted a battery, sweeping the river southward. The brigade was chosen for this duty. After the woods had been shelled, a charge was ordered and executed. Forward went the regiments, through an open field, sweeping into the woods, and out again into the enemy's immediate front, capturing many prisoners, horses, etc. The movement was a moment too late, however. Just as the brigade emerged from the woods, the last caisson of the battery, which had been there, was seen passing within their lines. Back and forth over the plain beyond this grove, the regiments manuevered all day. No infantry fighting took place on this part of the field. A spirited artillery engagement was kept up all day, at sunset approaching to a close combat with grape and canister, and continuing till eight, P. M., when the firing ceased, and the men stretched themselves on the ground, without fires, and many without blankets, to rest. An occasional report of fire-arms from the picket line, the contiguity of the enemy, and the chill night air, kept them wakeful. Had an alarm occurred, one minute would have been sufficient to put the men in readiness for the emergency.

No alarm however took place, and Sunday morning the fourteenth, dawned upon the battle field, bright and glorious. The Nineteenth supported a battery all day, the other regiments, being partly on similar duty, and partly in reserve. The army had been engaged on the right, but not on the left. Another night was passed, as before. The two armies lay quietly facing each other all day of Monday. The calm was improved by removing all the wounded to the opposite side

of the river, the dead were buried, and the intrenching tools scattered over the field, were carefully collected and removed. At dusk the Nineteenth regiment was placed on picket; the usual provision for alarms, signals, etc., was made, and again silence reigned, save the subdued hum of human voices. Strict orders were given to the officers of the pickets, to keep the line quiet, and allow no firing, unless attacked.

At eight, P. M., the army commenced evacuating the position it had maintained, crossing the river on the bridges over which the advance had been accomplished. To insure safety to the army during this retrograde movement a perfect quiet had to be preserved on the outposts. No communication between the pickets and the army was permitted, and though only a few rods intervened, between the points occupied that evening by each, nothing of the movement was known on the line, until the order relieving it was received. It was first thought necessary to sacrifice the outposts to save the army, and Gen. Burnside so determined. But the withdrawal of the army, had occupied less time than was anticipated, and an order to call them in, was issued about four, A. M. The line picketed that night, by the Nineteenth, rested on the Rappahannock, three miles below the bridge, thence running nearly west for three-fourths of a mile, protecting the left flank of the army, there being joined by the line of other divisions, running in a northerly direction, accommodating itself to the conformation of the rebel fortifications and breastworks, being immediately in front, less than three-fourths of a mile distant from the bridge. As the moon arose, the last post was relieved, and the men were ordered to fall back quickly to the bridge. By daylight all, save a few stragglers, were safely on the east bank of the river. As the outposts had not been formed with the portion of the regiment which had been on the reserve, immediately on being relieved, but had retired, each man to care for himself, some time was necessary to collect them. This being done, the regiment soon after moved to Belle Plain Landing, on the Potomac, where it went into camp.

Col. Cutler, of the Sixth Wisconsin volunteers, being temporarily in command of the brigade, in his official report of the affair, says:

* * “Before leaving, I sent an order to Col. Williams of the Nineteenth Indiana, who was doing picket duty that night, to call in his pickets at four and a half o'clock, A. M., and to follow the brigade in silence to a new position up the river, without intimating to him that they were to recross the river. He obeyed the order to the letter, and when day dawned, found himself and his regiment following the army across the Rappahannock. Our position being on the extreme left, he had at least three miles to march to reach the bridge, and was the last of that vast army to cross. The enemy's sharpshooters and cavalry were close on his rear when he reached the bridge, and some of his men were obliged to cross in skiffs, the pontoon bridge having been cut away before his rear guard arrived. I am under great obligations to all the officers and men, for their cordial co-operation, during the brief period I was in command; but most especially to Col. Williams, for the coolness and good judgment which he exercised in obeying my orders, and which resulted in saving one of the best regiments in the service.”

Not many days were the troops allowed to rest here. On the twentieth of January, 1863, another move was inaugurated. Gen. Burnside issued a general order telling the army that “they were about to meet the enemy once more, and that under the Providence of God, the army of the Potomac, striking a great and mortal blow at the rebellion, and gaining that decisive victory over the enemy on the Rappahanock due to the country, will have taken the great step toward restoring peace to the country and the government to its rightful authority.” At twelve, M., of this date, the regiment left its encampment, marching towards Falmouth, near which place it encamped for the night. Rain had commenced falling at seven, P. M., and the march of the next day was greatly retarded by the muddy condition of the roads, and grounds, over which the troops went. At one o'clock, of the twenty-first, a halt was ordered. The roads had become impassable, subsistence trains could not reach their commands, and mud alone prevented the culmination of this grand advance. Lying until the twenty-third, the regiment received orders to return to its old encampment at Belle Plain, and at eight, A. M., fell

into line and moved off, arriving at their old quarters at six, p. m. Those who, the winter before, had so persistently urged that Gen. McClellan should "move the army," now became convinced that a winter campaign in Virginia was impracticable, and were willing to wait the advent of a season which would give settled weather and a solid earth—two conditions necessary to successful military operations.

Another change took place in the commander of the army. Hooker succeeded Burnside. Major Gen. John F. Reynolds now commanded the first corps. Steps were at once taken to reclaim the army from the effects of demoralization, consequent upon the battle of Fredericksburgh, and the abortive advance of the twentieth of January. The time, when the weather permitted, was spent in drills, parades and reviews, until the approach of settled weather in the spring.

On the twenty-eighth of April the army commenced moving, the first corps marching to near Fitzhugh House, four or five miles below Fredericksburgh, and exactly opposite the point from which the regiment had withdrawn on the morning of the sixteenth of December previous. It had been determined to cross troops at this point, afterwards known as Fitzhugh crossing, to deceive the enemy as to the true point of attack, while the main army crossed at the United States ford, a few miles up the river, and near Chancellorsville. Meredith's brigade was chosen to lead this storming party. At daylight, the twenty-ninth, the brigade was formed in a slight depression of the ground on the east bank of the river, and within easy range of the enemy's sharpshooters on the opposite shore. It had been planned to approach the river before daylight, cross in pontoon boats, surprise, and, if possible, capture the picket line, and establish a force on the opposite bank, before it should get light enough for the enemy to execute any counter movements. But the pontoons did not arrive in time, and when at sunrise the heavy fog cleared away, the movement was exposed to the enemy, and a surprise then was of course out of the question. Skirmishers were thrown forward on the bank of the river, to engage those of the rebels, while the pontoons were being unloaded near the water's edge, and everything being in readiness the brigade

was ordered to advance, and starting forward with a yell, the men seized the cumbrous boats, launched them, and jumping into them, they were quickly on the opposite side, and elambered up the bluff bank, in the very face of the opposing force, under a deadly fire.

Men of the Sixth Wisconsin volunteers first reached the opposite shore, and planted their banner on the heights. The other regiments closely followed. In this charge, the Nineteenth lost one man killed, and three wounded. The rebel skirmishers, numbering two hundred and seven, were captured. Twenty-five rebels lay dead upon the opposite bank. Only a few of their wounded were captured, they having carried all, except those wounded in the charge, across the river, to the rear. Soon as reaching the summit, the regiments formed again, and lay in line of battle, until the bridge was repaired, when the remainder of the division also crossed. The line extended up and down the river, the Nineteenth occupying a position in the same field, over which it fought on the thirteenth of December, 1862. The rebels had moved down one gun, and opened upon the line, during the construction of the bridge, but did no damage; this was the only move of an offensive nature during the remainder of that day.

On the thirtieth, towards evening, the rebels opened upon the line, and continued pouring shot and shell upon it for two hours, only occasionally receiving a reply from Gen. Reynolds' guns. Under this fierce fire, the Nineteenth was mustered for pay, by Col. Williams and Major John M. Lindley—rather a cool proceeding under the circumstances. The night was spent in throwing up breastworks, small redans also being constructed for artillery, and next morning a line of fortifications two miles in length, and of sufficient thickness to resist cannon, greeted the sight of the enemy. The troops lay all day behind their breastworks, no move taking place, and not a gun fired from either side.

The army proper had by this time effected a crossing; and the object of the crossing at this point being accomplished, the order to withdraw was given; and about ten, A. M., May second, the movement commenced. This was a signal for

the opening of the enemy's guns. Firing continued during the time the troops were recrossing the river; which movement was somewhat retarded by one of the boats of the bridges being struck by a solid shot from the rebel battery, requiring a suspension of the movement, and the removal of the boat. After the division had reached the east bank, the firing ceased, and the corps took up its line of march towards Chancellorsville. At ten, P. M., the regiment stopped near United States ford, crossing the pontoon at four, A. M., of the third, and took position in line of battle, to the right of the Chancellorsville House, and a few rods in rear of the front breastworks, composing a portion of the second line of battle. The regiment remained here until the morning of the sixth, not being engaged, one person was wounded while temporarily away from the command.

Sunday, May third, was fought the main battle. It commenced by an attack by the rebels at daylight, continuing until after ten o'clock. Both armies lay quiet the rest of Monday. But little skirmishing took place on Tuesday. That night the army commenced its retreat. At daylight, next morning, the Nineteenth moved from its position to the rear, crossing the Rappahannock at ten o'clock. Marching that day to Falmouth, it bivouaced for the night on familiar ground. The next day, moving to Fitzhugh House, it went into camp. The regiment suffered less in this affair, than in any previous engagement in which it had taken part. It had been kept well in hand, and required but little time to be placed again in fighting trim.

An expedition, consisting of four regiments—the Nineteenth being one of the number—of the brigade, under Col. Morrow, of the Twenty-Fourth Michigan, set out from Fitzhugh House, on the twenty-first of May, to assist the return of a cavalry force, which had advanced down the Peninsula, between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, and which had been cut off by the burning of Mattox creek bridge by the rebels. This expedition was to rebuild the bridge, and hold possession until the cavalry returned and crossed. Leaving their camps at daylight, the column marched thirty miles, and bivouaced for the night, without any incident

worthy of note. The next day Mattox creek was reached, and a temporary bridge thrown across. Here the original plan of the expedition was changed; and leaving a small guard to protect the bridge, the column marched in a zigzag manner, apparently with no definite end in view, until at last, toward sunset, it reached a point on the Rappahannock, known as Leeds. A ferry here afforded the rebels a fine opportunity for the passage of the river; and as the Peninsula is but a few miles in breadth, the country wild, and the Potomac easy of passage for small boats, smugglers drove a thriving trade, furnishing the rebels with many delicacies and necessaries; the legitimate trade in which had been cut off by non-intercourse with rebellious States. It was thought, by making a dash upon this point, some of these illegitimate traders might be captured. The dash was made by the mounted officers of the force, along the river bank for three or four miles, but resulted in no captures. Next morning, however, going over the same ground, the Colonel of the Fifteenth Virginia cavalry was captured while trying to make his way to the river, where he had a boat to convey him across. From this point the column marched to Westmoreland Court House, where it met the cavalry which it went to succor. The next morning, with the head of the column turned campward, the column marched. The object of the expedition had been accomplished, and nothing remained but to return. This it accomplished by twelve, m., of the next day; having in the six days of its absence marched one hundred and five miles—an average of seventeen and half miles per day.

On the morning of June twelfth, 1863, the regiment left its camp at Fitzhugh House, crossing the Falmouth and Catlett road, over which it had so many times marched, and took the road leading to Bealton Station, twenty miles southwest of Manassas Junction; near which point it camped the second night after starting; marching from thence to Manassas Junction, which place was reached at seven o'clock on the morning of the fifteenth, having marched all the night before. After getting breakfast, and taking a short sleep, the column pushed on, and reached Centreville at three, p. m., and camped

within the walls of that once famous rebel stronghold. On the morning of the seventeenth, reveille was sounded at two o'clock and forty-five minutes, A. M., and at five o'clock the march began. The regiment went into camp at Herndon, on the Alexandria, Hampshire and Loudon railroad, at two, P. M.; in which vicinity it remained until the twenty-fifth, when it again moved; and at one, P. M., of that day, crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and was once more in Maryland.

This time it was evident that the rebel General was not satisfied with his campaign of September, 1862, into Maryland, and that he was about to make another desperate effort to transfer the war to Northern soil. That night the regiment encamped at Barnesville; and, pushing on by rapid marches, reached Middletown, bivouacing for the night near the field of one of its most magnificent triumphs—South Mountain. On the twenty-eighth the long roll sounded—tents were struck, and the column was soon moving towards Frederick City, remaining here over night, and marching next day through a drenching rain to Emmettsburgh, a small town near the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. On the morning of the thirtieth the column again moved—crossed the line, and for once the Army of the Potomac was in Pennsylvania. This day the Nineteenth was in front, and, after a short march, reached Marsh creek. Here the troops camped, the Nineteenth crossing the creek for the purpose of picketing the advance line, companies A, B, C, and E being placed on the outposts, the remaining companies being held as reserve at a little hamlet called Green Mount, near Marsh creek.

As during the first campaign north of the Potomac, so in this—the good people of Maryland seemed to vie with each other in attention and kindness to the Union soldiers, and everywhere manifested the most uncompromising loyalty to the Government, and the veterans now found the people of Pennsylvania to be not a whit behind their Maryland neighbors, either in devotion to the cause, or in their exhibition of it.

The Nineteenth was, on this occasion, so fortunate as to

have the advance—a circumstance from which they did not fail to profit, as their well filled haversacks of turkey, chicken, fresh bread and pie, bore abundant testimony—the result, not of foraging, but of the unbounded hospitality of the good people of Green Mount and vicinity.

It was here rumored that the rebels were posted in some force near Gettysburgh, on the Cashtown road, and the men began to think that perhaps once more they were to have an opportunity of settling an old account with the Confederates, which had been running since the first Bull Run.

In the meantime, Gen. Hooker had been relieved from the command of the army, and Gen. Geo. G. Meade assigned to it—a worthy and gallant officer, with whom the first corps were intimately acquainted, as he had commanded it after Hooker was wounded at Antietam.

On the morning of the first of July, Col. Williams was early notified that the division was to move at eight, A. M., towards Gettysburgh, and that the regiment should fall into its proper place in the column as it came marching by. Shortly after starting out, the sound of distant cannon announced that the skirmishers of the two armies had met. The column pressed on now more rapidly than before; and reaching a little hill which commanded a fine view of Gettysburgh and the country beyond, the position of the batteries engaged were disclosed to plain view. As the Nineteenth raised the hill, a shell, thrown from a rebel gun, burst high in the air, and was greeted by the men with a hearty cheer. Word was now passed along the line, from one officer to another, that the rebel cavalry were pressing Gen. Buford, of the cavalry corps, who was in the advance; and that if the infantry did not hurry up, he would lose some of his guns. So the ranks were closed, and the speed of the march very much accelerated, until at last, about eleven, A. M., the shriek of a shell, directly overhead, proved conclusively to the veterans, that the march for the present was over, and that the fighting was about to commence.

It had been the supposition that the rebel force consisted entirely of cavalry; but Gen. Reynolds, who had been close to the front, reconnoitering the position in person, sent an

aid hurrying back to Gen. Wadsworth, with the information that a line of rebel infantry were close to, and threatening the battery of Gen. Buford, and with orders to deploy his division, charge, and drive back the rebel line. The column immediately faced to the left, thus forming a line of battle directly in front of the foe, and giving a good hearty western yell, dashed forward on the run. To gain the summit of a little hill, behind which the rebels were in part sheltered, was the work of but a few minutes, and there at the foot of the hill, about fifty yards distant, waving their tantalizing battle flag, lay Archer's rebel brigade. The men did not stand upon the order of their firing, but fired at once into the rebel ranks. For a time Archer tried to hold his ground, but to no avail; the fire of the western "Yanks" was too hot and heavy for the chivalry to stand; turning their backs towards the Nineteenth, they made an earnest effort to terminate an interview that was becoming decidedly unpleasant; but it was too late even for this, the Hoosiers and the Badgers were upon them, and the result was the entire brigade was captured and sent to the rear.

This engagement, which was fought exclusively by the first division, developed the fact that the corps of Hill and Longstreet were in front, that Gen. Ewell was on the march, and that in all probability Gen. Lee intended to risk the success of his second great invasion of the north, on a great battle at Gettysburgh. In the meantime the second and third divisions of the first corps, and the eleventh corps had arrived on the ground, and were placed in position for the purpose of holding the rebels at bay until the main army should come up. The position now occupied by these troops, was the same as that held by the rebels in the morning. The firing now slackened to a mere skirmish fire, with an occasional shot from the batteries. At three o'clock, P. M., upon the arrival of Ewell's corps, the rebels formed their lines of attack, with the view of annihilating the first and eleventh corps, before Gen. Meade could give them any assistance, and thus, by attacking in detail, render a victory over the Army of the Potomac absolutely certain.

Having made his preparations, the foe advanced in three

lines of battle, so formed as to outflank the little army opposed to them, on both flanks. At an early hour in the day, the gallant and heroic Reynolds had fallen, and Gen. Doubleday assumed command. For want of men he was obliged to dispose his troops in a single battle line; two divisions of the eleventh corps were formed on his right, one division of that corps being held as a reserve, on Cemetery hill, at the south east boundary of the town and nearly two miles to the rear of the line of battle. So assured were the rebels of the inability of the line to resist their advance, that their men were ordered not to fire until fired upon, but to charge right on, sweeping round on the flanks, and holding back in the center, thus hoping to capture the greater portion of both corps. The men saw the immense host bearing down upon them; they looked along their own thin line, and felt that, though they had been often tried in battle, and had won high honors for their bravery before the foe, anything they had ever done, was nothing, compared to the work now before them.

The Nineteenth was on the extreme left of the line, and consequently the most exposed, as it was subject to a fire from the front, and also an enfilading fire from the flank. "Boys," said Col. Williams, "we must hold our colors on this line, or lie here under them." On came the rebel line, their flanks sweeping round without difficulty, there being nothing to oppose them. As they came within range they were opened upon from the whole length of the line, the fire being immediately returned. But all in vain; our single line stubbornly resisted their advance, their first line melted away and the second came up. The eleventh corps had given way, the right of the line having been first attacked, and it became evident that to remain longer on this line would but insure the capture of the entire force, so the order was reluctantly given to retire slowly, holding the enemy in check as much as possible, which was done in splendid style, the line repeatedly halting, re-forming, and firing into the advancing mass of rebels with deadly effect.

Some distance in rear of the first line, Wadsworth's, was formed two regiments under Col. Dana, of the third division.

This small force, however, availed nothing against the overwhelming number of the attacking force, and the rebel line, not even checked for a moment, pushed steadily forward, forcing the valiant, but now shattered line, slowly back to the seminary building, near town, where, taking advantage of a barricade of rails, Wadsworth made a final desperate effort to hold the advancing masses of Lee. Here he re-formed the regiments of his division, and once more the rebels were halted, and compelled to fall back and reform their lines, which having been done, on they came to within thirty yards of the barricade. Great gaps in their lines told of the severity of the fire they sustained, and notwithstanding the frantic efforts of their officers, they could not advance another pace; still they were held to their work, and it has been asserted by eye witnesses, that not one man of all that long line, which came up with flaunting banners and derisive yells, was left—all, all lay on that bloody field. In all history there is no parallel to that heroic charge, so desperately made, so determinedly met, and so tragically ended.

Though the rebel line in front was now annihilated, yet their flank, on Wadsworth's left, far overlapping him, was sweeping round seriously threatening his rear. On the right, the eleventh corps which was rapidly falling back before the overwhelming forces of Ewell, and Wadsworth was once more obliged to retire, to save his men from capture. This was done in tolerable order, and his division again reformed on Cemetery hill—the position occupied by the reserve of the eleventh corps. The rebels followed up into town, of which they took possession, but made no further demonstration on the line that night.

Shortly after dark the twelfth corps came up and went into position, closely followed by the other corps. Gen. Meade himself arrived and began his preparations for the great and decisive battle.

During this day's desperate fighting, the loss of the first and eleventh corps may be stated at six thousand. The Nineteenth lost many gallant men, who fell gloriously, their faces to the foe, the old flag waving above them. But their memories shall live. The Nineteenth will never forget Lieut.

Richard Jones, company B, Lieut. Crockett T. East, company K, Asa W. Blanchard, Sergt. Major, Sergts. Furgason and Beshears, company H, Winsett and Dougherty, company K, Michner of company E, Ogborn, company B, and many others of less rank, but whose courage was as undaunted, and whose hearts as true, as any of the fabled knights of old. Green be the grass and light the sod over their graves.

Many others, also, were left upon the field, still living, but badly wounded—among these Lieut. Col. William W. Dudley. This gallant young officer had fought in the front rank at Gainesville, second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburgh, unharmed. Here he lost his right leg. Major John M. Lindley, than whom a braver man never lived, was also severely wounded in the hand. Capts. Shafer, Holloway and Ives, and Lieuts. Schlagle, Branson, Wilson, Patrick and Campbell, were also severely wounded. The loss of the regiment was two hundred and ten out of two hundred and eighty-eight that went into the battle!

The telegraph wires had flashed to every city and hamlet in the land the news of the terrible fight of the first; of the unrivaled gallantry and almost total annihilation of the first corps; it told of the concentration of both armies at Gettysburgh, and now the whole country stood as anxious spectators of the impending conflict. On the one hand Lee, with his army of veterans ninety thousand strong, flushed with their victory at Chancellorsville, and haughtily vaunting themselves as invincible. On the other hand that gallant old army of the Potomac, reduced by the casualties of the terrible battles through which it had already passed, to sixty-five thousand men. Oh! how anxiously the country watched that contest. If Lee was victorious the last barrier which stood between him and the great cities of the North was broken down, and Pennsylvania, New York and New England lay helpless at his feet; on the contrary, if he was defeated, his retreat to Virginia would necessarily follow, the rebellion receive a heavy blow indeed, and the threatened North would again be safe.

The morning of the second of July was spent by both Generals in placing their armies for the battle. Shortly after

noon, Longstreet opened the attack by a determined charge upon Meade's left; this being met in the same spirit in which it was made, and Longstreet was driven back, defeated. The wily Lee having failed in his attack on the left, now directed all his energies to one earnest effort to turn the right. The picked corps of Ewell moved to the attack of the position held by the twelfth corps under Slocum. This attack was suspended by the darkness, only to be renewed at early dawn on the third. For six hours and forty minutes the hitherto invincible soldiers of Ewell (Jackson's old corps) dashed themselves madly against the living wall of Slocum; but to no avail. Slocum stood firm, and at eleven, A. M., Lee withdrew the remnant of his once proud corps from the hopeless contest. Repulsed in both their attacks, the rebels now gathered up all their energies for one final desperate effort.

At half past one o'clock, P. M., the fight opened by one of the most terrific artillery duels of modern times. For two hours four hundred pieces of artillery shook the earth, and under cover of this fire, Lee once more moved his column forward to the charge, with a resolution only equaled by that with which it was met. But as before, he was doomed to defeat. Notwithstanding his frantic efforts, he was unable to break Meade's line, and shortly before sunset withdrew his defeated army, leaving the gallant Meade the undisputed victor of the bloodiest field of the war. The results of this victory were all that could reasonably have been anticipated. Lee retired slowly toward the Potomac river, constantly harassed by Meade's cavalry, and on the night of the thirteenth of July, favored by the darkness, succeeded in crossing the river in safety.

At Gettysburgh the Nineteenth was not actively engaged after the first day. On the second and third it occupied a position on Cemetery Hill, and although the shells shrieked fiercely overhead, and the minnie balls from the sharpshooters whistled uncomfortably close, the regiment suffered no loss, save the wounding of Lieut. Macy, Co. C, slightly, and of Sergt. Reeves, Co. H, a man universally respected, mortally.

On the morning of the eighteenth of July the first corps crossed the Potomac at Berlin, and camped that night at

Waterford, in Loudon Co., Va., which proved to be a village of loyal people, who gladly welcomed back the old flag and opened their houses cheerfully to the heroes of Gettysburgh. On the next day the march was resumed towards the Rappahannock river. Lee was in the mountains retiring on the west side of the Blue Ridge towards Culpepper. At length, after a succession of sharp skirmishes and rapid marches, both Generals seemed to conclude to give their wearied soldiers a little rest, and so went into camp. Gen. Meade on the north side of the Rappahannock, and Gen. Lee on the south side of that historic river. The Nineteenth pitched its tents near Rappahannock Station, August first, 1863, just two years and two days from the date of its muster into the service of the United States.

Here we leave this gallant regiment. The record of its battles is the proudest monument of its fame. Of the two hundred and eighty-eight men who went into the famous battle of Gettysburgh, only seventy-eight returned. The rest were numbered with the killed, wounded and missing.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL ALOIS OCTAVIUS BACHMAN

Was born at Madison, Indiana, May seventeenth, 1839. His parents were Swiss, and were among the early settlers of Indiana. At the outbreak of the rebellion, our country had few men of more promise. Young, rich, educated, with a physical presence rarely equaled, he certainly had prospects of a brilliant future.

He entered Hanover College in 1856. He remained at this institution two years, during which time he displayed superior abilities as a debater and declaimer. He had determined upon the profession of law. He believed that the Republic depended for its perpetuity upon the virtue and courage of its citizens; and that every one became a better citizen as he became better able to defend his country in time of peril. Entertaining such sentiments, he entered the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, Ky., where he remained two years and a half, rapidly and thoroughly acquiring those qualifications, which his country so soon would sorely need,

and which he so willingly offered. During his summer vacations, he organized a company, called the "Madison City Greys," whose drill and general efficiency, in a short time, attested the ability of the Captain, and won the admiration of all who saw it maneuver. In that company were schooled many of our now efficient line and staff officers.

It was on that April Sunday—which all remember so well—the thrilling news came from the now historic Sumter. On Monday morning Capt. Bachman's office was open—his country's flag waving conspicuously on the house-top—his drums out beating up recruits. During the early part of that week, his company—the "Madison City Greys"—then on a war footing, and beyond the maximum number, reported at Camp Morton for duty. In the organization of regiments, his company was assigned to the Sixth Indiana. He led his company with credit through the three months' campaign in Western Virginia, under McClellan. On his return, Gov. Morton commissioned him Major of the Nineteenth Indiana regiment; which, being already organized and equipped, started immediately for Washington City, then seriously threatened. Here he did garrison duty under McClellan, until that General moved to the Peninsula, when he was assigned to McDowell's corps, which was doomed to inactivity for a time. Here Lieut. Col. Bachman (he had now been promoted) fretted like a restless charger, that he should be compelled for weeks to look down the empty Shenandoah, while others were achieving and enduring so much around Richmond. At last came the evacuation, and then Pope's short and active campaign, Lieut. Col. Bachman participating in all its battles—oftentimes as regimental commander. The official reports of his superiors always commend him for his skill and courage. After Manassas, he followed McClellan in his Maryland campaign. In his element at last—fighting, fighting, fighting. His horse was killed under him at Sharpsburgh. During the day at Antietam a rebel battery played with terrible effect upon our men. The General said it must be taken, and ordered Lieut. Col. Bachman to do it, assigning to his command, besides his own regiment, one from Wisconsin. He and his troops moved forward gallantly to

the charge. Under the galling fire of the battery, and its infantry support, his ranks were fearfully thinned; and his own good right arm, which had gallantly struck his country's foes on many a bloody field, fell shattered at his side; but yet another arm remains to wave defiance to his foes, and with this he still moves forward; and when at the very mouths of the rebel guns, they belch forth a terrible discharge of grape and canister, Lieutenant Colonel Bachman's body is pierced by three grape shot. He was carried to the rear, and placed under a tree, in hearing of the guns. Knowing his end had come, he sent a verbal message to the dear ones at home, and then became unconscious—talking incoherently of the strife raging around him—anxiously inquiring if the battery had been taken; in attempting which he had given his life. And thus, on the battle field, September seventeenth, 1862, in the twenty-third year of his age, died Lieut. Col. Bachman—than whom our country had no more devoted defender—nor braver or more accomplished officer.

His remains were conveyed home, and there interred; and there, neath his native sod, rests one whose friends were as numerous as his acquaintances, and whose brilliant career and glorious end reminds us of that true Roman—the young Marcellus. Old Anchises' words are not inappropriate:

Nimium vobis Romana propago
 Visa potens, Superi, propria haec si dona fuissent * *
 * * Heu pietas, Heu prisca fides! invicta que bello
 Dextera! * * * *
 Manibus date lilia plenis:
 Purpureos spargam flores!

CAPTAIN JAMES S. DRUM

Was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in January, 1833, and removed with his parents to Indianapolis while yet a boy. After receiving a liberal education, he engaged in mercantile pursuits. His military tastes were early developed. For several years he was one of the number of generous and high spirited young men at the Capital, who kept up, at great expense to themselves, the volunteer military companies of the city. It

was at a period when such associations were regarded with but little favor by a large portion of the community. The difficulties under which their supporters labored, and which they bravely surmounted, are known only to those who were familiar with the inner life of our armories in those peaceful days. He was a member of the National Guards—an organization which has given to the country a large number of accomplished officers. That association, kept alive by the indomitable will and untiring energy of a few young men—conspicuous among whom was James S. Drum—was able, when the country became involved in war, to furnish the Government with a number of trained soldiers, possessing the ability to instruct others.

When the war broke out, Capt. Drum left the peaceful pursuits of commerce, and gave himself at once to his country. He only asked to be placed where his services were most needed. His first appointment was under the State—as Commissary at Camp Morton. While the first regiments were being raised and organized, he labored with them faithfully and acceptably. When the Nineteenth regiment was formed, he was appointed its Quartermaster, and went with it to the field. He accompanied it during all its trials, marches and battles. How well he performed his difficult and laborious duties, the records of the departments, and of the regiment, will show. He was the same gallant, unselfish gentleman in the field, that he was at home, and won the love of all with whom he associated. His faithfulness to his trusts was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Captain in the Commissary Department, U. S. A.

In March, 1863, Capt. Drum was ordered to report to Gen. Burnside for duty in the West. He was placed in charge of the depot of supplies at Nicholasville, Ky., and proceeded with his wonted energy in systematising the business at that post. He had been but a short time there, when he was suddenly stricken down with disease, and died, after a few days illness, on the eighteenth of April, 1863. He escaped the perils through which his regiment passed; but the exposures and labors of the campaigns on the Potomac sowed the seeds of death in his system.

Among the many, very many, noble spirits who have given up their lives to their country, none deserve a more grateful remembrance, than Capt. Drum. No one labored more faithfully and devotedly, and no one entered the service with a more sincere conviction of duty. He had all the noble qualities of a soldier. He was proud of his profession, and labored constantly and earnestly in the discharge of duty.

TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

Was organized at Lafayette by Col. Wm. L. Brown. The following is the roster:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, William L. Brown, Logansport; Lieutenant Colonel, Charles D. Murray, Kokomo; Major, Benjamin H. Smith, Logansport; Adjutant, Israel N. Stiles, Lafayette; Regimental Quartermaster, Isaac W. Hart, Attica; Surgeon, Orpheus Everts, Laporte; Assistant Surgeon, A. Hurd, Oxford; Chaplain, William C. Porter, Plymouth.

Company A.—Captain, John Van Valkenburg, Peru; First Lieutenant, William B. Reyburn, Peru; Second Lieutenant, Jonas Hoover, Peru.

Company B.—Captain, John Wheeler, Crown Point; First Lieutenant, Chas. Alex. Bell, Corydon; Second Lieutenant, Michael Sheehan, Crown Point.

Company C.—Captain, Oliver H. P. Bailey, Plymouth; First Lieutenant, William C. Cassleman, Plymouth; Second Lieutenant, Joseph Lynch, Plymouth.

Company D.—Captain, George F. Dick, Attica; First Lieutenant, Charles Reese, Attica; Second Lieutenant, James A. Wilson, Attica.

Company E.—Captain, James H. Shannon, Laporte; First Lieutenant, John W. Andrew, Laporte; Second Lieutenant, John E. Sweet, Laporte.

Company F.—Captain, John Kisler, Danville; First Lieutenant, Thomas H. Logan, Logansport; Second Lieutenant, Edward C. Sutherland, Logansport.

Company G.—Captain, Nathaniel Herron, Lafayette; First

Lieutenant, William C. L. Taylor, Lafayette; Second Lieutenant, William B. Brittingham, Lafayette.

Company H.—Captain, George W. Geisendorff, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, George W. Meikel, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, William O. Sherwood, Indianapolis.

Company I.—Captain, James M. Lytle, Valparaiso; First Lieutenant, Erasmus C. Gilbreath, Valparaiso; Second Lieutenant, William T. Carr, Valparaiso.

Company K.—Captain, Alfred Reed, Monticello; First Lieutenant, John T. Richardson, Monticello; Second Lieutenant, Daniel D. Dale, Monticello.

The regiment left Lafayette in July, and drawing arms and accoutrements at Indianapolis, left for Cockskeyville, Md., on the second of August, where it performed guard duty on the Northern Pennsylvania railroad, and perfected itself in regimental drill, and the duties of camp. September twenty-fourth the regiment left for the seat of war. Arriving at Baltimore, it took steamer for Fortress Monroe, camped there one day, and took steamer for Hatteras Inlet.

On the twenty-seventh of September, arrived at Hatteras Inlet. A heavy gale blowing, and the breakers running high, rendered landing very dangerous; but the pilot was skillful in his profession and took his gallant ship through the stormy breakers, and safely anchored her in the inlet, off Fort Hatteras.

The next day the regiment was transferred to small steamers of light draft, and started for Pamlico Sound. Traveling steadily all the afternoon, much of the time seeing nothing but sky and water; at sunset the Colonel's steamer ran under the lee of a forest, and signaled a halt. Going ashore in a small boat, the Colonel found flags of truce flying from the few houses on the beach, and the settlement was named Chickamacomico. It was a wild spot, and, notwithstanding the white sand which covers the surface, was luxuriant with vegetation, and a heavy growth of small timber. The trees were loaded with wild grapes, and yellow persimmons glistened like gold in the sun. The pine tree and live oak compose the groves, and the mocking bird sings among their leafy branches. The inhabitants are fishermen; most of

them were born here and know no other spot. One small windmill ground corn for the settlement. It was daylight, Sunday morning when the regiment landed, and selecting a pine grove on the Pamlico beach, went into camp. At once a lively traffic arose with the fishermen, and the price of fish advanced.

Four days passed pleasantly in this semi-tropical life. The men roamed over the island, gathering grapes, or wandering upon the beach picking up shells. Save a few fishing skiffs, not a sail dotted the smooth waters of Pamlico Sound. During the night the camp fires glistened among the dark woods, while the roar of old ocean, and the sighing wind through the fibre leaves of the pine, lulled the soldiers to sweet slumber. This was the poetry of war; the reality soon came, and when it did come was terrible.

The second of October was an eventful day. Supplies had become short, and as they must come by Pamlico Sound, its horizon was watched for a steamer. In the afternoon the propeller *Fanny* arrived within two miles of shore and ran aground, heavily laden with provisions, ammunition and baggage. Major Smith, Sergeant Evans and E. M. B. Hooker boarded her in a skiff, and having received in a batteaux enough provision for supper, put rapidly for shore. Shortly after a steamer loomed up in the distance, followed by two others. This rebel fleet opened a heavy fire on the *Fanny*. Soon as the attack was made the Captain and crew abandoned the *Fanny*, and jumping into a small boat rowed rapidly to the shore, leaving Lieut. Hart, Quartermaster of the Twentieth, to do battle as a naval officer. He ordered the artillerist to fight the boat till she sunk. But the loyalty of the Captain of the gun was suspected; after firing a shot or two he disabled his gun and the *Fanny* was taken.

It was an exciting and a mortifying scene. The regiment, ready and eager for battle, had nothing but a few fishing skiffs to fight three swift armed rebel steamers. They had to stand and see their boat, provisions and men captured, without the least hope of resistance or rescue. The regiment lost thirty men captured on the *Fanny*, besides Lieut. Hart. Dark night came on; when morning broke no vessel was in

sight. October third two small steamers came from Hatteras Inlet with a few days provisions, which were safely landed.

On the morning of October fourth, at eight o'clock a fleet of vessels hove in sight on Pamlico Sound. A few officers and soldiers gathered round the small fishing houses on the beach, watching their approach. The fleet consisted of seven steamers, two schooners, and one floating battery. Each vessel was alive with troops. Upon near approach it was evident they were rebels. The regiment had no artillery and could not make an effective resistance. The fleet of the enemy drew near, and opened a fierce cannonade upon the camp and regiment drawn up in line of battle upon the beach. While the shelling was in progress, part of the fleet sailed off in a southerly direction, intending to land twenty miles south, near Hatteras Light House, where the beach was about three hundred yards wide, and thus cut off the regiment from all hope of reinforcement. The Twentieth, however, prepared to make the best resistance possible, when Col. Brown received an order from Col. Hawkins to retreat to the Light House. With sorrowful hearts the men obeyed the order.

It was a terrible march. The sun baked the white sand. No water was to be had for the first ten miles. The sand gave way at every step, and, as the column moved on, man after man staggered and fell back exhausted, to be taken prisoner by the enemy. The regiment still toiled on, without canteens or haversacks. Hunger was nothing in comparison with thirst. That was exhausting, this was maddening. In every clump of bushes were men utterly exhausted. All this time the vessels of the enemy steamed down the Sound to cut off reinforcements. He had previously landed a force which was rapidly coming up.

But the most sorrowful sight was the Islanders leaving their homes from fear of the foe. They could be seen in groups, sometimes with a little cart carrying provisions, fleeing for dear life. Mothers carrying their babes, fathers leading little boys, grandfathers and grandmothers leaving homes they had never left before. There was an air of sadness and desolation about these poor people truly heart-rending.

About sunset the regiment reached a narrow part of the beach about five miles north of Hatteras Light House. The fleet of the enemy was already drawn up in line, with guns bearing to sweep the beach. The clouds in the west reflected the bright tints of the sun, and showed the black hulks of the gunboats. In the east heavy gray clouds lowered, and the twilight hid the regiment from view as it quietly passed along; the dashing of the ocean surf tendering a welcome aid to drown their footsteps. At midnight they reached Hatteras Light House, having made a march of twenty-eight miles. Here water was found and the tired soldiers lay down to rest. The next day the regiment reached Hatteras Inlet. Forty-five men were captured on this march, who spent seven months in rebel prisons.

The regiment camped, that is lay down on the white sand at Hatteras Inlet, with the vault of heaven for a canopy. The beauties of this delightful place are worthy description. The sea bounds the view on one side and Pamlico Sound on the other. When it storms, fine particles of sand fill eyes, ears and mouth with judicious impartiality. When it does not storm, the sun scorches indiscriminately. There are two forts—Clark and Hatteras. Fort Clark is built of sand piled up, covered up with turf to keep it from blowing away. Fort Hatteras is a little more sand, more turf, and a few more guns. The rest of the landscape is white sand.

At four o'clock on the morning of the first of November, the cry went through camp, "Wake, wake, for your lives—the sea is coming on us!" The sea was running like a mill race through the avenues between the tents. Towards the Inlet nothing was visible but stormy breakers and angry waters—no hope there. At the north the sea had formed a bayou across the beach, and no land was to be seen. To the east the breakers of the Atlantic roared and hissed like a million serpents. In the west the Sound, covered with fog, stretched forth its waters. Nothing remained for safety but the enclosure of the fort, rising a few feet above the beach. Here the men clustered, watching the rapidly gathering waters—watching for a glimpse of daylight; hoping the dawn of day would bring relief. The gray dawn came at

last, to show through fog and driving spray the utter destruction of the camp, and the loss of a great part of the clothing and provision a steamer had brought the night before. The tide, too, ceased to rise, but the fleeting spray and drifting rain, cutting like a knife, rendered it dangerous to move. At last the tide went down, and the half drowned regiment moved to high sand hills seven miles up the beach.

The day after the deluge six rebel steamers came down the Sound, evidently expecting to find the force drowned; but it was destined to another fate. On the ninth of November the regiment left Hatteras Inlet, and on the tenth arrived at Fortress Monroe.

The regiment lay at Camp Hamilton, near Fortress Monroe, until March, 1862, when it moved to Newport News, at the mouth of the James river. Here it witnessed the great naval battle between the Merrimac and Monitor. All the time, at both these camps, was profitably employed in field maneuvers.

On the tenth of May the regiment moved to Norfolk, Va., and participated in the capture of that stronghold of rebellion. At daylight, as it was bivouacing upon the beach, near Sewell's Point, the Merrimac was blown up, shaking the earth for miles around. The regiment camped near Norfolk for a few days, then it moved across the river to Portsmouth, and on June sixth, 1862, left for the Army of the Potomac, engaged in front of Richmond, where it arrived June eighth, and was assigned to Jamieson's brigade, Kearney's division, Heintzelman's corps, and took position on the Fair Oaks battle ground.

The fights in front of Richmond, after the battle of Fair Oaks, May thirty-first, consisted in a series of reconnoissances and skirmishes, until the battle of Gaines' Mill, June twenty-sixth, when a combined movement was made by the whole rebel army, upon the right and rear of our lines, resulting in the seven days' battles, and the retreat of the Army of the Potomac to Harrison's Landing, on the James river.

The movements of the regiment are interesting in this connection, as it was the only Indiana regiment that took part in these battles, and composed part of the rear guard of the

army. In fact it was the last regiment to leave the intrenchments in front of Richmond.

On the eighteenth of June, the regiment had a brisk picket skirmish, losing three men wounded, and holding in check the enemy.

BATTLE OF THE ORCHARDS.

On the twenty-fifth of June, a battle took place on the left of the Army of the Potomac, in which the regiment took an important part. The enemy's line was driven back a mile, when it was heavily reinforced, and the regiment retired to the woods, still holding part of the ground they had gained. While it lasted, this was a desperate battle. It was named the "Battle of the Orchards," and was in the vicinity of the Charles City road, leading to Richmond. The battle field is five miles from that city. The fight occurred partially in timber, ending in a wheat field. The struggle was terrible; in less than twenty minutes, the regiment lost one hundred and ninety-two men, killed, wounded and missing. The rebels charged upon our battery, and were repulsed with great loss. The rebel papers report the loss of the First Louisiana regiment in this engagement, to be fourteen officers and two hundred men, killed and wounded. The Third, Fourth, and Twenty-Second Georgia regiments, were also engaged, and lost heavily. On the Union side two regiments were engaged, with these four rebel regiments. Here fell Capt. Lytle, while waving his sword and cheering his men to charge a rebel battery. Other brave men fell by his side; their names will be found in the Roll of Honor. Night coming on, the regiment retired to the woods, and the next day took position in the intrenchments.

On June twenty-seventh, when all were expecting orders to advance on Richmond, it was whispered around camp that Jackson had turned our right, and was threatening our rear and supply depot at the White House. Then came an order to destroy all stores that could not be carried. Gen. Kearney's division was detailed to cover the retreat. For nearly two days the regiment remained in the second line of rifle

pits, seeing the mass of the army file past in retreat. It was a sorrowful sight to abandon our redoubts and rifle pits without firing a gun. Still more heart-rending to witness the immense destruction of property, and to see the sick and wounded tottering along; for no ambulance corps existed then in the Army of the Potomac. The column of glittering bayonets filed past; artillery and cavalry disappeared in the woods. Abandoned works, burning stores and desolation were all that met the view of the forlorn hope of the Twentieth Indiana.

Presently a rustling was heard in the woods; a rebel battery, supported by large bodies of infantry and cavalry, suddenly appeared, unlimbered and opened on the Union force. There being no artillery with the regiment it fell back. The rebels seemed to know the windings of the road, for several men were killed while filing through it, although the column was hidden by the woods. Moving half a mile a cavalry attack was made in the rear, but it was quickly repulsed. At dark Kearney's division was reached, when it camped for the night.

BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM.

On June twenty-ninth, Gen. Kearney selected a position to fight the enemy. The division formed in the edge of timber, an open field in front, our right and center supported by heavy batteries; our left resting on a swamp. The line of battle being about four miles long. At two o'clock the enemy appeared in force, and opened with artillery, which was promptly silenced by our batteries. At three o'clock their infantry moved in column, and, deploying, charged along our whole line, howling like fiends. Our artillery swept them from view, as the wind licks the dust from the earth. Fresh columns were pushed forward, and the rebels seemed to deem no sacrifice too great to drive us from our position. The conflict was terrible; missiles of death filled the air; each moment had its sound of terror; every spot its scene of horror. Again the rebels charged, and again were repulsed; dark night came on and the battle ceased.

The force attacking our line consisted of the divisions of Gens. Hill and Longstreet, each containing six brigades. Opposed to them were the divisions of Gens. Kearney and Hooker, each containing five brigades.

A rebel history of the war (Pollard's) says in regard to this battle: "It was now about half past nine o'clock, and very dark. Suddenly, as if it had burst from the heavens, a sheet of fire enveloped the front of our advance. The enemy had made another stand to receive us, and, from the black masses of his forces, it was evident that he had been heavily reinforced, and that another whole *corps d'armee* had been brought up to contest the fortunes of the night. Line after line of battle was formed. It was evident that his heaviest columns were now being thrown against our small command, and it might have been supposed that he would only be satisfied with its annihilation. The loss here on our side was terrible.

"The situation being evidently hopeless for any further pursuit of the fugitive enemy, who had now brought up such overwhelming forces, our troops retired slowly."

In this battle Lieut. Andrew was killed. He fell like a hero, cheering on his men. Other comrades fell with him. At midnight our lines withdrew, and took position upon Malvern Hill.

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

The battle of Malvern Hill has been rendered memorable by its monument of carnage, and the desperate tenacity with which it was fought. It was the last struggle of the enemy to keep us from safety on the banks of the James river. Harrison's Bar, the depot of our supplies, is seven miles from Malvern Hill. The rebel Generals knew they must pierce our lines and whip us, or all hopes of our capture were gone. While attacking us in front, they sent a column, under Jackson, to cut off our rear, by way of Jones' ford, on the Chickahominy, and the Charles City Court House road; but that column arrived one day too late, and the army was saved.

During the night, and early in the morning, the succession of elevations, known by the general name of Malvern Hill,

was planted with artillery, rising tier above tier, until three hundred pieces were in position. Our right rested upon an impassible swamp, and our left on the James river, covered by the fire of our gunboats.

At nine o'clock the rebels opened with a heavy fire of artillery, which was responded to by our batteries. The day was clear and cloudless; a fine breeze refreshed the tired troops; while the James river—our haven of rest—sparkled in the sun.

At about five o'clock, the enemy, under Gen. Magruder, made their first charge. They approached in solid columns on a run. From our line of batteries a murderous storm of grape and canister met them, and hurled their shattered columns to the earth. Officers and men went down by hundreds, but yet, undaunted, they formed and dashed nearer. Here the carnage was dreadful. They broke and ran. No effort of their officers could rally them. Night ended the battle; and at midnight the army fell back to Harrison's Landing, the enemy being in no condition to pursue.

Here the weary veterans rested until the fifteenth of August, doing picket duty occasionally, but not being engaged in any action. The regiment formed a portion of the flank guard of the Army of the Potomac during its march across the Peninsula to Yorktown. Taking steamers there, it proceeded to Alexandria, and from thence moved to the Rappahannock river, where it was on picket when Jackson made his famous raid on Manassas Junction. Immediately marching to meet the enemy, it reached Bristow Station after the battle of Kettle Run, where Hooker defeated Ewell's division, of Jackson's corps.

On the twenty-seventh of August the regiment moved with the army on Manassas, and from thence pursued the enemy to Centreville, and thence to Manassas Plains.

On the twenty-ninth it took part in the battles, and its Colonel, William L. Brown, fell early in the engagement. The second day it acted as a support to a battery, and composed part of the rear guard when Pope's army fell back upon Centreville.

On the first of September, amid a terrific thunder storm, it

took part in the battle of Chantilly, where the brave Phil. Kearney fell—the gallant leader of a division to which it had so long been attached. In respect to his memory, his brave veterans now wear the Kearney cross—a badge of honor.

About the sixth of September the regiment reached Alexandria, where it remained in camp six weeks.

On the eleventh of October the regiment left its camp on Arlington Heights, crossed the Georgetown bridge, and entered Maryland. Stuart's cavalry were making a raid in Pennsylvania, and our column moved rapidly, in hopes of intercepting the rebel force near Conrad's ford. A beautiful country met our eyes along the route. Tired with gazing on the never changing green Virginia pines, the men looked with delight on the huge chesnut trees, towering oaks and black walnuts. The contrast, too, between the ruined tenements and war desolated fields of Virginia, and the thrift of Maryland, told the men they were in a State not yet desolated by the ravages of war. The column reached Rockville at dark.

At four o'clock the next morning started for Poolesville; and after marching rapidly all day, passing through Poolesville at dusk, reached Conrad's ford at midnight, ten hours after Stuart's cavalry had crossed. The river being too deep for infantry to ford, the regiment returned to camp near Poolesville.

On the twenty-ninth the regiment crossed the Potomac at Conrad's ford. The water was running swiftly, the ford deep, but the men, eager for a forward move, plunged in with cheers, although it was quite chilling to blood and patriotism. Climbing the abrupt bank, on the Virginia shore, the regiment moved rapidly towards Leesburgh.

About this time there was a general forward movement of the Army of the Potomac. The right was crossing at Harper's Ferry, Williamsport and other points, and moving up the Loudon Valley, along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge; while the left, crossing at Conrad's ford, Edward's ferry and other points, moved along the Kittlectan and Bull Run mountains. Meanwhile, the rebel army was leisurely retiring up the Shenandoah Valley, their flanking parties holding all the gaps.

For a few days the regiment camped near Leesburgh. Early in November moved over the Kittoetan mountain, and proceeded up the Loudon Valley. This portion of Virginia had not been desolated by war. The column wound through a well cultivated country. At one halt the people turned out and welcomed the Union army. In one neat town, called Quaker Church, every hospitality was offered. There were many really handsome residences and gardens; and the Quakers, proverbial for their industry and frugality, had made the wilderness blossom. The Quakers were all Union men, and one old patriarch guided the column through by-paths across the country. Along well graded pikes, through fields, across rapid streams; now passing orchards filled with fruit, and then climbing mountain paths, where no team could penetrate, the force pressed on. At Goose creek a few stragglers from the rebel army were captured, but no enemy was to be seen in force, although from the gaps, lying west, artillery firing could be heard.

At Waterloo the regiment had a skirmish with the enemy. On November seventh camped near Warrenton. While the Twentieth were marching and halting, guarding the fords of the Rappahannock, the main army was swinging through Manassas Gap, and marching towards Fredericksburgh. Gen. McClellan was removed about this time, and Gen. Burnside appointed to the command. It was an unfortunate removal, as it necessitated a halt of the whole army, and lost several days in the onward movement.

On the nineteenth of November the regiment saw the church steeples of Fredericksburgh. The city had been abandoned by its inhabitants, and Gen. Longstreet, with his division, held the heights in its rear. The advance of our army was too late to occupy this important position.

After demanding the surrender of the city, and being refused, the Union army quietly went into camp upon the hills of Stafford. For weeks the two armies were quiet, the enemy all the time strengthening his position.

On the eleventh of December the regiment left camp; and, marching down the river, crossed on a pontoon bridge, and took part in the battle on the left, with Franklin's corps.

The brigade to which they were attached arrived in time to save three Union batteries from being captured by the enemy.

The Pennsylvania Reserves, by a bold charge, succeeded in driving the enemy from their first line of rifle pits, and were following up their success rapidly, when out of the woods, in their front, the enemy swarmed in overwhelming numbers, and hurled them back. Pushing on, in pursuit of the disordered brigade, the rebels caught sight of our batteries, and charged with a yell. Capt. Randolph, Chief of artillery, was in despair. The supports had fled. The rebels were within fifty yards of his guns. Just then he caught sight of the Twentieth coming up the hill at a double-quick. He knew their bronzed faces. His countenance lightened with gladness. Swinging his sword over his head, he shouted to his heroes of the Peninsula, "Forward, boys, and save my battery!"

Like a drove of wolves, on rushed the rebel hordes. They thought the battery theirs; their wild yells filled the air, and their matted locks waved in the breeze; but a glistening line of bayonets met them in their mad career. They saw familiar faces before them; they had seen these Hoosiers in front of Richmond, and knew their fighting qualities; they had fought with them, for it was the old Georgia foe charging upon our batteries. Halting, hesitating, they gave a wild cry, as our steady line swept on; then broke in confusion, and fell back to the woods. It was a bayonet charge; not a shot was fired by the regiment. The moral strength of the line of bayonets saved our batteries.

For two days and nights the regiment lay along the crest of a hill, exposed to the fire of the rebel sharpshooters, and annoyed by the constant excitement of watching their artillery, which opened on our lines at every opportunity. Their batteries, however, were quickly silenced by ours, whenever they opened.

The regiment waited and watched, until the order was given to recross the river. Burnside's army fell back to their camps, amid the pines of Stafford hills, after losing many men, and accomplishing nothing. The loss of the regiment was small.

About the middle of January, 1863, occurred the famous mud march of Burnside's army. The weather was very pleasant when the march began, but on the twentieth it began to rain, and soon turned into a cold driving storm. In a short time the roads became almost impassable, on account of mud. The regiment was detailed to bring along the pontoon train; mules and horses having given out in the deep mud of the ruts and gorges along the base of Stafford hills. It seemed a task almost impossible, but the men of the Twentieth never gave up without an effort, and wading through mud and mire, with the pitiless storm beating in their faces, they succeeded in bringing horses and pontoons to the banks of the Rappahannock. The labor of the men on that day, was pronounced by all who witnessed it, to have surpassed any they had ever seen.

The storm, however, defeated the proposed movement, and Gen. Burnside having been relieved, his plan was abandoned, and the forces returned to their respective camps, under command of Gen. Hooker. The regiment remained in camp until the battle of Chancellorsville.

BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

In the latter part of April, the army took the field. The cavalry, with several divisions of infantry, moved up the Rappahannock, and prepared to cross. The second, fifth, eleventh, and twelfth corps moved up the river, while the first, third and sixth moved down to Franklin's old crossing, at the battle of Fredericksburgh. Meanwhile, after hard fighting, the cavalry crossed, and moved rapidly south, intending to destroy the railroads, and cut off the enemy's supplies. The fifth corps moved south-east, towards Chancellorsville. On the thirtieth the third corps joined the main army, and at noon, of the first of May, the whole army, with the exception of the first and sixth corps, were on the south bank of the Rappahannock, at and near Chancellorsville. That afternoon a fierce attack was made upon our advance.

The country occupied by the army, was a perfect wilderness, broken by ravines, and intersected by numerous creeks,

running in a northerly direction. Our army quickly took position, and on the second was ready for battle. The right faced west of south; the center formed on the plank road running from Fredericksburg to Culpepper; the left faced nearly east. No attack had as yet been made on our right. The assault on the day previous had been on our center, on the plank road, from the direction of Fredericksburgh.

The third corps was in the center, along the north bank of a small stream, called Mott's run, which was a little south of the plank road and nearly parallel to it. The rebels were found in force. The Twentieth was detached, and sent on picket on the banks of this stream. During the night the regiment threw up a rail breastwork. The next day, at daylight, the enemy was seen moving rapidly in the direction of Gordonsville, and the impression was that he was retreating. Stoneman, however, had destroyed the railroad, and the Union army were in possession of the only wagon road by which they could obtain supplies.

About eight o'clock in the morning, a wagon train was seen winding its way among the hills, south of Mott's run. Soon after, Gen. Birney determined to take the south bank of the stream. Deploying one company as skirmishers, the Twentieth moved up the hill.

When the third corps moved forward, the troops on its right, consisting of the eleventh corps, moved also to accommodate themselves to the new line. During the night, the eleventh corps was attacked by Jackson's rebel corps, with great fury, and in a few minutes fell back in great disorder; leaving the center of the army broken. By the exertions of Gens. Sickles and Pleasanton, and the obstinate bravery of a few scattered regiments, the enemy's advance was checked.

It was now dark; the second and third divisions of the third corps, were getting into position on the plank road, facing west. The first division was falling back from its advanced position, as quietly and rapidly as possible. The Twentieth was the last regiment to move back, getting to the main body at about eleven at night. Upon reaching their breastworks, the Union forces took position on the reverse side, facing to what had been their rear.

Next morning our forces commenced falling back. Upon seeing this, the rebels made a furious assault, and the battle raged with great fury until one o'clock, when all the Union troops south of the plank road were withdrawn, and a new line formed, shaped like a V, with its apex pointing southward, its flanks resting on the river. This position the army held for two days, defying every attempt of the enemy to force it. On the sixth of May, the whole Union army had recrossed the Rappahannock, and thus ended the battle of Chancellorsville.

This battle was fought on the first, second and third of May. Perhaps few regiments had so many compliments showered upon them, as was bestowed upon the Twentieth, during this terrible battle. From the very first, in the extreme front, its gallantry was so marked, its courage so undaunted as to bring forth expressions of delight from the commanding Generals. At one time, while skirmishing, the regiment captured the whole of the Twenty-Third Georgia, numbering more than their own men. When the eleventh corps broke, and thus enabled the enemy to turn our right, and cut off the third corps from the main army, rendering a midnight attack necessary, the regiment was withdrawn from the front, and facing to the rear, prepared to cut their way through. Advancing quietly, in line with the rest of the division, the charge was made with the bayonet, the enemy driven back and communication established. After the battle, when Gen. Ward called for a report of the regiment, Col. Wheeler reported it gay. "Yes," said Gen. Hooker, "that regiment is gay."

The army rested for about a month after the battle of Chancellorsville. Lee, in the meantime, had moved his force on our right, penetrated Maryland and invaded Pennsylvania. The army of the Potomac followed, and covered Washington. On the first of July the armies faced each other at Gettysburgh.

BATTLE OF GETTYSBURGH.

On the second the terrible battle on the left of the army

of the Potomac, at Gettysburgh, was fought. The regiment was posted on a rocky hill called Round Top, in front of which the enemy made his fiercest attack. Column after column of rebel troops were hurled upon this part of our line. The enemy seemed determined to lose no effort to carry our position. Fortunately for the Union army, the "Iron Third," commanded by the gallant Sickles, was there to meet them. How well it performed its duty, the four thousand braves of that corps, who fell killed and wounded that day, speak in mute eloquence.

On the morning of the second of July the first, second and eleventh corps were in line, and the rest of the army in reserve. The second faced west; the first and eleventh north and north-east; all occupying a semi-circular ridge, with a high hill at each end, the center projecting towards the enemy. Soon after daylight the enemy threatened our left, and the third corps was placed at the left of the second. Heavy skirmishing was carried on all the forenoon. About one, P. M., a heavy force of the enemy was seen advancing up the west side of the ridge, along which runs the Emmettsburgh pike.

The second brigade of the first division, in which was the Twentieth, was now on the extreme left of the army. It was posted on a low ridge, overlooking a wooded hollow, through which ran a small stream. On the opposite side of this stream was the ridge on which runs the pike. The rebel forces moved rapidly up its western slope, planted their batteries upon the crest, while their infantry swarmed in the hollows. Their right extended far beyond our left.

The third corps had but one line, and there were several gaps in it. Soon the skirmishers came in contact, and shot and shell from opposing batteries filled the air. A heavy column of rebels crossed the stream and charged up the hill upon our batteries. At one time one of them was in their possession, but they were soon driven off. In a short time, and with hard fighting, the enemy were forced back to the bottom of the hollow; our troops closing after them. In front of the Twentieth was a stone wall and scattered rocks. Behind these the rebels took shelter. The Twentieth were exposed.

yet for two hours they faced the concealed foe, firing at the rebels whenever they exposed themselves. Here the regiment met its heaviest loss. Col. Wheeler was killed by a ball which passed through his throat. Lieut. Robbins was shot through the heart. Capt. Reese shot in the eye, and almost half the regiment killed and wounded.

The regiment had a sheltered position in small timber, but gallantly pushing forward drove the enemy before them. Then the enemy gathered new numbers, and poured in terrible volleys. Not a step backward moved the Twentieth. They deployed as skirmishers and quietly lay down. Heavy lines of the enemy advanced against them. They melted before the single line of fire poured from the "Iron Third." Not a man flinched, each tried to excel the other in personal daring. This was the second time this regiment had a gallant Colonel fall at the head of its stubborn column. Its colors were riddled with shot and shell. The color Sergeant, and six of the eight of the color guard, were killed or wounded. One hundred and fifty-three of that gallant band were left on the field. Every man proved himself a hero. Each man had made up his mind that that battle must be won. It was one of the most savage fights of the war.

Next day the enemy attempted to break through our center. After a terrific cannonade of an hour's duration, Longstreet's veterans, confident of success, untutored to defeat, charged, with savage yells, upon our position. With guns at a "right-shoulder-shift," on they came, at a double-quick, right into our line of fire. On and still on, until they almost reached the mouths of our cannon. Great gaps were made in their lines, by the fire of our artillery. Yet, closing up, solid as a stone wall, they rushed into the jaws of death.

But a more terrible foe was to meet them. The "Iron Third" corps again advanced, the Twentieth in the first line. Then a vivid flame like lightning flashed along the ranks, and swept the hitherto unconquered corps, like grass before the scythe. With disordered ranks they fell back. Few indeed of that brave enemy rejoined their comrades. Thirty-eight stand of rebel colors were among the trophies of the Union army.

On the fourth the regiment was again thrown forward as skirmishers, and had a severe fight, losing one officer and several men. Then followed the pursuit of the retreating enemy.

Tired, shoeless, ragged, with empty haversacks and bleeding feet, day after day, the Union army followed the rebel forces, until they crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, Md. Our weary troops could not bring the enemy to battle. Neither, in their exhausted condition, could they overtake him.

The brigade to which the regiment was attached crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and moving along the base of the Blue Ridge, in pursuit of the retreating army of Lee, after passing Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps, came upon the rear guard at Manassas Gap. Here a brilliant engagement took place between the third corps and the rear guard of the rebel army. The Twentieth was in the advance as skirmishers. The enemy was defeated. Here ends their battles for the present.

By order of the War Department the regiment was sent to New York City, in July, to protect public property and quell a riot. Col. Taylor had command of a portion of the regiment at Fort Schuyler. Lt. Col. Meikle of the remainder at David's Island. Here the regiment passed several weeks, doing provost duty, and guarding rebel prisoners. In October the regiment was again ordered to the front.

Here we leave it. Its ranks are decimated. Brother mourns for brother; comrade looks around for comrade. Many a file leader has stepped from its ranks into eternity. Alas! there is many a gap to fill in many a happy home. But its breast is still bared to the storm. Onward, still onward, is and shall be its motto, until the Union is saved, and the rebellion crushed.

A GALLANT INDIANIAN.

While the Army of the Potomac was lying at Harrison's Landing, all the wounded, and most of the sick, were sent

north. It was truly a lamentable sight to see steamers filled with crippled patriots. The scene described took place on one of them :

“ While among the wounded on the State of Maine, yesterday, we stopped by the stretcher of a fine looking fellow, and inquired about his wounds. “ Shot through the shoulder, sir, bones broken, but am getting along well. Do you think they will put me ashore here ? ” I replied that, as his wound was so severe, I thought he would be sent north, and probably he might be so disabled as to require a discharge. “ Oh ! no, sir ! I don’t want a discharge ; I want to go back to my regiment as soon as I can ; I want to have another chance at the rebels. ” “ What regiment do you belong to ? ” “ Twentieth Indiana, ” he replied, “ but you have not heard of us among so many other regiments. We were the only ‘ Hoosier ’ regiment in the week’s battle before Richmond, but we did our work in the rear guard, and whipped the rebels every time they attacked us. ” Said I, “ Your State is raising eleven new regiments and six batteries more for the war. ” “ Is she ? I knew it ! I knew it ! God bless the Hoosier State ! ” he exclaimed, while his eye lighted up with fresh fire, and his wan emaciated face flushed with blood quickened into action “ I knew it, sir ; there will never be any need of drafting in Indiana. We went into this war to save the Union, and every man in our State will volunteer to uphold the old stars and stripes and crush out this rebellion. ”

“ Finding that he was becoming too earnest for his welfare, and perceiving that he was nearly exhausted by excitement, I grasped his hand and bid good bye. He was a true type of the noble men from the West. ”

BRAVE PHIL. KEARNEY.

On Monday night, September first, 1862, at the battle of Chantilly, the brave and brilliant General Philip Kearney fell.

Gen. Kearney was a native of New York, and was about forty-eight years of age. His family have resided in New Jersey since 1816. He was appointed in 1837 an officer of dragoons in the United States army. During the Mexican

war he was sent abroad to inspect the armies of Europe. Kearney's cavalry was the pride of the service in the Mexican war, and Kearney was named "Our Murat." At the gates of the city of Mexico his left arm was carried away by a cannon ball. After the war, he resigned his commission in the regular army, and traveled extensively abroad. He took an important position in the Algerine war, and was aid-de-camp to a French Marshal at Solferino.

When intelligence of the present war reached him in France, he returned at once, and offered his services to his country. He was appointed Brigadier General May seventeenth, 1862. He was made Major General a few weeks after, having fairly won it on the bloody fields of Williamsburgh, Fair Oaks, Orchards, White Oak Swamp, Cross Roads and Malvern Hill.

On the Peninsula his splendid division was in almost every fight, and everywhere the fighting Phil. Kearney, with his single arm, was a terror to the foe. He ordered his division to wear a patch of red flannel on their caps, so that they might be known, and that he might know them. Hence, this red patch has become a badge of honor; and whenever the rebels find our dead, with this mark, they bury them with the honors of war. He always led his men in person, and never allowed the front of battle to get ahead of him. It was a familiar sight to see him, on his white steed, sweep along the front, between opposing volleys, as if he courted death. Many stories are told of his bravery. His voice rang out in the roar of battle, and he always sought the thickest of the fray. Rebel prisoners always desired to see him, for in the roar of battle he had often passed so swiftly before their astonished eyes, and had so often defied the shots of their best men, that he seemed invulnerable.

A splendid officer, a fighting General, a brave soldier, a patriotic citizen—all these qualities united in Philip Kearney, who has set the seal of his life as his attestation of the inestimable value of the cause for which he struggled and fell.

In such respect was he held by the enemy, that, upon his death, Gen. Lee sent, under a flag of truce, his body, sword, horse and equipments, through our lines, with a testimonial to his bravery.

COLONEL WILLIAM L. BROWN.

Through the untiring energy of this earnest man, the Twentieth Indiana was organized. At the time he proposed forming the regiment, the Government had refused to receive any more troops. But his importunity overcame all obstacles, and he was authorized to raise a regiment. In less than one month it was raised, equipped, and in the field.

Col. Brown was a strict disciplinarian. In military matters he ruled with an iron hand, and none could say nay against his orders. In his regiment he took a personal pride. It was his, and he meant to make it, and did make it, one of the most effective in the service. The officers who neglected their duties received from him little mercy. He was an enthusiast in the cause. He believed that his life, and that of his men, belonged to his country; that nothing should be thought of, nothing done, inconsistent with his country's good. Fearless, no danger daunted him; persevering, no disappointment checked his hopes. At Hatteras, when he was told there were no vessels to convey his troops, he said, "Give me wood and iron, and I will make ships." As the column marched along, through the valley of Virginia, the form of the Colonel could always be seen in advance. Sometimes, in the moonlight, winding through dark woods, the moon breaking through the trees, the Colonel, on his black horse, "Lincoln," could be seen, like an adventurous knight of old, leading on the column. He knew the ground ahead of him. His slim figure at times disappeared in the distance, and again appearing, he rode along the line to see that all was right. The regiment felt, that, under him, a surprise was impossible, and the men followed his lead with perfect confidence. He was watchful of the comfort of his men. His rule was, they should have every thing they were entitled to. Hence, the regiment was well fed and clothed, whenever possible.

Thus through the storms of Hatteras, on its desolate sands; through the campaign of the Peninsula, amid the swamps and malaria of the Chickahominy; during the march across to Yorktown, and the picketing on the Rappahannock. did

Col. Brown lead his gallant band, until at the battle of Bull Run, August 29, 1862, he yielded up his life to the cause he loved and fought for so well. He was instantly killed by a shot in the left temple. Thus, in the prime of life, was cut off all his earthly ambition and hope. Wm. Lyons Brown was born at St. Clairsville, O., the nineteenth of November, 1817.

COL. JOHN WHEELER,

Was born in Connecticut, on the sixth of February, 1825. At an early age his parents moved to Ohio; thence to Indiana, in 1847. He enlisted as a private in company B, Twentieth Indiana, on the twentieth of June, 1861; shortly afterwards he was elected Captain of the company. This position he held for seven months, when he was promoted to Major. After serving as Major seven months, he was promoted to the Lieutenant Colonelcy. At the end of seven months he received a Colonel's commission.

All the men of company B, loved John Wheeler as a Captain. He was a father to them. Often, after the duties of the day were over, did they collect around his tent to consult him about their friends at home. His pleasant manners, genial disposition, cordial smile, and kindness of heart secured for him the confidence and esteem of the regiment. Upon the resignation of Major Smith, he was promoted to the vacancy. This position he filled with marked ability. He was, during the seven day's fight in front of Richmond, always at the post of duty, and, upon the death of Col. Brown, at the Battle of Bull Run, took command of the regiment.

When the Twentieth went into camp upon Arlington Heights, after seven months' fighting and marching, Lieut. Col. Wheeler let the men rest to their heart's content.

Just before the battle of Chancellorsville, John Wheeler was commissioned Colonel. He went through that bloody fight, accompanied the regiment in its pursuit of Lee to Pennsylvania, and in the famous battle of Gettysburgh, sealed with his life, his devotion to the cause he loved. Those who knew him best, loved him most.

LIEUT. JOHN W. ANDREW,

Was born in Hamilton, Ohio, on the seventh of January, 1831. His father, Daniel Andrew, was the son of Dr. John Andrew, a surgeon in the army of the revolution. Descended from such a patriot, it was but natural that he should be one of the first to buckle on the armor in defense of his beloved country. His parents died when he was quite young, and he sought a home in the family of his uncle. As a boy he was gentle and kind, a universal favorite, yet intimate with few. After completing his studies in the Miami University, he settled in Laporte. The gentle boy grew into a brave man. When the rebellion broke out, his character seemed to have undergone a complete change; the timid, peaceful citizen was transformed into an avenger of his country's honor, and by voice and example, he called upon his comrades to rally for their country and their flag. Never before had he shown such earnestness. His most intimate friends gazed in wonder as he evinced his fiery zeal and courageous patriotism.

He enlisted as a private, in company E, Twentieth Indiana. Upon its organization he was chosen First Lieutenant, and entered camp on the second of July, 1861. He was with the regiment in all its sufferings at Hatteras, and upon all occasions cheerfully performed every duty.

The protracted stay of the regiment at Fortress Monroe and Newport News, while the Army of the Potomac was marching up the Peninsula, was impatiently endured by the Twentieth, and by none more than by Lieut. Andrew. At length, to his great joy, it was ordered to Norfolk, which was captured without resistance, and his company was one of the first to land at the wharf of that stronghold of rebellion, and march in triumph through its streets.

Remaining there about a month, the regiment left for the front of Richmond. Here Lieut. Andrew was placed in command of the sharpshooters, who were employed in various important duties. On the eighteenth of June the regiment took part in a skirmish. On the twenty-fifth it lost a large number of men in the battle of Orchards. In this battle

Lieut. Andrew was conspicuous in rallying his men, and cheering them on to the charge.

On the twenty-sixth the army commenced its retreat to the James river. Kearney's division, to which the Twentieth was attached, was the rear guard. In the terrible battle of Glendale, on the thirtieth, just before dark, while directing his men to fire a little more to the left, a bullet pierced Lieut. Andrew's head, over the right eye, and he fell dead not five paces from the front.

The chaparal and timber in front, swarmed with the foe. They were pressing on in countless thousands; yet the position was held till midnight, and then the command fell back; but, alas! the body of the brave Lieut. Andrew was left upon the field. It could not be removed. And he sleeps with other heroes, beneath the evergreen pines of the Peninsula.

THIRD INDIANA CAVALRY.

The following was the roster of the regiment, when fully organized:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Scott Carter, Vevay; Lieutenant Colonel, Jacob S. Buchanan, Vevay; Major, Geo. H. Chapman, Indianapolis; Major, Charles Case, Fort Wayne; Adjutant, Geo. H. Thompson, Madison; Regimental Quartermaster, John Patton, Vevay; Surgeon, Elias W. H. Beck, Delphi; Assistant Surgeon, Luther Brusie, Laporte.

Company A.—Captain, Jacob S. Buchanan, Vevay; First Lieutenant, William Patton, Vevay; Second Lieutenant, Robert P. Porter, Vevay.

Company B.—Captain, James D. Irvin, Corydon; First Lieutenant, Benjamin Q. A. Gresham, Corydon; Second Lieutenant, Marshall Lahue, Corydon.

Company C.—Captain, Theophile M. Dangler, Vevay; First Lieutenant, Charles Lemmon, Vevay; Second Lieutenant, Paul Clark, Vevay.

Company D.—Captain, Daniel B. Keister, Aurora; First Lieutenant, Matthew B. Mason, Aurora; Second Lieutenant, Henry F. Wright, Aurora.

Company E.—Captain, William S. McClure, Madison;

First Lieutenant, George W. Thompson, Madison; Second Lieutenant, Abner L. Shannon, Madison.

Company F.—Captain, Patrick Carland, Connersville; First Lieutenant, Oliver M. Powers, Connersville; Second Lieutenant, Thomas W. Moffett, Connersville.

Company G.—Captain, Felix W. Graham, Johnson county; First Lieutenant, Geo. F. Herriott, Johnson county; Second Lieutenant, John S. Kephart, Johnson county.

Company H.—Captain, Alfred Gaddis, Frankfort; First Lieutenant, Joseph M. Douglass, Frankfort; Second Lieutenant, Uriah Young, Frankfort.

Company I.—Captain Will. C. Moreau, Knightstown; First Lieutenant, Tighlman Fish, Knightstown; Second Lieutenant, Oliver Childs, Knightstown.

Company K.—Captain, Robert Klein, Switzerland county; First Lieutenant, Christopher Roll, Switzerland county; Second Lieutenant, George Klein, Switzerland county.

Company L.—Captain, Oliver M. Powers, Connersville; First Lieutenant, George J. Langsdale, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, Simeon J. Mitchell, Indianapolis.

Company M.—Captain, Charles U. Patton; First Lieutenant, James W. Haymond, Greensburgh; Second Lieutenant, James W. Stephens, Corydon.

The Third regiment of Indiana cavalry (Forty-Fifth of volunteers) was formed in October, 1861, by a transfer of six companies of the First Indiana cavalry, (A, B, C, D, E, and F) then in Hooker's division of the Army of the Potomac, under command of Lieut. Col. Scott Carter. Lieut. Col. Carter was promoted to the Coloneley of the regiment, and Geo. H. Chapman, of Indianapolis, who was then holding a position in the clerk's office of the lower house of Congress, was appointed Major, and joined that portion of the regiment, in the Army of the Potomac, about the first of November. It was understood, from the outset, that the Lieutenant Coloneley would be most likely filled by a selection from among the Captains of the first six companies; and in the spring of 1862, Captain J. S. Buchanan, of Co. A, was promoted to that place, with commission dating from the fifteenth of December, 1861. Four new companies were

added, (G, H, I, and K) which were in Indianapolis in camp, and were hurried to Kentucky under the pressure of troops occasioned by the concentration of Johnston's army at Bowling Green, and have since remained attached to the Army of the Cumberland.

As before stated, the first six companies formed a part of Gen. Hooker's division, which was then stationed on the Maryland side of the Potomac, south of Washington, with headquarters near Budds' ferry. On the eighth of December, Major Chapman was ordered to take two companies—B, Capt. Gresham, and F, Capt. Carland—and proceed into St. Mary's county for the purpose of breaking up the contraband travel and trade, there being carried on, to some extent between Baltimore and Virginia. This detachment was increased in a few days by the addition of Co. A, Capt. Buchanan, and remained on duty there about four months, until the withdrawal of the troops from that locality. While there they captured several small cargoes of contraband goods, took a number of prisoners, succeeded in effectually breaking up communication with the disloyal States by that route, and received the commendation of the General commanding for the efficient manner in which they had discharged the duty assigned them. During the same period, Co. E, Capt. McClure, was doing detached duty along the river, in the vicinity of Maryland Point and Port Tobacco, having duty assigned to it similar to that assigned the detachment under Major Chapman.

When the Army of the Potomac embarked for the Peninsula, Gen. Hooker was ordered to leave the Third Indiana behind, because of the limited means of transportation, and the small field for the operations of cavalry before Yorktown. The General expressed his regret that the regiment should be separated from his command, and the men and officers of the regiment parted with the General with much reluctance, as he was a favorite with all, and endeared to them by long association. The command remained on duty in southern Maryland until May, when orders were received to proceed to Washington, which city it reached on the twelfth, and went into camp on its northern suburbs. Vari-

ous conjectures were indulged in as to what was to become of the command; and, among others, one was quite prevalent with the men, that it was to be paid off and mustered out of the service. But it was not realized. In a day or two a part of the command—four companies—were ordered on provost duty in the city, under command of Major Chapman, and were directed to go into quarters designated. That portion of the command which was not so detailed were several times called out to quell insubordination in other commands, lying in and about the city, which they succeeded in doing in each instance without resorting to bloodshed. The men of those companies detailed on provost duty were set to work cleaning up the quarters assigned to them; but before the work was completed, there came the report of Jackson's advance down the Valley of the Shenandoah; and on the twenty-fourth day of May the command was ordered to proceed early next morning, marching light and rapidly to reinforce Gen. Geary in Thoroughfare Gap. Early next morning it was in motion, and on the morning of the twenty-sixth reached its destination. The command followed the fortunes of this officer for about three weeks, when it was ordered to report to Gen. Shields at Luray; and did so in time to join his movement back to Front Royal, and from thence, after a few days, to Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Gen. Shields was relieved in a few days afterwards, his division broken up, and otherwise assigned—a considerable portion going to the Peninsula. The Third Indiana remained at Bristow until the seventh of July, when it was ordered to report to Gen. King, at Falmouth, and marched for that point. The regiment remained at Falmouth until the evacuation of the place by Gen. Burnside on the last of August; and during that time was engaged in scouting the country to the south of Fredericksburgh, and had several skirmishes with the enemy's cavalry. On the twenty-third of July, a cavalry detachment, consisting of Co. A, Capt. Wm. Patton, and Co. B, Capt. Gresham, of the Third Indiana, under command of Major Chapman, and a part of the Harris Light cavalry—the whole under command of Lieut. Col. Kilpatrick, of the Harris Light—proceeded to

Anderson Turnout, on the Virginia Central railroad, within about twenty miles of Richmond; and, after a brief engagement, dispersed a squadron of rebel cavalry encamped at that point, destroying their tents and other property, and capturing several prisoners. It was the nearest approach made to Richmond, from the direction of Fredericksburgh, during the summer of 1862, and took the rebels somewhat by surprise. Afterwards, a squadron of the regiment—companies C and D—took part in a reconnoissance made by Gen. Gibbon to the neighborhood of Orange Court House, and won most flattering commendations from that officer.

After the evacuation of Fredericksburgh the Third Indiana proceeded by transports from Aquia creek to Washington, joined the army of the Potomac, and during the Maryland campaign, which ended with the battle of Antietam, formed a part of Gen. Pleasanton's command. The regiment was engaged in a number of cavalry skirmishes commencing with Poolesville and ending with Martinsburgh, and also in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and always so conducted itself as to win golden opinions from the General Commanding. It was during this campaign that the regiment became associated with the Eighth Illinois cavalry, which association has continued to the present writing, and throughout the army of the Potomac the "Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana" are coupled together as two of the best, if not very best, cavalry regiments in the army.

On the twenty-fifth of October, 1862, Lieut. Col. Buchanan resigned on account of ill health, and Major Chapman was promoted to fill the vacancy thus occasioned. In July Capt. Robert Klein had been commissioned as Major for the battalion in the army of the Cumberland, and during the summer two new companies (L and M) had been raised, but were retained on service in Indiana, where they still remain. There being a vacant Majority by virtue of the promotions before named, Capt. William S. McClure, of Company E, was promoted, dating from October twenty-fifth, 1862. Lieut. Geo. H. Thompson, Adjutant of the regiment, was promoted to the Captaincy of Co. E, and Sergt. Gam. S. Taylor, of Company E, appointed and commissioned Adjutant.

On the eleventh of March, 1863, Col. Carter tendered his resignation on account of physical disability. He was honorably discharged, and Lieut. Col. Chapman was promoted to fill the vacancy thus occasioned, and Major Robert Klein to the Lieut. Colonelcy. Subsequently Capt. Charles Lemmon and Capt. William Patton were promoted to the rank of Major.

The regiment, or to speak with more precision, the battalion to which this account mainly refers, has formed a part of the Army of the Potomac since the commencement of the first Maryland campaign, and shared in all the movements of that army. At the battle of Fredericksburgh in December, 1862, the command, though drawn up on the heights immediately opposite the city of Fredericksburgh and ready for action during the entire engagement, was not called upon to place itself under fire, there being no field for cavalry operations. When Gen. Stoneman started out early in April, 1863, with the cavalry, for the purpose of making a "raid" in the rear of Lee's army, but one brigade of Pleasanton's division was taken, that being the first, to which the Third Indiana belonged. Heavy rains prevented the expedition from crossing the Rappahannock until the twenty-ninth of April, though several attempts were made; and after crossing, the force was divided into columns, one being under command of Gen. Averill, to which the brigade of Pleasanton's division was assigned. Gen. Stoneman accompanied the other column which crossed the Rapidan and made what is known as "Stoneman's raid." The column under Gen. Averill was also to have crossed the Rapidan higher up, and effected a junction with Gen. Stoneman below Gordonsville. He proceeded to Rapidan ford, where the enemy's cavalry were found holding the south bank of the river, and skirmished one day without accomplishing any result. The next day orders came from Gen. Hooker to return to the army, and the command entered the lines on the day succeeding the battle of Chancellorsville, and before the army had recrossed the river.

Upon Gen. Pleasanton succeeding Gen. Stoneman in command of the cavalry corps, Gen. John Buford was assigned

the command of the first division, which assignment was made only a short time previous to the second invasion of Maryland by Lee's army. The cavalry corps took up their line of march for the purpose of heading Lee's cavalry, who were preparing to start on a raid at Culpepper Court House. At Warrenton Junction the corps was divided into two columns. One under Gen. Gregg, which proceeded to Brandy Station via Kelly's ford; the other, under General Buford, crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly ford, near which crossing one of the severest cavalry battles took place that had occurred during the war, and in which the Third Indiana bore no mean part; on the contrary, it sustained nobly the already enviable reputation enjoyed by the command. On the twenty-first of June, 1863, occurred the cavalry battle at Upperville, between the cavalry corps of the army of the Potomac and "Stuart's cavalry," resulting in a complete success for the Union army. The Third Indiana bore an honorable part in that engagement, and, together with the Eighth Illinois, and a detachment of the Twelfth Illinois, met a rebel brigade at close quarters, and drove them back with heavy loss. A few days afterwards the army crossed the Potomac in pursuit of Lee, and Gen. Buford's division of cavalry was ordered to proceed along the South and North Mountain as far as Gettysburgh.

On the morning of the thirtieth of July his division entered Gettysburgh as the advance of the army of the Potomac, and passing through the town, the first brigade, of which the Third Indiana formed a part, encamped about a mile out of town on the Chambersburgh pike. The next morning, July first, about half past seven o'clock, our pickets reported the enemy advancing in force. Dispositions were soon made to meet them, and for two hours, until the arrival of the advance of the first army corps, the cavalry held the enemy in check. Thus opened the first days fight of the battle of Gettysburgh. So soon as the infantry came up the cavalry were withdrawn from the immediate front, but still remained on the field. About the close of the first days fighting, and whilst our troops were falling back through the town, hard pressed by the enemy, the Third Indiana and Eighth New York cavalry

were sent forward to check a heavy flanking force of rebel infantry, until our troops could get into position on the hills behind the town. The position was a hazardous one for cavalry, but the regiments went to the work with alacrity, and succeeded in checking the rebels until our infantry had retired through the town. It was here Major Lemmon fell mortally wounded, while gallantly urging the men to hold their position against the advancing foe. Major Lemmon had risen from the rank of First Lieutenant to that of Major, and was a most efficient and zealous officer, and his loss was deeply felt and sincerely mourned. He was extensively known throughout the army as an excellent cavalry officer—one who had but few equals.

It would hardly be possible, within reasonable limits, to mention in detail each engagement and skirmish, in which the Third Indiana has taken part, but it has been of the advance of almost every move of the Army of the Potomac, and has achieved a reputation for gallantry and bravery of which it is justly proud. Up till the present time, it has been in over forty engagements with the enemy, and has won the confidence of its commanding officers and been mentioned by them in most flattering terms.

The battallion has participated in the following engagements and skirmishes, up till August fourth, 1863: Four picket fights, sixteen cavalry fights, and twenty-two skirmishes. It is yet in the Army of the Potomac, and always in the front, under Col. Chapman.

Skirmish, companies A and B, Anderson Turnout, Virginia Central railroad, July twenty-three, 1862.

Skirmish, Matta river, August fifth and sixth, 1862.

Engagement, Cos. A and B, Poolsville, Sept. eighth, 1862.

Skirmish, Barnsville, September ninth, 1862.

Engagement, Kittoctan Mountain, Sept. thirteenth, 1862.

Engagement, Middleburgh, September thirteenth, 1862.

Skirmish, South Mountain, September thirteenth, 1862.

Engagement, South Mountain, September fourteenth, 1862

Engagement, Antietam, September seventeenth, 1862.

Skirmish, Shepherdstown ford, September nineteenth, 1862

Skirmish, Shepherdstown ford, September twentieth, 1862.

- Skirmish, Shepherdstown ford, Sept. twenty-eighth, 1862.
 Skirmish, Shepherdstown ford, Sept. twenty-ninth, 1862.
 Engagement, Martinsburgh, October first, 1862.
 Skirmish, mouth of Monocacy, October twelfth, 1862.
 Reconnoissance, Charlestown, Va., Oct. seventeenth, 1862.
 Skirmish, Philemont, November first, 1862.
 Engagement, Union, November second, 1862.
 Engagement, Upperville, November third, 1862.
 Engagement, Barber's Cross Roads, November fifth, 1862.
 Engagement, Little Washington, November eighth, 1862.
 Skirmish, companies A and B, Jefferson, Nov. tenth, 1862.
 Skirmish, Cos. A and B, Jefferson, Nov. eleventh, 1862.
 Skirmish, Cos. A and B, Jefferson, Nov. thirteenth, 1862.
 Engagement, Corbin's Cross Roads, Nov. eleventh, 1862.
 Engagement, Fredericksburgh, December thirteenth, 1862.
 Skirmish, Beverly Ford, April fifteenth, 1863.
 Skirmish, Kelly's Ford, April twenty-ninth, 1863.
 Skirmish, Rapidan Ford, May first, 1863.
 Engagement, Beverly Ford, June ninth, 1863.
 Skirmish, Philemont, June eighteenth, 1863.
 Engagement, Upperville, June twenty-first, 1863.
 Engagement, Gettysburgh, July first, 1863.
 Engagement, Williamsport, July sixth, 1863.
 Engagement, Boonsborough, July eighth, 1863.
 Skirmish, Beaver Creek, July ninth, 1863.
 Engagement, Funkstown, July tenth, 1863.
 Skirmish, Falling Waters, July fourteenth, 1863.
 Skirmish, Chester Gap, July twenty-first, 1863.
 Skirmish, Chester Gap, July twenty-second, 1863.
 Engagement, Brandy Station, August first, 1863.
 Skirmish, Rappahannock, August fourth, 1863.

SIXTEENTH BATTERY.

Formerly called Meigs', now known as Deming's, was organized at Indianapolis on the eighth of February, 1862, under the superintendence of Capt. Charles A. Naylor, with the following officers:

Captain, Charles A. Naylor, Lafayette; First Lieutenant,

Henry F. Jennings; First Lieutenant, Charles R. Deming; Second Lieutenant, Claudius Dutiel; Second Lieutenant, Frederick Sturm.

Being the only Indiana battery with the Army of the Potomac, much interest attaches to its history. It left for Washington on the first of June, and went into camp on Capitol Hill. On the twenty-sixth it was attached to the second division of Banks' corps, Army of Virginia, then under command of Gen. Pope, and took part in the series of battles which ensued. It took part in the battle of Slaughter Mountain, on the ninth of August, performing its duty gallantly.

Immediately after followed the battles along the line of the Rappahannock river. Each ford had to be defended against the threatened advance of the enemy, and as the fighting was chiefly with artillery, the various batteries in the Army of Virginia were kept busy, night and day, in hopes to check the enemy long enough to enable the army of the Potomac to form a junction with Pope's command. The fighting lasted from August twenty-second, until September first, ending with the battle of Chantilly, when the entire army fell back on Washington.

A short sketch of the part this battery took in the numerous artillery fights, which followed each other so rapidly, will be of interest.

At daylight, on the twenty-second, a shell from the section of the battery, commanded by Lieut. Deming, upon the left, announced the battle begun. For two days and nights the thunder of a hundred cannon reverberated along the banks of the river. The firing was almost incessant, mingled occasionally with musketry, as our skirmishers became engaged. During the first day's fight two guns were dismounted by the enemy's fire, and eleven horses killed. At midnight the battery was ordered to advance and take position within six hundred yards of the enemy. The enemy had batteries numbering sixteen guns, bearing on our position; yet our men had brave hearts, and with ready will they began their dangerous advance. So quietly and admirably was the move-

ment executed, that a good position was secured without attracting the attention of the enemy.

The battle of August twenty-third was opened at daylight by Lieut. Deming's two guns, who occupied the center. Lieuts. Dutiel and Sturm quickly followed, and soon the entire front line of batteries was engaged. The battery had only four effective guns, yet for nine hours it withstood the concentric fire of sixteen guns from the enemy. It was stationed in a small clump of pine trees. So savage was the enemy's fire, so terrible the showers of grape, canister and shell, which swept like a simoon through the trees, that the little clump of pines was entirely stript of its fibre-leaves, and the tops clipped off as if by a scythe. At four, P. M., the rebel batteries were silenced and withdrawn from the fight, leaving on the field two disabled guns, the remnants of three caissons, several of their dead and a number of horses killed. The battery was supported by the Fourteenth New York regiment, which lost thirteen killed and many wounded. These two days fighting was very trying on the men; yet they endured all hardships without a murmur. Gen. Hatch, commanding the division, complimented them for their bravery and endurance.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth the whole army fell back from the line of the Rappahannock. A skirmish took place near Sulphur Springs, in which the enemy were handled so roughly as to abandon two guns, after having loaded them to the muzzle, with the expectation that they would explode when discharged. Our men drew the charges, however, and attached the guns to the Sixteenth battery.

In the battles of Manassas Plains this battery took an active part. On the night of the twenty-eighth, at the battle of Groveton, the rebel twelve gun battery, styled the "Washington Light Artillery," attacked the Union lines upon the right, capturing the guns of two Pennsylvania batteries. The Sixteenth battery was immediately thrown forward, and by their courage and determination saved two regiments of Union troops from annihilation. The gallant conduct of the men on this occasion was commended by the commanding General.

The battery was with Gen. McClellan at South Mountain and Antietam, and shortly after, Lieut. Deming was appointed Chief of Artillery, second division.

In October, 1862, Lieut. Deming proceeded to Washington and drew two sections of three inch guns complete, in charge of which he left for Warrenton, Va., by the way of Harper's Ferry, Leesburgh, and Snicker's Gap, for the purpose of joining the corps of Gen. Reynolds. Near Snicker's Gap, on the eleventh of November, he was attacked by about three hundred of Mosby's and White's rebel cavalry. Having no cannoneers, and nothing but drivers, he was compelled to retire, managing the guns himself, and after a fighting retreat of twenty-eight miles, crossed the Potomac at Berlin, saving his guns, and losing four men killed and three wounded.

This battery has been pronounced equal to any regular battery in the service.



A. H. Abbott

SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

CHAPTER XIV.

Early in January, 1862, Gen. Lander, well known as one of the brave veterans of the Western Virginia campaign, took command of a force to protect the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from the inroads of the enemy.

As the history of the operations in the Shenandoah Valley is intimately connected with the subsequent movements of the army of the Potomac, it will be necessary to enter into a detail of the various battles and maneuvers which had so great a bearing on the future action of that army, and of the Union cause.

Gen. Lander inaugurated his campaign by a series of rapid movements against the redoubtable "Stonewall" Jackson, who was then infesting the valley. By a bold dash he drove Jackson from Bloomery Gap, and kept the enemy constantly watching him. He also occupied Romney, and upon the advance of Jackson, with an overwhelming force, fell back, leaving nothing but a naked, frozen country, for the enemy to subsist upon. For his vigilance and energy he was publicly thanked by Secretary of War Stanton. His gallant campaign was brief, for he died on the second of March from wounds received in October, while engaged in a skirmish.

On the ninth of March Gen. Shields took command, and with that impetuosity which always characterized his movements, commenced a series of reconnoissances down the valley. Moving towards Strasburgh he encountered the

enemy, who retreated before his advance. During the night of March twenty-second the enemy attacked his column, but was repulsed. Gen. Shields had his arm fractured by a shell. This bold movement of Gen. Shields brought on the battle of Winchester. The forces at this battle were under command of Col. Nathan Kimball of the Fourteenth Indiana, Gen. Shields being too severely wounded to be on the field.

Winchester is approached from the south by three roads; the Cedar creek road, the Valley turnpike, and the Front Royal road. On the Valley turnpike, about three miles from Winchester, is a small village called Kernstown. About half a mile north of this village is a ridge of high hills, commanding the approach by the road and part of the country in the immediate vicinity. This ridge was the key point of our position; here Col. Kimball took his station. Along this ridge three Union batteries, supported by infantry, were posted.

The main body of the enemy was in order of battle about half a mile beyond Kernstown; his line extended about two miles, from the Cedar creek road on his left to a ravine near the Front Royal road on his right. He had so skillfully selected his ground that, while it gave him facilities for maneuvering, he was completely masked by wooded grounds in front.

BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

At an early hour on March twenty-third Gen. Jackson's forces appeared in our front, and opened the battle. It commenced with artillery, the enemy occupying the heights on the Kernstown road, along which they advanced. The Eighth Ohio, Col. Carroll, was thrown forward to meet him. At first he attempted to turn our left, but was soon repulsed. His attack on the left was only a feint to draw our forces from the right. Col. Kimball anticipated this movement and reinforced his right with all his available force. Meanwhile the enemy was heavily reinforced, and moved with his left wing on our right. The third brigade, under Col. E. B. Tyler of the Seventh Ohio, consisting of the Seventh and

Twenty-Ninth Ohio, Seventh Indiana, First Virginia, and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, were sent to support our right. They fought the overwhelming numbers of the enemy at short musketry range. The fire was terrible and deadly. The Eighth Ohio and Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania came to their support. The second brigade, commanded by Col. Sullivan, of the Thirteenth Indiana, consisting of the Thirteenth Indiana, Fifth Ohio, Sixty-Second Ohio, and Thirty-Seventh Illinois, which had supported Davis' and Robinson's batteries on our left, and did good service, were sent forward to support Tyler's brigade. Each brigade moved forward gallantly, sustaining a heavy fire from the enemy. Soon all the regiments were sharply engaged. The fire was destructive. Our line wavered. The Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana came up to decide the battle. These two brave regiments fought most gallantly. Four times during that bloody charge their colors went down, only to rise again. Lieut. Col. Foster led the Thirteenth and Lieut. Col. Harrow the Fourteenth. As they gained the crest of the hill they gave a Hoosier yell, then poured forth a terrible volley, and charged boldly upon the swarming masses of the rebels, who then broke and fled. The enemy were posted in woods, to reach which the Thirteenth Indiana had to pass through an open field, exposed to a sharp fire; but they met the scathing fire, charged gallantly across the field and drove the enemy from the woods. The column still pressed forward, and amid a shower of grape and canister from the enemy's batteries drove them from every new position.

Col. Kimball's forces numbered five thousand seven hundred and fifty men. Gen. Jackson had nine thousand six hundred. It was a glorious victory for the Union army, and reflects great credit upon Col. Kimball and the gallant men under his command. The headlong, impetuous charge of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana broke the enemy's line and routed him.

The gallant Col. Murray, of the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania regiment, fell while leading forward his men amid a fearful storm of shot and shell. Col. Tyler was active and brave, and Carroll, Harrow, Foster, Voris, Patrick and Sulli-

van all fought bravely. The Fifth Ohio, Sixty-Second Ohio and Thirty-Ninth Illinois, were on the left supporting Carroll's skirmishers, and Davis' and Robinson's batteries, and prevented an attempt to turn that flank. Our forces retained possession of the field of battle and bivouaced for the night. Our loss was one hundred and three killed and four hundred and forty-one wounded. That of the enemy was about twelve hundred.

The rebel army fled towards Strasburgh. Our forces rapidly pursued. Ashby, with his cavalry, and two brass howitzers, covered their retreat. The people living on the route were so frightened that they fled to the woods, carrying with them much of their household effects. Gen. Banks, the day after the battle, took command of the forces, and the pursuit was continued to Mt. Jackson. Part of our forces advanced up the valley to New Market, the enemy, all the time, obstructing their progress.

The Thirteenth Indiana regiment, Col. Foster, made a reconnoissance towards Somerville, and, on the seventh of May, had a sharp fight with three rebel regiments of infantry and three companies of cavalry, losing twenty-nine men killed, wounded and missing.

About this time Garfield's division, formerly Gen. Shields', was ordered to join the command of Gen. McDowell, then stationed near Fredericksburgh, in order to join Gen. McClellan in his advance upon Richmond. They performed the long march, but only arrived in time to find that the movement had been abandoned on account of the daring raid of "Stonewall" Jackson upon the weak forces of Gen. Banks. Then followed the battle of Front Royal, and retreat of Gen. Banks down the Shenandoah Valley.

BATTLE OF FRONT ROYAL.

The First Maryland regiment, Col. J. K. Kenly, two companies of the Twenty-Seventh Pennsylvania, two companies of the Fifth New York cavalry, one company of Captain Mape's pioneers, and a section of Knapp's battery were stationed at Front Royal, to protect the railroad and bridges

between that town and Strasburgh. One company of the Second Massachusetts, one company of the Third Wisconsin and one company of the Twenty-Seventh Indiana were also posted along the road. These forces were under the command of Col. Kenly, when, on the twenty-third of May, the enemy, numbering about fifteen thousand, under command of Gen. Jackson, were discovered moving down the Valley of the Shenandoah, between the Massanutten mountain and the Blue Ridge, in close proximity to the town.

Front Royal is not easily defended except by a large force. Two mountain valleys debouch suddenly upon the town from the south, commanding it by almost inaccessible hills. The town is exposed to flank movements by other mountain valleys, by the way of Strasburgh on the east, and Chester Gap on the west.

The little band, eleven hundred strong, found itself instantly compelled to choose between an immediate retreat, or a contest with the enemy against overwhelming numbers. Col. Kenly was not the man to hesitate. He at once drew up his troops in the same order he had contemplated provided he was attacked by an equal number. The infantry was drawn up in line about half a mile in rear of the town. Five companies were detailed to support the artillery on the crest of a hill commanding a meadow, over which the enemy must pass to reach the bridge. The companies left to guard the town were soon driven back by the rebels. The battery on the hill opened fire on the enemy, and did much damage. The position was held for an hour, then our whole force retreated across the river, having destroyed the camp and stores. On the opposite side, our battery, Lieut. Atwell commanding, again took position, and opened fire on the enemy while fording the river; but their numbers were overwhelming, and the command was ordered to fall back on the Winchester road. It proceeded about two miles and was overtaken by the rebel cavalry, when a fearful conflict ensued, resulting in the disorganization of the whole command. Col. Kenly was wounded and taken prisoner, and the entire train and one gun captured. We lost about forty killed and wounded. Seven hundred of our men were taken prisoners.

RETREAT OF GEN. BANKS.

Gen. Banks at once collected his forces and prepared to cover the movement of his trains. His command amounted only to five thousand. It would have been madness to fight a battle with the overpowering columns of the enemy. He determined to fall back upon Winchester. The race between the two armies was for Winchester, then supposed to be the key of the valley, and to our army a place of safety.

At nine o'clock, on the morning of the twenty-fourth, the column left Strasburgh. Col. Donnelly was in front; Col. Gordon in the center, and Gen. Hatch in the rear. The column had passed Cedar Creek, about three miles from Strasburgh, when the enemy suddenly attacked the train near Middletown, directly in our front, and took possession of the road by which our column must march to reach Winchester. They had moved rapidly from Front Royal by a cross-road and cut off our retreat. The troops were sent to the head of the column, and the trains to the rear, and the command prepared to cut its way through.

The head of the column encountered the enemy near Middletown, thirteen miles from Winchester, and about four miles from Strasburgh. The Forty-Sixth Pennsylvania, Col. Knipe, penetrated the woods on our right and discovered five companies of rebel cavalry in an open field in rear of the woods. Cochran's battery opened fire on them. They soon fell back, pursued by our skirmishers. The Twenty-Eighth New York, Lieut. Col. Brown, then advanced in support, under a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery and infantry, and drove the rebels back two miles from the road. The contest lasted nearly an hour. Had the rebels attacked in force, they would have captured or demoralized the entire command. During the fight, Col. Brodhead, of the First Michigan cavalry, cut his way through to Winchester, and, coming back, reported the road unoccupied by the enemy.

The column moved on to Kernstown, five miles from Winchester. Here a halt was ordered. But the rebels were hovering on our flanks, and soon opened a fire from the dark woods on our men in the road. The column moved slowly

on to Winchester, fighting all the way, and halted for the night outside of town. At daylight all were called to arms. Col. Donnelly's brigade was on the left of the road south of Winchester. Col. Gordon's was on a ridge on the right. A little ravine was in front. On higher ground, in their rear, the artillery was posted. Here these two brigades, for three hours and a half withstood the assault of twenty-eight rebel regiments, and repulsed them. As the rebel troops, in heavy masses, were moving to flank our right, the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania, and Second Massachusetts, rushed forward with cheers, and, firing terrible volleys, checked for a while their advance. But the rebel force was too formidable, and our men fell steadily back. Winchester was entered, the enemy in hot pursuit. The command fell back in good order; the Second Massachusetts in column of companies, moving by the flank; the Third Wisconsin, in line of battle, moving to the rear. On every side, above the surrounding crest, surged the rebel fire. Sharp and withering volleys came from the enemy on the crest on our center, left, and right. The yells of a pursuing, victorious, and merciless foe, sounded above the din of battle. But the command was not dismayed. Steadily, they halted, returned the fire, reformed their ranks, covered the passage of the trains, and then pushed on.

Then came the march through Winchester. The rear guard suffered terribly from the rebel cavalry. Brig. Gen. Gordon asserts in his official report that a spirit of murder was evinced by the enemy's cavalry, who struck down and butchered, with pistol and saber, the wounded and helpless soldier, sinking from fatigue, unheeding his cries for mercy, indifferent to his rights as a prisoner of war. And Gen. Banks in his report states that "officers whose word I can not doubt, have stated as the result of their observation, that men were fired upon from private dwellings in passing through Winchester." At last our forbearance ceased. Houses were stormed, and the assassins bayoneted. We fired store houses, and blew up the powder magazine. Then the guerrilla war ended.

Still against our rear the rebel cavalry pressed; but pressed

in vain. Shot and shell could not break our defiant column, and, a few miles out of Winchester, Gen. Banks halted his men, and reformed his lines.

The column moved towards Martinsburgh, hoping there to meet with reinforcements. The troops moved in three parallel columns, each protected by a strong rear guard. The enemy pursued promptly and vigorously, but our movements were rapid, and we repulsed his successive attacks. The whistle of the locomotive, heard in the direction of Martinsburgh, inspired us with the hope of reinforcements, and stirred up the spirits of the men.

Presently two squadrons of cavalry, with wild hurrahs, came dashing down the road. They were supposed to be the advance of the expected support, and were received with deafening cheers. Hearing the firing they had hastened forward to take part in the fight. They proved to be the First Maryland cavalry, sent out by Lieut. Col. Wetsekky in the morning as a train guard. Advantage was taken of this stirring incident to reorganize the column, and the men pressed on with renewed ardor.

At Martinsburgh the forces halted for about three hours, and arrived at the Potomac at sundown. It was a march of fifty-four miles, thirty-five of which was performed in one day.

A wagon train of five hundred wagons, nearly six miles long, was brought this distance, and only fifty wagons were lost. Our loss was killed thirty-eight; wounded one hundred and five; missing seven hundred and eleven.

Let us sum up the result, and see how admirably the retreat was conducted by Gen. Banks: A retreat of fifty-four miles was made by five thousand men, closely pursued by an enemy numbering fifteen thousand, with a perfect knowledge of the country, and the sympathy of the inhabitants; Gen. Banks with his advance interrupted, and the enemy pressing upon his flanks and rear, fought this overwhelming force for three hours and a half, and yet lost only thirty-eight killed, one hundred and five wounded, and seven hundred and eleven prisoners.

The scene at night, upon the lovely banks of the Potomac,

when the rear guard arrived, was beautiful beyond description. A thousand camp fires burned upon the hill sides and sparkled in the waters. Five hundred wagons crowded the banks of the river; while the splashing of horses and tramping of men, showed the eagerness of our troops to reach the opposite shore, for rest and safety.

On the twenty-sixth of May the crossing of the Potomac was effected at Williamsport, Md., by the command of Gen. Banks. The ford was deep, and there was but one ferry boat. By good management, however, all the sick and wounded, and all the teams, artillery and troops were safely conveyed across the river. Five thousand weary men lay down that night on the north bank of the Potomac, thankful that they were within reach of reinforcements. They were grateful for rest; and confident in the wisdom of the commander who had so skillfully saved his small army.

The troops hurried from all directions. The streets of Baltimore were filled with excited men. The line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was thronged with moving troops. Secessionists in Maryland were exultant, predicting the speedy arrival, in Baltimore, of the redoubtable "Stonewall" Jackson. Shield's veteran troops, who had joined McDowell at Fredericksburgh, tired and footsore, were ordered to retrace their steps to intercept the enemy, while the fresh troops of McDowell quietly staid behind.

Gen. Fremont, who had conducted a successful campaign in the Mountain Department and had defeated the enemy at Lewisburgh, McDowell, and elsewhere, was ordered, with his entire command, to join Gen. Banks at Williamsport, and drive Jackson out of the Valley.

The occupation of Front Royal by the enemy was brief. They captured it on the twenty-fourth of May, and were driven out of it by Gen. Kimball's brigade on the thirtieth. This movement of the enemy was the commencement of the evacuation of the Valley. Then followed the splendid retreat of Jackson, and the rapid pursuit of Fremont.

FREMONT'S PURSUIT OF JACKSON.

Gen. Fremont was at Franklin, Va., when the order reached him to join Banks at Williamsport, Md. His troops were exhausted by previous marches to relieve Milroy and Schenck, who had been fighting in the mountains. Rapidly gathering the main body of his command, he started over the mountains. The first day the army marched fifteen miles; the next it reached Petersburg, thirty miles from Franklin. Here the roads were almost impassable for teams. About the same time Jackson left Winchester.

Knapsacks, tents and baggage were left behind, and our army marched to Moorefield. Thence it marched to Wardsen-ville, twenty miles distant.

On the thirty-first of May the last of the mountain ranges was crossed, and the western barrier of the Shenandoah Valley alone remained to be traversed. Our army was now pushing for Strasburgh. The troops marched twelve miles through the rain, halting at night at the forks of the Winchester and Strasburgh roads.

The advance moved early the next morning and encountered the advance of the enemy about five miles from Strasburgh, on the Winchester road. Col. Cluseret's brigade were the first engaged. Four companies of the Sixtieth Ohio, and two of the Eighth Virginia, advanced as skirmishers, and the contest was sharp. An effort of the enemy to flank our position was repulsed. It was soon ascertained that we were fighting the rear guard of Jackson, his main force pushing rapidly through Strasburgh, toward Woodstock, during the fight. Jackson reached Strasburgh in time to slip between McDowell's troops on one side, and Fremont's on the other. McDowell's troops entered Strasburgh twelve hours too late.

Col. Cluseret entered Strasburgh that night, June first, in the midst of a heavy thunder storm. The advance marched through the town, and when four miles beyond Strasburgh, was stopped by an ambush. It was dark, the storm was terrible, and the column halted for the night.

The next morning the pursuit of Jackson was continued. The First New Jersey cavalry, Stewart's Indiana cavalry,

and the Sixth Ohio cavalry, with Buell's and Schirmer's batteries, under command of Gen. Bayard, hurried on. The morning was clear and pleasant. The troops moved with alacrity in the pursuit. Cavalry and flying artillery pressed onward. Presently the sound of artillery told that the enemy had made another stand. Col. Pillson brought up his batteries, and soon drove the rebels from position. A second stand was made by the enemy's rear guard, but with no better success. Our cavalry and artillery forced them to give way. A third time, under Gen. Ewell, they halted and opened fire. Conspicuous among the enemy was Col. Ashby, with fifteen hundred cavalry. At every halt he brought his howitzers to bear, and made dashing charges upon our advance. But nothing could stand before our men. Our cavalry drove their rear guard before them, and our artillery silenced their batteries. The enemy fell back and our pursuit continued. By this time we had taken several hundred prisoners. The enemy passed through Woodstock without halting. Our column reached there the next day.

Through Woodstock, Mt. Jackson and New Market, our forces pressed in rapid pursuit. The enemy's rear guard made a stand at every favorable point, drove back our advance cavalry, but retired upon the approach of our artillery and infantry. Thus the pursuit continued through the Shenandoah Valley, without any striking incident, until the sixth of June, when, upon reaching Harrisonburgh the enemy was found to be in force. The entrance to the town was not disputed. Our advance cavalry passed rapidly through the main street, and, turning to the left, advanced through open fields to the summit of a hill overlooking an open valley. No enemy was in sight. The cavalry halted, and skirmishers were thrown out. They returned without having seen the enemy.

Col. Windham determined to advance. He had proceeded with his regiment, the First New Jersey cavalry, about two miles, when the enemy's cavalry were suddenly discovered in front, drawn up across the road, their line extending into the woods on either side. On the left of the road were woods; on the right, was a field of wheat. In this field was

concealed a strong body of the enemy's infantry. Col Windham, ignorant of the force on his flank, charged up the hill. So soon as the first squadron was within the line of flanking fire, the enemy in the wheat field poured in a volley, which threw the squadron into confusion. Col. Windham's horse was shot under him, and he was taken prisoner. Gallant efforts were made, but in vain, by the other officers to rally our troops. They fell back with a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded.

As our troops were falling back, Gen. Bayard, with four companies of the Bucktail Rifles, the First Pennsylvania cavalry, and Col. Cluseret, with his brigade, comprising the Sixtieth Ohio and Eighth Virginia regiments, advanced to the rescue. A severe fight ensued. The enemy were driven back, losing a portion of their camp equipage. It was almost dark; Gen. Bayard ordered Col. Kane of the Bucktail Rifles, to penetrate the pine woods on the left. The brave band at once advanced; in proceeding through the woods they received a heavy fire from the concealed foe. They fought gallantly, but were overpowered by superior numbers, and compelled to retire, with a loss of six killed, thirty-six wounded, and ten missing. The loss among our other troops was eighteen killed, forty wounded, and thirty missing. In this fight Gen. Ashby, the fearless, dashing and gallant commander of the rebel cavalry, was killed. Under cover of night our troops were withdrawn.

BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.

The next day, June eighth, our column again advanced. Upon reaching Cross Keys, seven miles from Harrisonburgh, the enemy was discovered advantageously posted in timber, and on commanding hills.

The country being hilly and heavily timbered was not favorable for open fighting. The enemy's troops were in a small circle, and formed *en masse*. Gen. Stahl, with his brigade, advanced on the left, driving the enemy's pickets through a belt of woods and over an open wheat field into a heavy piece of woods. While crossing this wheat field the

Eighth New York suffered much loss. The enemy, ambushed in the wheat, on the edge of the field, suddenly opened a terrible fire decimating the two companies in the advance. The rebels gave way as Stahl advanced. They suddenly rallied. Stahl's brigade and batteries were nearly surrounded. The enemy rushed forward with yells to capture his guns, but the brave troops of Stahl held him at bay and fell back in good order.

Gen. Milroy, who held the center, pressed steadily forward, planting his guns each time nearer and nearer the enemy's batteries, he delivered his fire with great accuracy. His infantry deployed through the woods, taking advantage of a deep gulley to cross a wheat field, where they were exposed, and charged up a hill where one of the enemy's batteries was posted. The enemy withdrew their guns in time to prevent their capture. Milroy's men made the hill too hot for the enemy again to take position.

Gen. Schenck was on the right to support Milroy and Col. Cluseret,—the latter having the extreme right and the advance. Our right wing was not engaged. Col. Cluseret's brigade, however, had a sharp brush with the enemy. Steinway was in command of our reserve, supported by Bayard.

The fight ended about four o'clock. The enemy made a stand only to hold our forces in check while his trains crossed the Shenandoah at Port Republic, for he commenced crossing it during the engagement. Our loss was very heavy. Nothing but the superiority of our artillery, and the fact that Jackson's progress was threatened by Shields' advance on the south side of the river, prevented our total destruction. Our loss was about five hundred killed and wounded. That of the enemy about three hundred.

The next day the pursuit was continued; the enemy retired leisurely taking his trains and wounded with him. Jackson's force greatly outnumbered that of Fremont. Why he did not take time to crush Fremont can be accounted for only on the supposition that he feared being intercepted by McDowell's corps, or that he had something greater to accomplish in front of Richmond.

The army of Fremont reached the bridge at Port Republic

only to find its charred and smoking ruins. Jackson had safely crossed with his whole command. While Fremont's guns were thundering on his rear, his advance was fighting Col. Carroll's brigade of Shields' division, which had been sent forward, unsupported, to check the advance of a hostile column of twenty-five thousand men. This brought on another disastrous battle for the Union army.

BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.

On the seventh of June Colonel Carroll, the advance of Shields' division, with one thousand infantry, one hundred and fifty cavalry, and one battery of six guns, left Conrad's store with orders to intercept the retreat of Jackson at Port Republic, and save the bridge at that place. Halting six miles before reaching Port Republic, Col. Carroll sent out scouts, who returned with the information that Jackson's train was parked near Port Republic, guarded by three hundred cavalry. Col. Carroll at once pushed forward with his cavalry and two guns, drove the enemy from the town and took possession of the bridge. Before he had occupied it twenty minutes, and before the remainder of his force could come up, he was attacked by three regiments of rebel infantry and a large force of cavalry, and driven at once from his position. Retiring from the town two miles, he was reinforced by Gen. Tyler's brigade, numbering about two thousand. It was deemed injudicious to make an attack at that time, and our forces bivouaced for the night.

At six o'clock in the morning the battle commenced. The enemy, with twenty pieces of artillery, opened on our advanced brigade, commanded by Carroll, consisting of the Eighth and Tenth Pennsylvania and Seventh Indiana. Meantime we replied from a section of two guns on our right, and another on our left. Col. Gavin, with the Seventh Indiana, was sent to the extreme right to support a battery. The enemy made a desperate effort to take this battery. Three rebel regiments, creeping stealthily through a wheat field until they were within two hundred yards of our line, sprung up with a yell and charged upon the battery. They were met

by a withering volley from the Seventh Indiana and held in check for half an hour, when the heavy artillery fire of the enemy compelled the regiment to fall back. The Twenty-Ninth Ohio came to their support, and the engagement became very warm. The Seventh Ohio advanced to support Clark's guns, and the Fifth Ohio to support Huntington's battery. Well did these gallant regiments do their duty. The First Virginia regiment was sent to the right, and rushed to the front with loud shouts.

The whole of Gen. Tyler's force was now in position. On his right was the Seventh Indiana, Twenty-Ninth Ohio, Seventh Ohio, Fifth Ohio, First Virginia, with sections of Capts. Clark and Huntington's batteries. On his left—the key of the position—was a company of the Fifth Ohio, and one of the Sixty-Sixth Ohio, deployed in the woods as skirmishers. The Eighty-Fourth and One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania regiments were in the woods. The Sixty-Sixth Ohio was directly in the rear of the battery, composed of three guns of Clark's, three of Huntington's, and one of Robinson's battery, under Lieut. Col. Hayward, and upon him and his gallant band rested the fate of the command at this critical moment. Their duty was well and gallantly executed. Had they given way all would have been lost. The left wing of the Sixty-Sixth Ohio was extended into the woods, and close in the rear of the battery, which position it held until ordered to fall back.

During the fight on the right the enemy threw a heavy force into the woods, and pressed down on our left, capturing one of our batteries. The Seventh and Fifth Ohio made a desperate charge upon the enemy, driving him from his position, and retaking the battery. Owing to the horses having been killed, the enemy afterwards captured two guns. For a short time the heroism of our troops rendered the conflict doubtful. The enemy had given way along his whole line. But heavy reinforcements for the enemy were seen approaching from the town, and Gen. Tyler ordered his command to fall back until they should meet the reinforcements approaching under Gens. Kimball and Ferry.

Col. Carroll covered the retreat, which was effected in good

order, the Fifth Ohio being the extreme rear guard. The column fell back until the advance of Shield's division was met, the enemy pursuing. Upon receiving reinforcements our column faced the enemy, who at once fled. Our loss was about one hundred killed, four hundred wounded, and five hundred missing. That of the enemy was about five hundred killed and wounded. It was a disastrous battle to us. The Seventh Indiana, which went into the fight with three hundred and fifty men, lost eighteen killed, one hundred and twenty-three wounded, and thirty-two missing. The Fifth Ohio lost heavily, as did also some of the other regiments.

After this engagement Gen. Jackson deliberately retreated toward Staunton, and from thence marched to Richmond, taking with him the prestige of having eluded or defeated all our forces. He afterwards participated in the terrible Seven Days Fight against McClellan's army.

The armies of McDowell, Fremont and Banks, were consolidated by the President into one command called the Army of Virginia, and the command given to Major General John Pope. Fremont's troops constituted the first army corps; Banks' the second; McDowell's the third. Gen. Fremont did not wish to serve under Gen. Pope, therefore he was allowed to withdraw by permission of the Secretary of War.

Thus ended Gen. Fremont's campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

MISSOURI CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER XV.

After the startling events in Charleston harbor, the public mind at the North became uneasy in reference to the position which the border slaveholding States might assume in the inevitable contest which those events inaugurated. None of these States attracted more attention than Missouri. Her geographical position, her commercial and social relations to the seceded States, and the recognition of slavery by her laws, rendered it almost certain that many of her people would place themselves in sympathy with the secessionists. Her Governor and a majority of the legislature, with many of her influential politicians were known to favor separate State action, and it was feared the whole weight of this influence would be thrown in favor of secession.

Although the people were known to be divided on the question of secession, yet it was believed a large portion, if not a majority, of the voters of Missouri were so strongly attached to the Union, that no arguments could induce them to oppose the national government. A knowledge of this fact deterred the secession leaders from attempting to precipitate the State out of the Union. They contented themselves with efforts to gain time, and with secret preparations, until they could obtain the requisite strength and power to accomplish their designs.

The Governor, Caleb F. Jackson, answered the call of the President upon the State for four regiments of the seventy-

five thousand volunteers of three month's men, by the defiant assertion that the requisition was "illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman and diabolical," and could not be complied with. Other acts which plainly indicated the designs of the secessionists, followed this refusal. The United States Arsenal at Liberty, in Clay county, near the Kansas border, containing twelve hundred stand of arms, ten or twelve pieces of cannon, and a large quantity of ammunition, was attacked by a mob on the twentieth of April, and garrisoned by the insurgents.

This open resistance to the authority of the Federal government and seizure of its property, naturally created some alarm for the safety of the St. Louis arsenal, where the materials of war were abundant, and immediate steps were taken for the removal of so much of the property as could be taken away without causing unnecessary alarm. The undertaking was hazardous, for the city was full of secession spies, who kept close watch upon the arsenal, and no movement having a tendency to attract notice could be made without being reported to secession headquarters.

The perilous attempt however, was undertaken by Capt. James H. Stokes, of Chicago, formerly an officer of the regular army, in whose hands was placed the requisition of the Secretary of War in favor of the Governor of Illinois for ten thousand muskets. With the aid of Captain (afterwards General) Lyon, who commanded at the arsenal, the arms, during the night of the twenty-fourth of April, were, in the presence of a mob, placed on board a steamer and conveyed to Alton. This was accomplished by first placing a number of boxes of Kentucky flint lock muskets, which had been sent there to be altered, on a small steamer to cover the real movement. The secessionists at once seized these and carried them away amid shouts of exultation from a jubilant mob. A large portion of the outside crowd left the arsenal when this movement was executed, and those who remained behind were, at once, arrested and locked up in the guard house by Capt. Lyon. The arms called for by the requisition were placed on board the steamer City of Alton, and the arsenal was emptied of all it contained except seven thousand

muskets, which were retained for the St. Louis volunteers. The steamer then moved off up the river, passed the batteries previously erected by the secessionists, and arrived at Alton at five o'clock in the morning. From that point the arms were transferred to cars, and sent to Springfield, Illinois, the citizens of Alton turned out *en masse*, at the ringing of fire bells, to assist in removing the valuable freight.

When the Governor refused to meet the requisition of the President for troops to sustain the national flag, prominent citizens of the State replied, on their own personal responsibility, that the quota of four regiments should be raised, without either the aid or consent of the Governor. To give character and legality to their proceedings, and to guard against the power of the State rulers, Capt. Nathaniel Lyon of the U. S. Army, commanding the arsenal at Saint Louis, was directed by the Secretary of War, on the thirtieth of April, to enroll in the military service of the United States, from loyal citizens of the city and vicinity, ten thousand men, to protect the peaceable inhabitants of Missouri, and to guard against any attempt on the part of secessionists to gain military possession of the city of St. Louis. His instructions were to disband the force when the emergency ceased to exist. Recruiting offices were opened, and on the second of May four regiments were reported as organized, equipped and mustered into service. Detachments of these volunteers having been quartered in buildings outside of those belonging to the government, the Police Commissioners, who were avowed secessionists, made a formal demand of Capt. Lyon for the removal of all United States troops from all places outside the arsenal grounds, alleging that such occupancy was in derogation of the constitution and laws of the United States. Capt. Lyon declining compliance with the demand, the Commissioners made no attempt to enforce it, but contented themselves by referring the matter to the Governor and the Legislature.

On the third of May Governor Jackson communicated his message to the Legislature, then in special session. He charged the President with having committed an illegal and unconstitutional act in calling out troops to oppose the seces-

sion movement, and proceeded to defend and justify the right of secession. The interests of Missouri, he contended, were identical with those of the other slaveholding States; and the similarity of their social and political institutions, their industrial interests, and their territorial contiguity, clearly demonstrated that it was the duty of Missouri, at the proper time, to follow their example. He concluded by recommending the Legislature to make such appropriations as would enable the State authorities to place the State, at the earliest practicable moment, in a complete state of defense against the aggressions of all assailants. This message was the commencement and cause of the long series of desperate and bloody events which afterwards transpired in Missouri in connection with the rebellion.

In obedience to orders from Governor Jackson, who had directed the different military districts to go into encampment, with the view of acquiring a greater degree of proficiency in military drill, a camp of instruction, called Camp Jackson, was, on the fourth of May, formed at Lindell's Grove, on the western outskirts of St. Louis, and placed in command of General D. M. Frost, of the State militia. The main avenue of this camp had the name of "Davis," and a principal street that of "Beauregard." On the ninth of May a company organized to advance the interests of the secessionists arrived from the interior and marched into Camp Jackson, with the secession flag flying. The dress and badge, distinguishing the army of the so-called Southern Confederacy, were openly worn by many members of this newly arrived company. On the same day the steamer J. C. Swon, from New Orleans, came into port with the rebel flag hoisted, having on board in boxes marked "marble," four field pieces, two howitzers, and rifles for a regiment. These arms had been taken from the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge and shipped in accordance with an understanding between the Southern conspirators and Governor Jackson, and were taken out to Camp Jackson immediately on the arrival of the steamer.

CAPTURE OF CAMP JACKSON.

These facts left no doubt respecting the character and ultimate object of the encampment. Capt. Lyon determined to break it up. The arsenal garrison and the United States troops in and about St. Louis, including the home guard organizations, were, accordingly, ordered to assemble quietly as possible, at noon, on the tenth of April, and, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Lyon marched out from the arsenal with a force of about seven thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery. The troops marched quickly through the streets, and, on arriving at Camp Jackson, rapidly surrounded it, planting batteries upon all the heights overlooking the camp. Long files of men were stationed at various points; and a picket guard, covering an area of two hundred yards, was established. The guards, with fixed bayonets and muskets at half-cock, were instructed to allow no one to pass or repass within the limits thus occupied.

The news of the approach of the United States troops was received by General Frost with astonishment. The rumors of such a movement, which had been prevalent for a few days before, he pretended not to believe. They had become so frequent that, in order to satisfy his brother officers, he had that morning addressed a note to Captain Lyon inquiring whether he contemplated an attack upon his camp, and expressing the belief, that nothing could justify such an interference with the rights of citizens of the United States, who had assembled in camp in the lawful performance of duties devolving upon them under the constitution, in organizing and instructing the militia of the State and in obedience to her laws. He assured Capt. Lyon that no hostility was intended towards the United States, or its property or representatives, by any portion of his command.

Capt. Lyon refused to receive this communication, but forwarded to Gen. Frost about the time of the surrounding of his camp a note, stating that his (Frost's) command was regarded as hostile towards the government of the United States; that it was mostly made up of secessionists who had openly avowed their hostility to the Federal government, and

who had been plotting the seizure of its property and the overthrow of its authority; that it was in open communication with the so-called Southern Confederacy, then at war with the United States, and was receiving at Camp Jackson from said Confederacy, and under its flag, large supplies of the materials of war, most of which was known to be the property of the United States. Capt. Lyon declared that these preparations plainly indicated hostilities to the General Government and co-operation with its enemies. In view of these considerations, and the failure of the troops composing this camp to disperse in obedience to the President's proclamation, and of the eminent necessities of State policy and welfare, and the obligations imposed upon him by instructions from Washington, Capt. Lyon declared it to be his duty to demand of Gen. Frost an immediate surrender of his command, with no other conditions than that all persons surrendering should be humanely and kindly treated. Believing himself prepared to enforce this demand, half an hour's time was allowed Gen. Frost for compliance therewith.

On receiving this communication Gen. Frost held a consultation with his officers, who advised a surrender. It was made in the following singularly worded letter :

"CAMP JACKSON, Mo., May 10, 1861.

"CAPTAIN N. LYON, Commanding U. S. Troops—*Sir*:—I never for a moment having conceived the idea that so illegal and unconstitutional a demand as I have just received from you, could be made by an officer of the United States army. I am wholly unprepared to defend my command, and shall therefore be forced to comply with your demand.

"I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"D. M. FROST,

"Brig. Gen. M. V. M.,

"Commanding Camp Jackson."

The State troops were then made prisoners of war. An offer of release, on condition of taking an oath to support the Constitution of the United States and not to take up arms against the Government, was made and accepted by only

eight or ten; the others, about eight hundred, preferring, under the circumstances, to become prisoners, stating that they had already sworn allegiance to the United States, and to defend the Government, and to repeat it would be to admit that they had been in rebellion, which they would not concede.

The preparations for the surrender and the marching of the prisoners, under military escort, occupied nearly two hours. In the meantime, an immense crowd of people had assembled in the vicinity. Hundreds of women and children, attracted by motives of curiosity, had stationed themselves with the throng upon the surrounding hills, and, as they supposed, out of danger. About half past five the prisoners left the grove and entered the road, the escort enclosing them by a single file, stretched along each side of the line. A halt was now ordered, and the troops remained standing in the position into which they had been deployed on the road. The head of the column rested opposite a small hill on the left. The rear was on a line with the entrance to the grove. Suddenly the sharp reports of firearms were heard from the front of the column, and the spectators, who lined the adjacent hill, were seen flying in the greatest dismay and terror. Several members of one of the German companies, on being pressed by the crowd, and receiving some blows from them, turned and discharged their pieces. Fortunately no one was injured, and the soldiers who committed the act were at once placed under arrest. Hardly, however, had tranquility been restored, when volley after volley of rifle reports was heard from the extreme rear ranks, and men, women and children wildly and frantically ran away from the scene. The number killed and injured was about twenty-five. The secession rowdies, of whom there were many in the crowd, had pressed closely to the German soldiers of Boernstein's regiment, subjecting them to the most exasperating insults. Men deliberately gathered handfuls of sand, and threw them into the eyes of the soldiers, while others threw brickbats. In order to intimidate the mob, the soldiers were ordered to level their loaded rifles, with fixed bayonets, at their assailants. This had but a momentary effect. Persons in the crowd commenced firing pistols. One of these shots wounded the cap-

tain of the company most exposed. As he fell he gave his men the order to fire. It was obeyed immediately, causing death and injury to many innocent persons; for most of those exposed to this fire were citizens, who with their wives and children, were spectators of, and not participants in, the mob. The moment Capt. Lyon heard the firing, he dashed in between the company that had fired, and the people, instantly checking the firing.

No further attack was made upon the soldiers. The prisoners were promptly marched to the arsenal. The camp and its equipage, with the captured arms, were placed in charge of a strong guard of United States troops.

On the following evening, Gen. Frost's brigade was released from the arsenal. The officers were paroled, and the men took an oath not to bear arms against the Government during the present war.

The excitement in the city was most intense during the night following the scenes at Camp Jackson. The unfortunate firing upon citizens was magnified, and made the occasion for imprecations and threats against the Home Guards, and especially against the Germans. An indignation meeting was held, at which speeches were made, which were not adapted to allay the feeling. The activity of the police prevented a general riot. With the exception of a few personal encounters, and attempts to break into gunsmith shops to obtain arms, no serious demonstrations were made.

The news of the surrender of Camp Jackson created great excitement at Jefferson City. The Legislature, alarmed by the vigorous measures on the part of the Government, passed, the same afternoon, a "Military Bill," authorizing the Governor to call out, arm, and equip, the State militia, appropriating all the available funds of the State, including the School Fund, and the money belonging to the Lunatic Asylum, and levying special taxes for military purposes. In addition, authority was given the Governor to borrow five hundred thousand dollars from the State banks and individuals, and to issue bonds to the amount of one million of dollars. The bill authorizing this loan gave the Governor supreme authority in all military matters, and subjected all able bodied men

to such authority under a penalty of one hundred and fifty dollars fine. The telegraph was seized, and the bridge over the Osage river, on the Pacific railroad, was destroyed by order of Gov. Jackson, in consequence of a report that Federal troops had started for the capital, from St. Louis, to arrest the conspirators.

Another riot between the citizens and Home Guards of St. Louis occurred on the eleventh of May. A company of the latter, while marching through the streets, were first annoyed, and then fired upon by an unruly mob of citizens. The fire was returned by the exasperated Guards, who were thrown into such confusion that many of them fired down their own line, killing and wounding almost as many soldiers as citizens. The Mayor and police interfered, and the riot was soon quelled. The excitement which followed was so intense, that other scenes of bloodshed would have followed but for the arrival, that evening, of Gen. William S. Harney, of the regular army, and a citizen of St. Louis, who assumed the command of the military department, and immediately issued a proclamation, expressing deep regret at what had happened, and pledging himself to do all in his power to preserve the peace. He trusted that, with the aid of the people, and of the local authorities, he would have no occasion to resort to martial law. This proclamation had a good effect, and order once more reigned in the city.

On the fourteenth of May General Harney issued an address to the people of Missouri, reviewing the conduct of the Governor and Legislature, and calling special attention to the odious features of the Military Bill, which, he said, could only be regarded in the light of an indirect ordinance of secession. Its most material provisions were in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States, and to that extent were a nullity, and should not be upheld or regarded by good citizens. Missouri must share the destinies of the Union, and, in his opinion, the whole power of the Government, if necessary, would be exerted to maintain Missouri in her present position in the Union. He fully justified the seizure of Camp Jackson, and declared, that within the field and scope of his command and authority, the supreme law

of the land must and should be maintained; and that no sut-
terfuges, whether in the forms of legislative acts or otherwise,
could be permitted to harrass or oppress the good and law-
abiding people of Missouri. All unlawful combinations of
men, whether formed under pretext of military organization,
or otherwise, would be suppressed, and the persons and prop-
erty of the law-abiding protected from violations of every
kind, at all hazards.

Complaints having been made of persecutions of Union
men in the town of Potosi, Washington county, Gen. Lyon,
who had been commissioned Brigadier General of volunteers,
dispatched a force to that section, consisting of one hundred
and fifty men, commanded by Capt. Cole, of the Fifth Mis-
souri, which, after reaching Potosi, surrounded the place
before day, and made all the inhabitants prisoners. From
these the Union men were separated, and unconditionally
released. Nine leading secessionists were taken to the mili-
tary prison at St. Louis, and sixty others released on taking
an oath not to bear arms against the Government. A seces-
sion lead factory was seized, and its owner, John Dean, made
prisoner. The expedition, on its return, broke up a rebel
militia muster at De Soto, carrying off, as a trophy, a large
secession flag.

After the adjournment of the Legislature on the fifteenth
of May, Gen. Sterling Price, commanding the State militia,
entered into an arrangement with Gen. Harney, professedly
designed to "allay excitement," and "restore peace," but
which practically tied the hands of the latter officer to such
an extent, that the General Government, to free Gen. Harney
from his embarrassments, and release him from his obliga-
tions to Gen. Price, relieved him from the command of the
department, and appointed Gen. Lyon his successor.

When Gen. Lyon assumed command, he was appealed to
by Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price, to continue the arrange-
ment, which had so embarrassed his predecessor. An inter-
view was solicited and granted. Gov. Jackson proposed, as
terms of agreement, to disband and disarm the State Guard,
to allow no arms or munitions of war to be brought into the
State, and to attempt no organization of the militia under

the Military Bill, provided Gen. Lyon would disband the Home Guards, and withdraw the United States troops from Missouri. The proposition was promptly rejected, and the secession leaders left for Jefferson City to prepare for immediate hostile demonstrations.

On the twelfth of June, Gen. Jackson issued an address, in which he threw off all disguises, and boldly took the side of the rebels. He called for fifty thousand volunteers, and appointed Sterling Price, Major General, and Gens. Parsons, M. L. Clark, John B. Clark, Slack, Harris, Stein, Rains, McBride and Jeff. Thompson, Brigadier Generals, to whom orders were issued to organize their forces rapidly as possible, and send them forward to Booneville and Lexington.

Gen. Lyon now determined to take active measures to arrest the operations of the conspirators. He started up the Missouri river with such force as was at his command, and reached Jefferson City on the fifteenth, to find that Gov. Jackson and his troops had fled to Booneville, taking with him the State records. Leaving Col. Boernstein and three companies to hold the capital, Gen. Lyon proceeded to the foot of an island eight miles below Booneville. Opposite the upper end of the island, the south bank of the river rises to a high bluff. Below this bluff, and opposite the lower end of the island, the hills recede, leaving a river bottom of nearly a mile and half in width. The Booneville road runs through this bottom land, and parallel to the river. The rebels had collected their forces in the vicinity of the bluff, and planted a battery thereon, commanding both the river and the road.

Leaving two companies in charge of the steamers, Gen. Lyon landed the remainder of his force below the island, and commenced the march up the river road. On reaching the foot of the bluff, the enemy was discovered well posted on one of the small hills which formed the bluff, at a point where a lane ran from the road to the river. In a brick house on the right of where the lane and road intersected, and in a grove on the left, the rebels were stationed, as they supposed, in perfect security. Gen. Price was not in command, but had left for his home at Brunswick, on account,

as was said, of severe illness, leaving the troops in command of Col. J. S. Marmaduke, a graduate of West Point.

Gen. Lyon placed himself at the head of his command, and advanced firmly upon the intrenched rebels. The battle opened with much vigor, by artillery and volleys of musketry. Two shells were thrown with great precision, by Capt. Totten's regular artillery, directly into the brick house, causing the occupants to retreat rapidly from their cover. A well directed fire of bullets, round shot and shell, was then poured into the grove. The rebels, owing to the protection afforded by the trees, were enabled to defend this point for nearly half an hour; but the fire becoming too hot for them, they fell back in confusion to the battery on the summit of the bluff, where they were again rallied and formed into line, only to be routed by an impetuous and resistless charge of the Union troops, led in person by the brave Lyon. The enemy now beat a rapid retreat, leaving Gen. Lyon in possession of their deserted camp, and its ammunition and supplies.

The troops which took part in this first battle on Missouri soil, were Lieut. Col. Schaeffer's German infantry, Capt. Totten's regular artillery, Gen. Lyon's old company of regulars, and a portion of Col. Frank P. Blair's regiment, numbering in all two thousand men. The Union loss was two killed and nine wounded, while the rebels admitted a loss of three killed and twenty-five wounded, and thirty prisoners. A rebel historian thus explains the defeat: "The Missourians [rebels] had but about eight hundred men, armed with ordinary rifles and shot guns, without a piece of artillery, and with but little ammunition. Under the impression that the forces against him were inconsiderable, Marmaduke determined to give them battle; but upon ascertaining their actual strength, after he had formed his line, he told his men they could not reasonably hope to defend the position, and ordered them to retreat. This order they refused to obey, declaring they would not leave the ground until they exchanged shots with the enemy. The men remained on the field, commanded by their captains and Lieut. Col.

Horace Brand, and fought stubbornly until overpowered by numbers, when they retreated in safety, if not in order."

The Unionists throughout the State now entered zealously upon the work of organizing themselves into home guard companies for defense, and troops were stationed by the military authorities at points along the line of the principal railroads in sufficient numbers to protect them.

After the battle of Booneville nearly three hundred of the defeated rebels took up their line of march for the southwestern portion of the State, under the direction of Governor Jackson. Gen. Lyon had taken measures to intercept their flight by placing eight hundred men at Cole Camp, under command of Capt. Cook. During the night of the eighteenth of June, however, Capt. Cook's men were surprised by a body of three hundred and fifty rebels who had marched from Warsaw. The attack was made at midnight while the Union forces were asleep. The enemy surprised and routed them, killing twenty-five, wounding fifty-two and capturing twenty-three. The rebel loss was forty-five killed and forty wounded. The greater portion of the garrison effected their escape in the darkness of the night. The rebel commander in this affair was Lieut. Col. Walter S. O'Kane, a native of Indiana, and for some years a resident of Indianapolis.

Jackson's forces, having nothing to oppose them, in the front, rapidly retreated to the south-west and were joined on the march by a column of two thousand five hundred men from Lexington, under Gen. Rains, and by Gen. Price with such followers as he could rally upon the march. On the fourth of July the rebel army of Missouri was organized near Carthage, in Jasper county, and numbered thirty-six hundred, many of whom were unarmed, while those who were armed were provided with shot guns and squirrel rifles.

Gen. Lyon left Booneville on the third of July in pursuit, with two thousand men. Before he could overtake them they had come in conflict with another portion of the Union force which had been sent out from Springfield by General Sweeney, commanding at that point. These troops were commanded by Col. Franz Sigel, of the Third Missouri volunteers, who had reached Springfield, from the North, on the

twenty-third of June. Hearing that the rebel troops under Jackson were making their way southward, through Cedar county, he proceeded with his command, numbering about twelve hundred men and two field batteries, towards Mount Vernon, for the purpose of intercepting him. Reaching Sarcouxie, twenty-two miles from Neosho, on Friday the twenty-eighth, Col. Sigel learned that a body of troops under Gen. Price, numbering eight hundred, were encamped near Pool's Prairie, six miles south of Neosho, and that Jackson's troops, commanded by Gen. Parsons, had encamped the day before fifteen miles south of Lamar. Gen. Rains' troops were reported to be only one day's march behind Jackson's. Col. Sigel at once resolved to march upon the body of rebels at Pool's Prairie, and then, turning north, to attack Parsons and Rains, and open a line of communication with Gen. Lyon, of whose approach from the north he had been advised. On the twenty-ninth news reached Sigel that the camp at Pool's Prairie had that morning been broken up. Price retreated to Elk Mills, thirty miles south of Neosho, not far distant from the south-western extremity of the State. Sigel now abandoned the idea of pursuing him, and directed his whole attention to the hostile forces north. Leaving a company in Neosho to afford protection to the Union citizens there, he moved in the direction of Carthage, and, on the evening of the fourth of July, after a march of twenty-two miles, encamped south-east of that place, near Spring river. Reliable information was here received that Jackson, Rains and Parsons, with three thousand six hundred men, were nine miles distant, marching toward Sigel's camp.

BATTLE OF CARTHAGE.

On the morning of the fifth, at five o'clock, a scouting party sent out by Col. Sigel, encountered, about two miles from Carthage, a picket guard of rebels, who were attacked and three taken prisoners. With all dispatch Sigel prepared to go forward expecting to meet the rebels west of Carthage. With nine companies of the Third Missouri—five hundred and fifty men—seven companies of Col. Salomon's Fifth Missouri,

numbering four hundred men, and two batteries of artillery, each consisting of four field pieces, Sigel slowly advanced upon the enemy, his skirmishers chasing before them numerous bands of mounted riflemen. The baggage train followed three miles in the rear. After passing Dry Fork Creek, six miles beyond Carthage, and advancing three miles further the enemy was found drawn up in battle array, on an elevation which rises by gradual ascents from the creek a mile and a half distant. The front of the enemy consisted of three regiments, deployed into line and stationed at proper intervals. Two of these, consisting of cavalry, formed the wings, while the center was composed of infantry, cavalry and two field pieces. Other pieces were posted at the right and left wings. The whole number of troops thus menacing the Union forces was not less than twenty-five hundred, not including a heavy reserve kept in the rear.

Col. Sigel disposed his forces by sending two cannon, with two companies of the Third Missouri as a support, to the rear guard, which was already engaged, and by placing another cannon with a company of the same regiment behind the creek so as to afford protection to the baggage and the troops in the rear against the movements of cavalry. The remainder of troops were formed in line of battle as follows: On the left, a battalion of the Third Missouri in solid column with four cannon. In the center, the Fifth Missouri, in two separate battalions. On the right, three cannon were placed supported by another battalion of the Third Missouri.

After advancing a few hundred yards the seven field pieces opened fire upon the enemy, which was promptly answered by their shots, which went over the heads of the Union troops, falling in the open prairie beyond. The two mounted rebel regiments now endeavored to execute a flank movement by describing a wide semi-circle to the right and left. In this effort a large interval of space was left between them and the center, of which Sigel took immediate advantage by ordering the whole fire of his artillery to be directed against the right center of the enemy, which had the effect, in a short time, of weakening the fire of the rebels at that point. Lines of skirmishers were then formed between the cannon, and two

pieces were brought from the right to the left wing, with the intention of gaining the high by advancing with the left wing and taking position on the right flank of the enemy's center. At this critical moment one of the battery commanders reported that he could not advance for want of ammunition. No time was to be lost, as part of the troops were already engaged with the rebel cavalry at the extreme right and left, and Col. Sigel deeming it to be a question of very doubtful expediency whether to advance with the remainder without the support of artillery, reluctantly ordered a retreat. The hostile cavalry struck terror into his rear guard, although the real danger was not great. These considerations and the threatening loss of the entire baggage train prompted him to retire. Word was sent back for the wagons to advance rapidly as possible, so that a junction with the main body could be more readily made. By keeping up the fire with the infantry, and bringing the artillery in range whenever practicable, Sigel managed to retard the progress of the enemy's cavalry, and eventually fell back to the baggage train, three miles from the scene of the first engagement. By a skillful movement, the wagons were placed in the center of the column in such manner that artillery and infantry forces were both in front and rear. The retreat was conducted without serious casualty until our forces reached Dry Fork Creek, where the road passes between bluffs on either side. Here the rebel cavalry were concentrated on the opposite side of the creek to cut off Sigel's retreat. The safety of his little army depended upon passing the creek and clearing the road to Carthage, as he could not risk being surrounded by an army of such numerical superiority by remaining where he was or by retreating. To deceive the enemy he ordered his artillery to oblique two pieces to the right and two pieces to the left, following the movement with part of his infantry. The enemy supposing it to be Sigel's intention to escape by cutting a road at their extreme sides, immediately left the road leading over the bluff and advanced to the right and left to prevent the crossing of their line. Scarcely had they advanced within four hundred yards of our troops, when our artillery suddenly wheeled round and poured a most terrific

volley of canister on the rebel cavalry from both sides. Simultaneously the Union infantry was ordered to advance, at double-quick across the bridge, and in a few minutes the whole body of rebels were flying in all directions. No resistance was made. Eighty-one horses, sixty-five double-barrel shot guns, and many revolvers fell into the hands of our troops, and forty prisoners were taken. The baggage train now crossed the creek undisturbed and ascended the hights which command Carthage from the north near Spring river.

Here the enemy again took position. His center slowly advanced, while his cavalry came upon our troops with great rapidity, designing to circumvent Sigel's two wings and gain the Springfield road. Deeming it of the utmost importance to keep open his communication with Mount Vernon, Col. Sigel ordered Lieut. Col. Wolff, with two pieces of artillery, to pass through Carthage and occupy the eastern hights on the Sarcoxie road. Two more companies followed him to protect the western part of the town against any movement in that direction. The rear portion of Sigel's army then took possession of Carthage, in order to give the remainder of the troops time for rest, as they had marched twenty-two miles on the fourth, and eighteen miles more during the day, exposed to a burning sun, and almost without any food to eat or water to drink. The enemy in the meantime derived great advantage from his cavalry being able to cross Spring river at various places, and to harrass our troops almost incessantly. A retreat was, therefore, ordered towards Sarcoxie, under cover of both artillery and infantry.

A position was first taken on the hights beyond Carthage, and next at the entrance of the Sarcoxie road into the woods, about two and a half miles south-east of Carthage. The enemy knowing that if Sigel could get his forces into the heavy woods which bordered the Sarcoxie road his cavalry could not follow, made a desperate resistance at that point, disputing Sigel's advance. The conflict was severe, the infantry on both sides were for the first time engaged. Our troops fought splendidly and the rebels stoutly resisted, but their arms were defective and their cavalry could not be used to advantage. The fight raged for two hours, and was

the most hotly contested encounter of the day. When the enemy retreated to Carthage, Col. Sigel with his troops had reached the woods where they were secure from further attack. From this point they advanced unmolested to Sarcoxie.

The Union loss during the day was thirteen killed and thirty-one wounded, while the rebels admitted a loss of fifty killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. The probability is that their loss was much greater. One of their field pieces was dismounted and another exploded.

The officers and men of Sigel's command fought with the greatest skill and bravery, and received the commendations of their able, experienced and gallant commander.

Capt. Conrad, who had been left behind at Neosho with a company of ninety-four men, was surprised by the rebels, and his whole command made prisoners.

BATTLE AT MONROE STATION.

On the morning of the tenth of July, Col. Robert Smith, with six hundred men of the Sixteenth Illinois volunteers, while encamped near Monroe Station, thirty miles west of Hannibal, was attacked before daylight by sixteen hundred rebels, under Gen. Harris. After a successful skirmish with the enemy, Col. Smith retired to the academy buildings for greater security. Here he was attacked by an increased force, and again succeeded in repulsing the rebels. Determined to keep them at bay, he sent messengers to Hannibal and other places for reinforcements. Three companies, with two cannon, arriving from Hannibal, Col. S. immediately assumed the offensive. Towards evening a body of cavalry, under command of Gov. Wood, of Illinois, arrived, and fell upon the rear of the enemy, who were soon routed, with a loss of thirty killed and wounded, and seventy-five prisoners. Of the Union troops four or five were wounded—none killed.

The disorganized condition of society was such in the State, that numerous bands of guerrillas were formed by secessionists, who, to an alarming extent, committed depredations

upon the persons and property of Union citizens. The rules of civilized war were disregarded, and the lives of the innocent were often at the mercy of an ignorant and lawless rabble. Skirmishes became frequent between guerrillas and home guards, and a perfect reign of terror prevailed in many neighborhoods.

Brig. Gen. John Pope was assigned to a command in Northern Missouri. He appointed Gen. S. A. Hurlbut to guard the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad. Citizens were appointed district superintendents, and when depredations were committed, the damages were assessed upon, and collected from, the people living in the districts where they occurred. Col. Ulysses S. Grant was stationed at Mexico, on the North Missouri railroad, with his Illinois regiment, and Cols. Palmer and Ross, of the Illinois volunteers, were posted at other points. The enforcement of this policy prevented further injuries to the railroads, and troops were transported, in safety, to points where they were needed.

On the twenty-third of July, Major Van Horn's command of one hundred and seventy United States reserve home guards, while on the march from Kansas City to reinforce Major Dean at Westport, who was holding that place with a small force, was attacked near Harrisonville by five hundred rebels, under Capt. Duncan. The attack was bravely met, and a severe fight, lasting four hours, ensued. Towards evening the rebels withdrew, leaving the Union troops in possession of the field. The rebel loss was fourteen killed and several wounded. Van Horn's loss was one killed.

Maj. Gen. John C. Fremont arrived at St. Louis on the twenty-fifth of July, and assumed command of the Western Department.

On the thirtieth of the same month, Gen. Sweeny's forces dispersed a band of one hundred and fifty rebels, stationed at Forsythe, near the foot of the Ozark Mountains, and took possession of the town. Five rebels were killed and several wounded. Three of the Union troops were slightly wounded. A large amount of commissary stores, blankets and clothing, valued at twenty thousand dollars, which had been collected at this point, fell into the hands of Gen. Sweeny.

The Missouri State Convention, which assembled at Jefferson City on the last day of July, issued a strong Union address, established a Provisional Government for the State, and elected Hamilton R. Gamble Governor, Willard P. Hall, Lieutenant Governor, and Mordecai Oliver, Secretary of State. On the same day the Governor and Lieutenant Governor were inaugurated, and the Convention adjourned to meet in December.

While these events were transpiring, Gen. Lyon concentrated his troops at Springfield. Believing his numbers insufficient to successfully meet the enemy, who was known to be marching against him, with more than double his force, Gen. Lyon appealed to Gen. Fremont to reinforce him. This Gen. Fremont declined to do, giving as a reason, that his best regiments had been withdrawn to Washington and Cairo, and to important points in the vicinity of St. Louis, and the district under Gen. Pope, which required to be guarded. Gen. Lyon and his brave little army were thus left to meet the fast accumulating forces of Price and McCulloch, who were bent on forcing Lyon either to an engagement, or to an abandonment of the Southwest.

SKIRMISH AT DUG SPRINGS.

Gen. Lyon determined to march upon the advancing foe with his small force, rather than retreat and leave a large district of country exposed to secession ravages. To meet the enemy on an open field, he marched his army south to Crane creek, ten miles below Springfield, at which point he encamped at ten o'clock on the night of the first of August. The weather was intensely hot, and the country almost destitute of water. All the streams were dried up, and the springs were nearly exhausted. The march was slow and most fatiguing. The next morning, under a burning sun, it was resumed. Slight skirmishing occurred during the day; but the shells of Capt. Totten's battery caused a hasty retreat of all opposing forces, until the army reached Dug Springs. Here the skirmishing was renewed with much animation, a brisk fire being maintained by our skirmishers against the retreating

pickets. Capt. Steele's regular infantry, supported by a company of cavalry, occupied the left; the rest of the column were in the rear. A regiment of rebel infantry soon approached from the woods with the design of cutting off the Union forces. Capt. Stanley drew up his cavalry against more than five times their number, and opened upon them with Sharpe's carbines. The rebel infantry responded, and kept up the firing for some minutes. An enthusiastic Lieutenant gave the order to "charge." Twenty-five of the cavalry rushed impetuously forward upon the enemy's lines, and, dashing aside the bayonets of the rebels, hewed down the ranks with fearful slaughter. Capt. Stanley, who was amazed at the temerity of the little band, was obliged to sustain the order; but before he could reach his comrades, they had broken the ranks of the enemy, who fell back in confusion. The ground, strewn with arms, was left in possession of the Union troops. While the men were engaged in securing the enemy's horses and mules, a large force of the enemy's cavalry suddenly appeared. Capt. Totten threw a few shells at the advancing horsemen, who immediately vanished from view. The Union loss was four killed and five wounded. That of the rebels was forty killed and nearly one hundred wounded.

Having routed the enemy, Gen. Lyon continued his march until he reached Curran, in Stone county, twenty-six miles from Springfield, where he encamped, in order to avail himself of a choice position. Here a consultation was had by Gen. Lyon with his officers, when it was determined to retire towards Springfield. The enemy, in largely superior numbers, threatened a flank movement. The necessity of keeping communication open with Springfield was apparent to all the officers. Another important consideration, which influenced them in deciding upon a retrograde movement, was that the men were exhausted with the excessive labors and privations of the campaign, and provisions had to be transported one hundred miles, the depot being at Rolla.

On the fifth of August, the army encamped near Springfield, and there awaited the movements of the enemy, fully determined to fight so long as there was any hope of successful resistance.

OCCUPATION OF BIRD'S POINT.

About the time the last named engagement was in progress, Gen. Fremont and staff, and a fleet of eight steamers, with four regiments of infantry, and two companies of light artillery, sailed from St. Louis to Cairo, where they arrived on the third of August. The troops were immediately landed at Bird's Point, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi river, opposite Cairo, where fortifications were soon constructed, and the place put in a defensive condition. Gen. Pillow was at New Madrid with several thousand troops, with which he threatened to march northward. To check this movement, Gen. Fremont had stationed this force at Bird's Point, where they could easily keep up a blockade of the river, and, in case of emergency, move into the interior to meet any forward movement of the enemy from below.

SKIRMISH AT ATHENS.

On the fifth of August, a skirmish took place between four hundred Union home guards, stationed at Athens, on the Desmoines river, near the Iowa line, twenty-five miles south of Keokuk, commanded by Col. Moore, and twelve hundred rebels, under Col. Martin Green, who made the attack at six o'clock in the morning. An irregular and indecisive fight followed, lasting an hour and a half, when Col. Moore led the center of his line to a charge, which routed the enemy. Col. Moore and his soldiers were left undisputed masters of the field, with a loss of ten killed and ten wounded. The rebel loss was fourteen killed, forty wounded, and eighteen prisoners.

BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

On returning to Springfield, after his expedition to Curran, Gen. Lyon found himself called upon to decide whether he should, with an inferior force, give battle to the enemy, now closely pressing upon him, or attempt to retreat to Rolla, encumbered with heavy trains of baggage, and exposing

himself to an attack at any point on the route where the enemy might see fit to attack him. With a large cavalry force, they could, by celerity of movement, cut off his communication, and flank him wherever disposed. His appeals for reinforcements had not been heeded, yet he daily indulged the hope that a sufficient force would reach him to justify an offensive movement against the enemy, with a reasonable prospect of success. But this hope was not realized; and the rebels were so close upon him, that he was compelled either to retreat, and leave a large region of country unprotected, or make an attempt to expel the foe, even at the risk of sacrificing his army. On the afternoon of Friday, the ninth of August, after a consultation with his officers, it was deemed advisable to attack McCulloch's camp at Wilson's Creek, nine miles southeast of Springfield, where the enemy's tents were pitched, extending a mile east and south of the Cassville road, and two miles west and north of the same, the creek running nearly in the shape of a horizontal ∞ . The plan agreed upon was to attack the enemy, simultaneously by two columns, at daybreak on the following morning, Saturday, the tenth; the first column under command of Gen. Lyon, and the second under Gen. Sigel.

Strange to say, on the same day orders were issued by Gen. McCulloch to the rebel troops to prepare to take up the line of march to Springfield by nine o'clock on that night, with the purpose of attacking Gen. Lyon at different points at daylight the next morning. But when the hour arrived to march the order was countermanded in consequence of the threatening appearance of the weather, and the want of cartridge boxes to protect the ammunition of the men. But for this change of orders, it is highly probable the two armies would have come in conflict with each other during the night, while each was marchig to surprise the other.

At half past six o'clock on Friday evening General Sigel moved southward with six pieces of artillery, the Third and Fifth Missouri, and two companies of regular cavalry. The column marched all night and arrived at daybreak within a mile of the enemy's outposts, and on the right and rear of the rebel camp.

Gen. Lyon, at the head of the main body, marched from Springfield at five o'clock in the afternoon, making a detour to the right, and at one o'clock in the morning reached a point on the right of the rebel camp, in full view of the enemy's guard-fires. Here the column halted and lay on their arms until the dawn of day, when it again moved forward. A south-easterly direction was taken, with a view to strike the extreme northern point of the enemy's camp. Reaching this position a line of battle was formed, closely followed by Totten's battery, supported by a strong reserve, and in this order the Union troops advanced, with skirmishers in front, until the first outpost of the rebels was encountered and driven in. Then the column was halted and a disposition of the forces made, by which Capt. Plummer's battalion of regular infantry, with a company of mounted home guards, were to cross Wilson's creek and move towards the front, keeping pace with the advance on the opposite bank, for the purpose of protecting the left flank against any attempt to turn it. After crossing a ravine and ascending a high ridge near the northern end of the valley, through which the creek ran, Gen. Lyon's advance came in full view of the enemy's skirmishers. Major Osterhaus' battalion of two companies of the Second Missouri volunteers, was at once deployed to the right, and two companies of the First Missouri were deployed to the left as skirmishers. The firing now became very severe. It was evident our troops were approaching the rebel stronghold, where they intended to give battle. A few shells from Totten's battery assisted the skirmishers in clearing the ground in front. The infantry regiments were now posted in front upon the crest of a small elevated plateau, with a wide ravine separating the two wings. Totten's battery was placed opposite the interval between the infantry force. The extreme right rested on a ravine which turned abruptly to the right and rear. Dubois' battery, with a strong support, was stationed eighty yards to the left and rear of Totten's guns, so as to bear upon a powerful battery of the enemy, posted to the left and front on the opposite side of Wilson's creek, to sweep the entire plateau upon which our troops were formed.

The enemy now rallied in great force near the foot of the slope, and under cover, opposite Lyon's left wing and along the slope in front, and on his right toward the crest of the main ridge, running parallel to the creek. During this time Capt. Plummer, with his four companies of infantry, moved down a ridge about five hundred yards to the left of Lyon's line of battle, and separated therefrom by a deep ravine, and reached its abrupt terminus, where he found his further progress arrested by a large body of rebel infantry, occupying a cornfield in the valley in his front. At this moment distant artillery firing was heard, indicating that Gen. Sigel had engaged the enemy to the south and rear.

Gen. Lyon's whole line now advanced with much energy upon the enemy's position. The firing, which for half an hour had been spirited, now increased to a continuous roar. Capt. Totten's battery came into action and played upon the enemy's lines with great effect. After a fierce engagement, which continued for half an hour, the enemy gave way in the utmost confusion, and left our troops in possession of the position.

Capt. Plummer, meeting with overpowering resistance from the large mass of infantry in the corn field in his front, and in the woods beyond, was compelled to fall back; but, at this moment, Dubois' battery, supported by Capt. Steele's battalion of regulars, opened upon the enemy in the corn field a fire of shell, with such marked effect as to drive him in the utmost disorder, and with great slaughter, from the field.

A momentary cessation of fire followed along nearly the whole line, except the extreme right, where the First Missouri was still engaged with a superior force of the enemy, attempting to turn the right flank, but the timely arrival of the Second Kansas to its support prevented the destruction of the Missourians by the overwhelming forces against which they were unflinchingly holding their position.

The enemy again appeared in large force along the entire front, and moved towards each flank. The engagement at once became general and exceedingly fierce; the enemy approached in three or four ranks, lying down, kneeling, and standing; the lines often approaching to within thirty or forty

yards of each other, as the enemy charged upon Totten's battery, and were driven back. Every available battalion was now brought into action, and the battle raged with unabated fury for more than an hour; the scales seeming all the time to be equally balanced, our troops sometimes gaining a little ground and again giving way a few yards to rally again.

DEATH OF GEN. LYON.

Early in this engagement, while Gen. Lyon was leading his horse along the line on the left of Totten's battery, and endeavoring to rally our troops, which were at this time in considerable disorder, his horse was killed, and he received a wound in the leg and another in the head. He walked slowly a few paces to the rear, and said, "I fear the day is lost." Another horse being furnished him by Major Sturgis, the General mounted, and swinging his hat in the air, called to the troops nearest him to follow. The Second Kansas gallantly rallied around him, headed by the brave Col. Mitchell. In a few moments the Colonel fell severely wounded. A fatal ball lodged in Gen. Lyon's breast, and he was carried from the field—a corpse. Thus gloriously fell a soldier, brave as ever drew a sword—a noble patriot who willingly sacrificed his life for the welfare of his country.

The death of Gen. Lyon was not generally known among the troops until the battle was ended. After his fall the command devolved on Major Samuel D. Sturgis, who gave attention at once to the disordered line on the left, which was again rallied and pressed against the enemy with great vigor and coolness. This hot encounter lasted half an hour; then the enemy fled and abandoned the field. The brave little army, which had thus far successfully resisted the rebels, was scattered and broken; a largely superior force was still in its front. The men had drunk no water since the evening before, and could hope for none nearer than Springfield. If they should go forward their own success might in the end prove their certain defeat. If they retreated, disaster stared them in the face. Their ammunition was well nigh exhausted, and

should the enemy make this discovery total discomfiture was all they could expect. No news had been received from Sigel. He might have been defeated and forced to retreat. If he were safe and could make a vigorous attack on the enemy's right flank or rear, then Sturgis could go forward with some hope of success. If he had retreated there was nothing left for the other division but to follow. In this perplexing condition, Sturgis summoned his officers together for counsel. The consultation was brought to a sudden close by the advance of a heavy column of infantry from the hill where Sigel's guns had been heard early in the morning. Thinking they were Sigel's men, a line was formed for an advance, with the hope of forming a junction with him. These troops wore a dress much resembling that of Sigel's brigade, and carried the American flag. They were, therefore, permitted to move down the hill within short range of Dubois' battery, until they reached the covered position at the foot of the ridge, on which Sturgis' men were posted, and from which they had before been fiercely assailed. Suddenly a battery was planted on the hill in front and began to pour upon our line shrapnell and canister—a species of shot not before fired by the enemy. At this moment the enemy showed his true colors, and, at once, commenced along our entire line the fiercest and most bloody engagement of the day. Dubois' battery, supported by Osterhaus' battalion and the scattered fragments of the First Missouri, soon silenced the enemy's battery on the hill, and repulsed the right wing of his infantry. Capt. Totten's battery in the center, supported by the Iowa First, and the regulars, was the main point of attack. The enemy were frequently seen within twenty feet of Totten's guns. Now, for the first time during the day, our entire line maintained its position with perfect firmness. Not the slightest disposition to waver was manifested at any point. The contending lines at one time were almost muzzle to muzzle. Capt. Gordon Granger, Assistant Adjutant General, at this critical period, rushed to the rear, quickly brought up the supports of Dubois' battery, and fell upon the enemy's right flank, pouring into it a murderous volley, killing or wounding nearly every man within sixty or

seventy yards. From this moment a complete rout took place along the rebel front, while our's on the right flank continued to pour a galling fire into their disorganized masses. The enemy then fled from the field.

The order to retreat was given soon after the enemy gave way. The whole column slowly moved to the high open prairie, about two miles from the battle ground, carrying off all the wounded. About this time news reached Major Sturgis that Sigel had been completely routed and was on his way back to Springfield. After making a short halt on the prairie, the march was continued to Springfield. The enemy made no attempt at pursuit, and the column reached its point of destination about five o'clock in the afternoon.

THE DISASTER TO SIGEL'S COLUMN.

During Sigel's march, early in the morning, he cut off about forty of the enemy who were coming from the camp in squads to obtain water and provisions. This prevented news reaching the rebel camp of the advance. On approaching within view of the enemy's tents four pieces of artillery were planted on a little hill, while the infantry advanced to a point where the Fayetteville road crosses Wilson's creek, and the two cavalry companies were extended to the right and left to guard the flanks. At the crossing of this road the hills on each side of the stream are about two hundred feet high, sloping gently towards the north, and abrupt towards the south side. The valley is about half a mile wide. At half past five o'clock musketry firing from the north-west was heard. This was the signal for commencing the attack. Sigel ordered the artillery to open upon the enemy's camp; the fire was so destructive that the rebels were forced to retire in haste towards the north-east end of the valley. Meanwhile the infantry quickly advanced, passed the creek, and traversing the camp, formed almost in the center of it. The enemy soon rallied in large numbers in front. The artillery was brought forward from the hill and formed, in battery, across the valley, with the infantry to the left and the cavalry to the right. After an effectual fire of half an hour, the enemy

retired in confusion into the woods and up the adjoining hills. The firing to the north-west now became more distinct, and increased until it was evident to Sigel that Lyon had engaged the enemy along the whole line. To give him all possible assistance, Sigel abandoned his position in the camp, and moved towards the north-west to attack the enemy's line of battle in the rear.

Marching forward, they soon struck the Fayetteville road; and making their way through a large number of cattle and horses, they reached an eminence known as Sharp's farm. On the route about one hundred prisoners were taken. Here rebel soldiers were met. Sigel, suspecting that the enemy would follow these stragglers, formed his troops across the road, by planting his artillery on the plateau, and the two infantry regiments on the right and left. The cavalry protected the flanks. Soon the firing, which had been heard in the direction of the northwest for an hour previous, almost entirely ceased. Sigel was now impressed with the belief that Lyon's attack had been successful, and that his troops were in pursuit of the enemy, who moved in large numbers toward the ridge of a hill, about seven hundred yards opposite Sigel's right. At half-past eight o'clock the report came in from skirmishers, that Lyon's men were coming up the road, whereupon the commanding officers of the infantry notified their regiments not to fire upon the troops coming from that direction. Sigel gave the same word of caution to the artillery. Our troops anxiously expected the approach of their friends, and were waving the flag as a signal to their supposed comrades, when suddenly two batteries, one in front, on the Fayetteville road, and the other upon the hill upon which it was supposed Lyon's forces were in pursuit of the enemy, opened their fire on the deceived men, whilst a strong column of infantry, supposed to be the Iowa regiment, advanced from the Fayetteville road, and attacked the right of Sigel's line. The consternation was indescribable, and the confusion frightful. The cry, "Lyon's men are firing against us!" was heard along the ranks; the artillerymen were now ordered to fire by Sigel himself, but could hardly be brought forward to serve their pieces; the infantry would

not level their arms upon their supposed friends, until it was too late. The enemy marched within ten paces of the muzzles of our cannon, killed the horses, turned the flanks of the infantry, and forced them, panic-stricken, to fly in all directions. The troops rushed into the bushes and by-roads, retreating to Springfield, followed by large bodies of Arkansas and Texas cavalry. In this retreat five cannon were lost. The total loss in Sigel's command amounted to fifteen killed, twenty wounded, and two hundred and thirty-five missing. The loss in the main column was two hundred and eight killed, seven hundred and one wounded, and fifty-seven missing, which, added to Sigel's loss, made the entire casualties two hundred and twenty-three killed, seven hundred and twenty-one wounded, and two hundred and ninety-two missing. The effective troops of the enemy consisted of five thousand three hundred infantry, fifteen pieces of artillery, and six thousand horsemen, armed with flint-lock muskets, rifles and shot-guns. Besides these, there were large numbers of unarmed horsemen. Gen. Price admitted the loss in his division to be one hundred and fifty-six killed, and five hundred and seventeen wounded, while Gen. McCulloch, the chief commander, stated the entire loss at two hundred and sixty-five killed, eight hundred wounded, and thirty missing.

Major Sturgis, in his official report of this battle, says:

“That three thousand seven hundred men, after a fatiguing night march, attacked the enemy, numbering twenty-three thousand, on their own ground, and, after a bloody conflict of six hours, withdrew at their leisure, to return to their provisions and their water, is the best eulogium I can pass on their conduct that day.”

The death of Gen. Lyon was deplored throughout the North and West. Countless were the tributes to his memory, and deep the sorrow when his body was borne to his home in Connecticut. The death of this true patriot was the occasion of much rejoicing by the secessionists of Missouri. The battle of Wilson's Creek, or Oak Hills, as the rebels term it, was magnified, and claimed as an important rebel victory. The loss of a Union General, and the defeat of Sigel, were spoken of incessantly; while their defeat, by Lyon's and

Sturgis' columns, was seemingly forgotten by the secession agitators. In this way the rebellious spirit was increased among the people of Missouri, and thousands of recruits for the rebel army were raised in a few weeks.

MORE AID FOR MISSOURI.

The Government now saw the necessity for sending large numbers of troops into Missouri from the surrounding loyal States. Among the first of those to respond to the call, was Indiana. On the seventeenth of August, the Twenty-Third Indiana, Col. William L. Sanderson, left for St. Louis by the Ohio and Mississippi railroad; the same day, the Twenty-Second Indiana, Col. Jeff. C. Davis, left on the Terre Haute railroad; on the following day, the Eighteenth Indiana, Col. Thomas Pattison, departed by the way of Lafayette and Springfield; on the nineteenth, the Twenty-Fourth Indiana, Col. Alvin P. Hovey, left; and on the twenty-first, Col. Conrad Baker followed, with eight companies of the First Indiana cavalry (Twenty-Eighth regiment). The Eighth, Col. Wm. P. Benton; Twenty-Fifth, Col. James C. Veatch, and Twenty-Sixth, Col. Wm. M. Wheatley, and the First, Second and Third Indiana batteries, commanded, respectively, by Captains Martin Klauss, John W. Rabb, and Watt W. Frybarger, soon after joined these regiments at St. Louis, where they were quartered for a few days, and then sent into the interior, along the lines of the several railroads, and posted at different points, to take the places of the three months' troops, whose time had expired. Other Western States contributed their share of volunteers for the campaign in Missouri.

On the nineteenth of August, two hundred and fifty men of the Twenty-Second Illinois, under Col. Dougherty and Lieut. Col. Ransom, of the Eleventh Illinois, defeated three hundred rebels of Jeff. Thompson's army at Charleston. Twenty rebels were killed and wounded, and seventeen prisoners taken. The Union loss was one killed and six wounded.

On the twelfth of September, a skirmish occurred at Black river, twelve or fifteen miles southwest of Ironton, between

three companies of the First Indiana cavalry, under Major J. Smith Gavitt, and a body of secessionists, under Ben. Talbott, in which five of the rebels were killed, and four taken prisoners, and thirty-five horses and a quantity of arms captured. The rest scattered in all directions, and being familiar with the country, eluded capture.

DEFENSE OF LEXINGTON.

On the first of September, Col. James A. Mulligan, commanding the Chicago Irish battalion, of eight hundred men, received orders to march to the relief of Lexington, one hundred and twenty miles west of Jefferson City, (where his regiment was stationed,) and which was then threatened by the enemy. Col. Mulligan reached Lexington on the ninth, and found the place occupied by a part of the Eighth Missouri, the First Illinois cavalry, and four hundred home guards. The Irish battalion swelled the force to about three thousand five hundred. Col. Mulligan, being the senior officer, took command. On the tenth a letter was received from Col. Peabody, of the Thirteenth Missouri, stating that he was retreating from Warrensburgh, twenty-five miles distant, and that Price was pursuing him with ten thousand men. A few hours after, Col. Peabody entered Lexington with his regiment.

On the twelfth, Price's advance force of three thousand men, under Gen. Harris, approached Lexington from the south, when the First Illinois cavalry, and the Thirteenth Missouri, were ordered out to meet them. A sharp and decisive action occurred in the evening, two miles south of the city, near the Fair ground, which resulted in considerable loss to the rebels, they having fallen into an ambuscade prepared for them by the Missouri regiment. The Union loss was four killed and a small number wounded.

From this time till Wednesday, the eighteenth, the fighting was confined to skirmishing between the hostile pickets. The aspect was now changed by the arrival of immense reinforcements to the rebels, by which their three thousand were increased to twenty thousand, with thirteen pieces of artillery. In the meantime, Mulligan had not been idle. To the north-

east of Lexington, within its limits, are a large college and grounds, including an area of fifty acres. Fortifications were constructed around the college, and earthworks, three or four feet high, were thrown up. The outer line of intrenchments extended to a seminary, fifty yards from the college, and almost to the brick dwelling of Col. Anderson, occupied as a hospital by the garrison, which stood between the seminary and the river. They also approached closely to the ravines and deep gullies between the grounds and the river on the west, and extended through the wooded banks of the river, which bound the college grounds on the north.

On Wednesday morning the pickets were driven in by the overwhelming forces of the enemy, who planted two batteries in front, one on the left, one on the right, and one in the rear. From these, at a given signal, a terrific fire was opened, which was promptly answered. About noon the hospital was taken, and filled by rebel sharpshooters, who poured a deadly fire upon the Union troops. The hospital contained the Chaplain and one hundred and twenty sick and wounded men. Towards evening, the Montgomery Guards, Capt. Gleason, of the Irish battalion, was brought out, and ordered to charge upon the hospital, and retake it. They charged up the slope to the house, took it, and drove the enemy, in wild confusion, down the hill. During the day, some of the outer works were taken by the besieging force. Our troops retired in good order to an inner line, where they obtained shelter.

The next morning the fire was resumed, and continued all day, but with comparatively little loss on either side. The weather was intensely hot, and the garrison could only obtain its water from the river; to reach which, was almost certain death, so constant was the firing from the rebels both day and night. During Thursday night two wells were dug.

On Friday morning a brisk cannonading was opened, and the fusilade of small arms was begun, and kept up incessantly till the afternoon. The rebels had constructed movable breastworks of hemp bales, rolled them up the hill, and advanced their batteries so as to command the fortifications. Hot shot were fired at them, but without effect, they having

been thoroughly water-soaked. The outer breastworks were soon carried by the enemy. The Union lines were broken, and the rebels rushed in. The Union troops, however, repulsed them at every point; but the cartridges giving out, it became evident that the struggle could not be protracted. Suddenly the rebel fire ceased, when it was ascertained a Major of the home guards had, on his own responsibility, hoisted a white flag. It was taken down, but again raised by the same person. Affairs now reached such a condition, that Col. Mulligan, notwithstanding his unwillingness to surrender, decided to take the advice of a council of his officers, and capitulate. Capt. McDermott went out to the enemy's lines, with a handkerchief tied to a ramrod, when a parley took place. The terms were soon arranged and made known; the officers were to be retained as prisoners of war, the men to be paroled. The surrender took place at four, P. M., on Friday, the twentieth, after fifty-two hours of continuous firing.

At the capitulation Col. Mulligan shed tears. Some of the horses of Col. Marshall's cavalry died during the siege. A few privates of his regiment, unwilling that their horses should fall into the enemy's hands, shot them dead on the spot.

The privates, on taking the oath not to serve against the Confederate States, were put across the river, and marched to Richmond, whence they marched to Hamilton, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, where they were declared free to go where they pleased.

The rebel loss is believed to have been equal to, if not greater than, Col. Mulligan's, which was two hundred killed and wounded. Gen. Price admits only a loss of twenty-five killed and seventy-five wounded.

Gen. Fremont, in accounting for the failure to reinforce the besieged garrison, telegraphed the War Department, three days after the surrender, that Gen. Sturgis could not cross the river with four thousand men, because of the capture of the ferry boats by the rebels; that Lane's force, from the southwest, and Davis' force, from the southeast, upwards of eleven thousand in all, could not get there in time.

SKIRMISHES AND GUERRILLA OPERATIONS.

Two engagements with the enemy occurred at Blue Mills Landing, near Liberty, on the eighteenth of September, the first between five hundred of the Third Iowa regiment, with one piece of artillery, under Lieut. Col. Scott, and about four thousand rebels under Gen. Atchison. After a desperate struggle of an hour's duration, in which Scott lost one hundred and twenty killed and wounded, and all his artillery horses, he retreated slowly half a mile, dragging his cannon by hand. He subsequently took a position with his howitzer on an eminence, and waited for the enemy to renew the attack. But he was not pursued. Not long afterward Col. Smith's Sixteenth Illinois regiment, with four cannon, approached Blue Mills by another road and engaged and routed the rebels as they were crossing the Missouri river.

The steamer *War Eagle*, in company with the steamers *White Cloud* and *Des Moines*, left Jefferson City on the eighteenth of September, on an expedition up the Missouri river. The *War Eagle* had on board six companies of the Twenty-Second and a portion of the Eighteenth Indiana regiments, under command of Lieut. Col. Hendricks of the Twenty-Second; on board the other two steamers were the Twenty-Sixth Indiana, under command of Col. Wheatley. Arriving at Booneville the troops of the Eighteenth Indiana were transferred to the steamer *Iatan*, and the remainder of the Twenty-Second Indiana, (which had marched across the country, in command of Major Tanner,) were taken on board the *War Eagle*. The *Iatan* received the rest of the Eighteenth Indiana. The expedition again started up the river; the troops on board the *War Eagle* and *Iatan* were under command of Lieut. Col. Hendricks, while those on the *White Cloud* and *Des Moines* were under command of Col. Wheatley. The former were destined for Glasgow and Cambridge, and were to reconnoiter about the neighborhood of those places for bands of rebels reported to be in those localities. Col. Wheatley's forces were bound for Lexington. Late in the evening of the nineteenth Col. Hendricks' forces landed five miles below Glasgow. Three companies were detached from

one steamer and three from the other, under command of Major Gordon Tanner, of the Twenty-Second Indiana, as a scouting party to go to Glasgow and surround the place. At the same time, and unknown to Col. Hendricks, a picket guard of sixty men was sent out by Col. Wheatley, who had tied up his boats for the night near where Col. Hendricks had landed. The consequence was the parties met in the woods, a short distance from the boats. Mistaking each other for enemies they commenced firing, which for a few minutes was incessant. Before the mistake was discovered three of the Eighteenth and one of the Twenty-Second were killed and seven or eight wounded. Among the latter was Major Tanner, who received a mortal wound from which he afterwards died at Jefferson City. The expedition returned the next day, without accomplishing the object of its mission.

BATTLE OF FREDERICKTOWN.

Intelligence having reached Col. Carlin, commanding the forces at Pilot Knob, that Gen. Jeff. Thompson, with a large rebel force, was in the vicinity of Fredericktown, he ordered Capt. Hawkins, of the Missouri cavalry, to proceed with a detachment of forty men to reconnoiter in that direction. On Tuesday, the sixteenth of October, when within five miles of Fredericktown, his advance guard was suddenly attacked and two of his men taken prisoners. Capt. Hawkins succeeded in driving the rebels within their lines, and then sent for reinforcements. While awaiting their arrival he was thrice attacked, but each time repulsed the enemy. Late on Wednesday evening reinforcements arrived, consisting of six companies of the First Indiana cavalry, under Maj. J. Smith Gavitt, and the Twenty-First Illinois infantry, Col. Alexander commanding. Thursday morning, while on the march, the advance guard came in contact with the rebels, when a skirmish followed. The main force now came up and engaged and routed the enemy. Apprehending the approach of a larger force of rebels, the Union troops at night fell back on Pilot Knob.

On the Sunday following the troops stationed at Pilot Knob

marched to Fredericktown to attack Thompson's force, reported to be four thousand strong and intrenched. On Monday morning they arrived at Fredericktown to find that the enemy had evacuated it the day before. Col. Carlin's force was composed of the First Indiana cavalry, Col. Conrad Baker, the Twenty-First, Thirty-Third and Thirty-Eighth Illinois, the Eighth Wisconsin, and a battery of six pieces, under command of Major Schofield, making in all three thousand five hundred men. At noon these were joined by fifteen hundred men—the Seventeenth and Twentieth Illinois, the Eleventh Missouri, a section of Taylor's battery, and two companies of Illinois cavalry—under command of Col. J. B. Plummer, of the Eleventh Missouri. This force had been dispatched from Cape Girardeau, by Gen. Grant, to co-operate with Col. Carlin. The latter gave Col. Plummer a part of his command and he immediately started in pursuit of Thompson, who was found occupying a position one mile out of town on the Greenville road. An immediate attack followed. The rebel artillery consisted of four pieces, masked, upon the slope of a hill about six hundred yards distant. The principal body of their infantry, under Col. Lowe, was posted in a corn field to the left of the road. Taylor's battery opened fire, and by its effectiveness soon caused the enemy to respond. The Seventeenth Illinois then engaged the rebel infantry in the corn field, while the other regiments deployed to the right and left. The Thirty-Eighth Illinois was now ordered forward from the town, and promptly came upon the field, leaving as a reserve the Eighth Wisconsin and one section of Schofield's battery. Two sections of the latter were at once ordered into action, and the line of battle was formed, and a steady advance made upon the enemy's lines. The infantry firing of the Seventeenth and Twentieth Illinois, and Eleventh Missouri, on the left, was so deadly that the enemy were forced to fall back. Their retreat soon became a rout, the rebels flying in every direction, pursued by the Union troops. At this time the enemy's infantry on the right of the road, where Thompson commanded in person, beat a retreat, when the First Indiana cavalry was ordered to charge and pursue them. Thompson, however, had rallied a portion of

his troops about half a mile in the rear of his first position, and brought one gun into battery on the road, supported by infantry on either side. The cavalry, led by the gallant Col. Baker, charged and took the gun, while exposed to a deadly fire from the enemy's infantry. A column, which had been ordered forward to the support of the cavalry, failing to reach the point in time, the enemy recaptured and carried the piece from the field. It was here two of Indiana's noblest and bravest sons fell—Major Gavitt and Capt. Highman.

The rout now became general. The enemy were pursued by the victorious troops for several miles, until the approach of night prompted their recall to town. Captain Stewart's squadron of Illinois cavalry followed them until late in the night, and brought in several prisoners. One field piece was taken by Col. Ross' Seventeenth Illinois.

On the following morning the enemy was pursued by the greater portion of our forces for ten miles, but finding that he could not be overtaken, the Union troops were ordered back to Fredericktown.

Our forces engaged in this battle were commanded by Col. J. B. Plummer, who was afterwards specially commended, in general orders, by Gen. Grant. There were taken upon the field eighty prisoners, of whom thirty-eight were wounded. The Federal loss was six killed and sixty wounded. The rebel forces numbered about four thousand, of whom one hundred and fifty-eight were buried on the field.

FREMONT'S PURSUIT OF PRICE.

On the twenty-seventh of September Gen. Fremont left St. Louis, with fifteen steamers and fifteen thousand men, and sailed up the Missouri to Jefferson City, where he halted several days to collect additional material necessary for a march into the interior. Gen. Price, hearing of this formidable movement, evacuated Lexington, leaving only a small force behind to guard it.

On the sixteenth the garrison at Lexington was surprised by Major White, with one hundred and fifty men, and the place and all the sick and wounded recaptured. Sixty pris-

oners were taken. Not having sufficient force to hold Lexington, Major White abandoned it, after first placing the hospital patients on board a steamer and dispatching it to St. Louis.

Gen. Fremont, who had collected a large army at Sedalia, now began a forward movement to the south-west. This was the commencement of that long and tedious march to Springfield, which was remarkable for its severity and privations. But little transportation was used. The soldiers were compelled to lie upon the ground, in the rain and snow, without tents. Hundreds were left to sicken and die on the road. Springfield was reached on the first of November, and found deserted. While at this place Gen. Fremont, on the second of November, received a peremptory order from the War Department relieving him from his command, and designating as his successor, Gen. David Hunter; who reported for duty the next day, and, almost immediately, withdrew the Federal army from south-west Missouri.

The causes assigned for Fremont's removal were: neglecting to reinforce Lyon and Mulligan; issuing a proclamation confiscating rebel property in a manner not in conformity with the act of Congress of August sixth, which confiscated only property *used* in rebellion, which proclamation the President afterwards compelled him to modify; extravagant expenditures in constructing fortifications in and around St. Louis; and the corrupt manner in which Quartermasters' supplies were furnished and accounted for in his department.

GENERAL HALLECK'S ADMINISTRATION.

In December Major General Henry W. Halleck, lately of California, was assigned to the command of the Military Department of the West, which included Missouri. He at once entered upon active duty, having his headquarters at St. Louis. His first act was to issue and enforce a series of "General Orders," which had the effect to stop all further attempts of the secessionists of St. Louis to stir up strife, and to place them in complete subjection to military rule. All found in arms against the Government, or who gave aid and

comfort to the rebels, in any portion of the State, were confined and held as prisoners of war; while spies and bridge-burners, whenever caught, were executed. Union refugees, who had thronged into St. Louis—having been plundered and driven from their homes by the rebels—were taken in charge by the Provost Marshals, and quartered upon avowed secessionists of that city. All municipal officers of St. Louis were required to take the oath of allegiance prescribed by the Missouri State Convention, or else subject themselves to arrest. Gen. Halleck made such disposition of the forces at his command as enabled them to be entirely successful in every engagement they had with the enemy. On no occasion were the Union troops allowed to be defeated or disconcerted by Price or other rebel Generals, because of inadequate numbers. However just the criticism of Gen. Halleck's efforts in other fields may have been, it is an undeniable fact, that his management of the Missouri campaign was most successful.

THE BLACK WATER EXPEDITION.

The expedition known as "Black Water" set out from Otterville on the thirteenth of December. The brigade under Col. Jeff. C. Davis, of the Twenty-Second Indiana, and composed of the Eighth Indiana, Col. William P. Benton, Eighteenth Indiana, Col. Thomas Pattison, Twenty-Fourth Indiana, Col. Alvin P. Hovey, First Indiana battery, Capt. Martin Klauss, and one squadron of First Iowa cavalry, Major Torrence, started from camp at nine o'clock at night, and marched eighteen miles by daylight. The following day it was joined by the brigade commanded by Col. Fred. Steele, of the Eighth Iowa, consisting of the Twenty-Seventh Ohio, Col. Kennett; Twenty-Second Indiana, Lieut. Col. John. A. Hendricks; First Kansas, Col. Thayer; one battery of First Missouri artillery, Lieut. Marr, and four companies of regular cavalry, Lieut. Amory. The whole force, under the command of Gen. John Pope, moved in the direction of Hall's store and Chilhowee. Near the latter place, the rebel forces it was intended to intercept and capture, were over-

taken. A march of thirty-one miles during the day, and darkness, prevented an attack until the morning. The cavalry, however, was sent out to watch the enemy, and burn the bridges on the line of his retreat. This they failed to do; and morning found the enemy, four or five thousand in number, fourteen miles off, successfully making his retreat. The troops were much chagrined at the loss of the expected opportunity to test their valor. They had so often, after hard marches and high expectations, been disappointed, that they became much dispirited and dissatisfied.

Gen. Pope, after giving a day's rest to the troops near Warrensburgh, determined to return, and, in so doing, to scout the country along the Black Water. The first day's march was completed. The General had given orders to go into camp. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, a countryman brought intelligence that a rebel force, twelve hundred strong, was a few miles below on the river. Little credit was given to the accuracy of the information. Col. Jeff. C. Davis, riding up at the time, Gen. Pope expressed a desire that he would take command of the cavalry, consisting of five companies of the Iowa First, and two of regular cavalry, and a section of artillery; in all, three hundred and fifty men, and make a reconnoissance in that direction. Col. Davis, taking the countryman along as a guide, marched promptly and vigorously in search of the rebel camp. Passing through a place called Knob Noster, the enemy's first pickets were discovered about three miles from Milford. Col. D.'s escort of ten men charged upon them, drove them in, capturing one of their number. From him the position and force of the enemy were ascertained.

The column now moved rapidly forward, driving in the rebel pickets, until the bridge and mill at the crossing of the road with the Black Water was reached. Here the enemy's main force was discovered, drawn up in line on the opposite side of the stream, and strongly posted in a short bend, with both flanks protected by its deep waters and impassable banks. The long, narrow bridge, which crossed the river, was guarded by one hundred and fifty men, commanded by the notorious Magoffin.

Col. Davis, discovering that the only means of reaching the main force of the enemy was by carrying the bridge without halting his forces, ordered an assault. Two companies of the Fourth regular cavalry, under command, respectively, of Lieut. Gordon and Lieut. Amory, advanced with the utmost gallantry and vigor, supported by the five companies of the First Iowa cavalry, under Major Torrence. The dash was made by the troops in the most gallant manner. The conflict was short and bloody, revolvers and sabres were freely used by the brave troopers. The bridge was carried, and the force quickly formed on the opposite side for a charge on the main lines. The troops were put in motion, and the bugles sounded the first notes of "the charge;" then the enemy hoisted a white flag, and asked what flag our forces fought under. Davis remanded the messenger back immediately, bidding him inform his commander that no such pretexts for hoisting flags of truce would be tolerated. The first flag had not been lowered before a second one was raised and brought to the front. The bearer demanded to be informed "who commanded these troops." Col. Davis gave his name, and asked that the object of the visit be made known at once. The bearer of the flag stated that the object was to secure time for consultation, to which Col. Davis promptly replied: "Go back and say to your commander that I regret the lateness of the hour will not allow me to grant his request; tell him that I have no desire unnecessarily to shed the blood of my countrymen; but my duty is plain and imperative, and, unless he surrenders his command immediately, I shall make the Black Water red with blood in ten minutes."

The commander, Col. Robinson, accompanied by Cols. Magoffin and Alexander, in a few minutes came to the front and surrendered the entire command as prisoners of war. Nine hundred and fifty men, with arms and equipments, seventy-five wagons as commissary and baggage train, with considerable other property, were thus captured. The prisoners were then marched to camp, which was reached at nine o'clock at night; and the result of the expedition was made the occasion for much rejoicing by Gen. Pope's army. The

march to the Black Water, ten miles from camp, and the capture and march back to camp, occupied only six hours. The fighting occupied but a few minutes, resulting in the killing of one Union soldier, and the wounding of eight others. One of the rebels was killed near the bridge, and several were wounded nearer their camp.

Gen. Pope broke up his camp near Warrensburgh on the nineteenth, and marched his command to Sedalia, arriving there the same afternoon. Besides the prisoners captured by Col. Davis, small squads were picked up by different commanders at several places, making the whole number brought into Sedalia nearly thirteen hundred, including three Colonels and seventeen Captains.

On the twenty-eighth of December, Gen. Prentiss, with four hundred and fifty troops, encountered and dispersed a body of rebels, nine hundred strong, under Col. Dorsey, at Mount Zion, Boone county, killing and wounding one hundred and fifty, and capturing thirty-five prisoners, ninety-five horses, and one hundred stand of small arms. The National loss was three killed and eleven wounded.

BATTLE OF SILVER CREEK.

A battle was fought on the eighth of January, 1862, at Roan's Tanyard, in Randolph county. The rebels, one thousand strong, under Col. Poindexter, on Silver creek, were attacked at four o'clock in the afternoon by Majors Torrence and Hubbard, with four hundred and eighty men. The rebels made but a feeble resistance, owing to the want of an efficient commander. After an engagement of only half an hour, they were routed. In their flight they threw away their guns and overcoats. The Union troops burned the rebel camp, consisting of one hundred and five tents, twenty-five wagons, eighty-seven kegs of powder, and a large quantity of provisions, equipments and clothing. Darkness preventing pursuit, the Union forces moved to their camp, twenty-three miles distant. Their loss was twenty-five killed and wounded, while that of the rebels was estimated at not less than eighty.

On the eleventh of January, Waldo P. Johnson and Truett Polk, of Missouri, were expelled from the United States Senate by a unanimous vote of that body, for having connected themselves with the rebel army and government.

On the twenty-ninth of January, General Earl Van Dorn assumed command of the Trans-Mississippi District of the Confederate States, comprising portions of the States of Missouri and Arkansas, making his headquarters at Pocahontas, Arkansas. About this time Gen. Jeff. C. Davis' division, composed of the Eighth and Twenty-Second Indiana, Thirty-Seventh Illinois and Ninth Missouri, accompanied by two batteries of twenty-four pieces, and three companies of cavalry, under Major Hubbard, marched from Versailles in the direction of Springfield, where Price was stationed. The latter learning of the advance retreated towards the Ozark mountains and Wilson's creek, leaving behind six hundred of his sick and a large amount of military stores and equipments. Price had twelve thousand effective men and fifty pieces of artillery. Gen. Curtis soon joined Davis, and with their united force marched upon Price on the twelfth of February, and drove him for four days, during which there was constant skirmishing. Price now reached Cross Hollows, Arkansas; further pursuit was, for the time being, abandoned.

Gen. Curtis, on the twenty-third of February, with a portion of the Union troops under his command, occupied Fayetteville, Arkansas; the rebels at his approach fled in great confusion across the Boston Mountains. Before leaving they burnt a portion of the town and left behind them a quantity of poisoned meat, which, unhappily, was partaken of by the national troops, resulting in the poisoning of forty officers and men of the Fifth Missouri cavalry.

BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

The main encampment of the Army of the South-West was at Cross Hollows, Arkansas, on the Fayetteville and Springfield road, at its intersection with the Bentonville road. Rumors reached the camp that Gen. Van Dorn, with a large

body of rebels, that had been concentrated fifty miles south, contemplated an attack. Gen. Curtis ordered the garrison at Fayetteville to fall back upon his camp, and directed that the detachments of troops, which had been sent out in several directions, be immediately recalled. Scouts, who had closely reconnoitered the enemy's camp, brought the exciting intelligence that Van Dorn was already moving northward with thirty thousand men.

On the first of March Gen. Sigel, in command of the first division, moved his camp from Osage Springs to a point near Bentonville, to secure a better region for foraging purposes. On the same morning, in pursuance of instructions from Gen. Curtis, Col. Jeff. C. Davis, commanding the third division, broke up his camp at Cross Hollows and took position on the heights of Pea Ridge, on the north side of Sugar creek, commanding the main road. Col. Carr's division (the fourth) remained at Cross Hollows. On receiving intelligence of the rebel advance, Gen. Curtis decided to concentrate his forces at Sugar Creek, a short distance south of Pea Ridge, a good point of defense and abundantly supplied with water, and to which Col. Davis had already advanced, and where he was partially intrenched. On the fifth Gen. Sigel received orders to join Gen. Curtis at Pea Ridge. On the sixth he marched from Bentonville in obedience to those orders. His rear guard consisted of the Thirty-Sixth Illinois and a portion of the Second Missouri, and one battery, numbering in all about six hundred men. This rear guard was suddenly attacked and surrounded by four rebel regiments of infantry and cavalry. A vigorous engagement ensued, but Gen. Sigel being himself present, managed this handful of men so successfully that he cut his way through the enemy, and made one of those masterly retreats which had already rendered his name famous. Planting a portion of his guns, with infantry to sustain them, he poured the grape and shell into the advancing squadrons, until, quailing before the murderous fire, they broke in confusion. Before they could re-form Sigel limbered up and fell back behind another portion of his battery, planted at another turn in the road. Here the same scene was enacted. Thus it continued for ten miles. The roads in

many places were very narrow and badly cut up, making the march one of great difficulty. He finally formed a junction with Cols. Davis' and Carr's divisions the same evening, losing only twenty-eight in killed and wounded, and only a few prisoners.

Gen. Curtis, during the sixth, was diligently preparing earth-work defenses, and cutting timber, to check the progress of the enemy along the Fayetteville road, where they were confidently expected. As the Union camp was, in its front, a strong natural position, and difficult of access on either flank, Van Dorn decided to make his attack on its rear, thus cutting off Curtis' base of supplies. The rebel commander left the main road near Fayetteville and turned westward, passing through Bentonville and re-entering the main road near the Missouri State line, about eight miles north of Sugar creek. Leaving a small force to make a feint upon Curtis' front, Van Dorn, during the day and night of the sixth, moved almost his entire force round the west side of our army; Gen. Price occupying the Fayetteville road near Elkhorn tavern, north of Curtis' camp, while McCulloch and McIntosh lay north of Sigel's and Davis' divisions. The distance of the main bodies of the two wings of each army apart was nearly three miles, thus forming in fact four distinct armies. On the night of the sixth Gen. Curtis' line of battle was extended along the bank of Sugar creek, facing southward, with the right resting on Sugar Creek Hollow. During the night he became convinced that the enemy had moved his forces so as to attack the rear and right of the Union army. Early on the morning of the seventh, a change of front was ordered, which brought the line of battle across Pea Ridge, with the new right resting on the head of Cross Timber Hollow, which is the head of Big Sugar Creek, while the left still rested on Sugar Creek Hollow, at the point where the right of the former line of battle had rested.

THE ENGAGEMENT NEAR LEETOWN.

So soon as the line was established, Col. Osterhaus was ordered with some cavalry and light artillery to make a dem-

onstration in the direction of Leetown, to break what was supposed to be the reinforced line of the enemy. The First Missouri cavalry, under Col. Ellis, and the Twenty-Second Indiana, under Col. John A. Hendricks, were ordered to support this movement. Col. Osterhaus advanced about a mile beyond Leetown, and found the enemy in force, moving rapidly along the road leading from Bentonville to Elkhorn tavern, where Col. Carr's division had now sharply engaged the rebels. The falling back in some disorder of the Third Iowa cavalry gave proof of the necessity of reinforcing Osterhaus, and Col. Jeff. C. Davis was ordered forward to the center with his entire division, who sustained and superseded Col. Osterhaus, supported, also, by Gen. Sigel's command, which had remained till nearly the close of the day on the left. Davis, on reaching the scene of action, found Col. Osterhaus, with the Forty-Fourth Illinois, Twenty-Second Indiana, and some artillery, in position on the left of the road and contesting the approach of the enemy, over a large open field in his front. In the meantime the enemy was rapidly approaching and advancing his forces on the right of the road, and had already lodged large numbers in a scrub oak thicket, extending to the Union camp. The second brigade of Davis' division, consisting of the Thirty-Seventh and Fifty-Ninth Illinois, (formerly Ninth Missouri,) with Davidson's Illinois battery, (of Peoria,) commanded by Col. Julius White, was immediately deployed to the right and at once became engaged in the most vigorous manner. The increasing and excessive fire of the enemy gave evidence that he was being rapidly reinforced. Col. Davis ordered the Eighteenth Indiana, Lieut. Col. H. D. Washburn, and the Twenty-Second Indiana, Col. Hendricks, of the first brigade, Col. Thos. Pattison, to make a flank movement to the right and perpendicular to the enemy, and then to move forward and attack him. This was accomplished with alacrity, but not, however, until Col. White's brigade had begun to recede before the excessive fire of the enemy, who had now concentrated his forces to the number of several thousand, under McCulloch and McIntosh, with a large body of Indians under Albert Pike and Ross. Being overwhelmed, White's brigade was directed to fall

back and change front to rear on its right, and Col. Pattison's brigade to change front forward on its left, so as to attack the enemy in his rear, who was now exultingly following up his temporary success. The Eighteenth Indiana soon executed the movement as directed, and opened a well directed fire upon the enemy's rear, which had the effect of drawing his fire and disconcerting his pursuit, thus enabling Col. White's brigade to re-form their lines as ordered, but not until the enemy had succeeded in capturing two guns of Davidson's battery, which, owing to the precipitate advance of the rebels, and disabled horses, could not be withdrawn. The Eighteenth Indiana pushed rapidly forward and drove the enemy from this part of the field. The Twenty-Second Indiana, during all this time, engaged a large force of Arkansas troops and Indians, and, after a sharp engagement, put them to flight. In the meantime Col. White's brigade renewed the engagement, when the enemy fled from the field, leaving behind him many of the killed and wounded. Among the former were Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh. Col. Osterhaus' command, during the progress of this attack upon the enemy's center, rendered invaluable aid to Col. Davis' division in successfully defeating and driving the rebels from the field. The enemy made an attempt to re-form in his former position, near the Bentonville road, but was easily driven from it by the action of our batteries. Two regiments of reinforcements, with two pieces of heavy artillery, arrived at this time from Sigel's command, and were assigned a position on the right, so as to be able to move more readily to the support of Col. Carr's division, which had for several hours been hotly engaged in the vicinity of Elkhorn tavern. Gen. Sigel soon arrived himself, and accompanied by Osterhaus' command, moved in the direction of Carr's left. Col. Davis, at the same time, threw forward Col. White's brigade to the Bentonville road and Elkhorn tavern road. The enemy having retreated and night being upon them, Davis ordered his troops to bivouac on the field they had so gloriously won.

THE BATTLE AT ELKHORN TAVERN.

On the morning of the seventh of March, the fourth division, under command of Col. Carr, was ordered to take position on the right, and engage the enemy in that quarter. Advancing up the main road to a point about four miles from the State line, Col. Dodge's brigade, composed of the Fourth Iowa, the Thirty-Fifth Illinois, and the First Iowa battery, Capt. Jones, filed off upon the road leading from Bentonville to Elkhorn Tavern, and immediately opened its battery upon the enemy, who was posted in a wood on a declivity in front. The artillery fire was promptly replied to, and a brisk encounter of artillery and infantry speedily ensued. Col. Vandever's brigade, composed of the Ninth Iowa, the Twenty-Fifth Missouri, the Third Illinois cavalry, and the Dubuque (Iowa) battery, Capt. Hayden, passed about half a mile beyond the Tavern and took position on the left of the road. In front of them the ground descended to a dry ravine, and the opposite bank, which was somewhat abrupt and covered with scrub oaks, was held by the enemy. About nine o'clock, A. M., the engagement commenced at this point, the Dubuque battery opening upon the rebels. The rebel batteries responded and in a few minutes the whole line of the division was briskly engaged. The rebels charged upon the Union battery and succeeded in capturing one of the guns before they could be driven back by the infantry. One hour's fighting in position on the slope accomplished nothing for Col. Carr's division, except to reveal the presence of an immense force of the enemy preparing to charge upon the Union troops.

Fearing such a movement might result in the loss of a battery, Col. Carr withdrew to a better point, about a hundred yards to the rear. Here the fight was kept up for some time, the rebels repeatedly attempted to charge, but were as often driven back by the well directed volleys of our troops. In one of these charges another gun was lost. It now became necessary again to fall back, and this time a stand was made near the Tavern, and along the road leading to the east. Hour after hour passed away, and still that one division was coping with a rebel force nearly quadruple its number. They

were driven back, inch by inch, until they were only a mile and a half from the camp. Owing to the engagement near Leeville, it was impossible to send reinforcements to Carr until the afternoon. At four o'clock Gen. Asboth arrived with two infantry regiments and a battery from the second division. Carr had then fallen back to an open field a mile from camp. The reinforcements thus received enabled him to hold his ground until night closed upon the conflict. The lines of the contending armies, during the night, were not more than three hundred yards apart. Each party rested on their arms and passed the long hours till dawn without lighting fires.

Gen. Curtis became convinced before the day closed that the enemy had concentrated his main force on the right, and, therefore, commenced another change of front, forward, so as to face the enemy where he had deployed on the Union right flank, in strong position. This was accomplished during the night, Gen. Sigel bringing his division to a position on the left of Carr soon after dark, while Col. Davis, at midnight, moved his division to the main road and thence north to the cleared land south of Elkhorn Tavern, where it took position on the right of Carr's division. Col. Pattison's brigade, of Davis' command, was deployed a few hundred yards to the right of the Fayetteville road to support Klaus' First Indiana battery, which was placed at the edge of an open field intervening between the range of hills at Elkhorn Tavern and the timber protecting the Union camp. Here the five companies of the Eighth Indiana, under Lieut. Col. Shunk, joined their brigade. They had the previous day participated in the engagement with Col. Carr's forces, and had bivouaced on the field during the night. Davidson's battery was placed in a similar position on the left of the road, supported by Col. White's brigade.

Gen. Sigel, having learned the exact position of the enemy's batteries, commenced to form his line of battle by changing his front so as to face the right flank of the enemy's position. He first ordered the Twenty-Fifth Illinois, under Col. Coler, to take a position along a fence, in open view of the enemy's batteries, which at once opened fire upon them. Immedi-

ately a battery of six guns was thrown into line one hundred paces in the rear of the advanced infantry, on a rise of ground. The Twelfth Missouri then wheeled into line, with the Twenty-Fifth Illinois on their left, and another battery of guns was similarly disposed a short distance behind them. Then another regiment and another battery wheeled into position, until thirty pieces of artillery, each about fifteen or twenty paces from the other, were in a continuous line, with infantry lying down in front. Each piece opened fire as it came into position, and the fire of the entire line was directed so as to silence battery after battery of the enemy.

Throughout the morning there was constant skirmishing and light encounters with the portion of the enemy opposed to the centre and right; but on the left not a gun was fired, until the whole of Gen. Sigel's command was in readiness. At eight o'clock the decisive engagement commenced. Soon after sunrise, Davis began the attack with his artillery, which brought responses from masked batteries, one of which opened with grape and canister, so near the flank of Klauss' battery, that he was compelled to retire. This battery withdrew on discovering that Pattison's brigade was about to charge it. White's brigade, being much exposed to an enfilading fire, was ordered to fall back, and take shelter under the timber. By this time the position of the enemy's batteries was well developed, and Davidson now took a more commanding position in the open field, where he was soon joined by Klauss; and in a few moments the contest was opened and maintained with great spirit on both sides, until Sigel's forces were ready for action. The approach of Sigel's infantry on the left of Davis' division, rendered the position of his batteries secure, and enabled him to withdraw Col. White's brigade from their support, and prepare the entire division for a general attack upon the enemy's left.

Sigel's artillery now opened, and engaged with spirit in the contest. No human courage could stand the terrible fire which belched forth from his cannon. The crowded ranks of the enemy were decimated, and the battery horses shot at their guns, but the rebels stood bravely to their post. For two hours and ten minutes did Sigel's iron hail fall

“thick as autumn leaves, furious as the avalanche, deadly as the simoom.” One by one the rebel pieces ceased to play. Onward crept our infantry; onward moved Sigel and his terrible guns. Shorter and shorter became the range. No charge of theirs could force that iron hail, or dare to venture on that compact line of bayonets. They turned and fled. Again Sigel advanced his line, making another partial change of front. The favorable opportunity now offered, and all the troops of Davis’ and Carr’s divisions, (comprising the right and center,) were ordered to advance across the field. The left, under Sigel, moved close to the hills occupied by the enemy, driving him from the heights, and advancing steadily to the head of the hollows. Col. White’s brigade, of Davis’ division, together with the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second Indiana, soon warmly engaged the enemy, who began to yield to the steady fire and determined advance of our troops, and finally broke and fled in much confusion, enabling Davis to turn the left of the enemy, and cross-fire in his center. This final position enclosed the enemy in the arc of a circle. A charge of infantry, extending throughout the whole line, completely routed the whole rebel force, which retired in great confusion, through a deep and almost impassable defile of cross timbers.

Thus ended the first battle in Arkansas. After an engagement of fifteen hours, extending through the larger portion of two consecutive days, the rebel forces were driven from the field, and the Stars and Stripes hoisted on the contested ground. No accurate statement has ever been made of the losses in this great battle. The Union army suffered heavily, but their casualties fell far short of those of the rebels.



Gordon Tanner.

REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE TWENTY-SECOND REGIMENT

Was organized at Madison, and mustered into service by Lieut. Col. T. J. Wood, on the twenty-seventh of July, 1861. The following comprised its officers:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, Jeff. C. Davis, Indianapolis; Lieutenant Colonel, John A. Hendricks, Madison; Major, Gordon Tanner, Indianapolis; Adjutant, Charles L. Holstein, Jr., Madison; Regimental Quartermaster, Emmer Bradley, Indianapolis; Surgeon, Benjamin J. Newland, Bedford; Assistant Surgeon, Joseph A. Stillwell, Brownstown.

Company A.—Captain, Michael Gooding, Vernon; First Lieutenant, Leonard Ennis, Vernon; Second Lieutenant, David Ennis, Vernon.

Company B.—Captain, Thomas H. B. Tanner, Brownstown; First Lieutenant, James M. Lewis, Brownstown; Second Lieutenant, John F. C. Tanner, Brownstown.

Company C.—Captain, James S. Hester, Nashville; First Lieutenant, William W. Browning, Nashville, Second Lieutenant, William A. Adams, Nashville.

Company D.—Captain, David W. Dailey, Charlestown; First Lieutenant, William H. Ratts, Charlestown; Second Lieutenant, Isaac N. Haymaker, Charlestown.

Company E.—Captain, Josiah Wilson, Waynesville; First

Lieutenant, William H. Snodgrass, Waynesville; Second Lieutenant, Samuel H. McBride, New Albany.

Company F.—Captain, Elijah A. Stepleton, Vevay; First Lieutenant, John S. Roberts, Vevay; Second Lieutenant, Sidney S. Marques, Bennington.

Company G.—Captain, Squire Isham Keith, Columbus; First Lieutenant, William McKenley Wiles, Columbus; Second Lieutenant, James McGrayel, Columbus.

Company H.—Captain, Patrick H. Jewett, Lexington; First Lieutenant, Thomas Shea, Lexington; Second Lieutenant, William Powers, Lexington.

Company I.—Captain, David Lunderman, Bloomington; First Lieutenant, John Oscar McCullough, Bloomington; Second Lieutenant, Anthony Ravenscraft, Bloomington.

Company K.—Captain, Richard H. Litson, Madison; First Lieutenant, Perry Watts, Madison; Second Lieutenant, Robert R. Smith, Madison.

On the fourteenth of August it arrived at Indianapolis, and on the seventeenth left for St. Louis, Missouri, arriving there the next day. It went into camp in the suburbs of the city. For ten days the regiment was engaged in drilling.

On the twenty-seventh it took the cars for Jefferson City, where an attack from the rebels was threatened. Here it again camped, and for three weeks was constantly engaged in field maneuvers and receiving military instruction.

It being reported that the enemy was in force at Glasgow, a detachment was sent on steamboats up the Missouri river, and landed a few miles below that town. The force consisted of three companies from the Twenty-Second, two from the Eighteenth and one from the Twenty-Sixth Indiana, all under command of Major Gordon Tanner, of the Twenty-Second. Quietly landing on the banks on the nineteenth of September, a bright moon shining, the force, in detached bodies, pushed through the woods towards the town, when a fatal mistake occurred. The detachments mistook each other for the enemy, and poured volleys into our own ranks, killing eight and wounding thirteen. The Twenty-Second lost one killed and three wounded—one mortally, Major Tanner, who died at Jefferson City one week afterward. This

unfortunate affair defeated the object of the expedition, and, next day, receiving intelligence of the surrender of the command of Col. Mulligan, at Lexington, it was deemed injudicious to proceed further, and the forces returned on transports to Booneville.

On the twenty-fifth the regiment marched to Otterville, and took cars for Sedalia, where it remained in camp until the twelfth of October. On the twentieth it joined the forces of Gen. Fremont, then on the march for Springfield, where the rebel generals Price and McCulloch had concentrated a large army. Crossing the Osage river at Warsaw the force steadily pressed on, and halted for a few days near Quincy, where Major Dailey joined the regiment. Moving on, the regiment reached Springfield on the second of November. Meanwhile Gen. Fremont had been relieved and Gen. Hunter placed in command. It having been ascertained that the rebel generals were withdrawing their army to Arkansas, a retrograde movement was ordered by Gen. Hunter. After a long, wearisome march, the regiment arrived near Otterville and went into camp.

On the sixteenth of December it took part in the Warrensburgh expedition, which resulted in the capture of nine hundred and fifty rebels, together with their arms, horses and camp equipage, on a stream called Black Water. Though the expedition was under command of Gen. Pope, to Col. Jeff. C. Davis is due the credit of its success. It was he who planned the attack and captured the entire force of the enemy, with a loss on our side of only two killed. The regiment then returned to camp near Otterville, where it remained until January twenty-fourth, 1862.

At this time Gen. Curtis, who had succeeded Gen. Hunter, resolved to move upon the enemy, who was reported to be fifteen thousand strong, under the rebel Gen. Price, at Springfield. The regiment struck tents and joined the advancing column. Col. Davis had command of a division. Lieut. Col. Hendricks being absent, Major Dailey took command of the regiment; Capt. Gooding acting as Major. It was a mid-winter march. The weather was very cold, the roads rough, and the sufferings of the men great. Yet they exhibited a

courage, perseverance and endurance highly creditable to their patriotism.

The forces were four days in crossing the Osage river at Lynn creek. At Lebanon the troops of Davis and Curtis formed a junction. Moving south, the weather moderated, and on the eleventh of February our advance encountered the pickets of the enemy, within seven miles of Springfield. Skirmishing at once ensued; the rebel pickets fell back, and our forces bivouaced within five miles of Springfield.

Early on the morning of the twelfth, the division, led by Col. Jeff. C. Davis, advanced cautiously through fields and prairies, until within two miles of Springfield. Here it was formed in line of battle, and skirmishers thrown out. Advancing rapidly on the town, not a rebel was to be seen; and in a few minutes it was ascertained that the enemy had fled. Our forces occupied the place at once, and soon the flag of the Twenty-Second waved over the lofty dome of the hospital on the plaza. Price and his rebel army retreated rapidly toward Arkansas. Curtis' army, though fatigued with long marches, commenced a vigorous pursuit of the flying foe. Sigel turned to the left, hoping, by rapid marching, to gain the enemy's rear. Davis followed in direct pursuit. Our forces pressed closely on the retreating columns of the enemy. Every day there was a sharp skirmish between our advance and the rebel rear guard. At Sugar Creek, Arkansas, Price was brought to bay. Davis halted for Sigel to join him; but Sigel had been misled by his guide, and was far in the rear. Taking advantage of the delay, the rebel General pushed on to Cross Hollows and Boston Mountain.

Here he was heavily reinforced by McCulloch, McIntosh, Rains and Steele. At once retracing his steps, on the sixth of March, he attacked Sigel's pickets near Bentonville. The next day it was ascertained that the rebel army, in overwhelming numbers, was moving upon the command of Gen. Curtis, which was encamped on Sugar creek, immediately south of Pea Ridge. Gen. Sigel fought bravely all day on the sixth, gradually falling back, with the design of leading the enemy into a favorable position for defense. But the

wily foe avoided the intended snare, for, instead of following Sigel up Sugar creek, Price turned to the left, and, on the morning of the eighth, made a furious attack on the rear of Carr's division, at Elk Horn Tavern.

The Twenty-Second, led by Lieut. Col. Hendricks, was ordered to take position on the left. Here McCulloch and McIntosh, with a heavy force, supported by Albert Pike's two thousand Indian allies, were pressing our line. The battle opened fiercely about eleven o'clock. The regiment was posted in the rear of a battery, and was greatly exposed. A ten-pound shell from the enemy's battery took off the head of a corporal in the front rank, passed through the neck and shoulders of a private in the rear rank, and, without exploding, buried itself in the breast of Lieut. Watts, of Co. K, killing all three instantly.

About four, P. M., the enemy made his last and most desperate charge on the left. Col. Hendricks fell, shot through the breast by a musket ball. Major Dailey was absent, receiving orders from Col. Pattison, commanding the brigade. Adjutant Powers, under the impression that our men were, through a mistake, turning our own battery upon our ranks, at the request of Col. Hendricks, passed to the left, and, on reaching the battery, saw that one section of it had been captured by the rebels, and turned against us. The left of the Twenty-Second having been forced by a desperate charge of the enemy, Adjutant Powers found it difficult to rejoin his command, and barely saved himself from death or capture. The enemy had brought the battery into an open field, and were raking our men terribly. Lieut. George S. Marshall, Eighteenth Indiana, aid to Col. Pattison, thinking it was our battery, rode up and ordered it to cease firing. Discovering the mistake, he accompanied Adjutant Powers to the Twenty-Second, and, there being no mounted officer present after the fall of Col. Hendricks, these brave officers rendered timely aid in re-forming the companies on the left, which had been thrown into confusion by the fierce onset of the enemy. Major Dailey, however, soon appeared, and, by a flank movement of the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second, the battery was recaptured. In a few minutes, the enemy, having lost their

leaders, McCulloch and McIntosh, who both fell in front of our brigade, abandoned the field, and commenced a precipitate retreat.

That night the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second Indiana moved over to assist Col. Carr; and next day, about eleven, A. M., a combined charge of infantry and artillery drove the enemy from the field, with great loss. The loss of the Twenty-Second, at Pea Ridge, was nine killed and thirty-two wounded.

After this battle, the enemy withdrew into the mountains, and left the Union army masters of the country in north-west Arkansas and south-west Missouri. The regiment went into camp at Cross Timbers, and remained there until the sixth of April. At that time the army started on the march across the Ozark Mountains. At Bull's Mills, Capt. Gooding having been promoted to the rank of Major, joined the regiment. Major Dailey was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel in place of Col. Hendricks, who was killed at Pea Ridge. Arriving at West Plains, Mo., on the thirtieth of April, the column turned towards the south and reached Sulphur Rock, near the flourishing town of Batesville, Ark.

On the ninth of May, Gen. Davis with his brigade, composed of the Twenty-Second Indiana, Twenty-Fifth, Thirty-Fifth and Fifty-Ninth Illinois regiments, was, by order of the Secretary of War, instructed to report to Gen. Halleck, in front of Corinth. The next day, the troops, in fine condition, started on the march for Cape Girardeau, on the Mississippi river, which place they reached on the evening of the twentieth, having made a march of two hundred and sixty miles in nine days, resting only one day during that time. Lieut. Col. Dailey here left the regiment on leave of absence, and Major Gooding took command.

At Cape Girardeau, the brigade embarked on board transports, the Twenty-Second taking the steamer *War Eagle*; and moving down the Mississippi, and up the Ohio and Tennessee rivers, the fleet arrived at Hamburg Landing, on the Tennessee, on the evening of the twenty-fifth.

On the twenty-seventh, Lieut. Colonel Dailey rejoined the regiment, and assumed command. The regiment at once

marched to the front, and took position behind the intrenchments before Corinth. For two days skirmishing and fighting were brisk, heavy cannonading and musketry resounding along the lines.

On the twenty-ninth, at early daybreak, a series of heavy explosions was heard from the enemy's works. Soon afterwards, it was ascertained that the rebel General Beauregard had blown up his magazines, and evacuated Corinth. The regiment soon passed through the deserted camps of the enemy, and for several days harrassed his rear guard, pursuing him to Booneville, Mississippi, capturing a number of prisoners, and destroying the railroad and a long train of cars.

The Twenty-Second camped near Booneville until the sixth of June, when it moved to Clear creek, near Corinth. Here excellent water, and good camping grounds, were obtained. On the twenty-fourth it left camp, and moved in a southeasterly direction, towards Rienzi. On the twenty-sixth, Col. Gooding rejoined the regiment. Marching westward on the Memphis road, through a fine cotton, grain and fruit country, the regiment proceeded fifteen miles beyond Ripley. The object of the expedition having been accomplished, the regiment returned through Ripley, and went into camp, on the fourth of July, within one mile of Jacinto, in a well watered and healthy region. It remained here for a month, performing picket and guard duty.

On the twentieth of July, Gen. Davis having obtained leave of absence, Gen. R. B. Mitchell took command of the division. On the fourth of August, Gen. Mitchell made a reconnoissance to Bay Springs, fifteen miles in the direction of Tupelo. The expedition was a complete success. A camp of rebel cavalry was broken up, and several prisoners taken; an extensive cotton factory and large mill destroyed, and a large amount of stores confiscated. The expedition arrived at Iuka on the ninth, and remained in camp there until the seventeenth. The regiment then marched to the Tennessee river, crossed that stream at Eastport, and moved up the river to Florence, Alabama. Here all tents and baggage were left, and the force started for Kentucky.

Gen. Bragg had invaded Kentucky, and was threatening

Louisville and Cincinnati. Buell's army was in rapid pursuit. The march from Florence to Louisville was long, tedious and fatiguing. The regiment reached Louisville on the twenty-seventh of September, and left that place on the first of October, passing through Bardstown and Springfield. Col. Post being sick, Col. Gooding took command of the brigade. Lieut. Col. Dailey having resigned, Lieut. Col. Keith took command of the regiment.

On the eight the battle of Perryville was fought. Col. Gooding's brigade bore a conspicuous part in this battle. For two hours and a half this gallant brigade held immense numbers of the enemy in check, delivering a heavy and deliberate fire into the opposing masses of the enemy. A deadly fire swept their ranks. Many of their comrades fell, yet they bravely faced the deadly storm. At dark Col. Gooding was taken prisoner. The brave and heroic Keith was mortally wounded at the head of the regiment. The gallant Capt. R. K. Smith, Lieut. Sibbitts, Lieut. Tolbert, and Lieut. Ridlen, met their death in battling for their country. Forty-six of their comrades sleep the sleep of death on that fatal field. Lieut. McBride was mortally wounded. More than ninety others were wounded, some mortally. Over thirty were taken prisoners. The loss of the regiment was fifty per cent. Night put an end to the battle.

Five days afterwards, the regiment, commanded by Capt. Tanner, was confronted by a formidable force of rebel cavalry at Lancaster, Ky. A skirmish took place, and the rebel cavalry fled. From Lancaster the pursuit of Bragg's army was continued to Crab Orchard, Ky. Here Mitchell's division halted for a few days.

On the twentieth the division marched to Danville; thence back through Lancaster, on a three days' scout, to Lowell, twenty-five miles distant; and returning the same way, started for Nashville, Tennessee, passing through Lebanon. Halted on the thirtieth on Green river to be mustered. Thence the regiment passed through Bowling Green to Nashville, going into camp, on the seventh of November, on the north bank of the Cumberland river, opposite the city. On the tenth, Gen. Davis, the hero of Pea Ridge, assumed command of his

old division. Gen. Mitchell took command of the post of Nashville.

On the twenty-eighth the regiment crossed the Cumberland, passed through the city of Nashville, and, with the rest of the division, went into camp three miles south of the city. Col. Gooding, having been exchanged, joined the regiment, and took command. Capt. Shea was promoted to the rank of Major. On the twelfth of December, the regiment moved to another camp, seven miles southeast of Nashville, at a place called St. James Chapel. Here it was employed in picket duty and foraging, and was engaged in several exciting skirmishes while scouring the country in search of food.

On the twenty-sixth a forward movement of the Army of the Cumberland was made on Murfreesboro, which resulted in the battle of Stone River. Gen. Davis' division led the advance, going by the way of Nolensville, a small town midway between Murfreesboro and Nashville, a few miles to the right of the main road connecting the two places. Here the enemy had a strong force of cavalry, infantry and artillery, advantageously posted.

Soon after leaving camp at St. James Chapel, skirmishing began between our advance and the enemy's pickets. At twelve o'clock we forced in their outposts, and attacked their main body, which, after a spirited resistance, gave way, falling back to a more favorable position. Gen. Davis, moving his infantry forward at a charge, closely followed by two good batteries, pursued the rebels so closely, that they scarcely had time to form and bring their artillery to bear upon us. In one hour their lines were broken, one piece of artillery captured, several prisoners taken, and the rebel force put to a precipitate flight. Our loss was only four wounded. The affair at Nolensville was well managed, rendering it one of the most brilliant and successful enterprises of the campaign.

The enemy contested our advance from day to day, though not with so much vigor as at Nolensville, until the thirtieth, when the army of Gen. Rosecrans had contracted its lines, and was well concentrated upon the enemy's position at Murfreesboro, McCook's corps, including Davis' division, holding the right.

Early on the morning of the thirty-first the battle opened. During the previous night Bragg massed the greater part of his force to operate against, and, if possible, to turn our right. On came the rebels, closely followed by their artillery. Our troops hastily formed, and poured into their ranks volley after volley. Our artillery opened on them with grape and canister, cutting frightful gaps in their battalions; yet they wavered only for a few moments; then, closing their ranks, they bravely and heroically pressed forward. After desperate fighting, McCook's corps, overpowered and overwhelmed, faltered and gave way, but soon rallied, and stubbornly resisted the impetuous and reckless advance of the rebels, who, yelling like demons, swept on like an avalanche. The enemy, having succeeded in turning our right, greatly elated by his success, pushed on until within point blank range of Rousseau's and Negley's divisions, who opened upon him a murderous and galling fire. The flushed columns of the rebels halted and returned the fire. But deadlier became our volleys. The rebels hesitated. Seeing that delay only added to their destruction, they turned and fled to the forests. The ardor of the rebels was cooled, and night put an end to the fight for that day.

When the battle opened, five companies of the Twenty-Second were thrown forward as skirmishers. They deployed, and covered the entire front of the brigade; leaving the remaining five companies to occupy the place and bear the shock hurled against the whole regiment. The five companies were ordered to support Pinney's Wisconsin battery, and poured a deadly fire of musketry into the ranks of the advancing foe, while Pinney's battery delivered its grape and canister with fatal precision. The companies held the position until Lieut. Col. Tanner was severely wounded, and Capt Pinney mortally wounded. The battery, with the exception of one gun, was saved. The regiment soon re-formed and took place in line.

The next day, January first, 1863, a vigorous onset was made by Bragg upon our center, but the enemy was repulsed with heavy loss. On the second an attack was made on our left; but the enemy met with such a warm reception that he

retired in haste before our victorious columns, taking shelter behind his works, and leaving hundreds of his dead and wounded in our possession.

The Twenty-Second was thrown on the left as a support. The enemy was now confined to the limits of his intrenchments. Knowing that delay was dangerous, he commenced a well executed plan of withdrawal, covering his real design by a feint on the night of the third. In this he was foiled, and on Saturday morning, January fourth, our forces took possession of the town of Murfreesboro'. The loss of the regiment in this battle was twelve killed, thirty-six wounded, and thirty taken prisoners.

After the battle of Stone river, the Twenty-Second, with other troops belonging to Gen. Davis' division, encamped near the river, two miles south of the town. In February it accompanied General Davis on an expedition to Franklin, desiguing to counteract a movement of the enemy towards Cumberland.

After an absence of twelve days the division returned to Murfreesboro', and in March started by way of Eaglesville to Triune. While on this scout, on the anniversary of the battle of Pea Ridge, Gen. Davis delivered a short address to the regiment, in which he spoke of the long marches, bloody battles and skirmishes through which the regiment had passed.

It is claimed that no regiment in the service has made longer marches than the Twenty-Second. Traversing the central, south-western and entire southern portion of Missouri, north-western and northern Arkansas, portions of Mississippi and Alabama, across the States of Tennessee and Kentucky, a journey of five thousand miles, all of which, with the exception of seven hundred miles, was performed on foot.

Here we leave the regiment. It is now, November sixteenth, 1863, at Chattanooga, with Grant's gallant army, prepared to fight for the old flag until the rebellion is crushed.

MAJOR GORDON TANNER.

Gordon Tanner was born near Brownstown, Jackson county, Indiana, July nineteenth, 1829. His father, Colonel

Thomas Tanner, a native of Kentucky, moved to Indiana soon after he reached his majority, and located on a beautiful farm where he lived until his death, in 1845. Col. Tanner was a man of imposing appearance, and possessed great firmness and decision of character, with noble qualities of head and heart. He had a predilection for the military service. In 1830 he was appointed Colonel of the Seventeenth Regiment Indiana Militia, and held the commission until his death. He left a widow and seven children dependent upon their own exertions.

The great grandfather of Gordon Tanner was an officer in the army of the revolution. He was wounded at the battle of King's Mountain, which caused the loss of an arm.

Gordon Tanner was the eldest of five sons. From infancy he was of weak frame, and had ever to contend with bodily infirmities. Early in life he exhibited genius, intellect, and mental energy of an extraordinary character. At six years of age he could read and write with remarkable correctness. With his father's assistance, at home, he made rapid advances in scholastic attainments. All his leisure was devoted to reading; and this mental food was supplied from the Franklin Library, of Brownstown, an association of which his father was a member. His reading in boyhood,—a taste for which continued through life,—was principally literary reviews and criticisms; the choicest poetical works; biography and history. He had an especial fondness for the productions of the early English authors. His library contained many rare works of literature and art.

At the age of thirteen he commenced a thorough preparation in the languages and mathematics for a collegiate course. Just as he was ready to enter the State University his father died, and he was left at the age of sixteen with the care and responsibility of providing for his mother's family. He undertook the management of the farm; but amid the anxieties and labors thus early thrown upon him, he found time to cultivate his literary tastes.

When war was declared against Mexico, he entered the army in an Indiana company of volunteers, under the command of Capt. Ford. On his way to the seat of war, at New

Orleans, he was attacked with yellow fever, and lay sick for three months. On his recovery he was appointed recruiting officer for the Third Regiment Indiana volunteers, which position he held until the war was ended. He then resumed his collegiate course, and was a student at the State University, at Bloomington, Indiana, during the years 1848-9. In the latter year he commenced the study of law. In 1850 he published and edited the *Brownstown Observer*, but he disposed of the establishment in a few months, for the purpose of joining the Cuban expedition under Walker. Fortunately he arrived in New Orleans four days after the steamer had left, which carried those men to their untimely end and sad fate. He returned home and resumed the study of law. In 1850-1, he was Assistant Secretary of the Constitutional Convention of Indiana. In 1854 he was elected by the Legislature State Librarian, and while occupying that position, he assisted in editing the *Democratic Review*, and furnished some of the ablest literary and political articles which it contained. In 1856 he edited the *Democratic Platform*, a political campaign paper, and his vigorous pen made a marked impression during that memorable presidential canvass. He was elected that year, by popular vote, Reporter of the Decisions of the Supreme Court; and for four years filled the position with marked ability, and gained a reputation enviable and enduring.

Major Tanner was a Democrat. He was an enthusiastic admirer and devoted friend of Stephen A. Douglas, and followed the political fortunes of that great statesman and political leader, with unswerving fidelity. His was not a sycophantic, blind devotion to the representative of a great political party; but arose from the firm conviction of a man who thought and believed that the principles which Douglas advocated, reflected the spirit, as well as the letter, of the Constitution, and that the policy he espoused was best calculated to give vitality to our *Magna Charta* and perpetuate the Union in its career of unexampled progress and prosperity. The great speeches of Mr. Douglas, just before and after the inauguration of President Lincoln, expressed the sentiments which Major Tanner thought should be enter-

tained by every patriotic citizen, and in his view suggested the only true and peaceful solution of the nation's troubles.

Sumter fell. The President issued his call for volunteers to put down the armed rebellion in the seceded States, to preserve the Constitution and the Union, as framed by the wise, sagacious, and patriotic fathers of the republic. Major Tanner believed it to be his duty to tender his services to the Governor of Indiana as a volunteer in the army of the republic, asking only a position in which he could do honor alike to his native State and himself.

Major Tanner had State pride, and he was anxious that Indiana should occupy that position among her sister republics, and exert that influence in the destinies of the nation, which had been withheld her, but to which she was justly entitled. At the Legislative re-union, in Cincinnati, in January, 1860, at which the Legislatures of Tennessee, Kentucky and Ohio, were present, Major Tanner was called upon to respond to a toast complimentary to Indiana, as her representative in that assembly of the most prominent citizens from contiguous States, two slave, and two free. No address on that occasion expressed more patriotic and truthful sentiments. It was brief, but peculiarly appropriate to the occasion. It was singularly prophetic of the events which have since transpired. His prophecies, if we may so term them, have become history. As the speech is a specimen of his peculiar temperament, composition, and far-seeing sagacity, no more appropriate tribute can be offered to his memory than to reproduce it. He said:

“On behalf of the citizens of Indiana, from the lake to the Ohio, from the Miami to the Wabash—on behalf of the whole people of our State, the humblest of her citizens may express gratitude for, and thankfulness to the Divine Providence which has brought together, in peace and harmony, the contending brethren of sister republics. Indiana responds, throughout all her borders, to each and every expression of patriotism and devotion to the Union which has been uttered by the eloquent and honored representatives of her elder and greater sisters. Thank God! Indiana needs no panegyric. Not one word need be said of her devotion to the union of

these States. Her past history speaks for her. There is not this day one disunionist, one secessionist, within her boundaries. There is not a battalion of drilled soldiery in the northwest that could prevent the conservative masses of Indiana from hanging a professed disunionist on the nearest tree. She has been, in some sort, a silent member. She has been the Cinderella of a more brilliant and favored sisterhood. What influences have brought a great and powerful State to this position, I do not now propose to point out. But from this time forth she intends that her voice shall be heard and her power felt in determining the destinies of this republic.

“The time for action has come. We have among us those who can move the people by their eloquence. We have among us those who have fought more wordy battles for the Union, against more fearful odds, than have been fought by the citizens of any State of the Confederacy. But we are tired of talking about disunion. We are ready for the ‘overt act.’ We are ready to pledge our wealth, our intellect, our muscle, and honor to the people of the Mississippi Valley to ‘crush out treason wherever it may rear its head.’”

And Indiana has made her voice heard and her power felt in determining the destinies of the republic. Her wealth, her intellect, her muscle, and honor have been freely contributed to “crush out treason wherever it has raised its head.” On every successful battle field her sons have been found winning new laurels to garland her escutcheon, and performing deeds of valor that will make her star the brightest of the galaxy. Indiana’s part in the war of the Union will give her the individuality and fame which Major Tanner so much desired her sons should win, and for which he sacrificed his own life.

On the second of August, Gordon Tanner was appointed Major of the Twenty-Second Regiment Indiana volunteers. In that regiment were two of his brothers, one a Captain, and the other a Second Lieutenant. On the sixteenth of the same month his regiment was ordered to service in Missouri. With a natural taste for military affairs, and some experience in a soldier’s life, he rapidly acquired a thorough knowledge of his duties. It is only expressing the sentiment of every

member of his regiment, when it is said he was its idol. Cool, brave, energetic, and determined, he promised to be one of the most useful officers in the service. He had every prospect of a brilliant future. His towering ambition,—subordinate, as it really was, to the great interests at issue in the nation's struggle for life,—had he been spared and opportunity been given him, would have led him onward until he had performed deeds of valor which would have given him a proud name and an enviable fame. But he left home with a sad presentiment. He never expected to return. He told his friends that he did not expect to survive the first engagement with the enemy. Alas! these sad forebodings too soon became reality. He did his duty with alacrity, and cheerfully laid down his life for his country.

On the eighteenth of September, the Eighteenth, Twenty-Second and Twenty-Sixth Indiana regiments were ordered up the Missouri river towards Glasgow. On nearing the town three companies of the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second, under command of Major Tanner, were detailed for a reconnoissance, in the performance of which duty he received a mortal wound. He was immediately conveyed to Jefferson City, where every attention that friends and a devoted wife could render, and all that medical skill could do, to alleviate his suffering and save his life, was done; but in vain. For eleven days he suffered intensely, but exhibited in those long hours of agony all that fortitude and those marked peculiarities which had distinguished him through life. On the thirtieth of September, his brave, patriotic and gallant spirit took its flight.

“A warrior's weapon had freed a warrior's soul.”

Every respect was paid to his memory. Brigadier General Thomas L. Price, commanding at Jefferson City, Missouri, issued a general order, in which he said:

“The General Commanding learns with regret the decease of Major Gordon Tanner, of the Twenty-Second regiment of Indiana volunteers—one of the bravest of those who have given their lives for their country. The loss of this brave and gallant officer, in the present condition of our country, is

not only one of great importance to the army, but is also a cause of deep regret to thousands of his comrades in arms, many of whom looked forward to gaining distinction and success under his command."

The remains of Major Tanner were taken to his home, Indianapolis, for interment, and received the honor due a patriot and a soldier. The members of the bar, in a feeling tribute to his memory, said: "It was due at once to the virtues of the deceased and to the members of the profession that he adorned while living, to join with the community in lamenting that our fellow-citizen, endeared to us by the kindness of his nature, the integrity of his conduct, and the promise of future usefulness, has been cut off before that promise had been realized; but not before he had given ample evidence of his capacity for a life honorable and useful to the country."

On the fourth of October, 1861, the mortal remains of Major Gordon Tanner were laid in their final resting place, with all the honors of war, and every manifestation of respect, by the citizens of Indianapolis. A faithful wife, and a son eight years old, are left to mourn the loss of a devoted husband and father.

The career of Major Tanner illustrates, most forcibly, the advantages and workings of republican institutions. No adventitious circumstances of birth or fortune attended him. He fought his own way through life from childhood onward. He was the architect of his own fortune. Knowing that his future depended on his own efforts, he became self-reliant. He was ambitious. He sought fame and distinction in the paths of honor; and they were the incentives which inspired him with hope and courage through the toil by which they are reached. Major Tanner was no orator, but when the occasion required it, he could speak forcibly and well. He excelled as a writer. His compositions—and he wrote much on varied subjects—display thought, accuracy, comprehension and cultivation. His reports of the decisions of the Supreme Court of Indiana, present the evidence that he had thoroughly mastered the science of the law, and well understood the application of its principles; his published reviews and criti-

cisms show that he was a thorough *belles lettres* scholar; and his political treatises are the best testimony that he had thoroughly studied and comprehended the art or science of governing men.

Major Tanner was a genial companion. He had but few associates, but to them the windows of his soul were always open. He was devoted to his friends. He was exceedingly sensitive and reserved, except with those in whom he had entire confidence. This greatly prevented his attaining that personal popularity so essential an element of success in public men. Wielding a caustic pen himself, the sarcasm and ridicule, too often used as a weapon against an adversary, stung him to the quick. A man of strong passions, he could both love and hate. He was a man of generous heart, and a public-spirited citizen, ever ready to contribute his efforts and means to promote social happiness and the public good. He was the kindest of husbands, and the most indulgent of fathers, ever manifesting towards his family a woman's gentleness.

In no more flattering and just terms can the private character of Major Tanner be portrayed, than by quoting his own estimate of one of Indiana's sons:

"In his private relations he was noble and generous. He contemned a mean thing, and disdained a cowardly act. He was a firm and devoted friend. His attachments were few but strong. He was not too much a partisan to be a gentleman. He would fight a man as a political enemy, and at the same time love him as a personal friend. He had more respect for the bold man who opposed him with an earnest and determined spirit, than the slave who waits for others to act, and then sides with the strong."

Gordon Tanner died young. Although he had occupied many honorable public positions, he was but on the threshold of usefulness. He looked forward hopefully to greater enterprises than any he had accomplished; but death has cut off his ambitious aims. Had he lived, he had the intellect and the accomplishments to have fitted him, and the will to have striven, for the most elevated positions in the public service

But he has gone from us forever. The memory of his many virtues will be cherished by those who knew and loved him.

LIEUTENANT COLONEL S. I. KEITH

Was born in Dover, Mason county, Kentucky, on the thirtieth of November, 1837. As a youth, he was noted for gentleness; but, as the boy grew to manhood, time developed in him indomitable energy and an iron will. At the first call to arms, he responded, and enlisted as a private in Capt. Abbett's company; but the company failed to get into the three months' service on account of an over supply of troops. Not discouraged, S. I. Keith at once went to work to raise a company for three years' service; and succeeded so well, that on the fifteenth of August, 1861, the company was raised. Keith was commissioned as Captain, and his command attached to the Twenty-Second Indiana, as company G.

Through the Missouri campaign, with its terrible exposure, fatigue and suffering, Capt. Keith was cheerful, and used every effort to encourage his men. At the battle of Pea Ridge, when Lieut. Col. Hendricks fell, and the regiment was almost surrounded by the swarming masses of the enemy, Capt. Keith's company formed the rear guard, and held the enemy in check until the regiment fell back, when Capt. Keith, at the head of his company, cut his way through and rejoined his regiment. His gallant conduct, in this battle, endeared him to the command. The regiment, after the battle of Shiloh, joined the army of Gen. Halleck, and participated in the seige of Corinth, Capt. Keith being almost constantly in the front.

On the eighteenth of July, 1862, Capt. Keith was commissioned Major of the Twenty-Second; and on the twenty-third was appointed Lieutenant Colonel. After the seige of Corinth, the regiment was attached to Gen. Buell's command, and joined in the pursuit of Bragg through Kentucky. On arriving at Louisville, Col. Keith made a short visit to his home in Columbus, Ind. He rejoined his regiment soon after, and at the battle of Perryville took command, Col. Gooding, of the Twenty-Second, being in command of the

brigade. Col. Keith led a furious bayonet charge, driving the enemy from their position, with fearful loss. In this desperate battle, the brave Col. Keith lost his life. The circumstances attending his death were as follows:

When nearly dark, on the eighth of October, Col. Keith was ordered, with his regiment, to the support of the Fifty-Ninth Illinois. Marching by the left flank down a hill into the woods, he was halted by the rebel Gen. Hardee, who asked, "What command?" Col. Keith replied, "The Twenty-Second Indiana from Pea Ridge." Hardee then said, "I belong to the same command;" and, pointing to the rebels in Union uniforms, and with the United States flag, said, "These are my troops;" and, riding quickly to the rear of his column, gave the command, "Fire!" By that volley Col. Keith was mortally wounded. He was carried by his men to the rear, when he remarked, "I must die; go back and do your duty." The next morning he was dead. He was buried in a soldier's grave; a board was placed at its head to mark the spot. Soon afterwards his remains were conveyed to Columbus, Ind., and interred in the family burying ground. He was true in all the relations of life.

Thus died a brave man and a true patriot.

INVASION OF KENTUCKY.

CHAPTER XVII.

The position assumed by Kentucky in the beginning of the struggle was that of neutrality. It seemed to be the dream of her rulers, and of a large portion of her people, that they could place their State as a breakwater between the gathering armies, and secure the blessings of peace, by rolling back the tide of war. It is not our design to discuss the wisdom of this policy, or to question the motives of those who were responsible for it. The effects we have experienced; the facts it is our province to state. In response to the President's call for troops after the fall of Fort Sumter, Gov. Magoffin curtly replied: "Your dispatch is received. In answer, I say, emphatically, Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister Southern States." On the twenty-fourth of April the Governor issued a proclamation, convening the Legislature in extraordinary session, at Frankfort, on the sixth day of May.

In the meantime, Gov. Magoffin, whose loyalty to the Union was doubted, both within and without the Commonwealth, used every effort to put the State in a warlike attitude. He professed to a sincerity of purpose to prevent the passage of armed bodies across the borders of Kentucky from either section. Neutrality had become armed neutrality. The State Guard, partially organized before the rebellion, was placed on a war footing; and strenuous efforts were made to raise money to arm and equip those troops. The true

Union men became more and more alarmed as they witnessed these preparations. The State Guard was under the direction of Gen. Buckner, who was then believed to be what he has since proved himself—a decided and bitter secessionist. The young men of the State flocked to Buckner's standard. Their sympathies were with the South. Large numbers of them threw off all disguise, and left their homes for the seceded States. In some instances companies were raised with the avowed purpose of tendering their services to the Montgomery Government. The restless warlike element was evidently hostile to the Federal Government. Tenders of troops were made to President Lincoln by individuals resident in Kentucky; but in no instance were the rank and file of the regiments offered at this period expected to be raised within the State.

The result of the elections for members of the General Assembly was a decided Union majority in both branches. The Legislature met at Frankfort on the sixth of May. The excitement was intense; for the stake at issue was immense. Various military schemes were proposed, some of which evidently looked to the project of arming the State as an ally of the South. During the discussion of these projects, Gov. Magoffin issued his proclamation of neutrality, in which he warned all States, separate or united, and "especially the United States and Confederate States," that he positively forbid any movements upon Kentucky soil, or the occupation, within her borders, of any post or military camp, and warned all citizens, whether incorporated in the State Guard or otherwise, from making any hostile demonstration against any of the aforesaid authorities. A strict construction of this proclamation of neutrality would have led to the expulsion of the United States troops from the barracks at Newport, which had for years been a Federal military post. The partisans of the Governor, however, contended that he was a good Union man, and that his object was to keep the State within the Union, and free from strife, and in such an attitude, that she could act as an arbiter between the contending sections. This would have been a high and holy mission; but Beriah Magoffin was believed to be too deeply implicated

in the schemes of the secession leaders to command the confidence of the loyal people of Kentucky. A resolution, endorsing the proclamation as containing the true policy for Kentucky, was defeated in the Legislature. The bill introduced by the Chairman of the Military Committee was also defeated. A bill, however, was passed, appropriating seven hundred and fifty thousand dollars for the purchase of arms, to be distributed under the direction of commissioners, appointed by the Legislature, and requiring organized companies to take an oath to support the Constitution of the United States before they should receive them. The passage of this bill took the control of the military force of the State out of the hands of the Governor and of Gen. Buckner, and was considered a decided Union triumph. The Legislature, after a short session, adjourned to meet on the first Monday in September.

It soon became evident to the most sanguine advocates of neutrality, that such a condition could not long be maintained. The strife between Unionists and secessionists increased in bitterness. The papers in Tennessee were clamoring for the Confederate occupation of Kentucky, under pretense of affording protection to those who were opposed, politically, to the Federal administration, and as a protection against the invasion of their own State. The large Federal force assembled at Cairo was made a pretext for this clamor. By the fifth of June five thousand Union troops were gathered at that point, and fortifications were erected there and at Bird's Point, on the Missouri shore. The Mississippi river was effectually blockaded; and the order from the Treasury Department, prohibiting the shipment of supplies South, was rigidly enforced along the shores of Kentucky, bordering upon the Ohio river. The shipment of arms, by the Federal Government, to be placed in the hands of Union citizens, caused serious disturbance in several districts in the State. Notwithstanding the test of the elections showed a large majority in favor of sharing the fortunes of the old Union, the secession minority was often bold and defiant. The Union men felt assured, during the months of July and August, that preparations were being made by the Confeder-

ates to invade the State through Tennessee, by throwing a force through Cumberland Gap. Faith in the efficacy of the neutrality doctrine waned, and recruiting for the Federal service was stimulated, and camps were formed, within the State.

On the nineteenth of August, Gov. Magoffin addressed a letter to President Lincoln, requesting him to withdraw the Federal troops from the military camps. He claimed for the policy he had adopted peace and tranquility within the borders of the State, and expressed an earnest desire to maintain it; and urged his belief that the horrors of civil war would be averted by the course he recommended. The President declined to comply with his request. The military force in the State, he said, consisted exclusively of Kentuckians, and the establishment of the camps had been recommended by many eminent citizens of Kentucky, including a large majority of her members of Congress; and that no person, except his Excellency and the bearer of his letter, had ever urged their removal. One worthy citizen, he continued, did solicit him to have the augmenting of the force suspended for a time, and he had complied with that request. On the same day that the letter above referred to was sent to the President, a message was dispatched to Richmond with a note from the Governor, reiterating the desire of Kentucky to continue her neutrality—stating that Federal camps were established in the central portions of the State—expressing the fears of the people, that the Confederate force gathering on the Southern border would be used for the purpose of invasion—and calling upon Mr. Davis to give an authoritative assurance that they would not be so used. In his reply, President Davis expressed the strong desire of the Confederate authorities to respect the position assumed by Kentucky so long as it was maintained in good faith; but added, that “if the door be opened on the one side for the aggressions of one of the belligerent parties upon the other, it ought not to be shut to the assailed, when they seek to enter it for purposes of self-defense.” “The assemblage,” he said, “of troops in Tennessee had no other object than to repel the lawless invasion of that State by the forces of the United

States, should their Government seek to approach it through Kentucky, without respect for its position of neutrality.”

This correspondence clearly foreshadowed the fate of Kentucky. The Government at Washington could not forego the right to march through a loyal State to reduce a disloyal one to submission; and the moment the door was opened on one side for the passage of troops, it would be broken violently on the other to resist their march. Without strength to beat back both parties, the State, lulled to sleep by its vision of neutrality, must become the battle field of the contending parties.

When the Legislature met on the first of September, the crisis was at hand. On the third, the Confederate General Polk occupied Columbus with a large force. He issued an address, giving, as his reasons for violating the neutrality of Kentucky, that the Federal Government had first done so, by establishing camps in that State, and that batteries were being erected on the Missouri shore to command the town. On the sixth, Paducah, at the mouth of Tennessee river, was occupied by Federal troops from Cairo, under Gen. C. F. Smith; and a camp was formed on the Kentucky shore a short distance above the junction of the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, called in honor of a distinguished Kentuckian, Joseph Holt, who had already taken a decided stand in favor of the Government. Thus was the dream of neutrality, in which doubtless many good and loyal men had resposed in fancied security, rudely broken by the tread of armed legions, and the thunder of hostile cannon.

The most intense excitement was created by the movements of the rebel commander. Rumors of the occupation of Bowling Green were rife on the streets of Louisville and Frankfort, and it was reported that the State Guard intended seizing Muldraugh's Hill, a commanding point on the Nashville railroad, a few miles from Louisville. The Legislature immediately sent commissioners to Gen. Polk to know by what authority he invaded the State; and the Governor was requested by resolution to issue a proclamation, commanding the Confederate General to withdraw his troops. An attempt was made to engraft another resolution upon the

one just passed, to require the Governor to include the Federal troops in his order; but it signally failed. The proclamation was issued, but it was ineffective.

The State, however, was by this time thoroughly aroused, and men flocked to the Federal standard. Regiments were soon in process of organization in different parts of the State. A few months before, recruiting for Kentucky regiments was done in Ohio and Indiana; but the tread of the invader upon her soil, roused the spirit of the sons of the "dark and bloody ground," who sprung to arms in defense of their homes.

The Military Board was directed by the Legislature to call in the arms which had been distributed to the State Guard; and the report of the Committee on Federal relations, pledging the State for the payment of the war tax, and for the performance of all her constitutional obligations, was adopted by a large majority. Gen. Anderson, of Fort Sumter notoriety, had been sent to Kentucky. It was his native State, and much was hoped for from his ability as a commander, and his influence with the people. The Legislature requested his aid in raising troops; and placed the State Guard under the command of Col. T. L. Crittenden, a son of the venerable Senator, who, in his place in the lower branch of Congress, as a representative of the State which had so often honored him, labored with lofty patriotism to stay the tide of desolation which was sweeping over the land. Col. Crittenden had served in the war with Mexico, and was an aide-de-camp to Gen. Taylor at Buena Vista. Like his venerated father, he was true to his country in her hour of peril.

Gen. Rousseau, who had raised a brigade, and drilled it in camp, on the Indiana shore, about this time marched through Louisville, and took possession of Muldraugh's Hill. Troops from Indiana were freely offered to assist in holding the rebels in check. Four hundred men of the Indiana Legion, from Jennings and Jefferson counties, with several pieces of artillery, marched to Louisville, under command of Gen. Mansfield, and offered their services to Gen. Anderson. Gen. Anderson rejected the artillery on account of the guns not

being of uniform calibre, and declined to receive the men unless they would volunteer for an indefinite period.

About the twentieth of August, Gov. Morehead and other prominent secessionists, were arrested and sent North; and Gen. Buckner fled to the Confederate lines, causing the bridge over the Rolling Fork, on the Louisville and Nashville road, to be burned by his adherents. His flight was followed on the twenty-second by the departure southward from Lexington, of John C. Breckinridge, late Vice-President of the United States, Wm. B. Preston, late Minister to Spain, the Secretary of the Commonwealth of Kentucky, and other notables of the State. John Morgan, since so famous as a cavalry commander in the rebel army, left Lexington about the same time, at the head of a company of mounted men.

The repudiation of the policy of neutrality by the Legislature and people of the State, was followed by a period of great activity in military circles. Gen. W. T. Sherman was in command of the Federal forces on the line of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, with his headquarters at Lebanon Junction. His pickets extended to Elizabethtown. Gen. Rousseau, with his brigade, held Muldraugh's Hill, at that time considered an important position. The force collected by Gen. Sherman was a motley one. Home Guards from the adjoining counties, citizens from Louisville, armed with whatever implement of warfare they had at hand, mountaineers from the knobs of Salt creek, with their squirrel rifles, and a few half organized volunteer regiments, without uniforms, composed his force. The Sixth was the first regiment from Indiana to cross the border into Kentucky. It was re-organized after having been mustered out of the three months' service, and marched to Kentucky without waiting for an answer to requisitions on the Quartermasters Department. Other regiments rapidly followed from Indiana and Ohio, and soon Gen. Sherman had a respectable force to keep back the roving bands of guerrillas who were threatening his lines. Gen. G. H. Thomas, another regular army officer, was in command at Camp Dick Robinson, in the central part of the State. The Confederates were concentrating in force at Bowling Green, and had already commenced their fortifica-

tions at that point, while their scouts roamed over the country to the Federal lines, and their advanced post was at Nolen, on the Nashville railroad, having the road well guarded from there to the Cumberland river. In front of Gen. Thomas was a large force under command of Gen. Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, and Humphrey Marshall was gathering the disaffected of Eastern Kentucky into his camps on the Big Sandy.

The situation was critical. The Confederate government knew the importance of Kentucky as a battle ground, and was not disposed to quibble about the means used to get possession of it. In addition to the number of the young men who had entered the Southern army, many who remained at home, strongly sympathized with the effort of the rebel leaders to extend their power over the State. Gen. Buckner issued a stirring address to the people, and being in possession of two-thirds of the line of the Louisville and Nashville railroad, with his headquarters at Bowling Green, and his detachments roaming over half the State, it was not without effect in rallying even the more lukewarm of the secession party to his standard. Buckner destroyed the locks on Green river, and Zollicoffer advanced to Manchester.

The armies increased rapidly in numbers on both sides. Troops from Ohio, Indiana and Illinois were hurried across the border fast as regiments were organized. The struggle was rapidly becoming one of vast proportions. Gen. Sherman succeeded General Anderson in the chief command on the seventh of October. He was an officer of energy and ability, and felt the responsibility imposed on him. He comprehended the situation. He knew the North must put forth its power to save the State to the Union. He was regarded as crazy because he said that two hundred thousand men were needed to drive back the southern armies. It would have been well for the country had a few more such crazy men then held important commands, and successfully urged the adoption of their views upon the government at Washington.

The rapidity with which Indiana organized and sent forward her troops was remarkable. The danger which menaced Kentucky struck a chord that vibrated through the heart of Indiana. Except the invasion of her own soil, there was

no event that could so thoroughly arouse her people as the tread of hostile feet upon the fair fields of a State, to which she was bound by so many tender ties. Indiana believed, and not without evidence, that the majority of the citizens of Kentucky were opposed to the revolutionary schemes of the Southern leaders, and every generous impulse impelled them to rush to their assistance. It was evident, too, that their own homes could be more effectually defended on the banks of the Cumberland than on the shores of the Ohio. The desire to aid Kentucky was universal. Men of all parties and of every shade of opinion were united on that point. As the hastily organized regiments crossed the beautiful river separating the sister States, the names of many of Indiana's sons, who have since won unfading honor on the gory fields of battle, were then first heard of as military men. How quickly and how well their first lessons in the art of war were learned, will appear from the histories of their regiments, and from the sketches of the campaigns in which they participated.

Lieut. Col. T. J. Wood, of the First regular cavalry, formerly mustering officer for Indiana, was appointed a Brigadier General of volunteers. He arrived at Nolen on the tenth of October, and formed the first Indiana brigade in Kentucky. His staff were Indianians. Capt. Wm. H. Schlater was his Adjutant General, Capt. George W. Wiley, of the Thirty-Ninth, Chief Commissary, and Lieuts. George W. Leonard, of the Thirty-Sixth, and F. A. Clark, of the Twenty-Ninth, aides-de-camp. Gen. Wood was shortly after placed in command of the camp of instruction at Bardstown, where many of the new regiments were sent.

Some of the regiments, when but a few days from their homes, proceeded to the front, and encountered the enemy. The Thirty-Third Indiana, Col. Coburn, left Indianapolis on the last of September, passed through Frankfort, Camp Dick Robinson and Crab Orchard, joining the forces under Gen. Schoepff, which encountered and checked the advance of Zollicoffer's army at Wild Cat on the twenty-first of October. Zollicoffer, by forced marches, was hastening to overrun the blue grass region, and thus secure that rich territory as a base of operations for the Confederate army. For a description of

the fight at Wild Cat, and the operations in that district, we refer to the history of the Thirty-Third in this volume.

GEN. BUELL'S CAMPAIGN.

On the fifteenth of November, 1861, Gen. Don Carlos Buell arrived at Louisville, and assumed command of the new Department of the Ohio, which embraced the States of Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Tennessee and that portion of Kentucky east of the Cumberland river. Gen. Albert Sidney Johnson was in command of the Confederate army west, and was preparing to make a vigorous campaign, for the possession of Louisville and the establishment of his line on the Ohio river. He had thirty-five thousand men north of the Cumberland river, and garrisons at Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, and was in railroad communication with Columbus, on the Mississippi, where a large force was stationed under command of Gen. Polk. His communication between these points and Nashville was uninterrupted. With these facilities he could soon concentrate at any point all the force of the Confederacy not required elsewhere for defense. He had also two thousand five hundred men under Humphrey Marshall on the north-eastern border of the State, and a force under Gen. Zollicoffer at, and near, Cumberland Gap, which had recently attempted to overrun the rich central portions of the State, and might at any time renew the attempt. Bands were yet being organized in the rear of our lines to join the rebel ranks. At that time the Confederacy was not seriously threatened at any point except in front of Washington. The sea coast expeditions had not yet been thoroughly organized. Our forces in Missouri and Western Virginia were not prepared to operate beyond the limits of those States. Kentucky, therefore, offered to the enemy the most encouraging field for successful operations. The disloyal element in the State confidently expected the rebel troops to be in possession of Louisville in a very short period, and did not conceal their satisfaction at the prospect. Gen. Buell, to oppose the movements of the Confederate General from the Cumberland Gap and from Nashville, had only two organi-

zed divisions, numbering twenty-five thousand effective men. He had also a force of four thousand on the Big Sandy in the north-eastern portion of the State. There were in addition fragments of undisciplined regiments and companies scattered at distant camps, many of whom were without arms. These had to be organized, armed and drilled. To this task Gen. Buell at once directed his energies, and, under many discouragements, succeeded in forming from this disorganized mass an efficient force. Still there was much to be done to prepare the army for offensive operations. Transportation had to be created; supplies had to be provided; depots established; artillery and cavalry equipped; in short everything had to be prepared, which was needed to make a forward movement effective.

While these preparations were progressing the enemy was not idle. Regiments crossed the Cumberland rapidly as they crossed the Ohio, and the defenses at Columbus, Donelson and Bowling Green grew from light field works to fortifications of great strength.

The instructions received by Gen. Buell urged the importance of sending a column to hold East Tennessee. That section of the State was represented to be devotedly attached to the Federal Government; and the sufferings of its loyal inhabitants under the iron despotism of their rebel rulers, were vividly painted by thousands of refugees. The sympathies of the nation were aroused in their behalf. The people and the press urged immediate efforts for their relief, and the Government, it is presumed, felt strongly as did the people, the importance of securing the territory. After carefully investigating the subject, Gen. Buell reported that a campaign against East Tennessee would require thirty thousand men—twenty thousand to enter the State, and ten thousand on the line of communications. There would be two hundred miles of wagon transportation—a great portion of the way through a barren mountainous region. The General submitted to the War Department the plan of a campaign against Nashville. He proposed to march rapidly against that city; to pass to the left of Bowling Green, through Glasgow and Gallatin, while a force from Missouri should ascend

the Cumberland river, under the protection of gunboats. It was essential to open the river to make the movement successful; for it would be necessary to depend on that channel for supplies. The troops, therefore, were so disposed, that they could easily be directed to East Tennessee, or towards Nashville. By the last of December four divisions—forty thousand men—were organized. One division was at Munfordsville, one at Beaver creek, on the same road, one near Green river, on the New Haven pike, and one at Lebanon. But notwithstanding the most strenuous efforts, transportation for an advance had not been obtained. While preparations were being made for a successful advance, collisions occurred between the Federal and rebel forces, which resulted in brilliant and decisive victories to the Union arms.

THE FIGHT AT MUNFORDSVILLE.

Gen. McCook's division lay at Munfordsville awaiting the completion of the railroad bridge over Green river for a further advance. The opposing rebel force, under Gen. Hindman, was at Cave City. The duty of picketing the south side of the river, and protecting the working parties, had been assigned to Col. Willich's regiment—the Thirty-Second Indiana. The regiment usually had two companies on the south side of the river; but on the evening before the fight—the sixteenth of December—a second bridge having been completed, Col. Willich sent four companies to the south side, and ordered four companies to the north bank as supports. The picket line was advanced to the outskirts of Woodsonville, a village about one mile from the river. Gen. Hindman, with a force of eleven hundred infantry, four pieces of artillery, and a battalion of Texas rangers, under Col. Terry, marched from Cave City on the morning of the seventeenth, for the purpose of capturing the Federal pickets on the south side of Green river, and breaking up the railroad. He halted his infantry on the railroad, near Woodsonville, and advanced his cavalry to the heights overlooking the position occupied by our pickets. About noon the enemy's cavalry attacked the outer pickets. Capt. Glass, with the

second company, advanced and drove back the attacking party, until he came in sight of their infantry supports. He then fell back slowly, the enemy's line advancing upon him. The third company to the left of the Woodsonville pike was attacked at the same time, but more feebly. The two other companies on the south side of the river hastened up; and Lieut. Col. Von Trebra, with the remainder of the regiment, crossed over, and advanced on the run to the scene of conflict. He soon formed his line, sending three companies to support Capt. Glass on the right, and four companies to the left. The line thus formed, with skirmishers thrown out, advanced steadily, and drove the enemy back. Then came a furious charge of cavalry upon our skirmish line, led by Col. Terry, of the Texas rangers. They rode among our men, firing with their carbines and pistols. The skirmishers closed up, and met the charge with veteran coolness. On our left flank, Lieut. Sachs, with half the third company, left his covered position, and attacked the cavalry in the open field. Terrible and furious was his charge. The rangers fought with desperate valor. The eighth and ninth companies, in close skirmish order, advanced to the rescue of Sachs. They drove back the cavalry, but not until the gallant and impetuous Sachs, and a number of his men, were killed.

In the meantime, the fight on our right wing was equally severe. Three of the companies were then deployed as skirmishers, and one—the sixth—was in column for their support. One of the companies was in skirmish order, behind a fence. The rangers galloped up to them in close line, and commenced firing rifles and revolvers. The fire was steadily returned, and they were held in check until the company formed a square. On this square the rangers threw themselves with a yell. Capt. Welshbellich, who commanded, ordered his men to reserve their fire until their assailants were within fifty yards. The volley staggered them. They rallied again, charged, and were made to reel. Frantically they rushed upon another face of the square, and were met by another cool, deliberate volley. At the fall of their leader, Col. Terry, they withdrew, to give place to an infantry charge against the invincible square, which was also repulsed. The

artillery of the enemy opened on our line, but with little effect; and soon the whole force retired, leaving the gallant regiment in possession of the field. Our loss was one officer, and nine men killed, and twenty-two wounded. That of the enemy thirty-three killed, including Col. Terry, and fifty wounded.

For the gallantry of the Thirty-Second in this fight, Gen. Buell issued a complimentary order, directing that "Rowlett's Station" be inscribed upon the regimental colors.

HUMPHREY MARSHALL'S DEFEAT.

About the middle of December, Humphrey Marshall again invaded the State, moving by way of Pikeville, at the head of twenty-five hundred men. His force was represented to be much larger. Gen. Buell placed five regiments of infantry and about one regiment of cavalry, under command of Col. Garfield, to operate against the invading force. Marshall had intrenched himself three miles south of Paintsville. He fell back on the approach of our forces, retreating to Middle Creek, fifteen miles distant, where he took position on the heights two miles from Prestonburgh, leaving a corps of observation of three hundred mounted men at the mouth of Jennie creek, and a small force of infantry above, to protect the passage of his trains. Arriving at Paintsville, Col. Garfield sent Woolford's and McLaughlin's cavalry, under command of Lieut. Col. Letcher, up Jennie creek to harass the enemy's rear, while with one thousand picked men from the infantry regiments under his command he rapidly advanced up the Big Sandy towards Prestonburgh. After a march of ten miles he found the enemy's pickets and drove them back to the mouth of Abbott's creek, one mile from Prestonburgh. Night coming on he bivouaced and sent back for the remainder of his force. At four o'clock on the morning of the eleventh all the available force was on the march. At eight o'clock the mouth of Middle creek, which empties into the Big Sandy, was reached. Here the advance commenced a brisk skirmish with the enemy's cavalry, which continued up the stream for two miles and a half, and within one thousand

yards of its forks, where the enemy was posted. Forming his infantry on the crest of a semi-circular hill, Col. Garfield sent forward a small mounted force to draw the enemy's fire. He found one regiment posted behind a point of the ridge on which our forces were formed. This regiment was speedily dislodged and driven across the creek. The enemy then opened fire from his artillery on our center. Major Perdee, who had driven the enemy's advance regiment, and occupied the spur of a high rocky ridge to the left front of our line, was reinforced by portions of three regiments under Colonel Craner. The enemy, while keeping up a brisk fire upon our center, attempted a flank movement down the creek. Col. Garfield sent Lieut. Col. Moore, of the Twenty-Second Kentucky, with a portion of his own regiment and a battalion of the Fourteenth Kentucky, to cross the stream and check this movement. The mission was performed in gallant style by Lieut. Col. Moore. Col. Craner and Major Perdee, in the meantime, drove the force opposed to them inch by inch up the steep ridge nearest the creek. At four o'clock Lieut. Col. Brown was sent round to the right to charge the battery which had been playing upon the center of our position, but the enemy observing the movement retreated. The Union forces pressed the retiring columns down the slopes of the hills, and at five o'clock were in possession of every position. Darkness came on, and lest the different divisions of our force, in the rugged and broken country over which they must pass, might fire upon each other, pursuit was abandoned. A brilliant light now streamed up from the valley through which the enemy had retreated. He was burning his stores and flying in disorder. Twenty-five of his dead were left on the field, and sixty more were found next day in a gorge, where they had been left unburied in the hasty flight of the routed enemy. Twenty-five prisoners were captured. Our loss was only one killed and twenty wounded, two of them mortally.

The cavalry sent to attack the rear failed to arrive in time to cut off the retreat, and did not join Col. Garfield until next morning, when they were started in pursuit. They followed for six miles and took a few prisoners, but Gen. Mar-

shall succeeded in crossing the Big Sandy with the large portion of his force, and fell back to Abingdon, Virginia. He never, however, recovered from the effects of his defeat, and the north-eastern portion of the State was henceforth relieved of any serious demonstration by the rebel army.

BATTLE OF MILL SPRINGS.

Simultaneously with the advance of Marshall, Gen. Zollicoffer made his appearance on the Cumberland river, near Somerset. His force was magnified by the fears of the people, but it probably did not exceed eight thousand men. Gen. Buell advanced a regiment to Somerset to watch that route into the State, and to prevent the shipment of coal to Nashville. Two regiments of infantry and a battery of artillery were also ordered to Jamestown, to blockade the river below. Gen. Zollicoffer crossed at Mill Springs and erected fortifications on the north bank of the Cumberland. He called his camp Beech Grove. He had in his intrenchments, and on the opposite side of the river, at Mill Springs, nine regiments of infantry, sixteen pieces of artillery, and four or five hundred cavalry. About the first of January Major General George B. Crittenden arrived at Mill Springs, and assumed the chief command, leaving Gen. Zollicoffer, who only ranked as a Brigadier, in charge of the troops on the north bank.

On the twenty-seventh of December, Gen. Thomas was ordered to march from Lebanon, and, in conjunction with the force already at Somerset, drive the enemy from the State. Want of transportation delayed the march of Gen. Thomas until the first of January. The roads were by that time thoroughly saturated by the heavy rains which characterized the winter; the streams were so swollen, and the march so difficult, that seventeen days were occupied in marching seventy-five miles. Gen. Schoepff's brigade was in the rear, having been detained by the almost impassible condition of the roads.

On the seventeenth Gen. Thomas encamped at Logan's Cross Roads, ten miles from the camp of the enemy, to await the arrival of Gen. Schoepff's brigade. The Fourteenth

Ohio and Tenth Kentucky regiments, of Gen. Schoepff's brigade, were detached, under Col. Steadman, to capture a rebel train, reported to be on the Danville road, six miles from the camp occupied by these regiments on the evening of the seventeenth. Gen. Thomas had with him at the Cross Roads seven regiments of infantry, three batteries of artillery and Wolford's Kentucky cavalry.

Gen. Crittenden, learning that Gen. Thomas' army was advancing, and distrusting his own ability to make a successful defense of his fortified camp, resolved to march out and attack our forces before they could concentrate for their assault upon his works. At midnight on the eighteenth the march began, Gen. Zollicoffer's brigade in the advance. In the gray dawn of the morning of the nineteenth our picket line was reached, and a furious assault was made upon it.

The Tenth Indiana, Wolford's cavalry, and Kinney's battery were camped on the road leading to Mill Springs. The Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota, of Colonel McCook's brigade, were three-fourths of a mile to the right on the Robertsport road. Two companies of the Tenth Indiana, under Major A. O. Miller, were thrown out as pickets about one mile in front, and at the point where the Somerset road joins the main road to the river. Videttes from Wolford's cavalry were advanced still further. These two companies and the handful of cavalry, rallying on the picket reserve, held the enemy's advance in check. They were soon joined by another company of the Tenth Indiana, and so soon as the remaining seven companies could be formed, Lieut. Col. Kise promptly led them to the support of his hard pressed pickets. Col. Kise rapidly formed his line of battle, deploying five companies in the woods to the right of the road, and the remaining companies on the left of the road. The firing was hot and continuous. Gen. Manson ordered the Fourth Kentucky to support the Tenth Indiana.

The Tenth, in the meantime, had retired through the field to the right of the road, and through the woods, for about one hundred and fifty yards to the edge of a ravine. Here the Fourth Kentucky, under Col. Fry, joined them, and formed along a fence, which separates the road from a field

on the left. There was no fence at this point on the right of the road. Here the two regiments formed in the shape of a V, its apex towards the enemy, who were advancing from the ravine. The whole force of the enemy was hurled against that V, and for an hour they tried in vain to break it. Gen. Thomas arrived upon the field while the two regiments, with Wolford's cavalry, were breasting the tide of battle, and just at the moment when an effort was being made to turn the left of the Fourth Kentucky, by advancing a regiment through the open field. He sent word to Gen. Carter to move with his brigade of Tennesseans on the enemy's right; and ordered Gen. McCook to hurry up the Ninth Ohio and Second Minnesota to the support of Gen. Manson's line. A section of Kinney's battery was placed in position, and opened an effective fire on the Alabama regiments, which were marching upon the flank of the Fourth Kentucky. The Second Minnesota came into line, and enabled the Fourth Kentucky and Tenth Indiana to replenish their cartridge boxes. The Ninth Ohio got into position on the right of the road, and charged, driving the enemy, with fearful slaughter, out of the woods, and across the ravine. The contest, however, was stubbornly maintained for half an hour longer, when the Twelfth Kentucky, and the Tennessee brigade, reached the field, and the enemy, perceiving that he was outflanked, fell back. The fire from our entire line was a continuous sheet of flame. The Ninth Ohio, on the right, charged with fixed bayonets, and routed the force immediately opposed to them, who, in wild disorder, fled, and communicated the panic to the entire line, which soon retreated in confusion. Our line followed. A few miles in the rear of the battle field a force of cavalry was drawn up across the road, which was soon scattered by a few shots from Standart's battery. This ended the fighting. The retreat ended in a rout. The road from thence to the fortifications was strewn with the debris of the panic-stricken army.

Our loss in this battle was one officer, and thirty-eight non-commissioned officers and men killed, and eighteen officers, and one hundred and ninety-four non-commissioned officers

and privates wounded. The enemy lost, in killed, wounded and prisoners, three hundred and forty-nine men, including Gen. Zollicoffer, who fell when directing the charge on the line of the Tenth Indiana and Fourth Kentucky.

This victory to the Union arms was the most important which had occurred during the war.

Gen. Thomas followed, and arrived opposite the enemy's intrenched camp, on the river, in the evening. The division was deployed in line of battle, and advanced to the summit of the ridge overlooking the works. From this hill, Standard's and Wetmore's batteries opened fire, and continued until dark. Kinney's battery was placed in position, on the extreme left, with directions to fire on the ferry, should the enemy attempt to cross.

EVACUATION OF BEECH GROVE.

During the night, while the wearied Union army was resting in front of the intrenchments, to assault the works in the morning, the rebels, distrusting their ability to defend their chosen position, quietly slipped away, abandoning their artillery and stores. The crossing was effected by the aid of a steamer, which had ascended the river with supplies. The evacuation was not known in our camp; and early next morning Gen. Thomas arranged his force to advance on the enemy's works. Wetmore's battery of Parrott guns was ordered to join Kinney, to bear upon the ferry. Col. Manson's brigade supported these batteries. Col. Steadman's brigade—the Tenth and Fourteenth Kentucky—had joined from detached service; and Gen. Schoepff's brigade—the Seventeenth, Thirty-First, and Thirty-Eighth Ohio—had also come up. The line advanced toward the breastworks, and several shells and round shot were thrown, but no answer was made. All was quiet. The regiments moved steadily on, and into the fortifications. The tents were standing, and everything was left behind which would at all have impeded the locomotion of the men. Twelve pieces of artillery, with their caissons packed with ammunition, one battery wagon and two forges, a large amount of ammunition, and a num-

ber of small arms, one hundred and fifty wagons, one thousand horses and mules, and a large amount of commissary stores, intrenching tools, and camp and garrison equipage, fell into our hands. They had burned the boats on their retreat, and it was found impossible to cross the Cumberland in pursuit.

Gen. Crittenden, with such of his demoralized army as could be held together, marched towards Gainsboro, where he hoped to obtain supplies, reorganize, and be prepared to fall upon the flank of any column that Gen. Buell might send to East Tennessee.

OCCUPATION OF BOWLING GREEN.

After the battle of Mill Springs, the road to East Tennessee seemed to be opened; but such in reality was not the case. The enemy, in the way, was defeated and dispersed; but the roads leading to it were in such condition, that if transportation had been abundant, which was not the case, it would have been impossible to get through with supplies. Gen. Buell found it barely possible to subsist ten thousand men at Somerset. He set a strong force at work to corduroy the roads. The experiment demonstrated the impracticability of sending an expedition in such force as to insure its success, and he so advised the General-in-Chief, and expressed his purpose to proceed against Bowling Green.

The plans adopted by Gen. Halleck to reduce Fort Henry, on the Tennessee river, and Fort Donelson, on the Cumberland, were substantially those which Gen. Buell had recommended him to adopt. He had not, however, been advised of their adoption; but in the belief that expeditions would be sent up these rivers, he forwarded troops from his department to assist in the enterprise.

On the thirteenth of February, 1862, Gen. Mitchell was ordered to move with his division from Munfordsville upon Bowling Green. Col. Turchin's brigade was in the advance. The march of forty miles was made in twenty-eight hours, over a frozen, rocky road, obstructed by felled timber. The brigade consisted of the Thirty-Seventh Indiana, the Eighth

teenth Ohio, the Nineteenth and Twenty-Fourth Illinois, Loomis', Edgerton's and Simonson's batteries, and three companies of Kennett's cavalry. On the night of the fourteenth the advance reached Barren river, and marched rapidly to a ferry, a mile and a half below the town. A single flat boat was there, upon which fifty infantry and a few cavalry men could cross. The river is about one hundred yards wide at that point, with steep banks on either side, rendering the ascent and descent difficult. The crossing was commenced at once, and by daylight the entire brigade, with the exception of the artillery, was over, and ready to march upon the town. It was intended to pass the remainder of the division—Gen. Dumont's brigade—by a pontoon bridge, but before it was completed, it was ascertained that the enemy had hastily abandoned their stronghold, and fled to Nashville. Capt. Loomis, in the meantime, had sent some messengers from his Parrott guns into their works, which had hastened their departure.

When our forces reached the town it presented a scene of desolation seldom witnessed at this stage of the war. The inhabitants had nearly all deserted their homes. Those who remained fared the best. Rebel and Union citizens were alike protected in their persons. Very little of the town was burnt. The depot had been fired by the retreating army. Seven locomotives and an immense quantity of army stores were destroyed. Two locomotives were ready to start when our artillery opened on the town. One escaped, but the other was crippled by a shot and fell into the hands of our army, together with the train of cars loaded with material of war. But one cannon, a brass six-pounder, fell into our hands. The heavy siege guns had been removed two weeks before, and it is surprising that such vast quantities of valuable stores had been left until our army thundered at the gates demanding admission.

The Texas Rangers were the last to leave the place, starting after our artillery had opened upon the town. The evacuation of the Western Manassas, as Bowling Green had been called, was a virtual abandonment of Kentucky by the rebel

leaders, and a confession that they could not hold it for the Confederacy.

OCCUPATION OF NASHVILLE.

The passage of the river at Bowling Green, in its swollen condition, was difficult and tedious. Gen. Mitchell, with all his energy, occupied more than ten days in crossing his entire train. During this time the troops in the rear were employed in repairing the railroad. On the twenty-fourth several small steamers were able to go over the dams, and arriving opposite the city assisted in ferrying over the river the remaining divisions. Gen. Buell arrived on the twentieth. He learned that the enemy had evacuated Clarksville and fallen back upon Nashville, for which place, on the morning of the twenty-second, two brigades were started. Gen. Buell himself, with about one thousand men on cars, left at the same time. Owing to the damage to the road by heavy rains, he did not arrive opposite the city until the night of the twenty-fourth. The divisions of Gens. Nelson and Crittenden arrived about the same time, on transports from Smithland, and were the first Federal troops to enter the capital of Tennessee, which had been hastily evacuated by the rebel troops on the fall of Fort Donelson.

The army of Gen. Buell, with the exception of the Cumberland Gap force, was concentrated around Nashville. The division of Gen. Thomas, from Mill Springs, joined on the second of March. The regiments scattered through Kentucky were ordered to report to Gen. G. W. Morgan, whose command was increased to a division, and he was instructed to take the Gap if practicable, and if his force should prove insufficient for that purpose to hold the enemy in check in that quarter.

The rebel troops, after the evacuation of Bowling Green, retired to Murfreesboro, where joining those from Mill Springs they numbered thirty thousand men. Gen. Buell found it impossible to follow up with any prospect of success. The streams were swollen, and the bridges destroyed. The enemy

moved further south and eventually formed a junction with the army of Gen. Beauregard, at Corinth.

Shortly after the events just narrated the armies of Gen. Grant, Buell and Pope were placed under the general direction of Gen. Halleck, and Gen. Buell was ordered to move with the bulk of his force to the Tennessee river. Before he commenced his march, the division of Gen. Mitchell was moved to Fayetteville for the purpose of seizing the Memphis and Charleston railroad. Gen. Mitchell captured Huntsville on the morning of the eleventh of April, and took and held the road to Tusculumbia. His campaign was very successful. A brief sketch of it will be found in the history of the Thirty-Seventh regiment.

The remaining divisions of the army left their camps in the vicinity of Nashville on the twenty-ninth of March, and moved by different roads in the direction of Savannah. Gen. Negley's division was left at Franklin, and the others debouched upon the Columbia road, and formed a junction near Duck river. The rebels had destroyed the bridge, which caused some delay in crossing the columns and trains. Nelson's division forded the stream. The others crossed on pontoon bridges. In the order of march, Nelson had the advance. McCook followed; then Crittenden, Wood and Thomas. The march of one hundred and forty miles was made in seven days. The army was in splendid condition, and the most rigid discipline was maintained. The route lay through the garden of Tennessee. By the magnificent country-seats, which wealth and taste had contrived to make abodes of luxurious ease—by granaries filled with the fruits of a teeming soil—by orchards, vineyards and shady groves, our long columns filed, without committing the slightest depredation. The watchful eye of the commanding General was on the moving throng of trained soldiers; and the vandal hands, if such there were in that thoroughly organized army, were restrained. The army of the Ohio was hurrying to meet the legions of Beauregard and Johnston; and it is highly creditable to the Union army, that the women and children, the aged and helpless, on the line of march, were treated with kindness, and protected in their persons and

property. There was no demoralization in this army, nor were there any temptations for it.

As the leading divisions neared the Tennessee river, on the sixth of April, the roar of artillery was heard from the field of Shiloh. Nelson left the main road to Savannah, and marched up the river, reaching a point opposite Pittsburgh Landing in the evening. McCook, Crittenden and Wood pushed on to Savannah, where they embarked on steamers, on Monday, and reached the scene of conflict in time to assist in turning back the rebel tide, which had well nigh forced the hard pressed troops of Gen. Grant into the turbid waters of the Tennessee. The roar of artillery was heard at a distance of thirty miles. Some regiments of Gen. Wood's command were that distance from the battle field on Sunday morning. As they marched across the intervening valleys, a continuous rumble, as of distant thunder, fell upon their ears. They pressed rapidly on, eager to share the dangers and glories of the bloody conflict. The part taken by Gen. Buell and his army in the second day's fight, and the siege of Corinth, which followed, will be found under the appropriate head.

The operations of the army of Gen. Buell against the forces commanded by Gen. Bragg will be fully sketched in the second volume of this work.



Gen. Miller

REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE THIRTY-THIRD REGIMENT

Was organized at Camp Sullivan, Indianapolis, on the sixteenth day of September, 1861, as follows:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, John Coburn, Indianapolis; Lieutenant Colonel, James M. Henderson, Princeton; Major, William J. Manker, Martinsville; Adjutant, James H. Durham; Regimental Quartermaster, Heneage B. Finch, Franklin; Surgeon, Joseph G. McPheeters, Bloomington; Assistant Surgeon, Robert F. Bence, Indianapolis; Assistant Surgeon, Andrew M. Hunt, Indianapolis; Chaplain, Joseph L. Irwin.

Company A.—Captain, Andrew T. Wellman, Hall; First Lieutenant, Charles Seaton, Hall; Second Lieutenant, Henry R. Flook, Hall.

Company B.—Captain, John T. Freeland, Knox county; First Lieutenant, Andrew Fullerton, Knox county; Second Lieutenant, Eli M. Adams, Knox county.

Company C.—Captain, Charles Day, Martinsville; First Lieutenant, William J. Day, Martinsville; Second Lieutenant, Andrew J. Cox, Martinsville.

Company D.—Captain, Edward T. McCrea, Shelbyville; First Lieutenant, John C. Maze, Shelbyville; Second Lieutenant, William H. Miller, Shelbyville.

Company E.—Captain, Isaac C. Hendricks, Indianapolis;

First Lieutenant, William A. Whitson, Gosport; Second Lieutenant, James Hill, Gosport.

Company F.—Captain, Burr H. Polk, Princeton; First Lieutenant, Joseph T. Fleming, Princeton; Second Lieutenant, Francis Brunson, Princeton.

Company G.—Captain, Israel C. Dille, Columbus; First Lieutenant, William Farrell, Columbus; Second Lieutenant, Pliny McKnight, Columbus.

Company H.—Captain, James E. Burton, Paragon; First Lieutenant, Lawson E. McKinney, Paragon; Second Lieutenant, Jefferson C. Farr, Paragon.

Company I.—Captain, William A. W. Hauser, Hope; First Lieutenant, George L. Scott, Hope; Second Lieutenant, Edwin J. Bachman, Hope.

Company K.—Captain, Levin T. Miller, Williamsport; First Lieutenant, John P. Niederaner, Williamsport; Second Lieutenant, Henry C. Johnson, Williamsport.

All was excitement in consequence of the condition of affairs in Kentucky. The election had resulted in favor of the Union ticket. The exasperated rebels, under the lead of John C. Breckenridge, Roger Hanson, Thomas Monroe, Simon B. Buckner, and William C. Preston, resolved to plunge the State into the whirlpool of secession. They held conventions, met in secret conclaves, organized and drilled companies, threatened loyal men, and tried to drag the State out of the Union. Buckner had been in command of the old State militia, and led thousands of young men to Bowling Green. Breckenridge assembled his followers at Lexington; and was on the point of seizing the arms at that place, when Col. Bramlette, with a few hundred men of his regiment—then being organized—marched to the city, seized the arms, and carried them to his camp. Soon after, Breckenridge, J. B. Clay, Hanson, Preston and Monroe, fled. Several hundred more muskets were sent to Lexington by the Government. John Morgan, with a small gang of followers, seized them at night, and took them, without resistance, to Bowling Green.

A short time before the election in Kentucky, Gov. Ar drew Johnson, of Tennessee, had procured six thousand small arms

for the use of the East Tennesseans, and had them in Cincinnati. When Gen. Robert Anderson arrived there, and assumed command, the arms were distributed in Kentucky to Union men. These arms were furnished to the troops, which were organized at Camp Dick Robinson, by Gen. Nelson. Neither Kentuckians or Tennesseans could be found to man the battery which stood idly in camp.

At this time, Rousseau was organizing his regiment in Jeffersonville, Indiana. He crossed to Louisville, and the troops of Nelson assembled at Camp Dick Robinson. Buckner advanced to Muldraugh's Hill, and Louisville was in imminent danger. The Sixth, Tenth, and Thirty-Third Indiana, not fully organized or equipped, were hurried off in a few days. The Sixth and Tenth went to the neighborhood of Bardstown. The Thirty-Third was ordered to New Haven, but its destination was changed to Camp Dick Robinson.

The regiment left Indianapolis on the twenty-ninth of September, 1861, nine hundred and seventy-four strong, going by rail to Louisville, Kentucky. Gen. Anderson was in command of that department. Louisville was to be headquarters for the army, stores and supplies were to be collected, an army was to be organized, and the cloud of rebels driven back to the South. Zollicoffer was advancing upon London through Cumberland Gap. The Blue Grass region, the garden of the West, was to be the seat of war, and the base of rebel operations. Dispatches were sent to the Governors of Ohio and Indiana to send troops at once to Camp Dick Robinson to repel the invasion from the south-east.

Colonel George H. Thomas, of the regular army, succeeded General Nelson in command at Camp Dick Robinson, and arrived there a few days before the Thirty-Third, which reported there for duty on the second of October, 1861. This camp is situated on the beautiful farm of the proprietor—from whom it is named—in the midst of a gently undulating and highly cultivated country, and at the junction of the Lexington and Danville, with Lexington and Crab Orchard turnpikes. On the west is Dick's river, and on the north is the Kentucky river, the angle of their confluence being a few

miles north-west of the camp. The banks of these rivers are precipitous, with crossings at long intervals. Nature has strongly fortified this position on the north and west. This was taken advantage of by Gen. Bragg, after the battle at Perryville, where he collected his army, and all his vast trains of booty, and covered, from this point, their retreat to the south-east, through the mountains.

On arriving at Camp Dick Robinson, the Thirty-Third found but few troops there, all raw, unorganized and ineffective. Col. Smith S. Fry, had about six hundred men there. Col. Bramlette, now Governor of Kentucky, had about the same number. Col. Wolford was bringing his regiment of cavalry into camp, having it equipped and organized. The Fourteenth Ohio, Col. Steadman, and the Thirty-First Ohio, Col. Walker, arrived the day before. The East Tennessee refugees, numbering about eighteen hundred, were there, and being formed into two regiments, the first under command of Col. Byrd, the second under command of Col. Carter.

These poor men, ragged, feeble, gloomy and sorrowful, seemed unfit for the rude and severe duties of war, but their hardy constitutions, ardent patriotism, and stern self-devotion, have since overcome all difficulties, and placed them high in the ranks of our soldiery. The tales of their trials and persecutions, mingled with romantic and tragic adventures, would inflame the ardor of the most lukewarm patriot. Some had fled at night by the light of their burning houses; others had scaled the frightful ascents of the pathless mountains; some had run the gauntlet of the murderous guerrillas, and hiding by day in the rocks and forests, effected their escape by night; others had left their wounded and dead comrades by the wayside, and were now homeless and helpless exiles. All had left their homes without a protector, and their land without a law.

At Camp Dick Robinson, soldiers, civilians, politicians, exiles, contractors, speculators, patriots and traitors mingled together in excited confusion. The army was unorganized. Col. Wolford had a regiment of cavalry, but not an officer. One regiment of Kentucky infantry was reported to have thirty Captains and a corresponding proportion of Lieuten-

ants. Gov. Johnson, of Tennessee, Horace Maynard, and others of less note, were urging an early advance to Cumberland Gap and Knoxville. They said, "Cut the great railroad at once." "Relieve the loyal men of East Tennessee."

Gen. Thomas had not one regiment, except the Thirty-Third Indiana, supplied with wagons; it had twenty-five. Soon after, the Seventeenth Ohio, Col. Connell, arrived with a supply of transportation. The forces were armed, but most of them, for lack of transportation, could not move.

The Thirty-Third, after remaining in camp ten days, were, at the request of Col. Coburn, forwarded to Crab Orchard. The Seventeenth Ohio was ordered to Big Hill, on the Richmond road. After two days march, the Thirty-Third went into camp two miles beyond Crab Orchard. The weather was mild and beautiful.

The rumors of Zollicoffer's advance multiplied. Col. Garrard was at that time in camp at Wild Cat, about twenty-two miles south-east of Crab Orchard. His regiment was organized, but not full. Many were sick with measles, and poorly provided with tents, food and arms. Col. Garrard sent word to Col. Coburn that he soon expected to be attacked. The latter, on receiving the message, mounted about forty of his regiment, and, at sunset, started with them for Wild Cat. On arriving at Rockcastle river, he was met by Col. Garrard, who requested the immediate bringing forward of the rest of the regiment. Col. Coburn returned and on the next day started for Wild Cat. The turnpike road and level country terminates at Crab Orchard. Beyond, the country is mountainous, the road rough and difficult, muddy and rocky, running over immense ridges, and winding along and around the edges of frightful precipices.

In order to march, teams had to be pressed into service—all the government wagons having gone back to Dick Robinson for Quartermaster's stores. The regiment moved and made the march in two days, over one of the worst roads in the country.

Two miles from Wild Cat they crossed Rockcastle river, a deep mountain stream. From this point the road ascends and winds along by the edge of, and under, the lofty castel-

lated crags, which have given their name to the river and county. On arriving at Col. Garrard's camp on the top of the hills, amid the pines and rocks of that wild region, the Hoosiers found that the Seventeenth Ohio had just arrived from Big Hill. Wolford's cavalry soon after arrived. So that at sundown of the twentieth of October there were there four regiments, under Cols. Coburn, Garrard, Connell and Wolford.

The rebel army, about six thousand strong, was reported to be five miles in front of them. The smoke of their camp fires, and an occasional firing of pickets, reminded the Union forces of the presence of enemies.

Soon after sunset Gen. Schoepff and staff arrived, and at once assumed command. He had acquired some military experience in Hungary and Turkey, and was sent to command and discipline the raw troops in the Kentucky mountains.

The camp at Wild Cat was situated on the summit of the lofty range of hills between Big and Little Rockcastle rivers; the road running along this crest is bounded by deep and wild ravines, with precipitous sides. At the highest point the ridge divides, and part of it crosses the ravines to the east; on this the Winding Blades road runs. Farther south the road descends to Little Rockcastle by ravines and precipices on either hand. On the west side of the road, as it descends, Col. Garrard had erected some temporary fortifications commanding the road. On the east, and beyond a deep ravine, half a mile south of the Winding Blades road, was a large hill which commanded the camp, and up whose gradual ascents on the south the rebels might post their artillery. Once in possession of this the camp was untenable by the Union forces. To this place Col. Coburn, with four companies of his regiment, was ordered on the morning of the twenty-first of October, with directions to hold it.

The night was spent quietly; but soon after daylight the firing of pickets and the arrival of wounded men, indicated the rebel approach. A part of the Thirty-Third, under Col. Coburn, took their position just before the rebel force commenced its advance. The remaining four companies, under

Lieut. C. I. Henderson, were posted on the extreme right, west of the road, and in the narrow and deep gorge leading south into the valley, in which Zollicoffer's army lay. They were to check the approach of the enemy in that direction, and prevent his gaining the rear of the Union army on the right. The Seventeenth Ohio was placed in the rear of Col. Coburn's forces, half a mile on the Winding Blade's road, to prevent access in that direction on the extreme left. The regiment of Col. Garrard occupied the position in the center, which was in and near his fortifications, and on the west side of the road. The position occupied by the troops under Col. Coburn was the first point of attack. Two regiments of infantry approached him across a corn field, and charged up the gradual ascent to his position, from the south. They advanced with wild cheers and loud oaths, but were met with volley after volley, which repulsed them. They fled, leaving their dead and wounded. They rallied and again charged. Four companies of Wolford's cavalry now dismounted, and were led by Col. Wolford in person. They immediately joined in the contest; and though they at first wavered, they soon rallied, and fought with determination. Soon after, four companies of the Seventeenth Ohio arrived, under command of Major Ward, who also poured in their fire. The enemy was completely routed, and fled in confusion. At about one o'clock in the afternoon the attack was repeated on Col. Coburn's right, and upon Col. Garrard's forces, on the road. The Fourteenth Ohio had arrived in the meantime, and one company, under Capt. Brown, laden with picks and spades, in addition to their arms and ammunition, and still further reinforced Col. Coburn. The firing being at this time hot, they threw down their implements of fortification, and poured a few volleys into the rebels, who again fled. During the fight, about noon, the East Tennessee regiments, the Fourteenth and Thirty-Eighth Ohio, and Standart's Cleveland Ohio battery, arrived. The battery was immediately put in position, and engaged the enemy.

Had these new troops been at once advanced, the army of Zollicoffer would have suffered an irretrievable defeat. They were situated then in a short, narrow valley, about a mile

from the battle field, with but a single outlet, and that was up a precipitous hill. The forces, however, were kept in position during the remainder of the day and night. A portion of the Thirty-Third Indiana, under Col. Henderson, held the extreme right, and threw up defenses during the night. Col. Coburn's command fortified the hill they occupied, by constructing rifle pits and breastworks of logs. About midnight unusual noises were heard from the deep valley in which the rebels lay. The beating of drums, the cries of drivers, the rumbling of trains, the general hum of a disturbed camp, rose upon the air, and was heard by the Union soldiers. Gen. Zollicoffer had begun his retreat.

Gen. Schoepff was fully apprized of the facts, but nothing was done. The Federal loss was four killed and forty-two wounded. The rebel loss was about thirty killed and seventy wounded.

This battle was mainly fought by the Thirty-Third. This regiment lost three times more in killed and wounded than the entire army beside. Col. Newman, formerly Lieutenant Governor of Tennessee, led the attack in the morning, and Col. Rains the assault in the afternoon.

So terminated the rebel advance in that direction in the year 1861. They fell back to Cumberland ford, and remained there in camp till December, when they withdrew to Cumberland Gap, and went to Mill Springs; from whence they were driven in February, 1862.

Our forces remained a week at Wild Cat, and then advanced to London, where they remained in camp about one month. The weather was beautiful, and the opportunity ample to have advanced into East Tennessee. But the scarcity of supplies, the poverty of the country, and the unusual difficulties of the roads, held the Union force in check, and at length induced the order for their return. Our army could not have subsisted at London during the winter, unless the whole force had at once, after the battle of Wild Cat, been put to work grading and bridging the road. There was not a bridge south of Crab Orchard. The true policy would have been to have made, as the army advanced, a good turnpike, so that forces could have marched, and trains

moved, with regularity. Many Kentuckians opposed the policy of building a turnpike, because they wanted the Government to make a railroad. This project was at one time under consideration at Washington, but was afterwards rejected.

About the middle of November the order was received to march to Nicholasville, taking all the sick. The hospitals of the Thirty-Third were filled with men, sick with measles and fever. Teams were again pressed into service, and as many sick as could be put into the wagons, were started on the road against the earnest remonstrances of Col. Coburn and Dr. McPheeters, Surgeon of the regiment. That night the cold fall rains commenced. The whole army straggled. Men, sick and worn out, lay down by the road side. The trains stuck upon the hills. Rock Castle river rose. The train was two days in crossing the ferry. The forces struggled along to Crab Orchard, and there went into camp, without tents, in the most inclement November weather. There were many empty houses in town, but the men were not permitted to go into them. Gen. Thomas had his headquarters there. The Tennesseans were ordered back to London, the Thirty-Third remained at Crab Orchard, and in a few days the remainder of the force moved to the neighborhoods of Lebanon, Somerset and Danville. Very soon after the column arrived at Crab Orchard. Hundreds were taken sick. The march in such terrible weather, the exposure in the rain and mud, added to the prevailing measles, ruined the constitution of many, and carried a large number to the grave. It is hard to tell which regiment suffered the most. The Thirty-Third was left at Crab Orchard to guard and nurse almost a thousand sick men of Gen. Thomas' army. The hospitals were poorly supplied, sanitary stores were not to be had, the Surgeons were with their regiments, and left the care of all the sick to the Surgeons and nurses of the Thirty-Third. Almost fifty of that regiment died during their two months stay there. Hundreds from other regiments shared the same fate. To the kindness of Miss Bettie Bates and Miss Catharine Merrill, of Indianapolis, who went out and labored for weeks in

the hospitals, the regiment was indebted for the health and life of many a good soldier.

Gen. Schoepfl's army went into camp near Somerset and Lebanon; and additional forces being assigned to Thomas, he moved upon Mill Springs and took the rebel works at that place in January.

The Thirty-Third continued in camp at Crab Orchard until the tenth of January, when they marched to Lexington, where they remained until the eleventh of April, 1862. During this time Col. Coburn had command of the post, and succeeded in keeping the community quiet. A short time before the regiment marched south, the ladies of Lexington presented to it a beautiful regimental flag, in testimony of their good will. Perhaps no regiment is more favorably regarded in central Kentucky than the Thirty-Third Indiana. Their discipline, orderly and gentlemanly behavior, and their regard for private rights, were held up by the citizens as models of soldierly propriety.

On the eleventh of April, 1862, the regiment marched for Cumberland Ford, Gen. George W. Morgan, of Ohio—appointed a Brigadier while in Europe—having been assigned to the command of the Cumberland Gap expedition.

The forces on the first of April, 1862, at Cumberland Ford, were the First and Second East Tennessee, Forty-Ninth Indiana, Col. John W. Ray, Sixteenth Ohio, Col. DeCoursey, Nineteenth Kentucky, Col. Landrum, and Third Kentucky, Col. Garrard; the Ninth Ohio battery, Capt. Wetmore, and some unorganized regiments of East Tennesseans, under Col. Hauck, Third; Col. Robert Johnson, Fourth; Col. Shelley, Fifth; Col. Cooper, Sixth, and Col. Cliff, Seventh. These constituted the brigade of Gen. James Spears, of East Tennessee, and numbered about three thousand men; refugees, from the persecutions of their rebel neighbors, and from the rebel troops who infested East Tennessee for the purpose of conscription.

Quite a large force marched with the Thirty-Third to the Ford—the Fourteenth Kentucky, Col. Cochran; the Twenty-Second Kentucky, Col. Lindsay, and the Forty-Second Ohio, Col. Sheldon, and the First Wisconsin battery, Capt. Foster.

The roads were almost impassible on account of mud and high waters, and it is no exaggeration to say that this was one of the most difficult marches performed during this war. Over the mountainous and muddy roads of south-eastern Kentucky, the Thirty-Third marched, with a company to each team. The men performed as much service in getting the teams through as did the mules. But for the constant presence of the men with the teams, they could not have advanced. On arriving at Cumberland Ford, Col. Coburn was put in command of the twenty-seventh brigade, seventh division, of the Army of the Ohio; and continued in command until relieved by Gen. A. Baird.

The Thirty-Third, on arriving at Cumberland Ford, numbered over nine hundred men, and was the largest regiment for duty in Gen. Morgan's division. Soon after arriving at Cumberland Ford, a reconnoissance in force was made upon Cumberland Gap, then occupied by the forces under Gen. Stevenson and Gen. Kirby Smith—the latter having command in East Tennessee. The reconnoissance resulted in showing that the rebels had constructed immense earthworks on each side of the Gap, which commanded its approaches for a long distance in every direction; that they had a force of about six thousand, and that the position was exceedingly strong and easy of defense. It was then determined to move into East Tennessee by some other than the direct road—there being other gaps in the mountains through which an army might pass. In the meantime the forces at Cumberland Ford were living upon scanty and unhealthy rations. As a specimen of the bad management of the officers connected with the Quartermaster's Department of this army, we will relate the following fact. It was determined to use pack mules on the road. About eight hundred were procured at Louisville, Kentucky, and driven through; the pack saddles were loaded in wagons and hauled to the Ford. Why the mules were not saddled at Louisville and loaded with army stores, was a mystery to all except those connected with the Quartermaster's Department. When the mules left Louisville, food, clothing and ammunition were scarce in the army at the Ford. Nevertheless the regiments drilled constantly,

and the arduous duty of picketing the wide circuit of the mountains was performed with the greatest cheerfulness. This indeed was the school of the pickets. The roads ran through the narrow valleys of the various streams centering at the Ford; the mountain paths wound over and along the precipices and cliffs. There were in that wild region a thousand points for observation and concealment, for cautious, skillful, daring approach, or for wary retreat and artful ambushes. Perhaps there is not a more picturesque or romantic landscape on the continent than that at Cumberland Ford. The valley of the river is narrow, running between the lofty hills on either side. The river at the ford bends at right angles to its general course and cuts through Pine Mountain, and again bends at right angles and flows down through narrow bottoms and amid the overhanging mountains to the west. The scene at the Pine Mountain Pass is beautiful, grand, sublime. On either side the gray and bronzed cliffs tower fifteen hundred feet into the air, and seem to have been torn by some convulsion of past ages into a hundred strange, fantastic shapes; some are beautifully rounded, others are wild sharp crags, and a few like castles crown the highest peaks. This pass is about a mile long and the road winds along at the base of the cliff, on the brink of the river, which, amid huge bowlders, foams and roars as it tumbles onward in its course. The fantastic vegetation, the long leaved magnolia, the red flowering ivy, the moaning pines, the vastness, the desolation, and the silence—save the noises of nature—make the scene indescribably impressive. At the lower end of the pass Straight creek enters the Cumberland; at its mouth our forces erected earthworks commanding the pass. At the upper end Clear creek enters, and here were the remains of the "Three Gun Battery" of Gen. Zollicoffer, commanding likewise the pass in the direction of the Union forces. This was naturally a position of great strength, and with the assistance of art, could be made impregnable.

About the middle of May Gen. Morgan's army moved beyond Cumberland Ford and occupied a position to the west, in the valley of Clear creek, but soon fell back to the river. About the eighth of June the army again moved

forward to the west, over a rugged and unfrequented road, to Roger's Gap, about eighteen miles west of Cumberland Gap. The road at this Gap passes over the mountain at one of its loftiest points. The ascents seemed almost impassible. Everything was left behind but articles of absolute necessity, and the men put their shoulders to the wagons and artillery to assist them over the mountain. In this work the men of the Thirty-Third did a herculean task. Their large number, their cheerfulness, and their activity, occasioned a heavy burden to be imposed on the regiment, in the almost hopeless task of scaling the mountain with the wagons and artillery. It was begun at sunset and before daylight the following morning the army was over the mountain and asleep in Powell's Valley. As the troops gained the top of the mountain the full moon shone down on the silent but moving masses, on the towering precipices, and on the smiling and beauteous valley beneath. Behind, were the stern and barren ridges, the rocky roads, the woody glens, the morasses and unbridged streams. Before, was East Tennessee, its valleys, the homes of Union men, the land of women's and children's tears, of imprisoned, exiled, down trodden, murdered patriots. A low murmur, like the multitudinous whisper of the forest before a storm, swept along the lines, and at the word of caution all was hushed. The moon, which lit up their pathway in the ascent, now went into total eclipse, and under its veil the army went down the mountain. The enemy was near, and his cavalry, the next day, made a dash on the Union lines, but were repulsed.

Orders now came from Gen. Buell to retire at once from East Tennessee and go into camp at Williamsburgh, Kentucky. This was most discouraging. Our forces, however, turned about. The mountain was again laboriously scaled, and, after a day's march towards Williamsburgh, the news was received that the enemy were evacuating Cumberland Gap. Gen. Morgan gave the order to again march into Tennessee; with wild and joyous shouts the men again turned southward, and climbed, for the third time, the mountain. Spears' and Carter's brigades went west to Big Creek Gap,

drove out the enemy, and marched up the valley and joined the rest of Morgan's forces at Roger's Gap.

On the way up the valley hundreds of women and children, old and young, flocked to the roadside to see the "Northern Army." Soldiers, who had long been away, threw down their guns and knapsacks, and shed tears of joy with their families. Mothers and grandmothers rushed into the ranks to embrace their long lost boys. Wives wildly clasped their dusty foot-sore husbands to their bosoms, or turned away in anguish from the ranks in which their missing forms would march no more. Joy, grief, surprise, love, hope, and despair, in their wildest demonstrations broke forth.

The army moved on; the women, old men and children, confident of permanent deliverance, went home. Our army, in a few days, moved on to Cumberland Gap. The rebel forces which advanced upon ours at Old Town, under Stevenson and Rains, fell back to Tazewell, and then to Knoxville. Our troops immediately occupied Cumberland Gap. This was on the eighteenth of June, 1862. Here the great natural strength of the position, the immense fortifications, and the difficulties of approach, all proved the wisdom of our flank movement. The real weakness of the rebels consisted in their lack of provisions, forage and ammunition. Their force was not equal in number to ours, but they believed we had thirty thousand men, and were confounded by our singular countermarches.

Cumberland Gap, long famous as a route through the great mountain chain of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee, had become doubly so by its occupation by the rebel forces, and had been an object of great consequence in the eyes of military men of both armies. It was considered the door to East Tennessee; the key to the great Central Railway of the rebels; an impregnable position; and an outpost of vast importance to both armies. The Gap commands the roads which here diverge east, south and south-west; the first, a fine turnpike, running to Central Virginia; the second, to the central part of East Tennessee, and the third down Powell's Valley. The ascent to the Gap is gradual, and the ele-

vation over it about seven hundred feet—the mountain peaks ascend about eight hundred feet still higher on either side.

These peaks slope gradually to the summits, and are not, as is generally supposed, perpendicular walls, forming a long chasm or alley. The peaks are a third of a mile apart.

On the south side, the face of the mountain is precipitous, and for hundreds of miles presents the appearance of a vast wall of sand stone. On the north side, the surface is broken by a series of mountain peaks, extending, like the waves of a stormy ocean, beyond the range of vision. On the east side of the Gap is what is called the "Pinnacle," and upon its summit was erected a fort armed with immense guns. On the northern slope of the mountain were three more works commanding the roads and approaches in every direction. On the summits, on the west side of the Gap, were three other forts; and just in the Gap, upon the road, still another. Such was the extent of these works that ten thousand men would be necessary to man them and properly defend the place; the works being disconnected by the remarkable nature of the ground. The road on the north winds along down the west side of a deep ravine, till it reaches the Yellow Creek Valley. On the south, it descends into a narrow valley, in which there are a few dwelling houses and a mill. The mill is propelled by an immense spring which gushes from the mountain side. This valley is semi-circular, and is the floor of one of the grandest mountain amphitheaters in the Union. Here the rebel cabin-camps were situated; here they had been strengthening themselves since the first hour of rebellion. At this place, in the spring of 1861, the rebel force encamped; and such was the scrupulously technical regard for State's Rights, that the Tennessee Colonel, Rains, would not let his men cross the Kentucky line even to get water from a spring. Kentucky State Rights and neutrality were, for a short time, held sacred by the rebels, and the most scrupulous regard paid to even the soil and water of that State, which, a few days afterwards, they invaded to plunder and desolate. Such is the progress of ideas. "State Rights," and "the right of secession," were definite ideas, but were soon lost in the smoke and dust of war, and wiped out by

the rude hand of violence. On our side the change is not less remarkable in the treatment of rebels, the use and distinction of property, and the use of slaves.

The enemy left very little in the deserted works, except the relics of a year's occupancy. Our forces, on their arrival, had not a day's rations, and for some days they gathered their subsistence from the neighboring country.

Soon after the arrival of our forces at Cumberland Gap, our army began the work of strengthening the place. On the south side of the Gap forts with bomb-proof casements were constructed, which commanded the country for miles. Hundreds of acres of timber in front, from the Poor Valley Ridge, were hewn down, and the whole army was soon engaged in digging, chopping, hauling, building, making roads, earthworks, stone houses, shops, sheds and hospitals.

The men toiled late and early, and the amphitheater, lately so sad and desolate, swarmed from valley to pinnacle, like a bee-hive, with busy, working men. A road was to be built and turnpiked from Crab Orchard. The Quartermasters had orders to begin at once. The streams were to be bridged, and Cumberland Gap was to be the vast central fortress of the Union.

Occasional foraging parties went into Tennessee, and returned, well supplied with hay and oats. There were large quantities of wheat in the field. The men in three weeks could have gathered and threshed thousands of bushels of wheat. The Gap mill was capable of grinding sixty bushels daily. But the wheat was neither threshed or gathered, much less ground. Bread and flour were hauled from Lexington. Had the army gathered in time the wheat, which was cut and stacked, our forces might have held Cumberland Gap.

The whole of East Tennessee, for six weeks, was at the feet of our forces. The rebel army there was greatly inferior to ours. A part of the Union army went to Clinton, within seven miles of Knoxville, unmolested.

After our reverses near Richmond, Virginia, threats in rebel papers were made, that Kentucky would be invaded. Rumors were afloat of the moving of troops to Knoxville.

Rebel scouts became more bold. A brigade of the Union army, under Col. DeCourcy, on a foraging expedition, about the first of August, was suddenly attacked by a large force, and driven from Tazewell, with considerable loss. A few days after this, the rebel cavalry threatened the guards, a few miles from the Gap, in front. In a short time, a rebel force of about seven thousand, under Gens. Stevenson, Rains, Taylor, Allston, and others, encamped three miles in front of the Gap.

Gen. Kirby Smith, with an army, estimated at fifteen thousand men, passed over the mountain, west of Cumberland Gap, at Roger's, Wilson's, and Big Creek Gaps, and arrived at Cumberland ford and Barbourville, on the road, in the immediate rear, seizing the trains belonging to the army now beleaguered in the Gap. These men of Smith's subsisted principally on roasting ears, and marched without a train, except for ammunition. It may justly be called "the great roasting ear expedition." It could not have been made three weeks earlier, nor six weeks later. The country was utterly destitute of supplies, except the green corn in the fields, which gave sustenance to man and beast. At Barbourville, the wagons captured were burned, and the rebel force started for Lexington, and marched with the greatest rapidity. They defeated our army near Richmond, seized Lexington, and threatened Cincinnati. About thirty men of the Thirty-Third Indiana were in the battle at Richmond. They were teamsters and train guards, and were cut off on their return with forage to the Gap. They volunteered in a newly organized battery, and fought desperately, most of them making their escape in the confused flight of the new troops. Sergeant Enos Halbert had charge of them.

The rebel army of Humphrey Marshall moved on Lexington from Big Sandy, and the great army of Gen. Bragg moved up toward Louisville from central Tennessee.

The communications of the forces at Cumberland Gap were totally cut off by the army of Kirby Smith. Trains, mails, arms, ammunition, forage, food, everything of the materiel of war, fell into rebel hands. The little army was completely isolated. No orders reached them, no tidings of

victory, no supplies. Hemmed in on every side, with stout hearts, they toiled on in the work of completing the fortifications, till the very evening they evacuated. The supply of breadstuff was small—only enough for two weeks. The men were put on half rations. Every day the pickets came in laden with green corn. When the supply of bread was exhausted, the men passed through the lines, on the north of the mountain, and gathered corn, to cook or grate into meal for bread.

During the time the army was thus hemmed in, battle was offered by Morgan on several occasions, but the rebels showed no disposition to attack. The object of the rebel force was to occupy our attention, and prevent, if possible, the occupation of Knoxville by our troops.

The spirit of the rebel forces was jubilant. They were confident in present successes, and sure of future triumphs. Night after night their camps resounded with the wildest cheers. Kentucky had been overrun, and was theirs; Virginia was theirs; and our forces had fallen back into Maryland. The seven days' disasters at Richmond, Virginia, the defeat at Richmond, Kentucky, the losses at Munfordsville—all portended complete success to the rebellion.

The army at Cumberland Gap captured, in various small engagements while beleaguered, about five hundred prisoners. The various regiments took part in these expeditions, and the adventurous and hair-breadth escapes of the men engaged, would fill a volume.

The question of food was uppermost in the minds of men and officers. The supply was gradually diminishing, without hope of being replenished. There was no breadstuff. The soldiers had, with their bayonets, punctured tin plates and pieces of sheet iron, thus making graters upon which to make meal from the soft and ripening corn. Thus, the struggle to procure food, to fortify the place, and to obtain advantages, continued until about the middle of September, when it was intimated that the camp would soon be surrendered or evacuated. This was received with evident disapprobation by the men, who had labored and endured so much to strengthen the place. They were willing to fight or to starve to hold it.

On the sixteenth of September, one year from the day the Thirty-Third regiment was organized, orders were received to evacuate Cumberland Gap. The Thirty-Third and the Ninth Ohio battery were selected as the escort for the ammunition train for the entire army, which was to march that night, under command of Col. Coburn. This was the post of honor and danger. This train lost, and the fate of the army was sealed. The rebel cavalry were in their rear. The entire army of Kirby Smith was in the direction of Lexington. The road ran along mountain passes and ravines, and in the most favorable spots for ambushes and attacks. At midnight, as the moon rose over the pinnacle and the great fort on the east, the long train wound down the northern slope of the mountain slowly and silently, and passed under the clouds of mist which covered the valley, and disappeared. They thus alone marched to Manchester, one day in advance of the remainder of the army, and in the face of the enemy. The night of the seventeenth the camps were set on fire, the great depots, store houses and magazines blown up, the heavy guns, four in number, destroyed, and the place evacuated. Thus, after three months' occupancy, was this vast stronghold abandoned. It was lost as it was won—by a flank movement.

The lessons here learned were, that a stronghold, without food, is weak, and that unless there is a combination of the forces of war, with the sustenance of animal life, the most formidable positions and armaments are useless; that Cumberland Gap was not the only way into Kentucky or Tennessee; and that a good road is absolutely essential to the occupancy of a formidable and valuable position, thereby insuring a sufficient store of supplies, ready access, and safe communication. These lessons were learned too late. The army itself might have graded and bridged the road during the time it occupied the country.

During the night of September seventeenth, Gen. Morgan's army abandoned Cumberland Gap, having previously destroyed their tents and articles they could not carry. No transportation could be obtained for the sick, therefore many were left behind. Col. Coburn, however, resolved to

take every man in his regiment who could survive the march. Seizing mules, oxen and wagons, he brought with him his sick, notwithstanding every obstacle.

The next morning, Gen. Stevenson, with the entire rebel force in Powell's valley, marched through the Gap, and followed in pursuit of our army. His advance guard attacked the rear of Morgan's army as it passed the Goose creek salt works, but was repulsed. During this skirmish, a soldier of the Third Kentucky regiment, (Garrard's) for the murder of a member of his own company, was tried by a drum-head court-martial, convicted, and shot.

The Goose creek salt works were extensive, and produced large quantities of salt. They supplied South-Eastern Kentucky, South-Western Virginia, and East Tennessee. Their possession was of great value to the rebels, who, in the fall and winter of 1861, drew from them large supplies. They were afterwards, in the fall of 1862, destroyed by Cruft's brigade, of Crittenden's corps, of our army.

The army marched northward, through Booneville to Proctor; at this place crossing the Kentucky river. Hearing that the rebels were in force at Proctor, Gen. Morgan ordered the Thirty-Third to march at night to Booneville, and prevent the burning of the mill at that place, which was threatened by the rebel force. They arrived in time to drive back the enemy, and save the mill, which supplied the army with one day's rations of flour. The next day Proctor was reached. The large mill was a smoking heap of ruins, having been fired the night before, by order of the rebel Morgan. The rebels fell back in the direction of Irvine, where Gen. John Morgan was said to have a force of six thousand men. At Proctor are the great Kentucky river coal mines, and the bed of the river was covered with loaded boats ready for a freshet to carry them down to the central part of the State. Here, by order of Gen. Morgan—the enemy continually hovering upon our front, flanks and rear—the men threw away all superfluous clothing.

From Proctor to the Ohio river, the rebel forces hung upon the Union front, flanks and rear, blockading the road with fallen timber, lying in ambush in the thickets, or upon the

cliffs, picking up stragglers, and constantly threatening and impeding the progress of the Union forces. At Hazel Green the rebels fled in haste on the approach of the army. It was expected that the united forces of Humphrey Marshall and John Morgau would attack West Liberty; but they lay at the safe distance of seven miles, only venturing to skirmish. At Cracker's Neck—a narrow gorge or valley, through which the road runs, between lofty, cedar-covered, perpendicular cliffs—the rebels blockaded the road, and took position to give battle. The main force of the Union army diverged to the right, by a road over the mountains, while the Thirty-Third Indiana, the Fourth and Sixth East Tennessee, and Foster's battery marched to the Neck, attacked and put to flight the rebels. Day after day the delays of blockading, skirmishing, and the immense and tedious task of forcing the long wagon trains over the road, prolonged the marches far into the night. And the exhausted and weary men and animals, after a few hours rest, often resumed the march before the break of day. During this time the men gathered from the fields their subsistence, industriously plying their graters at the various halts, and ready, when coming into camp, to cook their rough, but healthy, cakes. A stringent order was issued to shoot any man who would get into a wagon, when many wagons were empty, and the men footsore and exhausted. This, like the orders not to take corn for bread, was disregarded by the men. It was impossible to enforce it. Immense quantities of ammunition were hauled through; but soldiers, footsore and weary, were left by the roadside, to the tender mercies of the rebels. An order was issued at West Liberty to establish hospitals there, and leave the sick and wounded. This was most earnestly protested against by Gen. Spears and Col. Coburn, on the ground that it was an unfit place, there being no supplies of food or medicine there, it being a rebel community, with one of their armies in the vicinity, and that it was suicidal policy to carry the men so far, and leave them unsupplied, in rebel hands, only four days' march from the Ohio river. The order was changed, and but two men were left.

On the eighteenth of March the army reached the Ohio

river, at Greensburgh. As the men filed down a ravine, and their eyes caught the broad, rich valley of the Ohio, sweeping far away to the right and left, wild shouts of joy broke forth, and the hardships, which had worn them to the bone, were instantly transformed into a dream.

Two days afterward the army crossed the river, and marched down to Sciotoville, on the Ohio shore. On the way they were all most bountifully feasted at the little town of Wheelingsburgh. The sympathy, kindness and cordiality of the people astounded the Kentucky and Tennessee troops, who had been in the habit of paying to Union men a dime for a hobby (cake) of corn bread, and five cents for a drink of buttermilk. Wheelingsburgh and its hospitable citizens will long be remembered by the ten thousand hungry men who ate there on that beautiful October Sabbath day.

THE THIRTY-FIFTH (IRISH) REGIMENT.

The courage displayed by the gallant Sixth-Ninth New York, at Bull Run, and the heroic defence of Lexington by Mulligan and his men, fired the patriotic hearts of the Irishmen of Indiana, who determined to emulate the conduct of their countrymen. To this end a project was formed to raise an Irish regiment in Indiana. The effort was successful. The following was the roster:

Field and Staff Officers.—Colonel, John C. Walker, Laporte; Lieutenant Colonel, Richard J. Ryan, Indianapolis; Major, John E. Balfe, Lafayette; Adjutant, Frank Cunningham, Terre Haute; Regimental Quartermaster, Martin Igoe, Indianapolis; Surgeon, Alexander J. Mullen, Michigan City; Assistant Surgeon, George K. McCoy, Gosport; Assistant Surgeon, Jerome B. Gerard; Chaplain, Peter Cooney, Notre Dame.

Company A.—Captain, Henry N. Conklin, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, John E. Dillon, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, John Maloney, Indianapolis.

Company B.—Captain, John P. Dufficy, Vigo county; First Lieutenant, Christopher H. O'Brien, Marion county; Second Lieutenant, William H. Kenney, Marion county.

Company C.—Captain, William Hipwell, Laporte; First Lieutenant, John W. Cummins, Laporte; Second Lieutenant, Charles E. Galezio, Westville.

Company D.—Captain, John P. Dunn, Perry county; First Lieutenant, August G. Tassin, Perry county; Second Lieutenant, Henry Y. Murtha, Perry county.

Company E.—Captain, Patrick Tobin, Lafayette; First Lieutenant, Edward Galligan, Lafayette; Second Lieutenant, Orvin Daily, Lafayette.

Company F.—Captain, Jonathan H. Green, Lawrenceburgh; First Lieutenant, Abram F. Farrar, Lawrenceburgh; Second Lieutenant, James M. Brasher, Lawrenceburgh.

Company G.—Captain, James McKim; First Lieutenant, Bernard R. Mullen; Second Lieutenant, James Fitz Williams.

Company H.—Captain, John Crowe, Dayton, Ohio; First Lieutenant, E. G. Breene, Dayton, Ohio; Second Lieutenant, Levi A. Waltz, Dayton, Ohio.

Company I.—Captain, Thomas Pryce, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, John Scully, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, William H. Patton, Indianapolis.

Company K.—Captain, James R. Millikin, Fayette county; First Lieutenant, Michael W. Glenn, Wayne county; Second Lieutenant, William H. O'Connell, Indianapolis.

About this time Kentucky was invaded by the rebels under Buckner. Gen. Buell, then commanding the Department of Ohio, was organizing a force to drive the rebels from Kentucky, and, ultimately, to "carry the war into Dixie."

The emergency required in the field every available man, and, on the thirteenth of December, 1861, the Thirty-Fifth regiment received marching orders, which were hailed with wild cheers by the gallant Irishmen.

THE DEPARTURE.

The thirteenth of December, 1861, will long be remembered by the friends of the Irish regiment. The green caps were to evacuate Camp Morton, and start for the seat of war. Thousands of citizens lined the side walks to witness the

departure of the regiment. Friends assembled to bid their "good-byes." All were anxious to testify to this spirited corps their hearty wishes for its success. At the depot boisterous laughter and hurrahs were mingled with half-subdued sorrow and tears. Flashing wit, ready repartee, and expressions of honest friendship flew from every tongue. And then followed that never failing assurance of Irish friendship, a "parting drink." The world may censure, the fastidious may deride and condemn the practice, still it must be conceded that this evil is the only one which mars the otherwise spotless character of Irishmen, and evil as it is, it springs, in most instances, from the fountain of friendship.

It was late at night when the cars were ready for transporting the regiment. The intervening time was spent in boisterous merriment; no cloud hung upon the brow of the Irish soldier. He left behind him the dearest friends on earth and went forth to brave the storm of battle, to defy the fatigues of the march, and to play the great game of hazzard, of which life was the stake. In a military campaign he grasps his musket in one hand, his cap in the other, and defies all fate by a ringing cheer.

There is nothing to equal the dash of an Irish soldier. He is at home everywhere. He will charge a battery in the best possible humor; and his courage then and there, is only equal to his impudent innocence in courting a milliner's apprentice. For true hospitality commend us to the Irish soldier. He will share his blanket and his bottle. The best "the counthry affoords," is not too good for his guest and friend. He will sing to amuse you; he will relate legend after legend of his native land to entertain you; legends, abounding with all the wit, eloquence and poetry of his "Dear Ould Ireland." You leave his tent with an uncontrollable desire to return soon, very soon, again, and this desire is heightened by the hearty invitation, "You must ddrop in agin; shure its as aisey for ye to look in and see a body, as to go by as if ye were a go'in to a hangin."

THE MARCH.

The regiment reached Jeffersonville by rail. There a camp was established and rigid military discipline enforced. On the first of January, 1862, the Thirty-Fifth crossed the Ohio river and landed in the then neutral State of Kentucky. The appearance of the regiment, as it marched through the streets of Louisville, was exceedingly fine. The waving of the starry banner, side by side with Erin's own green flag, the "Sunburst;" the sweet strains of music from the band, under the leadership of Messrs. Boyne and Clifford; the martial bearing of officers and men, elicited the highest encomiums of the citizens. Many towns were passed through and not a Union flag greeted the eye of the soldier until Bardstown was reached, where, to the astonishment of all, Union flags were flying from every window.

A friendly tongue let out the secret. Some "divil of an Irishman," told the citizens that an Irish regiment was approaching, and any house that had not an American flag out "would be past prayin for in less nor a minit." The denizens of Bardstown had not the loftiest opinion of Irish amiability, and rather than offend the "gentle craythurs" of the Thirty-Fifth, they swung from their windows and housetops the American flag, an honor the brave men acknowledged by hearty and repeated cheers. The stay of the regiment at Bardstown was protracted six weeks. A camp of instruction was formed and officers and men took lessons in the art and science of war.

CHARACTERS.

Every regiment has its "characters." Those peculiarly odd geniuses that season camp life with wit and wisdom—the pepper and salt of a soldiers existence. Nothing develops so readily the points of character in man as a campaign. Thrown upon his own resources for everything, the soldier takes the shortest route to comfort or fun, and whatever contributes to the former, he will have regardless of expense, and that which hightens the latter, will be sought out and appropriated.

But to the characters. In the regiment were two inseparable friends—Paddy Smith and Billy Lyon. Paddy was a soldier of fortune; Billy, to use his own expression, “a very unfortunate soger.” Both “little blest in the set phrase of speech,” but knowing their duty well they did it faithfully. Notwithstanding their rough exteriors, and the use of language which at times would fall harshly on ears polite, they possessed a vein of true humanity and religion which contrasted strangely with their conduct. They had been in the service some months without receiving any pay. The Paymaster, that much esteemed individual, had not yet made his appearance, and everything was to be done “as soon as I git me pay.” Well, poor Paddy was taken sick. The Surgeon’s art failed him, and Paddy, as a last resource, called to his aid the good and brave Father Cooney, the Chaplain of the regiment. It was evident to the Father that Paddy must soon sling his knapsack and march. His years had extended to the shady side of fifty summers, and with the “camp-typhus” he could have but little hopes of recovery. Father Cooney prepared the dying man for his journey into the future. Billy, sobbing like a heart broken girl, came to stay with his companion and watch the “sands of life run out.” “Well, Paddy,” said his friend, “an y’re goin to lave us?” “Indade I suppose I am,” said Paddy. “An glad I am to lave this dirty world.” “You may well say that Paddy, but faith you’ve had your own fun out iv it,” retorted Billy. “Oh, Billy, aint you ashamed to use such levity,” said Father Cooney. “When will you be ready to leave it.” “Be jabbers, as soon as I gits me pay.” This last sally of Billy’s was too much for Priest or layman, and the tent shook with merriment. Even the dying man, it is said, smiled at the reply of his old and trusty friend.

Very many hard things have been said of Quartermasters, who, under our military system, are also acting Commissaries. There are exceptions to all rules, and it is a pleasure to say that Quartermaster Igoe, of the Irish regiment, is one of these exceptions. He delights in the *nom de plume* of “big rations,” a term affectionately applied to him by the “boys.” An excellent provider, he leaves, to use an Irish expression, no stone unturned to contribute to the comfort of the regiment.

He, too, is a character. Full of kindness of heart, he is, also, brimful of wit and humor. Lieut. Igoe has a holy horror of the "regulations." He abominates all orders, general or special, that inflict upon him the red tape routine. Not entirely wanting in a proper respect towards a superior officer, he very frequently smashes all rules of etiquette and leaves the aforesaid superior officer convulsed with laughter or "bewildered intirely" by his exquisite Irish impudence.

On entering the service, Quartermaster Igoe, like many of his countrymen at a "berrien," went on foot. It was somewhat of a journey to travel nine or ten times a day, from the last saloon on Illinois street to Camp Morton, (where the regiment was being organized,) in the long month of August; and when it is considered that the distance is over one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight yards, it is no wonder that our hero soon acquired "right smart" of a reputation as a pedestrian.

Lieut. Col. (now General) Wood, a brave and dashing soldier, was the mustering officer for Indiana. Igoe having some business with Col. Wood, hailed the latter as he was riding along the street—Wood splendidly mounted, Igoe on foot, as usual. "What do you want, sir?" said Wood. "I have some business with you, Colonel," replied the Quartermaster. "Well, sir, don't stop me on the street; I'll see you in camp." This nettled Igoe, for it was said rather pettishly. "All right, if that's your style; light out, and I'll meet you at camp," he replied. Wood, striking the rowels into his horse, went off one street, while Igoe "lit out," taking another.

As Col. Wood entered the camp, the first man who saluted him was Igoe. Astonished at this he asked, "How did you get here?" "Principally on foot," said Igoe. A few days afterwards, Col. Wood, meeting the Quartermaster in the street, hailed him. "Don't talk to me in the street; see me in camp, sir;" and away sailed Igoe, leaving the Colonel surrounded with laughing friends. No man in the service appreciates a "rejoinder" more than Gen. Wood, who confessed himself "headed" by the Irish Quartermaster.

About this time Major Montgomery was acting United

States Quartermaster at Indianapolis. Being a blunt and outspoken man, he admired Igoe's mode of doing business. One day, Igoe, having been sent for, presented himself at the office of the Major, who said to him, "Lieut. Igoe, you will find a fine horse hitched to that post," (pointing to the post) "which you will consider a present from me." Igoe bluntly remarked, "I'll go and look at him." Having scrutinized the horse, he returned to the Major and said, "If you intend to make a man a present, why don't you do the thing decently? Of what use will that horse be to me without either saddle or bridle?" Montgomery was amused at the cool impudence of the Irish Quartermaster, and at once presented him with a splendid saddle and bridle, whereupon Igoe expressed his entire satisfaction with the horse.

We have said that Lieut. Igoe had a horror of the regulations. Monthly, quarterly, and semi-annual reports, required by the department, were treated with easy neglect; not that the eccentric Quartermaster did not honestly discharge his duties, but because he regarded all such reports as "a piece of magnificent tomfoolery." A twelvemonth went by, and no reports were received at Washington of the state of affairs in the Quartermaster's department of the Irish regiment. A note from headquarters to the Colonel brought the report question "to a head." Igoe at once gathered up all his receipts, vouchers and loose papers, and putting them carefully in a keg, headed up the concern, and respectfully forwarded them to Washington, with a note, stating that as the clerks in the department had more time than he had, they could assort and arrange the papers to suit themselves, remarking, too, that if they could make anything out of them, it was more than he could do himself. The reply from Washington was what might have been expected. Notice was served, that if he did not make out a report in full form, he would be "sent for." Nothing disconcerted, the subject of our sketch sat down, and, as report goes, wrote the following exceedingly polite letter:

"HEADQUARTERS IRISH REGIMENT.

Quartermaster's Department.

"*Dear Sir*:—Your kind and friendly note of the — inst. is before me. I regret exceedingly you can not make anything out of the keg-full of papers forwarded some two months ago. In order to facilitate the solution of the difficulty, I take great pleasure in sending another box-full. I have long contemplated a visit to the capital of this mighty nation; but my finances being in such a dilapidated condition, I have been forced to forego that pleasure. I will be pleased to make a visit to your, I am told, delightful city, under the auspices, and at the expense, of our much afflicted Government.

"Accept the assurance of my most distinguished consideration.

"M. IGOE,

"Lieut. & A. Q. M."

Of course the bureau of "contracts and Quartermasters" was not satisfied; but John Morgan, having a short time afterwards captured our hero, books, papers, (all not "kegged up,") and wagons, Igoe made a final statement, and a satisfactory settlement, by stating in a humorous way the facts and incidents of his capture. It has been ever since his boast, that John Morgan kindly settled all his affairs, with the "big conostrophies at Washington."

We have given the light side of the "gallant little Thirty-Fifth," as Gen. Rosecrans styles it; let us look at another character, in the person of the

REV. FATHER COONEY.

Among the many appointed Chaplains, some did their duty well; among that number, was Father Cooney, Chaplain of the Irish regiment. Possessing all the elements of a soldier, he is endowed with the virtues of a good Priest. Cool and brave under fire, he is kind and compassionate in the hospital. In the sluggish and dull monotony of the camp, he is energetic and active. Everything tending to the spiritual or

temporal welfare of his "charge," engages his first attention, and secures his best services.

Father Cooney was born in the county of Roscommon, Ireland, in the year 1832; consequently he is now in the thirty-second year of his age. He emigrated, with his parents, to this country at the early age of four years. His parents settled near Monroe, Michigan. This place was the scene of Father Cooney's school boy days. Here it was he prepared to enter college; and in the beginning of 1851, he matriculated at the University of Notre Dame, near the town of South Bend, Indiana. In this institution he remained three years, prosecuting his studies vigorously. At the end of these three years, he sought the shadows of the theological seminary of St. Mary's, Baltimore, Maryland, where he remained and completed his literary and theological studies, returning to Notre Dame, Indiana, in 1859. He was ordained a Priest in July first, 1859, and at once joined the order of the Holy Cross—an order similar to the Jesuits—whose object and aim is to teach and preach. Immediately after his ordination, he was sent to Chicago, where he filled the honorable and important position of Vice-President of the University of "St. Mary's of the Lake." He continued for two years in this position, when, on learning that an Irish regiment was being organized in Indiana, and of Gov. Morton's application for a Priest as Chaplain, Father Cooney tendered his services to the country, and was commissioned as Chaplain of the Irish regiment on the fourth of October, 1861.

Notwithstanding he left his native land at an early age, he loves and cherishes with affection the memories of Ireland. The flutter of the "Green Flag," or the sweet strains of "Patrick's Day," or "Garryown," arouses his Irish blood, and for a moment he forgets he is a Priest, and thinks himself a soldier. United to a kind heart, he has a deep fund of wit and humor, and many an hour is pleasantly passed in listening to his native wit and risible anecdotes. He knows human nature thoroughly, looks leniently upon the frailties of mankind, mildly censuring the misconduct of the men, and zealously urging them to a faithful performance of their duty to God and country. To say that he is much respected

by the men of the regiment, is saying too little; he is loved by them. To illustrate this we will relate an incident.

Around a blazing camp fire sat a few comrades smoking their "dudgheens," (short pipes) and discussing strategy with all the intensity of Irish controversialists. Father Cooney came hurriedly along, evidently bent on a visit to some sick soldier. The little squad instantly rose to their feet with the hand to the cap. "Good evening, boys," said the Father, with one of his pleasant smiles, and hurried towards the hospital. "There he goes," said one of the group, "he's always where he can do good, and niver idle. The likes iv him, God bless him, is not to be found betwixt here and the giant's causeway." "Thruve for ye, Tim, by gorra; his match coud'nt be found iv ye thraveled from Dan to Barsheeba," said his comrade. "He'll be sayin his bades among the stars, whin many of his callin' will be huntin' a dhrop of wather in a very hot climate." This last remark was received with a hearty acquiescence by the entire group. Rough and witty as it was, it expressed the feelings of the soldiers for their Chaplain.

In the discharge of his duties, Father Cooney does not confine himself to his own regiment. Wherever and whenever his services are required, then and there are they freely bestowed. This gives him a reputation co-extensive with the Army of the Cumberland, and makes his friends of the Thirty-Fifth Indiana that much the more proud of him. A short time after the terrific battles of Stone River, while the regiment was at Murfreesboro, an incident occurred, which showed the kind heart of the Chaplain.

Michael Nash, a private in the Sixty-Fifth regiment Ohio volunteers, was sentenced to be shot to death at Nashville, on the fifteenth of June, 1863. The sentence was to have taken effect between the hours of two and four, p. m. Father Cooney, hearing of the affair, started for Nashville, to be present at the execution, and administer the rites of his church to the condemned man. Having prepared the unfortunate soldier for his final march, the Chaplain made inquiries respecting his case. The facts were these: On the morning of the thirty-first of December, when Johnson's division

was surprised, and McCook hurled from his position by a superior force, the Sixty-Fifth was thrown into momentary confusion. Nash, being separated from his command, fell into the tide of fugitives who were retreating towards Nashville. By the irresistible current of panic-stricken soldiers, he was carried back to Lavergne. Here he was arrested. From the evidence it appeared that Nash did not intend to desert. He might have been brave as those, who stood the galling fire; but having been caught by the rushing current of a panic, he was swept from the field. It was now half past twelve, M. If the unfortunate man be saved, no time must be lost in communicating with the General. Without making known his intentions to any one, Father Cooney telegraphed to Gen. Rosecrans, at Murfreesboro, the facts of the case, and the circumstances supporting them, and concluded by saying:

“Were I under the impression that he intentionally deserted, I would not say a word in his behalf; the good of the service would require his death. But I am convinced of the contrary. I respectfully beg, therefore, for him some other punishment than death.

“Signed,

P. P. COONEY,

“Chaplain Thirty-Fifth Ind. Vols.”

Two o'clock arrived, but brought no answer to the dispatch. The detail to fire upon Nash assembled; their guns were loaded; the ground for his execution was selected, and about three thousand persons were assembled to witness the tragedy. The open coffin awaited its victim, and an artisan unfastens the heavy shackles from the culprit's limbs, that he may take his last march on the great highway which leads from Time to Eternity. A messenger enters the cell and hands to the jailor one of those “yellow covered” communications. “His death warrant,” whispered some one, and all was still as death. The jailor broke the seal and read aloud:

“Michael Nash, sentenced to be shot to-day, is reprieved.

“By order of

MAJ. GEN. ROSECRANS.”

The prisoner, heretofore calm and collected, now became pale and agitated. Instantly those around him rushed forward and clasped his hands in hearty congratulation. The prisoner, looking intently on Father Cooney, knew the source of all this mercy. Tears of joy rolled down his manly cheeks. But another trouble. Nash, under the direction of his confessor, had written a farewell letter to his mother, informing her of his sad fate, and saying his last farewell. That letter had gone, carrying news which would break her heart. "Not a bit of it." Father Cooney, keeping his secret, had that letter in his pocket. Nothing now remained to complete the soldier's happiness; he walked from his prison a free man—thankful to God and the good Father, and grateful to his General, whom he now knew to be merciful as he was just and brave.

A chaplain has more than one duty to perform to the men of his regiment. Whilst the spiritual welfare of the men is of primary importance, he is not at liberty to neglect the soldiers temporal comfort and happiness. To the duties of the Priest, Father Cooney adds the kindness of a father and friend. On every pay day he receives money from the soldier and becomes a banker without fee or discount. It is a difficult work faithfully and honestly to discharge the duties of banker to a regiment. A certain amount is ordered to be sent to "the dear ones at home," a few dollars kept to be drawn at will for the purchase of a "bit of tobaccy," or may be a "dhrop of the dhrink to warm the heart." Of this latter commodity the good chaplain is extremely jealous. He has often declared that this same "dhrop of dhrink" is the curse of Irishmen, and in order to guard against its baleful influence, Father Cooney has organized a Temperance Society, of which he is the President. This Society does not embrace all the members of the regiment, nor are its members "life members." The pledge is generally taken for six months or a year, and to their credit be it said, it is rarely if ever violated.

Through the practice of temperance and economy, the Irish regiment, on three different occasions, has sent home by the hands of Father Cooney alone the round sum of forty

thousand dollars. To be the custodian and messenger to carry such sums of money is at once a responsible and perilous position.

In November, 1862, the regiment lay in camp at Silver Spring, eighteen miles from Nashville. It was after the severe campaign of Buell *versus* Bragg and Bragg *versus* Buell; when each in turn, to use the phrase of Emil Shalk, "had recourse to the offensive-defensive strategy." During the repose at Silver Spring the Paymaster visited the troops, and the Thirty-Fifth Indiana placed in the hands of Father Cooney the snug sum of twenty-three thousand dollars, to be carried home and distributed to their friends. The road between Silver Spring and Nashville was thronged with guerrillas, and many a blue jacket, unconscious or careless of the danger, was taken prisoner. Col. Mullen having business at Nashville—where Gen. Rosecrans then had his headquarters—placed an ambulance at the disposal of Father Cooney to carry himself, companions and treasure to Nashville. The party, consisting of Col. Mullen, Father Cooney, the Colonel's Orderly, and a Mr. Korbly, formerly sutler of the regiment, expecting to overtake Gen. Crittenden and escort, boldly pushed forward. After going four miles it was ascertained that Gen. Crittenden and escort were not on the road. Then came the question, "Shall we go back or go on?" "We'll go on," said the Colonel. And away the party dashed, believing there was safety in speed. On the road were courier posts about three miles apart, but this gave no security to our travelers. Our party, with fresh caps on their pistols, moved forward. Duck river, hemmed in by bluffs, was to be crossed. The enemy had destroyed every bridge, and the party was compelled to "take water." They met and overcame every difficulty—for the stream had to be crossed many times on the route—until they arrived at the last ford. In crossing the river the ford was missed, and a steep bank presented itself. Jimmy Welch, the driver of the ambulance, was bold of heart and had unbounded confidence in his team. He "made a run on the bank"—"the bank broke,"—Jimmy and his team rolled gently back to the river; his horses, that "couldn't be matched either at Doncaster or a circus,"

wouldn't pull a pound. Night was fast approaching. What was to be done. "Arrah, give them their wind and they'll come out o' that like a daisey," said the ever confident Jimmy. A few moments were allowed the beasts to rest; all put their shoulders to the wheels, but the off-horse would not move. Jimmy applied the whip and the party yelled, but the "off-horse" still refused. The sun was setting, the party had yet to travel eleven miles, and carry twenty-three thousand dollars, which were locked up in Father Cooney's trunk. "Halloa, gentlemen," said a courier, dashing up, "you must get out of here; there is a party of sixty or seventy guerrillas a short distance over here, and you'll go up." Just then a sharp rifle crack added to the persuasive speech of the dragoon. A council of war was called. "Father Cooney," said the Colonel, "divide out your money among us four, and we will run when we can and fight when we must." This did not meet with favor only as a dernier resort. Two or three other propositions were made, all in quite an unparliamentary manner, when the spattering picket firing, in the rear and on the flank of the road, suddenly broke up the council of war. Emergencies develop men's genius. A small mill being near, the long rope which had been used for the purpose of dragging logs from the river, was pressed into service, likewise two yoke of oxen. One end of the long rope was fastened to the tongue of the ambulance; the oxen were hitched to the rope; up came the wagon and its treasure. "Bang! Bang!" again went the rifles of the guerrillas. "Come Jimmy hurry up now and let's be off." "Don't be hasty," said Jimmy, drawing his pipe out of his mouth and coolly throwing over his nose a column of smoke. "Go aisy, I'll take yees to Nashville inside an hour, or I'll not lave hide enough on the horses to make a pair of brogues for a tinker." And Jimmy kept his word. Within the hour the party were safe inside the lines at Nashville. Was there really any danger? The post in the rear was attacked and driven in; the whole line was broken up, and the army moved and concentrated at Nashville.

These sketches and incidents are given to show the reader what is necessary to make up, in detail, a campaign, and we

take those of the Irish regiment because of its "peculiar institutions." With its

"Fighting and marching,
Pipe-claying and starching."

MARCHING.

The forest trials and severest sufferings of the soldier are on the march. Toiling beneath a burning sun, dust shoe-mouth deep, water scarce, the soldier marches and suffers. A battle to him is a thousand times preferable to tramping and marching. Sometimes he presses through the choking dust, his lips and tongue being dry and parched and crisped. Again he struggles through the tenacious mud, with knapsack on his back, and forty rounds of ball cartridge in his box—"arms at will—route step." With all the fatigues of the march, there are many little occurrences which give life and spirit to the troops. The light hearted members of the Irish regiment will cheerfully respond to the enthusiastic calls for a song—a merry, rhyming, chiming lilt, that raises Irish blood to boiling heat—and the response is received, as usual, with a cheer.

"Come Dennis, ye sowl, give us a song."

"Oh the bad luck to the one iv me can sing a bit. Shure me throat is as dhry as a magazine," was Dennis' reply, as he evidently wanted "coaxin."

"Can Dennis sing?" asked another. The question was propounded only to provoke discussion.

"Is it him? he sings like a Mavish; (Mavis) he has a voice that would brake up a female boardin school or a nunnery," was the reply. This last superb compliment caused Dennis to clear his throat. After a few coughs, shifting his musket to the opposite shoulder, he gave to his comrades a history of Irish courtship in verse. At the end of every verse, there was loud applause, but when that which recounted the fair one's shyness and coquetry, as,

"Arrah Paddy, says she, don't ye bother me,
Arrah Paddy, says she, don't ye taise me,
Arrah Paddy, says she, would ye smudther me;
Oh the divil go wid ye be aisy."

The applause was "tremendous," shaking the column from Co. A to the rear guard of the regiment. Such occurrences as the one narrated frequently occur—they lighten the heart and quicken the step of the soldier.

It is astonishing the number of miles traveled by Indiana regiments since the opening of the war. As an example the Irish regiment marched from January twelfth to December first, 1862, eleven hundred and forty-five miles.

On the twenty-second of May, 1862, the Thirty-Fifth and Sixty-First—First and Second Irish regiments—were consolidated. Col. Mullen, of the Sixty-First, became Lieut. Colonel of the Thirty-Fifth. Soon after the consolidation, Col. Walker resigned, and was succeeded by Lieut. Col. Mullen.

SKIRMISHING.

The march from McMinnville, Tennessee, to Louisville, Kentucky, was the most severe the regiment ever experienced. The weather was extremely hot; no water could be obtained, save from the stagnant pools. The men were on half rations. Officers and men exhibited great stamina and heroic endurance.

At Franklin, Tennessee, the enemy appeared on the flank, and frequent skirmishing was the result. As the "flankers" opened fire, the column came to a halt, ready to deploy into line of battle. A few rattles of musketry, interspersed with the hoarse barking of a howitzer, settled the affair; and along the line was heard the soul-stirring command, "Forward."

At Louisville the Irish regiment was in the brigade commanded by Col. Stanley Matthews—Vancleve's division and Crittenden's corps. From Louisville to Wild Cat the march of the army met with continued resistance. At Perryville the enemy gave battle. The Thirty-Fifth was not seriously engaged.

On the morning of the eighth of Octr., heavy skirmishing on the left and front gave evidence that the enemy intended to stand. The occasional rattle of musketry was drowned by rapid battery explosions. All doubts were now removed.

The gallant Crittenden pushed his corps rapidly forward. Nearer and nearer sounded the rattling musketry and the heavy reporting howitzer. The men cheered and pushed forward.

"Steady, boys, steady; you'll get enough of it directly," said the Colonel.

"Be the holy poker, thin, it'll take enough o' that same to go round the Thirty-Fifth," replied one of its members.

"Where's Col. Mullen?" asked a staff officer, dashing up, his horse reeking with foam.

"Here he is, sir," replied the Colonel.

"Colonel, you will occupy the extreme left of your brigade. There is the line on the crest of that hill"—pointing with his sword. "Now look out; the enemy is about turning McCook's right. Be ready to change front on tenth company," and away he dashed.

The men heard the orders, and were in the best possible spirits. Jokes passed freely among the dauntless, light-hearted Irishmen. "All were eager for the fray." A little incident here occurred which we must relate.

At Munfordsville some of the men took "a dhrop too much;" and while the regiment was resting in column by companies, a difficulty occurred between the officer of the guard and those who had been drinking. The guard was about being overpowered—the mutineers cocked their rifles to fire. Col. Mullen, seeing the guard in peril, and discipline violated, drew his sabre, and dashed into the midst of the mutineers. The guard fired, killing the ringleader, and wounding one of his followers. A mutineer, who aimed his musket at the Colonel, was promptly arrested. This man (Daley) was tried by court-martial; but his sentence had to be approved—which led to the opinion that the sentence was death—before it could be made public. He was handcuffed, and ordered to march in the rear of the regiment. As the orders to get into line of battle at Perryville were given, the Colonel rode from front to rear of his regiment. Daley was ironed and surrounded by the guard. "Lieutenant," said the Colonel to the officer of the guard, "take those irons off the prisoner." The order was promptly obeyed. "How do

your wrists feel, my man?" asked the Colonel. "Pretty well, sir," replied Daley. "Can you shoot with them?" "I think I could, sir, if I had a gun." "Orderly, bring this man a musket, and equipments, and forty rounds of cartridge."

"Now, Daley," said the Colonel, "you have been tried by a court-martial for mutiny and attempting to take the life of your superior officer. I don't know what that sentence is; you can judge as well as I. Take that musket, and on the field ahead of us, wipe out that sentence, and, by the blessing of God, I'll help you to do it." The poor fellow rushed forward, and, seizing the hand of his officer, covered it with tears. "There, there; now go. You are a free man and a soldier once more." Daley has since proved himself, on more than one occasion, to be a soldier.

"Forward the Thirty-Fifth!" and away went the regiment to its position. The battle raged furiously. The line of the third brigade was formed, and ready for the enemy, or for orders to go to him. From two o'clock until five, P. M., the storm of battle raged. All our left were engaged. McCook, Gilbert, Jackson, Rousseau, Lytle, and the gallant Starkweather, were there. Here comes a staff-officer. "Send forward two companies of your regiment as skirmishers, and clear that underbrush, Gen. Wood's division is coming up to occupy your left," said an officer of Col. Matthews' staff. Co. D, under Lieut. Tassan, and Co. B, under Lieut. O'Brien, were ordered to that duty. Major Dufficey commanded this battalion of skirmishers. He kept his eye well to the front, and marched upon the enemy's deployed line. The enemy fell back, making but a feeble resistance. Wood approached in fine style, and entered the conflict; but it was too late. The sun had gone down, and hostilities ceased.

"Night threw her mantle o'er the earth,
And pinned it with a star."

The next morning the enemy fled, and were pursued by the victorious Union army, Crittenden in the advance.

Nothing of importance occurred until the Thirty-Fifth approached the little town of Crab Orchard. Here it was reported the enemy would make a stand. It was three

o'clock, A. M. The round, full moon made everything light as day. Vancleve's division is ordered to march and dislodge the enemy, who is said to be three miles ahead. Skirmishers are thrown out, and the column moves. "Bang, bang!" The enemy is found. The fire of the platoons in reserve is instantly answered by three rapid shots from the enemy's artillery, posted beyond a creek. The Seventh Indiana battery, in the rear of the first line, replies, but their shot and shell whiz over the Thirty-Fifth, and fall a few yards in advance. The contending batteries wax warm, and the road is literally plowed up.

"Did you see that?" said Father Cooney, as a shell burst immediately in front of him. "I think I did," replied the Colonel. "This must be stopped," said the Chaplain, referring to the Indiana battery's bad range. "That what's I am going to do," said the Colonel, referring to the enemy; "if I can only get across that narrow bridge." Orders were received to cross the bridge, and take position. "Now, every mother's son of you keep your mouths shut until we cross the bridge, when you may yell till your hearts' content," said the Colonel. "Fix bayonets and forward," and away they go. A short turn in the road saves the regiment, the enemy shelling the road. The Thirty-Fifth debouches to the left, until the creek is reached. Instantly they rush to the right for the bridge. The head of the column is over. "Double-quick," and with deafening yells the Thirty-Fifth, closely followed by the Fifty-First Ohio, rush for the battery. The artillery fly at their approach, leaving two artillerymen, and a few infantry skirmishers, in the hands of the assailants. Not a man of the Thirty-Fifth was injured in this little affair.

From this time till Gen. Rosecrans assumed command of the army, nothing of special interest occurred.

LAVERGNE.

On the ninth of December, 1862, Col. Matthews, commanding the third brigade, consisting of the Twenty-First and Eighth Kentucky, Fifty-First Ohio, and Thirty-Fifth Indiana, with a section of Swallow's Seventh Indiana battery

was ordered on a foraging expedition. This force, with its long train of wagons, took the Murfreesboro road, and when near Lavergne, diverged to the left, and crossed Mill creek at Dobbins' ford. At the ford a Sergeant and ten men were left as a guard, while the teams were escorted a short distance beyond, where forage was to be obtained. Soon the wagons were loaded. The sharp ring of the rifles at the ford announced the approach of an enemy. The Fifty-First Ohio and Thirty-Fifth Indiana moved forward on the double-quick, and arrived in time to save the gallant little band of pickets. The enemy pressed forward to obtain possession of the ford. He was met by a galling fire from the Ohioans and Irishmen. A stubborn contest, for a few moments, ensued. Matthews, with fixed bayonets, charged the enemy, who fled out of range of both bayonet and musket. The train now approached. Matthews determined to save it, if possible. The Kentucky troops were ordered as a rear-guard, while the Ohio and Indiana regiments led the advance. The Thirty-Fifth Indiana was commanded by Lieut. Col. John E. Balfe, of Lafayette, Indiana—as gallant a soldier as ever drew steel. The train proceeded but a short distance when the rear-guard was attacked. The “Kentucks” opened on the assailants a crashing fire of musketry, which, for the moment, surprised and staggered the rebels; but the enemy being of superior force, soon recovered, and fought vigorously. The Thirty-Fifth soon went to the rescue of the rear-guard, and with Irish impetuosity, dashed into the fray. The enemy recoiled, and, changing front, attacked Matthews' flank, but with no better success, for that officer immediately threw at the foe his impetuous Irishmen. A desperate struggle ensued. The Fifty-First Ohio was advancing; not fast enough, however, to suit the gallant Matthews. “Double-quick!” said Matthews. “Do you intend the Thirty-Fifth to do all the fighting?” This sally “put life and metal into their heels; and the noble Ohioans, led by the brave McClean, rushed into the line of battle. Our fire became rapid and effective; still the enemy made repeated efforts to break the line. Tired of bullets, the Irish regiment had recourse to bayonets, and, charg-

ing the thick cedars, which partly concealed the foe, drove him from his cover.

This spirited and splendid little affair was hailed with delight by the entire army. The loss of the Thirty-Fifth was one commissioned officer, (Adjutant Bernard R. Mullen,) and four enlisted men killed, and two commissioned officers, and thirty-three enlisted men, wounded. The enemy's forces were commanded by Gen. Wheeler—an officer of sound judgment and undaunted courage. The rebels admitted that their loss in killed and wounded amounted to one hundred men. The Thirty-Fifth Indiana was highly complimented by Matthews.

STONE RIVER.

It was Christmas night, 1862. In one of the officer's tents of the Thirty-Fifth Indiana were assembled a gay and dashing group of officers. The custom of civil life must be followed; egg nog and smoking punch must be imbibed. Wit, anecdote and badinage swept from lip to lip. The loved ones at home were toasted until every "mother's son of thim," had their little regiment, three hundred strong, been in line, would have made an affidavit that it was at least six hundred rank and file. Fun and merriment "flew fast and furious," and the whole batch of Irish officers there assembled expressed their entire willingness to fight Bragg or Beelzebub, "which iver presinted his ugly sceonce first." In the "wee sma hours" the tramp of a horse was heard, and the next instant an officer's voice: "Orderly."

"Oh, by all that's blissid, here comes the Curnel. For the Lord's sake act dacint, or he'll think this is an instoot for the reformation of the brainless," said an officer with "one bar" on his strap.

"If ye don't take the original of yer photograph out iv here in double-quick, he may swear to it," replied a gentleman with "no bar" on his strap.

The rattling of a sabre and jingling of spurs broke up this interesting dialogue. The Colonel presented himself to the full and frolicsome assemblage.

"Well boys, enjoying yourselves," said the Colonel.

"Well weer'e doing the best we can; the punch is nearly out; of the raw material we have plenty, but that omadhun of a Frank is off playin poker with the doctor's cook, and the hot wather has givin out," answered the master of ceremonies.

"Have ye had anything Colonel?"

"Indeed I have visited headquarters and five or six hospitals, and I have'nt had the full o' that," said the superior officer pointing to a two gallon tin bucket.

The hint was sufficient, and the "tins" on the table were fragrant in a minute with, as the hospital cook would say, "as dacint a compound of hot wather, sacharum pulvis, and alcheholic extract as iver produced gout."

"A paper for you, sir," said the Adjutant, passing across the table a suspicious looking document marked O. B., (official business.)

The party made a movement to retire.

"Sit still, gentlemen, I know what it is, and you shall know too. We march upon the enemy at daylight." It was so, the yellow cover contained marching orders.

The punch was drank, a hearty shake hands was given all around, and the officers retired to their respective quarters, with the admonition: "We beat no reveille; the officer of the day will have you all called at sharp four; I shall expect to see the regiment in line of battle at five o'clock precisely. Good night!"

At five o'clock, on the twenty-sixth of December, the gallant Thirty-Fifth was in line of battle. A drizzling rain and cold windy atmosphere ushered in the daylight. Troops were passing and repassing, the order of march was being arranged. For five long hours the regiment stood in the cold pitiless rain; at last the order to march was received, the regiment wheeled into column by platoon and took the Murfreesboro pike. To recount the incidents of the march would be but a repetition of other marches where the enemy disputed progress. Constant skirmishing, toilsome marches, hurried meals, restless nights, intermingled with jokes and jollity, were the chief features of the "On to Murfreesboro."

Stone river was reached. A "feeler," on Thursday, the thirtieth of December, settled all doubts and showed that the enemy would there give battle. Vaneleve's division, to which the Thirty-Fifth was attached, was ordered to the extreme left of the line, with orders to cross Stone river and take position. Daylight on Wednesday found the division on the march; the Thirty-Fifth was the first regiment across the river.

The morning was cold and frosty. The men were active and dauntless. Scarce had the brigade formed line of battle when a terrific discharge of musketry and cannon on the right announced that the battle had commenced. Soon the storm increased to a hurricane. The third brigade was ordered to recross the river and take position, the left resting upon the river bank.

The Thirty-Fifth occupied the extreme left. An hour passed and the contest raged with increased fury. The report sped along the line that the right wing was driven back. Stragglers from some of the regiments took the Nashville road. Here the enemy's cavalry encountered and whirled them towards the rear of the extreme left. The Thirty-Fifth had received orders to arrest the fugitives in their flight. Bayonets were fixed and the order executed. The stragglers were formed and sent, under the charge of staff officers, to the right and rear. At this juncture of affairs an officer dashed up and informed Col. Mullen that the enemy's cavalry was about to charge upon the hospital on the east side of the river, and would doubtless capture some wagons, among which were two belonging to Gen. Rosecrans, containing valuable papers. The regiment started for the ford to repel the cavalry. It was too late to cross and get into position. The left wing was thrown back to correspond with the enemy's advancing column. A terrific "fire by wing" was poured into the rebel cavalry, and the battery on the right belched forth against them round shot and shell. The enemy, having captured two or three ambulances filled with sick soldiers, was driven back.

The sun had not yet risen on the morning of January first, 1863, ere the gallant soldiers of the Thirty-Fifth shook the

white frost from their head and shoulders, and fell into line. Orders were received to cross to the east side of Stone river; with steady step the regiment, leading the brigade, dashed into the cold rapid stream. On crossing the river, skirmishers were thrown out, front and flank, and the regiment faced to the front to hear a few words from their Chaplain, Father Cooney. "Boys," said the Father, "this is the New Year; many of you will never see the sun go down to day; I desire to say to you a few words. You are an Irish regiment. Your countrymen have already proved their devotion to the flag of the nation by their courage and stamina on the field of battle. The eyes of the division are upon you. Your friends at home expect much from you—you must not disappoint them. Now, then, many of you have not been to your duties. All of you make an act of contrition, sincerely ask God to forgive you, and I will pronounce absolution."

In an instant hats were off, and heads bowed upon their muskets, while the brave Priest, with extended hands, implored the forgiveness and blessing of God upon them. "Amen," was scarcely pronounced when the men, fixing their hats upon their bayonets, gave three hearty, wild cheers.

"Good bye, Father," said the Colonel, riding up and extending his hand. "Oh you must'nt think of getting killed. You will come out safe." "I don't know. The Colonel who commands a set of fellows that will pray one minute and cheer the next will have a precious poor chance to escape." "Forward," and the brigade moved up to support the skirmishers who were warmly at work.

That day was passed in skirmishing; at twelve o'clock that night the enemy made an attempt to drive in the pickets. The Thirty-Fifth reinforced its line of skirmishers and drove the enemy back and occupied his line—all out of pure spite.

Friday, the second of January, the sun rose bright and glorious. It set upon the flag of the Union, waving over the field of victory. From eight o'clock, A. M., till twelve, P. M., large bodies of the enemy moved toward the left, evidently intending to try the metal of Crittenden's corps. Gen. Rosecrans shifted a portion of the right center to the rear of, and in support of, his left. At two o'clock, P. M., a portentous

silence reigned. It was the calm before the storm. The artillery were ordered to fire only on advancing columns. The third brigade occupied the following position: There were two curtains of woodland, between which was a clearing of about two hundred feet. Immediately opposite this open space, and on a ridge which gently sloped to the front and rear, stood in line the Thirty-Fifth Indiana. The regiment was brought to the rear of this crest, and ordered to lie down, so as to be concealed from the enemy. On the regiment's right, in the front line, were the Eighth Kentucky and Fifty-First Ohio; on the left, was the Seventy-Ninth Indiana; still further to the left, was Fyfe's brigade. The second line of the third brigade consisted of the Twenty-First Kentucky, supporting the Eighth Kentucky and Fifty-First Ohio; the Ninety-Ninth Ohio supporting the Thirty-Fifth Indiana. To the rear and to the right, fifty-three pieces of artillery were massed, ready for the work of death. Col. Beatty rode up to the Thirty-Fifth's line. "Col. Mullen, you are expected to hold the ford." "I'll hold it, sir." "You will stay right here," added Beatty. "I will stay as long as any man in your division," replied the commander of the Thirty-Fifth. From that moment until next morning at nine o'clock, not another order was given by either brigade or division commander to the Irish regiment.

At three o'clock, P. M., the enemy threw down the fence opposite the Federal lines. His battalions steadily, and in splendid order, now marched forward. Disregarding the shots of the skirmishers, they advanced at a quick pace, several columns deep. Not a shot or cheer is heard from their ranks. The Eighth Kentucky and Fifty-First Ohio pour a slashing fire into the head of the column. Crash! crash! goes the musketry of the enemy, and now the whole right is in a blaze of fire. The Seventy-Ninth Indiana, with its usual bravery, opens up; right and left roll out sheets of flame; still the Thirty-Fifth fires not a shot. Orders had been given them to be perfectly still, and await the command to fire. The enemy pressed on, diverging toward the right. One brigade had passed to the right, the second was within twenty-four paces, when the order was given, "Up, boys, with a

cheer; steady now; fire." The Irishmen poured forth a murderous volley. The whole column of the enemy reeled under it. The wild cheer of the Thirty-Fifth, and its deadly aim, astonished and terrified the foe. The battle was now opened, but we will quote from Col. Mullen's official report:

"The enemy advanced steadily in column by regiments *en echelon*. When within a short distance of the Fifty-First Ohio and Eighth Kentucky, the first brigade of the enemy came into line, and both parties opened a crashing fire of musketry. The enemy's second brigade came up to the work yelling. They were immediately in my front, and I considered it best to let them advance to within thirty or forty paces of my line, (as I believed they had no knowledge of my position,) before I opened fire. When their flank was opposite to the center of my line, I gave the order to rise and fire. With a deafening cheer, the order was obeyed. A plunging volley staggered the advancing columns, and before the enemy could recover his surprise, my regiment had reloaded, and commenced a well aimed and telling file fire. The flash and rattle of my musketry gave information to the enemy's battery in my front, which opened furiously upon me."

The battle was now at its height. The gallant Capt. Prosser was shot through both thighs. He lay upon his side, still commanding his company. "Co. E. don't throw away an ounce of lead; aim low!" shouted the brave Prosser; and Co. E did aim low. The enemy's left column was within three hundred paces of the massed and masked batteries of Mendenhall. A terrific explosion broke from the artillery. Shot, shell, schrapnell, grape and canister, indeed every manner of projectile, was hurled at the advancing column. The piercing rattle of the musketry, the roar of an hundred pieces of artillery, and the cheers of the combatants, created a storm of unearthly noises. The Thirty-Fifth still maintained its ground. The Fifty-First Ohio and Eighth Kentucky retired slowly, fighting most gallantly.

Of the Thirty-Fifth, Capts. Baggot, Prosser and Crowe were wounded. Lieut. Kilroy, a fearless soldier, was mortally wounded. Sergeant Major Stockdale was wounded in

the head; spitting the blood from his lips, and coolly wiping the red gore from his eyes, he refused to leave the field. The Colonel's Orderly, the brave Johnny Kinsela, fought like a hero. A round shot, ricocheting, hit the Colonel, and hurled him to the ground. Some of the men rushed to him. "Go back to the line; I'm all right," said the Colonel. The storm of battle continued. The brave Adjutant Sculley rushed along the line, swinging his sword over his head, exclaiming, "Well done, Thirty-Fives; pour into them." The officers vied with each other in displaying the staunchest courage. "Through all this terrible fire of musketry and shell," says Col. Mullen, in his report, "I am proud to say not an officer or man flinched." The enemy was pressing around the flanks of the Thirty-Fifth. "What now?" asked young Kinsela, looking up inquiringly into his Colonel's face. "Fight on." The brave young Kinsela fired; and as he turned about to reload, was shot through the head, and fell dead upon the battle field.

After forty-three minutes of this murderous and unequal contest, it became evident the Thirty-Fifth would be either killed or captured, if they did not change position. The order to fall back by the right of companies, was given, and had to be repeated before the brave fellows would obey. On reaching the river's bank, and under cover of artillery, the officers rallied the torn ranks of the regiment. They were joined by portions of the Eighth and Twenty-First Kentucky, and Fifty-Fifth Ohio. This new formed line wheeled upon the enemy; and, rushing up the hill, along the river's bank, drove him from his position. Wood, and Palmer, and Negley, rushed forward. The enemy, in confusion, left the field.

In this desperate struggle, the Thirty-Fifth lost one-third of its rank and file; but it established a proud name, and won the applause of its friends.

ADJUTANT BERNARD R. MULLEN,

Was born in Napoleon, Ripley county, Indiana, on the twelfth of July, 1844. While a boy he applied himself assiduously

to his studies. In all the boyish games which tend to physical development he became proficient. Although he possessed a gentle disposition and a kind heart, yet oppression roused in him a spirit of stern resistance. In school boy quarrels, the smaller disputant had a friend in young Mullen. When controversies ended with blows, it was enough for the little boys to cry out "Bernard Mullen is coming," The oppressed then knew a friend was near. Never assuming the quarrels of others, he was ever ready to interfere when appealed to, and, if kind words and persuasive arguments failed to restore peace, then woe to the young tyrant who sought to inflict punishment on a weaker school-fellow. With his kindness of heart and true courage, it is no wonder he became a favorite with all who loved right and hated wrong. He had a talent for music and acquired some proficiency in this elegant science.

In 1860 his father, Dr. Alexander J. Mullen, the present Surgeon of the Thirty-Fifth regiment, moved with his family to Michigan City, Indiana. About this time a volunteer company was formed and young Mullen at once enrolled himself in the ranks. The company engaged, as a military instructor, a member of "Ellsworth's Zouaves," who drilled the young soldiers twice a week. None entered into the spirit of the drill with greater zest than the subject of our sketch. He soon became famous as the "best drilled boy in the company." So zealous was he studying his "tactics" that he had "Hardee" from the formation of a squad to the "School of the company" perfectly memorized, and was perfect in the manual of arms.

When the war broke out young Mullen desired to volunteer, but his parents opposed it on account of his youth. When the Thirty-Fifth (Irish) regiment was being raised, he obtained the consent of his father to enter its ranks. Before it left for the field, his uncle, Col. B. F. Mullen, received permission to raise the second Irish regiment, and young Mullen at once commenced recruiting for that regiment. Recruiting having been suspended, and a consolidation of all skeleton regiments ordered by the Secretary of War, the first and second Irish regiments were consolidated. The first regiment

having only nine companies, Lieut. Mullen's company was assigned to it as company G. He now held the rank of Lieutenant in a regiment to which he was so partial, as to assert "that it contained the best material in muscle and pluck of any regiment from the State." He inherited from his parents that warm Irish blood and nervous endurance which are of great value to a soldier. His grandfather had followed the fortunes of the great Napoleon, and after the campaign of Moscow wore next his heart the "Cross of the Legion of Honor."

In the long and fatiguing march from Louisville to Wild Cat, Lieut. Mullen endured every hardship cheerfully. On the road to Crab Orchard, the regiment being in the advance, was furiously assailed by the rear guard of the enemy. Lieut. Mullen was cool and courageous under the heavy fire of the foe. When his command reached Glasgow, on the return from Wild Cat, he was appointed Adjutant. In this capacity he soon became the idol of the Thirty-Fifth. He was obeyed because he was respected. His courage was undoubted, and his honor unquestioned; he was a model staff officer.

Adjutant Mullen was killed in an engagement near Lavergne. The enemy made a desperate charge upon the flank of the regiment, and the commanding officer fell wounded. Adjutant Mullen at once took command, ordered his line to change front, and gave the command, "charge bayonets with a cheer." While the cheers of his gallant comrades were ringing in his ears, he fell, pierced through the brain with a minnie ball. He died in the moment of triumph with glad shouts filling the air. Like a warrior he fell, amid the roar of battle, and the deadly strife. When his body was brought into camp the greatest grief prevailed. Old and young gathered around the body and gave vent to their grief in tears. His remains were sent to his home in Madison for interment. A large concourse of citizens assembled at his funeral, to honor in death the memory of the one they had loved so well in life. His resting place will not long remain unmarked by the "chiseled marble." The officers of the regiment have organized a monumental fund, and contributed handsomely to place over his remains a monument of affection

and esteem. Thus slumbers the dust of our young hero. Beneath the sod which covers his grave rests one of the gentlest and bravest hearts that was ever stilled by the rude hand of war.

CAPTAIN HENRY PROSSER.

Henry Prosser was born in the State of Illinois in the year 1818. When a young man, he moved to St. Louis, Missouri, where he engaged in business. He early displayed a taste for military life. On the breaking out of the Mexican war, he received a commission in a Missouri regiment, in which he served until the terms of peace were concluded. On his return to St. Louis, he raised an independent company, and commanded it while he remained in that city.

When the present troubles culminated in active hostilities against the Government, he was engaged in business in Indianapolis. An independent company was at once raised, and he was elected to command it. It was designated as company A, Indianapolis volunteers, and included within its ranks some of the most prominent business men of the city. The war feeling in this company was intense; and soon many of its members engaged, in various capacities, in the regiments then being organized in the State for the General Government. When authority was given to raise the Sixty-First (second Irish) regiment, Henry Prosser was designated as its Major. The regiment could not be filled in the prescribed time, and an order was received from the War Department to consolidate it with the Thirty-Fifth, then in the field. Major Prosser joined the Thirty-Fifth as Captain of company E.

As an officer, he was prompt and efficient; a strict disciplinarian, exacting from those he commanded that attention to duty which he so scrupulously gave himself. He was a man of splendid appearance—one of the finest looking officers that ever buckled on a sword in defense of the old flag. At Stone River, where he fell mortally wounded, he displayed those heroic qualities, which, through life, had been accorded him by those who best knew him. When lying upon the battle

field, shot through both thighs, while the life blood was staining the sod beneath him, he retained the command of his company, and exhorted his men to stand firm and fire low. He lingered for a few days after the hard fought field was won, and died while the loved flag, for which he gave his life, was being planted on the enemy's works at Murfreesboro. He died the death of a hero, and his name will be honored for all time by the State of his adoption.

GRANT'S FIRST CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER XIX.

Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, in command of the Union forces at Cairo, resolved, early in November, 1861, to make a demonstration on the forces of the enemy, then stationed at Belmont, Mo., opposite Columbus. The object of the expedition was to prevent the rebel Gen. Polk sending reinforcements to the rebel Gen. Price in Missouri, and, if successful, to strike a heavy blow upon their rapidly organizing troops.

BATTLE OF BELMONT.

The expedition, numbering about three thousand men, left Cairo on the sixth of November, on five steamers, convoyed by two gunboats. The fleet lay all night near the Kentucky shore, thirteen miles below Cairo. At daylight it moved down the river, and took position just out of range of the rebel guns at Columbus, and disembarked on the Missouri shore. All the regiments, except the Seventh Iowa, were from Illinois.

The enemy were encamped upon high ground, back of the river, about two miles from the place our forces landed, and at once disposed their forces to meet our attack. The Kentucky shore rises in bold, high bluffs, while the Missouri shore is low and flat. A line of battle was at once formed on the levee; Col. Buford took command of the right, Col. Fouke of the center, and Col. Logan of the left.

Our skirmishers rapidly advanced, and encountered those of the enemy. Step by step, and from tree to tree, we drove them for two miles. There they were found in strong position behind felled timber. The fighting at this point was desperate. The scene was one of great excitement—cannon and musketry issued their death-calls all around. Our troops, with loud and continuous cheers, rushed on, and over, the abattis, driving the enemy from their camps, capturing their artillery and tents. The enemy, in confusion, retreated to the river's bank, under cover of their batteries on the Kentucky shore.

Reinforcements crossed the river to the enemy. Gen. Polk sent over large bodies of his choicest troops. The enemy's batteries, commanding the battle field, opened a severe fire. The reinforcements of the enemy endeavored to flank our small force, and get between our troops and their transports. The situation was most critical.

Gen. McClelland at once reformed his lines, reversed the position of his artillery, and prepared to cut his way through. Driving the enemy back, the column moved on. Taylor's Chicago battery, under Capt. Swartz, fought splendidly, driving the enemy, with great slaughter, from his hidden positions. Our troops reached their boats, and embarked. The battle lasted from eleven o'clock in the morning until sundown. As our boats passed up the river, the enemy poured into them a galling fire. Our loss was one hundred killed, and one hundred and twenty-five wounded. That of the enemy, in four regiments, was three hundred and sixty-four killed, wounded, and missing. The movement did not accomplish all that was expected, owing to the failure of the commander of the Union troops at Paducah, Kentucky, to make a demonstration upon Columbus.

With the exception of a few unimportant expeditions against guerrillas in Missouri and Kentucky, no event of importance occurred in Gen. Grant's department, until early in the month of February, 1862. Then a succession of victories, which filled the Union army with joy, was inaugurated. A brilliant victory had been gained by Gen. Thomas over the rebel army at Mill Spring, Kentucky, on the nine-

teenth of January. This was followed by the capture of Fort Henry, situated on the Tennessee river, south of the Kentucky line.

It was the policy of the Government, and the plan of Gen. Halleck, who commanded the department of the West, to open the Mississippi river; and as the enemy had fortified heavily at Columbus, and other places on the Mississippi; also on the Tennessee river at Fort Henry, and on the Cumberland at Fort Donelson; the capture of any of these places would break his chain of fortifications. The movement up the Tennessee and Cumberland rivers, and the capture of the forts thereon, would flank Columbus, and open the way to Nashville. Taking events as they occurred, the reader will see how successfully Gen. Halleck's plan was executed.

CAPTURE OF FORT HENRY.

Fort Henry is on the right bank of the Tennessee, about seventy miles above its junction with the Ohio. In addition to the fort, there was an intrenched camp, protected on the flanks by creeks and ponds. The country around is much broken, intersected with creeks, and covered with forests. A combined attack of our army and fleet was agreed upon; Commodore Foote, with seven gunboats, was to move up the river, and open the assault on the fort; Gen. McClernand was to march across the country toward the Cumberland river, to prevent the enemy receiving reinforcements; while Gen. C. F. Smith was to move up the west bank of the river, occupy a hill overlooking the fort, and, if necessary, reinforce McClernand.

On the sixth of February, at noon, Com. Foote opened fire on the fort from his gunboats. The enemy instantly replied, and the fire became general. The gunboats moved steadily forward, until within six hundred yards of the fort, delivering their fire with great rapidity and exactness.

When the cannonade opened, the columns, which were endeavoring to gain the rear of the enemy's camp, were struggling over a muddy road, impeded by swollen creeks, not more than half way to their desired position. The roar

of the first gun caused them to push on with redoubled ardor. Miles of muddy swamps, and steep hills, were passed over. The fort was concealed from view by dense woods. The roar of heavy guns and huge shells filled the air.

The gunboats were the Cincinnati, St. Louis, Essex, Carondelet, Conestoga, Tylor and Lexington. The flag ship Cincinnati fired the first shot. Straight onward moved the boats. As they neared the fort their fire became more destructive. Early in the fight the rifled gun of the rebels burst, killing some of the gunners; but they did not on that account slacken their fire. The firing from the fort was very rapid, and the gunboats were often hit. A twenty-pound shot passed through the boiler of the Essex, disabling her, and occasioning the scalding of twenty-nine officers and men, including Commander Porter. The Essex at once dropped down stream, and was towed off by tugs. The enemy were greatly encouraged by this disaster. But our fleet worked most vigorously, delivering their fire with terrible precision and rapidity. They were now in close range. Their shots tore up the embankments, and their shells exploded directly over the enemy's guns. The fleet still advanced, shooting out their death-winged messengers. At half past one o'clock—one hour and twelve minutes from the commencement of the attack—when the gunboats were within three hundred yards of the fort, the rebel flag was lowered, and the fort surrendered.

Meantime the land forces were pressing eagerly forward to take part in the fight, and hoping to capture the rebel encampment and troops. The forces of the enemy were reported to be equal to our own, and a desperate fight was expected. Suddenly the firing ceased. Presently our scouts reported the camps of the enemy deserted. They had fled without firing a gun. The first few shells from the Cincinnati threw their camp into alarm. The rebels broke and fled, leaving arms, ammunition—everything—behind. Our troops soon occupied the deserted camp, and joyously greeted the Union flag waving over Fort Henry.

The fort contained seventeen heavy guns, including one ten-inch columbiad, one breach-loading rifled gun, carrying a

sixty-pound elongated shot, twelve thirty-two pounders, one twenty-four pounder rifled, and two twelve pounder siege guns. The camp contained stores and tents sufficient for fifteen thousand men. The most important result, however, was the opening of the Tennessee to Gen. Grant's army.

Immediately after the capture of Fort Henry, the troops moved on Fort Donelson, twelve miles distant on the Cumberland river. The route lay over high ridges, through a densely wooded country, with scarcely the sign of a human habitation. The ridges vary from one to three hundred feet in height. Through many of the valleys run pure streams of water, which, as they near the Cumberland and Tennessee rivers, become large creeks. These delayed the rapid movement of our columns.

The expedition against Fort Donelson was under command of Gen. U. S. Grant. Commodore Foote, with his gunboats, acted in concert with him. The divisions were commanded as follows:

FIRST DIVISION—GEN. M'CLERNAND.

First Brigade—Col. Oglesby—Eighth, Eighteenth, Twenty-Ninth, Thirtieth and Thirty-First Illinois, Schwartz's and Dresser's batteries, and four battalions of Illinois cavalry.

Second Brigade—Col. W. H. L. Wallace—Eleventh, Twentieth, Forty-Fifth, Forty-Eighth and Forty-Ninth Illinois, Taylor's and McAllister's batteries, and Fourth and Seventh Illinois cavalry.

SECOND DIVISION—GEN. C. F. SMITH.

First Brigade—Colonel Cook—Seventh, Ninth, Twelfth, Twenty-Eighth and Forty-First Illinois, Twelfth Iowa, Thirteenth Missouri, Fifty-Second Indiana, and three batteries First Missouri artillery.

Second Brigade—Col. Lauman—Seventh, Second and Fourteenth Iowa, and Fifty-Sixth Indiana.

THIRD DIVISION—GEN. LEW. WALLACE.

First Brigade—Col. Cruft—Seventeenth and Twenty-Fifth Kentucky, Thirty-First and Forty-Fourth Indiana.

Second Brigade.—Colonel Thayer—First Nebraska, Fifty-Eighth, Sixty-Eighth and Seventy-Sixth Ohio, Forty-Sixth, Fifty-Seventh and Fifth-Eighth Illinois, and Willard's Chicago battery.

A brigade, commanded by Col. Morgan L. Smith, composed of the Eighth Missouri and Eleventh Indiana, joined Gen. Lew. Wallace's command while the fight was in progress.

Gen. McClelland's division moved by the telegraph road directly upon Fort Donelson; Oglesby's brigade being in the advance. Another brigade of the same division moved by the Dover road. Gen. C. F. Smith's division also took the Dover road, followed by the division of Gen. Lew. Wallace. The weather was mild and pleasant. The column pushed gladly forward; the men being in high spirits and excellent condition. Presently firing was heard in the front. The Eighth Illinois had come in contact with the advance pickets of the enemy, and, after a slight skirmish, compelled them to retire.

CAPTURE OF FORT DONELSON.

This was a strong position. The preparations made by the enemy for its defense were very extensive. The water batteries were well located to control river navigation. At the lower battery were mounted eight thirty-two pounders and one ten-inch columbiad. At the upper battery were mounted one rifled thirty-two pounder, and two thirty-two pound carrouades. Both these batteries were sunk in the hillside. They were elevated about thirty feet above the water, when the gunboats made their attack. The main fort was on a high elevation in the rear of these batteries. The outworks consisted of rifle pits and felled trees, forming a difficult obstruction to the advance of our troops.

On arriving in front of these formidable works, our army immediately took position to invest them. A combined attack, by land and water, had been agreed upon between Gen. Grant and Commodore Foote, but as the gunboats did not arrive at the appointed time, Gen. Grant threw his forces around the enemy's position, and prevented the reinforcing

of the enemy. On the evening of the thirteenth the gunboats arrived.

On the fourteenth a gallant attack was made by Commodore Foote, with four iron clad, and two wooden gunboats. After one hour and a quarter's severe fighting, the St. Louis and Louisville became disabled. They then drifted down the river. The two remaining boats were also greatly damaged. There were forty-four killed and wounded in this attack.

The enemy were greatly elated at the repulse of our gunboats, and thought they could either repulse our whole army, or cut their way through to Nashville. Dispatches had been sent to Gen. Johnson, the rebel commander at Bowling Green, by Gen. Pillow, that the Union forces had been repulsed, and a triumphant feeling pervaded the people of Nashville.

At three o'clock, on the morning of the fifteenth, in the midst of a heavy snow storm, the enemy left their camp and made a desperate attempt to break through our lines. But in this they were foiled. Gen. Grant, sleepless and vigilant, had visited the outposts a short time previously and warned the sentries to be on the alert. It was a dreary night. The wind was sharp and biting, and the air filled with snow. Suddenly our advanced pickets saw a dark mass moving over the snow; the alarm was given; a regiment advanced to support our picket line, and the enemy was baffled in his expected surprise.

Gen. McClelland commanded the right. Upon Oglesby's brigade of his division, was first hurled the rebel thunder. Under fire from several batteries, an immense mass of infantry charged upon our lines. Sudden as was the attack, the gallant troops of Illinois were ready to meet it. Into the enemy's teeth they poured a steady and deadly fire. Fresh masses of the enemy advanced, but Taylor's battery, and two of McAllister's guns, met them with a storm of grape and shell, and the brigade charging, actually drove four times their number back to their intrenchments. The struggle was hand to hand. The bayonet, the bowie knife, and the butt-end of the musket were freely used. Blood flowed profusely, staining the snow-clad earth with crimson. Fresh masses of the enemy rolled forth from the woods. McClelland's gal-

lant men still fought tenaciously. The contest had lasted four hours, all our right wing were engaged, when their ammunition failing, they were compelled to fall back, which they did in good order. The enemy poured forth in dense masses and captured Schwartz's battery. Willard's battery then opened a deadly fire on their columns, and the enemy fell back down the hill, dragging with them the captured guns.

While the battle raged desperately on the right, and Gen. C. F. Smith's forces were holding their line of investment on the left, ready to move to any given point, the division of Gen. Lew. Wallace hurried to the front to the support of the overpowered heroes of McClelland's division. At the head of the column marched the Eighth Missouri, closely followed by the Eleventh Indiana, both regiments under Col. Morgan L. Smith. Col. Cruft's brigade followed, and two Ohio regiments, under Col. Ross, were moved on the left flank of the assailing force.

The battle field was much broken by out-cropping edges of rock, and covered by dense underbrush. The ascent was steep and difficult. Col. Smith rushed at once into the fight. Our skirmishers soon engaged the rebel pickets, who retired, obstinately contesting the advance. Meantime the regiments pushed on. On ascending the hill they received a heavy fire from the enemy. Instantly the regiments lay down. Soon as the fury of the fire abated, they rose and marched forward; thus they gradually neared the enemy's intrenchments. The movement was brilliant. The enemy was pursued until he reached his main works; we held our line of investment on the left and regained what we had lost on our right. The enemy's columns were forced back and thrown into confusion. The decisive moment had come, then Gen. Grant ordered a charge along the whole line.

Gen. C. F. Smith was ordered to lead the assault. In heavy columns the troops of Indiana, Iowa, Illinois, Ohio and Missouri advanced upon the foe. Selecting the Second and Seventh Iowa and Fifty-Second Indiana as the storming party, Gen. Smith moved the main body of his troops to the right, and, having gained the attention of the enemy, led in person the forlorn hope, and advanced upon the enemy from

his extreme left. Indifferent to the storm of bullets flying around him, the General, on horseback, and with his hat on the point of his sword, preceded the column inspiring them with his gallantry.

Steadily they pressed onward. The enemy's fire decimated their ranks, but closing up, they returned not a shot, but pushed on, silent and determined as inevitable fate. Their leader was ahead; they followed him into the very jaws of death. The enemy recoiled. Their works were gained. Our men poured a terrible volley into their ranks. A bayonet charge instantly followed. They fled in confusion before our determined line, and our troops held their outworks. Night put an end to the battle. Our troops watched and waited for the morning. Wearied as they were, few slept, for the night was cold, and they were not permitted to build fires so near the enemy's lines.

Early on the morning of the sixteenth our line was in readiness to advance upon the enemy's works. They were surprised as daylight broke, to see upon the rebel intrenchments numerous little white flags. Soon after, a flag of truce approached. Gen. Buckner wished to arrange terms of surrender. Gens. Floyd and Pillow, with five thousand men, made their escape during the night.

Gen. Grant replied, that no terms would be accepted but an unconditional and immediate surrender; and that he proposed to move immediately upon the enemy's works.

Gen. Buckner accepted the terms, and surrendered the fort and thirteen thousand men. Twelve thousand stand of arms, forty-eight field pieces, and seventeen siege guns, and provisions and camp equipage valued at a million of dollars were the result of this brilliant victory. The enemy lost about three hundred killed and one thousand wounded. Our loss was three hundred and fifty-five killed, and fourteen hundred wounded.

The battle field presented a frightful spectacle. All the way to the intrenchments, for a distance of two miles, lay the dead and dying. "I could imagine," says an eye witness, "nothing more terrible than the silent indications of agony that marked the features of the pale corpses that lay at every

step. Though dead and rigid in every muscle, they still writhed and seemed to turn to catch the passing breeze for a cooling breath. Staring eyes, gaping mouths, clinched hands, and strangely contracted limbs, seemingly drawn into a small compass, as if by a mighty effort to rend asunder some irresistible bond which held them down to the torture of which they died. One sat against a tree, and, with mouth and eyes wide open, looked up into the sky, as if to catch a glance at its fleeting spirit. Another clutched the branch of an overhanging tree, and hung half-suspended, as if in the death-pang he had raised himself partly from the ground; the other had grasped his faithful musket, and the compression of his mouth told of the determination which would have been fatal to a foe had life ebbed a minute later. A third clung with both hands to a bayonet which was buried in the ground. Great numbers lay in heaps, just as the fire of the artillery mowed them down, mangling their forms into an almost undistinguishable mass."

The surrender of Fort Donelson was disastrous to the enemy. Aside from the loss of men and materiel, its capture opened the way to Nashville, and involved the surrender of that city. It gave us the whole State of Kentucky, and the greater part of Tennessee. It compelled the rebel Gen. Johnson to evacuate Bowling Green before the advance of Gen. Buell's troops, and opened to the Union forces a long extent of navigable rivers penetrating the very heart of the Confederacy.

Bowling Green was evacuated while the fight was in progress at Fort Donelson. Gen. Johnson's troops fell back to Nashville, thence to Murfreesboro. The sudden departure of the rebels from Nashville caused a scene seldom witnessed. The whole population were seized with terror and consternation. The members of the State Government were the first to fly. Gov. Harris galloped through the streets, calling upon the citizens to save themselves. Women and children ran crying through the city. Fear of the Union army caused as great a panic as if an earthquake had taken place. The rabble embraced the opportunity, and the work of plunder and robbery began. Drunken men rolled in the streets.

The negroes swarmed in the town, and carried away their share of the plunder. Millions of dollars worth of stores were destroyed or carried off during the frightful week which succeeded the fall of Fort Donelson. The total destruction of the city was imminent, unless the Union troops soon appeared.

On the twenty-third a body of Union pickets appeared in Edgefield, opposite the city, and seized the small ferry boat. The next day Gens. Buell and Mitchell arrived from Bowling Green, and Gen. Nelson with one gunboat and eight transports from Fort Donelson. The Union forces took possession of the city, and order was restored.

Shortly after the capture of Fort Donelson, the army of Gen. Grant moved up the Tennessee river; and, on the eleventh of March, arrived at Pittsburgh Landing, about fourteen miles north of the Mississippi State line. The design was to capture Corinth, an important strategic point in Northern Mississippi, twenty miles from Pittsburgh Landing. Gen. Grant's army, thirty-five thousand strong, had occupied this position for three weeks, waiting for the forces under Gen. Buell, which were crossing the country from Nashville.

THE SITUATION.

Back from the river at Pittsburgh Landing is undulating table-land, elevated about one hundred feet above the bottom land. Along the Tennessee river to the East, are abrupt ravines. South of Pittsburgh Landing is Lick creek, which sluggishly winds its course amid a range of hills, which slope gradually towards the battle field. Owl creek, rising near the source of Lick creek, flows to the northeast, around the battle field, into Snake creek, which empties into the Tennessee river a few miles below Lick creek. A large portion of the country is heavily timbered, with occasional pieces of dense underbrush. The battle field is called Shiloh, and takes its name from a small church which stood in its midst. From the Landing a road leads directly to Corinth, twenty miles distant. A short distance from the Landing the road forks; one branch is called the lower Corinth road, the other

the ridge Corinth road. Beyond the battle field is a perfect labyrinth of roads.

On and near the roads leading from Pittsburgh Landing to Corinth, a few miles from the Landing, lay five divisions of Gen. Grant's army on the morning of the battle. The advance line was formed by three divisions—Gen. Sherman's, Prentiss', and Maj. Gen. McClelland's. Between these and the Landing lay the two others—Gen. Hurlbut's, and Maj. Gen. Smith's, commanded, in the absence of Gen. Smith—who was then sick—by Gen. W. H. L. Wallace. Our line extended from Snake creek, on the right, to near Lick creek, on the left, curved outwards from the river, with the center nearest the enemy. It was about five miles in length.

Our advance line, beginning at the extreme left, was formed thus: On the Hamburg road, north of the crossing of Lick creek, and under bluffs on the opposite bank, commanding the position, lay Col. D. Stuart's brigade of Gen. Sherman's division. About three miles distant, on the lower Corinth road, lay the remaining brigades of Sherman's division, McDowell's forming the extreme right of our advance line; Buckland's lay next, and Hildebrand's next. To the left of Hildebrand, and a little behind, lay Gen. McClelland's division, and between it and Stuart's brigade, lay Gen. Prentiss', completing the front. Back of this line, about a mile from the Landing, lay Hurlbut's division, stretching across the Corinth road; W. H. L. Wallace lay to his right; Maj. Gen. Lew. Wallace's division lay at Crump's Landing. At half-past eleven o'clock of the sixth of April, Gen. Lew. Wallace received a verbal order, through a Quartermaster, from Gen. Grant, directing him to leave a sufficient force at Crump's Landing to guard the public property at that place, and to march with his command, and join the main army at the point where its right was then resting—four miles from Pittsburgh Landing, and six from the position Gen. Wallace then occupied. At twelve o'clock the General started with his division—having left a sufficient force to guard the public property at Crump's Landing—taking the direct road to the place designated by Gen. Grant. When the head of his column had marched five miles, an officer from Gen. Grant,

overtaking Gen. Wallace, informed him that Grant ordered him (Wallace) to "hurry up, as our army had been beaten back from the line it held in the morning, and was then fighting a losing battle close around Pittsburgh Landing." This was the first intimation Gen. Wallace had received of the disaster to our army. Had he proceeded in the course he was then pursuing, his division would have been captured, or uselessly sacrificed. He then determined to obey the spirit of Grant's order; and, as by reason of swamps and bayous, a direct march across the country to Pittsburgh Landing was impracticable, he at once ordered a countermarch, to form, if possible, a junction with the right of Grant's army at the point where it was reported to be resting. This he accomplished about dusk in the evening, having marched sixteen miles, ten of which was unnecessary, and would have been avoided but for the mistake made in delivering the order. The facts are: Gen. Grant ordered Gen. Wallace to march to Pittsburgh Landing; whereas, the order received by him, directed him "to join the right of the army at a point four miles from the Landing." The mistake, therefore, was neither that of Grant or Wallace, but of the Quartermaster who delivered the order.

The great Tennessee expedition of Gen. Grant had been up the river about four weeks. We had occupied Pittsburgh Landing for three weeks, destroyed one railroad connection, and failed in the destruction of another. The enemy began massing his troops in our front.

On the fourth of April there was skirmishing with the enemy's advance. A brigade, consisting of the Seventieth, Seventy-Second, and Forty-Eighth Ohio, was ordered to the front. They encountered the rebels, a thousand strong, and, after a sharp action, drove them off. A drizzling rain fell during the night. The impression prevailed among our army that the demonstration of the enemy was only a reconnaissance. On the next day there was skirmishing along our advanced lines.

BATTLE OF SHILOH.

On Sunday morning, April sixth, the spring sunshine

danced over the rippling waters, and softly lit up the green dressed earth. A few fleecy clouds floated in the sky. A soft breeze murmured among the young leaves, and the birds were singing their sweetest notes. Soon the peace of this Sabbath morn was disturbed. The air was filled with sulphurous smoke; and masses of advancing and receding men, in mortal combat, rent the very echoes with their cries. The alarm of the pickets rushing in, and the few shots which preceded their arrival, aroused the regiments to a sense of their danger. Soon afterwards, shells flew through the tents. Then followed the fine, dashing, compact columns of the enemy through the woods, with lines of battle sweeping the whole front of the division camps, and bending down on either flank. Into our alarmed camps thronged the rebel regiments, firing sharp volleys as they advanced. Some of our men were shot down as they hastened towards the river. The searching bullets found others in their tents. Some fell as they were buckling on their accoutrements. Such were the fearful disasters which opened the rebel onset on the lines of Prentiss' division. The shattered regiments of Prentiss' division did every thing they possibly could to stay the advance of the foe.

Falling back rapidly through the heavy woods, till they gained a protecting ridge, Hildebrand's brigade, of Sherman's division, succeeded in forming a hasty line of battle. The other two brigades of the division, which were placed to the right, no sooner sprang to their arms, than the enemy's line was hurled against their front, and the battle raged fiercely along Sherman's whole line on the right.

Hildebrand's brigade, almost without a struggle, were forced from their camps. They had been sleeping in fancied security, and awoke amid the crash of musketry and the thunder of cannon, to see the serried columns of the enemy in their midst, with bayonets glistening through the blinding, stifling smoke.

As Hildebrand's brigade fell back, Gen. McClelland threw forward his left to support it. Meanwhile Sherman put forth all his energy to rally his troops. Dashing along the lines he everywhere encouraged them by his presence; fearlessly

exposing his own life, he did much to save the division from utter destruction. Buckland and McDowell for a time stubbornly held their position. At last they were compelled to leave their camps and retire across a small ravine. Here they made a gallant defense.

Almost at dawn Prentiss' pickets were driven in, and the enemy closely followed them into camp. A large portion of the troops maintained their position, and formed into line in an open space, the enemy under cover of dense scrub-oak in front, pouring fearful volleys into their midst. The men held their position gallantly. Down on either flank came the overwhelming enemy. Our men, fiercely pushed in front, and threatened with a wall of bayonets on either side, fought till fighting was madness, and then fell back. The enemy followed up their advantage. They were already within our lines; they had driven one division from all its camps, and opened the way almost to the river. About one o'clock McArthur's brigade, of W. H. L. Wallace's division, went to the support of Stuart's brigade, on the extreme left, then in danger of being cut off. On account of the surprise of Prentiss' division, McArthur mistook the way, marched too far to the right, and, instead of reaching Stuart, went to the other side of the rebels who were pushing Prentiss. His men opened a vigorous fire on the enemy, but soon had to fall back.

At ten o'clock the entire division of Gen. Prentiss was disorganized; a deep gap was made in our front; Gen. Prentiss and three regiments were prisoners; the rebels had almost pierced through our lines, but were held back by W. H. L. Wallace's division.

Sherman's brigades still maintained a confused fight; Hildebrand's was scattered; Buckland's and McDowell's held their ground tenaciously. As Sherman fell back, McClermand had to bear the shock of battle. Gradually the resistance in Buckland's brigade became feebler. The line wavered, the men fell back by squads and companies. As they retreated the woods behind them became thinner, and there was less protection from the storm of grape which swept like a hurricane through the trees. Many officers and men fell. Part

of Waterhouse's battery was taken. Behr's battery was captured. Taylor's battery was forced to retire with heavy loss. The whole division was forced back in disorder, among the ravines that border Snake creek. Here, so far as the first day's fight was concerned, Sherman's division passed out of sight. Sherman fought bravely, and was wounded; but his columns could not stand before the large force of the enemy. Prompt to seize the advantage, a brigade of the rebels dashed through the abandoned camp of the division, pushed up the road, and endeavored to get between McClelland and the position Sherman had occupied. Dresser's battery opened on them, and drove them back with fearful slaughter. But the enemy's reserves advancing forced our troops to give way. Schwartz's battery lost half its guns. Dresser lost several of his rifled pieces. McAllister lost half his twenty-four pound howitzers.

McClelland's men fought bravely and at fearful disadvantage. Slowly they fell back, making a determined and organized resistance. At short intervals they rallied and repulsed the enemy, and then in turn were repulsed. At eleven o'clock the division was back in a line with Hurlbut's. It still did some gallant fighting. Once its right swept round and drove the enemy, and again fell back.

The fortunes of the isolated brigade of Sherman's division, on the extreme left, must not be forgotten. It was commanded by Col. David Stuart, and was posted along the crooked road from the Landing to Hamburg. The first intimation they had of disaster to the right was the partial cessation of firing. An instant afterwards muskets were seen glistening among the leaves, and presently a rebel column, with banner flying, emerged from a bend in the road, and moved at double-quick towards them. They fell back, and the rebel column veered to the right in search of Prentiss' flying troops.

Before ten o'clock, however, the brigade, which had still stood listening to the surging roar of battle on the left, was startled by the screaming of a shell directly over their heads. In an instant the batteries of the rebels, on commanding bluffs opposite, were in full play, and the orchards and open

fields in which they were posted were swept with the exploding shells and hail-storm rush of grape. Under cover of this fire, the rebels rushed down, crossed the ford, and in a short time were seen forming, in close musket range of the creek, in open fields. Their color bearers stepped defiantly to the front, and the engagement opened furiously, the rebels pouring in sharp, quick volleys of musketry, and their batteries above continuing to support them with a destructive fire. The brigade stood for a short time, and fell back to the next ridge, which position they held for an hour, threatened by a rebel cavalry attack on their left. They were soon forced back to another ridge, then to another, fighting desperately. About twelve o'clock, badly shattered and disorganized, they retreated to the right and rear, behind McArthur's brigade.

Thus we have shown how Prentiss, Sherman and McClernand were driven back; how their camps were all in the hands of the enemy; how, fight fiercely as they would, they still lost ground. Disaster had followed us all day. It was now twelve o'clock. Still all was not lost. Hurlbut and W. H. L. Wallace were making a most gallant stand.

As Prentiss fell back, Hurlbut's left aided Wallace in resisting the rebel onset, and when McClernand gave way, the remainder of the division was thrown forward. The position, however, was not a good one, and the division fell back to the thick woods in the rear. Here, with open fields before them, they could rake the rebel approach. Nobly they stood their ground. From ten to half past three o'clock they held the enemy in check, and nearly all that time were actively engaged. Hurlbut himself displayed the most daring gallantry, and his example, with that of the brave officers under him, nerved the men to the sternest endurance. Three times during those long hours the heavy rebel masses on the left charged upon the division, and three times were they repulsed with terrible slaughter. Close, sharp, and continuous musketry,—whole lines belching fire on the enemy as they attempted to advance,—were too much even for rebel discipline, though the bodies left on the field gave evidence of the desperate daring with which they tried to break our lines. Taking their disordered troops to the rear, fresh troops rushed

on, unknowing the fate of their comrades. Like the rush of a mighty torrent, the masses of the enemy bore down on our troops. After six hours splendid fighting, the jaded and heroic division of Hurlbut was pushed back, to within half a mile of the Landing.

Let us now turn to Hurlbut's companion division, commanded by Gen. W. H. L. Wallace. Here, too, the fight began about ten o'clock. From that time till four they nobly sustained the shock of battle. The musketry fire was continuous. The artillery was admirably served. Once or twice the infantry advanced, attempting to drive the swarming troops of the enemy, but though they held their position they were not sufficiently strong to drive back the foe. Four times the rebels charged them. Each time the infantry poured in its terrible volleys, the artillery swept their lines, and the rebels retreated with heavy loss. The division was eager to remain, even when Hurlbut fell back. But their supports were gone on either side. To have remained in isolated advance, would have been madness. Just as the necessity for retreating was becoming apparent, Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, whose cool, undaunted bravery had nerved his troops to deeds of heroism, was mortally wounded, and carried from the field. Then the division retired. Fighting determinedly with their faces to the foe, they were the last to leave the sanguinary field of battle. This brought most of our army within about half a mile of the Landing, with the enemy not a thousand yards from our position. Our army was now in a semi-circle of about two-thirds of a mile in front of the Landing. We had fallen back all day. The next repulse would have driven us into the river, and there were not transports enough to cross a single division. The tragedy of this bitter day was almost closed. We had lost our camps and camp equipage, and nearly half our field artillery. We had lost at one fell swoop a division general and three regiments. Lew. Wallace's division might have turned the tide of battle, but it was not there.

Meanwhile there was a lull in the firing. For the first time since sunrise the angry rattle of musketry, and heavy booming of the field guns, were hushed. The enemy were either

preparing for the grand final rush which was to crown their success, and drive us into the river, or they were bewildered by our movements, and advancing cautiously lest we might spring some trap on them.

Our army were now crowded round the bluff at Pittsburgh Landing. Col. Webster, chief of staff, an excellent artillery officer, had arranged all the artillery in a semi-circle, protecting the Landing, and covering our center and left. Twenty-two guns were in position. It was five o'clock. Every division of our army had been repulsed. We were driven within half a mile of the Landing. Behind, was a deep, rapid river; before, a victorious enemy. In that semi-circle of twenty-two guns, and the men supporting them, lay all our hope.

Suddenly a broad, sulphurous flash of light leaped out from the darkening woods; and through the glare and smoke whistled the leaden hail. The rebels made their crowning effort for the day, and, as was expected, attacked our left and center. Our cannon hurled out their storm of shot and shell. Our infantry fought most gallantly. The enemy gained no ground, and the heavy cannonading and musketry firing continued. Suddenly new actors entered on the stage. Our gunboats—the Tyler and Lexington—opened their fire. This was a foe the enemy did not expect; and as broadside after broadside of seven-inch shell, and sixty-four pound shot, tore through their ranks, they fell back out of range. Our twenty-two guns kept up their stormy crash; and thus, amid thunder and roar and hiss of bullets, the evening of battle wore away. The enemy suddenly ceased his fire. The first day's fight was ended.

ARRIVAL OF BUELL.

On the opposite side of the Tennessee was seen, amid the leaves and undergrowth, the gleaming of gun barrels; and down the opposite side of the river, were caught glimpses of the steady, swinging tramp of trained soldiers. A division of Buell's army was in sight. A boat crossed with an officer and two or three privates of the signal corps. Some orders were given the officer, and at once telegraphed to the other

side by the signal flags. Preparations were at once made to cross Gen. Nelson's division, the advance of Buell's army.

As Gen. Buell advanced up the river, groups of soldiers were seen upon the west bank. They were stragglers from the engaged army of Gen. Grant. The groups increased in size as the Landing was neared. The enemy had approached so near that several soldiers were killed at the Landing. Gen. Nelson arrived with Col. Ammen's brigade at this opportune moment. It was immediately posted to meet the attack at that point, and, with a battery of artillery, helped to repulse the enemy.

In the meantime, the remainder of Gen. Nelson's division crossed, and Gen. Crittenden's arrived from Savannah on steamers. During the night, Bartlett's Ohio battery, and Mendenhall and Terrill's regular batteries, arrived. Gen. McCook, by a forced march, reached the battle field early in the morning. Lew. Wallace's command arrived shortly after dark, and was placed on the right. Stealthily the troops crept to their positions, and lay down on their arms in line of battle. Lew. Wallace was busy until one o'clock arranging his brigades. Then his weary men lay down to snatch a few hours' sleep.

At nine o'clock all was still near the Landing. The host of combatants that, three hours before, had been engaged in the work of human destruction, now sunk silently to sleep. The bright stars looked down upon the silent scene. All breathed the natural quiet and calm of a Sabbath evening. But frequently there was seen a flash that spread like sheet-lightning over the rippling waters of the river, and the roar of a heavy naval gun echoed along the bluffs. Other flashes rapidly followed. The flash rendered the black outline of the gunboat visible. The smoke soon cast a thin veil over river and wood, which softened the wild scene; while over the distant woods a sudden jet of flame occasionally appeared, and at short intervals the faint explosion of shells was heard. This cannonading was kept up at intervals till daylight.

It was decided, that at daybreak the enemy should be attacked. Lew. Wallace was to take the right; Nelson the extreme left. Crittenden was to be next Nelson, and McCook

next to him. The gap between McCook and Lew. Wallace was to be filled with the reorganized divisions of Grant's army; Hurlbut coming next to McCook, then McClernand and Sherman closing the gap between McClernand and Lew. Wallace. Such was the line of battle.

The divisions of Buell's army were composed of the following troops:

BRIG. GEN. NELSON'S DIVISION.

First Brigade—Col. Ammen, Twenty-Fourth Ohio, commanding—Thirty-Sixth Indiana, Col. Grose; Sixth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Anderson; Twenty-Fourth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Fred. C. Jones.

Second Brigade—Saunders D. Bruce, Twentieth Kentucky, commanding—First Kentucky, Col. Enyart; Second Kentucky, Col. Sedgwick; Twentieth Kentucky, Lieut. Col. ——— commanding.

Third Brigade—Col. Hazen, Forty-First Ohio, commanding—Forty-First Ohio, Sixth Kentucky, and Ninth Indiana.

BRIG. GEN. T. L. CRITTENDEN'S DIVISION.

First Brigade—Gen. Boyle; Nineteenth Ohio, Col. Beatty; Fifty-Ninth Ohio, Col. Fyffe; Thirteenth Kentucky, Col. Hobson; Ninth Kentucky, Col. Grider.

Second Brigade—Col. William S. Smith, Thirteenth Ohio, commanding—Thirteenth Ohio, Lieut. Col. Hawkins; Twenty-Sixth Kentucky, Lieut. Col. Maxwell; Eleventh Kentucky, Col. P. P. Hawkins; with Mendenhall's regular and Bartlett's Ohio batteries.

BRIG. GEN. M'COOK'S DIVISION.

First Brigade—Brig. Gen. Lovell H. Rousseau; First Ohio, Col. Ed. A. Parrott; Sixth Indiana, Col. Crittenden; Third Kentucky, (Louisville Legion;) battalions Fifteenth, Sixteenth and Nineteenth regulars.

Second Brigade—Brig. Gen. Johnson; Thirty-Second Indiana, Col. Willich; Thirty-Ninth Indiana, Col. Harrison; Forty-Ninth Ohio, Col. Gibson.

Third Brigade—Col. Kirk, Thirty-Fourth Illinois, com-

manding—Thirty-Fourth Illinois, Lieut. Col. Baasworth; Twenty-Ninth Indiana, Lieut. Col. Dunn; Thirtieth Indiana, Col. Bass; Seventy-Seventh Pennsylvania, Col. Stambaugh.

MAJ. GEN. LEW. WALLACE'S DIVISION.

The following composed Gen. Lew. Wallace's division :

First Brigade—Col. Morgan L. Smith, commanding—Eighth Missouri, Lieut. Col. James Peckham; Eleventh Indiana, Col. Geo. F. McGinnis; Twenty-Fourth Indiana, Col. Alvin P. Hovey; Thurber's Missouri battery.

Second Brigade—Col. Thayer, First Nebraska, commanding—First Nebraska, Lieut. Col. McCord; Twenty-Third Indiana, Col. Sanderson; Fifty-Eighth Ohio, Col. Bausenwein; Sixty-Eighth Ohio, Col. Steadman; Thompson's Indiana battery.

Third Brigade—Col. Chas. Whittlesey, Twentieth Ohio, commanding—Twentieth Ohio, Lieut. Col. M. F. Force; Fifty-Sixth Ohio, Col. Pete Kinney; Seventy-Sixth Ohio, Col. Charles R. Woods; Seventy-Eighth Ohio, Col. Leggett.

At daylight, it was evident the gunboat bombardment throughout the night had caused the enemy to fall back.

SECOND DAY'S BATTLE.

The second day's battle was opened by Maj. Gen. Lew. Wallace, who had disposed his brigades and batteries in position at one o'clock that morning. He opened with an enfilading fire on a rebel battery, and soon drove it from position. The instant Sherman came in to protect his left, Wallace advanced his infantry. The rebel battery at once limbered up and retired. The advance had withdrawn the division from Sherman. Making a left half-wheel to get back into our lines, they advanced about two hundred yards, which brought them to a little elevation, with a broad opening to the front. As the division halted, there passed before them a rare vision. Away to the front were woods. Through the edge of the timber, skirting the fields, the head of a rebel column, marching in splendid style on double-quick, appeared. Regiment after regiment followed. Twenty regiments were

counted. The design was plain. The enemy had abandoned the idea of forcing their way through our left, and now were making a movement on our right. Thompson's and Thurber's batteries were ordered up, and shelled the rebel column as it passed. The enemy rapidly placed their artillery in position, and a brisk cannonading ensued. Soon a new and destructive battery was opened by the rebels—afterwards ascertained to be Watson's Louisiana battery. Batteries, with a brigade of supporting infantry, were moved forward over open fields, under heavy fire, to contend with this new assailant. The batteries opened, the sharpshooters were thrown out in front to pick off the rebel gunners, and the brigade lay down to avoid the fierce fire. The artillery contest lasted over an hour, the main body of the division waiting for Sherman.

At ten o'clock, Sherman's right, under Col. Marsh, arrived. He started across the fields. The storm of musketry and grape was too much, and he fell back. Again he started on the double-quick, and gained the woods. The rebel batteries were flanked, and at once fled. Wallace's division rose in an instant, and started in rapid pursuit. Before them were broad, fallow fields; beyond which, was a ravine; then a corn field, skirted by woods. The left brigade was sent forward. It crossed the fallow field, under fire, then gained the ravine, and was rushing across the corn fields, when the same Louisiana battery opened on them. Dashing forward, they reached a ground-swell, behind which they dropped. Then skirmishers crawled forward till they gained a little knoll not seventy-five yards from the battery. In a few minutes the battery was driven off, with artillerists killed, and horses shot. The firing was grand and terrific. Before our line was the Crescent regiments of New Orleans; shelling us on our right was the famed Washington artillery; to and fro, in our front, rode the rebel Gen. Beauregard, inciting his troops to deeds of valor. "Forward!" was now the word of command. Rushing across the corn fields, our troops met the rebels face to face in the woods. The struggle was short but fierce. The rebels fell back. From the time the wood was entered, "forward" was the only order; and step by step, from tree to

tree, and from position to position, the rebel lines were driven back.

But let us turn to Nelson, on the left. He moved his division about the same time Wallace opened on the rebel battery, Ammen's brigade on the extreme left, Bruce's in the center, and Hazen's to the right. Skirmishers were thrown out, and for nearly a mile the division swept the country, pushing before it a few outlying rebels, till it came upon them in force. Then a general engagement along the line ensued, and the rattling of musketry, and thunder of artillery, echoed over the fields. Till half-past ten o'clock, Nelson advanced slowly but steadily, sweeping his long lines over the ground of our defeat, and forward over rebel dead, pressing back the jaded enemy. Under cover of heavy timber, the rebels made a general rally. The woodland in front suddenly became a sheet of flame. The rebel masses, with great force, were hurled against our lines. Our forces, flushed with their easy advance, were not prepared for the sudden onset of the enemy. Our men halted, wavered, and fell back. At this critical juncture, Capt. Terrill's regular battery dashed forward. This battery was a host in itself. It consisted of four twelve-pounder brass guns, and two ten-pounder Parrott's. Immediately it began hurling shot and shell into the dense masses of the enemy. It was handled superbly; and its fire was terrific. Wherever Capt. Terrill turned his guns, the enemy's batteries were silenced, and their columns swept before their withering fire. This was the turning point of the battle on the left. The rebels were only checked, not halted. Their masses still swarmed in our front. Every horse of Terrill's battery was shot. Capt. Terrill and a corporal worked one gun. Still the rebels advanced. A regiment now dashed up and saved the battery. Then for two hours the opposing artillery and musketry were engaged at close range. At last the rebels wavered. Just then, Gen. Buell, who assumed the general direction of his troops in the field, rode forward. At a glance he saw the condition of affairs, and gave the order, "Forward at double-quick by brigades!" Our men leaped forward like tigers. For eight hundred yards the rebels fell

back. Here they made a short stand in the woods. But our steady line soon forced them to retire. Faster and faster they ran, weaker and weaker became their resistance, till our camps, which had been abandoned the day before, were reached; and the fight on the left was over. Our camps were recovered, and our captured guns retaken.

Next to Nelson was Crittenden. He, too, swept forward over the ground to his front for some distance, before finding the foe. About nine o'clock, however, while keeping Smith's brigade on his left, even with Nelson's flank, and joining Boyle's brigade to McCook on the right, in the grand advance, they encountered the enemy, with a battery in position, and well supported. Smith threw his brigade forward, and captured the battery. Here Major Ben. Piatt Runkle, of the Thirteenth Ohio, was killed. For half an hour the storm raged around these captured guns. The enemy, to retake the ground and battery west, advanced with a force, ten thousand strong, against our two brigades. The fire of the contending lines were two continuous sheets of flame. Then advanced the rebel wave which had swept Nelson back. Crittenden, too, encountered its full force. The rebels swept up to the batteries, and pursued our retreating line. But the two brigades took a new position, faced the foe, and held their ground. Before abandoning the rebel battery, our men filled the vents of the guns with mud; and so successful was this novel expedient, that the guns were for the time being rendered useless. At length our brigades began to gain the advantage. Crittenden pushed the enemy steadily before him. Mendenhall and Bartlett poured in their shell. The rebel battery was taken. The enemy retreated towards the left. Wood's advanced brigade joined in the pursuit, and pushed on till the rebels fell back beyond our advanced camps.

Thus was the left saved. Meanwhile McCook was doing equally well towards the center. The enemy's attack was continuous and severe, but the steady valor of Gen. Rousseau's brigade repulsed him. He was vigorously pursued for a mile, when he received large reinforcements, and rallied among the tents of McClernand's division. Here, supported

by artillery, the enemy made a desperate stand. One of our batteries was in danger. The Sixth Indiana was ordered to its relief. A rapid rush, close musketry firing, and the battery is safe. Advancing and firing, the Sixth moves forward. The rebel colors fall. The enemy wheels and disappears.

The rebel general pushes forward more troops. Kirk's brigade advances to meet them. The rebels pour a fierce fire into our lines. The brigade drops on the ground. Then up they spring, charge across the field, into the woods swarming with hidden foes. The enemy is driven from his hiding place and falls back. Presently he rallies. Our men rush upon him, and he falls back again. The Twenty-Ninth and Thirtieth Indiana move rapidly forward. The air is filled with leaden hail. The Fifteenth Indiana moves to the support of the brigade. The enemy recoils and falls back through the woods.

Further to the right McClelland and Hurlbut brought their gallant, but jaded men into battle. Four times they fought fiercely over the same ground. The details of their struggle are similar to those of the other divisions.

The battle was over. The enemy was beaten in one of the most hotly contested engagements of the war. His forces fell back slowly on the Corinth road. Ours did not pursue. The nature of the country rendered cavalry movements difficult, and its roads and topographical features were unknown to our generals.

The loss of the Union army was one thousand six hundred and fourteen killed, seven thousand seven hundred and twenty-one wounded, three thousand nine hundred and sixty-three missing. Total thirteen thousand two hundred and ninety-eight. The rebel loss in killed was one thousand seven hundred and twenty-eight; wounded, eight thousand and twelve; missing, nine hundred and fifty-nine—making an aggregate of ten thousand six hundred and ninety-nine.

This sad list tells in simple language of the stubborn fight made by both armies in front of the log chapel at Shiloh.



P. A. Hachleman.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES.

CHAPTER XX.

LIEUTENANT COMMANDER WILLIAM GWIN, U. S. N.

Lieutenant Commander William Gwin was born in the town of Columbus, Bartholomew county, Indiana, on the fifth of December, 1832. In 1841 he entered St. Xavier's College, Cincinnati, Ohio, where he remained three years. He was then transferred to St. Xavier's College, Vincennes, Indiana, where he remained until the seventh of April, 1847, when he was appointed to the Naval Academy at Annapolis, Maryland.

He entered the Academy soon after his appointment, and remained there until August, 1847, when he was ordered to the frigate *Brandywine*, forty-four guns, then flag ship of the Brazil squadron, under Commodore G. W. Storer. He had, however, not yet received his warrant, and was classed as an Acting Midshipman. Next year he received his warrant, but remained on same ship and in the same squadron, under Capt. Boardman, until December, 1850; when the frigate returned to New York and he was allowed a leave of absence for six months, which he gladly embraced to visit his parents, who had, in the meantime, moved to Martinsville, Indiana.

After the termination of his leave of absence, he went on a second cruise to the South American coast, from which he returned on the second of January, 1852; when he was sent to the Naval Academy to prepare for an examination, with a

view to promotion. On the tenth of June, 1852, he passed the Board, ranking as a Passed Midshipman, and went on a short cruise to the Newfoundland fisheries—concerning which there was then some trouble between the United States and Great Britain. He returned from this cruise in October of the same year.

He was next ordered to the brig *Bainbridge*, six guns, Lieutenant Commanding C. C. Hunter; then on the Brazilian station, under the chief command of Commodore W. D. Salter. The next year he was the ranking Midshipman of that vessel, under Lieutenant Commanding J. H. Rowan, in the same squadron.

On the fifteenth of September, 1855, he was promoted to a Master, and on the following day to a Lieutenant of the same vessel, on the same station. In September, 1856, the *Bainbridge* was ordered home, and was laid up in ordinary at Norfolk, Virginia.

He was next ordered to the steam frigate *Saranac*, six guns, Capt. J. Kelly, then in the Pacific squadron, under flag officer John C. Long. In reaching his vessel Lieutenant Gwin passed through the straits of Magellan, narrowly escaping destruction from the storms and cold of that tempestuous region.

From the *Saranac* he was transferred to the sloop of war *Vandalia*, twenty guns, on the same station. While on this vessel he visited one of the Feejee islands for the purpose of searching for some American seamen who had been wrecked there. On arriving off the island, information was received from one of the seaman who had escaped, that his comrades, three in number, had been killed and eaten by the cannibals.

Lieutenant Gwin was sent with sixty sailors and marines to demand reparation. In approaching the principal village of the island they fell into an ambushade, and were attacked by about five hundred savages. They charged upon their foes, killing and wounding seventy of them; the remainder threw down their arms and surrendered. The Lieutenant had two or three men wounded. He then visited the chief of the island, and, after some delay, obtained from him a solemn pledge to molest no more Americans. The pledge

was ratified by a present of several barrels of oil. He returned from this station in November, 1859, and was granted a short leave of absence, at the expiration of which he was ordered to the steam sloop *Susquehanna*, fifteen guns, Capt. George N. Hollins, then stationed in the Mediterranean, in Flag Officer Bell's squadron. During this cruise he visited the Holy Land, and many places of interest in the East; also France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Naples and Greece—interesting his friends at home by vivid descriptions of the men, manners and places he saw.

The *Susquehanna* was ordered home at the breaking out of the rebellion to take part in the blockade. During the voyage his brother officers, all of whom were Southern men, approached him with a view to induce him to unite with them in their designs of aiding the rebellion; but they were met with such patriotic protestations and such bitter denunciations, that the attempt was at once abandoned.

Being the Executive Officer, upon the arrival of the vessel in Boston Harbor, he was left in sole command; the Captain and nearly every other one of the officers of the vessel tendered their resignations and joined the Southern conspirators.

He was next ordered to fit out the steamer *Cambridge*, then lying in Boston Harbor; which we did and soon after joined the Atlantic blockading squadron. While off the coast of North Carolina, in the summer of 1861, in company with the steamer *Albatross*, he proceeded with three boat's crew from his own vessel and two from the *Albatross* to the mouth of one of the small rivers of the coast, for the purpose of burning a rebel vessel secreted there. The night was very dark, and before the boats had proceeded half way to their destination a squall overtook them, capsizing the boats, throwing officers and men into the boiling surge. Five men were drowned, and the remainder, including all the officers, were saved by Union fishermen and returned to their vessels.

During his command of the *Cambridge* he was engaged in keeping the Rappahannock river open to Fredericksburgh. He effected this object with consummate skill, destroying batteries, camps and warehouses, and capturing many prisoners and smugglers.

In October, 1861, he was detached from the Cambridge and ordered to fit out the brig Commodore Perry, then lying in the Potomac, off Alexandria. He remained on the Perry until the first of January, 1862, when, at his own request, he was ordered to the Mississippi Flotilla, under command of Commodore Foote, as a Lieutenant Commander.

He proceeded at once to Cairo, Illinois, and took command of the wooden gunboat Tyler. Having fitted out his vessel, he was ordered up the Ohio and took an active part in the bombardment and reduction of Fort Henry on the Tennessee and Fort Donelson on the Cumberland.

Soon after the surrender of Fort Donelson he was ordered up the Tennessee river, and made a daring reconnoissance to Florence and the Muscle Shoals, Alabama; capturing a rebel gunboat, the Eastport—now in our service—a rebel transport, the Lady Robb, and a large amount of other property and many prisoners. For two months he was engaged in keeping that river open; protecting Union men, and destroying batteries. During this cruise he enlisted over one hundred loyal Alabamians into the Union gunboat service, and was urged to take a great many more, but his accommodations were not sufficient.

He was present at the sanguinary battle of Shiloh, and distinguished himself, in conjunction with Lieutenant Commander Shirk of the Lexington, in saving Gen. Grant's army from destruction, and keeping the enemy in check until the arrival of Gen. Buell. For this service he was honorably mentioned by the Secretary of War in his annual report, and received the commendations of his grateful countrymen.

In August, 1862, while still in command of the Tyler, he, in conjunction with the Carondelet, and the Queen of the West, was ordered up the Yazoo river to look after the rebel ram Arkansas. He had proceeded but a short distance when he perceived the ram coming down the river. He immediately gave her battle. The Carondelet and Queen of the West failing to co-operate with him, the brunt of the battle fell upon the Tyler. He turned down stream, and fought the iron-clad monster all the way to the fleet. The ram escaped through the fleet, leaving the Tyler riddled with balls. In

this encounter, Lieutenant Commander Gwin lost six men killed and fourteen wounded. Fifteen shots passed through his vessel. The greater part of the action was fought when the two vessels were within two hundred yards of each other. It was the remark of an eye witness, that "had the iron-clads fought as vigorously and as bravely as the Tyler, the Arkansas would never have passed through the squadron."

After the accident to the Mound City, at St. Charles, on White river, where Capt. Kelty, her commander, was so badly disabled, Lieut. Gwin was ordered to the command of that vessel. This command he held until the middle of September, when he was assigned to the command of the Benton.

In November following, he obtained leave of absence, and went to New York, where he married Miss Mary Francis Hutchinson, the daughter of a wealthy citizen of that city. By this marriage the young officer was placed beyond all pecuniary need. Having spent three weeks in the city of New York, he was urgently solicited to leave the service; but his patriotism was beyond all temptation. Believing his duty to his country was paramount to all other duties, he tore himself from the side of his young bride, and rejoined his vessel, barely in time to move down the river with the ill-fated expedition against Vicksburgh.

On the twenty-seventh of December, the Benton, Cincinnati, DeKalb, Louisville, Lexington and Marmora, were ordered up the Yazoo river to attack the rebel battery at Haines' Bluff, with a view of attracting attention from the army movements in the rear—Lieutenant Commander Gwin commanding by seniority. The morning and part of the afternoon were consumed in feeling the way up the stream, to avoid torpedoes. Five of these submarine infernals were found and removed without accident. The iron-clads then moved up the stream, facing the rebel position; and when about half a mile distant, they opened the engagement at four o'clock, P. M. precisely. Lieutenant Commander Gwin took a position nearest the batteries, on the east side of the stream, with his broadside to the enemy. Here he moored himself to the bank, and signaled the other boats to follow his example, and get under his stern. The bluffs are ninety

feet above the river. Three batteries were placed on these bluffs, at about equal distances above each other, well mounted and manned. The rest of the fleet were a long time in getting into position. When they reached the bank, the Cincinnati was the only other boat exposed to the fire of the enemy, and she only partially so. The result was, that for an hour and a quarter the Benton had the fight almost entirely to herself; the other boats firing briskly and well, it is true; but she, being the only one the enemy could see, was their only target. No less than twenty-five shots struck her; not one of which, however, penetrated her casemates, yet twelve of them entered her, three or four passing through her portholes, and the others, being plunging shots, passed through her deck. Notwithstanding this terrible ordeal, the vessel was not injured so as to effect her running or fighting qualities. Lieutenant Gwin kept moving over the ship, attending to and directing everything throughout the action. Having given the range and elevation to the guns, he went on deck to observe the effect. He undoubtedly exposed himself unnecessarily. He fought most desperately, and intended that the engagement should be successful in silencing the rebel batteries.

After the fight had progressed about an hour and a half, he was standing on the hurricane deck, near the wheel-house, watching, through a marine glass, the effect of his shots on a large battery to the left, both hands being raised to a level with his eyes in holding the glass, when he was struck by a solid shot from a battery on the right. The ball struck him obliquely on the breast, tearing away a large portion of the flesh, severing the muscles of the right arm, and injuring him internally. The vessel was at once brought out of action, and the engagement terminated in a drawn battle, though proving of great benefit to us in discovering the position and character of the enemy's works. The casualties from this action—all of which occurred on the Benton—were two officers and one seaman killed, and one officer, one gunner and five seamen, wounded.

Lieutenant Gwin was immediately moved to the hospital of the flag-ship Black Hawk, Lieutenant Commander H.

K. Breese, under whose care, and that of Admiral D. D. Porter, he received every attention that kindness and affection could suggest. He lingered for one week in great pain, and died at four o'clock, P. M., on Saturday, January the third, 1863, aged thirty years and twenty-nine days. His death was signaled to the squadron, and the announcement cast a gloom over every ship in the fleet. Ensigns were immediately lowered to half-mast, and commanding officers hastened aboard the flag-ship to take a last look at the dead, and drop a parting tear over his remains. His remains were forwarded under proper escort to his relatives in Indiana, and thence to his wife in New York. The funeral services were held in Zion church, the same building in which his marriage service was performed eleven weeks previous. The church was crowded at an early hour. A number of naval officers, in full uniform, lined the porch. On the outside of the church, the United States flag over the porch was at half-mast. After the services, the body was taken, under naval escort, to Newark, New Jersey, for interment. As the funeral procession passed through Newark, flags were displayed at half-mast, and a large procession of citizens followed the remains of the gallant officer to the beautiful cemetery of that handsome city, where they were interred. A parting salute was fired, tears and flowers mingled over the grave of the brave patriot.

“The lightnings may flash, the loud thunders rattle;
He hears not, he heeds not, he's free from all pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has fought his last battle;
No sound can awake him to glory again.”

It was the remark of one of his brother officers—one who had fought with him, and knew him well—that one of the greatest losses the navy had sustained, was the death of young Gwin. Young and vigorous, bold as a lion, cool and collected in action, sound in judgment and wise in council, he was one of the men the country could least spare in this her hour of peril. He was beloved by all who knew him,

and appreciated and esteemed by his superior officers. Truthfully may it be said of him :

“None knew thee but to love thee,
None named thee but to praise.”

Lieutenant Commander Gwin was about five feet ten inches in height, fully developed in form, without being corpulent, straight as an arrow, with light brown hair, clear complexion, blue eyes, high forehead, and remarkably regular and handsome features.

COL. GILBERT HATHAWAY,

Was born at Sagg Harbor on Long Island, on the eighth of January, 1813. His father was a ship builder of the finest mechanical abilities, and under his supervision the first fast sailing American vessels were constructed. When Gilbert was two years old his family removed to New York City. At the age of six he was placed in a school, where he remained until he was sixteen. He then entered the store of an elder brother as a clerk, in which capacity he served for one year.

His great desire was for a liberal education, that he might choose for himself a profession; but his father, a man of strong will, had conceived the idea of making him a mechanic, and having marked out the course for his son, it only remained for the boy to pursue it. Here many would have sunk under the spirit of opposition, and fallen into inaction; but opposition only fired the spirit of the boy, and nerving himself to the task, he determined to pursue his studies while learning his trade. The first dawn of morning found him at his books, and the midnight chime often surprised him over his Greek and Latin Grammar. Thus passed his apprenticeship, at the expiration of which, he bade adieu to the chisel and the plane, and entered Kenyon College, Ohio, where he pursued his studies, ranking with the first in scholarship and talent.

After leaving College he read law for two years in the office of Henry B. Curtis, Esq., of Mount Vernon, Ohio;

was admitted to the bar, and opened an office in Laporte, Indiana.

The ability he manifested in his profession, soon secured for him a flourishing business. He continued in the practice of law until July, 1862, when he was commissioned by Gov. Morton as Commandant of the Post in the Ninth Congressional District, to raise troops to help crush the rebellion. He raised and organized the Seventy-Third and Eighty-Seventh regiments of Indiana volunteers, and two companies of cavalry. On the twentieth of August he was commissioned Colonel of the Seventy-Third regiment of Indiana volunteers, and led them immediately into the field. At the battle of Stone river his regiment fought bravely, and he, having his horse shot from under him, fought all day on foot.

He was chosen to accompany Col. Streight on his expedition into Alabama in April last, where, on the second of May, he fell mortally wounded, at the head of his regiment, while leading his brave men against the foes of his country. When borne from the field his last words were, "Let me die in the front." The rebel papers, in giving an account of the engagement, say: "When Col. Hathaway fell many of the Federal officers fell upon his body and wept like children."

As a lawyer he was successful; as a citizen he was esteemed for his honesty and uncompromising integrity; as a neighbor and a friend, he was beloved for his generosity and fine social qualities; and as a christian soldier he feared only his God.

MAJOR AUGUSTUS H. ABBETT.

The subject of this sketch was born at Columbus, Bartholomew county, Indiana, on the sixteenth of October, 1831. He received a fair education, and before arriving at the age of majority embarked successfully in business as a farmer and dealer in live stock and lands. Shortly after arriving of age he was elected to the office of magistrate, the duties of which he discharged faithfully and with ability. At the breaking out of the rebellion he was one of the first to volunteer his services. His personal popularity and well known courage soon enabled him to raise a company of which he was elected

Captain. His command was attached to the Sixth regiment and served with much credit through the three months' campaign in Western Virginia, participating in the affairs at Philippi, Laurel Hill, and Carrick's Ford. On several occasions the bravery and good management of Captain Abbett were conspicuous. He was naturally fitted for daring and dashing service. His perceptions were quick, his nerves steady, and his judgment cool. Whatever he determined to do was undertaken with promptness and prosecuted with energy. He deemed no duty too arduous; the more daring the service the more anxious was he to undertake it. During the occupation of Philippi by his regiment, he, in company with another officer, while making an examination of the position of the enemy, captured an officer of Bradley's rebel cavalry, whom they tied and marched into camp. The capture was so cleverly managed, it was deemed worthy of "honorable mention." After the battle of Carrick's Ford, an expedition under Captain Abbett was sent out by Gen. Morris, to cut off and capture a rebel wagon train, and the work was promptly and successfully accomplished.

On the reorganization of the Sixth for three years' service, Captain Abbett again enlisted, raised a company and received the appointment of Major. The regiment was put in the field before it was fully organized or equipped, and formed a part of the little army under Rousseau which saved Louisville from capture by Buckner, compelling him to seek refuge in intrenchments at Bowling Green.

During the march of Gen. Buell's army through Kentucky and Tennessee, Major Abbett gained a high reputation for faithfulness and gallantry. On the bloody field of Shiloh he bore himself so well as to elicit the most flattering commendations from his commanding General, the heroic Rousseau, by whom he was greatly esteemed and appreciated. His unceasing anxiety to be always "at the front," or on a scouting expedition "to feel the enemy," united with his efficiency and tact, made him a most valuable officer. He was one of the first to discover the evacuation of Corinth and to enter that place, and on numerous occasions exhibited a spirit of enter-

prise which won for him the respect and confidence of his superiors.

At Florence, Alabama, Major Abbett, on account of intestine troubles in his regiment, resigned his commission, much to the regret of the non-commissioned officers and privates, who manifested their high regard by presenting him with a magnificent sword.

On returning to Columbus in July, 1862, with the view of resuming peaceful pursuits, the call of the President for three hundred thousand men reached him. He at once abandoned all idea of business at home and determined to return to the service of his country. He soon raised a company for the Sixty-Seventh regiment, and was again honored with a Major's commission. The regiment was hurried to Kentucky and placed on garrison duty at Munfordsville. On the thirteenth of September a strong rebel brigade of cavalry, with a battery of mountain howitzers, the advance of Bragg's army then invading Kentucky, appeared before Munfordsville and demanded the unconditional surrender of the garrison, which was refused by the gallant John T. Wilder, Colonel Commanding. Preparations were at once made for a vigorous defense. Major Abbett, whose abilities were fully appreciated by the commanding officer, was assigned with a small force to defend a redoubt, situated some distance from the main works, with orders to hold it at all hazards. The next morning the rebels made a furious attack and soon both forces were hotly engaged. Finally the enemy essayed to storm the main works, but was repulsed with terrible slaughter. Immediately afterwards two Mississippi regiments and a battalion of sharpshooters made a similar attack upon the redoubt. Its little band poured into the advancing rebels a most murderous fire. Yet on they advanced as if determined to storm and overwhelm every obstacle. At this juncture, perceiving the critical situation of affairs, and realizing the importance of firmness on the part of his men who had never before been under fire, Major Abbett sprang upon the parapet, with his hat in one hand and his sabre in the other, and in a clear ringing voice encouraged and cheered his men. He was struck in the breast by a musket ball, and fell dead under

the flag he so nobly defended. A moment after the rebels broke and fled in confusion from the field, with a loss of over seven hundred killed and wounded; our loss in killed and wounded being only thirty-seven. The redoubt flag had one hundred and forty-six bullet holes through it, and the staff was struck eleven times.

Thus Major Abbett died. The earth was never moistened with braver blood. Gloriously did he lay down his life for his country, he now sleeps the honored hero's sleep.

MAJOR FREDERICK ARN

Was born at Hindlebank, in Switzerland, June eighth, 1838. His father, John Arn, emigrated to the United States in 1848, and settled in Covington, Fountain county, Indiana. He subsequently, however, moved to Montezuma, Parke county, where he still resides, enjoying the respect and confidence of the entire community. Frederick, soon after he reached this country, was placed at school, and rapidly acquired a knowledge of the English language, which he both read and spoke fluently. So rapid was his progress, that in 1850—when he was only twelve years old—he was employed in the Post Office in Covington as a clerk, which duties he discharged satisfactorily. He remained there, however, but a short time, and then went to Lafayette, and entered upon an engagement with Messrs. Luse & Co., publishers of the Journal, to learn the printing business. He remained with them about three years, securing, by his attention to business and great energy, punctuality and integrity, their entire respect and confidence. In 1853 he went to Montezuma to reside with his parents; but his thirst for the acquisition of knowledge had so increased, that he was not satisfied to leave his education incomplete. He accordingly attended the school of Barnabus Hobbs, at Annapolis, Parke county, where he remained for a short while, and then engaged as a clerk in a store at Montezuma. His object was to acquire, by his own labor and industry, the means to educate himself. Having accumulated a sufficient sum for that purpose, he entered the Michigan State University at Ann Arbor, in the fall of 1857, where, in

June, 1861, he graduated with the highest honors of his class. He had the respect of all the faculty of the college, and greatly endeared himself to his fellow students by the frankness, generosity, and manliness, of his character.

At the very beginning of the rebellion, and when the storm of war was about to break forth with violence, he found it difficult to avoid engaging at once in the defense of his adopted country. He was only restrained from doing it by the persuasions of his father and friends, that it would be better for him to complete his collegiate course, as he could accomplish this in a few months. Immediately after graduating, he returned to Montezuma, about the first of July, 1861, and at once commenced recruiting a volunteer company for the Thirty-First regiment of Indiana volunteers—infantry—which had been then called, and required to rendezvous at Camp Vigo, near the city of Terre Haute. He threw so much ardor into his exertions, that he had no difficulty in finding men to enlist, and succeeded in bringing into camp the first full company of the Thirty-First regiment, and, by common consent, was made its Captain. He was subsequently advanced, by Gov. Morton, to the office of Major of his regiment, which gave universal satisfaction; for, by this time, his merits and excellencies of character were perceived by all with whom he held intercourse.

The commanding officer of the Thirty-First regiment—Col. Charles Cruft—having been placed in command of a brigade at the battle of Fort Donelson, and the Lieutenant Colonel being absent, Major Arn had command of the regiment, and led it into that battle. This was to him a new theatre; but he sustained himself in it most manfully and successfully, acquiring the confidence of his superior officers, by his sagacity, coolness and undaunted bravery. He shrank from no peril, and was always at the post of duty, whatever the consequences or the danger.

After his regiment marched from Fort Donelson he had an attack of sickness which continued till the battle of Shiloh. This, however, was not sufficient to overcome his determination to share every danger to which his men were exposed. Consequently, when the regiment was summoned to battle,

he was the first to get ready for it. Entering the fight with every exhibition of personal firmness and courage he succeeded in infusing into all under his command an enthusiasm corresponding with his own, and the services of the Thirty-First Indiana, on that occasion, proved how well they were entitled to the respect and confidence of the country, and of their young and talented commander. In the very thunder of the battle, and about noon of the first day, Major Arn was pierced by a minnie ball, and was borne immediately from the field. He died the next day—but not until he had heard the glorious news that victory perched upon the standard of the Union. He lived, however, but a short while after this welcome news gladdened his heart, and died before the shouts of his companions in arms had died away. Like a true and gallant soldier he met his fate, and his last words were those of the most intense affection for his parents and friends, and the most devoted loyalty to the country of his adoption. He was a patriot; not only from a sentiment which filled his heart, but also from a sense of duty, and had been frequently heard to say that he “considered it the duty of every man to be loyal, and to defend his country, whether he was a native or adopted citizen, and that no man had a right to the protection of the laws who would not take up arms to maintain them.”

Major Arn was much esteemed for his private virtues, and his death is universally regretted by his friends and acquaintances. He died young—before he had entered upon the active duties of life—being only in the twenty-fourth year of his age; but he had lived long enough to develop the highest capacity for usefulness. Such men can not die without leaving a void in society difficult to fill.

LIEUT. COL. MELLVILLE DOUGLAS TOPPING

Was born at Worthington, Ohio, June twenty-third, 1825, and was, at the time of his death, in the thirty-eighth year of his age. He was the only son of Dayton Topping, Esq, who now resides at Worthington, Greene county, Indiana. His parents came to Indiana in 1840, and settled in Terre Haute

in 1843, where young Melville soon became a universal favorite, on account of his manly qualities and honorable bearing. In 1849, yielding to the spirit of adventure which has induced so many of our young men to seek their fortunes upon the golden shores of the Pacific, he emigrated to California, where he remained four years. At the expiration of this time he returned to Terre Haute, and married a daughter of T. A. Madison, Esq., of that city, and established himself in business with the intention of remaining there permanently.

At the breaking out of the war, he was actively engaged in a lucrative business; but such was the ardency of his patriotism, that he could not long brook the idea of remaining at home when his country needed his services in the field. At the call for troops in the spring and summer of 1862, he raised a volunteer company, and was unanimously chosen its Captain. He was admirably well qualified for this position—having had the command of an independent military company in Terre Haute, which, shortly before, had rendered important service in protecting the neighborhood of Henderson, Kentucky, from the depredations of guerrillas. His company was mustered into the Seventy-First regiment of Indiana volunteers—infantry—at Camp Dick Thompson, near Terre Haute, and soon became distinguished for its improvement in drill and observance of discipline, showing almost every day the effect of his example, and the value of his teaching. He was proud of his men, and they of him. When the regiment moved to the defense of Kentucky against the rebels, in August, 1862, Gov. Morton appointed him its Lieutenant Colonel. At that time it was designed that it should be placed under the temporary command of another officer not attached to it, and that, at the termination of this arrangement, Lieut. Col. Topping should become its Colonel. The arrangement, however, was not consummated; and the necessity for the immediate marching of the regiment being imminent, he took charge of it, and pressed rapidly forward to Richmond, Kentucky, to meet the enemy, who were then advancing upon Lexington, under the command of the rebel Gen. Kirby Smith.

The battle of Richmond, Kentucky, was fought on Satur-

day, the thirtieth of August, 1862, and resulted disastrously to our troops, who were greatly outnumbered by the enemy. But no troops, who had not become veterans by long service, ever fought more gallantly than did those under the command of Brig. Gen. Manson at this battle. Although the Seventy-First regiment was undisciplined, and had been supplied with arms less than a week, they were pressed forward to meet a superior force of the enemy, under such circumstances as might well make the bravest soldiers falter. But they did not falter. On the contrary, they did everything that human energy and unflinching bravery could accomplish, and never gave way till overpowered by a force, against which it would have been madness to contend.

Lieut. Col. Topping was conspicuous upon this bloody field, and, at the head of his regiment, leading it forward with cool and unflinching courage, he advanced, without quailing, upon the formidable columns of the enemy. In the midst of the conflict, and in the act of uttering words of encouragement to his gallant regiment, he was struck by a Minnie ball, which entered his body just above the left hip. He fell immediately, but the ardor of his men was so impetuous, that they rushed forward upon the enemy, and although soon driven back, they did not forget their noble and beloved commander. One of his young soldiers procured an ambulance, in which he placed his body, and carried it off the field towards Lexington amid a shower of bullets. He had gone but a short distance before Lieut. Col. Topping expired. His last words, addressed to a friend, were: "*Have I done my duty?*" When told that he had, he replied, "*Then I die contented.*" He then sent a brief and affectionate message to his wife and two little daughters, and died as only a gallant soldier can die. He died in defense of his country—of well-regulated liberty and law. Though his "maiden sword" fell from his grasp in his first and last battle for the Union, which he loved as he did his life, it fell from no coward hand. A braver soldier never lived or died.

Lieut. Col. Topping was an exemplary Christian—having been long a communicant in the Protestant Episcopal Church. He was also a Free and Accepted Mason. The highest vir-

tues were handsomely blended in his character, and impressed themselves upon all with whom he held intercourse. He was true-hearted, generous and kind. His manly nature scorned deception, and shrank instinctively from every act of dishonor. As a man and citizen, he was frank and just, and no breath of suspicion ever rested on his good name. He possessed the modesty of real merit, beautifully and harmoniously united with true manliness of character. He never avoided duty, and never faltered in doing good. The respect in which he was held by those who knew him best, is shown by the fact, that when his body reached Terre Haute, it was accompanied to the cemetery by the largest funeral procession ever seen in that city. He was buried with Masonic and military honors; and although his place can not be supplied to those who survive him, he has left them the example of a life well spent, though short—such an example as only a steadfast friend, a true christian, an honest man, and a gallant soldier, can leave behind him.

RICHARD DENNIS WYLIE

Was born in Bloomington, Indiana, on the fifteenth of September, 1841. Early in life he manifested artistic skill and mechanical ingenuity of a superior order. He seemed to possess an instinctive knowledge of scientific apparatus, which he manipulated with great facility; he was a valuable assistant in the laboratory of the Indiana State University, in which his father was a professor. He was also fond of astronomy, and passed much of his time in viewing the heavenly bodies. On the call for volunteers to put down the rebellion, he enlisted as a private in Capt. Charles' company, Eighteenth regiment Indiana volunteers. The regiment was ordered to Missouri, and young Wylie participated in its early hard marches. His health failing he was left at Otterville, where he partially recovered, and at once hastened to rejoin his regiment, then in pursuit of the rebel Gen. Price, when he was again prostrated by disease. Being unable to proceed on his journey he was left in the house of a widow, whose Christian kindness soothed his dying hours. He was

unable to speak from the time he entered the house, and most of the time he was probably insensible. Consciousness appeared to return a short time before his death, and his countenance indicated the peace and joy which there is reason to believe filled his soul. Thus, at the early age of twenty, passed away a young martyr to the cause. His was an honorable and a happy death. It is not only on the battle field, but also on the march; in the bivouac; in the trench, and in the hospital, that patriots are called to die.

SERGEANT SAMUEL W. DODDS

Was the companion in arms of young Wylie, and enlisted as a private in the same company and regiment. He graduated at the University of Indiana about a month before his enlistment. He was a superior scholar, and an exemplary member of the church. On hearing of the sickness of his friend Wylie, he at once hastened to attend him, but did not arrive until after his death. Scarcely two weeks afterwards the kind friend followed his youthful associate and bosom companion to the eternal world. He died in the city hospital at St. Louis, on the seventh of November, 1861. He was in his twentieth year, full of the joy and promise of youth, when he bade farewell to earth and war's dread alarms. The happy intimacy of these young men, which death dissolved on earth, was, we doubt not, soon restored in that brighter land, where there are no Sunderings of friendship.

COLONEL BASS.

Sion S. Bass was born in Salem, Livingston county, Kentucky, from whence he moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana, in 1847. Possessed of great energy of character, combined with a genial and generous nature, he soon established an enviable business reputation; frank, companionable and intellectual, he won the respect and esteem of all. On the organization of the Thirtieth regiment Indiana volunteers, he was appointed Colonel, and immediately entered upon his duties. Without military knowledge or training, he was called to the com-

mand of a regiment that had never shouldered a musket, and was in a very few days thereafter ordered to the field. Being supplied with arms the regiment at once went to Louisville, Kentucky, and from thence into camp, in the neighborhood of Bowling Green, which place the rebels then held. Here the duties of his position rendered it necessary that Col. Bass should give his mind wholly to the discipline of his regiment, to transform a body of raw recruits into a regiment of soldiers, qualified for the hardships and necessities of war; to this end it was indispensable he should first qualify himself for this important duty. None but those who have passed through the trying ordeal, can fully appreciate the difficulties and perplexities of such an undertaking. To this arduous task he applied himself with his usual indomitable energy and industry; in a surprisingly short time he surmounted every obstacle. In his fidelity and scrupulousness in the discharge of duty he excited the admiration of his superiors, and secured the love and respect of both officers and men of his regiment.

The Thirtieth was one of the best disciplined regiments in the brigade; and Col. Bass was regarded as one of the most promising officers of the army. While before Bowling Green he had ample opportunity to acquire, from practical experience, much useful knowledge in the art of war. He entered into it with intense interest. "The pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war" had charms for him. He remained in Kentucky during the winter; in the spring he marched with his regiment to Columbia, Kentucky, thence to Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee; arriving there on Monday morning, April seventh, with Buell's army.

The march of Col. Bass' regiment had been quickened by the constant booming of artillery all day Sunday; reaching Savannah at night they hastened by boat to the scene of conflict, and arrived in time to participate in Monday's fight. After halting for a brief rest, they took up their line of march for the front about ten o'clock, A. M. From daybreak our forces had been in desperate conflict with the enemy, driving them from one position after another. Col. Bass' regiment for a time acted as a reserve and support to troops actively

engaged, until the enemy was finally driven to the last position he attempted to hold during that eventful and bloody battle; for a brief period the fierce conflict was hushed; troops on either side were marshaled for the last desperate struggle that was to decide which should be victorious. Col. Bass, with his regiment of brave men, had now the front. As they proudly marched to their position he felt that the time he had long and anxiously waited for had come; the time which was to decide whether his own expectations of his strength and ability in the hour of trial were well founded; right nobly were these expectations realized. Alas, how soon to be extinguished forever! Forward, was the order, into the thick woods where the enemy had posted his men, with the stern resolve to yield no further step, but there to redeem the fortunes of the day. Our brave troops moved steadily on to meet the foe. No pen can adequately describe the continuous roar of musketry, or the quick winged and thick flying messengers of death which filled the air. On pressed our brave troops; now they were forced to give ground, again was the enemy driven back, but fighting still with a heroism worthy a better cause. The valor of our troops could not be resisted; the enemy was forced to fly. The field was won. Col. Bass had led his regiment into the very thickest of the fight, and, while bravely leading them on to victory, he received a wound which compelled him to leave the field. He was taken to the river and placed on board a steamer. He would not believe his wound was mortal; his only anxiety was to get back to his regiment. In a few days he was taken to Paducah, Kentucky, where much of his youth had been spent; there, on the thirteenth of April, 1862, surrounded by his family and friends, he died. Col. Bass had for several years been an exemplary member of the Episcopal church.

Thus, in the prime of life and in the vigor of manhood, was cut off one of Indiana's most estimable citizens. In his death, the service lost one of its most promising officers, and our country a patriotic and able defender.

COL. WILLIAM H. LINK

Was born in Rockbridge county, Virginia, March second, 1821. In his fifth year he moved with his father and settled in Licking county, Ohio. Thrown upon his own resources at an early age, he prepared himself by assiduous labor for the profession of teaching, at which he was engaged, in the town of Circleville, Ohio, when the war with Mexico commenced. One of the first to respond to the call for volunteers, he entered the service as a private, but was soon promoted to the Second Lieutenancy of his company, and mustered into the Second regiment Ohio volunteers. With this regiment he served in Mexico for twelve months—the full term of his enlistment—having, in the meantime, been promoted to the Captaincy of his company. He participated in none of the large battles, but had numerous skirmishes with the guerrillas of that country. On one occasion, after two hours hard fighting, he routed, with two hundred men, fifteen hundred guerrillas.

On the expiration of his term of service he returned to Circleville, and immediately commenced the formation of a company for the reorganization of his regiment. In this he was successful, and soon tendered to the government a full company, of which he had the command. At the reorganization of the Second Ohio, at Cincinnati, Capt. Link was elected Major, and with his regiment was ordered to join Gen. Scott in Mexico, where he served until the close of that war, sharing in all the dangers and difficulties of the campaign which resulted in the capture of the City of Mexico.

At the conclusion of that war, Major Link returned to Ohio, but soon after moved to Fort Wayne, Indiana; where he was successfully engaged in business at the commencement of the present rebellion. Among the first to rush to the defense of his country, he immediately organized a company and tendered it to the Governor of our State for the three month's service. The quota of troops for that service being full, he at once offered his company for any other service for which it might be needed. It was accepted and mustered into the State's service for twelve months, as a part of the Twelfth

regiment Indiana volunteers. On the organization of the regiment Capt. Link was appointed Lieutenant Colonel. Soon after the battle of Bull Run the Twelfth Indiana was received into the United States service, and ordered to Harper's Ferry, Virginia. Lieut. Col. Link was promoted to the command of the regiment. During the term of its service under Col. Link the regiment attracted much attention, and received many encomiums for its soldierly appearance and high state of discipline. Being mustered out of service at the end of its twelve months enlistment, Col. Link immediately procured an order for the reorganization of his regiment for the term of three years. This was fully completed by the seventeenth of August, 1862. On the next day they started for Kentucky, and reached Lexington on the twenty-second. Here Col. Link was placed in command of a brigade and ordered to Richmond, Kentucky, where, on the twenty-eighth of that month, the Federal forces, of which Col. Link's brigade formed a part, were attacked by the enemy under Gen. E. Kirby Smith. A spirited engagement of two hours left our forces in possession of the field. They rested on their arms during the night. The battle recommenced the next morning, and in consequence of the superior force of the enemy, the Federal troops were driven back step by step, until, on the afternoon of the thirtieth, they were routed.

Col. Link was prominent in these engagements, animating his men by his presence and example. Just before the final defeat of our forces, on the evening of the thirtieth of August, his horse was wounded and became unmanageable. Col. Link dismounted and placed himself in front on foot. Soon after, while rallying the Eighteenth regiment Kentucky volunteers, part of the brigade under his command, preparatory to a charge on the enemy, he received a wound in his thigh from a minnie ball. He was then taken to the house of Col. Holloway, in the town of Richmond, where he lingered in great pain until the twentieth of September, when his suffering terminated in death.

Col. Link left two children to mourn his loss; his wife died several years before. During his long and severe suffering at Richmond he often expressed a desire to see his children.

His anxiety for them and his country pressed heavily on his heart. One of his last utterances was, "My children can do without a father better than without a country." His remains were conveyed to Fort Wayne, and with military and Masonic honors interred in the beautiful cemetery near that city.

MAJOR ISAAC M. MAY

Was born at Harrisonburgh, Rockingham county, Virginia, in the year 1832. In 1854 he moved to Indiana, and settled at Anderson, Madison county, where he engaged in his trade of cabinet making. During his leisure hours he read law, with a view of engaging in its practice. Being possessed of a strong mind and determined will, had he embarked and continued in the legal profession, his success as a lawyer would undoubtedly have been as marked as it was as a soldier.

On the organization of the Nineteenth Indiana regiment he enlisted as a private, and before its muster into the service of the United States was elected Captain of company A. He was afterwards, for meritorious service in the field, promoted to the position of Major. He heroically bore his part in the hardships and battles of that veteran regiment, and on the twenty-eighth of August, 1862, in one of the series of battles on Manassas Plains, was mortally wounded and left on the field. After being wounded, he took shelter in the brush, where he remained undiscovered for eight days, and was finally removed by the enemy and taken to a hospital where he died, on the fifth of September. Major May was prompt in the discharge of his duties, a rigid disciplinarian, gallant and brave in the field, a true soldier; and always treated his men with courtesy and kindness. He freely gave his life to his country, leaving to his widow and only son the inheritance of the honors he won as a patriot and soldier. Thus, at the early age of thirty years, died another hero. His country honors his memory.

SERGEANT JOHN WESLEY KEMPER

Was born in Indianapolis, Indiana, on the ninth of April,

1843. His boyhood days were passed in hard work, for the laudable purpose of assisting his parents in maintaining a large family. He received a good common school education. On the organization of the Twentieth Indiana, he enlisted as private, joining Captain Geisendorff's company. At Lafayette, where the regiment rendezvoused, he was appointed Sergeant. The regiment soon after left for Maryland. Here it was employed in guarding the railroad, and perfecting itself in drill. Sergeant Kemper was very attentive to his duties in camp. His earnest desire seemed to be to do his whole duty. His sincerity was part of his being. However difficult the duty ordered, he always endeavored faithfully to discharge it. In October the regiment reached Hatteras, upon whose sterile sands it encountered disaster after disaster. During the toilsome march from Chicamacomico to Hatteras Inlet, Kemper accompanied his comrades, and did his best to keep the ranks closed up. Then came a period of rest at Fortress Monroe. Sergeant Major E. M. B. Hooker, having been detailed on the recruiting service, Sergeant Kemper satisfactorily filled that difficult position in his absence. On being relieved, he resumed his place as Sergeant, and was with the regiment when Norfolk was taken. In June, 1862, the regiment joined the army of the Potomac, then thundering at the gates of Richmond. Here all was activity and danger—skirmishing in the daytime, picket firing at night. The tired men had scarcely lain down to rest, when a rolling musketry fire called out the line to penetrate the dangerous forest in front. In this skirmishing Sergeant Kemper was always at his post, never shrinking from any duty, whether amid the deadly night swamps, or under the pestilential miasma of the Chickahominy.

Then commenced the Seven Day's Battles in front of Richmond, resulting in the Army of the Potomac falling back to Harrison's Landing, on the James river. In these terrible battles Sergeant Kemper was with his regiment, and never flinched from the deadly conflict till, tired and exhausted, the band of heroes with whom he fought sought a little rest on the muddy flat on the banks of the James river. Here his health failed, yet he marched across the Peninsula and joined

the army of Virginia, in August, 1862. The regiment at once went to the front, and was on picket on the Rappahannock when Jackson made his raid on Manassas Junction. Moving rapidly, many of the men were overcome by fatigue; Sergeant Kemper being among the number. Jackson was driven from Manassas and followed to Bull Run. Kemper, notwithstanding his feeble health, still toiled after the regiment. The terrible battles of Manassas Plains followed, and although Kemper could not reach the battle field, yet he got near enough to watch over the body of his slain Colonel. Struggling with failing health, he clung to his regiment until after the battle of Fredericksburgh, when he was discharged on a Surgeon's certificate, and, with but a slight hope of restoration to health, started for Indianapolis under the care of Sergt. Maj. Hooker. Alas! his discharge was received too late. He reached home only to die, on New Year's Day, 1863, with his loved ones around him. His soldier's career was glorious. He sleeps with Indiana's honored dead.

BRIG. GEN. P. A. HACKLEMAN.

Pleasant Adams Hackleman was born on the fifteenth of November, 1814, in that portion of Indiana Territory which is now Franklin county, Indiana, about two miles from Brookville. His father, Major John Hackleman, who served his country in the war of 1812, was born in Abbeville district, State of South Carolina; and his mother, whose maiden name was Sarah Adams, was a native of Stokes county, State of North Carolina. His parents were married in what is now Franklin county, Indiana, in the year 1810, and still reside at the old homestead, near Brookville, where they originally settled.

The early years of Pleasant A. Hackleman were spent amid the vicissitudes of pioneer life, when all men, followed by turns, the occupations of watching against the incursions of the wily Indian, hunting wild game, felling forests, opening up and cultivating farms, and preparing the way for that tide of civilization, which, by the aid of strong arms, vigorous intellects, and the blessings of Providence, has literally

made that which was a wilderness "rejoice and blossom as the rose." On the thirty-first of October, 1833, he married Sarah Bradburn, of the same vicinity. She and seven daughters survive him. After marriage, he continued in the occupation of farming nearly three years, and then commenced reading law with John A. Matson, Esq., at Brookville. At that day a knowledge of the law which would stand the test of a rigid examination by competent judges, was a pre-requisite to admission to practice law in Indiana. And such was the assiduity and energy with which he prosecuted his studies, that he accomplished in ten months what most men require two years to acquire, and was licensed to practice law.

Immediately after his admission to the bar—in May, 1837—he moved with his family to Rushville, Indiana. At Rushville he commenced the practice of law, and rapidly rose to high distinction in the legal profession. In August, 1837, he was elected Judge of the Probate Court of Rush county, which office he held until about the fifteenth of May, 1841. In August, 1841, he was elected to the House of Representatives, in the General Assembly of Indiana, and served the ensuing session. In the fall of 1847 he was appointed Clerk of the Rush Circuit Court. In August, 1848, he was elected to the same office, and was again elected Clerk in August, 1849, and served as such until the end of the year 1855. He was twice selected by his political friends as their candidate for Congress, in the fourth congressional district—as a Whig in 1847, and as a Republican in 1858; and although receiving more than a strict party vote, he was each time unsuccessful. His name occupied a place as Senatorial Elector, for Indiana, on the Presidential Whig ticket in 1852. He was chairman of the mass convention at Indianapolis, which nominated the State officers elected in the fall of 1860; and was, by the same convention, appointed delegate, for the State at large, to the National Republican Convention, held at Chicago, which nominated Abraham Lincoln for President, and labored actively to procure said nomination; and, when made, he labored for its success with all his wonted zeal, and earnestness, and ability, during the whole canvass of

1860. The following quotation from the proceedings of the annual communication (November, 1862,) of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows of Indiana seems appropriate as exhibiting another phase of his character.

“Upon the introduction of our Order into this State, Bro. Hackleman acquainted himself with the designs, principles, and operations, of the institution. Satisfied that fraternity—a universal fraternity in the family of man—was its corner stone; friendship, love and truth its motto; to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan, its grand command, his kind heart, sympathetic nature, generous impulses, and moral greatness, prompted him to espouse the cause of Odd Fellowship, and labor in a selfish world to make man more useful to his kind, more helpful to the distressed, more thoughtful of the happiness, of those around him.

“Bro. Hackleman was one of the very few who constituted Franklin Lodge number thirty-five at its organization in Rushville on the thirteenth of May, 1846. His eminent abilities soon placed him in the highest position in the Lodge. Such was their confidence in his zeal for the dissemination of the humane and charitable tenets of the order, that his brethren chose him to represent them in the Grand Lodge of the State; and he was admitted here on the twelfth of January, 1847. He soon occupied in the Grand Lodge a position of commanding influence, and became known throughout the State as one of the most zealous and active members of an institution which was attracting general attention, and whose altars were being erected in almost every city, town and village within our jurisdiction. To his active labors, wise counsels, and fraternal example, is the Order much indebted for the enviable position it has attained.

“In July, 1851, by the unanimous vote of this Grand Lodge, he was elected a Representative in the Grand Lodge of the United States, and he served in this most distinguished position for six years. The honor of so long a service in the great legislature of our order has been conceded to but one other of our several distinguished Representatives in that body from Indiana.

“But the partiality and favor of his brethren did not stop here; this was not the culmination of the honors a grateful fraternity, for faithful labors, were disposed to award him. In November, 1857, he was chosen Grand Master of the State, which office he filled with distinguished ability.

“No better evidence of his unbounded philanthropy can be required, than the fact, that for twelve years, in offices that afforded no emolument—in an order whose plan of practical operations, for the relief of the sick and distressed, is the best that is known—his great energies were exerted to extend its blessings to all. In his character he was unselfish—liberal in the extreme. He was always ready to assist a friend; and his heart was always filled with generous emotions, which controlled his actions through life. He was no pharisee, believing himself above or better than other men; nor that he was created for himself alone; that life was given him for his personal gratification; and that mankind had no claim upon him. On the contrary, he labored as much for others as himself. Of his abundance he distributed to the needy, and was never known to reject the petition of distress. He was no theorist, but a plain, common sense man. He seemed born to the mastery of business, and could adapt himself with equal ease to any situation; and whether as judge, jurist, legislator, or philanthropist in civil life, or as General, commanding armed men upon the field of deadly strife, he discharged his duty with honor to himself, and profit to his cause. His mind was clear, penetrating and sagacious; his temper serene, his manners simple and plain. His sense of right was strong, and in all things he sought the good of others, and was willing to forego his own interests and inclinations, if, by so doing, he could advance the interests or desires of others. He was not a member of any Church, but he had great respect for the Christian religion; was a man of deep religious feeling, of undoubted integrity, of spotless purity in private life, of expansive benevolence, and of exalted patriotism.”

He was appointed, by Gov. O. P. Morton, as one of the commissioners or delegates, from the State of Indiana, to the Conference Convention, which met at Washington City on

the fourth of February, 1861, where tried and trusted statesmen, from the North and South, met for the purpose of conference and consultation, and of endeavoring to allay the turbulent elements of political strife, and, if possible, to avert the then impending scourge of civil war, which has since burst with such relentless fury upon our country.

Finding that the unfortunate dissensions, which had arisen between different sections of the country, could not be settled without a resort to the dread arbitrament of war, soon after his return home he tendered his services to his country, in behalf of that form of government under which he had lived from childhood, and which he so much admired; and he was, on the eighteenth of May, 1861, by Gov. Morton, appointed Colonel of the Sixteenth regiment Indiana volunteers—a regiment organized for one year for State service, under an act of the General Assembly of Indiana, approved May seventh, 1861. This regiment rendezvoused at Richmond, Indiana; and immediately after the reverse of that year at Bull Run, was offered to, and accepted by, the United States, and at once hastened to the defense of Washington City.

Col. Hackleman, with his regiment, left Richmond on the twenty-third of July, 1861, and went by rail via Dayton and Columbus, Ohio, and Allegheny City and Harrisburgh, Pennsylvania, and through Baltimore—being the first Western regiment that passed through Baltimore—ordered to Harper's Ferry after the battle of Bull Run. The regiment passed directly on to Sandy Hook, where they camped a short distance below Harper's Ferry, Virginia, on the Maryland side of the Potomac. Here they were attached to the brigade of Gen. Banks' division, commanded by Gen. J. J. Abercrombie, of the regular army. This brigade consisted of the Sixteenth Indiana, Col. Hackleman; Twelfth Indiana, Col. Link; Twelfth Massachusetts, Col. Fletcher Webster; Second Massachusetts, Col. Gordon, and Ninth New York, Col. —; a company of Zouaves, and one battery.

From Sandy Hook, under orders, they passed through Knoxville to Monocacy, and camped at a wooden bridge; then marched to Hyattstown, and camped. Left Hyattstown on the twenty-eighth of August; marched through rain all day, on

the road toward Washington. Left the road two miles from Clarksburgh; went three miles, and camped; reached camp near Darnestown, four miles from the Potomac, thirty-first of August. On the third of October, ordered to march; went four miles; order countermanded; camped at Seneca creek. Evening of October twenty-first ordered to remove one mile nearer Darnestown, which was done by night. While on dress parade, received orders to march to Edwards' Ferry. Started same night; marched back to Darnestown; thence in the direction of the Potomac five miles, and bivouaced; after half an hour ordered out, marched all night; reached the Potomac at Edwards' Ferry about daylight, it having rained all night without cessation; that morning, in cold rain and mud, ferried across the Potomac in flats, having no tents or overcoats. On the evening of the twenty-second, about seven o'clock, the rebels opened fire, with musketry, on the pickets. The enemy were reported to be about two thousand strong. The pickets fell back, and the rebels were shelled out with two pieces of artillery, and driven back. About twelve o'clock, of the second night, the regiment was ordered to retreat, and retired in good order, and with so much quietness that not an oar was heard in the water. By daylight, next morning, all the Union forces had recrossed the Potomac. The regiment marched about a mile down the river and camped.

On the morning of the twenty-sixth ordered to march down the river, passed through Poolesville, six miles from Edwards' Ferry, to Seneca mills, and camped over Sabbath. Monday struck tents, and marched to Camp Pine Grove, near Darnestown; reached there October twenty-ninth. Morning of second of December struck tents, marched all day, and camped at night at foot of Sugar Loaf Mountain, at Darnestown. On the third arrived at Monocacy bridge, near Frederick City. On morning of fourth ordered to march three miles from Frederick City on Baltimore pike, where they went into Cantonment Hicks same night; constructed huts, and remained there nearly two months. February twenty-fifth ordered to march; prepared and held in readiness until twenty-seventh, when the regiment marched to Frederick,

took cars to Harper's Ferry; reached there same day, and marched from there, two miles, to Shenandoah City, and camped, occupying vacated houses. Remaining one day they marched to Charlestown, eight miles, and camped. In the night ordered out, and to the front; Maltby's brigade, Second Maryland, reported captured; made forced march to front; found Maltby's brigade all right; returned to camp by breakfast time. On the ninth, at midnight, ordered to prepare rations for three days. At ten o'clock started for Winchester, Virginia, marched to within a mile of Berryville, and camped. Second day after arrival had marching orders, Abercombie's brigade taking the advance; started about dark on the twelfth, and marched to within two and a half miles of Winchester—a bitter cold night—and bivouaced, expecting them to assist in taking Winchester. Went from camp to Winchester, where, on the morning of the sixteenth, Col. Hackleman was put in command of a detachment, consisting of the Sixteenth regiment, part of the Second Massachusetts, two sections of artillery, and a company of cavalry, and ordered to build a bridge across the Shenandoah at Snicker's Ferry; went back from Winchester through Berryville, twelve miles; then five miles to Snicker's Ferry, and built the bridge in two days.

On the twenty-second the rest of the brigade arrived; then the whole brigade crossed the river, and camped on the Blue Ridge. Monday, the twenty-third, marched to Aldie, on Leesburgh pike, thirteen miles from the river; camped for the night near Aldie, in Loudon county, Virginia. On the twenty-fourth, at five o'clock, p. m., ordered back to Winchester; marched that night until twelve o'clock, and stopped at old camp on Blue Ridge. On the twenty-fifth started for Winchester; found part of bridge washed away; repaired bridge; crossed and marched about half way from the river to Berryville, when the order was countermanded; then marched back, and camped at old camp on Blue Ridge. Next morning started for Centreville, marched fifteen miles to Goose creek, and camped for the night. About daylight, on the morning of the twenty-seventh, part of the brigade, including the Sixteenth Indiana, ordered to Middletown, five miles to the right of the line of march; rebels reported to be

there; went there; found no rebels; returned to camp same morning. On twenty-eighth marched eighteen miles, and camped four miles from Centreville; the rebel fortifications there were all deserted; passed through Centreville; and on thirtieth camped on Bull Run, and quartered in the vacated rebel shanties. On thirty-first started for Manassas Junction; passed through Catlett's Station, on Orange and Alexandria railroad. On second of April went into camp at Warrenton Junction. On Monday, May fifth, took railroad train for Washington, D. C.; passed through Alexandria; crossed Long Bridge; went to Soldiers' Home; and on the seventh marched out Seventh street to camp.

These dates, and camps, and marches, to the general reader may prove dry and uninteresting; but to the survivors of the Sixteenth Indiana, they may be like turning over a leaf in the book of memory, and exposing a thousand little incidents of fear, and hope, and anxiety, of hardship and toil, through which they all passed as a band of brothers, under the lead of their now fallen General. And though no battle field entombed the remains of any of the regiment during that year's service, yet they all left their homes at the call of their country, and went to the Potomac, where it was then supposed the enemy might most readily be found; and being compelled to obey the orders of their superior officers, could only go when and where bidden.

Col. Haekleman was, on the thirtieth day of April, 1862, commissioned a Brigadier General, to rank as such from the twenty-eighth of April, 1862.

As an evidence of the esteem in which he was held by his regiment, and by the eminent citizens of Indiana then at Washington, we quote from the Washington Chronicle, and correspondent of Indianapolis Journal, blending the two together, of date of tenth of May, 1862, noticing the Sixteenth regiment Indiana volunteers: "After a prompt and faithful campaign of a year, in the service of their country, this noble body of citizen soldiery have been notified that in a day or two they will be honorably disbanded. They resolved at once, unanimously, that their long association with the brave and gentlemanly officer, under whose command they had

spent so many days of toil, should not be dissolved without an appropriate and enduring testimonial of their high regard for him as an officer, a patriot and a gentleman.

“About three o’clock, in the presence of a large and respectable concourse of ladies and gentlemen, the regiment was formed in line, when, after a fine performance by the regimental band, Mr. James R. S. Cox, a gallant young private of company K, a native of Miami county, Indiana, advanced and in an eloquent and handsome address, presented to their former Colonel—afterwards Brig. Gen. Hackleman—a magnificent sword, sash and belt, of elaborate finish, upon which was engraved: ‘Presented to Brigadier General P. A. Hackleman by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Sixteenth Indiana regiment volunteers; Washington, D. C., May tenth, 1862.’

“The reply of Gen. Hackleman was appropriate, replete with the sentiments of loftiest patriotism, and delivered with a degree of power which seemed to touch every heart present. He feelingly alluded to the deep trials, hardships, and perils they had uncomplainingly endured together in the cause of their country. He had ever found them ready for duty. Not a man to murmur or complain, but in the darkest hour, the stormiest night, the bleakest day, the weariest march, the severest peril or danger, the sternest trial, with alacrity and cheerfulness, they had each one discharged his whole duty to a distracted and bleeding country.

“They had been upon no ensanguined field, but all might tell with pride on going home what they done. They had marched over two thousand miles, they had made forty distinct encampments, performed six long forced marches to meet an enemy; they had in forty-eight hours built a bridge over the swift Shenandoah, when regular officers and men said it would require weeks. At the terrible disaster of Ball’s Bluff, in a winter storm at night, they had marched to the relief of comrades in arms, and wherever they had gone, whatever they had done, it was with willing hearts and ready hands; their whole duty was performed with fidelity and devotion to their country.”

In May, 1862, Gen. Hackleman was ordered to repair to

Pittsburgh Landing, Tennessee, and report to Maj. Gen. Halleck. He hurried on, expecting to take part in taking Corinth, but that place was evacuated by the rebels before he reached it, and when he reported for duty, after much delay, he was, on the twenty-third of June, 1862, assigned to duty with the army of the Tennessee, and required to report for orders in writing to Major Gen. Grant, commanding at Memphis; and, on reporting there, was assigned to command the first brigade of the second division (Gen. Davies) of the army of the Mississippi.

His brigade consisted of the Fifty-Second Illinois, Second Iowa, Seventh Iowa, the "Union Brigade,"—composed of fragments of the Eighth, Twelfth and Fourteenth Iowa, and Fifty-Eighth Illinois, doing duty as one regiment—and a battery. Gen. Hackleman remained near Corinth until a short time before the battle in which he yielded up his life a sacrifice on the altar of his country.

On Friday morning, third of October, 1862, being the first day of the great battle before Corinth, his brigade was ordered out to meet the foe; and about three o'clock, P. M., in a severe engagement with the enemy, while riding up and down his lines, rallying his troops against an overpowering foe, he received a fatal gunshot wound. The ball passed through his neck from right to left, injuring his powers of utterance to such an extent that he could only talk in broken sentences. He was taken from his horse by Capt. W. H. F. Randall, of Shelbyville, Indiana, Chief of his Staff, and conveyed to the Tishomingo House in Corinth, where he had every needed attention from army surgeons and nurses. And there, about eight o'clock the same evening, entirely conscious of his condition, quietly and peacefully his heroic spirit was freed from its tabernacle of clay.

His last audible words were, "I am dying—but I die for my country." After he had ceased to attempt communication with those around him, some one entered and announced that "the enemy had been repulsed," then a feeble smile passed over his pallid countenance. This was the last sign of consciousness he exhibited.

Thus passed away from earth one of nature's noblemen.

He met his death in that shape which the soldier seems to covet, fearlessly fighting in the face of the foe, urging his men on to victory. He spent his life in the promotion of what he honestly believed to be for the happiness, the prosperity, and true grandeur of his country; and sealed with his life's precious blood his earnest devotion to the country he so fondly loved. He left an example worthy of imitation. He was emphatically a self-made man; the architect of his own fortune. Without family influence or wealth to buoy him up above where merit sustained him, he, by his own industry and perseverance—sustained by an unswerving integrity and honesty of purpose—attained a character and achieved a position among men of which any one might justly be proud. He made his own path through life. His career is a brilliant illustration of the beneficence of that form of government under which we live; where the presiding genius of fame and honor cheerfully bestows her crown, wreathed with chaplets of lasting verdure, upon all by whom it is justly and honorably sought. He was no idler. Wherever he could find labor for his hands, which his convictions approved as contributing to the advancement and prosperity of his country and his race, there was he found laboring, with all his might. Whether urging the construction of railways, or other public improvements, whether urging the promotion of the cause of education, or the advancement of the political measures which he supported, his voice was heard by day and his pen was employed by night. Although for many years in public life, necessarily mingling with all classes of society, he was never guilty of any kind of dissipation. He was remarkably free from the fashionable vices of the age. He was open hearted, candid and generous. He was unaffected and unostentatious in his manner and habits. He was a profound lawyer; an honest, earnest, and able advocate; a frank and manly adversary, never attempting to conceal from his opponent the grounds upon which he relied for success. He was wholly incapable of resorting to any trick or chicanery for the purpose of gaining a triumph in a cause. He always placed his case on what he believed to be the law, and to his position thus taken he adhered with an unyielding tenacity.

When once fully enlisted in a cause, however small the amount involved, his whole powers were exerted in behalf of his client. He was an ardent admirer of that form of government under which we have so long lived and prospered, and often, in conversation, dwelt with great fervor of commendation upon its system of checks and balances; these he believed to be most admirably adjusted. He was an enthusiast on the subject of the capacity of man for self-government, and had an unbounded confidence in the honesty and intelligence of the people; and firmly believed that whatever errors they might be temporarily led into, would be by them corrected on reflection, and that they would in the end surely rectify all mistakes. We cull from various sources a few of the evidences of the estimation in which Gen. Hackleman was held.

Gen. Rosecrans, in his official report to Gen. Grant, dated Corinth, October fourth, 1862, says: "Brig. Gen. Hackleman fell bravely fighting at the head of his brigade."

Col. T. W. Sweeney, upon whom devolved the command of the first brigade when Gen. Hackleman fell, in his official report, says: "The enemy now receiving heavy reinforcements the fighting between him and the Fifty-Second Illinois, Second Iowa and Seventh Iowa became desperately fierce, the right of the 'Union Brigade' having given way at the very beginning of the engagement. Just at this juncture part of Mower's brigade moved up to our support; but before they could be deployed into line, they became panic-stricken and broke in confusion. It was while endeavoring to rally these men that Gens. Hackleman and Oglesby were wounded. The former received his death wound while thus rallying troops to sustain his own gallant brigade. His last words were: 'I am dying—but I die for my country.' 'If we are victorious send my remains home, if not bury me on the field.' No nobler sentiment was ever uttered by soldier or patriot."

Capt. Harris, who was present at the battle, writes thus: "Embracing the first hour of leisure and relief from marching, business and fatigue, since the memorable third and fourth of October, 1862, I offer my grateful tribute of esteem and affection to the memory of our lost hero and friend, Gen.

Hackleman. Dead, but living, an example to his late brother officers; absent, yet present in memory; without an enemy save such as envy makes; the Chevalier Bayard of the army, without fear and without reproach; the courteous gentleman, the competent General; beloved alike by private and officer, lamented by all; tears fill the eyes of his soldiers at his name; the lost leader is mourned as men mourn for a lost brother.

“On Friday, the third, I twice bore messages from Gen. Sullivan to Gen. Hackleman, and saw him at his headquarters, near the intrenchments, a short time before he was mortally wounded, observing the advance of the rebel column on the battery and line to his left. It was a life picture, such as only contending armies portray. Once witnessed, the scene is never lost; memory but reverts to it, and some mysterious camera spreads it out anew in all its hideousness. The rebels charged across an open field, under the well served guns of the battery, near the General’s headquarters, and up to the very mouth of the guns attacked, with the desperation of a forlorn hope; every discharge tore through their ranks; platoons fell as one man; wide gaps were torn, but to be closed by the impetuous rush of brave men. Alas! that such bravery and devotion should die in such a cause. Once they falter. Some turn to fly, but the ringing call of their leader again moves the more than decimated band. ‘Forward!’ The intrenchments are stormed, the daring charge successful, our troops fall back fighting, and Hackleman’s brigade is to face the foe. Observant, silent, and collected, Hackleman turns to his staff and officers grouped around him, and calmly issues his orders. I marked the kindly, affectionate tone in which he gave poor Mills the order: ‘Bring up your regiment.’ Observing me awaiting his orders, he directed me to report the turning of our flank to Gen. Sullivan. I rode away with apprehension. The roar of battle was momentarily stilled; the combatants moving into order of battle, preparing for the hand to hand conflict, which soon recommenced with increased fury; a musketry duel, replying batteries, howling shell, screaming grape and canister, death-winged Minnie balls, a hell of withering, consuming fire,

murderous bayonet stabs, destroying charges, the rush of wounded horses, the repulse, the retreat, amid cheers, cries, groans and curses, the clear, ringing voice of Hackleman is not heard. His men bear him sadly away; the life drops purpling the autumn leaves.

The soldier Hackleman died a martyr to the cause he had conscientiously and consistently fought for. As a citizen in civil and political life, foregoing preferment, if to be purchased by the loss of honor and self-respect—the life long champion of constitutional liberty—the poor man's advocate—the fearless opponent of the demagogue, and the bold denouncer of the aggressions of the ever traitorous oligarchy of the South, he has left a clean and perfect record. Who can impeach it?

In the army, his soldier-like qualities, military capacity, and known merit, gave him well-deserved promotion, and pointed to a career of usefulness. Stricken down in his first battle, the army has lost a brilliant officer; the nation an honest politician; his State one of its most honored sons; his country a brave and public spirited citizen. If there ever was a deliberate offering up of one's self on the altar of country and principle; if a man ever did die in defense of truth, justice and liberty, Pleasant A. Hackleman laid down his life deliberately, willingly, in resisting the flood of wicked treason."

The editor of the Madison (Ind.) Courier thus notices Gen. Hackleman's death:

"For more than twenty years we have known the gallant, but now deeply lamented Hackleman. His parents were of the very first respectability, and gave him, according to the times, a good English education, which he continued to improve, until he became one of the strongest intellectual men of the State. He studied law, and settled in Rushville, where he has had his residence ever since. He served the public as a lawyer, judge, and clerk of the county court, and was twice an unsuccessful candidate for Congress. A firm and decided Whig, his sentiments were not in accordance with the majority of the District, and therefore he was defeated. But no man of the District had a purer political

name, and no man in it was better posted in the history or politics of the country. He was an able political writer, and sent to the press as able editorials as any we have seen in the State. His political opponents had all confidence in his personal honesty and integrity.

“True to the patriotism of his own unbending nature, when the rebellion broke out, he stood up for the Union with his tongue and pen, and took an active part in raising the Sixteenth regiment for the one year’s service, of which he was elected Colonel. He gave himself up at once to the study of the high duties of his position, and no officer from the State held a stronger power over the hearts of his men. They ever found him ready for duty, and prepared to meet the foe, while a humane and manly spirit ever led him to be considerate of the welfare of those committed to his charge. Gen. Hackleman is the first and only Brigadier General Indiana has lost in this dreadful rebellion. But his zeal and valor have proved him worthy of his position; and long and bitterly will his thousands of friends mourn his departure. Of him we might say much more than we have, and we could not well have said less. He was generous to his friends—forgiving to his enemies—true to his country, and careless often to himself, he has run the race of life, filled his share in the measure of his country’s glory, and we now sadly, solemnly place his name, among the heroes immortal, in our country’s galaxy, that it may be associated with the good and the great of the present vast, fearful conflict through all coming ages.”

J. R. S. Cox, a private of Co. D in Sixteenth Indiana volunteers, who, for twelve months, endured the privations and hardships of the tented field, under his command, on hearing of his death, wrote as follows:

“There is a moment’s pause in the wild turmoil of battle. At the head of his column, in the battle’s front, the General has fallen. A shudder passes over the throng; then onward press the gallant legion to avenge their leader’s fall. His staff, in silence so eloquent, gather around where their dying chieftain lies. Like the setting sun, his course is run. A life filled with noble deeds and manly purposes, now breathed

away amid broken bayonets and cannons' crashing thunders, on a victorious battle field. His requiem is the battles' fevered pulse. Veiled is the glory of his eye. Earth from his view has faded away with its half-realized dreams of manhood's achievements. Never more shall that commanding form, that would have ranked high even among Israel's stately kings, move the guiding star of hope in the battle's front. What a host of recollections throng upon us! Vividly rise before us the scenes of a twelve months' campaign: our camp at Sandy Hook—the mountain scenery at Harper's Ferry—the successive camps of Darnestown, Seneca, Frederick, and those dark days at Edward's Ferry, where, infusing something of his own spirit into the men, his iron will rose high above discouraging difficulties. Those long marches through Virginia to Winchester, across the Shenandoah, over the Blue Ridge, through Manassas to the Rappahannock, as the panorama moves past, how many thousand instances are called up, of his kindness in alleviating the condition of his men. We endured no hardship which he did not share; and no regiment ever loved their Colonel more devotedly, than the Sixteenth did P. A. Hackleman. I have seen him wrap his blanket around him in the rain, and lie down to sleep on the damp ground, and when resting on the march, eating a hard cracker by the roadside, surrounded by a crowd of the boys roaring at his jokes; often trudging on foot, carrying a gun, while a sick man rode his horse. Let others speak of him as the lawyer and the statesman. How well he acquitted himself in civil life, is for them to say. But when leaving all to do battle for his country, he did so bear himself as a soldier, that while almost adored as a commander, he was venerated as a father by every man in the Sixteenth Indiana. A hero of the old Roman stamp, too seldom seen among public men. His life may well be studied by the young. It was no heartless desire for fame. He lived not for himself alone. With a mind of expansive view, that glanced far away into the future—with a gigantic intellect, and most unquestioned honesty of purpose, he formed a conspicuous personage on the theatre of Indiana's history. Thus was he in peace, and in time of war, the same zealous discharge of duty made his

name a symbol of power in the army of the Union. While Indiana has lost a gallant son, could he have wished a prouder death? We will ever think of him as struck at the head of his column, leading them on to glorious victory."

The late Hon. Caleb B. Smith, then Secretary of the Interior, afterwards Judge of the Federal Court for the District of Indiana, in response to an invitation to deliver an oration at Gen. Hackleman's funeral, furnished the following feeling tribute to his memory:

"INDIANAPOLIS, October 14, 1862.

"JAMES S. STEWART, ESQ.—*Dear Sir*: I regret that official duties require my presence at Washington at so early a period that it will be impossible for me to attend the funeral obsequies of our late lamented friend, Gen. Hackleman.

"During an intimate professional and social intercourse with him of more than twenty-five years, I learned to appreciate his virtues and abilities, and should enjoy a melancholy satisfaction in uniting with his friends to pay a tribute of respect to his memory.

"Gen. Hackleman was a noble specimen of the best type of western manhood. As a lawyer, he was earnest and zealous in the advocacy of the cause of his client, while his high sense of honor prevented him from descending to any thing mean or unprofessional to gain a point. As a politician, he was bold, manly and independent, zealously advocating what he believed to be right, without regard to its effect upon his own political prospects; and never consenting to the sacrifice of principle to expediency. He possessed a frank and genial temper, which endeared him to his friends, and rendered him an attractive object in the social circle. The patriotism of Gen. Hackleman was of that ardent character which would not permit him to remain an idle spectator of the bloody struggle, which sedition and rebellion have brought upon our afflicted country. He promptly tendered his services to aid in suppressing the rebellion, and from the commencement of the war to the period when he yielded his life upon the battle field, a sacrifice for his country, he occupied a conspicuous position among the citizen soldiers, who are hazarding their lives to preserve the integrity of the Union. Although

he had not received a military education, he manifested in an eminent degree the qualities which make the able and successful soldier.

“His career, though brief, was brilliant; and his untimely death is one among the greatest sacrifices which a wicked rebellion has imposed upon the patriotism of the country. But though we mourn his early loss, we can derive consolation from the knowledge that he died in a sacred cause, and that his countrymen remember with gratitude his patriotic sacrifices.

“I trust that the sacrifices which have been made to preserve the best government in the world, will not have been made in vain, and that we shall soon have the satisfaction of seeing the flag of our Union acknowledged in every State. When our now dissevered confederacy shall be reunited, and the names of the gallant band of heroes and patriots who contributed to that result, shall be inscribed upon the roll of fame, conspicuous among the brightest will appear the name of Gen. Pleasant A. Hackleman.

“I am, dear sir, yours truly,

“CALEB B. SMITH.”

The following is from the Lafayette Journal:

“I AM DYING—BUT I AM DYING FOR MY COUNTRY.”

Last words of Brigadier General P. A. Hackleman, of Indiana, who fell at the battle of Corinth, October third, 1862.

“Dying—for my country dying,”
 And his comrades knelt to hear
 What loved message they should carry,
 To his friends and kindred dear;
 “Dying”—he so faintly whispered,
 While his face with radiance beamed,
 “For my country”—then so gently
 Slept he on as one who dreamed.

Dying—for thy country dying.
 Proud that land which shares thy fame,
 Richer far than thrones, or kingdoms,
 Is the wealth of such a name;

For when treason's desolation
 Shall be swept from off the land,
 Midst the heroes of our country,
 Shall thy name forever stand.

"Dying—for my country dying."
 Live those words forever more.
 Whilst each patriot heart shall bless thee
 And repeat them o'er and o'er,
 Live thy memory fresh and fragrant,
 And thy name be written high,
 On that scroll, with those who ever
 For their country's cause would die.

T. W.

His remains were conveyed home and interred in the East Hill Cemetery, at Rushville, Indiana; there being a larger attendance at his funeral than at any other ever witnessed in that part of the State.

HARVEY BERTRAND BASSETT

Was born in Aurora, Dearborn county, Indiana, in 1835. In 1840 his father, Horace Bassett, Esq., at that time Clerk of the United States Circuit and District Courts, moved to the capital of the State. At a suitable age young Bassett was sent to Wabash College, at Crawfordsville, where he completed his education. On his return from college, he was appointed by his father Deputy Clerk, which position he held until the war broke out in 1861. The call which summoned the martial spirit of the North to arms awakened no more enthusiastic soldier than Harvey Bassett. He entered as a private in the company of Capt. George W. Geisendorff, which was assigned to the Twentieth regiment, then rendezvousing at Lafayette. Soon the regiment took the field. At first it was posted in Cockeyville, Maryland, guarding the railroad from Baltimore to Harrisburgh. Here Bassett was chosen company clerk, filling the position to the entire satisfaction of his commanding officer. In September the regiment arrived at Hatteras Inlet, and, sailing up Pamlico Sound, went into camp at Chicamacomico. Four days afterward, the camp was attacked by a large rebel force, and compelled

to retreat to the forts at the Inlet, forty-five miles distant. This march was very trying on the men; and Bassett, being file leader, and ambitious for the fair reputation of his company, was always at the post of duty. After suffering many hardships, the regiment arrived at Fortress Monroe, where it remained six months. Then it marched upon Norfolk, and from thence to the front of Richmond. On the twenty-fifth of June, 1862, it took part in the battle of the Orchards. The regiment charged through timber into a wheat field, driving a large rebel force before it, when it was suddenly flanked, and suffered terrible loss. One hundred and ninety-two men, in twenty minutes, were killed, wounded and missing. Bassett's name was included in the list of the missing—that terrible list which makes the heart sick by waiting and hoping. The sad fact was known alas! too soon. He was mortally wounded and a prisoner. He was shot in the right side, the ball penetrating his stomach. He died in a rebel hospital on the third of July, the eighth day after the battle. The Union officers—Surgeons excepted—then prisoners in Richmond, were not permitted to see the wounded. After Bassett's death, his body was seen and identified by Adjutant Stiles. His treatment, while in the rebel hospital, was kind as could be afforded by the rebels. Dr. Marshall, a Union Surgeon, and rebel physicians, attended him. During his extreme suffering, he was remarkably cheerful, his great object seeming to be to encourage his wounded comrades. He believed he had done his duty, and was about to die in a glorious cause. The patriotism which nerved him to fight for his country strengthened him in his dying moments, and he breathed out his spirit gently as if sinking into pleasant dreams.

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