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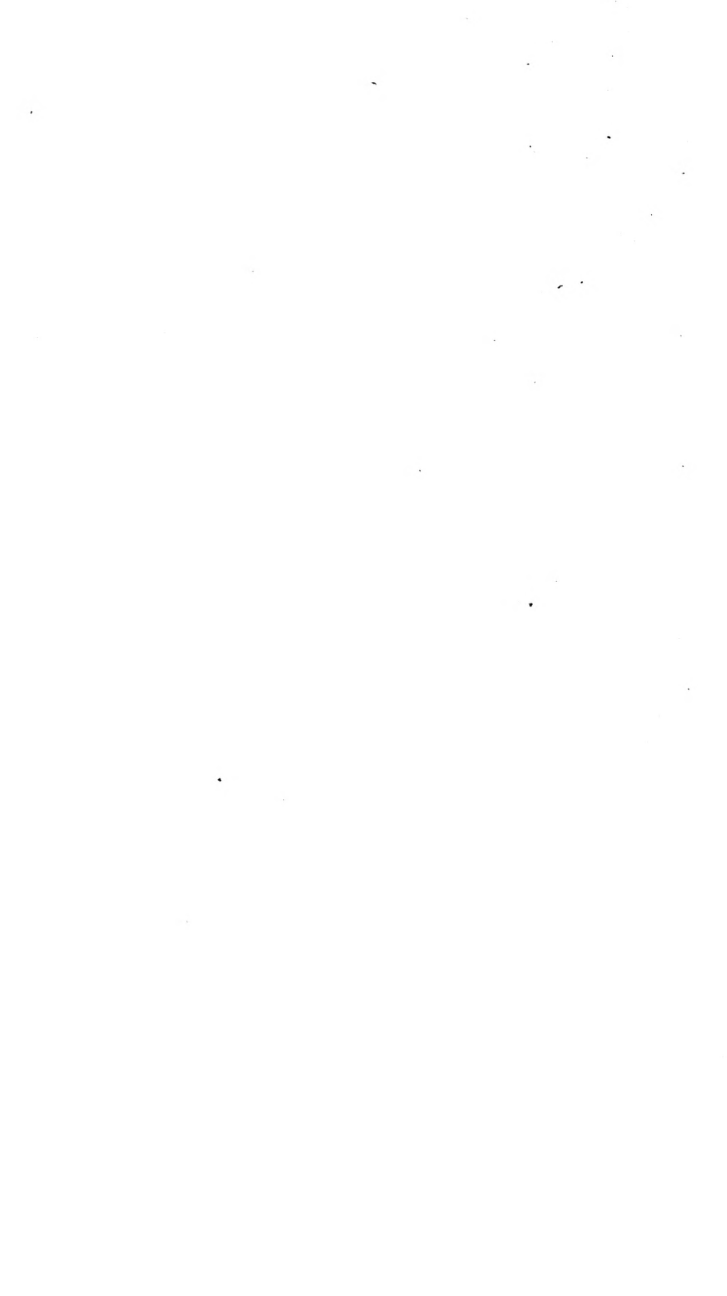
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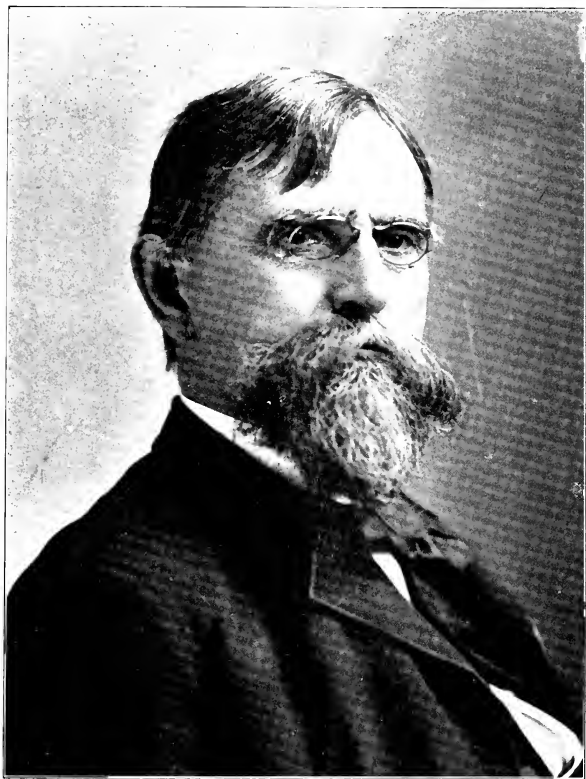
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MILITARY ORDER OF THE LEGION
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WAR PAPERS READ BEFORE THE
INDIANA COMMANDERS





MAJOR-GENERAL LEW WALLACE,
COMMANDER.

WAR PAPERS

READ BEFORE THE

INDIANA COMMANDERY

MILITARY ORDER

OF THE

LOYAL LEGION

OF THE UNITED STATES



INDIANAPOLIS:

PUBLISHED BY THE COMMANDERY.

1898.

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PREFACE.

The Publication Committee congratulates the Commandery on the issue of its first volume of papers relating to the War of the Rebellion. The papers are published as prepared and presented by the writers. They are individual expressions, and neither the Commandery nor the Committee assumes any responsibility for the views, observations, or criticisms of men and campaigns. The arrangement of the papers is purely arbitrary, and has been made with a view to a harmonious balance.

It is due to the authors of the papers to say that they are in no sense responsible for the biographical notices attached. These were prepared without the knowledge of the writers. The Committee has added the official record of every Companion of the war period. No pains have been spared to secure accuracy. The original application has been followed in each case.

This edition is limited to five hundred copies. The Committee hopes it may be but the first of a series of volumes to be added to the literature of the war by this Commandery. Every Companion had some personal experience, some personal knowledge, or some individual views of men or events. Each one is urged to put this in writing, in his own way, for the benefit of the Commandery, and with a view to early publication. It is unnecessary to call attention to the interest of the inheritance members in the present volume. The Commandery is proud of its younger Companions.

It is fair to Messrs. Levey Bro's & Co. to say that the delay in publication is not chargeable to them. The appearance of this volume is its own testimonial to their skill.

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JNO. E. CLELAND,
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Committee.

Bookazine 50

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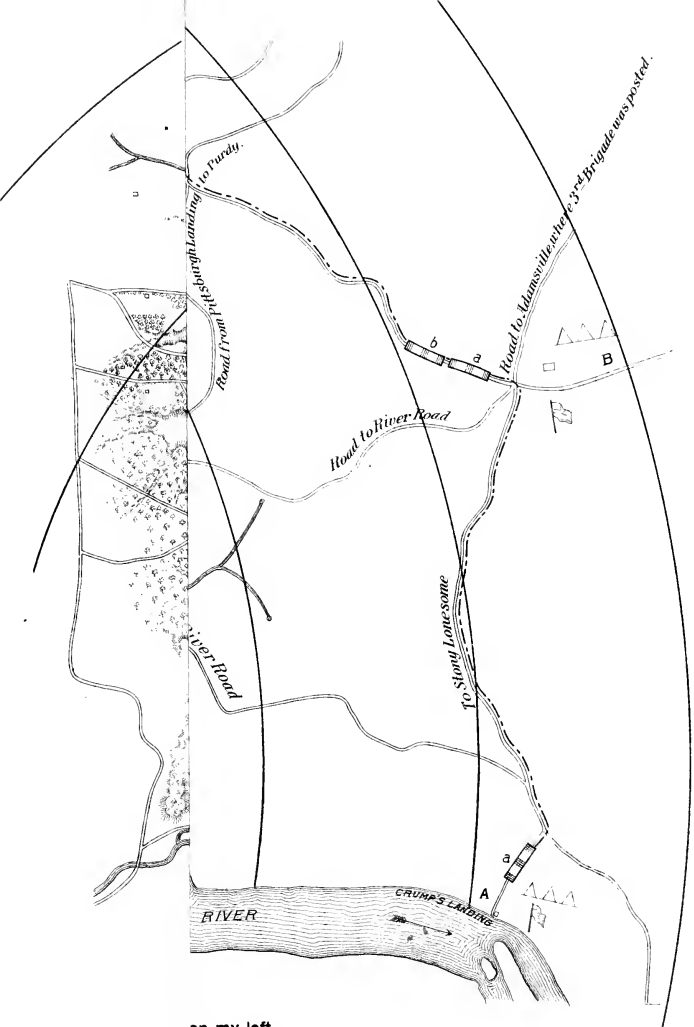
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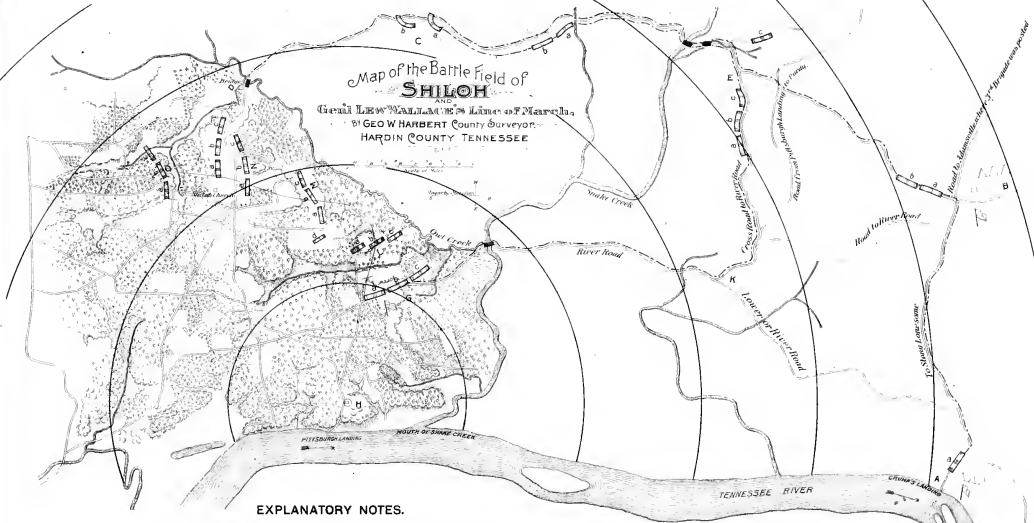
n Adamsville.

6th from Crump's to point G
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Map of the Battle Field of
SHILOH
 AND
 General LEW WALLACE'S Line of March,
 BY GEO W HALLAM'S County Surveyor,
 HARDIN COUNTY TENNESSEE



EXPLANATORY NOTES.

- A—Camp of 1st Brigade at Crump's Landing, morning 6th April.
- B—Camp of 2d Brigade at Stoney Lonesome, morning 6th April. At this camp received order to march and effect junction with right of army. Order received at 11:30 o'clock A. M.
- C—Point at which column countermarched by brigades to get into river road.
- D—Bridge over Owl creek held by cavalry of 3d Division, 5th Ohio, Maj. Myers.
- E—The cross-road taken to get into river road.
- K—Point at which column entered river road.
- H—Log house at Pittsburgh Landing.
- G—3d Division in bivouac night of the 5th. Position from which it began battle morning of the 7th at daylight.
- L—Assault of heights occupied by the left flank of enemy across Tillman creek, 7:30 o'clock morning of the 7th.

- M—Halted here on account of repulse of troops on my left.
- N—5 o'clock. Division driving enemy through Gen. Sherman's camp. Point to which it retired night of 7th.
- O—Farthest point attained by division, whence at 9 o'clock night it retired, by order of Gen. Grant, to Sherman's camp, N.
- a—1st Brigade.
- b—2d Brigade.
- o—3d Brigade. 3d Brigade fell into column from Adamsville.
- d—Willioh's regiment coming to my left.
- Route of 3d Division in march of the 6th from Crump's to point G near Pittsburgh Landing, eighteen miles and a quarter.

SHILOH.

BY BRIGADIER-GENERAL GEORGE F. MCGINNIS.

“SHILOH, QUIET, REST; FROM SHALAH, TO REST. THE MESSIAH; SO CALLED BY JACOB ON HIS DEATHBED: ‘THE SCEPTER SHALL NOT DEPART FROM JUDAH, NOR A LAWGIVER FROM BETWEEN HIS FEET, UNTIL SHILOH COME; AND UNTO HIM SHALL THE GATHERING OF THE PEOPLE BE.’”

The battle of Shiloh, in proportion to the numbers engaged, was one of the most hotly contested and bloody of the rebellion. It was the first great field fight of the war. The troops were mostly raw levies, undisciplined and inexperienced. The lists of killed and wounded show it remarkable for the blood actually shed in it, and equally remarkable for the bad blood it produced as between those engaged. The latter flows on in undiminished stream. There is as yet no sign of cessation in the ill-feeling, hard words, crimination and recrimination, charges and counter-charges, bitter enmities and downright falsehoods of which it was the cause.

Although many persons argue otherwise and affect to doubt the fact, the Federal army was surprised on



GEORGE F. MCGINNIS, Insignia No. 2,845, was born in Boston, Mass., March 12, 1826. His mother died when he was a year and a half old, and he lived with an aunt in Hampden, Me., until he was nearly twelve years of age. His father then took him to Chillicothe, Ohio, where he was a hat manufacturer. He attended the schools in that city until he was sixteen, when he was put to his father's trade and continued until the breaking out of the Mexican War. Having taken an active part in the local military organization, he was a competent drill master. At the age of twenty he enlisted in Company A, Second Ohio

Volunteers, and was commissioned First Lieutenant. In 1847, the term of the regi-

the morning of April 6, 1862. A few points may be submitted in proof of the assertion.

Let us, in the first place, consider the positions occupied by the different divisions when the attack began. Sherman and Prentiss are the most advanced of them all, the former's right being fully two and a half miles from the Tennessee river, while the latter's left is one and a half miles from the river. McClelland is in camp a quarter of a mile behind Sherman's left. W. H. L. Wallace lies nearly two miles in rear of Sherman's right, and Hurlbut a mile in rear of Prentiss and a half a mile to the left of W. H. L. Wallace. Colonel Stuart is chief of a detached brigade out on the Hamburg road, in rear of Prentiss about one mile and to Hurlbut's left. Now if the Union commander believed, or even suspected that he was to be attacked at daylight by an army largely superior to his own, will any one pretend, with a hope of credence, that the several commands posted so irregularly behind the advanced divisions would not have been concentrated or placed within immediate supporting distance? Or, treating them as in reserve, that there would have been a failure to order them under arms, and held in readiness for emergencies? Yet nothing of the kind was done.

The confession of General Prentiss is of importance in this connection. In an address prepared for a public occasion he says: "I had not the least idea that a gen-

ment having expired, he came home and was commissioned Captain of Company K, Fifth Ohio Volunteers, and again went to Mexico. At the close of the war he returned to the hat business with his father and brother. Feb. 28, 1830, he came to Indianapolis, and engaged in the business of hatter. His natural taste for military affairs, led him to take an active part in the volunteer organization in that city, so that when the War of the Rebellion broke out he was well qualified by practice to fill responsible positions in the volunteer service. When the fire on Sumter aroused the North, General McGinnis was one of the first to respond to the call of President Lincoln. He enlisted as a private in Company K, 11th Indiana, April 15, 1861; was made Captain, April 16; Lieutenant-Colonel April 25; mustered out of three months' service, August 4. The 11th Indiana re-enlisted, and he became Lieutenant-Colonel of the three years' regiment. He was promoted to Colonel, Sept. 3, 1861,

eral engagement was to be had that day. Had I ever dreamed of a general attack I would have practiced the lesson our leaders in the nation, leaders of armies, learned upon that battlefield afterward, that it was better always to be prepared to receive the enemy. We were not prepared that morning. The fight at Shiloh was not a fight of divisions; it was not a fight of armies; it was not a fight of brigades; it seemed to me a strife between regiment and regiment, company and company."

On the 5th, only the day before the battle, Sherman, at Shiloh, wrote to Grant at Savannah, ten miles below Pittsburg Landing: "All is quiet along my lines now. We are in the act of exchanging cavalry, according to your order. The enemy has cavalry in my front, and I think there are two regiments of infantry and one battery of artillery about six miles out."

On the same day, Sherman addressed Grant again: "I have no doubt nothing will occur to-day more than some picket firing. The enemy is saucy, but got the worst of it yesterday, and will not press our pickets far. I will not be drawn out far unless with certainty of advantage."

The same day (the 5th) General Grant despatched to General Halleck at St. Louis, announcing the information he had received from General Sherman, with the additional remark, "I immediately went up, but found

and to Brigadier-General, May 2, 1863. He participated in the battles of Fort Henry, Fort Donelson, Shiloh, and the siege of Corinth. After joining the 13th corps, he was put in command of the First brigade of the Third division, with which he took a part in the Vicksburg campaign, participating in the battles of Port Hudson and Champion Hill. In the the last battle, which was really one of the most decisive of the war for the reason that the capture of Vicksburg depended upon the result, General McGinnis's brigade bore the brunt of the fight, losing heavily. His personal example inspired his troops. At the close of the war, he returned to Indianapolis. He was Auditor of Marion County one term, and County Commissioner a part of two terms. In July, 1894, he led in the movement of the veterans to sustain Governor Matthews at the time of the Debs trouble.

all quiet. The enemy had three pieces of artillery and cavalry and infantry. How much cannot of course be estimated. I have scarcely the faintest idea of an attack (general one) being made upon us, but will be prepared should such a thing take place. * * * * The main force of the enemy is at Corinth, with troops at different points east. Small garrisons are at Bethel, Jackson and Humboldt. The number at these places seems constantly to change. The number of the enemy at Corinth, and within supporting distance of it, can not be far from 80,000 men."

Still another point of documentary evidence presents itself to show General Grant's opinion of the situation on the 5th of April in the afternoon. Colonel Jacob Ammen, of the Twenty-fourth Ohio, commanding a brigade in General Nelson's division of General Buell's army, kept a diary of his march to Pittsburg Landing, from which extracts are published in the Rebellion Record, making them official. On the 5th of April, Colonel Ammen made the following entry: "About 3 p. m., General Grant and General Nelson came to my tent. General Grant declined to dismount, as he had an engagement. In answer to my remark that our troops were not fatigued and could march on to Pittsburg Landing, Tenn., if necessary, General Grant said, 'You cannot march through the swamps; make the troops comfortable; I will send boats for you Monday or Tuesday, or sometime early in the week. There will be no fight at Pittsburg Landing. We will have to go to Corinth, where the rebels are fortified.'"

While the messages given were passing between Sherman and Grant; while Grant was assuring Halleck that he had not the faintest idea of an attack upon him; while he was telling Ammen, then in Savannah, that there would be no fight at Pittsburg

Landing, the enemy, 45,000 strong, were within from two to four miles of his lines at Shiloh, quietly taking positions and forming to attack the next morning.

We were badly surprised and whipped on Sunday. I will not stop to inquire now who was responsible for the surprise, but will pass to the question of responsibility for the defeat of the 6th of April.

At and in the vicinity of Crump's Landing, six miles below Pittsburg Landing, the Third division of the Army of the Tennessee was in camp under command of General Lew Wallace. The division was about seven thousand strong, and its commander has been—and yet is—looked upon by thousands of people who have read but one side of the case as wholly and solely responsible for the disaster of the 6th of April, or first day of the battle. To this matter we propose devoting attention, with a view to ascertaining what justice there may be in the judgment.

About two weeks after the battle, the newspaper correspondents began to be heard from throughout the North. They charged openly that the army had been surprised; that the defeat of the first day was the result of the surprise; that somebody was responsible and ought to be made to suffer, and logically the chiefs in direct charge of the army at Pittsburg Landing were named as the guilty parties. These happened to be Generals Grant and Sherman, and they, put to the necessity of defending themselves, sought to transfer the blame to some other shoulders. The Third division having failed to reach the field in time to take part in the engagement of the first day, Wallace offered the accused generals the most plausible chance of diversion of public sentiment. He was accordingly accused of various failures, some involving his capacity, some his loyalty, and others imputing treachery and gross disobedience of order. General

Grant himself, in an endorsement upon Wallace's report of the action of his division during the second day's fight, charges that if his (Wallace's) second officer had been in command the division would have been on the field in good time the first day. It was further said by officers of General Grant's staff that Wallace, besides disobeying orders, had taken the wrong road when he did move and lost his way, and that when found he was marching in a direction *from the battle*. That these charges appear, many of them in Badeau's Memoirs of Grant, a book notoriously written in great part in his hero's office, fix their origin upon the latter.

In the morning of the 6th of April, General Wallace's division was composed of three brigades, of which the First (Colonel Morgan L. Smith's) was in camp at Crump's Landing, the Second (Colonel John M. Thayer's) was posted at Stony Lonesome, two and a half miles out from Crump's Landing, and the Third (Colonel Charles Wood's) at Adamsville, five miles out. This disposition of the brigades, it is to be remarked, had General Grant's approval.

On Friday, the 4th of April, Wallace received information from his scouts that the enemy, infantry, cavalry and artillery, were at Purdy, threatening Wood at Adamsville. He communicated the news to Headquarters, and in the night marched his First and Second brigades to Adamsville to support Wood. At Wood's camp he was told that the alarm was groundless; a small force of rebel cavalry had been seen in the neighborhood the day before, but it had disappeared as suddenly as it came, and no attack or trouble was apprehended. The two brigades marched back to their respective camps in the afternoon of the 5th, with no thought of what the morrow was to bring forth.

Soon after daylight of the 6th of April, the Third division, in its several camps, was aroused by the roar of artillery and the rattle of musketry proceeding from the direction of Shiloh, and it took but a short time to convince the entire command that a battle was in progress. Wallace lost no time in getting ready. Early as Thursday evening he had received intelligence from his most reliable scouts that the whole rebel army was in motion from Corinth to Pittsburg Landing; and on Friday, in anticipation of an attack at Pittsburg Landing or upon his own position at Crump's, he ordered the issue of three days' rations. Now (morning of the 6th) he directed Smith to put his brigade under arms. The same officer of his staff (Major Ross) proceeded at great speed with a like order to Thayer at Stony Lonesome; thence Ross hastened to Wood at Adamsville, with directions to march his (the Third) brigade back to Stony Lonesome, and join Thayer at that place. A little later Smith was also ordered to Stony Lonesome. The object of this concentration should be stated, since it affords evidence of Wallace's zeal to be ready for orders upon their reaching him. A short distance south of Stony Lonesome there is a division of the road southward, one fork running west of south and ultimately to the camp of General Sherman, a distance of about six miles; the other fork trending east of south and ending at Pittsburg Landing, also about six miles distance. Wallace knew General Grant was at Savannah, four miles below Crump's, and anticipating an order to march to the field of battle, and that the order must send him either to Pittsburg Landing or to join Sherman at Shiloh, he took steps to assemble his brigades at the most convenient point in advance of the receipt of orders. That done he could

do no more than wait the arrival of General Grant, momentarily expected on his headquarters boat.

About half-past eight o'clock, more than two hours after the outbreak of battle as heard at Crump's Landing, General Grant's boat from Savannah was run alongside Wallace's, and the two generals held a brief consultation.

Grant asked Wallace if he had heard the firing. Wallace answered, "Yes, since daybreak."

Grant: "What do you think of it?"

Wallace: "It's a general engagement."

Grant. "Well, hold your division in readiness to march on order received.

Wallace: "I am ready now."

He then explained the concentration, by that time under way. Again Grant repeated the order, adding to it the words *in any direction*.

This, then, was the *first order* Wallace received, and we will presently observe two others, three in all that day. Now, if Grant believed a battle at the time in progress, why did he not order the division straight to the field? Instead of that, he cut loose, and sped on up the river to Pittsburg Landing.

Wallace rode out to Stony Lonesome and joined his brigades, the First and Second. Not earlier than half past eleven o'clock, forenoon, a Captain Baxter, of Grant's staff, delivered to Wallace the *second order* from Grant. Adjutant-General Strickland, of Thayer's staff and Captain Ruckle, both of whom looked at their watches, put the time of Baxter's arrival at quarter before twelve o'clock.

The order was seen and read by a number of officers standing by at the moment it was transmitted to Wallace by Baxter, and all of them agree in saying that it was in writing by pencil on a half sheet of foolscap paper, dirty and dented by boot heels, and unsigned;

all of which Baxter explained, saying that he had received it verbally from General Grant on the field, and that, fearing he might make a mistake, he had himself reduced it to writing.

As to the exact wording of the order there is some disagreement, but not in the main point, which is as to where Wallace was directed to march. Wallace himself says it bade him leave a sufficient force at Crump's to guard the public property there, and take the rest of his division and *form junction with the right of the army*, where he was to form line of battle at a right angle with the river, and act as circumstances required. Major Ross read the order, and says he distinctly remembers it directed Wallace to move forward and join Sherman's right on the Purdy road, form line of battle at right angles with the river, and then act as circumstances dictated." To the same effect are statements from General Knefler, Wallace's adjutant-general, who says, "Grant passed Crump's Landing about 9 o'clock a. m. It must have been 12 o'clock when Baxter arrived with orders, and brought the very cheering intelligence that our army was successful. I remember distinctly that it was a written order to march and form junction with the right of the army, which was understood to be the right of the army as it rested in the morning when the battle began." Lieutenant Ware, of the Eighth Missouri Regiment, and aide to Wallace, says the order directed Wallace to join Sherman's right on the road leading from Pittsburg Landing to Purdy, Sherman being on the extreme right of the army.

Taking it for granted now that the order *as delivered* is substantially proved, a comment is permissible. Baxter's answer to Wallace's question as to how the battle was going is important as a key, both to Grant's order and Wallace's action. "How is the bat-

tle going?" asked Wallace, and Baxter returned, "We are driving them (the enemy) all along the line." The evidence that such was the reply is abundant and unimpeachable, and accepting it as descriptive of the condition of the fight when Grant sent for Wallace, the correctness of the order is above criticism; at the same time it must have inspired Wallace to greater promptitude, since, if he hoped to share the honors of the victory, it was necessary to make haste, else the action would terminate before he could effect the junction with Sherman.

Let us see next what Wallace did. The first point to present itself to him must have been the route by which to take his command to *the right of the army* in quickest time possible. In other words, there being two roads available, which was the shortest and best? To one inquiring into this matter the map presented herewith is conclusive. And should its correctness be called into question, I, your speaker, together with Captain George Brown and Major Ross, assisted Mr. George W. Harbett, county surveyor of Hardin county, Tennessee, in surveying the route taken by Wallace in the movement of his division. That is to say, Brown, Ross and I carried the chain over every step of the march as shown by the map; wherefore I know it to be correct in every particular. If, however, there is still a doubt of the map, then a reference is suggested to the more recent survey of the march made by direction of the Secretary of War, Mr. Lamont, which is official, and strictly corroborative of the map utilized as part of this paper.

The briefest examination of the map will settle it as a fact that from Stony Lonesome to the right of the army (Sherman's camp) as it was resting in the morning when the fight commenced, the nearest road was the one trending to the southwest. Not only was it

the nearest road by about three miles, the other necessitating a march to Pittsburg Landing, thence to the objective point, in all quite nine miles, it was also the best road. For, in anticipation of the emergency arisen, Wallace's cavalry had, by his orders, corduroyed it and made and repaired the bridges, that over Owl creek inclusive. So, with General Grant's order clearly in mind, and with intent to execute it to the best advantage, both with respect to time and the comfort of his command, Wallace chose the shortest and best road, viz: the road from Stony Lonesome to that known as the Purdy and Pittsburg Landing road, and thence to the right of the army. Not only had that road been repaired as stated, but it had been under patrol day and night constantly, for the reason that, being one of the routes for communication with the main army from Crump's Landing, it was subject to attack by the enemy. Every hour of the twenty-four a courier rode to Wallace's headquarters to report its safety from incursion.

The order of march from Stony Lonesome was as follows: First, the cavalry under Major Myers; the Second brigade (Thayer's); Thurber's Missouri battery; the First brigade (Smith's); Thompson's Indiana battery. As for some reason the third brigade (Wood's) had not arrived at Stony Lonesome when the march began, it was to be picked up on the road.

Here, I think, is a good place to settle and dispose of the story so frequently encountered in history, that Wallace lost his way going to the field. Under the marching arrangement adopted, Major Myers and his command were the advance guard; that is, Myers, by whom the repairs and bridging had been supervised, was now conducting the column, under orders to hasten to the bridge over Owl creek and hold it at all hazards for passage by the division. And that there

might be no failure in the performance, Adjutant-General Knefler was sent with him. Thus conducted, how was it possible to lose the road? The falsity and malice of the accusation need no further expose.

Having the column now on the road to *the right of the army*, let us see what happened next.

About two and a half o'clock an officer overtook Wallace well toward the head of his command, and reported, "General Grant sends his compliments, and requests you to hurry up." Wallace replied, "Give my compliments to the General, and say I will be up in a few minutes." The courier rode away. Wallace, it will appear from this, had no doubt that Grant was with Sherman, and expecting him there. The movement was hastened, and we were quicking along with the battle in our ears, when a second messenger overtook Wallace. This was Major Rowley, of Grant's staff. He it was who gave Wallace the first intimation of disaster to our army. "The line to which you are going has been driven back toward the Landing (Pittsburg), and it is a question if we are not to be pushed into the river." That Wallace saw his situation may not be doubted. No more may it be doubted that he felt his responsibility keenly. The news must have been a terrible surprise. He was in the rear of the whole rebel army; or, in other words, the whole rebel army was between him and our main army, and it was victorious. It is charity to suppose Baxter meant his good news in the way of encouragement. Wallace asked Rowley, "Does General Grant send me an order?" "Yes," was the return, "he wants you at Pittsburg Landing." "That is his order?" "Yes." Then Rowley also rode away. The particulars of this scene, it is true, I have from Wallace; yet the circumstances immediately following are in the main so

strongly corroborative that his statement cannot well be questioned.

The opportunity is so fair here that I cannot avoid pausing to settle another of the falsehoods which has crept into history in connection with this remarkable march. Major Rowley rode away, I have said, and reported to General Grant that he had found Wallace marching to Purdy, which is west of Pittsburg Landing, and that when found he was further from the battle than when he started. This the map will dispose of. By following the movement of the division it will be seen that every step taken from Stony Lonesome was a step toward the right of the army, and consequently a step toward the fight. Then it will dawn upon the student that, admitting him honest in his report, it was Rowley who was lost, not Wallace. So befogged had he become in winding in and out of bogs and cross roads he could not distinguish south from west, and those of us in the least familiar with the peculiarities of the ways in that region do not wonder at his condition.

General Grant's order, by Rowley, to proceed to Pittsburg Landing was the *third* received by Wallace, and when delivered the latter's cavalry, under Knefler and Myers, was in possession of the bridge over Owl creek, with the advance of Thayer's brigade turned into the Purdy road and scarce a quarter of a mile from the cavalry. Certainly in a half hour more Thayer would have been across Owl creek and on the bluff but a short distance beyond the bridge.

At first glance the dilemma into which this *third order* plunged General Wallace may not be clearly perceived or appreciated. An older soldier than he would have been shaken and possibly demoralized. He was required at Pittsburg Landing. There were two ways to get there: one a bold push through the

enemy's engaged lines, the other by a long march around the enemy's left flank. Very promptly he decided upon the latter, and for that ordered a countermarch by brigades. It is said he should have "bouted face" with his column, which would have saved precious time. His reply to the criticism has always been that in view of the new condition of the battle, he wanted the first brigade on the left. Its regiments had been in battle at Donelson; Smith, its commander, had proven himself able and brave, and it was the left which was sure to be most severely tried; and the result of the next day's fighting proved the correctness of this judgment. The cross-fire to which it was subjected during the next day was terrible. In the new order of the column it will be seen, by examining the map, that the first brigade after the countermarch became the leader of the division.

One cannot help stopping at this point to conjecture what the results would have been had Rowley not overtaken Wallace, or had Wallace when overtaken decided to go on as he started. Speaking from information since derived, the probabilities are the battle had been won for the Federals. Still, it is always to be remembered that the duty of a military subordinate is to obey orders. That Wallace saw a chance for personal glory in attacking the enemy in rear is more than likely, but the instructions through Rowley were more than peremptory, and the condition of the battle called for caution and prudence. Had he known that Nelson would be at Pittsburg Landing before night, and Buell, with his army in position on the field before morning, it would have been different; then he would have been justified in taking any responsibility there might have been in pushing ahead. Unhappily for himself and the army, General Grant had given him no word of Buell's movements or where-

abouts; nor did Wallace or any of his command during the fighting of the 7th know of Buell's presence on the field until in the afternoon about one o'clock.

After a return march of nearly two and a quarter miles, reckoning from its head at the place of countermarch, the column was turned eastward in order to get it into the lower or river road from Savannah to Pittsburg Landing. There was then a plunge into mud and mire and backwater from Snake creek and the river to the high grounds beyond Wallace's bridge at the lower crossing of Snake creek. It has been my fortune to do with many abominations termed roads, but of anything worse than the regiments pulled through that afternoon I have no recollection. The guns often stalled, requiring the passing infantry to put the prolongs over their shoulders and assist the horses. For hundreds of yards at a stretch men waded through mortar leg deep. But for the occasional outbursts from the battle, I doubt if the movement could have been accomplished at all. Heaven knows there was no lagging, and if precious hours were lost they were lost in that almost bottomless morass. Yet it had to be passed. There was no way round it. Had we started from Crump's Landing in direct march to Pittsburg Landing, it had still been in the way.

Save the tremendous tugging through the bogs, the march was without incident until just before the turn was made into the lower or river road. (See map.) Major Rawlins (adjutant-general to General Grant) and Major McPherson (also of General Grant's staff) met the advancing column. In the War Records we have their statements of what took place. Both were gallant officers, and are to be treated tenderly. Their statements go upon the presumption that General Wallace was not going forward fast as might have been. Every survivor in the division knows that to be

unjust—knows that it was not in the power of men to march more rapidly than they were doing—knows that General Wallace was pushing the column to the limit of its capacity for movement. The account given him by Rowley led him to believe he would have to fight his way through the enemy to get to Grant at Pittsburg Landing. He was fully impressed with the necessity of keeping the column closed up, and every halt at the head was with that idea in view. Rowley's intelligence was confirmed by Rawlins and McPherson. The former was greatly excited, and insisted upon sending the division forward by regiments, and then upon throwing the guns of the battery to the roadside; all which General Wallace refused. In total misunderstanding of how the division had started from Stony Lonesome to the right of the army in the forenoon, and a gross misconception of the distance it had marched when they met it, they rode back to their chief with reports prompted by feelings under which it was scarcely possible for them to do Wallace justice. Rawlins in especial charges him with purposely delaying the movement of the division. This we who made the march know to be false; and if other proof is required, we point to the sixteen and a quarter miles made from Stony Lonesome since 11:30 o'clock.

The first brigade passed the Snake creek bridge (Wallace's) at dusk, and by 9 o'clock the whole division was halted on high ground about three quarters of a mile from Pittsburg Landing. Search was made for Grant, Sherman and McClernand, but without avail. The night was too dark to see, the darkness being intensified by a drowning rain from which there was no escape. There was nothing to be done but draw the division up into line of battle facing westwardly and "stand the storm."

Learning in the night accidentally that he was on

the crest of the east slope of Tellman's creek, and that the left of the rebel army was on the opposite crest, with a battery in position there, General Wallace drew his batteries together, with orders to open fire as soon as dawn would enable the gunners to see across the hollow. In that way he was able to open the fight of the second day. While the artillery duel was going on he waited for orders, none having reached him in the night. At length General Grant appeared and directed him to move out in a westerly direction. That was instantly done. For what ensued one must consult the map. All day the contest went on, Wallace attacking. At times the resistance was furious. Finding himself on the left flank of the Confederates, he never let it go. When night fell the division was nearly a mile beyond the old Shiloh church and far in advance of the rest of the army. By order of General Grant it returned to the position occupied by General Sherman at the commencement of the engagement, it being the right of the army sought so vigorously during the day. That night it quartered in Sherman's camp, having driven the enemy through its streets and retaken its tents.

Up to this point I have adhered strictly to a narrative of the movements of the division, and before going to the main point of controversy touching those movements, it should be said that at no time during the second day did General Wallace's command cooperate with the other divisions of the Army of the Tennessee; they were not seen on his flank or in his front. On his right there was no need of support; on his left the support was from McCook's division of Buell's army, Colonel Willich's regiment first in the line.

It is needful now to pass to the main contention—needful for the sake of correct understanding.

We have seen the purport of the order delivered by Captain Baxter to General Wallace at Stony Lonesome; that by it he was directed to march and form junction with the right of the army; and that, understanding it meant the right of the army as the right lay in the morning, he set his column in motion to the point indicated by the shortest and best road available.

I am speaking, it will be observed, of the order actually *received* by General Wallace. After him the person most concerned, if the correctness of his version is questioned, would be General Grant, he being the sender of the order. Has he said anything upon the subject?

In 1868, shortly after the appearance of General Badeau's book, *The Life of General Grant*, General Wallace called on General Grant at the latter's headquarters in Washington, and, seeking an exoneration, presented a paper containing statements of officers of his staff and division showing what the first order received by him on the 6th of April, 1862, was. General Grant read the statements, and replied as follows:

"HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE UNITED STATES.
Washington, D. C., March 10, 1868.

My Dear General: Enclosed herewith I return you letters from officers of the army who served with you at the battle of Shiloh, Tenn., giving their statements of your action on that occasion. I can only state that my orders to you were given verbally to a staff officer to communicate, and that they were substantially as given by General Badeau in his book. I always understood that the staff officer referred to, Captain Baxter, made a memorandum of the order he received, and left it with you. That memorandum I never saw.

"The statements which I now return seem to exonerate you from the great point of blame, your taking the wrong road, or different road from the one directed from Crump's Landing to Pittsburg Landing. All your subsequent military career showed you active and ready in the execution of every order you received. Your promptness in moving from Baltimore to Monocacy, Md., in 1864, and meeting the enemy in force far superior to your own, when Washington was threatened,

is a case particularly in point. There you could scarcely have hoped for a victory. But you delayed the enemy, and enabled me to get troops from City Point, Va., in time to save the city. That act I regarded as particularly praiseworthy. I refer you to my report of 1865 touching your course there.

“In view of the assaults made upon you now, I think it due to you that you should publish what your own staff, and other subordinate officers, have to say in exoneration of your course.

Yours truly,

TO MAJ.-GEN. WALLACE,
Crawfordsville, Indiana.

U. S. GRANT, General.”

This, we think, must be regarded as a very important paper. It is conclusive on the point that General Grant never saw the memorandum of the order General Wallace received. General Grant also admits that the statements of officers presented him by General Wallace exonerated him (Wallace) as to taking the wrong road from Crump's to Pittsburg Landing, and *that* admitted, all the other accusations go with it, and the controversy should have ended with its publication. Did General Grant intend it as an exoneration? We think it impossible to infer anything else, when it is remembered how careful and circumspect General Grant always was in the language used by him in papers of importance. Two other arguments apparent in the same letter are decisive as to his intention: First, the suggestion that he thought it due to General Wallace that he (Wallace) should publish what his own staff and other officers had to say in exoneration of his course; second, the remark concerning his (Wallace's) activity and readiness in the execution of *every* order received by him in course of his subsequent career. In fact, the Monocacy illustration must be accepted as indicative of a particularly high opinion of General Wallace as an officer and soldier.

If, however, a doubt upon the subject remains, then the footnote in General Grant's *Memoirs* is to be read

in the connection, making it conclusive of the author's intention to absolutely exonerate General Wallace from all blame. It then remains to ask, if General Grant was satisfied, why should anybody else be dissatisfied? Is it possible that the great soldier left authority behind him to continue the war upon Wallace?

Yet there are persons who keep up the fire. These undoubtedly rest their blame upon the reports of certain of General Grant's friends and staff officers, as they appear in the war records and elsewhere. A few remarks upon those reports may be regarded appropriate.

The first point concerning them is that they were all written before General Grant's exoneration appeared. That is certainly the case with respect to the published statements of General Rawlins, and the other staff officers, Rowley and McPherson. It is also true of the reflections upon General Wallace by General Adam Badeau in his *Life of General Grant*.

It is worthy of remark also that the statements of the staff officers mentioned show a malicious feeling which very materially affect their value as historical evidence. On this point I beg to offer some criticisms.

There is excellent ground for belief that in 1862, after Wallace's promotion to be Major-General of Volunteers, he became an object of jealousy which soon developed into a conspiracy to shelve him. As Colonel or even Brigadier-General it is not at all probable that he would have been molested in his command. His most bitter assailant was one Captain William H. Hillyer, one of General Grant's aides-de-camp. A day or two after the battle of Donelson, that officer wrote Wallace a gushing note, "God bless you, you did save the day on the right!" After Shiloh, he changed position, and never allowed an opportunity to hit him slip. He even wrote scurrilous verses, and

read them in public, Wallace, of course, being absent. Rawlins, Rowley and Lagow joined Hillyer in the new movement. Subsequently General Grant dismissed Hillyer from the service.

General Wallace's conduct during the second day at Shiloh was so unexceptionable that it should have redeemed any errors committed by him the first day—admitting, for argument's sake, that he was guilty of errors. It seems, however, not to have had that effect. Badeau gives him some credit, but the others united in misrepresenting him. One justly disposed cannot escape the conclusion that General Grant was imposed upon by them, and that their misrepresentations were so continuous and unrelenting as to furnish ground for a suspicion of a conspiracy to ruin Wallace, both in Grant's estimation and in military circles generally.

As to the *motive* for such a conspiracy, it is a curious coincidence that assaults were begun at the same time (immediately after Shiloh) upon both Generals McClelland and Wallace, and that *every* member of General Grant's military family joined in the hostility against the two. Why they did so is a most interesting query. Both the generals were from civil life; both were promoted to the highest rank then known to the United States military service; that is, both were made major-generals. It is to be added next, that of the Army of the Tennessee, they (aside from General Grant) were the only major-generals in command at Shiloh. Another curious coincidence, both of them had been promoted major-generals on the recommendation of General Grant for good conduct as division commanders at Donelson. McClelland was not accused in any manner in connection with Shiloh. Why then the animosity against him? We have shown Wallace's mistake at Shiloh, if he was guilty at all,

was in obeying too literally the orders he actually received. Why, then, the union of attack upon them at the same time from the commanding general's headquarters? There is but one answer: *On account of their rank they had to be got out of the way.* Sherman was the immediate beneficiary. In fact, McClernand was deposed in Sherman's interest while the army lay at Pittsburg Landing before the battle; that is, by right of rank McClernand should have been recognized as in command of all the divisions composing the army in the absence of Grant at Savannah; yet, looking over his head, and in ignorance of his right, Grant persisted steadily in holding all his official communication with Brigadier-General Sherman. Whether, with McClernand in command, there had been a surprise cannot be said. None the less, it remains a fact that the *War Records* demonstrate indisputedly that Sherman was looked to and advised with by Grant at Savannah precisely as if he had been by formal order promoted to a seniority over McClernand. Nor that merely—the disputes between Rawlins and McClernand arose sometimes into scandalous quarrels. More than one officer visiting the steamboat on which General Grant kept his headquarters while at Pittsburg Landing left the boat because unwilling to stand by and listen to the abuse of McClernand indulged in by Rawlins. The end was that McClernand was finally disposed of after the fall of Vicksburg.

Exactly the same tactics were pursued with General Wallace. In his case, the excuse laid hold of was his failure to reach Pittsburg Landing the first day of the battle. Why he did not get there has been shown. That he was held to responsibility for the failure he did not know until nearly a year after that engagement. He was deprived of command by the breaking

up of his division at Memphis, shortly after the taking of Corinth by General Halleck. The conspiracy against him was carried on with great secrecy. He had no notice of Grant's bitter endorsements on his official report. No opportunity was afforded him for explanation. The venom against him extended to General Halleck. When at length he was apprised of Grant's endorsement, he immediately addressed a letter explanatory to General Halleck. That official never so much as acknowledged receipt of the communication, but forwarded it to Grant, who in turn called on his staff officers, Rawlins, Rowley and McPherson, for statements; and their replies were withheld from Wallace and never made public until they were printed in the *War Records*, in 1884, more than twenty years after they were written and forwarded to Halleck's headquarters.

Failing to get attention from General Halleck, General Wallace, then on the shelf and out of Sherman's way, demanded a court of inquiry. From his communication in that instance I make an extract:*

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., July 18, 1863.

* * * *

I have waited with all patience for the arrival of a period when the state of the war would permit me to ask a court of inquiry without detriment to the service. That time, in my judgment, has now come, and I therefore respectfully ask that such a court may be ordered, and that the scope of its investigation may cover my whole conduct in connection with the battle of Pittsburg Landing. That this investigation may be full and complete, I also request that Judge-Advocate-General Holt may be specially charged with the duty of prosecution.

Very respectfully, sir,

Your friend and obedient servant,

LEW WALLACE, Maj.-Gen. Volunteers.

The demand was refused on the ground that officers of rank required to constitute the court could not be spared from other duties. Two months afterwards,

* See War Records, Vol. X, page 89.

on a suggestion from Sherman that he (Wallace) could not hope to be assigned to command in the field while the request for the court was pending, Wallace asked the Secretary of War to suspend action in the matter until he again communicated with him on the subject. This latter paper he concluded as follows: * * * *
 "It is possible that I may satisfy General Grant upon the points involved, and thus save further trouble. Meantime I hope you will consider me ready and anxious to go to *any* duty." (War Records, Vol. X, pages 189-190.)

There is a letter to General Wallace from General Sherman extant which shows that Sherman undertook to speak to General Grant in Wallace's behalf. Whether he did or not nothing came of his interposition. Wallace was officially left on the shelf. Every month he reported his whereabouts, requesting to be ordered to active duty in the field. His rank prevented him getting the court of inquiry; he could not get an order for duty in the field because of his rank. He was the senior of too many favorites in command of divisions and corps. Yet he asked to be considered ready and anxious for *any* duty.

At length he received an order permitting him to report to Governor Morton to canvass Indiana in favor of recruitments. This drew from him an indignant note as follows:

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Sept. 21. 1863.

Hon. E. M. Stanton: I never authorized anybody to apply to you to grant me permission to make speeches anywhere. The armies are moving, battles being fought. I am ashamed at being made to stay at home. How much more would I be ashamed to go about making speeches. For months past I have been your respectful beggar for duty in the field. I am so yet, and shall so continue. I decline reporting to Governor Morton.

LEW WALLACE, Major-General.

Was this playing to the gods in the gallery? That, too, can be easily settled. While General Wallace was

supposably on the shelf, held there by the united efforts of Stanton, Grant and Halleck, we find the Legislature of Ohio unanimously passing a joint resolution thanking him for saving that State from invasion. About the same time the Common Council of Cincinnati, by resolution, gave him their grateful acknowledgments for rescuing that city from capture. Upon investigation, it turns out that when General Bragg invaded Kentucky, and General Buell's retreat before him left Indiana and Ohio exposed to invasion, Wallace rolled off his shelf into the field. At the request of Governor Morton, he accepted the provisional *colonelcy* of the Sixty-sixth Indiana and marched it into Kentucky. While in Lexington preparing the few raw regiments there to make all the head possible against the enemy, General Nelson relieved him of command, and even declined to allow him to stay with his regiment. Had he not been interfered with there had been no disastrous battle at Richmond. That unfortunate affair was engineered entirely by Nelson. After its occurrence the road to Cincinnati was open. A quick march would have insured the fall of the city and plunder or contribution without limit. There was not so much as a company of soldiers to defend it. In this emergency General H. G. Wright, junior in rank to Wallace, but commanding the department of the Ohio, requested him to save it if possible. Wallace, with nothing else to rely upon, resolved to make the city its own defender, and, for that purpose, proclaimed martial law, gave the inhabitants choice of the spade or the musket, and in seven days had four bastioned forts and ten miles of breastworks and rifle pits erected and in working order. The day before the enemy appeared in front of Covington and Newport, the morning report showed seventy-two thousand men ready to resist an attack. For two days

and a half Bragg's veterans laid irresolutely in front of these astounding preparations, then in the night silently withdrew. With this explanation, it can be seen how the resolutions of the Legislature and Common Council came about, and also that Wallace was in earnest while playing the "respectful beggar" for duty in the field. Nor will it fail to be remarked that these great services to Cincinnati, Ohio and Indiana were all rendered by him *under his juniors in rank*; that is, in complete disregard of the rank which had been the source of his enforced retirement.

One would think that now his petitions for field duty would be heard; and so they were, but in a way to illustrate the malice against him. After the successful defense of Cincinnati, he was ordered to Columbus to organize a large body of paroled men in camp there; having organized them, he was directed to march them to Minnesota against the Indians, then on the warpath in that State. We cannot help thinking this order was intended to show the ill-feeling of which Wallace had been the victim; yet it was obeyed without hesitation. He uniformed his new command, armed them, put them in a fresh camp, and then notified them of what was intended. *They all deserted.* In that manner they filed their protest. They had not enlisted to fight Indians.

Thus the conspiracy went on until finally President Lincoln came to General Wallace's rescue in person. Over General Halleck's bitter protest, the President ordered Wallace to command of the Middle Department and Eighth Army Corps, headquarters at Baltimore, Md. Nothing more fortunate ever happened to the cause and to General Grant. While in that position he led what Grant himself in his Memoirs calls a "forlorn hope" in the defense of Washington City at Monocacy Junction. One cannot avoid asking what

would have become of Grant's great glory if, while besieging the Confederate Capital, he had permitted Lee to take and probably destroy the Federal Capital. Under Halleck's representations of the battle of Monocacy, General Grant removed Wallace from his command. So soon, however, as he heard the particulars he restored him, and from that moment availed himself of every opportunity to manifest regard for him. He invited Wallace to visit him at City Point, and shortly after sent him on confidential service to the Rio Grande river, where he was largely instrumental in the subsequent overthrow of Maximilian and his bastard Mexican empire. In conclusion of the point, Wallace not only survived the conspiracy, but came out with better fortune than most of the major-generals appointed from the walks of civil life, every one of whom was more or less involved in it.

Before dropping the conspiracy, I must be permitted to ask if Grant and Halleck really believed General Wallace guilty of misconduct the first day of the battle of Shiloh, why did they not have him shot or at least dismissed? Why, believing him innocent, did General Grant allow years to pass before relieving him from the one dark spot he had cast upon his military reputation? In the first instance, they knew he was innocent; in the second, they had their favorites to advance.

But continuing the criticism upon Wallace's accusers: As Badeau's *Life of General Grant* is frequently referred to, we think it well to notice it in connection with brief reviews of the statements left by Rawlins, Rowley and McPherson.

It is no matter what General Grant's verbal order to Baxter may have been, whether verbal or written, only the order actually received was binding on Wallace. If, in reducing the order to writing, Baxter left

out the four important words, "by the river road," it was his mistake, not Wallace's, and the latter ought not to be held responsible for the unfortunate omission. An order in writing *was* received, and it was read by four honorable officers, and they have left statements of it—the very statements on which Grant acted in 1868—in close agreement as to its actual wording. Saying now that Grant verbally ordered Wallace to move by the lower or river road to Pittsburg Landing, as he says; if the order delivered to Wallace left the specific route out and directed him to join the right of the army, there being no indication that the right was elsewhere than it was in the morning, Wallace was certainly justified in taking the nearest and best road to the right.

Badeau, in the same book, says: "To the right and rear of Sherman the Crump's Landing road crosses Snake creek, and here a military bridge had been built, principally by Lewis Wallace's troops, by which communication with Wallace's command was had five miles off." It would be unjust to say Badeau was wilfully mistaken in these statements. Everybody at the time of the battle confounded Owl creek with Snake creek. General Wallace, in the diagram he forwarded to General Halleck explanatory of the movements of his division on the 6th of April, made the same mistake, and he was speaking from the reports furnished him by Major Myers, commandant of his cavalry, the same who corduroyed and did the bridging of the road taken in the effort to make the right of the army. Owl creek, as will appear by reference to the map accompanying this paper, is only a tributary of Snake creek, while the bridge well down to the mouth of Snake creek is an old affair antedating the battle of Shiloh; and with this bridge, neither Wallace nor any one belonging to his command had anything to do in the way

of repair or construction. The bridge he had rebuilt was across Owl creek, half a mile from the bluff occupied by the right of Sherman's division, constituting the extreme right of the army on Sunday morning. This upper crossing, not the lower one of Snake creek, was the one Sherman guarded for Wallace's crossing on his way to the field. For that duty he despatched a section of Baer's battery under Lieutenant Bieler, whose written statement, now in possession and well supported, shows that his orders were to hold the bridge at all hazards for Wallace, and that he received the order at ten o'clock in the morning; thus proving conclusively that Sherman was looking for Wallace to arrive to his support by the very road he (Wallace) took in starting from Stony Lonesome. Bieler also shows that he had a fight at the Owl creek bridge, and got away finally with but one gun of his section. What reason had Sherman to look for Wallace by that bridge? And why have it defended so obstinately if Wallace was not expected to cross by it? This is one of the many mysteries awaiting solution in connection with the battle of Shiloh. It offers a curious conflict with the assertion that Grant verbally ordered Wallace to Pittsburg Landing by way of the lower or river road.

Badeau says again: "Grant stopped at Crump's Landing to see Lewis Wallace, and notified him in person of the undoubted fact, which had not yet been officially reported, that a general engagement had begun, and that Wallace must hold himself in readiness to march to the support of the main army at Pittsburg Landing, or if the attack there should prove a feint, to defend himself against a probable movement upon him from the direction of Purdy, his situation being isolated and somewhat exposed." The confusion in this sentence is both apparent and awkward.

The idea that General Grant could have at the same time and in the same breath officially notified General Wallace that there was a general engagement begun up at Pittsburg Landing and that it might be only a feint, is too absurd. Far more serious, however, is the statement that in the interview at Crump's Landing, Grant notified Wallace to hold himself in readiness *to move to Pittsburg Landing*. That is not true, and the testimony against it is overwhelming. Thus General Grant, in his endorsement on Wallace's report of the battle, says: "I directed this division, at about 8 o'clock a. m., to be held in readiness to move at a moment's warning *in any direction it might be ordered*." (War Records, Vol. X, page 174.) To the same effect is General Wallace's statement: "Instead of an order to march, he (Grant) merely left me a direction *to hold myself in readiness for orders*." (War Records, same Vol., page 175.) So also Major Rawlins, speaking of the identical interview, says: "General Grant called to General Wallace, saying, 'General, you will get your troops under arms *immediately*, and have them *ready to move at a moment's notice*.'" According to these three, not a word was said about a march to Pittsburg Landing. If General Grant believed a general engagement in progress at that Landing, why did he not order Wallace to march thither immediately? What good reason was there why Wallace should remain at Crump's Landing? The inference is irresistible that General Grant did not believe a serious battle then in progress.

Again Badeau: "Word (from Pittsburg Landing) was immediately sent to Nelson and Lewis Wallace *of the state of affairs*." To Nelson the order was in writing: "You will hurry up your command as fast as possible. The boats will be in readiness to transfer all troops of your command across the river. *All*

looks well, but it is necessary for you to push forward as fast as possible." *All looks well*. Such was the state of affairs given to Nelson. To Wallace "a staff officer was dispatched with verbal directions for him to march by the nearest road parallel with the river." Badeau says nothing about the reduction of the verbal order to writing by the staff officer or anybody else. Equally silent is he as to the fact that the objective mentioned in the written order received was very different from that mentioned in the verbal order. "All looks well," to Nelson. "We are driving them," was the news to Wallace by Baxter.

Again Badeau: "Lewis Wallace was directed to come up and connect with Sherman's right, but never came." Sherman's right! When and where? At six o'clock in the morning Sherman's right was half a mile from the bridge built by Wallace's cavalry over Owl creek. At a quarter before twelve o'clock, when Grant's messenger delivered his written order to Wallace, together with the news, "We are driving them," the whole Federal line had been forced back, leaving the enemy between it and its original position. Accepting this particular statement by Badeau as true (and we are the more willing to do so because it agrees with Wallace's version of the order to move), what was there for Wallace to think and believe, except that Sherman was more than holding his own, and that he would find him at his camp as it was in the morning, or possibly in advance of it? What should Wallace do but put his division in motion for that point?

Quite as far from the fact are Badeau's assertions that General Wallace, having taken the wrong road, was set right by Rowley and McPherson. If Wallace was marching in obedience to order, it cannot be said with truth that, with respect to those orders, he was

on the wrong road when overtaken by Rowley. All the setting to rights Rowley did was as to the state of the fight. From him Wallace first learned that our army was being defeated. From him also he received the *third order* from General Grant requiring a change of direction in the march; and, like the first and second orders, this third one was promptly obeyed.

From Badeau it would also seem that Rowley, McPherson and Rawlins were together when Wallace was overtaken. That, too, is a mistake. The first of the three staff officers to communicate with General Wallace was Rowley. Afterwards, when the column was about entering the lower or river road to which it was crossing, Rawlins and McPherson were met; and confirming Rowley's news of the condition of the battle, they insisted unavailingly upon his sending the division forward by piecemeal. They also seek to convey the impression that they all rode with him as guides; whereas the fact is they all rode off and left him to get through as best he could. He did request Rowley to stay with him, but the request was refused. An impressed citizen, mounted behind an orderly, took him from the upper road to the lower.

I wish now to give attention to discrepancies as to time of delivery of orders apparent in the statements of General Grant's staff officers.

Passing the differences between the statements with respect to the hour of General Grant's interview with General Wallace at Crump's Landing on the passage of the former up the river, let us look first to what Grant's staff officers say regarding the time Baxter was despatched with the second order.

Rowley says: "This order was given to Captain Baxter about the hour of 8 o'clock. I think not later than that." (War Records, Vol. X, page 179.) The zeal

manifested by the captain is remarkable, considering that General Grant says it was about 8 o'clock a. m. when he passed Crump's Landing, and that all parties agree that Baxter was not sent off until after the arrival at Pittsburg Landing.

McPherson's statement is even more extraordinary. After alluding to what General Grant told him about the meeting with Wallace, and the order sent to him by Baxter, McPherson adds: "Shortly after this Captain Baxter returned, certainly not later than 10:30, and said that he had delivered the order." (War Records, Vol. X, page 181.) That is saying in effect that Baxter bearing the order had taken steamer down the river six miles to Crump's Landing, ridden horse two and a half miles out to Stony Lonesome, delivered his dispatch, returned horseback to Crump's, thence by steamer to Pittsburg Landing, and to Grant, supposedly out on the field somewhere—in all quite nineteen miles. When, according to McPherson, must Baxter have started?

Baxter says, as reported by Rawlins, that he delivered the order to General Wallace about 10 o'clock a. m. (War Records, Vol. X, page 186.)

Grant, speaking for himself, says the order was delivered not later than 11 a. m., and he was nearest the truth.

Touching the hour of delivery of the order by Baxter, let us see what Wallace and the officers with him at the time have to say. The following extracts are all taken from the statement presented to General Grant in 1868 by General Wallace, and which drew from the former the exoneration already quoted.

General Fred Knefler (Wallace's adjutant-general) says: "It must have been 12 m. when Captain Baxter arrived with orders, bringing the cheering intelligence that our army was successful. * * * It was a written order to move and form a junction with the right

of the army, which we understood to be the right as it rested in the morning."

Major Ross (aide-de-camp) says: "About 11 o'clock a. m. Captain Baxter handed me a paper which read, 'You (Wallace) will move on the Purdy road, form at right angles with the river, and act according to circumstances.' (The Purdy road here referred to was that leading from Pittsburg Landing to Purdy, and running in rear of Sherman's camp on the right of the army.)"

Captain A. D. Ware (aide-de-camp) says: "At twenty minutes to 12 m. an order was delivered by Captain Baxter to move to Sherman's right on the Purdy road."

Captain S. A. Strickland (on the staff of Colonel John M. Thayer, commanding Wallace's Second brigade): "At half-past 11 or fifteen minutes to 12, a person rode up to General Wallace with orders to move. The movement began in ten minutes."

General Wallace says the order was put into his hand at 11:30 o'clock a. m.

General John M. Thayer, commanding the Second brigade, says: "At half-past eleven o'clock an officer rode up to General Wallace with the expected order from General Grant, and in a few minutes the command was on the march towards the field of action. As we advanced the cannonading became more distinct. * * * According to my recollection there was no halting while on the march, except to close up the column."

I submit now that these statements settle beyond dispute that Baxter delivered his dispatch to General Wallace at or a little after 11:30 o'clock a. m. If so, the time the march was begun is also settled.

Saying, in the next place, that General Grant passed Crump's Landing at 8 o'clock and left Wallace the order to hold his division in readiness to march,

there was a waiting for the second order of three hours and a half. It may be some reader is curious to know in what frame of mind General Wallace was during the time—a time in which the guns from the field were constantly heard. That happily is shown by General John M. Thayer, in a letter already quoted from. General Thayer says: “While waiting at my camp for the order of General Grant to move to the scene of action, General Wallace manifested great anxiety to move forward, and did move immediately on the receipt of the order.”

As to the spirit in which General Wallace received the order, I quote from Major Rawlins (War Records, Vol. X, page 186) to General Grant: “You (Grant) here inquired of Captain Baxter particularly what reply, if any, General Wallace made when he delivered him your orders. He said General Wallace appeared delighted; asked him for the written memorandum he had of the orders; read it; said it was all right, and put it in his pocket; ordered his horse at once, evincing the greatest alacrity in disposition to obey your orders.” This, it will be observed, is from Baxter, the bearer of the dispatch. I give it as corroborative testimony effectually disposing of the story that Wallace refused to march because the order was not in writing, a malicious fabrication which had its first appearance in the statement furnished Grant by Major Rowley. (War Records, Vol. X, page 179.)

One of the strangest features of this whole confused and mixed-up affair, as we have it from General Grant's officers, is the unanimity with which the officers of the Third division, who actually made the march with Wallace on the memorable Sunday in question, rally to his defense. I have quoted from General Thayer, the chief of his Second brigade; I now take an extract from Colonel Charles Whittlesey, the commandant of the Third brigade: “If a court

of inquiry was in search of guilty remissness, it would not be fastened upon the Third division or its general. If there had been around Shiloh Church as much prescience and activity as there was at Crump's Landing and Adamsville, Sherman and Prentiss would not have been driven out of their camps. All attempts to throw the blame for those events upon General Wallace must eventually fail. It is now apparent that no line of action could have been adopted by him that would not have been disapproved. His preparation to meet an attack before General Grant passed up the river met with no commendation. Had he abandoned the trains and stores without orders, he might have been deprived of his command. Had he taken the direct route to Snake creek bridge, it would have been positive disobedience of orders and a court-martial. Nothing less than a spiritual perception of the situation and the wishes of his chief could have relieved him and his command from censure."

These, it is to be added, were not common men. Whittlesey was an educated soldier, a West Pointer. He was also a scholar and well known through his long life as a scientist and writer. Thayer figured conspicuously in high command during the war, and after it was concluded was repeatedly honored by the people of his State (Nebraska), first as United States Senator, then Governor by election and re-election. Both of them served throughout the war, and by experience were perfectly capable of independent judgment. That they dared to speak out against leaders so well grounded in popular favor as Grant and Sherman, lends increased value to their opinions and fixes their grade as men not to be sneered at or depreciated.

Of General Grant's *Century Magazine* paper, little need be said. The remark that "they (McPherson and Rowley) found him (Wallace) marching towards Purdy, Bethel, or some point west from the river,

further by several miles from Pittsburg Landing than when he started," is disproven by the map printed herewith, and is to be regarded as lamentable evidence of how a good and great man can be imposed upon by lesser people in possession of his confidence. The other dicta in the same article of which much has been made in derogation of General Wallace's military talent: "He (Wallace) has since claimed that Baxter directed him to Sherman's right, which is not where I wanted him. * * * If he was correct it was a very unmilitary proceeding to join the right of an army from the flank, instead of from the base." These, I say, only excite wonder. If Grant's accredited messenger ordered him elsewhere, how can Wallace be held accountable if the place to which he was ordered happened not to be where the commander wanted him? The same argument is equally applicable to the second reflection. The order to Wallace, directing him to join the right of the army, relieves him from all responsibility, admitting the movement to have been ever so unmilitary.

But is it an unmilitary proceeding to join an army from the flank instead of from the base? I do not wish to be understood as assuming to criticise General Grant, yet it is only just to say that, if he meant the remark as a military axiom, history does not support him in it. In fact, history has many instances to the contrary, leading to the conclusion that it is often both right and conducive to success if the joinder is by the flank. Two illustrations are so famous that it is strange General Grant forgot them. At the first Bull Run, Joe Johnson joined Beauregard by the flank and *won the battle*. At Waterloo, Blucher joined Wellington on his left flank and *won the battle*. Now, at Shiloh, when Wallace was approaching, the engagement was *still in progress*, exactly the condition at Bull Run and Waterloo. Had Wallace been

permitted to continue on the route he started he would have struck the rebel left and rear not later than half-past three o'clock, and I cannot help thinking *that* the *proper* thing for him to have done. In military circles ruled by intelligence and experience rather than prejudice, the opinion is rapidly growing that there was no greater mistake committed at Shiloh than ordering him to retrace his steps at the critical moment when his advance was almost in striking distance of the enemy. A vigorous attack in that quarter by a full division of fresh troops would have been a serious blow to the rebels, already badly demoralized.

A very singular circumstance changed General Grant's views so materially as to render further argument of the vexed question of General Wallace's conduct superfluous. General W. H. L. Wallace, of Illinois, commanding a division at Shiloh, was killed in the engagement. In his pocket, when taken from the field, a letter from General Lew Wallace was found. This letter, the widow of General W. H. L. Wallace was thoughtful enough to send to General Grant, who received it at MacGregor, New York, after the publication of the *Century* article, and while he was preparing his *Memoirs*. The letter in question was as follows:

HEADQUARTERS THIRD DIVISION.

ADAMSVILLE, April 5, 1862.

Gen. W. H. L. Wallace,

Commanding Second Division.

Sir: Yours received; glad to hear from you. My cavalry from this point has been to and from your post frequently. As my Third brigade is here, five miles from Crump's Landing, and my Second two and a half miles from it, I thought it would be better to open communication from Adamsville. I will to-morrow order Maj. Hays, of the Fifth Ohio Cavalry, to report to you at your quarters; and, if you are so disposed, probably you had better send a Company to return with him, that they may familiarize themselves with the road, to act in case of emergency as guides to and from our camps.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant.

LEWIS WALLACE, General Third Division.

When the note came to him, General Grant was a dying man. It made such an impression that he wrote the footnote in his *Memoirs* which is said to have been the last writing he ever did with his own hand. It will be found in his book, Volume I, pages 351-352. I take the liberty of making extracts from the footnote:

This letter shows that at that time General Lew Wallace was making preparations for the emergency that might happen for the passing of reinforcements between Shiloh and his position, extending from Crump's Landing westward, and he sends it over the road running from Adamsville to Pittsburg Landing and Purdy road. These two intersect nearly a mile west of the crossing of the latter over Owl Creek, where our right rested. * * * This (the note to W. H. L. Wallace) modifies *very* materially what I have said, and what has been said *by others*, of the conduct of General Lew Wallace at the battle of Shiloh. It shows that he naturally, with no more experience than he had at the time in the profession of arms, would take the particular road that he did start upon in *the absence of orders to move by a different road*. The mistake he made, and which probably caused his *apparent* dilatoriness, was that of advancing some distance after he found that the firing, which would be at first directly to his front, and then off to the left, had fallen back until it had got very much in the rear of the position of his advance. This falling back had taken place *before* I sent General Wallace orders to move up to Pittsburg Landing, and, naturally, my order was to follow the road nearest the river. But my order was verbal, and to a staff officer who was to deliver it to General Wallace, so that I am not competent to say what the order the General actually received (was). * * * Hearing the sounds of battle General Wallace early ordered his First and Third brigades to concentrate on the Second. If the position of our front had not changed, the road which Wallace took would have been somewhat shorter to our right than the river road.

If there was any doubt, we now say, of the letter from General Grant to General Wallace of 1868 being an exoneration of the latter, this footnote effectually and finally accomplishes the purpose, leaving no room for further contention in General Grant's name. That this may be clear, and that continuance of accusation in the connection may be stamped with

personal malice, a few words in the way of analysis may be accused:

1. The words *very materially*, qualifying the modification in General Grant's mind, give the modifications the full effect of withdrawal of charges theretofore made against General Wallace.

2. The withdrawal applies not alone to charges by General Grant, but such as had proceeded from others. Of these others for whom does the General speak? For whom had he authority to speak? The answer is easy—for officers of his staff—McPherson, Rawlins, and Rowley.

3. General Grant admits, speaking with reference to General Lewis Wallace's note to General W. H. L. Wallace, that as early as the 4th of April, General Wallace anticipated the battle and was preparing to support the main army or be supported by it.

4. The words italicised must be taken as an admission that General Wallace received no order to move by a different road than the one he took.

5. The only mistake General Wallace made, as General Grant now thinks, was in not being governed by the recession of the firing. On this point, it is submitted that the positive order he was obeying was more imperative than the sounds of the battle. Besides which, Baxter's news of the state of the battle was not likely to excite a suspicion of disaster to our army.

6. The falling back from the position occupied by our forces in the morning before the order to General Wallace, requiring him at Pittsburg Landing was started by Captain Baxter, is clearly admitted. That is, the falling back had been going on at least two hours before Baxter delivered his dispatch. The meaning of the admission is that Gen. Wallace cannot be held responsible for the calamities of the forenoon.

7. It is admitted further, that in anticipation of an order to move from General Grant in his passage up the river from Savannah, General Wallace had taken steps to concentrate his brigades before General Grant arrived.

8. It is still further admitted, that if our line at Shiloh had not been driven back, the route General Wallace took to join the right, as directed by his order, would have been shorter than if he had taken the river road.

9. The whole showing of the footnote is that the real, if not the only, mistake committed was not General Grant's or General Wallace's, but Baxter's; and that it consisted in the unintentional omission, in the memorandum he made of General Grant's verbal order, of the particular road to be taken, leaving General Wallace to look for the right of the army on Owl creek instead of Pittsburg Landing.

Gentleman, General Grant was both just and great, and he could not die without leaving behind him a full, fair and thorough vindication of General Wallace and his division in their connection with the sad first day at Shiloh.

General Philip Henry Sheridan.

BY MAJOR JAMES B. BLACK.

Among the leaders on the Union side in the American civil war, General Sheridan, one of the most distinguished, was in his origin and early life one of the most humble. After his death the place of his birth was in dispute. General Devens, in an eloquent eulogy before the Massachusetts Commandery of the Loyal Legion, stated that the great soldier, who had recently died in that State, was born at Somerset, Ohio; and ex-President Hayes, addressing, in 1888, the annual meeting of the Commandery-in-Chief of that Order, spoke of him as having been born in Perry county, Ohio. Many newspapers said he was a native of Ireland. In his Personal Memoirs he tells us that he was born at Albany, New York, in 1831, the year after immigration of his parents from Ireland. His early youth was passed at the village of Somerset, Ohio, with such surroundings and opportunities as were common to average Western boys of that period.

The study of history and the impressions made upon



MAJOR JAMES B. BLACK, Insignia No. 7040, was born at Morristown, N. J., July 21, 1838. He was educated in public and private schools and in Asbury University, Greencastle, and the State University at Bloomington, Indiana. He left the State University, where he was engaged as student and teacher, to enter the military service, in April, 1861; was mustered in as Sergeant, Co. K., 14th Indiana Infantry, State service. The following month he was commissioned Second Lieutenant, and served as such until June, 1861, when he entered the United States service as First Lieutenant, Co. H., Eighteenth Indiana Volunteer Infantry. In August,

him by the war with Mexico aroused his native inclination, and it became his only wish to be a soldier and his highest ambition to be enrolled as a cadet at West Point. Through his own seeking he obtained the appointment and entered the National school in 1848. In 1853, he was graduated as number thirty-four in a class of fifty-two, with General McPherson at the head. Commissioned as brevet second lieutenant in the First Infantry, he joined his company in Texas in 1854. In the same year he was promoted to a second lieutenancy in the Fourth Infantry, and in 1855, he was transferred to California, whence he at once proceeded as commander of a cavalry escort for an exploring expedition to the Columbia river. He remained in Washington and Oregon until the autumn of 1861, filling various stations and performing a great variety of service.

Through the resignation of many officers who went off into rebellion, and because of the addition of new regiments to the regular army, he reached the rank of Captain in the Thirteenth Infantry while yet on the Pacific coast. It was not until the winter of 1861-2 that he found himself in the theater of the war. The first service of Grant and almost the first service of Sherman in the Civil War were rendered in Missouri, and in that remote part of the long line of operations Sheridan entered upon duty.

After some service upon an auditing board at St. Louis, he was assigned as Chief Quartermaster and

1861, his regiment was sent to Missouri and Arkansas, and served under Fremont, Pope, Hunter and Curtis, and in October, 1862, was transferred to Southwestern Missouri, and served under General Davidson. In April, 1863, Lieutenant Black received a Captain's commission, and was transferred with his regiment to Grant's army, and engaged in the campaign and siege of Vicksburg. During the autumn of 1863 he was transferred to the Gulf Department. His regiment re-enlisted as veterans, and was transferred to Baton Rouge, La.; joined General Butler's forces at Bermuda Hundred and Deep Bottoms, Va., July, 1864. In August, 1864, he was transferred to Washington, D. C., and Sheridan's army of the Shenandoah; took part in Sheridan's Valley campaign. He was in the battles of Black

Chief Commissary of the Army of the Southwest, which he accompanied in such capacity in the Pea Ridge Campaign. A difference between him and the commander of that army, arising out of the sturdy integrity of Sheridan, severed his connection with that department. For a time afterward he was engaged in the Northwest purchasing horses for the army.

The news of the battle of Shiloh so excited the spirit of the soldier in him, that he applied for field service and went to the scene of active operations at Pittsburg Landing. But he had no influential friends in the army or at court. If he could only get a start, he would make himself necessary. It was weary waiting. He served with the engineer corps, repairing roads and getting up trains; and for a short time he was at the headquarters of General Halleck in the capacity of Quartermaster and Commissary, his position being so precarious that at times he was perhaps regarded as a sort of purveyor for the headquarter's mess.

At last his desire came to him in the offer, in May, 1862, of the Colonelcy of the Second Michigan Cavalry, brought to him by Captain Alger of that Regiment, afterward General Alger, the Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic and Secretary of War. This was Sheridan's opportunity and the beginning of his career. He was now in his thirty-second year. For fourteen years he had studied and practiced the art of war and the duties of a commander of troops. His service on the frontier had

Water, Mo., Port Gibson, Champion Hills, Big Black Ridge, at the charge and siege of Vicksburg, Cedar Creek, etc. In December, 1864, he was commissioned Major, and was mustered out as such. After leaving the service, Major Black studied law in Indianapolis, and was admitted to the bar in 1866. He was elected reporter of the Supreme Court in 1868 and again in 1872; was professor in the Central Law School of Indiana and lecturer in the Indianapolis Law School. He was a member of the Supreme Court Commission from 1862 to 1865, and was appointed judge of the Appellate Court of Indiana until January 1, 1893, and is now a member of that court by election.

been active, and his duties and responsibilities had been well adapted to the cultivation of self-reliance. He had already been in many trying and perilous situations, wherein his own judgment, courage and promptitude had been his only dependence. He had participated in campaigns and actions against the wily and cruel savages of the Pacific slope, where he had won special mention for his gallantry in General Orders. He had associated constantly with soldiers, in camp and in field, and had performed for them and with them such a variety of service that he thoroughly knew their wants and how to supply them, and their temper and how to appease, stimulate, and enthuse them, and use their best qualities and powers.

Wearing an infantry captain's uniform, with a faded pair of cavalry colonel's shoulder straps given him by General Granger, the former Colonel of the regiment, he mounted his horse and took his place at the head of his command, which he had never seen assembled before, and started on a raid at night. An unknown and unannounced man, a stranger leading strangers, riding out into darkness, little expected of him, expecting nothing himself but to do well the thing in hand, his modest beginning gave small promise. How sharp the contrast between it and the entrances upon that large stage of many whose exits were unnoticed because all attention was riveted upon the brilliant spectacles of which he and Grant and Sherman were the central figures.

Events moved quickly, and half a month after he obtained his regiment he succeeded to the command of his brigade, which soon afterward settled into camp at Boonville, Miss., covering the front of the army twenty miles in the rear. Here, on July 1, 1862, being in independent command, and his

force consisting of 827 men, he was attacked by General Chalmers with a force of 5,000. He did not merely hold his position, but he completely routed the enemy, displaying the same skill and courage that ever afterward marked his conduct in the field. Such a signal victory against such odds brought him into prominent notice in the Army of the Mississippi and in the same month five brigadier-generals of that army united in an application for his promotion, in which they said, "He is worth his weight in gold." Soon after this battle, he took position at Rienzi, still having an independent command. While in this location he rendered an invaluable service by his discovery, through the capture of correspondence, of the transfer of Bragg's army toward Chattanooga.

The movement of Bragg having rendered ineffectual the designs of Buell, and having compelled a concentration of forces to save Louisville and Cincinnati, Sheridan was ordered to take a column of all arms of the service to that field of operations. On the way, at Corinth, he met General Grant. This meeting furnishes each of these great soldiers the first occasion for the mention of the other in their personal memoirs. (It appears from the statements of both to have been a disagreeable meeting. But the cause of disagreement was complimentary to both.) Grant, with a prospect of warm work, was suffering the depletion of his force for the relief of Buell. He was well acquainted with the recent services of the newly made leader who was leaving him, and he was somewhat nettled to find that Sheridan was strongly bent upon embracing the opportunity to go to what he believed to be a better field for soldierly ability. At Louisville he learned that he had been made a Brigadier-General of Volunteers, to date from the battle of Boonville. Here he received command of a division,

with which he took a conspicuous part in the battle of Perryville, performing with characteristic energy all the undertakings assigned him. It was a severe engagement, but "an example of lost opportunities." After taking part as far as Crab Orchard in the desultory and ineffectual pursuit of Bragg, he repaired with his division to Bowling Green, where General Rosecranz succeeded to the command of the army, which he advanced to Nashville and beyond.

At the battle of Stone River, Sheridan's division, now of the Army of the Cumberland, had a most trying and heroic part. It repulsed assault after assault, and, executing many difficult changes of position, held back the fierce attacks of the enemy while General Rosecranz made new dispositions. In the remaining years of the war he never experienced in any of his commands so high a rate of casualties. Out of an effective force of 4,154 he lost 1,633 in killed, wounded and missing, or nearly 40 per cent., four brigade commanders being among the killed. The gallantry and skill with which he executed his maneuvers, as well as the steadfast courage of his division, had much to do with the preservation of the army from utter defeat. In April, 1863, Sheridan received his appointment as Major-General of Volunteers, recommended by General Rosecranz immediately after the battle of Stone River.

After the exceedingly fatiguing marching and counter-marching which preceded Chickamauga, his command was engaged upon the right in that sanguinary battle. Constantly shifting toward the left, while receiving the attack of outnumbering foes, his brigades broken, shivered to fragments and hurled back, rallying, charging, repulsed and cut off from the main body, through all he remained with his troops, directing and inspiring their heroism, and

bringing them out of their isolation by a circuitous route to a junction with General Thomas's left, and there covering the retreat. He had fought his division under constantly discouraging circumstances, disconnected, lacking supports, without opportunity to form his lines and at one time contending against four divisions. Out of an effective strength of 4,000 he lost 1,517 officers and men, including two brigade commanders, one of them the gallant and brilliant General Lytle.

At the battle of Chattanooga, his command consisted of twenty-five regiments of infantry and six batteries. He moved to the attack between his skirmishers and the line of battle. All of his brigades went over the rifle-pits simultaneously. He rode up the ridge and went into the works on the crest with his men, while the Confederates were still holding fast at Bragg's headquarters. Beyond the ridge he followed the enemy far into the night and until no other troops than his were pursuing. Into this great battle he took an effective force of 6,000, and he lost 1,304 killed and wounded, comprising one-third of the casualties of the Union forces. His division captured 1,762 prisoners and seventeen pieces of artillery. General Grant said: "To Sheridan's prompt movement the Army of the Cumberland and the Nation are indebted for the bulk of the capture of prisoners, artillery and small arms that day. Except for his prompt pursuit, so much of this would not have been accomplished."

General Grant, having been assigned to the command of all the armies, was in a position where he not only could direct the operations of the war so as to secure much needed co-operation, but also could call to his aid, in the great campaign he was about to inaugurate, the leaders, whose efficiency had been proved. He could not keep Sheridan with him at

Corinth, but now he could call to his side the man whom he had seen pursuing his defeated enemy at Missionary Ridge. The general whom success on the field did not tire out and drive into temporary retirement, the soldier to whom victory was refreshment, was a man after Grant's own heart, and he made him Chief of the Cavalry Corps of the Army of the Potomac. This arm of the service was regarded as not having done all that it might have accomplished, and when Sheridan came for the first time within the focus of those much-polished spectacles of Secretary Stanton and diffidently endured his calculating glance, and the young and slender Irishman from the West, five feet and five inches in height and weighing one hundred and fifteen pounds, of whose distant exploits the Cabinet Officer had scarcely heard, was coolly measured by the lawyer Secretary, it was perhaps fortunate for the country and for the man who just then was needed by the Nation much more than his weight in gold, that it had been settled that General Grant was to have his own way in that campaign.

Now Sheridan began to make the material for the chapters in the story of his career over which the historian will fondly linger; and to create those events of the great war which will oftenest engage the imagination of the poet and furnish the most animated and thrilling scenes and situations for the dramatic commemorator of the civil conflict. It was not long till he proved that the cavalry had not done all that it was capable of doing, and that this was not the fault of the cavalry or of the corps staff, most of the members of which he retained. He entered upon the campaign with about ten thousand troopers, well equipped. In the forward movement of the army and during the battles of the Wilderness and Spotsylvania,

the cavalry took the advance and protected the left flank, having many and severe encounters with the enemy; but the practice of giving orders from army headquarters directly to subordinate commanders without communicating them to the corps commander, resulted in disjointed and irregular instructions and interfered with the efficiency of Sheridan's command. The complications thus produced on the advance to Spotsylvania at last led to an earnest and heated dispute between Meade and Sheridan. The altercation and the interview ended by Sheridan's saying that he could "whip Stuart, if Mead would only let him;" but that since he insisted on giving directions to the cavalry without consulting or notifying the commander of the corps, General Meade could thenceforth command the cavalry corps himself, and Sheridan would not give it another order. Meade at once repeated this conversation to Grant. When he stated that Sheridan had said he could whip Stuart, General Grant rejoined, "Did he say so? Then let him go out and do it."

Now commenced a new order of things with the cavalry. Swinging off from the main army at Spotsylvania, the gallant troopers rode boldly around the enemy's right flank and plunged forward toward Richmond, destroying railroads, telegraph lines, trains of cars and of wagons, and immense quantities of supplies, burning bridges and recapturing hundreds of prisoners. They brought surprise or sent terror before them, and they left desolation in their rear. At Yellow Tavern, six miles from Richmond, Sheridan fulfilled his promise, by whipping Stuart's cavalry and killing its gallant commander, the most distinguished cavalry leader of the Confederacy. Passing within the outer works of Richmond, he cut through and away to the James, fighting cavalry and

infantry, and demonstrating the impossibility of destroying or capturing so large a body of mounted troops when well commanded. He proved his theory concerning the proper use of the cavalry. He inflicted a blow from which the hitherto invincible cavalry of the enemy never recovered, and inspired his own troopers with that confidence and courage which ever afterward distinguished them under his leadership. Rejoining the army on the North Anna, his cavalry led the advance and covered the crossing of the Pamunky, fighting the battle of Hawes Shop and several other severe combats, in fact being almost constantly engaged.

His first raid having proved so much, he was again detached for the purpose of drawing off the enemy's cavalry, while the army of Grant made its next movement to the left and crossed the James. Taking two of his divisions, he moved up the north side of the North Anna, and after fighting two battles with the divisions of Wade Hampton and Fitzhugh Lee at Trevallian Station and Mallory's Cross Roads, and destroying portions of the Virginia Central Railroad, he returned by way of Spotsylvania and White House to the army at Petersburg. Having marched and fought for fifty consecutive days, his command now had a short respite for recuperation.

On the 1st of August, 1864, General Sheridan practically ceased to command the cavalry corps, though nominally continuing to be its chief, and was ordered to the Shenandoah Valley, whither two of his cavalry divisions soon followed, to be a part of his Army of the Shenandoah. He was selected for this command by General Grant over the objection of Secretary Stanton, based on the ground of his youth, the President agreeing with the Secretary, but yielding to the General-in-Chief. The new department Commander

was confronted by a force, a portion of which had been accustomed to victory in that region under the leadership of Stonewall Jackson. Now commanded by General Early, this force had been carrying consternation to the North and endangering the Capital itself.

When Sheridan took command, his available force consisted of the Sixth Corps, composed of three divisions, one division of the Nineteenth Corps, the Eighth Corps, or Army of West Virginia, composed of two divisions, and Torbert's division of cavalry of the Army of the Potomac, in all about twenty-six thousand. With this army he pushed Early back to Fisher's Hill. The enemy having been reinforced by Anderson's corps of infantry and Fitzhugh Lee's division of cavalry, Sheridan dropped back to the neighborhood of Halltown, being reinforced on the way by Wilson's division of cavalry and Grover's division of the Nineteenth Corps, to which my Regiment, the Eighteenth Indiana, was attached. He was also joined, about this time, by Averell's division of troopers from West Virginia.

Now took place a series of movements and counter-movements, recognizances and skirmishes, suggestive of a wary game of chess between skillful players. At last, through well devised espionage the player on the Union side found his opportunity to win the championship. Throwing his army across the Opequan, he struck the foe. Through many hours the conflict raged with varying fortunes. Nine thousand men, equally divided between the combatants, were lost, and the close of day saw Early's army "whirling through Winchester."

At daybreak the next morning the pursuit began, and at Fisher's Hill, on the third day after the battle of Opequan, and as a sequel to it, another and even

more signal victory was gained. With consummate skill and audacious tactics the Confederates were flanked out of their strong, entrenched position behind Tumbling Run and were driven in complete rout, nearly all their artillery being abandoned to the victors, who kept up the headlong chase throughout the night and for several days, until the enemy, fleeing for shelter to Brown's Gap, met there the returning forces that had left them too soon at Winchester, and the cavalry of Rosser, who came with laurel leaves in their hats proclaiming themselves the saviours of the Valley. On his return northward, Sheridan made the rich region through which he passed untenable thereafter for any long period by any large force of the enemy. Near Fisher's Hill, the annoying pertinacity of Rosser's command was severely punished by the Union cavalry in the battle of Tom's Brook, facetiously called by the people of the vicinage the "Woodstock Races." Sheridan's army then took position along the north side of Cedar Creek.

On the 13th of October, the Secretary of War ordered him to Washington, to consult about future operations. The same day, Early appeared in his front with cavalry and infantry, and after a brisk demonstration, retired to his old works at Fisher's Hill. Thereupon, Sheridan, taking with him all his cavalry, went to Front Royal, intending to send the cavalry under Torbert through Chester Gap to Charlottesville, to destroy the railroad bridge over the Rivanna, while he himself should pass through Manassas Gap to Rectortown, to which place the railroad had been repaired, and thence by rail to Washington. On the 16th, near Front Royal, he received from General Wright, whom he had left in command at Cedar Creek, the message of General Longstreet, taken down as it was being flagged from the Confederate signal

station on Massanutten Mountain, running thus: "To Lieutenant-General Early.—Be ready to move as soon as my forces join you, and we will crush Sheridan."

Sheridan thought this a ruse, but to be on the safe side, he sent back the cavalry to General Wright. Having telegraphed the information so obtained to General Halleck, he received at Rectortown a message which caused him to proceed to Washington, where he arrived about 8 o'clock on the morning of the 17th of October. He caused a train to be got ready on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, despatched his business, and at 12 o'clock the same day departed. That evening he reached Martinsburg, and found there the escort which he had ordered thither before leaving Cedar Creek. Arriving, by way of the Martinsburg pike, at Winchester, between 3 and 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 18th, he sent a courier to Cedar Creek and spent the remainder of the day on the heights about Winchester, overlooking the country with the purpose of determining upon the utility of fortifying there, having with him Colonel Alexander, of the Engineers, who, with Colonel Thom of the same corps, had been sent with him from Washington to report a defensive line in the Valley, which could be held by a portion of the army, while the remainder should be detached to Petersburg. On his return, at dark, to the house of Colonel Edwards, the Commandant of the post at Winchester, a courier came in from Cedar Creek, bringing word that everything was all right, that the enemy was quiet at Fisher's Hill, and that a portion of Grover's division would make a reconnaissance in the morning.

Toward 6 o'clock on the morning of the 19th, the officer on picket duty at Winchester went to Sheridan's room at the house of Colonel Edwards, where

he was yet in bed, and reported artillery firing. Being questioned, he said it was not a sustained fire, but irregular and fitful, and Sheridan, supposing it to be Grover feeling of the enemy, tried to go to sleep; but he grew restless and arose. Again the officer reported the firing, but again said that it did not sound like a battle. Between half past eight and nine o'clock, Sheridan proceeded to the Valley pike. At the edge of the town he heard the artillery in an unceasing roar, and listened intently to the increasing sound, he concluded that a battle was on, and that his army was falling back. As he made the crest of the rise from Mill Creek, a stream half a mile from Winchester, he saw panic-stricken troops pressing to the rear in confusion.

After giving some directions for stopping the fugitives at Mill Creek, and for the parking of the wagons, he moved on at a walk for a time, fixing in his mind what he should do. His conclusion was to go forward to his troops and to share the fate of the army that had given him his victories and his stars. Onward he sped, now upon the pike, now forced by the obstructions there to take to the fields. The news of his coming spread among the stragglers, and they turned their faces to the front. Beyond Newtown he saw some organized troops nearly a mile west of the pike. They were two divisions of the Sixth Corps; and the Nineteenth Corps was halted a short distance further to the west and north. About a mile north of Middletown and three miles from Cedar Creek, he came upon Getty's division of the Sixth Corps, which, with the cavalry, were the only troops in the presence of the enemy and offering resistance. In the rear of Getty's division was a line of regimental colors, the few who remained with the color bearers being mostly officers. These were the remnants of the Eighth Corps. He

made his headquarters near this place, and gave orders for the bringing forward of the Nineteenth Corps and the two divisions of the Sixth Corps. With these the line held by Getty's division was extended westward, and Custer was transferred to the right flank.

The enemy was seen to be preparing for a fresh attack. Before it came, he rode down the front of the new line and showed his presence to the troops. This was about mid-day, and he had then been at the front an hour and a half. The Confederate onset, mainly directed against the Nineteenth Corps, was handsomely repulsed, and between 3 and 4 o'clock the newly formed Union line moved forward with confidence and enthusiasm, and soon drove everything before it. Indeed, the eagerness of his troops and the effectiveness of their attack frustrated his purpose of driving the enemy to the east side of the pike. The Confederates went pell mell across the creek. At the Strasburg bridge, Merritt and Custer fell upon their flank and completed their discomfiture. Rushing by Fisher's Hill, they continued up the Valley in utter confusion. The artillery, transportation and camp equipage lost in the morning were retaken, with twenty-four pieces of the enemy's artillery, twelve hundred prisoners and many battle flags, while the killed and wounded of the enemy numbered nearly two thousand. The Union loss was nearly 6,000. The honor of the army had been regained, the loyal hearts of the North were filled with joy, and the Confederate power in the Valley was completely and irretrievably broken.

No doubt it was with great pleasure that General Grant wrote to Stanton, "Turning what had bid fair to be a disaster into glorious victory, stamped Sheridan what I have always thought him, one of the ablest

of generals." The President tendered him and his army the thanks of the Nation, and his own personal admiration and gratitude for the month's operations in the Shenandoah Valley "and especially for the splendid work of October 19, 1864." I still have the official copy, which came to my regiment, of the order announcing this communication to the army. In appointing Sheridan a Major-General in the regular army, the President said it was "for the personal gallantry, military skill and just confidence in the courage and patriotism of your troops, displayed by you on the 19th day of October at Cedar Run, whereby under the blessing of Providence, your routed army was reorganized, a great national disaster averted and a brilliant victory achieved over the rebels for the third time in pitched battle within thirty days." Soon afterward, Congress tendered its thanks to him, and to the officers and men of his command.

Though I forfeit all claim to consistency by dwelling at length upon one incident, I am tempted to trespass still further, because of some inaccurate statements which have been given publicity. It seems to be supposed by some that the advance of Wharton's division upon the front of the Nineteenth Corps was almost coincident with the attack of Kershaw's division upon the left.

I was on picket as brigade officer of the guard from the Fourth Brigade of Grover's division, and my line of posts extended in front of the center of the Nineteenth Corps, across the dirt road which leads from the first ford west of the bridge to the pike where it turns from a southwest course and runs southward toward Hupp's Hill, my vidette being posted at the corner of the large barn on the Strickley farm, where he could overlook, southward, a long stretch of the pike. I did not sleep a moment during the night.

Near midnight I was notified from camp of the intended recognizance at daylight. I heard the reveille in Grover's division, and was arousing my men and preparing my line for the passage of the recognizance, when I heard three distinct volleys of musketry away to the westward on the Back Road, which sounded like platoon firing. Immediately afterward, a straggling fire of musketry commenced upon the left, a little north of east from my position. The rattle of musketry increased and became constant, and the easily recognized rebel yell accompanied it. Soon followed the booming of our captured artillery and the fiery curves through the darkness showed that the shells were all flying in one direction, not the one most desirable. It was at about the commencement of this artillery firing, I think after it began, that my vidette informed me of the advance of Wharton's division upon the front. With my pickets stretched in single line across the open hillside, we waited at a "ready" until the line of skirmishers came to close range, when we gave them a volley and retired toward the creek. General Early says that Wharton captured some pickets south of the creek. If any captures were made by Wharton's division, they probably were pickets that had gone from camp to the picket line by way of the bridge, instead of the ford, and who attempted, too late, to retire by the road by which they had come. Retreating troops are apt to take the way with which they are acquainted. Jomini, in his account of the route at Waterloo, says: "Each one wishing to retake the road he had previously followed, they crossed each other in different directions." My pickets were the first that Wharton struck. He got none of my men, unless they were disabled by the answering fire of his skirmishers, and I am confident that all my pickets escaped. I could not find one of

them when I reached the creek where I had ordered them to halt. I was painfully injured in one of my ankles in crossing the stream, and my progress up the long hill to the earthworks was slow. There I found General Birge in charge of the front line, and recognized the Eleventh Indiana Infantry among the troops in the rifle pits. I reported to General Birge the advance upon his line, and about the time that I ceased speaking to him and started toward the pike, whither I had seen my brigade moving as I came upon the field, a battery opened from the hills in front, across the creek. I had gone less than half way to the pike, when I met everything coming back. When Wharton's division came upon the field north of the creek by way of the bridge, the Nineteenth Corps had been driven from the front line by the attack upon the flank and rear.

But the most misleading and surprising prevarication concerning this great event of history is the statement that Sheridan was in Washington when the attack commenced, and that he came thence by rail to Stevenson's Depot. Besides many other physical impossibilities involved in this statement, the railroad from Harper's Ferry to Stevenson's Depot had not then been rebuilt, and Martinsburg continued long after the battle to be the nearest railroad point and the depot of supplies. Ten days after the battle, the Eighteenth Indiana Infantry escorted a provision train to Martinsburg and back to Cedar Creek. I was in command of the regiment at the time. Early's broken army continued in headlong retreat to New Market.

In the latter part of February, 1865, Sheridan started with his cavalry and a small complement of artillery, a force of about ten thousand, upon his last expedition up the valley. General Early retired from his posi-

tion at Staunton to Waynesboro, where the final battle of the valley resulted in the utter destruction of the small Confederate army, the whole force being captured except some general officers, including Early, with fifteen or twenty men, who escaped. Pushing through Rockfish Gap, more captures were made at Charlottesville. Being prevented from crossing the James by the swollen state of the river and the destruction of the bridges by the enemy, he thoroughly destroyed the railroad and the canal, and hastened to join General Grant by the old way of White House. He was now present to take part in the final campaign, the operations of which were delayed to await his coming.

His cavalry corps entered upon the campaign as a separate army, reporting directly to the commander-in-chief. On March 29, he started with his three divisions. To counteract the movement of the Union forces to the left, the Confederate commander concentrated all his cavalry under Fitzhugh Lee and five brigades of infantry under the gallant General Pickett near Five Forks. On the 31st of March, Sheridan, with a portion of his cavalry, fought the battle of Dinwiddie Court House, meeting and repulsing a combined attack of the enemy's cavalry and infantry. The next day, with his entire cavalry force, augmented by General Mackenzie's cavalry from the Army of the James and the Fifth Corps, the whole under his command, he fought the battle of Five Forks. Engaging his entrenched enemy in front with cavalry, he threw his infantry upon the adversary's left flank, and, overcoming an obstinate resistance, carried the whole line, driving the Confederates westward, away from Petersburg, and capturing six pieces of artillery, thirteen battle flags and nearly six thousand prisoners. In this great battle he was separated from the main body

of the Army of the Potomac, and was conducting his operations with discretionary authority. It was the grand stroke which necessitated the evacuation of Richmond and Petersburg and the retreat of Lee. In that retreat Sheridan bore a most illustrious part. Following the enemy closely, he got upon his flank and cut him off from the avenues of escape toward the South. He was the life and soul of the pursuit. April 3rd, he captured five pieces of artillery, many wagons and hundreds of prisoners. On the 6th, he destroyed several hundred wagons, took many prisoners, captured sixteen pieces of artillery, and for the second time got astride the enemy's line of retreat and forced a change of direction, isolated Ewell's Corps and fought with it the battle of Saylor's Creek, one of the severest conflicts and most signal victories of the war, resulting in his capture of Ewell with six of his general officers and most of his troops—between nine and ten thousand prisoners.

In reporting this victory to General Grant, Sheridan said, "If the thing is pressed, I think that Lee will surrender." This message being despatched by Grant to the President, waiting at City Point, he telegraphed Grant, "Let the thing be pressed." On the 8th, Sheridan with his cavalry drove off the advance guard of the enemy from Appomattox Station, and, besides many other captures, cut off and secured a number of trains of provisions brought thither from Lynchburg for Lee, upon orders which were captured by Sheridan at Jettersville and forwarded by means of his scouts to their original destination.

That night he and his army did not sleep. They skirmished and waited for Ord's column. On the morning of the 9th, with his cavalry, he met the attack of Gordon, the last effort of Lee striving to break through, and held the enemy in check while the Union

infantry formed in his rear. When all was ready, he parted his line and uncovered to the startled gaze of the Confederates the Union infantry blocking their way. Then, as with Merritt's cavalry he was about to charge the enemy's left, an aid brought him word that the white flag was up. And so the game of rebellion was played out. The end had come.

Without being permitted to take part in the Grand Review, he was hurried off by General Grant to restore Texas and part of Louisiana to the Union, and to watch Maximilian over the border. The Republic of Mexico, which, at the time of Lee's surrender, had little or no hope, was given such countenance and substantial aid by Grant and Sheridan, that it gained confidence, rallied its powers, drove out its foreign foes, and overthrew imperialism. As department commander, Sheridan rendered military aid for the preservation of order during the period of the provisional government of Texas and Louisiana. In the prosecution of such duty a personal hostility grew up between him and President Johnson, commencing with the garbling by the President of one of Sheridan's dispatches in its publication.

Under the Reconstruction laws of 1867, he was appointed commander of the Fifth Military District, embracing Louisiana and Texas. With wisdom and firmness and impartiality, he loyally performed the delicate and difficult duties imposed upon him in this trying time, and it is sufficient commendation to say that all he did received the support and approval of General Grant. But he so thwarted the purpose of President Johnson that his hostility expressed itself in the transfer of Sheridan from that service to the command of the Department of the Missouri. Having subdued the savage scourges of the frontier in an arduous campaign, he was promoted to the rank of

Lieutenant-General on the day of the inauguration of General Grant as President. He then was assigned to the command of the Division of the Missouri, succeeding General Sherman, who assumed command of the army.

In 1884, he succeeded to the command of the army, and on the 1st of January, 1888, he was promoted to the highest military honor ever given to any of his countrymen, the office of General of the Army, held only by Washington, Grant, Sherman and Sheridan. He did not long enjoy the great honor. On the 5th of August, of the same year, at his summer home by the ocean, at Nonquit, Massachusetts, in his fifty-eighth year, and after forty years of military service, his brave and loyal heart forever ceased to beat, and his comrades bore him in solemn pomp and laid him to rest in the city of the Nation's gallant dead at Arlington.

His career was wholly military. He made no excursions into by-ways in search of distinction, indulged in no collateral employment, as do many men who have happened upon callings in life out of harmony with their native inclinations. It is gratifying to find in combination with genius the qualities of genuine good character and sterling manhood; but it is the peculiarity which separates one from the mass, the evidence of genius, which attracts universal regard and draws to the study of the man as a historical personage.

No words can tell how great a soldier Sheridan was better than the simple story of his deeds. He is popularly regarded, perhaps, as especially great as a cavalry leader. But the recital of his service shows that he was a master of the art of war in all arms. As a commander of division he was all that could be wished, either by his soldiers or by his superior officer.

But he appeared at his best and brightest as an independent commander in the field. There he displayed every great quality of soldiership. As a general in personal command, in active campaign, especially in battle, relying on his own judgment, being free to exercise it, he was the greatest soldier of the world in his time. This was the opinion of Grant and of Von Moltke. However serviceable he may have been in the capacity of division commander, it is to be vainly regretted that at the time he was so engaged he was not at the head of some of our indifferently commanded armies.

Personal courage in the face of danger is a common soldierly virtue, and the want of it is a disgrace to any commander; and to say that Sheridan was a brave man would be small praise. Like Marlborough, he seemed at his very best in the midst of battle. Amid the thunder of cannon and the roar of musketry, when squadrons were charging and sabers flashing, and flags were tossing in the sulphurous billows of war, his spirit soared like the eagle, his thoughts were keener than the steel blades of his troopers, his glance was swift and his words of command, encouragement or reproof rang out sharp and clear as bugle notes. At such supreme moments, personal danger was not merely risked, it was ignored. That such a figure in the field inspired his officers and men to deeds of heroic devotion can easily be understood.

But any mention of his qualities as a commander and the elements of his great success would be quite incomplete which suggested or implied his dependence merely upon the inspiration of battle. He was a diligent student of his art, as taught by its great masters, and he carefully avoided any violation of its established rules. But he had the genius of adaptability. He applied the laws of art to his circum-

stances. Rules drawn from other wars in other lands were his servants, not his masters. He was himself a master of his art. Frequently changing his field of operations, he proceeded, upon his entrance into a new locality, to familiarize himself with its topography. He had a soldierly passion for maps. Every advantageous feature and every adverse circumstance of his situation were carefully studied. He made use of the most available methods of learning all that could be known concerning the location, strength and intentions of his adversary. At Booneville, he was well acquainted with the obscure byroad on which he sent Alger to the enemy's rear. In the Tullahoma and Chickamauga campaigns, his spies brought the most reliable information received at Rosecranz's headquarters. When his division scaled the crest of Missionary Ridge, he knew accurately all the roads beyond, over which he pursued the retreating enemy.

When he first entered the Shenandoah Valley, he secluded himself in an upper room of the little hotel at Harper's Ferry, and with Lieutenant Meigs and his maps, mastered the topography of the valley. In the beginning of this campaign, also, he organized a new and excellent system of espionage, and gathered to his service a company of scouts who rendered him and the country invaluable service to the end of the war.

His judgment upon a given military situation in the field, his skill in grand tactics, seemed intuition, and amounted to genius. At Missionary Ridge, being ordered to carry the line of rifle pits at the foot of the range, his near view of the enemy so convinced him of the true conditions at the moment of starting, upon the signal for the advance, that he told his brigade commanders to go for the ridge itself.

General Wright wrote from Cedar Creek to Sheridan at Front Royal, on the 16th of October, that he would only fear an attack on his right. Sheridan, in

his answer and parting order to Wright, on the same day, said, "Close in Powell, who will be here." Powell's cavalry division (lately commanded by Averell) was not closed in, and Gordon passed between it and the Eighth Corps. Whatever else might have happened, it is possible, at least, that the left flank would not have been surprised, and Cedar Creek would have had a different history, if the suggestion of Sheridan had been acted upon.

A most notable characteristic of Sheridan, and a most important element in his success was his aggressiveness. He placed no dependence upon that pleasant delusion, that everything comes to him who waits, but relied on the encouraging truth that everything waits for him who seeks. Audacious, but never rash, confident, but never careless or uncalculating, from the night when he rode out with his regiment on his first raid behind Corinth, till treason's white flag checked his charge at Appomattox, he eagerly sought the enemy to fight him. Like Grant, he preferred to be the attacking party. He measured his antagonist carefully, studied his positions well, and made his plans deliberately, if the opportunity offered, quickly and unhesitatingly, if the occasion required immediate decision. He was never nonplused, confused or uncertain. He understood that, to put down the rebellion, its armies must be destroyed, that the Southern people were affected with a mental disease that must be whipped out of them, that they could be convinced of their error only by persistent punishment. Keeping himself and the force allotted to him in a constant state of preparation, he indulged in no resting spells, and had no periods of indifference. He was never content with merely repulsing his adversary. It was not enough to possess the battlefield. That with him was but the beginning of victory. Success in pitched battle did not suddenly discover to him a necessity

for the recuperation and reorganization of his army, or fill his thoughts and his communications to his superiors with wants. With him, at such a time, the great want, to supply which he directed his energies, was the securing of the fruits of victory. Better to him than supplies and reinforcements that must be waited for was the elation of his army, which he utilized in immediate pursuit. His methods were vindicated by the results. He was uniformly successful, and his promotions dated from his victories.

No general officer of our war was more fortunate than he in the esteem in which he was held by his army. He possessed pre-eminently the ability of inspiring his troops and enthusing them with his own soldierly spirits.

His want of ostentation, his uniform manifestation of a genuine cordiality, comanded the respect and won the affection of his companions in arms. He endeared himself to his soldiers and won their devotion by his intelligent provision for their sustenance and comfort. Marlborough, through his care for the welfare of his soldiers, held together for years an army composed of men from almost every part of Europe.

Among the facts best remembered by every soldier of our great war, was the praise bestowed upon the officer who always got for his men their share of everything that was going, and who never permitted them to suffer from the want of what their neighbors were enjoying. The soldiers who had such an officer regarded with proud commiseration the members of a command that was left to shift for itself.

Sheridan's experience on the frontier and with the meagerly furnished Army of the Southwest, together with his fertility in devising and his promptness in executing, qualified him well for this part of the service of a commander, while his earnest sense of duty

and his genuine kindness of heart made him untiring in his devotion to his troops. He earnestly desired success, and among the first lessons he had learned upon the Pacific Coast was the simple fact that all he could do for his men would render a rich return in capacity for duty and will to perform it.

He was careful never to demand useless sacrifice of life or to endanger the safety of his troops without good reason. But when the exigency required and justified it, he did not hesitate because of the difficulty or the danger of the task. His own heroic confidence and courage inspired his army and made it one with him.

In the pride which every soldier feels in triumph he always associates his commander. He gave his soldiers victories, and they gave him their love and other victories. After Opequan and Fisher's Hill, the veteran army, lately assembled from different departments, and all strangers to him, would wake the echoes in the neighboring mountains with enthusiastic cheers as, at the head of his staff, he careered to the front through the wide-extending columns on the march. How often have I seen him thus. The picture of the beautiful valley in my memory has Sheridan and his Rienzi in the midst. History will say, as Grant and Meade believed, as Lincoln proclaimed, and as Congress resolved, that Cedar Creek was lost till Sheridan came, and that his presence turned defeat to victory. When Torbert, the first officer he met at the front, exclaimed, "My God! I'm glad you've come," and Custer, dashing away from his forming squadrons, threw his arms about his leader's neck, they verified the verse of Buchanan Reed and said to the world that Sheridan had come to save the day.

The times in which he gained his fame were not greatly different from all other periods, in the fact

that the sea of public life in all departments was thronged with self-seekers, who trimmed their sails to catch every breeze that seemed to waft toward personal good fortune. Fawning flatterers conciliating greatness, timid shirkers evading responsibility, unstable supporters of the great cause, wily sympathizers with rebellion, without the courage of overt act or straightforward speech, men more careful of their records than of their consciences, abounded in public stations. In contrast with such as these, the contemplation of the spontaneous, steadfast and ardent devotion to duty, pure and simple, which always and everywhere controlled the acts and words and thoughts of Sheridan, is as refreshing as a sweet, fresh breeze from the mountain to the trudger on the heated plain.

He was intensely American. Every truly great man in America always is so. His loyalty to the Union was as eager as hunger. A soldier, and ambitious, he loved the country that had educated him to be its defender more than he prized any personal advantage. No sophistry could confuse his sense of duty, no flattery could beguile him from his jealous solicitude for the Nation's honor, and no consideration of personal loss or danger could hinder the prosecution of his loyal purpose.

In private life, his Irish geniality, ready wit, and hearty humor attracted and enlivened companionship. He was especially attached to the society of soldiers, and was a member of all military orders and societies to which he was entitled to belong, and a frequent and interested attendant at their meetings. His manners were simple and unaffected, his temper gentle and his speech kind. He had no patience with sulking jealousy in the presence of duty, or with the exhibition of indifference to great opportunity. In the

Valley he sent Averell to the rear, and at Five Forks he relieved Warren, because he would not permit consideration for the interest or feelings of others to impede success. As to his religion, he perhaps made no critical or careful examination of theological questions, but he was a faithful Catholic.

His domestic affection was ardent and true. Throughout his career he kept close to him his brother Michael, who in turn faithfully proved his devotion to the hour of his illustrious kinsman's death. When he had achieved his world-wide fame, he was accustomed, at least once a year, to turn aside from the responsibilities and associations of greatness to spend a season with his humble Irish mother. Bless his memory for that!

He was no orator, and was a very diffident speaker in public. But there is a charm about his writing which cannot be resisted. His style is simple and pure, and his power of condensation is exceptional and wonderful. His want of egotism does not make him forget that he is writing history, and his candor enchains confidence. There is much cause for congratulating ourselves and posterity because of the material for history furnished by the writing of our most distinguished military leaders, and among them there is great indebtedness to Sheridan.

A few years ago, with a friend, a soldier of the old Sixth Corps, I revisited the fields of Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. It was early morning when we wound beside the beautiful river. The sun had not climbed above Massanutten Mountain, and the mists, like draperies of departing ghosts, still trailed above the silent stream. From the top of Fisher's Hill and in sight of the elevation from which Sheridan watched the Battle of Tom's Brook, we retraced our way over Tumbling Run, through Strasburg and across the

bridge where Merritt and Custer struck the retreating army. The sun was now flooding the landscape with splendor. There was to be a picnic that day at Fisher's Hill, and we commenced to meet the people of the countryside in holiday attire—young men and maidens, staid elders and radiant-faced children. As we approached Hupp's Hill, Mr. Hupp was loading the family wagon with happy humanity and suggestive baskets.

We found my old picket line by the Stickley barn, and talked with mother Stickley, seated on the porch of the little stone house at the bend of the pike. The field behind the position of the Nineteenth Corps was newly mown, and we watched the loading of the hay. The strong-armed negro upon the fragrant load was a quondam slave, and the robust white man who pitched the aftermath from the ground was a rebel cavalryman, who, by his story, had been wounded throughout his body. This was as much a part of the poetry of peace as the smiles of the wide-eyed daisies all about us.

Further to the rear, and overlooking the landscape, the Belle Grove House, Sheridan's headquarters, had a very familiar look. The hazy Blue Ridge and the rugged range of North Mountain in the distance on either hand, the bold prominence of Massanutten Mountain in front and the tortuous, gleaming Shenandoah at its base, all seemed like unchanged friends. But in the near landscape, the barrenness, the ugly desolation of war, had been replaced by smiling verdure. The lovely dale was dotted with bright farmhouses looking out from their sheltering groves upon orchards and cornfields and meadows. Through diligent search we found the clayey and gravelly rifle pits of the Nineteenth Corps, hidden away in a thick growth of cedar.

The stillness of rural Sabbath brooded over the scene, bathed in autumnal sunlight. The roar of cannon, the rattle of musketry, the clash of sabres, the howling shriek and crash of shells, the plunging steeds, the flying batteries, the demoniac yells of surging lines, the cries and groans of wounded men, the staring faces of the dead, the sulphurous clouds enveloping all—were these ever here? The shout of victory, too, saluted the dear old flag here, at the end of it all, the harbinger of this prosperous peace. And where is he, the gallant rider, the idolized leader, the model soldier of the Republic?

The next day I stood where Arlington looks over the Potomac upon the great dome and the towering shaft. There, where, advanced to the front, upon the grassy slope, the modest granite that bears his name stands apart, I lingered, lost in memories of the glorious past. In imagination, I stood upon the field of Cedar Creek, again the beautiful, sunlit Valley of Virginia arose and spread out before my entranced vision. I looked up to the towering front of Massanutton, and I heard the voice of the mountain saying, "I stand here from generation to generation and tell all comers how I saw the black steed and his rider all the way from Winchester down, how I waited, and how my echoes laughed and shouted when they came. I am the enduring monument of Sheridan."

CEDAR CREEK.

BY COLONEL WILLIAM C. STARR.

It is said that history must let her pen rest until the actors in great events have passed out of sight, and the passions of the hour have had time to cool; but still a record must be kept, noting the occurrences, or the struggles; and these notes must be taken from the memories of those who bore a part in, and survived the occasion. No man can see all of a great battle, especially both sides of it, but men can tell what they saw and what appeared probable in connection with the evidence of their senses.

The 19th day of October, 1864, will not be forgotten by the veterans of the Army of the Shenandoah. Before the morning sun had dispelled the shadows of that frosty night, the sounds of rapid artillery fire caused them to spring from their blankets. General Early, smarting under his chastisement at Winchester and Fisher's Hill, both within a month, determined, with the aid of reinforcements received from General Lee, to measure lances a third time with General Sheridan. Twice had Sheridan dictated the time, on Early's selection of ground, but now he became the as-



WILLIAM C. STARR was born in Philadelphia, Pa., July 25, 1822. His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and moved to Richmond, Ind., when he was but three years old. At the outbreak of the Rebellion he was a resident of West Virginia. He at once espoused the Union cause, and assisted in recruiting the Fourth and Ninth Regiments of West Virginia Cavalry. Upon the organization of the latter, he was commissioned Lieutenant-Colonel. He continued in active service until the close of the war. His army record is alike creditable to his intelligence, his valor and his patriotism.

He was taken prisoner at Somerville, Va., July 25, 1862, and for a brief term was confined in Libby Prison. After his exchange he rejoined his regiment September

sailant, and true enough, for a time, he had matters all his own way; but the day was a long one, and had an afternoon to it that he had not provided for.

Nowhere in America is there spread out a more beautiful or more productive country than this broad valley of Virginia. From the many ridged Alleghanies on the west, to the one long "Blue Ridge" on the east, with a width varying from fifteen to twenty miles, there lies a wide fertile, undulating plain, covering some ten counties. It is the garden spot of the old State of Virginia, and for three years it had been fought over with varying results, until now the final contest for its possession burst upon us.

As a sequel to the battle of Fisher's Hill on September 22, Sheridan drove Early in precipitate flight beyond Harrisonburgh. After resting a few days, he returned northward down the valley, destroying the barns, agricultural implements and the mills as he came, until arriving at Cedar Creek he took a well chosen position on the low hills that line the north bank of that stream at its confluence with the Shenandoah. The Nineteenth Corps, under General Emery, formed the right, the Eighth Corps, under General Geo. Crook, the left, with the Sixth Corps, under General Wright, in reserve.

About 4 o'clock in the afternoon of the 14th of October, or five days before the battle of Cedar Creek,

1862, and served under General Milroy in the Shenandoah Valley during the winter of 1862-63, and in West Virginia the following spring, until December, 1863; served on General Martials' staff at Cumberland, Md., during the winter of 1863-64, and was Provost-Marshal, Department of West Virginia, on staff of General Siegel. From June, 1864, until he was mustered out of service, October 31, 1864, at the expiration of his term of enlistment, he was a member of the staffs respectively of Generals Hunter and Crook. He was engaged with his regiment at the battles of New Market, Va., Lynchburg, Winchester Fisher's Hill and Cedar Creek. At the close of the war Colonel Starr returned to Richmond, Ind., where, for many years, he was at the head of a large manufacturing industry. He died at his home in Richmond, May 17, 1897, and was buried in a secluded spot near the graves of his father and mother in the Quaker Cemetery situated on the site of the first "Friends' Meeting-house" in Wayne County, Indiana.

Early appeared in our front. A reconnoissance developed the fact that he was there in force; but as the day was far spent he contented himself with shelling our camp, then fell back five miles to Fisher's Hill, naturally a very strong position. Here he planned his attack on our position, and planned it well.

But "The best laid schemes o'mice and men gang aft a-gley." Soon after nightfall on the 18th of October, and about the hour that we drew our blankets around us to sleep and dream of home and the anxious ones that waited there, General Early commenced his movement by fording twelve thousand infantry across the chilly waters of the Shenandoah that washed the right of his stronghold at Fisher's Hill. All night long this column toiled northward, through the darkness, along the rough slope of Massanutten mountain, to strike the river again five miles further down. Here, at between 3 and 4 o'clock in the morning, it waded the river again on the extreme left of our line. The Thirty-fourth Ohio was on duty along the banks of the river, but so quietly was the movement conducted that only one post of the picket line had knowledge of the approach of the enemy. The three men fired their pieces and fled across the meadow to our batteries on the hilltops, instead of warning their comrades. This allowed the enemy to file noiselessly through the opening in the picket line and form a line of battle.

The batteries prepared for action, yet the officers scarcely gave credence to the story of the three picket men that the rebel army was approaching in the darkness. At the same time a force of the enemy appeared along the front of the Nineteenth Corps and drove in their pickets, but the main attack was upon our extreme left, or Crook's Corps. The first faint streak of morning light that appeared on the summit of Blue Ridge was the signal for the charge. Dupont's battery-

men were still discussing the story of the three camp guards, when the tramping of many feet coming up the gentle hillside through the gloom of approaching day revealed the fact that the massed lines of the enemy were but a few yards away. The artillery-men quickly emptied their guns in their faces, but the next moment had to abandon them to escape capture. The Ninth West Virginia Infantry camped on the left of the batteries, in the dense woods of second growth pines, quickly formed, and being on the extremity of our line, were soon flanked in the darkness, but not until its officers gave the order to fall back, did its tattered colors turn away from the foe. Regiment after regiment was driven back in the dim gray light of the morning through the pine woods, until the open plain was reached at the turnpike.

The scene at this time defies the pen. General Hays, with his twenty-four hundred men, hurriedly formed on the east side of the turnpike, and gallantly, but without hope, charged into the faces of the yelling masses that were pouring from the woods. Emery came with a division, also to be crushed. Dupont had a close call, but managed to bring off nine of his guns. Everything belonging to the left wing was moving to the rear in utter confusion. The gallant Thoburn, while trying to rally the men, was foully assassinated by a rebel cavalryman in a blue overcoat. The broad plain was a scene of rout. Army wagons, ambulances, artillery, soldiers without commanders, commanders without soldiers, every fellow for himself, moving backwards in sullen discouragement in the faces of the yelling victors. The twelve thousand rebels that composed the flanking column had gained the turnpike in our rear, or north of us, while another body as large as the first was pressing and driving back the remainder of the Nineteenth Corps that held the right, or south side of our position.

The only avenue of escape was towards the north-west, and the thousands of the Eighth Corps, with other thousands of the Nineteenth Corps, were forced in crowds across the few fords that were to be found over that treacherous slough called Long Meadow Run. A part of the Nineteenth Corps preserved its organization, and fell back slowly, giving blow for blow. The camp of the Sixth Corps being a mile and a half to the rear of the point first attacked, gave it time to remove its equipage, and to take a favorable position for checking the advance of the enemy. It contested every foot of ground as it fell back to escape being flanked on both sides. This stubborn resistance of the brigades that still maintained their organization was most valuable to us. It stopped the infernal rebel yelling that had added to the din at daylight and sunrise. It made them settle down to hard fighting, which they did not enjoy. It gave us time to reorganize our scattered men. And thus it came about: The morning sun had mounted the sky to the first dial mark. Custer's band sat on their horses in the edge of the woods a mile west of the turupike, and apparently for want of something better to do, they struck up a tune. An officer going gloomily to the rear with all the rest, noticed that a soldier dropped the breach of his gun to the ground and stopped to listen to the music. Looking about he saw a washed-out roadway a few rods further on. "Let's form a new line right here," said he, and taking the man to the old roadway, he faced him to the south, and told him to stop every man that came along. In half an hour that officer had sixteen hundred men in the new line. He then ordered the color bearers to step to the rear and call out their regiments. The men quickly responded, and formed under their proper standards, until there were thousands in it. The men were mostly from the Eighth

and Nineteenth Corps. This event was the turning point in the affairs of that day. The regiments belonging to the Eighth Corps were ordered to the east side of the turnpike, a mile and a half away, and again became the left wing. Those belonging to the Nineteenth Corps took a strong position on rising ground and became the right, the Sixth Corps drifted to the center and hastily fortified its front with a low breast-work of rails.

While this was being done, the enemy was also reforming his lines, and doing that other thing, never omitted, let history record it to their everlasting shame, viz., stripping our killed and wounded.

General Early was strongly urged by his officers to go back to his camp at Fisher's Hill, having thus far obtained a victory over the Union forces. But no, he took another drink, and said, "I will drive them beyond Winchester." On our side we were replenishing our cartridge-boxes, throwing our cavalry in provost lines across the valley, stopping the demoralized, recalling our ambulances to take back our wounded, and resting ourselves generally.

We had been driven back two miles, we had lost four batteries, hundreds of our men were prisoners, the plain and the woodland were strewn with our killed and wounded. General Emery with the Nineteenth and General Getty with a part of the Sixth Corps had done most of the fighting thus far. Noon-time came—that comfortable hour when the folks at home ate their dinners. All was quiet along the lines except the spattering fire of the skirmishers, and the occasional booming of a couple of old guns that were trying to scare Generals Wright and Crook, who, with a part of their staffs, were lying close to the ground on the top of a knoll where they could watch the field.

A sudden dash of horsemen coming up the slope on our left made us spring to our feet. It was Sheridan, who lightly dropped from his saddle and extended his hand to Wright and Crook, saying, "Good morning, gentlemen, how is it going?" General Crook replied, "Oh, it is going better, General; we can take the offensive from this point, and retake our camp this afternoon." After a conference of some twenty minutes, General Sheridan replaced his gloves and mounted his horse, saying in most vigorous English, "Lick 'em. Yes, lick — out of em." Away he went to the right, and disappeared in the woods, the troops cheering as he passed in their rear. A few minutes after he left, the enemy made a furious charge on our center, held by the Sixth Corps. They were promptly repulsed; again and again they repeated the charge, with the same result. This caused them to fall back a third of a mile and fortify themselves as we had done. An hour later Sheridan returned and gave us his plans, which were for Emery to attack on the right, and when he had driven the left wing of the enemy well around to the south, the Sixth Corps was to go in, and after the rebel center was driven back, then Crook was to charge on the left and end the day's work. We soon heard the steady roar of musketry on Emery's front, and we noted that it gradually moved more and more from the west to the southwest of us. When the proper time arrived, the Sixth Corps gallantly sprang over their little breastworks and charged the rebel center, lifting it out of its entrenchments and sending it flying over the hill and across Long Meadow Run, where it took refuge behind a long line of stone fences, from which it made the Sixth Corps fall to the ground, the men showing nothing but their caps over the crest of the hill. Crook was quietly waiting with his corps on the east side of the pike for the order to charge,

when Sheridan, who had been watching the operations of the Sixth and Nineteenth Corps, hurried over to us and ordered Captain Dupont with his eight guns to enfilade the stone walls with a rapid fire of shells. The slaughter behind the walls was fearful. In the language of a prisoner, "mortal flesh couldn't stand it, sah." The Sixth Corps again sprang to their feet, and poured a storm of lead into their disordered ranks. The hilltop seemed to blaze with fire as they rushed down the grassy slope to cross the creek. Crook charged at the same time on the east side of the pike, and the day was ours. The Johnnies took to their heels all along the line. "Lord, didn't we run!" said one of their officers afterwards. The fighting was over and the foot-race was on. The rebel right, left and center were in full flight. His artillery was crowding across Cedar Creek bridge in hot confusion.

Their farewell gun was fired from the crest of the hill on the south side of Cedar Creek just as the shades of the coming night began to settle over the wounded and dying. The shell passed over the head of General Crook, who made a low obeisance and escaped injury. Our cavalry, who were charging across the low ground on the right, quickly captured that last gun, and neither it nor any other hostile gun was ever again fired in the valley of Virginia.

This charge of our cavalry upon the fleeing gray-backs made the rout a panic. The good turnpike was their only avenue of escape, and into it and the one long street of Strasburg that lay in a narrow valley three miles away, they poured, a mixed-up mass of all arms. All were in a hurry to pass the narrows lest Sheridan's cavalry should surround them. Utterly exhausted by a night of toil and exposure and a long day of struggle, added to the hopeless result, filled their cup to overflowing. At the south end of Stras-

burg was a little mill turned by a small thunder-gust brook that ran across the pike. Over this brook was a short bridge, one-half of which had been removed. The other half, by a sort of mutual consent of both armies, had been allowed to remain. It gave passage to teams in single file only. Four guns of the fleeing batteries passed safely over, but in the darkness and haste two pieces drove onto the bridge abreast, one of them fell off and choked the passage. On came the wild rush of guns, wagons and fleeing men. Men only could climb over or around the obstruction. The jam that followed was fearful. The houses of the village were built flush with the street, and they walled up all egress to the right or left. "Go ahead," was the cry; "What are you stopping for?" and whips, and spurs, and oaths were used as the maddened drivers pushed past each other to jam themselves into the struggling mob that trampled and maimed its friends. Artillery-men turned their teams onto the sidewalks and tore away the steps of the houses, crushed shade trees, overturned guns, and wagons, and caissons, ambulances full of wounded men, old fashioned farm wagons with ammunition or commissary stores, broken wheels, broken tongues, horses down and tangled in their harness, their limbs broken, groans, curses and darkness and calls for help or water by the wounded in the broken and jammed ambulances, whose life-drops slowly trickled from their veins, made that street a tableau of hell. The picture must not tarry long in the brain; let it flash and be gone.

Yes, we retook our camp, as Crook said to Sheridan on his arrival, and gladly did we stretch our bodies on the ground that frosty night. Without breakfast, without dinner or supper had we contended twice over the broad plains that lay around the old mansion of General Hite. A soldier's joy filled our hearts as we

pillowed our heads on our saddles and sunk into the sleep that hushes the excitement and glory of victorious struggle. The blue and the gray lay scattered around us, the wounded in anguish, the dead giving no sign. At 10 o'clock the pale, cold moon, in her third quarter, looked over the crest of Massanutten mountain, and spread a sheen of silvery light over this undried page of history that was to delight and raise the hopes of the people of the North, and correspondingly sadden the enemies of the Union.

The next day (October 20) a brigade was detailed to pull apart with teams the debris of war that closed the street of Strasburg. In the mass we found eight full batteries, over eight hundred horses, hundreds of wagons and ambulances, and small arms by the thousands. We must admit, however, that the enemy had taken from us in the morning twenty-four of the guns that we captured in the evening. Most of the men that were caught in the jam crawled out during the night and escaped. So much for the broken down bridge at the rear of Strasburg town.

In connection with the story of Cedar Creek comes that other and better known story of "Sheridan's Ride." In the excitement of the hour, the poet, with but the hasty details of the battle as given in the press reports, with an hour's study and a pot of strong tea, drew from his most gifted intellect a dashing picture of "Sheridan at Winchester, thirty miles away," when the battle commenced, then twenty, then ten miles away; of his flying steed, of his rallying words as he met the demoralized fugitives, and wound up with a flash of rhyme, "And saved the day." So far as the people are concerned, they for whom all history is written, the story as told in the poem has impressed itself upon the mind as the truth, and stands to-day as veritable history.

While we would extol the name of the gallant soldier now sleeping "where no sound can awake him to glory again," we should also be as careful not to rob the good name of those who bore the brunt of the conflict that gloomy morning. The presence of Crook, Emery, Hays and Getty in the very front, who, with sublime disregard of personal safety, were the admiration of all who witnessed their stubborn resistance to the flood of disaster that burst upon our lines before the sun was up, must not be forgotten. Winchester was but twelve miles away, not thirty. Had General Sheridan slept there the night before the battle the promptness for which he was justly noted and his noble black horse would have brought him to us before 8 o'clock. No, Sheridan slept at Washington that night, 106 miles away. He got word of the surprise of his army about 7 o'clock, while walking on Pennsylvania avenue. He sprang into a cab that took him to the depot, found a hot engine there that was about to start with a train, cut it loose, ordered the road cleared to Harper's Ferry, sixty-five miles away, then up the Shenandoah Valley railway twenty-five miles further to Stevenson's station. There his horse and body guard met him, and he had but seventeen miles to ride to the battle-field. Hence it was about noon when he arrived there. When he dismounted a conference with Crook ensued, which lasted nearly half an hour. He found order restored, our stragglers brought back, cartridge-boxes refilled, wounded taken care of, and strategy matured by General Crook for the battle that was to occur in the afternoon, as indicated by Crook's reply to Sheridan's salutation, viz.: "We can take the offensive from this point and retake our camp this afternoon."

This does not rob Sheridan of anything. He was not on the ground in the morning. General Early

found before Sheridan arrived that we were not yet whipped, but merely driven back a short distance. We were not in retreat in any sense of the word, nor did we think of retreating. Some of Early's officers, having a prophetic forecast of what was to happen in the afternoon, Sheridan or no Sheridan, begged him to go back to his camp at Fisher's Hill, seven miles away. But General Early was too much of a soldier not to know that he could not leave the field without our observing it, and that meant eight long hours of hard fighting. He knew that he had to hold possession of the ground that he had taken from us, or not claim the honor of a victory that day. His determination to drive us further, as he said, "beyond Winchester," was good generalship. He tried this plan first, but failed to move our lines. He charged our center a second time, and failed, a third time and failed. Disappointment now prevailed where prestige had reigned.

His second expedient must be adopted at once; he must hold the field. For this purpose he hastily threw up defenses, as we had done before 8 o'clock that morning. All of this occurred before Sheridan had given an order. With a reorganized army to work with, and six hours of daylight to work in, and after an hour of quiet consultation with his corps commanders, Sheridan threw his strongest corps (the Nineteenth) against the rebel left and drove it back. This exposed the flank of his center, and made an attack upon it sure of success. It gave way in turn and took refuge behind the stone walls in the valley of Long Meadow Run, which proved a trap to be utilized by the eight guns yet in the hands of the Eighth Corps. The day was ours, and Early and his hosts were fleeing for dear life at sunset; nor did he stop at Fisher's Hill. All night long did his tired, hungry and disheartened forces tramp on their departure from the fair valley of Virginia, never more to return.

Yes, Sheridan did ride that day; ninety miles by rail and seventeen miles on horseback, and he performed most promptly all that good generalship dictated should be done. Let the Nation honor him as he deserves to be honored; but let it not forget to honor Crook, and Emery, and Hayes, and Getty, and others who bore the merciless pelting of the storm in the early morning, and who brought order out of confusion, and made the victory of the day possible. Let us honor the noble and pure Colonel Thoburn, and the faithful and efficient Captain Bier, of Crook's staff, who fell that day; and let us also remember with gratitude the little half of a bridge at Strasburg town.

INDIANA AT CHICKAMAUGA.

ADDRESS AT DEDICATION OF
CHICKAMAUGA NATIONAL PARK,
September 19, 1895.

BY CAPTAIN JAMES R. CARNAHAN.

“Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy.”

So does this great nation say to-day to the thousands assembled on this consecrated ground, this battle-field of Chickamauga. To the survivors of the battalions that were in the battle lines, to their sons and their daughters who come to view the ground on which their fathers fought, to the stranger from foreign lands, led hither from whatever cause, to one and all the command: “Loose thy shoe from off thy foot; for the place whereon thou standest is holy.”

Holy? Yes, thrice holy and blessed. Holy, for here before the eyes of this nation and the people of the



JAMES R. CARNAHAN was born in Tippecanoe County, Ind., November 18, 1840. He was educated at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Ind., and at the time of entering the service, was a student in that college, just closing his junior year. He enlisted in the Eleventh Indiana Volunteer Infantry, April 18, 1861, three months' service; was in the battle of Romney, Va. He re-enlisted as First Sergeant of Company K, in the Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry, for three years, October 25, 1862, and served with General Lew Wallace in defense of Cincinnati, October, 1862, after which his regiment joined General Buell's army at the battle of Perryville, Ky. He was promoted to Second Lieutenant of

civilized world, was waged one of the greatest battles of earth to test the question whether or not a Republic should live.

Holy, because the battle that raged here was the beginning of the end of a strife between the North and the South, which could only be determined by the arbitrament of the sword, and when the red tide of battle had reached its highest mark in all that terrible war upon this field, peace, though slow of foot, was assured.

Holy and blessed because of the remembrance of the men who here freely gave their lives for the nation, and under the spreading pines, by the side of the flowing stream, in the open fields, and on the summit of the hills kissed by the morning sun, had their embombment when the storm in its fury had passed. Here was the soldier's grave made sacred by the cause for which he died, a sepulchre so sacred, so grand in its unmarked greatness "that Kings for such a tomb would wish to die."

Look about you on every hand now after long years have passed, and on tree and rock, on plain and hill, from Viniards to McDaniels, and from Jays' Mill to Snodgrass Hill, the proofs of the valor, endurance and magnificent qualities of the American citizen soldier are found.

On Chickamauga, more than on any other battlefield of the entire war, did the men of the North and the men of the South learn to know and appreciate the valor of the men from both sections of the land, and on

Company K, December, 1862, and to Captain of Company I, September 4, 1863. The regiment was assigned to General Van Cleve's Division, Crittenden's (Twenty-first) Army Corps of the Cumberland. He participated in the battles of Stone River and Chickamauga, and in the Campaign in East Tennessee during the winter of 1863-64; was in the Atlanta Campaign and took part in every battle and engagement in which the Fourth Army Corps participated. He was on the staff of Major-General T. J. Wood, and with him at the battles of Columbia, Spring Hill, Franklin and Nashville, Tennessee. At the close of the war he returned to Wabash College,

this ground were each made to realize that those who fought here, whether from Indiana or Virginia, from Georgia or Ohio, from Illinois or Tennessee, from whatever State they came, were *all* Americans. It is not one of the least of the beneficial results of that war that the people of this Republic, from North to South, from East to West, have learned that the courage of the American soldier can always be safely trusted should a foreign nation give us cause for war. It has given to the soldier of the North and the South confidence one in the other should the time come when they would be brought to stand side by side against a foreign foe.

But what of this demonstration here this day, and why this vast assemblage from every part of these United States?

A few of the surviving officers of the Union Army that were participants in the battle of Chickamauga had stood upon the battle-field of Gettysburg, and on that field beheld how the history of that battle had been preserved in enduring granite and perpetual bronze, as a great object lesson for all the generations that are to come, teaching loyalty, patriotism and faith in the preservation of a republic established by "the people and for the people." Gettysburg is but one of the many great battle-fields of the Republic, and that is upon northern soil. Why not make another such object lesson on southern soil? Why not in such locality where the generations that are yet to come might, in the South as well as in the North, learn

from which he graduated. He began and completed the study of law, and entered upon its practice, in the city of Lafayette, in the fall of 1867. In 1881, he was appointed Adjutant-General of Indiana, and was commissioned Brigadier-General of the Indiana Legion, and served four years. Since that time General Carnahan has been in command of the military branch of the Knights of Pythias, having under his command, at present, more than 50,000 men. He was Department Commander of the G. A. R. two years. He is a trustee of the State Soldiers' Home, and a member of the Indiana Chickamauga Commission.

the history of this Government, and at what cost of treasure and blood and life it has been preserved? So with these thoughts in mind, in 1888, the first steps were taken to bring about the purchase by the Government of the battle-field of Chickamauga. From the first thought of making a battle park of this field, the proposition was that both the Union and Confederate battle lines should be marked. The establishment of Chickamauga Park was to be upon a plane higher and broader than sectional lines. It was to be upon the greater and more manly and soldierly idea that can and does recognize true courage and genuine bravery in a foe that meets you face to face on the field of battle, and the hotter and fiercer that battle, the greater and warmer the respect one for the other when peace has come. There was no other field of all the war that was so worthy of commemoration and preservation as was Chickamauga, no other field where both armies stood out so conspicuously for deeds of valor. This battle-field, too, by its dedication as a National Park where both armies were to be represented, was to be another means of uniting and cementing the two sections of the country by showing to all that the bitterness of war days had passed, and in its stead had come that better feeling which desires that the heroism of American citizens shall be remembered and perpetuated.

And so, the measure grew into shape under the thought and guidance of the best men of both armies, until on August 19, 1890, the bill establishing a "National Military Park at the battle of Chickamauga" having been passed by both houses of Congress, was signed by the President and became a law. Since then the several States from which came the Union and Confederate troops have supplemented the appropriation made by Congress for the establishment of this

magnificent park, to the end that every regiment and battery that took part in the battle of Chickamauga should have hereon a monument to commemorate its service, and to tell for all future time the story of how brave men gave their lives for a *cause*, and for the *saving of a nation*. Indiana, our own loved State, marks on this field the heroism of her sons, and gives of her treasure to-day, for those who then gave their blood and lives. But there are those who say, why all this remembrance of the days of strife, and who say to the survivors of Stone River, and Vicksburg, and Gettysburg, and Chickamauga, why not forget all the roar and turmoil and death of these battle-fields?

What! he who was at Gettysburg, can he forget the waves of battle that surged about little Round Top; or he who was at Shiloh forget how the battle was wrenched from defeat and a victory won; or he who was in the charge on Missionary Ridge have taken from his memory the cheer upon cheer that rang out from the throats of the men who had toiled upward and yet higher through smoke and shot and shell with death on every hand, until they had placed the flag on top the enemy's works, and won the day? Can the men of Chickamauga, stormed at and shot at, who breasted the waves of that great surging sea of battle, as its billows of death well nigh overwhelmed them, forget? No! no! not while life and reason shall last. The scenes that were lived through on this field nearly a third of a century ago are as vivid in the minds of those who remain as they were on the days that they stood at Viniards, or at Brothertons, or on the Kelley field, or with Thomas at Snodgrass Hill. How vividly all the sights and sounds and action of those days come to you who were there, now as you stand on this holy ground, consecrated by the blood and lives of the men who fell away from your sides. You see

those men to-day, as you saw them then, in all their young manhood. Yes, if you were the gifted artist, you could from your memory paint the faces with the lines so tightly drawn, and teeth closed hard together, and the muscles standing out as the battle waxed hotter and hotter.

Come with me this day, so quiet but for the strains of music that are borne to us through the leafy bowers, floating down from the hill where the battle fires burned the hottest, come, I say, and let us live over in thought and word what we saw, and that of which we were a part on the memorable 19th of September, 1863.

Mayhap, through the uneasy and anxious night that broke into the day of battle, you had been on duty, peering into the darkness to learn, if possible, of the ominous sounds that were borne to your ears, telling you all too plainly of preparations for the bloody conflict when the sun would light the field. You had been relieved after the night of duty and had taken your place with your command in the rear to get your frugal meal, and secure such rest as could come to a soldier when the very air seemed to be surcharged with the battle spirit, and you knew full well that your services were to be demanded before the night would come.

The suggestion brings to your minds, as vividly as though it were but yesterday, the fact that the sun on that Saturday morning had scarcely appeared above the trees until the opening shot of the battle was heard away over on the left. Waiting but an instant, there was the answering shot; the two armies were feeling their way into the contest. To you who were on the right, the distance was too great to hear the sounds of the musket shots from the pickets as they pushed their

way nearer and nearer to each other. Quickly the artillery shots provoked answering shots in quick succession, as battery after battery went into position. As those shots increased your practiced ear conveyed to your mind the fact that the lines of both armies were well set in battle array as the firing run along the entire front. The firing on the left grew stronger, and between the artillery shots you heard the rattling sound of the musketry. Stronger and stronger grew the contest, and nearer, too, for suddenly there broke upon you one continuous roar of artillery from the left, which was taken up and swept onward as the minutes sped, while volley after volley told that the two armies had come together in the first charge of battle. The contest gathers in strength as it comes sweeping along the lines in front of where you waited, sweeping on to the right until it became one commingled roar of artillery and rattle of musketry, dying away in the dull and sullen thunder of Negley's guns on the farthest right.

A lull for a few moments came in the deadly contest, and only a few scattering shots were heard along the line. Looking to the front, through an opening in the trees, could be seen, crossing a ridge, the marching columns of the enemy as he moved toward the left of our army, massing his forces against the troops of Thomas, preparatory to the terrible work of that Saturday afternoon along the line at Viniard's, at Brotherton's, in the Brockfield, and at Poe's, in the desperate struggle to turn the left and get between Rosecrans and Chattanooga. The lessening of the storm, however, was but brief, for again the sound of the contest began to gather and grew rapidly in strength. It came on like the blasts of a tornado, sounding louder and louder, stronger and yet stronger, until it burst upon the listener in a great rush and roar of ter-

rible sound, before which those who heard and were not a part of it, stood in awe and, looking each other in the face, dared not speak.

Over on the right it again broke forth and with renewed strength rolled on down the lines, growing fiercer and fiercer, and louder and louder, as additional forces were brought into the contest, until it reached the extreme left in a crashing, tumultuous sound, when backward it swept to the right, only again to go rolling and jarring and thundering in its fury as backward and forward it swept, that fearful storm of war. It was as when broad ocean is lashed to fury by the tempest, when great rolling waves come chasing one the other in their mighty rage, until they strike with deafening roar the solid walls of rock on the shore, only to be broken and driven back upon other incoming waves as strong or stronger than they had been.

Through the early part of that day, and it seemed almost as though its hours would never pass, the troops that had been on duty the night before waited outside that contest and heard that fearful, that terrible death dealing tornado as it raged in front and all about them, and could see the constantly moving columns of the enemy's infantry with flying flags, and could see battery after battery as they moved before them like a great panorama unfolding in an opening on the ridge.

Those soldiers had been sent back to rest after a night on duty, but rest there was none. The guns of the infantry stood stacked in line, and the battery of six guns, attached to their brigade, stood just in rear of the troops, with all the horses hitched to guns and caissons ready to move. Now and then a stray shot or shell would fly over their heads and strike the ground or burst in the air, to the rear.

The men grew restless, that restlessness that comes to men in that most trying of all times in the life of a soldier, when he hears the battle raging with all the might of the furies about him, when now and then he can catch the sound of the distant shouts that tell that the charge is on, and there is borne to the ears that rattling, tearing, crashing sound of the volleys of musketry, and of the shot and shell and canister of the artillery that drowns in its fury the shouts and cheers of the charging lines, and that tells to the experienced soldier that the charge is met by determined and heroic troops, and that great gaps are being torn in the lines—that men and comrades are being torn, and mangled, and killed. In such moments and under such circumstances as these, strong men pale, the body grows hot and weak, and the heart of the bravest almost ceases to beat. The men are hungry, but they cannot eat; they are tired and worn, but they cannot rest; the limbs and feet ache, but they cannot sit down; they lie prone upon the ground, but in that position the sound of the battle is intensified, and they rise up; speak to them if you will, and they answer you as if in a dream; they laugh, but it is a laugh that has no joy in it. The infantry stay close to their gun stacks; the artillery-men, drivers and gunners, stand near to their posts of duty, in a terrible, fearful state of unrest.

Thus hour after hour of the forenoon was passed by these waiting troops, in a dreadful state of anxiety and suspense. No tidings came from the front. It was only known that the battle was fearful, terrible. Noon-time came and passed, and still the battle raged with undiminished fury, and the reserve still waited orders to move. Another hour beyond midday had passed, and the second was drawing towards its close, when suddenly from out the woods to the front and

left of the waiting and restless brigade, into the open field, dashed an officer, his horse urged to its greatest speed, toward the expectant troops. The men see him coming, and in an instant new life has taken possession of them. "There come orders," are the words that pass from lip to lip along that line. Without orders the lines are reformed behind the gun stacks, ready for the command, "take arms." The cannoneers stand at their posts ready to mount limber chest and caisson. The drivers "stand to horse," or with hand on rein and toe in stirrup, for details of the drill are forgotten, in feverish anxiety for the command to "mount" and away. How quick, how great the change at the prospect for freedom from the suspense of the day. The eye has lighted up, the arm has grown strong, and the nerves are once more steady. All is now eagerness for the work that must be before them. Every head is bent forward to catch, if possible, the first news from the front, and to hear the orders that are to be given. All are thoroughly aroused; there will be no more suspense. It is to be action for these troops from this time on until the close of the battle. Nearer and nearer comes the rider. Now could be distinguished his features, and one could see the fearful earnestness that was written on every line of his face. He leaned forward as he rode, in such haste was he. The horse he rode had caught the spirit of the rider, and horse and rider by their every movement, told the experienced soldiers that there was to be work for them, that the urgency was great, and that the peril was imminent.

How much there is of life, of the soldier's life, in time of war, that cannot be painted on canvas or described in words. It is that inexpressible part, that indefinable something in the face, in the eye, in the swaying of the body, the gesture of the hand, that the

soldier reads in those movements and appearances, the very facts, terrible in detail, that are afterwards put into words or burst on his vision in the carnage of the field. No one who has seen the life of the soldier in actual warfare, but has seen just such occasions and just such faces. Such was the face, and such the movement of that staff officer that afternoon of September 19, 1863. He had not spoken a word, there had been no uplifting of the hand as he rode across the field, but that indescribable appearance spoke for him. Every soldier as he saw him, read that face and form as though from an open book, yes, and read in all its awful, dreadful meaning that his comrades were in deepest peril, and that help must be borne quickly or all hope would be gone, and thus reading, every man was ready to do his full duty. Not long delayed were the orders, and as he approaches this officer is met by the Brigade Commander, as anxious to receive the orders as he who carries them is to give them. The command comes in quick sharp words: "The General presents his compliments and directs that you move your brigade at once to the support of the other brigades of your Division. Take the road, moving by the flank to the right, double quick. I am to direct you," and then he added, so those who stood near heard the words, "our men are hard pressed." The last sentence was all that was said in words as to the condition of our troops, but it was enough, and those who heard knew they had read aright before he had spoken.

Scarce had the orders been received, when the command "take arms!" was heard along the line, and the artillery bugle sounded for cannoneers and drivers, "mount." It scarcely took the time required to tell it for that brigade to get in motion, moving out of the field and into the road. The artillery took the beaten road, the infantry alongside. It was a grand scene as

the men moved quickly into place, closing up the column and waiting but a moment for the command "forward." The guns of the infantry are at right shoulder, and all have grown eager for the order. The bugle sounds the first note of the command. Now look along that column; the men are leaning forward for the start; the drivers on the artillery teams tighten the rein in the left hand, and, with whip in the uplifted right, rise in the stirrups; and as the last note of that bugle is sounded, the crack of the whips of thirty-six drivers over the backs of as many horses, and the stroke of the spurs, sends that battery of six guns and its caissons rattling and bounding over that road, while the infantry alongside are straining every nerve as they hasten to the relief of the comrades so hard pressed. The spirits of the men grow higher and higher with each moment of the advance. The rattling of the artillery and the hoof beats of the horses add to the excitement of the onward rush, infantry and artillery thus side by side vieing each with the other which shall best do his part. As they come nearer, the storm of the battle grows greater and greater. On, and yet on they press, until reaching the Brotherton field the artillery is turned off to the ridge on the left, and goes into position along its crest, while the lines of the infantry are being formed in the woods to the right of the road over which they have just been hurrying. The brigade lines are scarcely formed, and the command to move forward given, when the lines which are in the advance are broken by a terrific charge of the enemy, and are driven back in confusion on the newly formed line, friend and foe so intermingled that a shot cannot be fired without inflicting as much injury on our men as upon the enemy.

The artillery, on the crest of the ridge back of the brigade, have unlimbered and gone into action, and its

shells are now flying overhead into the woods, where the enemy's lines had been. Confusion seems to have taken possession of the lines, and to add to it, the lines to the right have been broken and the enemy is sweeping past your flank. The order is given to fall back on line with the artillery. Out of the wood, under the fire of the cannon, the men hasten. Now on the crest of that ridge, without works of any kind to shelter them, the troops are again hastily formed, and none too soon. Down the gentle slope of that ridge and away to the right and left and front, stretches an open field, without tree or shrub to break the force of the balls. In front, and at the edge of the field, scarce two hundred yards away, runs the road parallel with our new line; beyond the road in the heavy timber is where the Confederate lines are formed, well protected in their preparations for their charge. Scarce had the lines been formed, when the sharp crack of the rifles along our front, and the whistling of the balls over our heads, gave warning that the advance of the enemy had begun, and in an instant the shouts of the skirmishers are drowned by the shout that goes up from the charging column as it starts down in the woods. The men of the Union line are ready. An Indiana regiment, the Eighty-sixth, is on the left of the brigade, the Seventh Indiana Battery of six guns is on the right of this regiment, another Indiana regiment, the Forty-fourth, is immediately on the right of the battery, while to right and left of these extend the Union lines. The gunners and every man of that battery are at their posts of duty, the tightly drawn lines in their faces showing their purpose there to stand for duty or die. Officers pass the familiar command of caution along the line—"steady, men, steady." The shout of the charging foe comes rapidly on; now they burst out of the woods and on to the road. That in-

stant as if touched by an electric cord, so quick and so in unison was it, the rifles leap to the shoulder along the ridge where wave the stars and stripes. The enemy is in plain view along the road covering the entire front; you can see them, as with cap visors drawn well down over their eyes, the gun at the charge, with short, shrill shout they come, and the colors of Johnson's division can be seen flushed with victory, confronting us. The men on the ridge recognized the gallantry of the charging foe, and their pride is touched as well. All this is but the work of an instant, when, just as that long line of gray has crossed the road, quick and sharp rings out along the line the command—"fire!" It seems to come to infantry and artillery at the same instant, and out from the rifles of the men and the mouths of those cannon leap the death-dealing bullet and canister; again and again, with almost lightning rapidity, they pour in their deadly, merciless fire, until along that entire ridge it has become almost one continuous volley, one sheet of flame. Those lines of gray that had commenced the charge so bravely, so confidently, begin to waver; their men had fallen thick and fast about them. Again, and yet again the volleys are poured into them, and the artillery on the right and left have not ceased in their deadly work. No troops can long withstand such fire; their lines are staggering under the storm, another volley and they are broken and fall back in confusion. The charge was not long in point of time, but was terrible in its results to the foe.

Along the entire line to the right and left the battle raged with increased fury. We are on the defensive; and all can judge that the lull in front is only the stillness that forebodes the more terrible tornado that is to come. A few logs and rails are hastily gathered to form a slight breastwork. Soon the scattering shots

that began to fall about us, like the first heavy drops of the rain storm, gave warning that the foe was again moving to the attack. Again our lines are ready, now lying behind hastily prepared works. Again is heard the shout as on comes the enemy with more determination than before; but with even greater courage do our men determine to hold their lines. The artillery is double shotted with canister. Again the command, "fire!" and hotter, fiercer than before the battle rages along our front. Shout is answered with shout, shot by shot tenfold, until again the assailants break before that death-dealing fire and are again forced back. But why repeat further the story on that Saturday afternoon. Again and again were those charges repeated along that line. It did seem as though our men were more than human and the men in your front, daring beyond comparison. The artillery-men worked as never before. Their guns, double shotted, had scarce delivered their charges, when, before the gun could complete its recoil, it was caught by strong arms, made doubly strong in that fever heat of battle, was again in position, again double shotted, and again fired into the face of the foe. The arm bared, the veins standing out in strong lines, the hat or cap gone from the head, the eyes starting almost from the socket, the teeth set, the face beaded with perspiration, balls falling all about them, those men of the Seventh Indiana battery seemed to be supernaturally endowed with strength. Their comrades of the infantry vied with them in acts of heroism, and daring and endurance. They shouted defiance to their foe with every shot. With face and hands begrimed in the smoke and dust and heat of the battle, with comrades falling about them, the survivors thought only of vengeance. All the horses on two of the guns were shot down; another charge is beginning; those

two guns might be lost; they must be gotten back. Quick as thought a company of infantry sprang to the guns, one hand holding the rifle, the other on the cannon, and with the shot falling thick and fast in and about them, drag the guns over the brow of the ridge and down into the woods, just in the rear of the line and hasten back again to take their places in line, ready to meet the on-coming charge. In the midst of the charge an artillery-man is shot down; a man from the infantry takes his place and obeys orders as best he can. When the charge began your men were lying down, again in the midst of it, so great became the excitement, so intense the anxiety, all fear and prudence had vanished, and the men leaped to their feet, and fire and load, and fire and load in the wildest frenzy of desperation. They had lost all idea of danger and counted not the strength of the assailant. It was this absolute desperation of the men that held our lines. A soldier or an officer was wounded; unless the wound was mortal or caused the fracture of a limb, they had the wound tied or bandaged as best they could, some tearing up their blouses for bandages, and again took their places in the lines beside their more fortunate comrades. Each man felt the terrible weight of responsibility that rested on him personally for the results that should be achieved that day. It is that disregard of peril in the moment of greatest danger, that decision, that purpose and grand courage that comes only to the American citizen soldier, who voluntarily and with unselfish patriotism stands in defense of principle and country, that makes such soldiers as those who fought in the ranks that day on Chickamauga's fire-swept field. On through the afternoon until night-fall did that furious storm beat against and rage about that line. If the storm of battle raged hotly around the position occupied by your brigade, it was none the

less fierce along the whole line. During the afternoon of September 19, while the severe battle was raging along the line of your brigade and division, further to the right at the Viniard farm, the battle had been raging with all the might of the "furies" and on past your front to Thomas, on the extreme left, death had held high carnival.

Saturday at Chickamauga closed with the Union lines intact, though forced back from the line of the early morning, and the morning light of Sunday found them in readiness for the opening attack. Those who had participated in the engagements of Friday and Saturday knew full well that their endurance and bravery would again be put to the severest test possible during the hours of that Sabbath day, but their courage was undaunted, and not one soldier in all the Union army was to be found that was not ready, when the command "fall in" came.

To describe the battle on Sunday can but be a repetition of Saturday's engagement intensified to the utmost which human thought and skill can portray.

What part had the troops from Indiana played at the opening of the engagement, and what service had been rendered by her men on Friday and Saturday in this memorable battle? What test had been given to their courage before Sunday's terrible work began?

In what we have to say of the Indiana troops we wish it clearly understood that we do not detract from any other State or take from their brave men aught of the honor they so bravely won. Indiana soldiers who fought at Chickamauga know full well the valor and magnificent soldierly qualities of the men of the ten other States who stood by their sides through that fiery ordeal. To each and every officer and man who stood under the folds of the Union flag on Chickamauga's field, be all honor and praise. We claim for

Indiana that she did her full duty, and shall ask and demand only the credit due to her men in this battle, due to those who are dead and due to those who yet survive.

On Friday, September 18, 1863, General Bragg, commanding the Confederate troops, began his movements for the destruction of the Union army under Rosecrans and for the retaking of Chattanooga—as he fondly hoped and expected. The entire Confederate army was on the south side of the Chickamauga in and about Lafayette, with his advance only a few short miles from the Twenty-first Corps and Wilder's Brigade of mounted infantry of Rosecrans' army. The remainder of Rosecrans' army was miles away to the south at and about McLamore's Cove. If Bragg could cross the Chickamauga and destroy Crittenden's Twenty-first Corps before Thomas and McCook with their corps could join him, then the hopes of General Bragg could be realized. Such was the situation on Friday morning, September 18, 1863, when Bragg put his army in motion. We have given only this much of the historical situation that the work done by Indiana men may appear in its full magnitude.

The chief point at which Bragg's army undertook to cross the Chickamauga on that day, and the point at which the contest began was at the Alexander Bridge. The Confederate troops moved forward to the crossing with the most complete confidence that all opposition would be easily swept away. Not so. The Alexander house sets on a ridge or hill sloping off to the valley which lays between the house and the stream three-quarters of a mile away. On the east side of the house the highway runs south and crosses the stream by a bridge. In the early morning hours on the high ground at this house Captain Eli Lilly's Eighteenth Indiana Battery attached to Wilder's brigade went

into position, unlimbered and waited developments. The Seventeenth Indiana Mounted Infantry were posted on the right, on the west side of the road between the Alexander house and the stream, but close to it, and extending its line from the road westward, while the Seventy-second Indiana Mounted Infantry was posted along the north bank of the Chickamauga on the opposite side of the road, two Indiana regiments and an Indiana battery alone, with their brigade commander, an Indianian, the remainder of the brigade having been sent to watch a ford further to the east.

There was not much waiting, for at ten o'clock the advance of Bragg came on, and at once the repeating rifles of the infantry and the shells from Lilly's guns gave sharp notice that the crossing was to be contested. There was a quick formation of the Confederate lines to force the passage. The Confederate lines charge toward the stream to drive away our men, while behind their lines the column moves up to dash across. The firing along the bank of the deep and sullen stream waxes stronger and more rapid, and the shells from the cannons go crashing and bursting into the advancing line, and striking the column break and destroy the formation, and they fall back out of reach of Wilder's men to reform and gather reinforcements. when on they come again only to be again driven back. And so through the hours of that day until four o'clock in the afternoon did this handful of men, as compared in numbers with the great army in their front, hold the bridge and delay Bragg in the execution of his plans. So hot did this unequal contest grow, that at four o'clock in the afternoon an entire brigade with artillery was brought up to dislodge our men, and at last the battle became so intense that the Seventy-second Indiana was compelled to shoot their

horses to prevent them falling into the hands of the enemy. Falling back from the position at the Alexander Bridge to prevent being flanked and captured, these gallant Indiana men took position on the east side of the Viniard farm, and were rejoined by the other regiments of the brigade. This line was reinforced by another brigade in which were two Indiana regiments, the Forty-fourth and Eighty-sixth, this brigade being under command of another Indiana soldier, Colonel George F. Dick, and these two brigades held at bay through all of Friday night the left of Bragg's army and prevented him from gaining the Lafayette road, prevented the attack on the Twenty-first army corps and saved the Union army. Had Bragg succeeded in his plans on Friday he would have destroyed the Twenty-first Corps, separated as it was from the balance of the Union army, and Chattanooga would have been lost. But the resistance by our Indiana troops at the Alexander Bridge, and the stubbornness with which the line on the east side of Viniard's was held, delayed Bragg a whole day and night, and on Saturday morning, after an all night's march, Thomas with his Fourteenth Corps was in position on the Union left, and McCook with the Twentieth Corps was on the right at Crawfish Springs, and Chattanooga was safe from capture.

What of the opening of the battle on the extreme left on Saturday morning? As the first gun of Friday was fired by Indiana troops, so on Saturday morning on the extreme left Indiana regiments, the Tenth and Seventy-fourth, received the first shock of the terrible battle that was to rage with such fury from left to right, and right to left throughout that September day. So severe was the repulse given to the advancing lines of Bragg by these two Indiana regiments and the other regiments of their brigade that were brought

into line at the opening attack, that the enemy was broken and driven back. It was about the close of the first hour's fighting that the gallant Colonel, William B. Carroll, of the Tenth Indiana, fell mortally wounded at his post of duty on the front line near Jay's Mill. We shall not attempt to name regiments in their order in line but as their numbers come.

Following the battle line from Jay's Mill, when it opened on Saturday morning, September 19, 1863, going southward as the line extended was the Sixth Indiana, and with its brigade the Fifth Indiana Battery, early in the engagement, fighting through the long day and into the night. Here this regiment lost its Colonel, Philomen P. Baldwin, and so gallant were his services that the spot where he fell is marked by the General Government.

The gallant Ninth, in the forenoon in the Brock field and in the afternoon in the Brotherton field with the Forty-fourth and Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry and Seventh Indiana Battery, did its full duty in the hottest of the battle, and so well was the work done that General Boynton, the historian of this field, has said that the Ninth Indiana, by its gallant work at the Brotherton House, saved the day for the Union army. Then again, on Saturday we find the Seventeenth and the Seventy-second with the Eighteenth Battery at the Viniard farm with the battle raging all about them, and on Sunday, at the Widow Glenns' with the Thirty-ninth Indiana, fighting with the utmost desperation to beat back the coming hosts that were storming their lines. The fame of Wilder's Brigade cannot perish from the minds and memories of men so long as mankind shall love and reverence true bravery and undaunted courage in the discharge of patriotic duty. To Indiana is due the credit of the fame of the brigade, for the Seventeenth Indiana regiment furnished its leader, Colonel John T. Wilder.

Coming near to the center of the line on Saturday in the desperate battle in and about the Brock field, the Twenty-ninth Indiana, and on Sunday in Dodge's line at the Kelley field, and by the side of the Twenty-ninth and vieing with it in the full discharge of duty was the Thirtieth Indiana. Another regiment we name, that in the Brock field on Saturday, and again on Sunday on the east side of the Kelley field with the Sixth Indiana Regiment, and Fifth Indiana Battery on the same portion of the line, never wavered through all the tornado of iron and leaden hail that enveloped them, was the Thirty-first Indiana Regiment. This regiment gave to the Union army through that battle one of its best brigade commanders in the person of Brigadier-General Charles Craft, commanding First Brigade, Second Division, Twenty-first Corps.

The Thirty-second Indiana that on Saturday near the Brotherton road did such magnificent fighting and again on Sunday on the east side of the Kelley field, when Breckenridge and Cleburne's troops were assaulting our lines with such tremendous blows, made a countercharge and drove the enemy broken and dismayed nearly a mile to the rear. It is not to be wondered at that their former Colonel was proud of this, his old regiment. It was as the Colonel of this regiment that the intrepid August Willich received his first commission in the Union army from the hands of Indiana's War Governor, Oliver P. Morton, and for meritorious services, a second commission from Abraham Lincoln, which placed the star of a Brigadier-General on his shoulders. The Thirty-fifth Indiana on Sunday was with Thomas' troops and performed its duty equally well with the regulars that stood to their right on the east of the Kelley field.

The Thirty-sixth Indiana won for itself increased renown on Saturday east of the Brotherton's and

added to its laurels on Sunday in the Kelley field, while for his gallantry, the Colonel of the regiment, William Grose, then commanding the brigade, had placed on his shoulders the star of a Brigadier.

The Thirty-seventh at the tanyard and thence under orders moved to the right, did their work faithfully and well.

The Thirty-eighth near the extreme left of the line was one of the first of that portion of the army to receive the shock of the opening of the battle on Saturday morning, and just to the right of the regular brigade east of the Kelley field held its line unbroken during every charge that was made upon it on Sunday. In the hottest of the battle on Saturday and Sunday the brigade of which this regiment formed a part, was commanded by Colonel Benjamin F. Scribner of this regiment.

The Forty-second and Twenty-eighth regiments on Sunday at the McDaniel's House, that being the extreme left of the Union lines, received the full force of the assault that was made on General John Beatty's brigade, and suffered heavily in loss of officers and men in the hopeless attempt to hold their position against the overwhelming numbers that were hurled against them. The right wing of the Eighty-eighth from McDaniel's on Sunday afternoon went to Snodgrass Hill and took active part in the closing hours of the battle.

Of the regiments and batteries that did effective service on the Union right at the Viniard farm on Saturday, none fought more heroically than did the Fifty-eighth and Eighty-first Indiana and the Eighth Indiana Battery. Twice on that afternoon were they forced from the field, and twice did they rally with their brigade and again take and hold the ground. In the second assault on them a portion of the guns of the

Eighth Indiana Battery were lost, and these regiments in the second charge to retake the ground, recaptured the guns from the enemy and turned them once more against the foe. Again on Sunday we find these troops with Harker breaking the oncoming assaults of Longstreet's troops, flushed with success as they swept up and across the Dyer field and broke themselves on the Union lines at Harker's Hill, and were engulfed in the waves of death from the guns of the men who stood on that ridge that Sunday noon. With Harker, also in addition to these last named on Sunday, were the Ninth, the Forty-fourth and the Eighty-sixth Indiana, each taking their part of the fearful storm of battle.

Returning once more to the right center of the battle on Saturday in the Brotherton wood east of the Lafayette road, the Seventy-ninth Indiana bore its full measure of the shock from the storming lines, and bravely did they do their work. A battery on their front was breaking the lines of the regiment and brigade, and in a magnificent charge this regiment captured the battery and brought it off the field. It is believed that this battery captured by the Seventy-ninth Indiana is the only Confederate battery that was captured and held by our army during the battle of Chickamauga.

The second division of the Fourteenth Army Corps, General George H. Thomas' corps, was commanded by an Indiana soldier, Major-General Joseph J. Reynolds.

The Sixty-eighth, the Seventy-fifth, the One Hundred and First regiments and the Nineteenth Battery of Indiana, with one Ohio regiment, formed the second brigade. The brigade was commanded by Colonel Edward A. King of the Sixty-eighth Indiana. Those who shall in the future visit this battle-field may read the story of the bravery and fighting of these men of

Indiana on the monuments that mark the spot where they stood from the woods in front of the Brotherton House northward across the seething, withering and deadly battle lines of Saturday and Sunday on the Poe field, and in the lines on the south of the Kelley field, where the ever faithful and heroic Colonel King sealed his devotion to the nation and the nation's flag with his blood and life.

Of the Eighty-seventh Indiana it can truthfully be said that it belonged to a fighting brigade, and that in all of VanDerveer's brigade there was no regiment that performed its whole duty more thoroughly than did this regiment on Saturday and Sunday from near Reed's bridge to the closing scenes on Snodgrass Hill.

Of our Indiana batteries, we have already spoken of the splendid service of the Fifth, the Seventh, the Eighth, the Eighteenth and the Nineteenth. The Fourth Indiana battery on Saturday, the 19th of September, was near that portion of the line where the battle opened, northeast of the Reid field, and remained in action and the thickest of the fight during that day. On Sunday with Starkweather's brigade, to which it was attached, it was actively engaged on the line around the north and east corner of the Kelley field, and aided materially in the breaking of Breckenridge's charging lines, while it never changed its position until the close of the battle.

The Eleventh battery on Sunday, September 20, was with the brigade of the heroic soldier and patriot, Brigadier-General Wm. H. Lytle, who fell near the Widow Glenn's, and the spot where he was killed is now named in his honor, Lytle Hill. The Twenty-first battery, while it distinguished itself for gallant service on the 19th, far surpassed its record on Sunday on the south line of the Kelley field.

No artillery on the battle-field of Chickamauga did any better service than did the batteries of Indiana. They were heroic, they were active and efficient; some of these batteries fired over 1,200 rounds during the battle. The three cavalry regiments of Indiana performed their full share of duty that was assigned to them in the scouting and guarding of our flanks before the opening of the battle, and in the guarding and escorting of our supply trains during the battle. In the discharge of this duty they had some fighting, but harder than the fighting was the constant watchfulness and wakefulness that left no time for rest or sleep. The cavalry service at that time, in many respects, was the hardest of all services, but perhaps with less casualties attending it.

There were others of the Indiana infantry regiments engaged at Chickamauga that have not yet been named, and while others of the regiments from Indiana no doubt did as hard fighting, and a number of them lost more men, yet the peculiar positions in which these regiments were placed in the closing hours of the battle of Chickamauga bring them into more prominence than many others.

The entire force of the Confederate assaults under the direction of General Longstreet was centered on a very narrow field from noon on Sunday until nightfall, when that magnificent body of troops that had come over from Virginia found itself baffled at every point, and it fell back from its final charge on Snodgrass Hill with its lines broken and shattered, and the spirit and vigor of the men broken as well.

How came the Union line to be established at Snodgrass Hill? Colonel Morton C. Hunter with his Eighty-second Indiana regiment had been heavily engaged on Sunday northeast of the Brotherton house and just north of the Dyer road leading west from

Brotherton's. When the break came in the Union lines on Sunday, after a severe charge and struggle in which his regiment lost nearly a hundred men, Colonel Hunter with his regiment was borne back by the weight of numbers until he had reached the east end of the Snodgrass Hill and there he reformed his line determined to hold the line there at all hazards. This was the first organized body of troops to take position on Snodgrass Hill, and the establishing of that line proved to be the salvation of the right of the Union line and the credit is due to Colonel Morton C. Hunter and the Eighty-second Indiana. From the Eighty-second Indiana on Snodgrass Hill our lines were built on westward until they had climbed across the summit of the hill and rested on the other side. In this line, as it was formed and remained until the close of the battle, was the Eighty-seventh Indiana, and with this were also portions of other Indiana regiments that had been separated from their commands and had rallied here when the battle was raging the hottest against this line, against which, with all the force of the lightning's stroke, was hurled the combined forces of Longstreet. The first assault was met and broken, and again and again new troops were put into the charge, and again were they driven back, leaving the hillside strewn with the wounded, the dying and the dead. But by force of superior numbers the enemy's line was extended beyond the right of our line, and again prepared for another charge more desperate and determined than all that preceded, intending to enfold our lines in his extended left. But just at the moment when it did seem as if all would be lost, unless help should come, General Gordon Granger, without orders, but marching to the sound of the contest, reported to Thomas, then in command, and was directed to form on the extreme right of the Union line. The

line is quickly extended, but none too soon, for new troops have been added to those of General Bushrod R. Johnson, and the charge once more begun, but this charge is met by a counter charge by Granger's fresh troops, and the enemy is hurled back from the sides of the hill, and yet further back, until he has lost the position which he held before starting on this charge; with the troops of Granger that so signally routed the enemy was the Eighty-fourth Indiana. So thorough and complete was the overthrow of the enemy in this charge that it proved to be the last charge made with any spirit or show of force in the battle of Chickamauga. The last volley that was fired on Snodgrass Hill was, as is believed, by the Ninth Indiana after dark on a demand by some Confederate officer to them to surrender. The volley was the response to the demand, and after this volley the firing closed.

We have answer the question, "what of Indiana at Chickamauga?" It is no disparagement of the troops of other States from which came the Union army, to say that the troops of Indiana did their full share of duty at Chickamauga, and that the gallantry of her sons was not surpassed by that of any other State there represented, regardless of whether the troops were from the north or the south, Union or Confederate.

Indiana with her Seventeenth and Seventy-second Regiments and Eighteenth Battery was the first to meet and oppose the crossing of Bragg's army over the Chickamauga on September 18, 1863; Indiana troops, the Tenth and Seventy-fourth Indiana, were the first troops of Rosecrans to receive the opening shock of the battle on the morning of September 19. The Eighty-second Indiana was the first organized body of troops on Snodgrass Hill; the Ninth Indiana fired the last volley of the battle, and the Indiana troops were the last to leave the battle-field of Chickamauga, after

the storm which had raged for almost three days with its harvest of death, had worn and spent itself at the Kelley field on the Union left against Harker's Hill, and at Snodgrass Hill on the right.

Indiana's roll of honor was written on the field of Chickamauga, at Reed's Bridge, at Alexander's Bridge, at Viniard's, at Brotherton's, at Poe's, at Kelley's, at McDaniel's, in the Brock field, at Harker's Hill, on Snodgrass Hill, *everywhere on* Chickamauga, where the battle raged the fiercest and the storm was the most deadly. By Chickamauga's muddy waters, in the glades, under the pines, in the open fields, on the highlands and around the fire begirt hills, over three thousand of Indiana's sons gave their blood and lives in the defense of the Flag and for the preservation of the Republic. Eleven States and the regular army of the United States were represented in the Union army in the battle of Chickamauga, and one-fifth of the loss in killed and wounded in that battle were from Indiana's regiments and batteries. The reports on file at the War Department show that during the war of the rebellion, from the opening in April, 1861, to the close of the war in 1865, Indiana lost 24,000 men. If this be true, as it doubtless is, then Indiana lost at Chickamauga, from noon on September 18, to the going down of the sun on Snodgrass Hill on Sunday, September 20, one-eighth of Indiana's loss during the entire war. What a magnificent record this is for the gallantry of the Indiana troops. Their work was well done. They won for Indiana an honorable, a glorious name and place for bravery in the galaxy of the States, and the men of Indiana for all time to come may point with pride to the gallantry and bravery of the Indiana troops at Chickamauga.

This battle-field of Chickamauga has been consecrated by the blood and lives of our comrades from Indiana, from Ohio, from Illinois, from Kansas, from

Kentucky, from Michigan, from Minnesota, from Pennsylvania, from Tennessee, from Wisconsin, from Missouri and from the Regular Army of the United States, and none the less by the brave men who stood on the other side is it held hallowed and sacred this day. The storm that raged here, over the very ground on which you now stand, has sunk to rest, and we here remember the living and the dead. The storm of passion has been lulled to rest and he is the best surviving soldier of Chickamauga to-day who can bury all bitterness of heart, and looking upon the monuments which we this day dedicate, see in them the great throbbing, peaceful and glad heart of a nation that remembers her defenders and appreciates the bravery of the American soldier wherever found. To the nation that our heroes fought to save, we dedicate these monuments in these days of peace, recognizing the fact that the cause for which these soldiers fought must endure forever. We believe that this nation has come out from the bitterness and hate engendered by sectional strife, into the full clear light of peace, founded and established upon the great truth of universal freedom and equal rights to all. There are but two classes of soldiers whom we remember in these ceremonies this day, the *dead* and the *living*, and the living soldier is dead indeed who has not buried all bitterness and hate in the grave of the past. They who died on this field, or because of this field, we reverence and love, and here dedicate these monuments, to mark the place from whence they passed out from the storm into eternal peace. The living soldier, we remember this day, is he who having survived the dangers and hardships of camp and field can stand by *any* monument that may be raised on this consecrated ground, and with head bared, and with shoe loosed from off the foot, can pray Almighty God for peace for our beloved land.

CASUALTIES OF INDIANA TROOPS AT CHICKAMAUGA.

REGIMENTS.	OFFICERS.			ENLISTED MEN.			TOTAL.
	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.	
6th.....	2	6	..	11	110	31	160
9th.....	2	8	1	11	83	21	126
10th.....	2	6	1	22	130	5	166
17th.....	..	2	..	4	8	2	16
*22d.....
29th.....	2	5	7	9	87	62	172
30th.....	2	5	4	8	50	57	126
31st.....	1	2	..	4	59	17	83
32d.....	1	4	..	20	77	20	122
35th.....	..	3	2	5	20	35	65
36th.....	..	10	..	13	89	17	129
37th.....	7	2	9
38th.....	1	3	..	12	54	39	109
39th.....	..	3	..	5	32	..	40
42d.....	1	3	..	3	49	50	106
44th.....	1	9	..	12	52	10	84
58th.....	2	5	3	14	114	31	169
68th.....	2	5	1	15	103	11	137
72d.....	1	10	23	2	36
74th.....	2	11	1	20	114	10	158
75th.....	..	4	2	17	104	11	138
79th.....	..	2	1	6	42	9	60
81st.....	..	4	2	14	56	21	97
82d.....	1	1	2	19	67	21	111
84th.....	3	6	..	20	91	13	133
86th.....	2	5	..	11	28	21	67
87th.....	7	4	..	33	138	8	190
88th.....	..	4	2	3	29	14	52
101st.....	..	5	1	11	85	17	119
CAVALRY.							
2d.....	1	14	..	15
3d (1st Battalion)	3	3
4th.....	12	7	19
ARTILLERY (BATTERIES).							
4th.....	1	1	14	4	20
5th.....	..	1	..	1	6	1	9
7th.....	1	..	8	..	9
8th.....	1	9	7	17
11th.....	1	3	11	4	19
18th.....	1	2	..	3
19th.....	1	2	15	2	20
21st.....	12	..	12
Total.....	3,126

*Guarding supply train.

THE SEVENTH REGIMENT.

BY ASSISTANT-SURGEON G. W. H. KEMPER.

After the lapse of a period of one-third of a century, the mind of the veteran will almost unconsciously revert to the scenes and incidents of the war. As our first impressions are usually the most lasting, so the earlier war history stamped its lessons more firmly upon our memories. We saw greater tragedies as time and the war progressed, but we had become in a manner accustomed to them, and their magnitude did not impress us so strongly as did the new scenes we met with in our early soldier life.

On the 12th of April, 1861, Fort Sumter was attacked, and surrendered two days later. On the 15th, President Lincoln issued his first call for 75,000 volunteers to aid in putting down the rebellion. Indiana was asked to furnish 6,000 men as her quota of the number. With such alacrity did her sons respond to the call of Governor Morton, issued immediately after the President's call, that in less than one week the number of volunteers had been raised and organized into companies with a rendezvous at Camp Morton.



GENERAL W. H. KEMPER was born December 16, 1839, in Rush County, Indiana. He received a common school education, and worked for nearly three years in the printing business while residing in Iowa, 1857-59. Commenced the study of medicine, January, 1861, at Greensburg, Ind. April 18, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company B, Seventh Regiment, Indiana Volunteers, and served under Generals McClellan and Morris, in West Virginia, at the battles of Philippi, Bealmgron and Corrick's Ford. In September, 1861, he re-enlisted and was appointed Hospital Steward, Seventeenth Indiana Infantry; was promoted to Assistant-Surgeon, which office he held until the expiration of his

With these general statements by way of introduction, I shall proceed to narrate a portion of history that came under my own observation as a private soldier in Company B, Seventh Indiana Volunteers, in the three months' service. For the main facts in my statement I shall rely upon my army diary.

Only those who witnessed the exciting scenes enacted over the entire country upon the fall of Fort Sumter can realize the real feeling that was manifested by the masses. At that time I was a medical student in the little city of Greensburg, Indiana. There, as elsewhere, the excitement ran high. Groups of persons were constantly seen upon the streets discussing the events connected with the bombardment and fall of Sumter. Fistic encounters were incited upon the least expression of sympathy with the South. On the same day that Lincoln issued his proclamation a paper for enlistment was prepared, the fife and drum called into requisition, and young men were urged to volunteer. Twenty-five names were enrolled on the first day. Stirring appeals were made from day to day until men neglected common duties and turned aside from business cares to read the news and watch the progress of enlistment.

Early in the morning of the 18th I enlisted, my name being the forty-seventh. This was the first company raised in Decatur county, and afterwards became Company B, of the Seventh Indiana Volunteers. This company was soon full and a second was raised and

term of service. He served with his regiment at Hood's Gap, Tenn., Chattanooga, Ringgold, Rock Springs, Ga., Chickamauga, Siege of Knoxville; was at Kennesaw Mountain and Atlanta, and participated in other battles and skirmishes throughout Tennessee and Georgia. At the expiration of his enlistment he attended medical lectures at the University of Michigan, 1864-65, and in the spring of 1865, at Long Island College Hospital, from the latter of which he was graduated. He also took a post-graduate course of instruction at the New York Polyclinic in 1886. Dr. Kemper has practiced medicine in Muncie, Ind., since August, 1865. He is a member of various medical societies and associations and has contributed largely to numerous medical journals and periodicals.

this became Company F, of the same regiment. James Morgan was chosen Captain of Company B. At the time he was over sixty years of age, but wiry and active. He was a patriot, and as brave a man as ever unsheathed a sword. I can see him yet, with his long whitened locks, and always at the head of his company whether we were drilling, marching or facing the enemy. He was an ideal soldier. He respected his men, was firm and true to every duty, and was ready to die for his convictions. J. V. Bemusdaffer was chosen Captain of Company F. He had been in the Mexican war, was a Democrat and had filled the office of sheriff of Decatur county; but politics never for a moment caused him to swerve from the path of duty and service to his country.

On Monday, April 22, both companies left Greensburg for Indianapolis. These companies were composed of well-known citizens of Decatur County— young men who represented the best families, and being the first to leave home, the separation was more trying. As we marched from the courthouse to the depot our departure was most affecting, and we could scarcely make our way through the crowd that thronged us upon every side. Amid hand-shaking, kisses, embraces and tears we boarded the train and waved a farewell to aching hearts behind us.

God alone can compute the heartaches and grief of those who remained behind, and bade their loved ones farewell as they went out to battle for the preservation of the Union. Wives gave up their husbands, mothers parted with their sons, sisters wrung their hands in anguish as they spoke the farewell to brothers, and sweethearts wept as they looked into the faces of those who must leave them—possibly never to return. One scene will never fade from my recollection. It was a mother's parting blessing, with words

which need not be repeated here—words which, like the pillar of fire and of the cloud, never forsook me. Her last look as I saw her at the little gate will remain vivid until I see her again beside that pearly gate in a brighter clime.

Reaching Indianapolis, we were marched to the State House, sworn into the service of the United States, and then marched out to Camp Morton. This was our first day in a military camp. At night we laid down upon a couch of straw in a stall prepared for animals. I had never before passed a night in such humble quarters. Alas, little did I then dream that not for three months only, but for three long years many of us would often be deprived of the comfort of even straw, and would gladly lay our weary bodies down upon the bare earth, with nothing above us but the canopy of heaven.

The remainder of April was spent in camp, with its usual duties of drilling and policing quarters. On May 1, our company marched into the city and received its guns. With nine other companies we were formed into the Seventh Regiment of Indiana Volunteers. Ebenezer Dumont was made the Colonel, B. F. Spooner Lieutenant Colonel, S. P. Oyler Major, and James Gavin Adjutant. It is said that Colonel Dumont had the choice of regiments from Indiana, and selected the Seventh for luck.

From this time we began to engage in regimental as well as company drills. On the afternoon of May 8, at dress parade, we were presented with a fine silk flag from the ladies of Aurora, the presentation speech being made by Hon. Albert G. Porter. On May 9, our regiment moved its quarters to what was then known as the old Bellefontaine car shop. In that locality we had ample room for company and regimental drills. One house only, a brick, then stood near where the

Massachusetts Avenue depot now stands, and so, in that locality, now thickly populated, the Seventh Regiment has hallowed every inch of ground. Our camp regulations now became stricter, conforming more nearly to actual soldier life. On May 14, we began to receive our camp equipage. On the 19th we received our uniform—pantaloons and round-about of a grayish color. I believe these suits were only furnished to the three-months men. Later, the regulation blue was issued to all regiments in common. We received our hats on the 23d, a grayish color, with tall crowns.

On May 24, the five regiments present were reviewed by Gen. George B. McClellan. Governors Morton, Dennison and Yates were present. Several thousand persons were present to witness this grand review. On the 27th we pitched our tents for the first time, and moved into them on the following day. And thus began our real tent life. The tents were the common "A" pattern, and afforded shelter for six persons, the number commonly found in a mess.

At 9 o'clock on the morning of May 29, we received orders to cook rations for forty-eight hours; also to strike tents. At noon everything was in readiness for transportation, and during the afternoon we carried our tents and baggage aboard the cars, and at 7 p. m. we were on the cars and moving eastward. The following day, May 30, we passed through Piqua, Urbana and Columbus, reaching the latter place at noon, and remained there until 2 p. m., when we departed on the Ohio Central railroad. We reached Zanesville late in the afternoon, and at the depot we met several thousand persons who had assembled to welcome and feed us. I am sure that no member of the Seventh who partook of that luncheon will ever forget the hospitality of the loyal ladies of Zanesville. On we sped, and reached Bellaire at 11 p. m., where we left the train

and were marched to the barracks, where we passed the remainder of the night. At 2 p. m. of the 31st we crossed the Ohio river and were quartered in the Benwood depot, where we remained over night.

Early on the morning of June 1st we unloaded our camp equipage from the ferry boat and placed it aboard the cars. At 9 a. m. we left on the Baltimore & Ohio railroad for some point in the interior. Frequently we were met at the stations by large crowds of people. At Moundsville and Cameron we were bountifully supplied with provisions by the ladies and citizens. As our train passed farm houses we were hailed by the occupants and cheered with the waving of hats and handkerchiefs. We were agreeably surprised at the evidences we saw and heard of the loyalty of the inhabitants. We arrived at Grafton at sunset. Here, for the first time, we saw several rebel prisoners. We did not get off the train at Grafton, but were taken back one and a half miles, where we got off, unloaded our baggage and pitched our tents.

On the morning of June 2, Sunday, we policed our quarters and soon had them in good order. The Ninth Indiana and the First Virginia, which had camped near us, left early in the morning. At 9 o'clock we received orders to cook two days' rations. At 6 p. m. eight companies of our regiment got aboard a train and proceeded to Webster, a station four miles from Grafton, where we left the railroad. Here we met the Sixth Indiana and a part of each of the Fourteenth and Sixteenth Ohio Regiments; also two pieces of Barnett's First Ohio Light Artillery—smooth-bore six pounders. This force left at 11 p. m., under command of Colonel Dumont, with his regiment in advance. The night was very dark, and a drenching rain fell without the least intermission, and to add to our discomfort, the road was rendered muddy and slip-

pery. The way was also hilly and stony. Talking, except in an undertone, was prohibited. Several halts for rest were made, and each time Colonel Dumont improved the opportunity to pass along his regiment, speaking to each company words of cheer and promise of certain victory. Thus, for twelve long, weary miles we walked and walked, until at 5 a. m. of the 3d, we came in sight of Philippi.

The scene we witnessed was an exciting one. The rebels were scampering along the streets in great disorder and confusion. The two pieces of artillery were hurried to the front and planted on the brow of a hill—Talbot's—which overlooks the town, and began to fire rapidly upon the retreating enemy. The battery was supported by Company A. of the Seventh Regiment.

In the three months' service the ten companies were placed in line in the regiment, in alphabetical order, and not according to the regulations. This order of arrangement left Company B. in the advance when Company A. remained with the artillery, and thus Company B. was the first body of men to enter Philippi. Being a member of that company, I had an excellent view of various passing events. The road leading from the hill down into the town is about half a mile in length, and somewhat circuitous. Down this road we went on a double-quick. The rebels were in plain view, and almost trampling each other in their efforts to escape. Each report of our artillery seemed to increase their speed. Colonel Lander, who had remained on top of the hill with the artillery, could stand it no longer, and putting spurs to his horse, he did not wait to follow along the winding road, now filled with troops, but dashed, with his peculiar impetuosity, down the steep declivity of the hill toward the town. As a feat of horsemanship, I presume this ride of Colonel Lan-

der has never been surpassed. An illustration with an account of it was shortly afterwards given in *Leslie's Illustrated Weekly*.

At the foot of the hill flows the Tygart's Valley river, which was spanned by a covered bridge. Through this we passed into the town. The street extending from the south side of the bridge angles slightly for one hundred yards, and then extends directly south. This is the main street of the town, and leads to Beverly. Its entire length could be swept by the two pieces of artillery on the hill.

As I have already stated, Company B. of the Seventh Indiana was the first Union troop to pass along the street in pursuit of the enemy. Colonel Dumont was at the head of the regiment. The First Virginia Regiment, under command of Colonel Kelly, was coming in from the north on a street that intersects the main street between the courthouse and the Capito Hotel. Soon after the head of our column passed the Capito Hotel Colonel Kelly left his regiment, which was about one hundred yards behind us, and rode rapidly to the advance of our regiment, which was now engaging the rear of the fleeing rebels. He had his sword in his hand and was striking at a large man who was on foot in the middle of the street. This man turned and shot Colonel Kelly, who instantly fell from his horse, and was carried by members of Company B. and laid upon a porch near by. The man who shot him was Simms, a rebel quartermaster.

We continued in pursuit of the retreating enemy for a mile or more beyond the town, and picked up a number of prisoners, wagons and some baggage. We had no cavalry to pursue, and having marched all night, were weary, while the enemy were fresh, and, consequently more fleet of foot. The Ninth Indiana was to have intercepted the retreat on the Beverly

road, but the long march it was compelled to make was made more laborious by the drenching rain of the night, and consequently, it failed to arrive at the point designed until after the enemy had passed. The regiment came over the brow of a hill a short distance beyond the town while we were passing in the pursuit.

So ended the Battle of Philippi, since famous as the first engagement of the war. The Union force comprised about 2,500 troops, and the rebel force about half that number. The casualties were trifling. On the Union side no one was killed, and Colonel Kelly was the only one wounded. He recovered in due time, and afterwards was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General. One or two of the rebels were wounded. A man by the name of James E. Hanger had one foot shot off by a cannon ball. His leg was amputated by Surgeon New, of the Seventh Regiment. Hanger made a good recovery, and I learn is located in Washington City, and is a successful manufacturer of artificial limbs.

At the time, this affair was heralded over the country as a great Union victory, and while, after the lapse of thirty-six years, we look back at it as an insignificant victory, nevertheless, it did have a wonderful influence in encouraging the Union men of the western part of Virginia, and helped to save them from being harassed by their enemies.

We remained at Philippi for one month and three days. It was a good school for new soldiers. We had time for drilling, learned practical work in picket duty, and really felt that we were in some sense veterans. Quite early we developed the art of camp rumors and grape-vine telegrams. The "intelligent contra-band" was unknown at that early date, but the imaginative mind of the soldier was ever active. There

were days when we were all joy and sunshine, as when our ever welcome mail brought us tidings from home and loved ones; and then clouds of doubt and despondency would arise, until we would "hear of wars and rumors of wars." The acts of the administration were discussed with all the ardor of a cabinet meeting, and we felt as fully competent to pass judgment upon all proposed military operations as did the ordinary newspaper correspondent.

We learned to cook, and made wonderful proficiency in discovering new dishes that could be evolved from "hard tack." With some degree of accuracy we could tell how many spoonfuls of rice could be safely boiled in a quart can. On rare occasions, after returning from picket duty, we served chicken and even indulged in dessert after dinner. We became expert laundrymen, and after some time a smoothing iron mysteriously appeared in our mess, and our shirts thereafter were neatly ironed.

We had several "false alarms:" I remember one very well. It was the night of June 14, and near midnight. I was guarding at headquarters—then in the courthouse. An alert picket, stationed a short distance from town, had fired at an ox which refused to be halted, and this aroused our camp. The "long roll" was sounded, and Colonel Dumont came out into the yard, looked around and listened for a while, and then remarked in his characteristic drawling tone, that he believed it was a "false alarm." And so it proved to be, and soon the camp became quiet.

The night of July 3, I was on picket, with others, about two miles from town, on the Webster road. It was rumored that the enemy had sent us word that they would eat dinner at Philippi on the 4th, and this made us all the more alert. Shortly after midnight a breeze started up, and soon we could

hear a sound as that of horses fording a stream. We heard company after company ford that stream, until we were satisfied that the force was a large one. We scarcely dared to whisper, but agreed that when they came to our post we would fire upon them, flee into the woods and make our way back to camp. We stood and waited and watched the remainder of the night. They never came. After daylight we found that the sound we heard came from the falling water over a mill dam. The sound was carried by the wind, but ceased with the calm. And so we learned anew the lesson that often the hardest trials of life to bear are those which exist only in the imagination, and not in reality.

It was at Philippi where I made the acquaintance of an army companion—“*pediculus vestimenti*”—which in after months often forced its acquaintance upon me. One day in passing along one of the streets of Philippi I saw a soldier sitting upon the ground, seemingly making a careful inspection of one of his stockings. I became sufficiently interested myself in his investigations to halt a moment and watch him. He was picking off the garment some small insects that were crawling upon it. I looked and walked away, but the remainder of that day I felt a wonderful propensity to scratch. This was my first sight of this army pest, which appeared early in the war, lingered faithfully with the boys, until the last shot was fired at Appomattox, and then insisted on accompanying many of them to their peaceful homes.

On June 15 we moved our quarters from town back upon the hills, half a mile distant. On the 29th General Morris moved his headquarters from Grafton to our camp. At sunrise, July 4, thirty-four guns were fired in honor of the Union. All the flags were flying, and in the afternoon the Declaration of Independence was read and an oration was delivered.

On July 6, we received an order to cook one day's rations. At 9 p.m. an order came from Gen. McClellan, directing us to march. We left camp for Laurel Hill, at one o'clock Sunday morning. July 7, several other regiments moved at the same time. At 8 a. m. we were within two miles of the enemy, and the remainder of the day was spent in skirmishing. On the 8th, skirmishing continued. On this day one of the Union soldiers was killed; one was killed on the 9th, and another on the 10th. On the 11th things were pretty quiet. At night I stood picket near the enemy's line, and could distinctly see their camp fires.

On the morning of the 12th it was discovered that the enemy had evacuated Laurel Hill and retreated toward Beverly. Immediately the Seventh and Ninth Indiana Regiments started in pursuit and made a forced march of nine miles. We bivouacked at night and were joined by the Fourteenth Ohio. At 3 a. m. of the 13th we were in line and began the pursuit. About 9 a. m. it began to rain and continued all day; this, in connection with the fact that the entire force of the rebels had preceded us, made the road almost impassable. We marched in mud which reached to the tops of our shoes, and five or six times, waded Cheat river, a wild mountain stream, rapid, and deep enough to reach to our hips; and to further add to our discomfort the rain had thoroughly soaked our clothing. All along the road we encountered wagons, baggage, camp equipage and arms thrown aside by the enemy. We overtook them at Carrick's Ford, on Cheat river. Here we had quite a brisk engagement with the enemy, the Seventh Indiana being in the advance. At this place the ford of the river was pretty well filled up with wagons, which had been abandoned by their drivers and guards. We forded the stream, and soon had scaled the steep bluff on the opposite side. Here the

rebels made their last stand, under the command of General R. S. Garnett, who fell mortally wounded, dying a few moments afterwards. His faithful orderly also fell at his side. On the death of their leader, the enemy fled in wild disorder.

General Garnett was killed by a member of the Seventh. Captain John H. Ferry claimed that he was killed by Sergeant Frank Burlingame, of his company. I believe the same claim was made by Captain Cheek, for Sergeant M. C. Howard. Colonel Dumont, in his official report of the battle of Corrick's Ford, after mentioning by name his staff and line officers, says: "I regret that I cannot name every non-commissioned officer and man of my command, for never did men, without exception, conduct themselves in battle or fight more bravely. Feeble are the praises which I can bestow, compared with their merit (though they emanate from a grateful heart), but the plaudits of a grateful country will be theirs. Theirs has been much of the toil, privation and danger; theirs will be much of the glory and honor." On the day of this battle, July 13, we marched twenty miles through mud and rain, and slept at night upon the bare ground, drying our clothes by the warmth of our bodies. We bivouacked half a mile from the ford. Had fresh beef, without salt, and a few crackers for our evening meal.

On the 14th we marched to St. George, eight miles, and went into camp. On the 15th we resumed march, over mountains and hills, through valleys and fields, and waded Cheat river five times. The road was muddy and very broken. On the march a soldier in the Fourteenth Ohio stumbled and accidentally discharged his gun. The ball entered the body of a Lieutenant in his company, and he expired a few moments afterwards. The lamentations of the poor fellow who discharged the gun were pitiful. We halted for din-

ner, partaking of a meal of fresh beef without salt, and no bread. After dinner we continued the march, and reached our old camp at Laurel Hill at 9 p. m., having marched over thirty miles. We were a tired and hungry lot of boys. We had marched about seventy miles in the past four days, and in a manner, fasted the entire time. When we reached our camp we found our friends had prepared a good supper for us. I remember very well the coffee, ham and other good things the Rev. David Monfort had prepared for Company B. and F. I felt after finishing the meal, that like Elijah, I could go forth in the strength of it for forty days and forty nights.

We remained here the 16th, 17th, 18th and 19th. On the afternoon of the latter day we received orders to prepare to march homeward the following day. On the 20th, at 2 a. m., we started on the march for Philippi. The road was slippery and the walking laborious. We passed through Philippi and camped two miles beyond, on the Webster road. On the 21st, at 2 p. m., we started for Webster, ten miles distant, and arrived there at dark. We began to load our baggage upon the train at 11 p. m. Left Webster at 3 a. m., for Benwood, where we arrived at 2 p. m., and soon afterwards crossed the Ohio river to Bellaire, where we bivouacked for the night. On the morning of the 23d, at 5 a. m., we left on the Central railroad for Columbus, reaching that city at 4 p. m. Here we got supper, and left on the little Miami railroad for Cincinnati, arriving there shortly after midnight. On the 24th, at 2 p. m., we marched to the Indianapolis & Cincinnati depot, and at 4 a. m. left for Indianapolis. We arrived at that city at 1 p. m., and marched to the Market House, where a splendid dinner was served us by the ladies. We then marched out to the commons near the old Fair Grounds and pitched our tents. Here we

remained during the 25th. On the 26th we were furloughed home. We returned to Indianapolis on the 30th, and remained until Friday, August 2, when we were discharged. We were paid off August 3, and left for our homes the same day.

Of the one thousand men who composed the Seventh Regiment in the three months' service a large number re-enlisted in the new organization for three years. Many entered the service in other regiments already in the field, or other regiments at a later date. A very small number never entered the service again. The glory won by the regiment in the beginning never departed. Its ranks were thinned, and its members were left on nearly every battlefield on which the Army of the Potomac took part. A majority are camping on the other side.

“ Beat the taps, put out lights, and silence all sound,
There is rifle-pit strength in the grave,
They sleep well who sleep, be they crowned or uncrowned,
And death will be kind to the brave.”

TWO SEPTEMBER DAYS.

BY MAJOR JAMES S. OSTRANDER.

The battle summer of 1863 opens with the armies of the Republic either front to front with the foe, or within near striking distance and aggressive.

The year of '62 has dealt defeat and victory with even hand and left the gates of Janus as wide as when dashed in the face of the Nation on that April morning in '61. Another year's history must be written in letters of blood across the continent, and with bated breath the land hangs trembling on the hour.

In the west, Grant has made that wonderful campaign around Vicksburg; pushed Johnston, reeling and bleeding, through the capital of Mississippi; then turning on Pemberton, beaten him back to his defenses; environed his prey with a cordon of fire, and now waits patiently for the end. Vicksburg is doomed!

In Middle Tennessee Rosecrans, in the last days of '62, won the dearly bought victory of Stone River, and now, after five months of inaction, with recruited ranks and complete equipment, lies in and



JAMES S. OSTRANDER was born at Saratoga Springs, N. Y., in 1838. While a boy he attended the military school in Castleton, Vt. His father moving to Ohio, he entered Wittenburg College, Springfield, Ohio, leaving in 1858 to engage in civil engineering with his father. He was engaged in that business in Missouri when the war broke out. He returned to Ohio early in May, 1861, and enlisted in the Second Ohio Volunteers for three months, serving in Virginia and participating in the first battle of Bull Run. In August, 1861, he enlisted in the 18th U. S. Infantry; in February, 1862, he was appointed Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant, October,

about Murfreesboro ready to advance. Thirty miles away, at Tullahoma, Bragg watches and waits his old foe.

Eastward, again Burnside drives his column through the defiles of the Cumberland mountains, on Knoxville, and with East Tennessee redeemed, is to unite with Rosecrans at Chattanooga and then on and on—to Atlanta, possibly; but none yet dream of “the march to the sea.”

Still eastward, and on the banks of the Rappahannock, lies the Army of the Potomac, dripping with the blood of Chancellorsville;—a battle with a secret history, perhaps never to be written this side of eternity. That battle should have done what Appomattox did; it should have destroyed the Army of Northern Virginia and dictated peace at the gates of Richmond; instead of all this glory, from the Valley of Humiliation the shattered Army of the Potomac brought only barren honor. Sedgewick is dead and Hooker has carried his restless spirit to another world. Did the unraveling of the tangled thread die with them?

On the 15th of June, Grant waits. Rosecrans shakes his sword free in its scabbard. Burnside swoops to his quarry. Hooker covers Washington, and pressed by the finger of fate, Lee marches to Gettysburg.

With this glance at the battle front, let us turn to Tennessee and the Army of the Cumberland, whose fortunes we follow.

In plain capital trace the letter “L,” its perpendicular lying nearly north and south. The outline of the letter embraces the position of the two armies disput-

1863, Brevet-Major U. S. A., September 30, 1864. He participated in the battle of Chickamauga with the brigade of regulars, in the assault of the 14th A. C. on Missionary Ridge, and was with that corps in the Atlanta Campaign, being wounded before Atlanta, August 7, 1864. He resigned October 30, 1864. For a time after the war he was engaged in coal mining in Vincennes. Poor health compelled him to leave Vincennes and go to Dayton, where he was engaged in the manufac-

ing possession of Middle Tennessee and the strategic points of the summer campaign. The top of the "L," to the north, is Murfreesboro. Rosecrans is there. One-third of the way down the stem is Tullahoma, where Bragg lies entrenched. Near the angle is Stephenson, where the railroad from Nashville, winding in and out through the Cumberland hills, down the perpendicular line, first touches the Tennessee river and Bridgeport, where it crosses to the south bank on its way to Chattanooga. The base line of the "L" is a section of the river, midway of which Sand and Raccoon mountains, coming up in solid front from the south, break into foot hills, through whose valleys the railroad struggles torturously eastward. Further east, Lookout Mountain, rising to the height of half a mile, dips its rocky base in the river, and turning the channel sharply northward around its foot, mirrors its palisaded front in the rushing waters, and day in and day out, forever sweeps its rugged shadow from west to east across the arc of the Tennessee—a mighty dial, that on historic ground has told the hours of mighty days. Close beyond Lookout, at the point of the "L," lies the straggling hamlet of Chattanooga ("Eagle's Nest" of the Cherokees), gateway through the mountains to the plains of Georgia, at the mouth of a narrow valley that heads in McLemore's Cove, south along the base of Lookout, twenty miles away. Across the valley is Missionary Ridge, heading in McLemore's Cove and trending northeastward, dipping to the valley at Rossville, four miles south of Chattanooga, and rising, again pursuing its general course to the river,

ture of paper, which he continued in Philadelphia and Richmond, Ind., until 1887, when broken health compelled him to retire from the business. Since that time he has been engaged in the insurance business. He was elected Mayor of Richmond in 1894. Mayor Ostrander enjoys the reputation of being one of the most finished and attractive orators in the Commandery, and, indeed, in the State. He understands the eloquence of brevity.

beyond and near the town. Over the crown of Missionary Ridge, and through the gap at Rossville, is the Valley of Chickamauga, and winding its sluggish course to the Tennessee, the river of that name—in the Indian tongue “River of Death.” It is of two September days by that “River of Death,” and the campaign leading up to them, that this story is told.

On the morning of the 24th of June, Rosecrans pulls out from his camps at Murfreesboro and the army heads southward. Forty rounds of ammunition in the cartridge box, sixty in the haversack and three days' cooked rations mean battle if the enemy is willing. There is the usual waiting for the bugle call “Forward;” the order to “fall in,” followed by “break ranks,” and the growling and swearing of sweet-tempered veterans, tired of anxious inaction; but by noon the whole army is away on that stupendous advance that ends two years later when Sherman and his legions sweep with swinging strides past the reviewing stand on Pennsylvania avenue. Bragg waits at Tullahoma, and Rosecrans is coming. Where, and how? Away on the right McCook pounds. Straight at the center Crittenden drives his iron mace, and on the left Thomas flies his eagles through the rebel ranks at Hoover's Gap and threatens, by way of Manchester, to swing his Fourteenth Corps across their line of retreat. For nine days “the windows of heaven are open,” and mired in mud, the army is doomed to creep to battle when its attack should fall, as quick as unexpected. At last the toils are set and McCook ceases his pressure. Crittenden's guns are silent, and with all speed possible through the “slough of despond” they swing to the support of Thomas, and the united army follows its Fourteenth Corps across the railroad below Tullahoma. Bragg's “cracker” line is interrupted.

But the game has vanished. Alarmed at the threatenings and favored by fortune, Bragg hastily abandons Tullahoma and falls back across the Tennessee, destroying the railroad bridge at Bridgeport and the pontoons at Battle Creek. The Tullahoma campaign is ended. In nine days of the most extraordinary rains ever known in Tennessee the enemy is driven from two fortified positions and the possession of Middle Tennessee assured. Killed, wounded and missing, number just five hundred and sixty.

A small detachment of infantry and cavalry is sent forward to picket the north bank of the Tennessee river, and moving down to the foot of the Cumberland hills, the army takes breath. On the 25th of July Sheridan is directed to occupy Stephenson and Bridgeport with his division, and Rosecrans takes his army in hand for the campaign of Chattanooga.

Have any of you ever been over that campaign as students of the genius of war? If you have you will go with me in saying that our history does not chronicle its equal. It is no sin to say that I have never been an ardent admirer of Rosecrans. We, of the Army of the Cumberland had only one hero; but I trust we kept the sense of soldier justice that recognized honest merit though its shadow fell between his glory and the sun; and when you say of Rosecrans that he gave up the field of Chickamauga while his great Lieutenant maintained the fight until he "sheathed his sword for lack of argument," say, too, that he brought his army to the field over difficulties that would have turned Hannibal back from the campaign of Italy and appalled Napoleon at the St. Bernard.

We are to move over a range of mountains, cross a navigable river in the face of a skilled and watchful foe, equal in number and valor to our own army, and then surmount three other mountain ranges before

reaching the vital point of the enemy's position. This hazardous march accomplished, it is most probable that the campaign will end with a decisive battle. We are far from our base of supplies and away from communications. To accomplish this "greatest operation of the war," the army carries across the river and over the mountains, its artillery, its baggage, ammunition for two great battles and twenty-five days' subsistence.

On the 28th of August all is ready and the campaign of Chattanooga opens. Demonstrating over one hundred and fifty miles of front—from Blythe's Ferry to Decatur—Bragg is persuaded that we intend to cross the river above Chattanooga and concentrates against our left, when, with rapid closing, Rosecrans takes possession of the south bank of the Tennessee at Bridgeport, drives his head of column through the weakly-held passes and commences the toilsome ascent of the mountains.

Leaving the story of mountain climbing untold, we resume our following at the time Crittenden is demonstrating in front of Chattanooga and Thomas and McCook established on Lookout, far to the south, are prepared to descend on Bragg's communications.

The Confederate Government, alive to the dangers of its Middle Department, is hurrying reinforcements to Bragg. Longstreet, from the Army of Northern Virginia, with his corps, is on the way. Buckner, from East Tennessee, is hurrying to his support, and Johnston is sending from Mississippi every man he can spare; but the supporting column is not yet in reaching distance and Bragg abandons Chattanooga, seeking safety and the aid of his reinforcements behind the Chickamauga. The situation, then, just previous to the battle, is this: Bragg, well concentrated and prepared to strike as soon as the last of Longstreet's force

is up, and it is close at hand; Rosecrans' three corps—forty miles between the flanks—separated by mountain ridges and by distance greater than that between each of them and the enemy. We are hunting a demoralized and fleeing foe, and he stands, firm fronted and ready, not a dozen miles away from our attenuated center. The pulse of the army is feverish with great misgivings at the peril of the situation, for, while the movements of an army come down to the ranks only as rumors, or, in soldier phrase, "grapevine dispatches," there is an instinct in veterans that "sniffs the battle afar," and by some occult process, the ranks know, and know truly, that "mischief is afoot." Negley writes Thomas, now in McLemore's Cove, that he is "confident Rosecrans is totally misinformed as to the character of the country and the position, force and intentions of the enemy."

On the 10th day of September a negro reports to Wood that the bulk of the rebel army, under Bragg, in person, is near Lee and Gordon's Mills on the Chickamauga, and this report is afterwards fully verified.

September 11, Crittenden pushes across the Chickamauga towards Ringgold to cut off Buckner coming from East Tennessee; but Buckner has already joined Bragg, and Crittenden turns south, towards Lafayette. Meeting increasing resistance as he advances, he becomes alarmed and crosses to the west bank of the Chickamauga. Thomas, alive to the hazard of the situation, orders McCook who is at Alpine advancing on Rome, to fall back with all possible dispatch. These are days of anxiety and peril while the concentrating movement is going on, and McCook seems fearfully slow; but on the 18th—thanks to good fortune and Bragg's forbearance—the three corps at last touch elbows and the army feels relief. But while once more united, our position is far from well chosen. Our

line of communication with Chattanooga is uncovered and a reverse would break us in fragments on the mountain at our back. The movement to the left must still go on—if Bragg permits—until the road to Chattanooga, through the Rossville Gap in Missionary Ridge, is firmly held. The two armies stand confronting on opposite banks of the Chickamauga, and a thin line of beaten path through the woods to our left, a few miles away, is the enemy's opportunity—our necessity. That rambling forest road is as dear to us as was the waters of the Niemen to the decimated legions of Napoleon—the one chance of safety in a wilderness of danger.

All night long the movement to the left goes on, Thomas passing in the rear of Crittenden to hold the flank of the army when in position. At nightfall it turns very cold, for though in Georgia and the month September, the nights are cold, with a damp chilliness that goes to the marrow of tired and hungry men. In the weary halts incident to a night march and obscure roads, the men build fires of rails, and tiring at last of carrying rails, they set fire to the fences and a line of fire lights up the silent columns of Thomas, gliding through the shifting shadows of the night like an army of spectres. Just before daylight the march comes to an end. Artillery wheels into position. The worn columns face to the right, and the rising sun looks down on the National Army in battle array, across the Rossville road and firmly covering Chattanooga.

All night long Bragg, too, has pushed his heard of column northward, and while Thomas is establishing his lines and inspecting his battlefield, Bragg, in possession of Reid's and Alexander's bridges, from which Wilder's mounted Infantry had been driven the night before, is assembling his army on the west bank of the Chickamauga. His first move in the great game is foiled.

The valley of Chickamauga where the armies stand front to front, is heavily wooded, rolling ground, with at rare intervals, a small clearing or "deadening," the largest not over twenty acres, and here and there a country path, hardly to be dignified with the name of road. In this tangled wildwood, so dense that united movement is almost impossible, the death grapple for the possession of Chattanooga is on. There is no strategy. No grand combination such as we are to witness two months later just across the crown and on the west slope of that Missionary Ridge now towering in the rear of the National Army. There cannot be. It is simply a bloody bush fight, a question of hard knocks and numbers, and the Confederate Government has almost compelled victory by giving Bragg a reinforcement of three corps, while Rosecrans confronts him with the same troops that marched from Murfreesboro. About 10 o'clock Cavalry McCook reports a detached brigade of the enemy on the west bank of the Chickamauga, and Thomas sends Baird, commanding Roussau's Division, to bring them in. Striking their skirmish line and pushing the advance, Baird doubles their front with a whirl, capturing and killing as he goes; but the "detached brigade" is backed by the whole rebel army, and Baird has stirred the hornet's nest. Halting and sending for help, he is changing front when the Confederate Divisions of Cheatham and Walker strike his flank, rolling him up and capturing several guns. Following Baird's retreating brigades, the rebels uncover their own flank to the attack of Johnston and Reynolds on the right, while Brannan, hastening to the relief of Baird, strikes their front and drives them in confusion and with great slaughter, back on to their reserves, posted on the west bank of Chickamauga, recapturing the lost guns and restoring the battle.

The enemy's position and force developed, Thomas draws back and waits attack. An oppressive lull succeeds the clamor of war, broken only by groans wrung from the wounded or the crackling of underbrush disturbed by marching men. About three o'clock dropping shots to the right tell that the skirmishers are at it; and the firing, swelling in volume to a roar, tells that the enemy, massed in column, drives straight at Thomas' right and Crittenden's left, a mile away from the bleeding flank. It is a supreme effort to crush our lines and break through to the coveted road, turning our divided flanks in confusion into the woods. The weight of attack falls on Reynolds' Division and the brigades of Cruft and Grose of Palmer's Division. Brannan is hastening to their support, but borne down by numbers, they give ground, and the flushed victors cling to their rear, plying their shattered lines with fire. To the right of Palmer's Division stands Hazen with his brigade; and truer soldier never drew a sword. We saw him at Stone River do prodigies of valor, and now again the hour and the man are met. From his position, as Palmer and Reynolds give ground, he looks down into the rebel flank. Speedily assembling Palmer's guns—twenty in number—while the rebels, in the pride of victorious advance, press on, he catches them in their sin—catches them charging across the front of a twenty-gun battery. "The hand of the master compels them to pause." Palmer and Reynolds, reinforced by Brannan, turn on their pursuers and the line is restored. The attack has failed. The attempt to turn or crush our left and possess the road to Chattanooga has ended in disastrous repulse.

At nightfall a furious assault is made on Crittenden's center and right, rolling away in fitful charges to the extreme right of McCook, followed by some disorder, but the lost ground is readily recovered and the

day's battle ends. The losses on both sides have been heavy and every brigade in the National Army has been engaged; but Rosecrans still holds the field. Another day of blood must try the issue.

During the night the lines are rectified and our left moved to better cover the road. Entrenching is not as familiar in these Chickamauga days as it becomes on the march to Atlanta or we might, before the daylight, be impregnable to direct attack. With the few axes that can be mustered the men cut and pile together a rude log breastwork that a year later would be infinitely amusing to the merest novice in burrowing. In the new line Baird still holds the post of honor—if there is discrimination on this hotly contested field—the extreme left; forming his left, King's Brigade of Regulars. Their flank is "in the air," and though refused at nearly a right angle to the general line, they adopt the wise precaution of fortifying front, flank and rear. Before noon of the 20th they have defended every front.

The sun of the 20th rises, banked in fog, and when at last it peers through the September haze, its disk is as red as the field on which it looks. Hours of anxious waiting drag heavily, and at 10 o'clock the attack expected at daylight has not been delivered.

We now know that Bragg and his bishop general were at odds, and the unfrocked priest was goading the soldier with studied inaction. Bragg, still intent on pressing the turning movement, has divided his army into two grand divisions, placing the right (his right) under Polk and the left under Longstreet. Polk is to attack at daylight, and pressing heavily on our front, sweep around to the rear of Thomas with a force strong enough to hold the key point of the battle. Then the whole line to attack, "*en echelon*," from right to left, crushing Rosecrans' front and hurling him

back on the strong Confederate force in his rear. About 10 o'clock the rebel skirmishers come buzzing out of their line, driving in our outposts. Well comprehending the symptom, our lines spring to arms. It is only a moment until the whole of Polk's battle line surges up against Thomas, presses Johnston, presses Palmer, presses Reynolds and enveloping Baird, swings into his rear like the lash of a whip thrown by a skillful hand. Assault after assault rolls against the general line from Reynolds' left, and when the attack flags, fresh troops take up the fight. For two hours the hell of battle rages; but mowing the rebel masses with musketry, plowing their lines with artillery, Thomas stands unshaken. Not a break in the wall of fire that sweeps the field with the besom of death; but overlapping our flank, Polk has reached the debated road, and if he can maintain possession by the tenure of the sword, disaster to the Army of the Cumberland is certain. Beatty's Brigade goes gallantly across the rear of our left against the turning force, but recoils to Palmer's reserve, over-matched. Van Dever, of Brannan's Division, and Stanley, of Negley's Division, go grandly in, and while Baird plies the rebel flank, the front attack dashes through their lines and scattering them like chaff, sweeps clean the contested ground far past Baird's flank. I never recall this magnificent charge without thinking of the Irish Brigade at Fontenoy, standing "like eagles in the sun" above the wreck of the English lines. Wood sends Barnes to the support of Baird. Negley's artillery is massed on the slope of Missionary Ridge to cover Baird's flank and the left is again secure. Polk has exhausted his energies and makes no further attack until night. Near noon, and before the final repulse of Polk, Longstreet delivers his attack, closing from his right to left, with a result as disastrous to our

lines as unforeseen. "Some one has blundered." I shall not attempt to locate the responsibility. An order, wrongly conceived or wrongly executed, brings defeat to the Army of the Cumberland. When Longstreet is ready to attack and the blow is impending, Rosecrans sends this order to Wood: "The General commanding directs that you close up on Reynolds as fast as possible and support him." Now it must be remembered that Brannan stands next in line on Wood's left, and beyond Brannan to the left is Reynolds. To obey the order literally Wood must pull out of line, leaving a gap the width of his two brigades, pass in rear of Brannan and close up behind Reynolds and support him. I have been told that Wood, before obeying the order as he interpreted it, held it aloft before his staff and said, "Gentlemen, I hold in my hand the fatal order of this day." It is an open question in military circles if, under the circumstances, the order should have been carried out; but with the remark quoted, Wood passed from doubt to action. His brigades draw out of line to pass to the rear of Reynolds, and the beginning of the end has come. Longstreet delivers his attack, finds the fatal break in our lines, captures a battery and a large portion of one of Wood's brigades caught in the act of retiring, drives his head of column through the gap, crushes Crittenden, crushes McCook, and though stoutly resisted, at last drives them from the field. Brannan, who had stood next on the left of Wood, now becomes the right of the army, falls back to a wooded knoll refusing his right. Wood, with the fragments of his division, goes into line on his left, connecting with Reynolds and later (4 o'clock) Steadman gallantly fights his way into position on Brannan's right. The Army of the Cumberland dies hard. Seven skeleton divisions—their dead and living measured in even

scales—desperately maintaining battle for whose success the army was all too weak. No hope for aid from the Blucher of our Waterloo—Burnside is more than a hundred miles away, at Knoxville—only night left to pray for. Disaster closing in on us everywhere—and yet—under the shadow of a spreading oak at the “Glenn House,” near our left, is a grizzled soldier, calm, silent, immovable, resolved to hold the field until night comes, and he will do it!

The grandeur of the situation passes the power of plain narrative. It needs some blind old Homer to sing the glory of “the sage in council and the fierce in war.”

Let us glance again at that evening of Chickamauga, with its breaking fortunes and crumbling empire. Wood out of line; the irruption of Longstreet; Crittendon and McCook routed and rolled up; right and center drifting, a helpless wreck, through the gap at Rossville; Rosecrans beaten and falling back on Chattanooga; Bragg sweeping the field home down to the Rossville road and hemmed in by appalling ruin—supreme above disaster—the Spartan life, its back to the mountain, its face to the foe—“The Rock of Chickamauga.”

A new generation is between this night and the devoted band that on the stricken field of Chickamauga turned the tide of battle and wrote “Victory” in bloody capitals, after the story of defeat; but burned into the annals of heroism in lines that never fade, its record of great deeds will stir the blood of patriots when all of us are mute.

An autumn evening among the mountains by the Tennessee. Over all the landscape lies the mingled green and gold, the mellow haze of late September. Rising majestically against the sky line is the tower-

ing form of Mission Ridge. Its eastern slope, kissed by the morning sunlight of centuries, is rich with the luxuriance of the primeval forest. Its massive crest, crowned with God's first temple, sweeping away to the southward until lost in the dim distance. Unbroken in the grandeur of its line, save where at Rossville yonder, it dips to the plain, throwing wide the gateway, through which, in the old time, the Cherokee warrior sallied from his fastness in "the eagle's nest" to meet his dusky foeman by the waters of the "River of Death." In front of the gateway—in a great irregular crescent—like bastions thrown around its portals by the Titans of the mountain, the wooded foothills stand eternal guard. From their base as far as the eye can see—and beyond—to the sluggish waters of the Chickamauga the plain falls away in gentle undulations through dense forest, broken here and there with flecks of clearing and the rude cabins that are so essentially a feature of the "agonizing slavery days." Before the white man came to possess the land, the missionaries, looking out from the mountain top over this peaceful valley, have told the children of nature the tender story of the Christ, and clothed with the mantle of prophecy proclaimed the dawn of "Peace on earth, good will to men." Now, in the full day of the higher civilization, to maintain a crime against humanity these quiet glades are turned to shambles; this sleeping valley, burdened with the wreck of war's desolation, and by rock, and ravine, and riverside, the frightened solitude is dotted thick with mangled, ghastly dead. "Rider and horse, friend, foe, in one red burial blent." All day long the tide of battle has ebbed and flowed across this reeking plain, under this Southern shade, and now, at eventide, the lustre of our stars is dim, the red field lost. Night is drawing her mantle over the horror. The setting sun lights up the

aisles of this tawny-leaved Georgia forest, as it gilds the interior of some dim cathedral, and the smoke of battle hangs heavy above the field as though Nature has said high mass and is burning incense to the dead.

From the lost battle drifts away through the open door of the mountain the shattered Army of the Cumberland, reeling with exhaustion and dripping with blood; wrecked, but not recreant. Through the blood and wounds of its drooping banners is the undying lustre of Shiloh, and Perryville, and Stone River, and in the gloom of Chickamauga the Army of the Cumberland is glorious still.

Across the valley, not seen, but felt, in the dread oppression of impending evil, the flushed victors swoop to their quarry, their ranks swelled to flood-tide from the veterans of three rebel armies, gathering, concentrating, closing in, on their routed prey. On sweep the gray victors to complete their triumph. On towards the mountain pass, and then on, and on, turning backward the index on the dial of the world's clock until the divinity of slavery is the creed of the land. The life of the nation is trembling on the issue, and in the cold chill of this supreme peril hope seems hopeless.

Where the foothills come down to the valley between the victors and the vanquished, from the time-stained canvass rides out the figure of a bronzed old warrior; the fire of battle is in his eyes, the resolution of a mighty purpose in his firm, set lips, the halo of a great glory about his grand, grey head. Behind him, under their wounded banners, their faces radiant with the fire that mantles and glorifies the chief, their ranks thinned in the blast of havoc that has blown upon them since the morning sunlight of yesterday, march with dauntless tread, the truest men that ever shouldered musket or gave life for liberty. It is Thomas,

the invincible, and the forlorn hope of Chickamauga, come to die for the honor of the Army of the Cumberland and the salvation of the cause. No roll of drum or blare of bugle shows them the way to death, here, there, low spoken words of command, and silent as the dead around them, the ranks glide into line along the crest of the foothills, bending to the sweep of the landscape and resting on right, on left, against the fastness of the mountain. The guns wheel into position, the gleaming muskets come to the ground, locked in the iron grasp of mighty purpose, the busy hum of preparation dies away and in the setting sunlight, as it sifts down through the trees above them, the line of rigid veterans seems chisled into the landscape and a part of the eternal hills.

Standing now by the side of the silent guns and looking eastward there comes up from the battle-swept plain, a sound like the first muttering of the tempest, growing, gathering fury in its sweep and swelling into the roar of a tornado blast, nearer and nearer in its madness. There is the hoof beat of plunging horses, the rumble of artillery wheels, the hoarse shouts of command, the clang of arms, the tramp of rushing men, all mingling in a babel of sound that "the affrighted air with a shudder bears" across the valley and up the silent hills. No need for the suppressed "steady now, men," that runs along the front. The veterans read the secret of the forest and the nerves vibrate and the muscles quiver, but the line is adamant.

Away on the left, where the tempest has beaten fiercest and the dead lie thickest, the air throbs with the angry snarl of a single gun. The sound rouses the sleeping echoes of the valley and flashes along the line, gathering torrent as it goes; from rank to rank leaps the live thunder, as though "the elements have

joined their high engendered battle," and like summoned spirits of discord, the gray masses spring from the depths of the unseen and with a yell born of the wail of the damned, burn their advance in a hissing sheet of fire, up the hills to the blue lines. Those quiet hilltops burst into flame, volcanoes now, and in eruption; those silent statues under the witchery of battle are toiling, striving ministers of death. Canister vomits from the gorges; musketry gores and lashes the hillsides; on right, on left, above, below, death wakes the notes of dreadful "*miserere*," fingering an organ of ten thousand keys. The head of column melts away in the blast, still onward, upward, through the blinding storm, from front, from flank, swarm in the rushing masses. Blown from the mouths of the guns, decimated in the tempest of leaden hail beating their upturned faces, encumbered with dead and dying, closing the gaps with fresh thousands, the columns still press on, bending to the sweep of the hills, lashing their sides with fire and shot and sabre stroke as the ocean in its anger beats at the barrier of some frail sea wall. Wave on wave, surge after surge, roll madly up the slope and break in fire against the gallant lines stemming the rushing tide. To one who has no friend, no brother there, it is a glorious sight to see how grandly brave men die.

And all the time the work of death goes on; those thin blue lines, charged with the fate of empire, are dying where they stand. Call up your reserves, great soldier! Alas, he has no reserves, and God, they say, fights on the side of the strongest battalions. Corsican scoffer, it is a lie! There is might and majesty in a just cause. The few are holding dominion over the many. Standing to their guns under the banner of the stars, they answer death with deaths. Steady they load, steady they fire, like heroes die, and dying are

unshaken. Out of ammunition they borrow from the dead; they dye the hillsides crimson with the bayonet; they swing their muskets like flails and beat out the harvest of death; they remember the Titans and the mountain becomes their magazine, the rocks their defenders. The knell of death rolls on; the last mighty wave of treason comes thundering in and breaks in blood that dyes the lintels of a thousand homes; warm hearts stand still and flashing eyes grow dim; but the great heart of the nation still beats on. The bell of doom hangs pulseless in its swing; the attack, the defense—grim ministers of desolation—are blended into one. From side to side over the fighting giants, fate turns irresolute, and while the issue trembles on a breath, the writhing mass breaks into fragments. Horsed on the sightless couriers of the air, Victory has come! Above the roar of carnage and the thundering guns ring out the glad notes of an honest cheer. In the dun pallor of the battle cloud the blue line stands alone. Our Flag is there!

The broken waves roll back their bleeding tide. The last gun of Chickamauga hurls its defiance into the empty darkness, and on the reeking hilltops the breathless victors keep silent watch above the eternal bivouac of their glorious dead. Night, and Immortality are on the picture.

“QUININE.”

BY ASSISTANT-SURGEON GEORGE F. BEASLEY.

When I received notice from “the powers that be,” that to properly entertain the assembled multitude on this occasion, there would be a departure from the usual order and instead of a choice oration from some one of repute, a series of five-minute addresses would be inflicted upon the helpless victims, and that I was on the execution detail, while acquiescing with many misgivings and wishing that it might have fallen upon more worthy and entertaining shoulders,

“For you’d scarce expect one of my age,
To speak in public on the stage,”

I saw no way opening by which I might escape, and so had to grasp the horn of the dilemma; and if the remarks are wearisome and unsatisfactory, remember the agony will be short-lived, and

“Don’t view me with a critic’s eye,
But pass my imperfections by.”

It is allowable, I am told, upon occasions like this, to wander from the subject matter, so you manage to keep the substance of the text.



GEORGE F. BEASLEY was born at New Richmond, Ind., November 14, 1841. He was educated in the public schools and at the graded school at Sugar Grove, Tippecanoe County, Ind. He graduated from the Rush Medical College, Chicago, Ill., in 1864; was commissioned Acting-Assistant Surgeon, United States Navy, March 4, 1864, and was assigned to the ship U. S. S. “Fairy.” This vessel was on special duty during the war in various parts of the Mississippi squadron. In August, 1864, he was detached and sent to the naval rendezvous, at Pittsburg, to examine recruits. He returned to the “Fairy” in October of the same year and continued

Not satisfied with detail, they designated that I should address the few remarks on "Quinine."

There then came to my mind the anti-election refrain, "What's the matter with the commandery?" Has the baleful microbe of disorder that has the past months filled the minds and souls of the country with apprehension, and at times dismay, so entered into the soul of this commandery that it needed revivifying,—that it needed strengthening?—that the hepatic secretion was so clogged that it was full of gall and bitterness?—that the spinal column was assuming the shape and prominence of a cycle scorcher? Was it becoming so weakened that it could not stand without a bracer? And remembering that during the late unpleasantness how often the tonic effect of a "little bitter" often made heroes of us all, I thought I understood. Or, was it because we have had so much of the sweets, so much that tickled the gustatory nerve, that our appetite had palled at the amount, and it needed something so opposite that when the draught was past we would so much the better enjoy it?

Then I thought of the days, now long ago, when Indiana was synonymous with Wabash shakes, and the malarious microbes ran rampant through the land, and the popular conception of the inhabitants were a race, the female portion slab-sided, loose-jointed, care-worn, clothed in a sun-bonnet and a sickly smile, and given to "yaller janders" and ague-cake, while the male portion, long, lean, lank and hungry, addicted to strange and expressive profanity, given to chewing home-grown tobacco and to frequent potations from

service on that vessel until February, 1865, when he was assigned to the flagship "Black Hawk," on which he was the chief medical officer until the ship was destroyed by fire, April 22, 1865. He was then assigned to the flagship "Tempest" where he remained until sent home on sick list, and discharged September 15, 1865.

Since the close of the war Dr. Beasley has engaged in the practice of medicine in the city of La Fayette, Indiana. He is at present Vice-President of the National Association of Railway Surgeons.

the cob-stopped jug filled with products of a neighboring still, so rank that there could be traced the rows of seed-corn from which it was brewed, and warranted proof against the bites of the venomous snakes that disputed the occupancy of the territory and bordering on green-scummed and weed-choked ponds.

They lived in log cabins, clay-stopped, with stick chimneys, and filled with tow-headed children and yellow dogs, their bill of fare consisting, in the main, of salaratus biscuits, green-streaked and yellow, sad as the wail of a lost spirit, and flanked by stacks of fried pork and washed down with copious draughts of rye coffee sweetened with Orleans molasses. To these semi-amphibious people malaria had no terror, and they drank in the microbe-laden air as though it was perfumed by the breezes from Araby blest.

Now how changed! The women, God bless them! no longer walk weak and limp, no longer content to stew and fry, to baste and darn, no longer content to remain in the background, a minor factor in the body politic. They now stand boldly for equal rights; no longer affect the limp and flabby cranial covering of former days, that with the smile was discarded, and now crowned with a glorious combination of feathers, ribbons and flowers, beyond the ken of man, they wear a look of determination that brooks no denial and we stand amazed, "and wonder where we are at!" And the tow-headed children have disappeared, together with the yellow dogs, and now we find in their place a growing generation that can give points to their ancestors and then leave them far behind in the game of life. And the surviving man; has he improved on the pattern just set? Has he advanced in the same ratio as the other, or has he only changed the location, instead of the character of his spots? For answer, look around.

We have heard so much of the valorous deeds of those who, singly and alone, were the factors who crushed the unholy rebellion; that without their sacrifices and valiant deeds rebellion would have gone broadcast through the land, and we would now be a divided and disrupted community. That "Old Glory," instead of her field being filled with stars and waving over every schoolhouse in the land, from east to west, from north to south, teaching the rising generation reverence for the "red, white and blue," and standing as a beacon for the oppressed of all nations, would have been a parcel, a rag, so poor that none would have done it reverence.

You, my companions, may harbor and hug the delusion to your bosoms, that it was your particular branch that was most instrumental in bringing to an end the late unpleasantness between the States. This has been the subject matter of orations and addresses for the past thirty years, and none that I know has ever deigned to controvert it.

The infantry has insisted that without their marching, their charging, their breastworks and rifle pits the war would still be on; that the cavalry was no good, except to despoil hen roosts and sweet potato patches before *they* could get a chance; and so great their contempt that they offered a prize for a dead cavalryman. The latter retorted with "dough-boys" and "mud-daubers," while the artillery held themselves too high and mighty to indulge in any familiarity with either, and only tolerated them because of military necessity.

One branch has always been left, as it was, in war times, in the rear. No one to honor them, no one to speak their praise, and to them, in the bitterness of the soul, the soldier applied the nickname "Quinine," and when the call for the sick rang out, there came the refrain, "Come to quinine! Come to quinine!"

To you, my friends, belongs a share of the great work. All honor to him to whom honor is due, and I speak a few words for the medical staff, who made it possible for the great conflict to be brought to a happy close.

I know that they were designated as non-combatant, record for valor so low that it was equaled only by the sutler and quartermaster; even the meek and lowly chaplain was supposed to possess more fighting qualities. I know that they were ranked so low that capture had no fears, as they were to be turned loose on the first occasion.

They were considered like the army mule—a necessity—not ornamental, good on parade or for show; but purely a necessity; hence, the title “M. D.” was construed by irreverent soldiers to mean “mule driver.”

Hence, inseparably connected were the “army mule” and the medical staff; both an absolute necessity for successful prosecutions; without them, everything at a standstill, and your only relief was quotations from profane history, which were distributed unsparingly and with as much effect on one as on the other.

Soberly, gentlemen, how would you have existed without these two? How you hailed with delight the appearance of the meek and long-suffering mule, worn to a shadow, nothing left but the skeleton animate, ears, and the resounding, sonorous but ever welcome voice as he came into sight, urged onward by the maledictious vocabulary of the profane wagon master, supplementing the untiring efforts of the driver as he applied the stimulation of the omnipresent blacksnake, with such vigor and so unsparingly that life seemed to the unhappy possessor not worth living.

The medical staff, so like them, worn and weary, no rest by day or by night, worked on unceasingly. They

worked not with the exciting cheer and wild hurrah of the headlong charge, when self was lost in the wild delirium, but surrounded by groans and supplications in their work that made men's hearts sick. To them but little of the pomp and glory, but all the horrors of war. To them not the glitter, but the ghastly side.

Without fear of contradiction, I assert that none saw more laborious service than those connected with the medical staff, and at that time how often their efforts were unappreciated! Without their incessant, watchful care in preserving the health of the soldiers, campaigning in the Mississippi and Chickahominy, would have come to an end for want of material. The day of appreciation has finally come, when judging from the encomiums showered by the applicant for a pension, they were always the salt of the earth, and the bitter doses administered decades ago were the sweetest of sweet morsels, and nothing remains but pleasant memories of the time you worked on the sympathies of the credulous doctors, and thereby escaped the obnoxious detail.

But life is too short to now indulge in any bitternesses that can be put aside, and yet how much comes to us, live as we may! And in the days, now decades past, how often they were filled to the brim! And how often we looked for a silver lining in the lowering clouds and could only see darkness!

These memories, fortunately, grow dim with age, and only the roseate remains, and as time goes on, may our memories grow brighter and brighter, and may we appreciate more and more the sacrifices of those two important factors in the late conflict, the "army doctor" and the "army mule."

STONE RIVER.

BY ADJUTANT JOHN LEE YARYAN.

There were about one hundred thousand men engaged in the battle of Stone River, or Murfreesboro, as it is sometimes called. Each man who survived the fight and lived to tell the tale, has told it at least *once*; probable a score of times. So the story is not a new one.

I shall not attempt history, nor aspire to oratory, but simply give you as best I can from memory extending over a period of twenty-two years, the incidents and casualties, and experiences as they passed before my view at this battle, and mention the little things that are overlooked, or not considered worthy the notice of the historian. I would have you listen to me as I would listen to you at your own fireside, in a story about something in which you might think me interested. I know that as a boy I listened with delight to the stories of an old soldier in the Mexican War, who would stump into the village blacksmith shop on his wooden leg, and with its iron-shod heel, mark, in the cinders and dust of the clay floor, the



JOHN LEE YARYAN was born at Liberty, Ind., April, 1837. After passing through the public schools of his native town, he entered Miami University, from which he received a classical degree in 1860. He was mustered into the service July 29, 1861, as First Lieutenant of Company G, 19th Indiana Infantry Volunteers, to serve three years. On August 9, 1861, Lieutenant Yaryan, with his regiment, joined the Army of the Potomac at Washington; was engaged in the affair at Lewinsville, and participated in the advance upon and occupancy of Fall Church in September, and was with his command when it went into quarters at Fort Craig on

position of troops, and how they drove the enemy from this point, and were in turn repulsed from that. These were about the only lessons I took in war until 1861. I am sorry to add that my instructor was an ex-convict, having served ten years of a life sentence in the State's prison for murder.

No two persons agree exactly about what they see of the same transaction, nor do they tell it the same way, even if they agree about the facts. At a fire, in a personal encounter, or in a battle, where strange and unusual things are happening with the rapidity of thought, under an excitement amounting to a kind of delirium, each person present may tell the truth concerning what he saw, and yet his statement may differ from all others. He reports what came under his observation, others may not have seen the same thing. A charge of cavalry in your immediate front distracts your attention from a break in the line of battle, occurring at the same time in another part of the field, and this idea elaborated and applied will explain how men differ even about material things in the history of every battle. People differ as to the cause of our late war, and often in a conflict, unless *disastrous* to one side or the other, it is a discussed question of "*who whipped in the fight.*"

It is not difficult to understand the result at Nashville, Mission Ridge, Gettysburg and Vicksburg, but it has not yet been settled who was vanquished at Shiloh, Chickamauga and the Wilderness.

Buell's Kentucky campaign was ended by Bragg passing into Tennessee. Stopping at Perryville to pro-

Arlington Heights. He tendered his resignation to accept the position of Adjutant in the 58th Indiana Infantry, December, 1861, which was assigned to Woods' Division of Buell's Army. As Adjutant he was with his regiment when it reached Nashville, March 1, 1862, and when, on April 1st, 1862, it started for Pittsburg Landing, which place it reached the evening of the second day's Battle of Shiloh. After this battle Lieutenant Yaryan was assigned to duty as Aide-de-Camp on the staff of General T. J. Wood, and served in this capacity during the siege of Corinth,

tect his supply train, while it passed through the gap in Wild Cat Mountain, Bragg stormed like a lion at bay and struck us an awful blow with his paw, to save his mate and whelps, then slipped through into the valley, with a "few hairs pulled out of his tail," as the boys expressed it, and on southward until he gathered all his available forces at Murfreesboro, Tennessee, some miles south of Nashville. There he lay crouching on the banks of Stone River, in December, 1862.

Rosecrans, covered with glory from his West Tennessee victories of Iuka and second Corinth, was placed in command of the Army of the Cumberland—Buell retiring. And here let me say, that when the army of the Cumberland lost General Buell, it lost a splendid soldier. There was one flaw in his make-up as a fighter and commander of an independent army; he was cautious to a degree that placed him at a disadvantage with quick, nervous men like Bragg and Stonewall Jackson, who were always ready to begin an action and let the delayed troops come up when they could. Buell wanted all his troops on hand, every man, mule and wagon in place; then he handled his troops with skill and success. Bragg's recklessness lost him his command after Mission Ridge, and Buell's waiting for two brigades lost him his at Perryville. Rosecrans found the army scattered from Galatin to Silver Springs along the railroad, and at Nashville his intention was to repair the L. & N. R. R., lay in supplies at least six months in advance of the daily subsistence of the army, make a grand depot

the pursuit of General Bragg to Louisville and back to Murfreesboro. in the battle of Stones River, the movement against Tullahoma, battle of Chickamauga, charge of Mission Ridge, and in the forced march to relieve Knoxville. He resigned when his regiment re-enlisted as a veteran organization in 1864. After leaving the service Adjutant Yaryan located in Tennessee. In 1871 he removed to Richmond, Ind., and engaged in the practice of law. He died at his home in Richmond, April 2, 1897.

at Nashville, go into winter quarters there, and in the spring drive Bragg from Tennessee. But no sooner was the L. & N. road repaired and completely built from Mitchellsville to Nashville, than Bragg let loose his cavalry under Morgan, Wheeler and Forest (those wizards of the saddle) from the cedar glades and thickets about his camp, and the high bridges over the deep waters of southern Kentucky were burned, the road cut and supply trains captured, until we were seriously threatened with starvation or enforced retreat. We were as badly hurt by having our line of supplies interrupted as though we had been defeated in battle.

At this stage of the war, Bragg had a cloud of the finest cavalry in the world. I mean what I say; the finest, most efficient cavalry force in the world, or that war had ever produced. The mount was of the best racing blood, imported and improved in the South, carefully bred and trained to the saddle and track for fifty years, and the rank and file rode thoroughbred horses, whose ancestors had not looked through a collar for twenty generations. The double-barreled shotguns, shortened a foot and loaded with buckshot, with which they were armed, made most formidable weapons, disagreeable on close acquaintance. At the time of which I speak the Confederacy had not "robbed the cradle and the grave" for recruits. The man who carried that shotgun and who rode that blooded horse, was a volunteer, not a conscript. He enlisted because he wanted to. He believed in his cause; he saw upon the soil of his native State what, in his belief, was an invader, and an inferior in arms, though he faced his own blood in the troops from the Northwest. He was as brave as his whilom enemy; he was trained from youth to the saddle, and he sat on his war horse with the grace and ease of an Arab. Add to this effi-

ciency, a complete knowledge of the topography of the country, a large per cent. of the force raised in the vicinity of the scene of operations, and you have the most formidable enemy of which it is possible to conceive—to a command swung out one hundred and eighty miles from its base of supplies, every foot of the line running through an enemy's country. So formidable was it that Rosecrans was compelled to change his whole plan of action, make a winter campaign and move upon Bragg six months sooner than he wished or expected. Somehow the cavalry arm of the Federal Army had been comparatively overlooked. At the time of which I speak there was no distinctive cavalry force by brigades and divisions. The expense to mount and support it was heavy and the trained material was not at hand. The Government started with the idea that the war would be over in a few months. The Confederacy was desperately in earnest from the start; it had a year's start in preparation. Cavalry we had, to be sure, but it was by regiments distributed at division headquarters, and by the time you detailed your picket and orderly force, there was nothing effective left. Rosecrans quickly saw the weak point, gathered the scattered regiments together, ordered us to make our cavalry out of the infantry at headquarters, and put crack cavalry officers in his brigades and divisions.

We had another difficulty to contend with. The northern men (I speak of the rule) were unaccustomed to the saddle. The populous cities poured into the Federal ranks artisans of all kinds—clerks, business and professional men. I remember one regiment, the Fifty-seventh Indiana, was called the preachers' regiment, as it was officered almost entirely by ministers of the Gospel. The Adjutant, however, was a shining exception.

Now you enlist a shoemaker or stonemason, carpenter or blacksmith, lawyer or preacher, and mount him on the average coldblooded cavalry horse, trapped out with the full Government equipment of bridle and halter combined, dragoon bit and water bit, nose bag to feed his horse in and lariat with which to tether him, McClellan saddle and blanket, three days' rations for himself and horse, forty rounds of ammunition in his cartridge box, a four-foot, eighteen-pound sabre belted and buckled on him, spurs on heavy cavalry boots, a Burnside breech-loading carbine swung over his shoulder, a pair of Colt's revolvers in his belt, and then muffle him in his great coat, with canteen hanging by his side and a roll of blankets strapped on his saddle behind, and you have a great big failure; a mummy, swathed and paralyzed by his equipments, whom you could knock out of the saddle with a club, if his horse would stand still long enough. At the command of "draw sabre," the rattle of twelve hundred swords out of so many metal scabbards would frighten and buck his horse as tho' an untrained heel had sunk the spur in flank, and generally ended in spreading him and his load over the road.

But time cured all this awkwardness and inefficiency. The rain and snow, heat and cold, thinned out the weak and delicate. The survivors became thoroughly seasoned. The fire of battle eliminated the dross and the true metal shone out. The *re-mounts* of the Confederacy were less perfect. Those of the Federal Army were improved by an infusion of the best blood of the Northern farms; the cumbersome equipment intended for a heavy dragoon was discarded, and the cavalryman from the North came to the front rank. Sheridan took him then, and rolled back like a scroll, the outspread sheet of Confederate troopers in Shenandoah Valley. Carter unlocked East Tennessee

on a ride of four hundred miles, destroying all Bragg's railway communication with the army in Virginia. Grierson cleft the South with his following and found it a shell with the strength on the rim, and Stanley drove the combined forces of Forest, Wheeler, and Morgan south of the Tennessee. The star of cavalry glory passed from the Gray to the Blue.

Twenty-two years ago last Christmas day, the various headquarters were in possession of the order to march on Murfreesboro. We were then lying as an army encamped in and about Nashville, Tennessee. The experienced eye had discovered weeks before, that *some* movement was to be made. There were too many cracker boxes filled, too many tons of side meat corded up at the headquarters of the Division Commissary; there was too much activity in the Ordnance Department for a peaceful winter, too much inspection of arms and equipments to be accounted for on any other theory than that of a campaign. The whole matter was disposed of at the camp fire in one expression, "There's agoin' to be trouble."

Now the natural thought would be that an order to march against the enemy, with a certainty of fight, would cast a gloom over the whole army; that as the time thought about, talked about, dreamed of, and enlisted for, had now come, a regret would spring up in the breast of the soldier, and that impending danger would cause the camp to wear a funereal air. It was not so observed by me. The knowledge that active service was being called for, acted like wine upon the spirits of the soldiers, and was signaled by cheer after cheer, which rose from the hilltops; even Bragg might have almost heard the sound in his distant lair. Taking Christmas and the news together, and the result was that fifty per cent. of the army had to wear a wet towel on its head the next morning.

At sunrise on the morning after Christmas, a day crisp and bright, the Army of the Cumberland broke camp and started on its movement against Bragg and Murfreesboro. Thomas with two divisions on the right moving along the Franklin pike; McCook with three divisions in the center on the Nolensville Pike; Crittenden with three divisions on the direct road from Nashville to Murfreesboro. Total in all armies about 50,000 men. Without following the line of march of each corps, suffice it to say that each column met opposition from the enemy at every step after it passed the picket reserve on the various roads.

Cavalry, artillery and infantry were posted at every available point and we were compelled to march slowly and cautiously, flanks well hung with skirmishers and cavalry. It was an artillery duel for five days and the practice became very accurate. It was a frequent occurrence to disable a piece, and on one day a Confederate gunner placed a ball in the mouth of a gun in Bradley's Battery, at a distance of one-fourth of a mile. It may have been accident, but it was done. In the morning the first thing was to clear the way for the column, and at La Vergne, about one-half way, we employed a heavy force to do it. All day long the firing was unceasing on our right, showing that McCook and Thomas were faring no better than we. The thud of distant artillery pointed out accurately the progress of the column, and so we spoke to each other, corps answering corps, till we reached Stewart's Creek, a few miles this side of Murfreesboro, on Saturday night.

Sunday we rested, established communication between the corps, and brought up trains of supplies and ammunition, to be used in the engagement now not many hours off.

Monday morning found us in good spirits, the army well in hand, and about eight miles between us and the enemy. Again the movement began. In Crittenden's immediate front we were not much annoyed, though McCook was pressed heavily all day. He had now been left on the extreme right, Thomas passing his corps to the center, after passing Stewart's Creek. Hardee was at Triune, four miles west of Murfreesboro, with a division, as an army of observation. Rousseau drove him back and he retired to Bragg behind the entrenchments. At four p. m. on Monday we came in sight of Murfreesboro, and there on the banks of the river lay the Confederate Army, in full view, in line of battle, every brigade and division distinct and clear cut. Our corps, Crittenden's, moved up and encamped in line, seven hundred yards from the Confederate entrenchments. Two giants crouched looking at each other, like contestants in a prize ring, ready at the word to spring into combat. The firing had ceased; we stood looking at each other in a curious kind of way. There was no personal quarrel between us; why should we not look at each other till we were ordered to fight. On the personal staff of General Wood, commanding First Division, Crittenden's corps, I was directed to cover my division front with pickets, and did so with as much apparent safety as I could now go to my home. Unless you tramped on the toes, or knocked a chip off of the shoulder of the average picket, he would let you alone. Each man realized that petty firing on the picket line would not change the general result and there was a kind of unspoken, unsettled, compact for peace along the line, kept almost inviolate. If, as at Chattanooga and Corinth, the lines remained long unchanged and close the relations grew friendly enough to exchange civilities and even papers and tobacco. And when the re-

lief would come it was: "Hello, Reb!" "Morning, Yank!" and inquiry after news on either side. All the next day, the 30th, we were quiet in our front as to firing, although every moment was occupied in examining the ground and making alignments and attending to all the details of rations and ammunition; but McCook had great trouble in getting into position for battle and was pressed heavily all day. Finally he was posted satisfactorily and at nine p. m. the Corps and Division Commanders were given the plan of battle. I quote from Rosecrans' official report:

McCook was to occupy the most advantageous position, refusing his right as much as practicable to secure it, to receive the attack of the enemy, or if that did not come, to make the attack himself and to hold all the force on his front. Thomas and Palmer were to gain the enemy's center and left as far as the river. Crittenden was to cross Van Cleve's Division at the lower ford, covered and supported by sappers and miners and to advance on Breckenridge; Wood's Division to follow by brigades, at crossing at upper ford, and moving on Van Cleve's right, carry everything before them into Murfreesboro. This would have given us two divisions against one; and as soon as Breckenridge had been dislodged from his position, the batteries of Wood's Division on the heights east of Stone River in advance would see the enemy's works in reverse, would dislodge them and enable Palmer's Division to press them back and drive them westward across the river, or through the woods, while Thomas sustaining them on the center would advance on the right of Palmer, crushing their right. Crittenden's Corps would take Murfreesboro. It was explained to them that this combination insuring a vast superiority on our left required for its success that General McCook should be able to hold his posi-

tion for three hours; that if necessary to recede at all, he should recede as he had advanced, slowly repressing his right, thereby rendering our success certain. Having thus explained the plan the General Commanding addressed McCook as follows:

“You know the ground and its difficulties, you fought over it yesterday. Can you hold your present position for three hours?” To which McCook replied, “Yes, I think I can.” Rosecrans then said, “I don’t like the facing of your line so much to the east, but must leave that to you, you know the ground. If you don’t think your present the best position change it.”

The plan was simple enough; its execution caused us some trouble.

All night long we rested in line of battle, or sat sleepily in the saddle. The movement was to begin at daylight. It was the last day of the year, and the last day in the lives of ten thousand men.

It seemed as if daylight would never come, and yet we feared each moment would bring it. We ate breakfast as we stood, with no particular appetite. With the probability of not wanting another meal what booted it whether this was a comfortable one or not. The quick sharp command of regimental and company officers through the fog that had lifted from the bosom of the river, and the smoke of camp fires, begun Van Cleve’s movement to cross the ford. Wood had just wet the fet-locks of his horse to join him, when the long roll, and roar of musketry increasing in intensity, told plainly that heavy masses of infantry were closing on the right in close quarters. There was a death rattle about it that every man recognized. It was not that which caused the color to leave the cheek, nor caused Van Cleve to hastily re-cross the ford, or Wood to halt his column. The noise of battle was nearing too rapidly. McCook is certainly not

going to hold the enemy in his front three hours at this rate. Not only did the sound travel too rapidly, but it broke out too much to the North and curled around to our rear with infernal speed and intensity. Men looked at each other for an explanation that each one knew for himself but dreaded to speak. Soon fugitives and stragglers emerged from the cedars in full view, and came toward us on the run, followed by confused masses of panic-stricken troops, firing their muskets in the air, or back in the faces of their comrades, following them. They mingled with the mounted officers, guard and staff, dead to entreaty or shame. McCook was routed; instead of holding the enemy in his front, till we could execute the plan on the left, the enemy held him in his embrace, till the life was squeezed out of his front, and then flung the remnant to the ground and came on for fresh prey. The man of war is never satisfied; no sooner full than he is empty. Then came the crucial test of Rosecrans as a Commander, of his equipoise, of his courage to think under fire, and of his ability in the midst of panic and disaster, to make new dispositions of troops to meet the new order of things. His plan had been crushed like an eggshell by the fiat of disaster and he must forge order out of chaos and while the metal was hot. Let his subsequent career be what it may, he stood the test on that day at Stone River.

Van Cleve, who was as you remember, on the extreme left, now double quicked to the extreme right and rear of the new line facing west along the Murfreesboro pike. Reserves were taken from Crittenden and Thomas and thrown to the front, and these, with the still organized troops of McCook, now stubbornly held their ground. Thurston, of Dayton, won a star by cutting a road through the cedars, with a regiment of sappers and miners, and bringing a

wagon train of ammunition within the new line that the route of McCook had uncovered.

Rosecrans was at all parts of the field, mounted on a large grey horse, his old blue overcoat buttoned to his chin, a stump of a cigar caught tight between his teeth. Every disposition of troops passed under his eye. The beam of victory had tipped toward the Confederacy; he threw the weight of his own sword in the scale and changed the balance in favor of the Union. He lost heavily in killed and wounded of his personal staff. When Garesche, his gallant Adjutant-General fell at his side, with his head carried away by a *solid* shot, he turned no more than when Billy Porter, his youngest aid, had the bottom of his haversack ripped open by a fragment of shell and let the Commander's dinner fall to the ground. He left the position usually occupied by the Chief and came to the line of battle, and by his presence and words cheered and encouraged the men of the center and left, who had remained unmoved by the shock of the day. He brought order out of chaos among the fugitives, and in a few hours the new line was breasting unmoved, the wave of Confederate fire and charge of the baffled enemy. There came a lull in the sound of battle about 2 o'clock; it occurs in every engagement. Bragg, too, wanted to see into the new condition of affairs and concluded to assault the left; but the attack was repulsed at every point and met by a counter-charge. The Federal army was now more confident and settled down to steady work. The whole line was engaged at times during the afternoon; then particular points selected and massed upon; but when night came the battle front that had extended almost east and west, was now from the center to right, bent back parallel with the Nashville road, and one-half the army faced almost west. The supply

and ammunition trains had suffered severely in loss of animals and killed teamsters, as the supposed safe positions became uncovered.

Time ends all things and so it did that first day of the year. With darkness came comparative quiet. No fires were allowed except they be made in holes dug in the ground. They would not only develop our lines but attract the enemy's artillery. It was not a cheerful night; we had lost heavily in killed, wounded and prisoners, and twenty-eight pieces of artillery were in the enemy's hands, all the horses having been slain. There was just this consolation, though it might be grim, the enemy had been roughly handled and badly hurt, too.

The hospital corps was now busy; the ground was wet and cold; the air was full of groans and cries of strong men stricken, some of them prayers, some curses. Lights flitted about in the hands of good Samaritans, filling ambulances with their comrades to take back to the attention of the Medical Corps, than whom a more gallant and kind-hearted and brave and noble body of men, never wore a uniform or mounted a horse in any arm of the service. The army surgeon has never as yet received his full share of the honor and gratitude of his countrymen for the labor he performed. His work was not done to the music of a brass band, or fife and drum. He did not have the exhilaration of battle with its waving plumes and flashing armor under the delirium of the moment; he was not expecting amid clamor and huzzas to be batoned a marshal on the field for some brave act. In the dark hours of the night and the reaction after the conflict, he ministered as best he could to the suffering body ploughed by bullets or harrowed under the teeth of disease. In improvised field tents, or booths, he performed successfully some of the most difficult oper-

ations in surgery with the tenderness of a woman and the heart of a lion; and it took more courage to stand amid the clamor and appeals of the wounded that night and carefully and wisely do with steady hand what humanity demanded than it did to fight; and away down in every soldier's heart there is a tender spot for the Army Surgeon.

On Thursday morning, January 1, there was no demonstration on either side. When I say we were quiet, I mean quiet as compared with the roar of the preceding day. While the battle front was preserved at all times, on either side back of the lines, movement of troops and new dispositions were going on incessantly. The wounded men who had been overlooked the night before, or had been left because assistance could not reach them, were being cared for.

Broken regiments and brigades were reformed; the panic-stricken men of yesterday were, a large per cent. of them, in the ranks, completely over the "buck ager," the boys said, ready to do and did do effective work afterwards. It was curious to note the effect of panic among a mass of men. It is catching, just as the example of courage is catching. Rosecrans proved what example of bravery would do the first day.

The enemy, too, was showing activity and heavy masses of infantry were seen moving again on our right. Bragg seemed determined to push us off our line of communication with Nashville, and at 2 o'clock made a fierce attack, but Rousseau and Negley met the shock successfully and night again closed the fight. It now began to rain steadily and pitilessly upon the half-frozen ground. The tension on muscle and mind for so many days without adequate rest and food began to tell on the spirits of everybody. It is true as General Grant said that the fellow on the other side of the field was in the same fix; but that

thought did not make you dry, fill your stomach, or give you rest. It only made you think that you could stand it is long as he. While we had stood like a sea wall all day and received unmoved the lash of the fiery waves, we had not whipped Bragg. He still showed a life and condition of health that was discouraging.

Again the division fronts were covered with a line of skirmishers, and we made ourselves as comfortable as we could under cedar thickets and behind rocks, and sat leaning against trees, and listened to the pattering of the rain. Tell me, you scientific gentlemen, why it is that rain comes with a battle. About 11 o'clock p. m. I heard the clink of an orderly's sabre against the spur as his horse loped out of the woods with a dispatch in his belt for General Wood. The General had been struck in the foot that day and was lying under a tent fly.

At the close of the first day of the battle of Stone River (Murfreesboro), the original line had been completely changed. The plan of battle of Bragg and Rosecrans was the same, each to attack and turn the right flank of his opponent. Bragg had been successful in his plan, up to the point of driving McCook, on Rosecrans' right, back upon the center. All day the center and left had held their positions grimly and firmly, but had made no progress; neither had our friends, the enemy, after the dash of the morning. Morgan and Forest with a cloud of cavalry had cut in behind us, capturing trains of supplies and stragglers, and were in possession of our line of communication with Nashville. In fact, we were practically surrounded, and Bragg persistently endeavored to push us from the Nashville road.

A stream of considerable size with bluff banks was behind us some eight miles on the Nashville side, and

as it turned out afterward, engineers had been examining the ground all the afternoon. It presented a tempting position for a defensive line; the trouble was we did not march down there to take the defensive.

This was the situation stated in general terms and under this condition of affairs Rosecrans invited, as a council of war, his Corps and Division Commanders to meet at his headquarters, an old log cabin about a mile from the battle front, in a cedar thicket. The cabin was a pioneer, single deck, old timer, one end fire place which was filled with cedar limbs, burning and crackling, filling the room with resinous odor and yellow light. The rain was falling steadily and persistently as if determined to wash out the red stains of battle.

When General Wood and I arrived, at midnight, we found present Generals Rosecrans, McCook, Crittenden, Sheridan and Thomas, some division commanders and a few staff officers. These officers were arranged around the sides of the cabin, seated on the floor. Rosecrans having the only camp stool in the party, was in front of the fire looking intently at the curling flames, warming his hands and drying his clothes. When he heard the click of Wood's crutch on the puncheon floor (he had been wounded during the afternoon) he immediately rose and offered his seat, but Wood declined the thoughtful attention and rested on the floor with his comrades, and Rosecrans resumed his old position and look.

It was a weird fire-lit scene, at midnight, with the incidents of the day fresh in mind. These men looked as if each had been a gunner all day and had taken special pains to get himself smoked and powder grimmed. Battered as to hats, touseled as to hair, torn as to clothes and depressed as to spirits, if there was

a cheerful expressioned face present I did not see it. It was no time nor place for the glitter and tinsel of rank; it was a clear case of a demand for nerve and a fight to the death on an empty stomach and in wet clothes. Thomas looked, as he always did, calm, stern, determined, silent and perfectly self-possessed, his hat set squarely on his head (and it was the only one there that did). It was a tonic to look at the man.

The stillness was intense, broken only by the plash of the rain on the clapboard roof, as we sat there awaiting the action and will of one man, as to our conduct for the day already here.

After, it seemed to me, a half hour of this silence, Rosecrans slowly turned toward his commanders with the air of having come to the cross roads, not certain which one to take, and said, beginning with the left of the row: "General McCook, have you any suggestions for to-morrow?" "No, only I would like for Bragg to pay me for my two horses lost to-day." So from man to man he went round the room, the answer of each, in substance, the same as the first. Thomas was held for the last. I watched him closely to see if I could discover any proposition to be stated, already showing in his face, but he never changed a muscle; his eye never left the bed of red coals that were now aglow on the old hearth; he did not appear to hear any of the replies; the same set, determined look I saw when I came in, was there.

Rosecrans hesitated a little when he came to him, slight as it was it was understood, and said: "General Thomas, what have you to say?" Without a word of reply he slowly rose to his feet, buttoned his great coat from bottom to top, faced his comrades and stood there a statue of courage chiseled out of the black marble of midnight, by the firelight, and said: "Gentlemen, I know of no better place to die than right

here," and walked out of the room into the dripping night. The council was over. No one else moved for a moment, when Rosecrans, quick as a flash, and with the dash that was a part of him, said: "If you are not attacked by 6 o'clock this morning, you will open the fight promptly, posted as you are and move on to Murfreesboro. Clear the field yet to-night of all wounded and see to it that your ammunition is well up; we will whip this fight to-morrow." And we did.

As I was assisting General Wood into his saddle, McCook came up and said: "Tom, the old man had his fighting clothes on to-night. Do you know, I think that if 'Rosey' had been encouraged a little he would have changed base."

On Friday morning, the 2d, the enemy promptly opened four batteries of artillery on the center with a strong demonstration on the right; but Walker and Sheridan in a few hours silenced his guns. A lull then came, lasting till about 3 o'clock p. m. when the last stroke of battle was given.

In the intervening time we could see that something unusual was transpiring within Bragg's lines. The left and center had up to this time remained practically intact. It was evident that the hitherto baffled rage of the enemy was to expend itself and fall there and the dispositions to that end were made in plain view. Subsequent history tells that the same night that Rosecrans held his council of war in the Daniel's Cabin, Bragg was holding one in Murfreesboro and that his Corps Commanders urged a retreat to Chattanooga, as they believed that the forts at Nashville were being stripped of troops to reinforce Rosecrans (which was true), and that he would grow stronger and they weaker; but against their urgent request he selected Breckenridge to make the final assault the next day, with a heavy force and the

flower of his army, promising that it should be made late in the day and if not entirely successful he would immediately retire as rapidly as consistent with the safety of trains.

It was this movement of Breckenridge we now saw in progress. Again the remark of General Grant comes with a great deal of force: "You must always remember that the man on the other side is scared, too," for while Rosecrans with the least encouragement the night before would have fallen back on Stewart's Creek, at the same hour Bragg's corps commanders were urging him to fall back to Chattanooga.

The heavy mass, estimated variously from five to ten thousand men, battalion front, with three batteries, and covered by a double line of skirmishers, emerged from the woods on the southeast and advanced across the fields, every regiment marked by a battle flag. They moved in regular order with a steadiness of line and front that would provoke admiration on a parade. There was not a gun fired; you could hear the commands of officers, as with drawn swords they directed the column.

When within a hundred yards of Van Cleve, who was across the river, they opened fire, and he was swept back in confusion across the ford, but the even line of the enemy's front was not even dented.

Rosecrans was fortunately on the left when the skirmishers emerged from the woods, and at once massed all the artillery of the left wing in V shape, double-shotted the guns, ranged them to sweep the ford and waited until the mass was at point blank range. The firing was terrific, the havoc terrible, as they came into the river and tried to cross, roads were ploughed through the mass only to be closed up again. In forty minutes they lost two thousand men and retreated a panic-stricken mob. Night came again; the

rain that had ceased during the day again poured from the startled clouds. The now swollen stream washed the blood down towards the Cumberland, and Bragg, with a growl, turned towards Tullahoma.

Afterward I visited the battle ground in summer time. The forts and earthworks has been smoothed down by the hand of Peace. There came the sound of bells from grazing cattle on the brown pasture lands that had once echoed to the cry of pain. The cotton fields were clothed in white, the soil was rich with the red rain of those awful days. Flowers bloomed and vines twined, and children played about happy homes. The mocker sung and swung on the cedar branch by the roadside, in the sun, for the noise of battle had been gone ten years.

MISSIONARY RIDGE.

BY GENERAL FRED KNEFLER.

Chattanooga was besieged. After the battle of Chickamauga, fought on the 19th and 20th days of September, 1863, between the Army of the Cumberland and General Bragg's rebel army, reinforced by the corps of General Longstreet, which arrived a few days before the battle from the Army of Northern Virginia, and large numbers of rebel prisoners taken at Vicksburg, who were paroled by General Grant, but had not been exchanged, the Army of the Cumberland retreated into Chattanooga. For some reason, Lookout Mountain, inclosing Chattanooga Valley on the west, was abandoned to the enemy, which enabled him to intercept the shortest practicable route of the Union army to its most accessible depot of supplies at Bridgeport, distant fifty miles. On the east side of the valley the enemy occupied Missionary Ridge, a position formidable by nature, and made still more so by lines of intrenchments and numerous batteries on the summit, which was between five hundred and six hundred feet above the valley. These two positions were connected by a line of strongly fortified field works



FRED KNEFLER was born in Hungary, April 12, 1834. During his early years he had the advantage of good schools, in one of which military drill was taught. He was a mere boy when under the leadership of Kossuth, Hungary fought for freedom, yet he was old enough to carry a light musket as a cadet in active service with hundreds of others. It was here that he obtained a practical knowledge of the duties of a soldier and of the discipline which he enforced as an officer in the Union army. He came to this country in 1850. After a short time he came to Indianapolis, which has since been his home. Here he learned the carpenter's trade and

stretching across Chattanooga Valley on the south. The Tennessee River and Waldron's Ridge on the north, with an impracticable mountain region behind it, were in possession of the Army of the Cumberland. Within this space of mountain and river barriers was the town of Chattanooga, a completely gutted, useless wreck. It was surrounded by strongly fortified lines, and comparatively out of range of the enemy's artillery. By force of these surroundings the garrison was besieged and held as within a vise. No Union army during the war of the Rebellion found itself suddenly, by stress of circumstances, in such a perilous situation. There was within the lines cruel suffering for food, for men and animals, and a painful scarcity of fuel; this was aggravated by the rapidly advancing season, which grew colder every day. The labor of fortifying and the almost incessant outpost service were severe and very harassing. There was an almost continuous routine of exacting toil.

Prompted by the dangerous situation, relief was rapidly approaching. During the last days of September the head of the column of reinforcements from the Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, arrived at Bridgeport, securely holding the railroad to Nashville. General Sherman, with four divisions of the Army of the Tennessee, was marching overland from the banks of the Mississippi, by way of Corinth, towards Chattanooga, but did not arrive within striking distance until immediately before the battle.

worked at it for some years. Subsequently his worth as a clerk was discovered and he held several positions. Without a teacher he became a master of clear expression in English by studying Shakespeare and reading the *New York Tribune*. When the war broke out he was in the employ of Hon. John C. New, then County Clerk. The morning that the fall of Sumpter was announced, he said to his employer: "I will not work another day for any man until the rebellion shall be crushed." He enlisted at once; was made Lieutenant and Captain in quick succession of a company in the famous Eleventh Indiana. When General Lew Wallace became a General Officer, he selected Knefler for his Adjutant-General, and he was commissioned Captain. In August, 1862, he was appointed Colonel

On the 16th of October, 1863, General Grant was appointed commander of the military division of the Mississippi, embracing the armies and departments of the Tennessee, Ohio and the Cumberland. On the 19th of October General George H. Thomas was placed in command of the Army of the Cumberland, relieving General Rosecrans. General Grant, alive to the danger of the situation at Chattanooga, on his way there from Louisville, telegraphed to General Thomas, "Hold Chattanooga at all hazards," which was sententiously answered by that officer, "We will hold the town till we starve." In that sentiment the Army of the Cumberland was of one mind with its chief.

Immediately after General Grant's arrival at Chattanooga, the operation known as the Brown's Ferry affair, planned by Generals Rosecrans, Thomas and Smith, the chief engineer of the besieged army, and approved by General Grant, was successfully carried out. The enemy was driven from his position at the foot of Lookout Mountain, which had most dangerously obstructed the line of communication with the base of supplies; the matter of supplies was permanently settled, and the time for offensive operations, to raise the siege, was at hand. It is now known that General Grant, after fully informing himself about the situation and the condition of the Army of the Cumberland, manifested much restlessness over its immovability, which was caused, in the main, by the loss and starved condition of its draft animals, which had perished of hunger by thousands, seriously crippling

of the Seventy-Ninth Indiana Volunteers. Under his direction the regiment attained a high rank in drill and discipline which told in action. His regiment was in General Woods' Division, and during the last year of the war commanded a brigade. While in command of his own and the Eighty-Sixth Indiana, the two regiments were the first to carry the Confederate works on Missionary Ridge. He was breveted Brigadier-General for meritorious service. After the war he returned to Indianapolis and engaged in the practice of law. For several years he was United States Pension Agent. At this date he is one of the regents of the Indiana Soldiers' Monument.

the field artillery, and he felt reluctant to undertake offensive movements before the arrival of General Sherman with his command from the Army of the Tennessee, but as that army was delayed in its progress by railroad repairs and other causes, he determined to assume the offensive with such troops as were at his command.

On the 7th of November, 1863, he ordered General Thomas, with the Army of the Cumberland, "to attack the northern end of Missionary Ridge with all the force he could bring to bear against it, and when that was carried, to threaten, and even attack, if possible, the enemy's line of communication between Dalton and Cleveland;" but General Thomas declared, taking into account his numbers and condition, and the situation of the enemy, that the carrying out of the order meant disaster and destruction. Upon his representations, in which he was joined by General Smith, the chief engineer, who was of opinion that it was absolutely necessary to wait for the arrival of Sherman's army before attempting any movement, the order was countermanded. This proposed movement of attacking the northern end of Missionary Ridge was the identical operation which General Sherman failed to carry out successfully in the battle, when he had one-half of the entire combined field army under his orders, and the other half to support and co-operate with him, where, and whenever necessary. There is no doubt if General Thomas had undertaken to execute that order, and at the same time attempted to hold Chattanooga with the limited numbers at his command, he would have disastrously failed.

General Sherman, in his Memoirs, states that General Grant told him, when he arrived at Chattanooga, * * * "that the men of Thomas' army had been so demoralized by the battle of Chickamauga that he

feared they could not be got out of their trenches to assume the offensive. * * * The Army of the Cumberland had so long been in the trenches that he wanted my troops to hurry up to take the offensive first, after which, he had no doubt, the Cumberland army would fight well." If General Grant entertained any such opinion, and perhaps he did, as General Sherman's statement was never contradicted, modified or denied by him during the years of his life after the publication of the Memoirs, he was, for once mistaken. The expression of such an apprehension was groundless and a cruel aspersion upon the warlike character of the Army of the Cumberland. That army was equal to every duty, and its conduct in the impending battle vindicated its well-merited reputation and renown as a body of soldiers that had no superior in any field. However, whatever may have been thought or said it is the indisputable fact that in the battle of Chattanooga it was the Army of the Cumberland which took the initiative, and was successful in every maneuver on that field. It did not need the example of any other army to show the Army of the Cumberland how to fight; it was not a serious task to get them out of the trenches and rouse them into action; though defeated, it was not demoralized by the "bloody, terrible, fruitless, wholly unnecessary, ill ordered and disjointed battle of Chickamauga."

Mr. Jefferson Davis, the president of the rebel Confederacy, made a congratulatory visit to General Bragg's victorious army of Chickamanga on Missionary Ridge. Standing on Pulpit Rock, inspired by the wondrously beautiful panorama of the valley and delighted by the sad plight of the sorely beleaguered host in plain view before him, he indulged himself in a spasm of prophecy and solemnly predicted that it

would be only a matter of days when that army, driven by the pangs of hunger, would pass under the Caudine forks. The gift of prophecy was not the strong point of the great man. He was mistaken. He, too, reckoned without General George H. Thomas and his Army of the Cumberland.

The two intervening middle weeks of November were occupied with preparations for battle. After several postponements of the day of battle, caused by the inability of the Army of the Tennessee to reach Chattanooga and its assigned position for the attack on the northern end of Missionary Ridge, at last, on Monday noon of the 23d of November, 1863, the Second Division, Major General Philip H. Sheridan, and the Third Division, Brigadier-General Thomas J. Wood, both of the Fourth Army Corps, Major-General Gordon Granger commanding, and Brigadier-General A. Baird's Division of the Fourteenth Army Corps, were ordered to parade, without their artillery, in front of Fort Wood. The object was a demonstration to develop the enemy in his advanced lines in Chattanooga Valley in front of Missionary Ridge, and to verify the reports of rebel deserters, that General Bragg was about abandoning his position around Chattanooga, preparatory to a retreat. No better instruments could have been selected for that purpose than those well-commanded, thoroughly disciplined divisions of Western volunteers, whose warlike qualities had been severely tested on many bloody fields. They were equal to any task. The soldiers were eager for an advance and battle, to rid themselves of their long enforced inaction and tiresome confinement in the lines, where they had suffered much from toil and privation. They left the trenches without compulsion or regret. As there was no field artillery ordered out to co-operate in the movement, the heavy siege guns

of Fort Wood were directed to cover the advance wherever practicable or necessary.

The disposition of the troops about to be engaged was in the following order: General Wood's Division of three brigades extending on the left to Citico Creek; Hazen's brigade on the right and Willich's in the center, deployed in two lines of battle each, with strong reserves; Beatty's brigade on the left of Willich and refused in battalion double columns for instant deployment against attack on that flank, or to support Willich's brigade in the action in front. The advance of the division was covered by strong lines of skirmishers. General Sheridan's division was ordered into position on the right of Wood, supporting him and somewhat retired. The division of General Baird was ordered to support Sheridan on the right, refused and *en echelon*, General Howard's command, consisting of two divisions of the Eleventh Army Corps, was formed *en masse* in the center in the rear of Wood's and Sheridan's divisions. General R. W. Johnson's First Division of the Fourteenth Army Corps was held in readiness under arms in the intrenchments to reinforce at any point.

General Howard's Corps, from the Army of the Potomac, on this occasion made its first appearance in the lines around Chattanooga. They were the first Eastern troops which had come to the West; their neatness and trim looks called forth many facetious remarks from their war-worn Western comrades, who had been incessantly toiling upon arduous campaigns in battle and in the trenches for months without rest. The Eastern men were not backward to resent this chaffing in a good-humored style, but before night came they had opportunity to observe the admirable, spirited manner in which their smoke-begrimmed, ragged Western brothers attacked the enemy and did their fighting.

The rebels, from their fortified positions centering on Orchard Knob, were led to believe, from the orderly and ceremonious manner in which the Union troops in their front formed up, that a grand review was about to take place, and they became interested spectators of the supposed grand pageant. They crowded the parapets of the field works, which were out of rifle range, and the distant crest of Missionary Ridge was lined with eager sight-seeing troops to obtain an unobstructed view of the parade. They were speedily undeceived.

Upon the firing of a cannon shot from Fort Wood the two divisions proudly marched forward in imposing, stately array, preceded by clouds of skirmishers, who, as soon as they came within range of the enemy, briskly opened fire. When the rebels discovered that the advance was serious, they hastily entered into action. The two advancing divisions, inspired by the task, knowing that the eyes of their commanders were upon them, without waiting for orders, turned the reconnoissance into an attack in force, gallantly dashed forward with Willich's brigade of Wood's Division in open ground leading, and breasting the enemy's fire, they boldly assailed the rebel lines at all points, overturned everything, swept over the hostile line before them and captured it with many prisoners. The advance of Hazen's brigade was obstructed by a belt of timber which enabled the enemy in their front to offer more serious resistance, which was rapidly beaten down and crushed. Generals Grant, Thomas, Mr. C. A. Dana, the Assistant Secretary of War, with many distinguished Generals from other fields, eagerly watched the advance on the parapets of Fort Wood. General Grant could not withhold his admiration of "the troops moving under fire with all the precision of veterans on parade." This

opening exploit of the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland favorably impressed him with their magnificent bearing. Whatever doubts he may have entertained about their fighting quality and ability to assume the offensive must have speedily vanished. It was, at best, the baseless vision of a dream.

When the triumphant battle flags of Wood's Division were seen from Fort Wood defiantly waving over the rebel works on Orchard Knob General Thomas signaled to General Wood: "You have gained too much to withdraw; hold your position and I will support you." It would have taken desperate, fierce battle to wrest the ground gained by this sudden dash from the iron grasp of those sturdy soldiers flushed with victory, and the enemy was too wary to undertake it or attempt a counter attack. Baird's division promptly entered into line on Sheridan's right, and Howard's Corps on Wood's left. Howard met with sharp resistance from the enemy in taking position, but two regiments of Beatty's Brigade of Wood's Division sent to his assistance vigorously attacked the enemy in flank and drove them from the field. The rebels from their lofty position on Missionary Ridge, overlooking the whole field, witnessed the unexpected discomfiture of their advanced line; their batteries sullenly opened fire and aimlessly cannonaded the captured positions till nightfall—a useless exhibition of impotent wrath and sorry waste of useful ammunition.

All the available forces from the lines of Chattanooga marched forward, taking position in the new line, which was rapidly fortified and made secure against sudden attack or surprise. There was great rejoicing among the soldiers who at last by their own efforts found themselves relieved from tedious confinement in the lines occupied by them for many toil-

some weeks of suffering and privation. They greatly rejoiced to bivouac under the open sky, upon the ground conquered by them in such intrepid manner. The successful operation of the afternoon extended the camping space of the army a mile to the front and that much nearer towards the enemy, from the point where the advance had started in front of Fort Wood. On the ground captured there was much timber; great fires were kindled, and officers and soldiers crowding around them enjoyed the refreshing, genial warmth, a luxury of which they had been deprived for many long and weary days.

Bridges' Sixth Illinois Battery of Wood's division came out of the lines during the night; it was placed in position on Orchard Knob and protected by field works. Tuesday, November 24, proved an uneventful day for the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland occupying the center of the line of battle immediately in front and facing Missionary Ridge. General Sherman's troops marched all day long behind the range of hills on the north side of the Tennessee River, concealed from view of the enemy to cross the river and take the designated position, as was reported, for the main attack to be made on the enemy's right on the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge, while at the same time General Hooker prepared to assault and turn Lookout Mountain, drive the enemy from it and then join the right of the army in Chattanooga Valley. The movements of these bodies of troops were out of sight of the soldiers in the center by the configuration of the ground. The weather was misty, with occasional light drizzles of rain; the sky was overcast with lowering clouds, and a cold, piercing wind blew through the valley, chilling the exposed troops to the bone; but their ardor could not be dampened by the cheerless elements; it was of little concern to men

eager and ready to do battle. The peak of Lookout and the summit of Missionary Ridge were obscured by a veil of thick mist, and at times almost entirely invisible. Slight skirmishing between the outlying pickets in front and fitful cannonading from the batteries on the ridge, blindly directed against the troops facing it, did not attract much attention from the soldiers of Thomas.

Early in the afternoon sounds of battle became audible on the right rear, the scene of Hooker's battle. The soldiers in the center eagerly watched for glimpses of the advancing columns of Hooker, which became visible for moments, ascending that part of the mountain in view from the center. Their comrades of Major-General D. S. Stanley's First Division of the Fourth Corps were with General Hooker, and this enhanced their interest. They were delighted with the fierce cannonade from the Moccasin Point battery supporting the attack of Hooker; there was tumultuous cheering whenever a well-aimed shell exploded in the rebel batteries on the mountain peak; but when flashes of musketry became visible, piercing the curtain of mist covering the mountain slope like clouds, showing the victorious advance of their comrades with Hooker, their boisterous rejoicing was almost beyond bounds. Many wild rumors flitted about, as usual on occasions when a distant battle is visible, but there were no reliable reports of the progress of the battle, when the swiftly approaching darkness of that gloomy November day left those who were only distant spectators of the conflict in painful anxiety about the result of the action on Lookout Mountain. Before the troops in the valley turned in for the night they were cheered with the intelligence that General Sherman, on the left, had effected a successful crossing of the Tennessee in face of the enemy, and was

then in a formidable position to attack as soon as daylight would permit him to advance. The soldiers knew that their comrades of Jeff. C. Davis' Second Division of the Fourteenth Corps were with Sherman, and they felt sure that they would give a good report of themselves wherever they might be.

Wednesday morning opened clear and bright, with the promise of a beautiful autumn day; it was ushered in by the booming of the distant cannonade on the left, the faint clattering of the skirmishers and occasional volleys of rolling musketry in the direction where General Sherman was at work attacking the rebel position on the northern extremity of Missionary Ridge. The morning mists hovering over the mountains were quickly dispelled by the brilliant sun. The peak of Lookout, to which all eyes were turned, gradually became visible. At the point from which rebel batteries had thundered upon Chattanooga for weeks the stars and stripes, gloriously radiant in their gorgeous beauty, were proudly floating in the morning breeze—a sight never to be forgotten. It was the battle flag of the Eighth Kentucky Volunteers, of the First Division of the Fourth Army Corps, whose gallant soldiers had planted it there. The troops in the valley, enthused by the inspiring spectacle, the sure harbinger of great success yet to come, grew wild with excitement, rapturously cheered and cheered again the appearance of the flag; their hurrahs like mighty thunder rolled back and forth along the battle line in the valley, until the jubilant thousands were exhausted. Missionary Ridge in its towering height loomed in the clear morning air a frowning, grim fortress—gloomy, forbidding, unassailable, its formidable crest bristling with batteries sharply outlined against the blue sky. Some of the guns angrily fired to mar the joyful excitement of the soldiers in

the valley, but without much success; they were not men to be disturbed by such malignant interruptions. To add to the pleasure of the occasion it soon became known that Stevenson's rebel forces had, during the night, abandoned their fortified positions on Lookout, as they were threatened to be cut off by Hooker, and had retreated across Chattanooga Valley to Missionary Ridge, and there joined Bragg's main rebel army.

At an early hour Generals Grant, Thomas, Mr. Dana, the ubiquitous Assistant Secretary of War, and many others, accompanied by numerous staff officers and escorts appeared on Orchard Knob, taking position behind the slight epaulements constructed for Bridges' Battery. It was the most eligible position on the field in the valley from which to observe the progress of the battle as planned and ordered for the day. That brilliant concourse of famous commanders and high officers was the cynosure of all eyes.

The order of the battle was very simple. General Sherman, with his troops of the Army of the Tennessee, the division of General Jeff. C. Davis, of the Fourteenth Corps, and one brigade from Howard's Eleventh Corps, was to attack and capture the northern end of Missionary Ridge. General Hooker, descending from Lookout Mountain, crossing Chattanooga Valley was to attack the southern extremity of the ridge from the gap near Rossville; the enemy, thus placed between two fires, was to be rolled up, crushed and driven from the mountain. The remaining four divisions of the Army of the Cumberland, in the valley facing the ridge, under command of General Thomas, were to be held in readiness to lend their powerful aid wherever required on either flank. A front attack on the ridge was not contemplated on account of its apparently inaccessible nature. Before the battle rumors circulated in the camps, from which Missionary

Ridge was in plain view, and the subject of discussion among the soldiers, was that the engineer officers, who had thoroughly reconnoitred the position, had decided that it was impregnable to a front attack, and all appearances justified that conclusion; it did not seem in the range of probability that any troops could successfully attack that precipitous front. General Bragg, commander of the rebel army, was of opinion that "the position ought to have been held by a skirmish line against any assaulting column.

Every hillock and elevation in the valley in front of the ridge, wherever the ground permitted a glance of the battlefield, was occupied by officers and soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland intently watching General Sherman's battle on the left. At times all eyes turned to the opposite direction to discover General Hooker's movements as soon as his troops should come in sight, marching to the attack at Rossville. But the noises of the battle on the left soon lulled and it became painfully manifest that the progress of General Sherman had been arrested; there was only occasionally the sound of faint skirmishing and some desultory cannonading. It soon became evident if infantry attacks had been made that they were not successful. There were no sustained, continuous volleys of musketry, sure sign that infantry is warmly engaged; the slight spurts of smoke of the skirmishers were stationary and visible only at or near points where first seen in the morning; no line of battle or body of troops could be discovered in any other or advanced positions than seen at the beginning of the fight. It was conjectured and, as it proved rightly, that General Sherman's troops were holding their own, but all efforts to advance had been checked. General Sherman's attack, the dominant feature of the battle up to that time, was a failure. The north

end of Missionary Ridge, compared with its rugged, precipitous western front, was assailable on three sides. A large part of the combined field army was in that part of the field; there was no vigorous, concerted action to engage the enemy on all sides simultaneously; there were only disjointed, feeble attacks of insignificant, small bodies of troops, which did not make a serious impression upon the enemy. Sherman's army was apparently helpless and shrunk within itself.

On the right, in Hooker's direction, nothing was seen or heard; his advance was seriously delayed by the crossing of Chattanooga Creek, the bridge over it having been destroyed by the enemy in the retreat from Lookout Mountain to the ridge, and some time would necessarily expire before a crossing in force could be effected. There was sore disappointment and apprehension that the day would be fruitless of decisive results. The outlook for immediate action was dismal and discouraging.

The soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland, fronting the central position of the enemy, were interested spectators of everything transpiring in their vicinity. Early in the forenoon Howard's Eleventh Corps, on the left of Wood's Division, marched to the support of General Sherman; it was a considerable body of troops, but even after sufficient time elapsed for its arrival and entering into action Sherman's battle remained stationary. About noon Baird's Third Division of the Fourteenth Corps, passing in rear of Sheridan and Wood, took up the line of march to join General Sherman. The left flank of Wood's division was in air, but this unusual situation did not disconcert the composure of his troops.

At this time more than half of the Army of the Cumberland was in other parts of the field; four of the

divisions were with General Sherman, and one with General Hooker. Only three divisions, those of Sheridan, Wood and Johnson, remained under the immediate command of General Thomas, the commander of the Army of the Cumberland, and there was no general in the army who could make better use of them. Thus the weary hours slowly passed, with nothing to enliven the scene except an occasional shell dropping from the ridge to annoy the soldiers in front. There were forcible expressions of scorn and contempt when a shell exploded in the vicinity of some sleeping soldiers, ruthlessly rousing them from slumber, or a shot disturbed groups engaged in cooking their frugal meals. There was much derisive mirth when a bursting shell unceremoniously interfered with the amusement of others. Even the horses of the mounted officers fretfully champed their bits and restlessly pawed the ground. Officers listlessly strolled about and on to Orchard Knob for news of some movement. There was universal eagerness and loudly expressed impatience for some decisive action as the hours lazily dragged along. Hope was not entirely abandoned that, notwithstanding the apparent oppressive inactivity, something decisive would yet be ordered before the sun went down on that fateful day.

Suddenly, without any visible cause, on the field immediately in front of the ridge, after 3 o'clock, orders were issued to regimental commanders to prepare to advance for an attack on the enemy's line of field works in front. That was all. The order was, that upon the firing of six cannon shots by Bridges' Battery, on Orchard Knob, at the firing of the last gun, the lines should move forward to the attack without further command. There were no orders as to what was to be done, or what was expected to be done, in the event of the capture of the rebel line; whether the

line, if captured, was to be held and occupied, or whether the troops were to advance and attack the next rebel line at the base of Missionary Ridge, and continue the battle. These were the only orders communicated to the commanders of regiments of the front lines of the six brigades of Sheridan's and Wood's Divisions. There was not the slightest intimation of an intention that the ridge was to be attacked and taken by storm when the orders were given for the attack of the line in front; certainly, as far as anything is known, nothing of the kind was in contemplation. The movement, as ordered, was intended as a demonstration in force, to compel the enemy to turn attention towards his center, and by the diversion, relieve the pressure against General Sherman. In this the demonstration was eminently successful. General Sherman was effectually relieved, though he did not become aware until after nightfall that the enemy had disappeared from his front, and that the Army of the Cumberland, after the successful execution of the most brilliant feat of arms in the annals of the war, was in victorious possession of Missionary Ridge.

The six brigades of Sheridan and Wood were formed two regiments front, except Willich's brigade which formed with a front of four regiments; the other regiments of the several brigades formed lines in the same order in supporting distance of the lines in front of them. The whole front was covered by strong skirmish lines. The idleness of the day had become very irksome, as inaction in front, facing the enemy, always is, and there was much anxiety. The orders received were communicated to the troops and obeyed with zealous alacrity. The lines promptly formed and took arms as if by magic. As far as the eye could reach the throngs of soliders who had crowded the field all the day long

behind their stacked arms, disappeared; almost instantaneously nothing was visible but the perfectly formed lines of these superb soldiers, officer and soldier, every man in place. There was no trepidation in the ranks of these formidable soldiers as the lines dressed up, as if preparing for an affair of ceremony. There was oppressive silence in the ranks, impatiently intent upon the signal for the advance. Baird's Division, returning from Sherman, hastened to take position on Wood's left, but had not completely entered into line when the advance began. Johnson's Division formed on the right in support of Sheridan.

The rebels, perched on the lofty heights of Missionary Ridge, had full view of the martial spectacle. The artillerymen stood to their guns and the sun was glistening upon the arms of the lines forming. Groups making observations with field glasses could be seen at prominent points, searching every nook and corner in the valley below them. They saw the soldiers who inflicted the first blow in tearing their advanced line from them, formed up, looking like black walls tipped with steel. They knew that Sherman's efforts had been foiled; they saw the long columns of Hooker descending from Lookout, winding through the valley towards Rossville, where they were prepared to meet them. They conjectured that the assembling of the troops in their front was designed for the support of Sherman or Hooker. The thought that it was a storm gathering to sweep them from their impregnable stronghold never entered their minds. It was not credible that a front attack was contemplated, but they were again deceived; their delusion was short lived. The day of wrath and retribution for Chickamauga was at hand.

At last the guns on Orchard Knob boomed out— one! two! three! four! five! six! Instantly, with guns

on the right shoulder, in well-ordered array, the serried lines, with measured tread, rapidly moved forward as one man, shoulder to shoulder, striving to keep up the perfect alignment. The advance had hardly begun, when the rebel line about to be attacked opened fire upon the swiftly approaching line of battle coming on in silence and without firing. At proper distance the line was halted an instant, fired a thundering volley, and upon the command to charge, rushed forward, defying the hostile fire. Like a raging torrent, with loud hurrahs, they swept over the rebel defenses, which, yielding to the determined onset, were captured with those of their defenders who failed to escape in time. Then, like a flash, the batteries on the summit of the ridge opened fire, not even waiting until their own fleeing, defeated troops cleared the field; first one gun, then another and another, until the ridge was wreathed in smoke, the cannon belching flame, the air alive with exploding shells, shrapnel and screeching fragments. The rebel artillery officers, familiar with the ground upon which their army had camped for nearly two months, had the proper range of all vital points. Skillfully availing themselves of that important advantage, they truly aimed their guns and fired shell with frightful precision into the captured position, upon which they now vigorously concentrated the fire of all the available batteries within range.

It soon became manifest that nothing could live in or about the captured line of field works; a few minutes of such terrific, telling fire would quickly convert them into untenable, hideous slaughter pens. No steps could be taken for protection against the plunging fire from the ridge, "where it rained fire from heaven;" nothing could be gained in that exposed situation by reversing the captured lines, or any other

practicable device against that awful fire which grew in accuracy and intensity every moment. There was no time or opportunity for deliberation to meet the perilous emergency. Something must be done, and it must be done quickly. The choice left was the abandonment of the captured line of works and to retreat, or to advance without a moment's delay in pursuit of the flying enemy. The rebels who had escaped capture rapidly retreated towards the ridge, at the base of which a second line of defense was constructed, there to find shelter from pursuit and to sweep the space in front with murderous fire.

The solution of the fearful dilemma now came in the warlike instinct of the Union soldiery to follow the retreating enemy and strike him again. The line was ordered forward, and like one man bounded out of the captured field works, the front line of Beatty's Brigade taking the lead. Under a terrible fire of musketry and cannon the soldiers impetuously rushed to the attack of the rebel line at the foot of the mountain. This time the enemy did not await the coming shock, but hastily abandoned the position to the swiftly approaching Union soldiers, and precipitately sped up the steep mountain side, which grew gray with swarming rebels, who at every opportunity turned, savagely firing upon the advancing line to retard its rapid progress. The pursuers, without slackening their pace, opened a well-directed fire upon the retreating, clustering masses of the enemy to accelerate their movements. Men on the mountain side, struck by the pursuing fire, fell in all directions headlong down the steep, mangled and crushed among the rocks; but the advance did not suffer itself to be stayed for an instant.

The rebel works at the base of the ridge were speedily taken and occupied. Then, as if moved by a

mighty impulse, the line of indomitable Union soldiers, nerved by their successful, irresistible progress, began ascending the rugged acclivity of the mountain. The cry along the line was wherever the enemy could go they could surely follow. The rebels on the summit, in position to survey the whole field, saw the approaching storm. They could hardly believe their eyes. The situation was growing serious, and it was high time to arrest that unforeseen, unexpected, terrible advance. To them it was not a demonstration, but a stern, fearful reality. Rifle balls, solid shot, shells and canister came pouring down in fiery, deadly rain upon the front and engulfing both flanks; the mountain was a sheet of fire; the rattle of musketry, the unceasing thunder of the guns, the continual explosion of shells, and the manifold echoes of the frightful din reverberating from the mountain sides inclosing the valley became fearfully appalling. The pursuing troops ascending the mountain wrapped in fire, were hidden from view by a dense curtain of smoke. Generals Grant and Thomas, Mr. Dana, General Meigs and many other general officers, with grave doubts, viewed the magnificent spectacle from Orchard Knob. They became fearful that the advancing line, which had, unbidden, committed itself to that audacious undertaking, would be swallowed up and annihilated in that awful torrent of fire. As the advance was made without orders, the apprehension spread that a great disaster was preparing, and there was dire threatening against the disobedient, reckless officers who committed themselves and their commands to this bold enterprise, in the event the same should result in failure. Staff officers were dispatched to the front to recall the advancing line; but so terror-inspiring was the cataract of fire pouring all around from the mountain that some of the well-trained horses, familiar

with the noises of battle, were so dismayed by the dreadful sights and sounds that they became unmanageable and stubbornly refused to face the storm; their riders could not force them through the blast of deadly missiles. It was most fortunate for the cause, the country and the army that the orders to arrest progress and recall the advancing troops did not overtake the leading regiments of Wood's Division; these orders were pregnant with dangerous consequences and deadly mischief; they unfortunately reached their destination in Sheridan's Division, causing confusion, delay and serious losses. At last when it was seen that the soldiers of Wood continued to press forward, steadily gaining ground, General Thomas ordered a general advance of all the available troops to support the soldiers of Wood.

The pursuers, clambering up, hugging closely the mountain side, every step bringing them closer under the guns, protected by the steepness, were fortunately overshot. The enemy, unable to depress his guns, could not bring the full force of his fire to bear upon the stormers, who, exposed to it, would have been swept off. The noise of the battle grew more deafening, the roar and tumult of the fierce conflict rose higher and higher; the huge mountain almost shook with the tremendous cannonade, but there was no wavering, no halting, the advance never ceased. The only token of the assaulting column, occasionally visible through rifts in that baleful cloud of smoke which shrouded all surroundings like a pall, were the lightning flashes of the deadly musketry, of bursting shells and the bright colors of the battle flags here and there advancing onward and upward. The gallant color-bearers who bore them on their glorious errand were struck down one after another, but their precious burden was not suffered to fall; boldly uplifted by ready,

strong arms they were lovingly carried on, ever pointing the way upward.

It demanded the most vigorous efforts to make headway on the steep mountain side, which in places was covered with treacherous, slippery turf, ravines, gullies, huge, protruding, buttress-like rocks, fallen timber, brushwood and stumps obstructing rapid progress. The strong men fiercely pressing forward aided the feebler near to them by pulling them up, while others were eagerly pushed forward by their comrades crowding behind them. There was savage exultation and wrathful eagerness to reach the crest. Step by step, with unflagging zeal and invincible tenacity, the soldiers of the Cumberland, the implacable avengers of Chickamauga, inexorable as fate, pressed upward, gaining on the coveted ground; the battle flags kept on steadily pointing the way forward and upward. The advancing line was murderously assailed in front and on the flanks at every step; an awful stream of dead and wounded went trickling down the mountain. Rifle balls rained all around on the rocky slope like pattering drops in a spring shower. Cannon shot striking the ridge splintered the rocks into fragments, scattering death and inflicting terrible ghastly wounds; but no danger, no obstacles could hinder the steady progress of those dauntless, indomitable soldiers, who, in the overpowering excitement of that terrific assault, defied fatigue and scorned death. The ridge was looked upon an hour before as an impregnable fortress, but to the heroic valor, the stout hearts and strong arms of those warlike American volunteers engaged in that unparalleled enterprise there was nothing impossible, no obstacle insurmountable. "The ridge must be taken," was now the battle cry of the surging soldiers. The excitement became uncontrollable; it could not long endure; the dreadful strain exhausted human strength. The toiling sol-

diers struggled manfully in the face of the terrible fire, over all obstructions, battling and gaining, step by step, their way upward.

At last the summit was reached first by one, then another, and again another; by a cluster of soldiers here and a cluster thereat different points in rapid succession, until the whole front line of Wood's Division confronted the rebel defenses. Overcome by fatigue, breathless from the superhuman exertion, the soldiers threw themselves headlong upon the ground in front of the rebel line of works. The ridge was so narrow at the assailed point that in places the men extended on the ground touched almost with their heads the rifle pits and trenches crowded with the rebel soldiery under the muzzles of their rifles. It was a perilous situation which words fail to describe. There they lay, panting to recover breath and strength for the final assault which was imminent, with nothing to shield them from the fire of the enemy in such dangerous proximity. As rapidly as men further back on the edge of the precipice could handle their rifles, they commenced firing over their prostrate comrades and covered the rebel parapets with a deadly hail of bullets. The most daring of the enemy could not venture to expose themselves for an instant above the defenses; it was certain death, and this circumstance caused the fire of the defense to become wild and aimless. The fire of the Union troops grew momentarily stronger; those who could not fire to advantage savagely hurled the loose stones with which the ridge was covered into the rebel lines. Above the raging conflict and the shrouding smoke the battle flags of Wood's Division fluttered defiantly; their appearance almost in the heart of the rebel stronghold was enthusiastically cheered by the thousands who beheld the inspiring spectacle as they toiled upward to bring relief to their struggling comrades. Never in the history of our

country, in battles on sea or land, was the American flag greeted by such a furious tempest of fire. It floated there on high, the promise of speedy, grand success.

The rebels clearly perceived the menacing danger. It was evident that unless the troops who had so audaciously reached the crest were speedily overwhelmed and hurled down the mountain side before the reinforcements could reach them, all was lost. They now made superhuman exertions to avert the threatening catastrophe. There was an eruption like that of a volcano. The summit of the ridge was ablaze; sheets of flame covered the parapets; the artillery vomited fire in front and on both flanks; shot and shell, showers of canister, fragments of exploding shells, a hail of rifle balls filled the air with a hurricane of destruction. The soldiers of Wood were girdled with fire in that blasting storm of battle. The roar of that tumult was overpowering. Above the frightful, howling din was heard the mighty thunder of the siege guns in Fort Wood, which sent their huge projectiles infernally screaming over the attacking columns into the rebel position, where they reached the artillery reserves, smashing and exploding caissons, tearing to pieces men and horses, causing indescribable confusion and terrifying havoc. The fire of the rebel artillery was concentrated upon the narrow space attacked by the storming columns. To men who were in battle it suffices to say that more than sixty cannons and thousands of muskets, firing over parapets and from behind headlogs, centered their fire, streaming without intermission upon the front of six battalions; they will understand its terrible import. Such a scene had never before been witnessed upon the American continent; it was an awe-inspiring sight to the spectators in the valley who watched the progress of the assault with fear and trembling.

The situation grew more perilous every moment. The line of intrepid soldiers who accomplished the herculean task of reaching the crest and unflinchingly held it under such fearful surroundings was like an isolated forlorn hope, dangerously exposed to counter-attack. The fate of the battle trembled in the balance. Reinforcements pushing steadily forward were not yet in sight or striking distance; even the far-reaching artillery was powerless to lend assistance to the hard-fighting, struggling soldiers. To be driven from the ground meant irretrievable disaster. Bragg's rebel army would pursue and thrust itself between Sherman and Hooker; the shortest line into Chattanooga would have been within its grasp and the Union Army fatally separated. But the soldiers of the Army of the Cumberland battling on that crest were not men to relinquish the conquered ground. They were men of heroic mold; they held it with fire and steel.

It seems surpassing strange, almost incredible, that, with a clear view of the situation, no counter-attack was ventured by the enemy, with all the visible advantages in his favor. With every passing minute the chances for its successful execution diminished. Mounted officers could be seen hurrying to and fro, and keen-eyed soldiers of Wood, through the eddying smoke, caught glimpses of bodies of moving troops and reported it as a warning to their officers, but no forward movement was made. After enduring the perils of that dangerous situation for a seemingly endless period relief came at last. The supporting regiments, not shaken or disordered by the fierceness of the assault, came toiling up the mountain side in as perfect array as the ground permitted, fully prepared and eager to join in the bloody conflict. The sight was inspiring to the hard-fighting, almost exhausted soldiers of Wood, who were preparing for the final blow. Commands could not be heard in that furious commo-

tion; no signal could be seen in that horrid, stifling cloud of smoke. The order to prepare to charge passed from man to man. The ominous rattling of the bayonets was heard by the rebels only a few feet off; to them the gleaming bayonets were direful of inglorious defeat.

At this time an explosion in rear of the rebel lines shook the ridge as in the throes of an earthquake; the mountain trembled, but it did not daunt men eager to precipitate themselves upon the enemy. The charge sounded, the stern blasts of the bugles rang out clear, piercing the dreadful tumult; the soldiers, rising to their feet, sprang forward, gallantly led by the officers; they furiously dashed against the works, clambered over them, crushing everything, and with loud shouts, leaped into the midst of the cowering masses of the enemy, who, with blanched faces, dazed by the terrible surroundings, paralyzed by terror, yielded without attempting serious opposition, blasted and ruined, sought safety in flight down the eastern slope of the ridge. The rebel cannoneers, attacked with fire and bayonet, manfully stood by their guns to the last; in their extremity, assailed on all sides, they desperately fired the gun rammers into the attacking columns. Their devotion could not stem the overwhelming, raging torrent of blue coats; they were trampled under foot and mercilessly swept off into bloody chaos. The guns were captured and turned against their masters. The victorious Union soldiers, with fierce shouts of exultation and triumph, opened a deadly fire, smiting heavily the dense, running, panic-stricken crowd, which fled reeling and staggering, down the mountain side. The bullets told with fearful effect upon the flying enemy striving to escape. Cannon, attempting to get away, madly drove over and among the hapless, fleeing infantry, crushing and maiming everything obstructing their flight; horses

killed or crippled by the relentless, pursuing fire, fell in their harness. The ponderous guns behind them, recklessly driven down the steep descent with a momentum which could not be checked, overturned and fell upon the disabled teams, smashing everything, until cannon upon cannon and caisson on top of caisson, were piled upon horses and men in inextricable, dreadful confusion. The bloody mountain slope, covered with men and horses fearfully mutilated, dead and dying, presented a terror-inspiring sight seldom witnessed even in war.

Missionary Ridge was won, but the battle was not yet fought out. Smarting under the dreadful, unheard-of calamity, Bragg now made a vigorous attempt to recover the ground which had been so boldly torn from his grasp. Marching forward his reserves, held in readiness on the plateau and on ground east of the ridge, to reinforce any threatened position on the field, they came on in unbroken columns, covering the descending ground towards the eastern slope of Missionary Ridge. The lines in rear crowding the front, their battle flags carried defiantly aloft, they came on, furiously yelling determined to reconquer the ground from which their comrades had ignominiously fled. This attempt was quickly baffled; it was too late for such an undertaking of vain anger. The heroic soldiers who stormed the ridge were not men to relinquish their dearly-bought conquest. The bugles sounded the assembly; the lines, disordered by the furious toil of the assault, quickly rallied to their colors, hurriedly forming line by files on right and left, and opening fire upon the swiftly approaching enemy, which rapidly increased to rolling, crashing volleys of deadly musketry. The rebels kept on coming threateningly; they had almost descended the slope upon which they were marching, preparatory to attacking the captured crest of Missionary Ridge.

when strong support came to the hard fighting Union troops. Turchin's Brigade of Baird's Division, followed quickly by the Brigades of Baird, ranged itself in solid lines on Wood's left, and by a heavy, well-sustained fire, brought the rebel column to a halt. At the same time the regiments of Wood's rear lines came storming over the crest; rushing down the eastern slope, until in firing distance of the rebel column, they poured a withering fire upon its flank. Assailed in front and on the flank, the column broke, and in spite of the efforts of its officers, who angrily strove to urge it forward, it turned and hastily fled, pursued by a destructive fire until out of range. The field was covered with dead and wounded. Thousands of prisoners, forty-two cannon, with their caissons and battery wagons, rebel flags, thousands of small arms, and other trophies, remained in the hands of the victors. Sheridan took up the pursuit and chased the fleeing wrecks towards Chickamauga Station; the other divisions of the Army of the Cumberland bivouacked upon the conquered field.

This is again an Army of the Cumberland night of the Indiana Commandery; but that November day was a great and glorious day of the Army of the Cumberland. The great and decisive battle of Chattanooga, in every successful feature, was the battle of the Army of the Cumberland; that army did the fighting and achieved the famous victory without being first shown how to do it by troops from other fields to set them the example. There were no rewards. Hardly scant words of praise for the officers and soldiers of the army who fought the battle, or for their leaders; no recognition for General Wood nor for its illustrious commander, Major-General George H. Thomas; but Missionary Ridge stands forever the everlasting monument of the heroic valor of the Army of the Cumberland.

MISSOURI IN '61.

BY BREVET LIEUTENANT-COLONEL M. L. BUNDY.

It was in the summer of 1861 that an appointment in the army was sent me, with an order to report immediately at St. Louis, then the headquarters of what was known as the "Western Department," where troops from the loyal States were being rapidly concentrated to save the great central State of Missouri from the folly and madness of following the cotton States into the rebel Confederacy.

I found Major-General John C. Fremont in command of the department, with headquarters located in a large house, the property of a rebel who had fled to his friends further south. The block in the center of which this house was situated was surrounded by barracks for a battalion of mounted men under the command of Major Zagonyi, called "Fremont's Body Guard."

Having some previous acquaintance with the commanding General and his accomplished wife, and be-



MARTIN L. BUNDY was born in North Carolina, November 11, 1817. In 1818 his family removed to Indiana and resided near Richmond. When Henry County was organized, the family moved to a farm near the present site of New Castle. His education was such as could be acquired in the schools of a new country, supplemented by a year's study in the Miami University at Oxford, Ohio. Leaving the university in 1838, he began the study of law, and in due time was admitted to the bar. In 1848 he was a member of the State Legislature which called the convention which framed the existing Constitution of Indiana. He was elected Judge of the

ing on terms of intimacy with his Judge-Advocate, an attorney from Cincinnati, I was cordially received and hospitably entertained. Martial law had already been proclaimed and the city surrounded with a cordon of twelve forts, with cannon mounted ready for action.

The city was a military camp which one might enter but could not leave without a pass from the Provost Marshal, nor could I go from my office to my hotel after a certain hour without exhibiting my authority from that officer.

To one who had resided all his life among the Quakers, where peace, order and quiet prevailed, this was a novel experience. Civil war in its worst form prevailed throughout the State. The people were divided into two elements, the loyal and the disloyal. The Governor and State officers left the capital and fled to their friends in the South, destroying railroad bridges and cutting telegraph wires in their flight. There was no pretense at civil government. Neighbor was arrayed against neighbor, each prepared to kill or destroy the property of the other. The bonds of civil society were dissolved and anarchy reigned supreme.

At length the law-abiding citizens met in convention and chose a Governor, but he could not exercise the functions of his office outside the city and away from the army, and for months did not open an office at the State Capitol. In addition to fortifying the city and proclaiming martial law, Fremont emancipated the slaves of the rebels by proclamation. The terms of emancipation, however, were afterward modified by

Common Pleas Court in 1852, and served for eight years. In 1860 he was again chosen a member of the State Legislature which enacted the war measures which greatly aided Governor Morton in organizing the troops to aid in the suppression of the rebellion. In August, 1861, he was appointed Paymaster of the Army by President Lincoln, and ordered to report to St. Louis, where General John C. Fremont was then in command. He remained in that department until June, 1862, when he was ordered to report for duty in Louisville, Ky., where he served until September of the same year, after which he was transferred to Indiana and served

the President to conform to a previous act of Congress. A few months later the President issued a proclamation far more sweeping in terms than that of his General, which he evidently considered premature.

Against the whole policy of emancipating and arming the colored men the rebels and copperheads hurled their fiercest denunciations, and the clamor of the so-called Unionists was still more terrific because of the President's disposition to conciliate them. They were offered compensation for their slaves if they would emancipate them, but this they indignantly refused to do. When the climax came, however, the slaves were liberated without compensation. And now, after the lapse of more than a quarter of a century, the policy of the President in freeing and arming the slaves seems so wise, as a military measure, that we wonder how any real friend to the Union could have opposed or doubted its propriety.

There is the highest military authority for saying that after the battle of Gettysburg and the capture of Vicksburg, in July, 1863, the rebels should have laid down their arms and sued for peace, for their ultimate success was impossible. Suppose at this time they had emancipated and armed their slaves, might they not have made the success of the Union cause still doubtful? This they did, under the advice of General Lee, a few months before the surrender, but it was then too late—the great Captain had them in his toils. But to return to the subject under discussion: The President, it will be remembered, about the 1st of No-

as Paymaster at Indianapolis until 1865; he was then ordered to Detroit, Mich., and remained in that city until the close of the war. He was offered a transfer to the regular service, but declined and was discharged in the spring of 1866, after having been breveted Lieutenant-Colonel for meritorious service.

The war being over, Colonel Bundy engaged in the banking business which he successfully continued for several years. He was for five years Examiner of the National Banks of Indiana, and was appointed Receiver of several National Banks.

vember, 1861, removed General Fremont from the command of the army, while he was advancing on the rebel army in Southwest Missouri, and temporarily gave it to General Hunter, who retreated to St. Louis, where General Halleck took command; and from that time for months the rebel authority was supreme in the State.

As a consequence Union people in the interior were driven from their homes, their property confiscated and they were compelled to seek refuge and subsistence in St. Louis. I myself, have seen many hundreds of them on the streets of that city in the month of December, poorly clad, without means and dependent upon charity.

About this time the commanding General, to his credit be it said, made a levy of ten thousand dollars on the rich rebel sympathizers of St. Louis, for the relief of these poor refugees, which was collected and applied accordingly. When any one declined to pay, their most salable property was seized and sold at auction to satisfy the demand.

On the 25th of October, 1861, while General Fremont was advancing on the rebel army at Springfield, but still many miles away, Major Zagonyi, in command of the "Body Guard," comprising only 160 mounted men, charged upon and routed the entire rebel army, embracing more than 2,000 men, infantry, cavalry and artillery, driving them out of the city of Springfield and up the hill, with the insufficient force at his command, and strange to say, with a loss much less than that of the enemy. After having accomplished this, he retreated and joined the main body of the army.

The rebels were not surprised by this attack of Major Zagonyi, but were drawn up in line of battle

prepared to receive him. It seems probable, however, that they were expecting an attack by the entire army under Fremont.

Whatever may be thought of the wisdom of it, there can be but one opinion as to the courage displayed, for no more daring feat was performed during the war. In fact, the story sounds more like fiction than an actual occurrence, and deserves to rank with the "Charge of the Light Brigade" immortalized by Tennyson.

“BENTONVILLE.”

BY CAPTAIN ALLAN H. DOUGALL.

We had crossed the Savannah river at Sister's Ferry, which was some miles wide. We had tramped through the rain and mud of a South Carolina February. We had crossed the Catawba river, even after the freshet had swept away several of our pontoons. We had reached Fayetteville, North Carolina. We had written letters to loved ones at home. I had visited the spot where Flora McDonald, devoted friend of the unfortunate but "Bonnie Prince Charley" was said to have set foot on American soil—"Cross Creeks"—now Campbelltown, a suburb of Fayetteville. In this neighborhood even now reside many descendants of that noble band, who, having espoused the cause of the Jacobin, or having been at the defeat at Culloden, had to seek shelter on a foreign shore. We had crossed Cape Fear river and our march was due north as if Raleigh was our objective point. On a narrow ridge of land between the bluff bank of the river and Black Creek and the swamps, Lieutenant-General Hardee had gathered together the garrisons relieved by our



ALLAN H. DOUGALL was born in Glasgow, Scotland, July 17, 1836, and was educated in the parish schools of Scotland, finishing in the high school of Glasgow before he was fourteen years of age. At the beginning of the war he was engaged in farming, teaching school during the winter months. He enlisted as a private in the Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry Volunteers, August 2, 1862, and was promoted successively to Corporal and Quartermaster-Sergeant during the same month; served with regiment or on staff duty at Perryville, relief of Nashville, at Murfreesboro, Tallahoma, Chickamauga, siege of Atlanta and pursuit of Hood; was in the march to the sea and at the surrender of

conquest of Georgia and South Carolina, and some 5,000 men, all that remained of the army of General Hood, after General Thomas got through with them at Nashville.

The position was a favorable one, protected on the flank as it was by the river and swamps; but the battle of Averysboro was a walk-away for the Twentieth Corps. The Twentieth and a few brigades of the Fourteenth Corps were all that were engaged at Averysboro. Among them were Colonel Briant's three regiments; ours, the Eighty-eighth Indiana, with the Ninety-fourth Ohio, were in second line till dark, when we relieved a part of Jackson's division of the Twentieth corps, forming on the left of the Thirty-third Ohio, where Colonel Briant had been engaged in the afternoon. By next morning the enemy had withdrawn towards Raleigh. As soon as we gained the cross road at Averysboro we marched to the east. Two days brought us to Bentonville. Here again our march was to the north, towards Smithfield. The country north of Cape Fear river abounds with creeks and swamps, which caused us to be separated many miles from one another, even beyond supporting distance.

North of these swamps the left wing marched in light order. One division each of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, with the heavy corps trains and the entire right wing, comprising the Fifteenth and Seventeenth Corps, took the roads south of the Mingo

Johnston. He was engaged at Stone River, La Vergne, and all the battles incident to the fall of Atlanta, Savannah and Bentonville; was severely wounded at Resacca and at Peach Tree Creek, and slightly wounded at Bentonville. He was commissioned First-Lieutenant, February, 1864, and Topographical Engineer the following July. He received a Captain's commission, May 1, 1865, and was mustered out of service at Washington, D. C., June 7, 1865, at the close of war. He then returned to Fort Wayne, Ind., and engaged in the milling business. In recent years he has been in charge of a Pension Claim and Insurance Agency. He was Examiner Department of Justice under President Harrison.

swamp. This left two divisions each of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps, consisting of about 16,000 troops, detached from the rest of the army, and on the exposed flank.

One brigade of each of these divisions was required to guard the division trains. This took off four more brigades, leaving in fighting trim only eight brigades, not to exceed 10,000 men, and with but one road to march on. General Joseph E. Johnston, our old enemy, having been recently recalled, had assumed command of the Department of North Carolina, and made preparations to intercept our further progress and to whip us in detail. He had written to General R. E. Lee, March 11, that "he would not give battle to Sherman's united forces unless he should find them divided." He certainly thought his time to strike had come, and prepared to do it. With what success "Bentonville" will tell.

It was a beautiful Sunday morning, and on the still air came the strains of that grand old hymn, "Old Hundred." Few could have imagined that that Sunday, opening as it did so sweetly, would be such a day of battle and death, and that old hymn the last many would hear on earth. We had seen six weeks of toil through mud and rain across the Carolinas from Savannah. We had come 500 miles, less twenty, from our base. We had seen miles of corduroy road disappear in the sand. Quiet streams had changed to torrents. We had watched our pontoons swept away by the rushing waters. We had seen our shoes wear out without being able to renew them. Clothing had worn off our backs, and many had donned citizens' clothes to cover their nakedness. Straw hats and Panamas covered many of our heads. Who could have expected such an army, at a moment's notice, to fight such a battle as Bentonville proved to be?

As General Carlin's Division pulled out on the road and marched past General Sherman's quarters, about 7 a. m. March 19, it was plain that our foragers, the famous Sherman "bummers," who had preceded us two hours, had already encountered the enemy, but contrary to usual experiences, they did not yield one foot of ground; or, as the expression used by the officer in charge: "They did not drive worth a d——n."

If the foragers could not clear the way, nothing short of a brigade need try it. Colonel C. E. Briant's command was deployed on the left of the road and pushed rapidly forward, the Ninety-fourth Ohio on the advance, the Eighty-eighth Indiana in the center and the Thirty-third Ohio on the left. Even with this force the resistance of the enemy was determined and our advance became slower and slower. Colonel George P. Buel, with three regiments, the Thirteenth and Twenty-third Michigan, and Sixty-ninth Ohio, were ordered to our left to endeavor to strike them on the flank. Orders were soon received to charge, "as there was nothing but cavalry in our front." We on the front line knew better. We did advance right gallantly at first, but soon we encountered a strong line of infantry, which we pressed back about a third of a mile, when we came unexpectedly upon a strong line of breastworks, behind which proved to be the entire force of General Joseph E. Johnston, consisting of General Hardee and all those troops which had been withdrawn from in front of General Schofield at Newbern and General Terry at Wilmington.

We struck the line about the center of General Hoke's Division. He had two batteries (Hart's and Earl's) well posted on his flanks. Our advance was met with a vigorous fire, which dealt death and destruction. It brought us to a standstill, and then we fell back a short distance to the edge of a ravine and

commenced to throw up temporary works and devote some time to disposing of our dead. In the language of General Johnston in his narrative: "Their right attacked General Hoke's division so vigorously, that General Bragg called for reinforcements" * * * "General Hardee, the head of whose forces was then near, sent his leading division, McLaws, to Hoke's assistance, which reached the ground in time to see the repulse of the enemy."

But what havoc was wrought in our midst in that charge. Two divisions of the enemy (McLaw's and Hoke's) were entrenched on ground of their own choosing with Taliferro's in reserve, to resist the charge of Colonel Briant with his three regiments. Colonel George P. Buel, with his three regiments, and General Hobart's other three regiments in second line (the Forty-second Indiana, Twenty-first Wisconsin and 104th Illinois) were half a mile in the rear. Many men and officers had fallen. Two regimental commanders were slain, and the whole line was badly shattered. In our own regiment our right company had lost its Captain, First Lieutenant and Orderly Sergeant, leaving a Sergeant in command. The second company had a Corporal in command. The commanding officer of Company I. was gone. Company C. had lost both color sergeants; one killed and the other wounded. The Captain of the company had also fallen and the Sergeant-Major of the regiment was in command of the company. Not an officer left from the right to the flag, but Captain Ferd. F. Boltz, of Company F., who assumed command of the right wing of the regiment, with the captain of Company K. in command of the left wing.

"Nothing but a handful of Dibbrel's Cavalry," so said General Sherman—so said General Carlin. For once General Sherman was out-generaled. But what

of the day? Our gallant and fearless advance and charge upon their works against such odds had saved the day for General Sherman, by giving the other divisions of the army time to reach the field. General Johnston's plan to whip us in detail had been defeated.

Enough blood, however, had not been shed. We had developed our strength to the enemy, yet it was after 2 o'clock in the afternoon before General Johnston was ready to strike back. At last they came down upon us like an avalanche. Lieutenant-General Hardee came with Stewart's troops and Taliferro's Division obliquely to the left, with McLaw's detached as a reserve—15,000 men—a brigade for every one of our regiments. General Bragg, of Johnston's own army, followed by brigades massed on first regiment. They struck us first on General Buel's left flank, and doubled that brigade back upon us. Then on Colonel Briant's right flank, then in front they attacked us, fairly sweeping us from the field. It is to our credit that we used "Acorn Run" and escaped, for in so doing we developed the division of General J. D. Morgan and the brigades of General James S. Robinson and General Wm. Cogswell, of the Twentieth Corps, partially intrenched in a hastily selected position. In speaking of this movement General Johnston says, "the impossibility of concentrating the Confederate forces in time to attack the federal left wing while in column on the march, made complete success almost impossible." General Wade Hampton truthfully says of this period: "Had Hardee been in the position as signed him at the time Hoke struck the enemy, and could his command, with Stewart's, have been thrown upon the flank of the retreating forces, I think the Fourteenth Corps would have been driven back in disorder upon the Twentieth Corps, which was moving up to its support."

Yes, indeed; but the two hours or more delay, enabled Morgan, with Robinson and Cogswell, to get in position in time. The advancing hosts evidently did not expect to meet fresh troops anywhere near, and the clash of arms was terrific, but it was gallantly met and repelled by Morgan's men, aided by the massed artillery of the two corps—some sixteen guns, which were well posted on Morgan's left and fired by volley. Again and again was the charge renewed by the enemy, only to be repulsed; then all was over. The battle of Bentonville was won. The Confederacy had lost its "last chance" to do Sherman's army any injury.

General Wade Hampton says, "Night closed upon a hard fought field and a dearly won victory, for the losses in our handful of troops had been very heavy." To the 10,000 brave men of the left wing who fought on that Sunday is due all the praise.

The Union loss on the 19th was:—152 killed, 821 wounded, and 171 missing: total 1,144. The Confederate loss was:—180 killed, 1,164 wounded, and 515 missing: total, 2,059. One regiment, the First North Carolina, with 267 men, lost 162. Lieutenant-General Hardee lost his only son, a lad of sixteen, who had reported for duty to General Wade Hampton for the first time, only two hours before the battle begun. He fell bravely charging in the foremost ranks.

The losses at Bentonville, March 19-21, 1865, were:

REBEL.

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.	TOTAL.
Stewart's.....	102	820	305	1,227
Hardee's.....	59	319	148	526
Bragg's.....	63	475	202	740
Hampton's.....	15	80	18	113
Total Rebel..	239	1,694	673	2,606

UNION.

	KILLED.	WOUNDED.	MISSING.	TOTAL.
14th Corps	130	640	116	886
20th Corps	22	181	55	258
Total left wing	152	821	171	1,144
15th Corps	22	166	2	190
17th Corps	20	125	48	193
Total right wing	42	291	50	383
Total Union Troops	194	1,112	221	1,527

The Second March to the Ohio.

BY CAPTAIN JNO. E. CLELAND.

Time and the war had worn far through '64. It had been a summer of battle in northern Georgia. Point after point had been yielded by a stubborn foe. Johnston had been relieved, Hood was in command of the rebel army, Atlanta had fallen. Sherman had gained the prize, but what should he do with it? And how should he hold it with a supply line 300 miles long through the enemy's country? Evidently new strategy must be developed. Hood was not built on the broad guage of a great general. He was not considered a safe soldier, but he was brave among the bravest, and so plucky and persistent a fighter that his soldiers called him "The Butcher Boy." His veterans had failed to hold their own behind the strong entrenchments of Resaca, Kenesaw and Atlanta. The banners of the Union waved defiantly from the hills of his last stronghold. But he had an army still in fighting trim, capable of great deeds, and anxious to retrieve their disasters. Where should the deeds be done? Evidently new tactics must be tried.



JOHN E. CLELAND was born at Greenwood, Ind., December 30, 1840. He entered Wabash College, Crawfordsville, and received the degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1862. In July, 1862, he enlisted as a private in Company I, Seventieth Indiana Infantry, and was soon after promoted to Sergeant in the same company. He served with the regiment until April 1, 1864, at which time he was commissioned First Lieutenant and Adjutant of the Forty-Fourth Regiment, United States Colored Infantry; was detailed A. A. G. on the staff of Colonel Morgan, commanding First Colored Brigade, Army of the Cumberland, 1864-65. He held the same position on the staff

And this is what happened: Sherman had a vision of the Atlantic and resolved to go down to meet the tide. Hood had a vision of the Ohio and resolved to repeat the Bragg tactics of '62—to draw his enemy back from the territory he had gained, to force him to a disastrous retreat, to carry the war back into Tennessee and Kentucky, and so to recover his lost estate. As it seems to me, the march to the sea and the march to the Ohio were both brilliant moves in the game of war. The event certainly proved the wisdom of Sherman's move. But Hood's move was, I think, the best he could have made at that stage of the game. At the end of a hundred days' defeat the Confederate army found itself literally "in the field," "turned out to grass," without fortifications, without any definite point to attack or defend, and free to march which way it pleased. Under the circumstances, Hood's new "plan of campaign" was a magnificent piece of strategy, boldly, but not always wisely pushed. If he failed to draw the enemy back he would be rid of the force which had hammered him to his cost, and with his veteran troops he could destroy, easily and by detail, the scattered remnant left behind, between himself and the Ohio; could carry the war whither he would, and could reinforce Lee and help destroy Grant. That the plan failed does not argue that it was not a brilliant move. It was of similar character to Sherman's campaign, whose success has passed it into history as one of the most brilliant things in the annals of war. It was indeed staking all upon the

of Colonel Johnson, Second Brigade District East Tennessee, 1865, and on staff of Major-General Grierson, District of Huntsville, Alabama. He was taken prisoner of war at Dalton, Georgia, October 13, 1864. He received honorable mention at the battle of Nashville, Tennessee, December, 1864. On June 17, 1865, he received the commission of Captain in the same company and regiment. Captain Cleland received the degree of A. M., in 1865. For three years he was a resident of Kansas, but has been engaged in business in Indianapolis, as bookseller and stationer, since 1871.

hazard of a single throw, but success meant everything; success seemed possible and more than probable. It was justified by the chances of war—it was demanded by the desperate circumstances of the Confederacy. It was worth the risk. If it had been differently managed, or if a less able soldier than Thomas had been sent back by Sherman to command the opposition, the result would have been disastrous to the Union army. The difference between the march to the sea and the march to the Ohio—which ended at the Cumberland—was the difference between success and failure.

Sherman was uncertain and uneasy about Hood's movements. Before he was sure the rebel commander meant to go back to Tennessee he said he would give him a free pass and rations for the trip if he would only go. On the 5th of October, Allatoona was gallantly assaulted and gloriously defended. Leaving it behind, Hood moved up the railroad, gathering in the few troops at Big Shanty, Acworth and Tilton. On the 13th he captured the small garrisons at Dalton and Buzzard Roost Gap, and was within a half hour of capturing General Schofield and his staff. They escaped up the northeastern leg of the railroad triangle having at its points Chattanooga, Dalton and Cleveland. Three days later, at Villanow, Hood paroled the officers, and from a prisoner's standpoint, they reviewed his whole army. A few weeks later General Thomas, refusing to recognize the validity of the paroles, ordered the holders back into the campaign. From Villanow, Hood moved up towards Summer-ville and Lafayette, threatening Chattanooga with its immense stores and scanty garrison, and Bridgeport, with its line of communication across the river. But Sherman was still in close pursuit, and Hood turned westward toward Decatur. Sure now of the intention

of the enemy, Sherman, at Gaylesburg, left him—seventy-five miles nearer Nashville than when the campaign opened in May—and prepared himself for his intended march.

And here was the spectacle: two great armies—armies of well-seasoned soldiers—facing outward from each other, as though one had no concern in the other, and endeavoring to widen the space between themselves. Sherman had turned his back upon victory and the vanquished, and in triple column looked out to the sea, through a part of the Confederacy, whose soil had been little polluted by marching “mud-sills,” whose distempered vision had been little inflamed by sight of men who wore blue clothes, and whose ears had been little vexed by sound of musketry and cannonade. What one could do perhaps another might. Hood had turned his back upon defeat and abandoned interest in the vanquishing conqueror. Sherman might march through the heart of the Confederacy, but Hood might now regain the ground lost in so many disastrous campaigns, and—still more glorious dream—might drive a column across the Ohio and through the heart of the Union up to the great lakes. The glory and the gain of the march to the sea might be more than discounted—the seat of the war might be transferred from the tired hills of the South, and terms dictated from the fresher fields of the North. The plan had failed at Gettysburg—it might be more successful here.

On the 26th of October Hood reached Decatur, where he hoped to cross his army on the pontoon bridge. General R. S. Granger, in command of the garrison, declined to accede to the demand for surrender. There was sharp fighting here, with considerable losses on either side, but, mindful of Allatoona, or because it was not then his policy, Hood did not assault,

but went down the river to Muscle Shoals, where the gunboats could not molest or make him afraid. The roads were in frightful condition, and he was compelled to wait three weeks to bring up his supplies, raging because the roads had not been put in shape, as he had ordered, and the railroad opened to Corinth. He crossed the Tennessee safely on the 20th of November, but the delay was fatal. Every day had been worth a whole brigade to Thomas, for, with the exception of the Fourth and Twenty-third Corps, which had been ordered to report to him, the forces under his command were widely scattered and little organized. No member of this Commandery believes the issue could have been other than it was, but if Hood had forced the crossing at Decatur, or if he could have crossed when he first reached Tuscumbia, it would have given him such advantage that the history of the war had been differently written—such advantage that foreign powers might have recognized the Confederacy—the conflict would have been prolonged, and the battle fields might not all have been south of the Ohio.

In September Forrest had invaded Tennessee, had captured Athens and destroyed the road as far north as Pulaski. Probably with the view of distracting attention from the main movement he had gone down the river to Fort Henry, taking in three transports and disabling the convoying gunboat. He then went to Johnsonville, about 100 miles west of Nashville, causing great and widespread alarm. Schofield was sent out to meet him, but found that he had gone to join the main army at Tuscumbia. With the addition of Forrest's cavalry Hood's forces now numbered about 54,000 men—the union forces in his front counting not more than one-third as many, and reinforcements arriving slowly. General A. J. Smith, with

part of the old Sixteenth Corps, had been ordered from Missouri, but instead of joining Schofield at Pulaski, as had been hoped, but two regiments were able to arrive in time to take part in the battle of Franklin.

The northward march of the rebel army from Florence began in cold and rain and snow and mud. On the 22d of November the head of the column reached Lawrenceburg, sixteen miles west of Pulaski, and on a direct road to Columbia. This compelled the abandonment of Pulaski, for the crossings of Duck river were thinly guarded, and if the rebel troops should reach there first Schofield's army would be between the "devil and the deep sea"—between Forrest's cavalry and Hood's infantry. The campaign was now developed into a foot race for Nashville.

Forrest had pushed rapidly out from Lawrenceburg, easily driving the small cavalry force under Croxton from point to point. On the morning of the 24th General Cox, hearing sounds of battle on his left, found that he had arrived just in time to assist a cavalry brigade in preventing Forrest from throwing a large force directly across the line of Schofield's retreat, ten miles below Columbia. On the 27th, the Union forces were united on the north bank of Duck river, and had destroyed the pontoon and railroad bridges. But Duck river could be crossed above or below the town, and as it became evident that Hood did not intend to assault at Columbia, Wilson (now in command of the cavalry) and Schofield pushed on at once for Franklin, about twenty-five miles away. The storms had been severe, all sorts of weather had prevailed, except sunshine, the marching had been continuous for four or five days, and necessarily slow and hard. In the meantime the rebels had not been idle, but had also made the crossing, and were in rapid march for Spring Hill, where several roads converge like the spokes of a

wheel. Here was a sharp fight between one of Stanley's Divisions and Cleburne's Division of Cheatham's Corps, lasting until night. The darkness found the Confederates as near Nashville as the Union troops, and some of them nearer, with this advantage—that Cheatham's whole corps might easily have been thrown athwart the line of the retreating troops and shut them completely out. If one division had been thrown across the pike on that night of the 29th of November, the retreat would have been absolutely cut off, and the morning would have found the National troops surrounded by a force which it would have been suicide to fight and from which they could not run away. But, by another blunder of the campaign, no effort was made to intercept the column. The responsibility for this failure was bandied about among the rebel generals with much bitterness, but, so far as I know, was never positively located. Perhaps the same angel that laid his finger on the hosts of Sennecharib touched the eyelids of Hood's army that night. This, however, is too fanciful for modern warfare, and the more approved theory is that too much "peach and honey" at somebody's headquarters had much to do with this lost opportunity. At any rate the rebel host slept, and while it slept the Federals marched silently out of the jaws of death through the moonless night, and could see the rebels around their camp fires, and could almost have laid their hands upon the foe. This was Hood's last opportunity to interpose between Schofield and Franklin. General Hood says this was the best opportunity the campaign offered, and one of the best afforded during the war.

The river there makes a sharp bend about half 'round the town, and Franklin literally lies in the lap of the Harpeth. Schofield was first at the river in the early morning of the 30th, but Hood was very close be-

hind him. And here came another blunder of the rebel chief. Schofield closely pushed could not cross the river without the certain loss of his trains, and the probable loss of his army. The rebels outnumbered him more than two to one. Hood's corps and division commanders urged him to order the assault at once, before the Yankees could complete their earthworks. The memory of attack upon redoubts manned by veteran soldiers was still fresh. But Hood insisted that his troops were tired and hungry and needed rest. He had the game in a trap—he could bag the whole lot or force them into the river. In ten minutes he could drive them out of any works they could throw up in two hours. And so the Johnnies rested and the Yankees builded breastworks, and when, at 4 o'clock, on that last November day, Hood was ready to spring his trap, it did not work according to specifications. The Federal lines extended from the river above the town to the river below, with the highest point at the Columbia pike. In front was a wide plain, stripped bare, and reaching back to the low hills where the rebels lay. The line of attack was about a mile and a half long, with the heaviest columns along the pike. Success here meant for the Confederates the capture of an army, the downfall of Nashville, the rout of Thomas, the opening up of new territory and great glory for the rebel cause. They must win. Defeat here meant for the Union troops the destruction of the little army in the bend of the river, the loss of all that had been gained at such mighty sacrifices in the battles and campaigns of Kentucky, and Tennessee, and Georgia, and the indefinite prolongation of the war. Their backs were to the wall—they must not lose. Every soldier in either army understood the situation.

Two brigades of Wagner's Division of the Fourth Corps had been halted some distance in front of the

works across the Columbia pike, with instructions to fall back before being pressed by the enemy. And here somebody blundered—and the blunder was not Hood's. Instead of retiring, these two brigades held on too long in the face of Hood's whole advance, and when at last they were compelled to fall back in confusion they came near losing the battle, for the rebel cry was, "Go into the works with them." And that is what they did. Friend and foe were so intermingled that the Union guns were paralyzed. Loaded cannon stood silent in the embrasures lest they slaughter more friends than enemies. The blue and the gray contended hand to hand on the parapet for possession of the works. The rebels were repulsed by heroic valor, only to form again and again for the charge, again and again to be repulsed. In some places the dead and wounded filled the ditch, and their comrades pushed over this human bridge, crowded on by the physical weight of the column behind. The line of attack was longer than the line of defense, and the converging of the mass upon the breastworks made the slaughter more terrific. Instinctively the rebels pulled their hat brims over their eyes, as if to ward off the hail of lead and iron, and the grim sight of death waiting for them at the rifle pits. As a view from the other side of the ditch I quote a Confederate soldier's account of the fight: "The powder smoke hung on the field. Through rifts in it we could see the Federal gunners spring nimbly to and fro from the Napoleon guns. The responsive flash of the guns, as the lanyards were pulled would be followed by the rip of canister as it flew past and through us, tearing great gaps in our ranks, cracking men's bones as pipe stems, and knocking brave men with great holes in their bodies. The zip, zip of flying rifle balls was a mighty and steady hum, as though the empty cylinders

of countless threshing machines were revolving at full speed all around us. Steadily the veteran Yankee infantry, who had to hold their line of earthworks or take to the water, loaded and fired. Our men fell by hundreds; we staggered on through the storm of bullets and canister. We were so close to the works that some of our men fell into the ditch. We could see the eyes of the Yankee infantry as they looked over their rifle sights. Their faces were pallid, their jaws set and their eyes blazed with battle light. I never before saw such rapid handling of artillery. It seemed to me that I could hear No. 1 impatiently tap with sponge staff on the blackened muzzles of the brass guns, as he called for canister, and more canister, and still more canister. We were sufficiently near to feel the wind of the guns. I looked back. We had not advanced far. The dead lay in winrows. The men hesitated. They realized that they could not carry the works. Their line officers tried to hold them. They staggered a few feet nearer the Federal guns, firing wildly the while, to be scorched by the breath of cannon and rifle. They wavered badly, tried to hold on, then broke and fled for cover. One-third of our Division were killed or wounded. Stunned, bewildered, and horribly disappointed, we gathered into a protected position and were speedily reformed. We rushed to the assault again, again to be met by a fire, the heat of which warped us out of line. It seemed to me the air was so full of bullets that I could have caught some by simply grabbing on either side or above me." This is not "official" but it is graphic. And this is the kind of thing Sherman had left behind.

Five times the rebel columns charged that little army in the bend of the Harpeth. Five times they went back shattered and broken. Pat Cleburne's Division made a sixth charge, and Cleburne, the fight-

ingest General of the lot, lay dead close to the works. Nearly every general officer was killed or wounded except Hood, and he was already doing business on one leg. Late into the darkness they kept up the fighting, and not until after nine o'clock did they give it up. Hood admitted a loss of nearly 6,500 men, and when, seventeen days later, the Union army now advancing, with the other fellows on a wild retreat, passed through Franklin, there were still 2,000 wounded unable to be moved, and the graves were thick as the dead in Tophet. At midnight after the battle the victorious troops crossed the river and destroyed the bridges, and the next morning, December 1, were at Nashville, winners of the race. December 3d, Hood wrote to his Secretary of War:—"About 4 p. m., November 30th, we attacked the enemy at Franklin and drove them from their center line of temporary works into their inner lines, which they evacuated during the night, leaving their dead and wounded in our possession, and retired to Nashville, closely pursued by our cavalry." This was not received at Richmond until the 14th, and conveyed little idea of the punishment inflicted on the attacking party. The little Union army would have been glad to "evacuate" Franklin without burning a cartridge. To "retire to Nashville" had been its aim for many weary days, but, compelled to halt on the wrong side of the river, it stopped long enough to administer to the Confederates one of the severest defeats of the war, and within two days after Hood's mild statement had reached his superiors, his whole army was entirely out of the game.

On the morning of December 2d, from the hills to the south, Hood looked out upon the town. He was in sight of the promised land, but possession he might never have. His best and his only chance for entering Nashville was in immediate assault. But he kindly

sat down before the town, and waited for Thomas to complete his preparations for making the defeat and the destruction more deadly. The wiser policy would have been to avoid Nashville, to cross the Cumberland, and strike the Union rear. This is what Grant expected him to try. If he could not whip Schofield at Franklin, how could he hope to whip Schofield and Thomas combined in the defences of Nashville? General Beauregard said it was a blunder that Hood did not march on Murfreesborough instead of Nashville.

General Steedman, ordered up from Chattanooga with the troops that could be spared, had halted at the foot of the Cumberland Mountains, waiting for certainty of Hood's movements. Most of his force had reached Nashville by December 1st. The last train, carrying a regiment of colored infantry, found Forrest's cavalry and two batteries across the path at Mill Creek, a few miles below Nashville. The first rifle shot from Forrest's guns passed through the boiler of the engine. The troops took to such shelter as the block house and its surroundings afforded, and fought there all day, losing about one-third of their number. It was the same party that had been paroled at Villanow a few weeks before, and if captured again Hood would not be so technical about the validity of the paroles as General Thomas had been. In the darkness of the night they determined to steal or cut their way through the rebel lines, and on the morning of the 3d, they arrived at Nashville, and with the rest of Steedman's Division, were assigned to the left of Thomas' line, about two miles out from the city. Here they threw up a line of breastworks. The day following they abandoned them, being too exposed, and were drawn in nearer the city, filling the gap between the 23d Corps and the river. Cheatham's Corps took possession of the abandoned works, and, facing

them about, inflicted heavy damage on Steedman in the first day's battle when he attempted to retake them.

Hood sat himself down before Nashville, "so near and yet so far," bruised and sore from his defeat at Franklin on that last November day. Immediate assault was his only hope, but he dug him a last ditch and sullenly waited on its edge for the promised rallying of the Tennesseans who would not rally, and for troops from beyond the Mississippi who had other engagements and could not come. Hood's Provost Marshal General reported, December 13th, the number of recruits received since the army entered Tennessee as 164, and added that to Johnson's Division had been assigned 296 dismounted cavalry, "of whom all have deserted except 42." The authorities at Washington were worried over the situation in Tennessee. It was feared that Hood would cross the Cumberland leaving Nashville, and repeat the foot-race of '62. The North grew uneasy, the President fretted, the Secretary of War growled, the impossible Halleck scolded, and Grant, a thousand miles away, became nearer panicky than ever before or after. Telegrams were sent urging, entreating, and then commanding an aggressive movement. An order was issued to turn the command over to Schofield. Grant, unwilling to do an injustice to an officer with such a record as Thomas had earned, suspended the order. But on the 13th of December, General Logan was ordered to Nashville. Then Grant himself started for the scene, and was only stopped by the great news of the 15th. Thomas, every inch a soldier, understood the situation and his enemy thoroughly, and would rather have been relieved than be compelled to deliver battle here under unfavorable circumstances. He was preparing for a crushing blow—he knew he could make it decisive. At the time of the

defeat at Franklin, Steedman had not arrived, and he had but 5,000 of Smith's troops—as he wrote Grant on December 2d—and an improvised force of employees from the Quarter Master and Commissary Departments. Fifteen thousand men had been sent home by reason of the expiration of their term of service, or to vote. The work of reorganizing and equipping an army was necessarily slow. Some of the battallions were formed of soldiers returning from furlough—be-lated soldiers from nearly every regiment of Sherman's army—soldiers from convalescent camps—soldiers from anywhere it was possible to find them. In some companies every soldier was a stranger to every other. No man knew his file leader, and the officers did not know a single member of their command. Thomas knew here what he was to do, he knew well how to do it, and, as the issue proved, he did it magnificently. At any time within the week from December 2d to the 9th, in accord with ignorant and impatient clamor, he might have moved out and made a bloody spectacle—might have inflicted some damage on Hood behind his works—might have had brave men “butchered to make a Roman holiday”—this and no more, for the great work would have been still to do.

General Thomas expected to be ready for battle on the 7th, but was delayed until the 9th, and then came such intense cold that both armies suffered. The rain changed to a prolonged sleet which formed a thick crust and made an attack utterly impossible. Cavalry and artillery could not move at all, and infantry only on level ground and with the utmost care. On the hills and slopes swords and bayonets would have been more useful as walking sticks than as the electric bristles of a charging column. On the 14th the ice cleared away, and Thomas issued instructions for the

morrow's battle, which was to decide, not only the possession of Tennessee, but the fate of one of the two great armies on which the Confederacy depended. The first line of battle was General A. J. Smith with part of the Sixteenth Corps on the right, supported by Wilson's cavalry; Wood with the Fourth Corps on Smith's left, then Schofield with the Twenty-third Corps, Steedman's Division closing up the gap on the left. This alignment was somewhat changed by the fortunes and necessities of the battle. Hood's lines extended from the Nolensville pike across the Granny White pike and the Franklin pike, southwesterly to the hills south and west of the Hillsboro pike, with his left refused along that road. Cheatham's Corps was on his right, Stephen D. Lee's in the center, and Stewart's on the left; his salient on Montgomery Hill about 800 yards in front of the Union lines. General Thomas' strategy was to induce the belief in Hood that the strongest attack was to be made on the rebel right. Early on the morning of the 15th, Steedman moved out through the dense fog, and the ball was opened by a brigade of colored troops in command of Colonel Morgan, an Indiana soldier. Parenthetically, twenty-five per cent. of the losses of the battle fell upon the colored troops. The fire became general up the line, and as the fog cleared away the great guns in Fort Negley added dignity to the occasion, and Hood found himself, for the first time in a hundred days, on the defensive. Hearts beat high with hope or fear in Nashville, and people lined the house-tops to see the mighty game. Every Corps and Division and Brigade and Regiment moved on, taking everything in sight, each that in its own front. All day the wind of battle blew, and night found our flag far out from the city, and Hood still farther away on the Brentwood Hills, more anxious now to save his army than to win a victory. The uneasiness at the North subsided and

turned to joy; the impatience at Washington abated, and the wires now bore messages of congratulation and praise to Thomas instead of entreaty and command. There had been no uneasiness in the army,—for Thomas was in command,—and it bivouaced that night in the cold and mud, with the serene assurance that on the coming day it would demolish that gallant rebel army that had fought so bravely at Donelson and Shiloh, at Perryville and Stone River, at Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, at Resaca and New Hope Church, at Kenesaw and Peach Tree Creek, at Atlanta and Jonesboro and Allatoona and Franklin.

All night Hood fortified on Overton Hill, with his flanks protecting his two lines of retreat by the Granny White and Franklin pikes. His artillery was massed at the most effective points, his line about half as long as on the day before. His flanks were stronger than his center, but if Thomas could turn either or both it promised better results in shutting off the line of retreat to Franklin. Smith and Schofield were to move on the rebel left and Wood and Steedman on the right. Hood's position was stronger on this second day, and his defence more stubborn than the first. All morning the battle went with varying fortune. One of Steedman's Brigades lost twenty-five per cent. in less than half an hour in a fierce but unsuccessful assault. In the afternoon our artillery poured a converging fire on the rebel batteries and the practice was magnificent. The gunners seemed to put their shot and shell just where they wanted them, with as much accuracy as though they had carried them over by hand. Then at 4 o'clock, with a resistless sweep, the whole line charged up the hill, and the enemy was routed from every position, demoralized, broken, crushed. Small arms and accoutrements were scattered "thick as leaves in Vallombrosa," the wounded were left to care for themselves, and the dead to bury

their dead. It is not often that a soldier is able to see more than a very small part of a battle. But some of us on that mid-December day had vision of the most brilliant panorama our eyes had ever seen. Standing on a hill overlooking the Brentwood Range and the valley between, we watched the splendid play of our artillery, and the closing act of the drama. It was a magnificent segment of war. That green slope, the long line of blue pushing up the hillside, the waving banners, the roar and rattle, the smoke slowly drifting up through the leafless trees, the loud cheers of the victors, and the hurried flight of the vanquished into the valley on the other side, made a grand and wonderful transformation scene. Besides Hood's killed and wounded, and those who quietly went to their homes and forgot to return, of whom, so far as I know, no report was ever made, there were over 13,000 prisoners, including seven Generals, sixteen Colonels, and officers of lower rank by hundreds, 2,000 formal deserters, seventy-two guns, seventy stands of colors, and small arms, wagons and other materials galore. Just before the battle, General French was granted leave of absence. On January 10th, Inspector General Freeman of his staff wrote him from near Tupelo: " * * * After the first day's fight at Nashville your Division and staff were ordered to report to General Walthall, and this arrangement continues. * * * Storrs has gone to Columbus, Mississippi, with his artillery. He was the only one in the Corps who saved his artillery. Walthall lost every piece, and his chief of artillery, Loring, most of his. The second day's fight was a perfect rout and defeat. The line broke first at the salient point—that is, the large hill in rear of Stewart's headquarters—the salient was strongly intrenched and held by Bate's Division. He gave way about 4 p. m., which broke the whole line. * * * A few minutes after every man took his

own counsel and made the best of his way to Franklin. * * * Hood seems undecided whether to winter here or at West Point. * * * I think your Division numbers more than any other at this time. * * * I have nothing scarcely to do. * * * The whole army cannot muster 5,000 effective men. Great numbers are going home every day never to return, I fear. Nine-tenths of the men and line officers are barefooted and naked."

The loss of life to the victors was comparatively small, largely owing to the splendid strategy and tactical combination of the commanding General. It was the only case where an army was totally destroyed in the field. Professor Coppee, a graduate of West Point, a scholar and a military critic, says:

"It stands alone as a unique, thorough, magnificent and far-reaching victory, achieved by the skill and firmness of one man, who had acquired the confidence of his officers and men so that they fought for him as well as for the cause. It stands without a rival." It fully established General Thomas' title to a place among historic soldiers. Always more practical than spectacular, he never made a military blunder. He was clear-headed, resolute, sagacious, a type of the faultless soldier. Secretary Stanton, notifying him of his commission as Major-General in the regular army, said: "No official duty has been performed by me with more satisfaction, and no commander has more justly earned promotion by devoted, disinterested and valuable services to his country."

The impassable condition of the roads made the pursuit arduous and almost impossible. On the night of the 27th, the shattered remnant of the defeated and disappointed army was driven across the Tennessee, and in January Hood was relieved from command at his own request. On the 29th of December Thomas, in general orders summarized the result and an-

nounced a rest for his troops. From this time forth the Confederacy had no army of strength between the Mississippi and the Potomac, and no great rebel army had ever reached the Ohio.

And so ended the second march to the Ohio, begun in such high hope and such lofty expectation. It was a campaign of glorious vision and magnificent possibilities, a campaign of lost opportunities and gigantic blunders, a campaign of death, disaster, and utter rout. Into the last ditch—on Overton Hill—crawled all that were left of the chivalry of Hood's army. The shadow of Atlanta hung above their camp-fires, the ghost of Allatoona walked in the trenches, the lurid spectre of Franklin glared at them from the parapet. Out of the last ditch—on Overton Hill—scrambled ingloriously all that were left of the chivalry of Hood's army. They stood not on the order of their going, but went each for himself. The dark December had not fulfilled the promise of the bright September. The banners of the Confederate Army of the Tennessee were never again borne in battle. Roddy and a few of his kind rattled around with their lean squadrons and ragged riders in a weak imitation of war, but the real war was well-nigh over in the West.

Nashville was not one of the bloodiest fields, but it was one of the decisive battles of the war. It destroyed a great army, an army of splendid valor, an army that had fought under Albert Sidney Johnston, and Beauregard, and Bragg, and Joe Johnston, and Hood,—an army that was one of the two on which the fate of the Confederacy hung. It left no fighting army between the Mississippi and the Potomac. It blocked a brilliant and a desperate game. It brought a frost on the hopes of Lee in Virginia. It put the crown of success upon the march to the sea. It insured an early date for Appomattox. It was a "unique, thorough, magnificent, and far-reaching victory."

Midnight on Missionary Ridge.

BY CAPTAIN AUGUSTUS C. FORD.

While those who have told the story of our campaigns, and in words or paints drawn the pictures of our battles have instructed and interested the student of history, they have sometimes amused us. But there has ever been a tinsel fringe to the written and unwritten history of all times and conditions of men. Our fathers heard with evidence of respect and belief, witch, bear and Indian stories that must have almost staggered their filial affections and made drafts on their Christian charity. Their fathers' fathers each personally "saved the day" at Bunker Hill or rowed the boat in which Washington crossed the Delaware. The youth of to-day is our victim, but not always suffering his infliction with a becoming sense of his opportunity. We are drifting too far and too fast from a national sentiment that formerly stimulated loyalty and inspired patriotism, to expect the school books of the future to contain lessons of the heroism of the Jaspers and the Newtons of the war for the Union.

If we may venture to tell something of ourselves, there is no presence so fit as those who by their military skill and personal valor, at least under the mag-



AUGUSTUS C. FORD was born in Vermillion County, Ind., August 3, 1838, and attended the schools of that county. At the age of twenty-one years he left the farm and entered a general store in Montezuma, Ind., where he remained a short time and then engaged in teaching school in Southern Illinois until April, 1861, when he returned to his former position as clerk, which he abandoned to enlist, in July, 1861, as Sergeant, Company A, Thirty-First Regiment, Indiana Infantry, which was assigned to the Army of the Cumberland. He participated in all the engagements of his regiment, including Fort Donelson, Shiloh, Stone

nifying influences of time, each saved an army or won a battle. With a trifling personal experience to relate I come into such presence asking only such consideration as was shown those who not only told witch stories, but believed them:

The army had dropped into a heap, so to speak, behind Mission Ridge, and in and around McFarland Gap and Rossville, after leaving the field of Chickamauga on the night of September 20, 1863, with little care for aught but rest—only rest. If victory had not perched upon the banners of the South, it was not *then* claimed that she had rested from her uncertain flight upon ours, and the hour for hope had gone.

For days prior to the battle the Twenty-first Corps had marched through mountain gaps and pine forests, past Chattanooga and Greysville to Lee and Gordon's Mills, and on to Crawfish Springs.

Who of that command will ever forget the cruel uncertainties, the horrible forebodings and the mysterious and inexplicable stillness of those September days, as we aimlessly wandered up and down the rugged by-ways along the winding banks of the Chickamauga, now halting for an hour and now marching again without haste or apparent purpose? In their suspense and anxiety soldiers climbed into tree tops or to some rugged height, while officers waited impatiently below for report of what they saw.

On the 14th and 15th, over the tall pine forest to the southwest, from one to three miles away a long line of reddish yellow dust was seen rolling up in the bright sunshine, evidently from a long column of marching

River, Ringgold, Chickamauga, Atlanta Campaign, Resacca, Kennesaw Mountain, Nashville and many others. At the expiration of his term of enlistment he re-enlisted as a veteran, January, 1864; was successively promoted to Second Lieutenant, First Lieutenant, and Captain. He was A. C. S. of Provisional Division, Army of the Cumberland, and of the District of Etowah in May, 1865, on staff of Brevet Major-General Charles Cruft; resigned January 1, 1866. Immediately upon leaving the service, Captain Ford was employed as a clerk in a dry goods store in Terre Haute, and is now in business in that city.

troops, to-day moving a southeasterly direction and to-morrow back again. But who? Was it Thomas? or McCook? It could not be. Thomas must be further away and McCook could not be nearer than thirty miles as the crow flies, and directly beyond the cloud of dust marching, it could but be hoped, to join Thomas and Crittenden somewhere between Lee and Gordon's Mills and McFarland's Gap.

The strain of those long, anxious days and nights, including the two days' battle which ended in heaping the army in the Chattanooga valley, was more than mind and body could endure. The commander of the army himself almost succumbed to the more than human task. But the dawn of light on the morning of the 21st brought fresh hope with power to endure. No army ever more cheerfully marched to new duties than the Army of the Cumberland that bright September morning. The Twenty-first Corps climbed to the top of Mission Ridge and stretched its length along the crest to the north, from Rossville to about the point since known as Bragg's headquarters.

The day wore away and the attack that had been hourly expected was not made. Busy and willing hands had been building from early dawn until after nightfall.

At 10 o'clock when all was quiet as the sick chamber, and we lay sleeping behind the barricade, a whispered order came to be ready to march in ten minutes and without a word being spoken aloud. Standing in line, awaiting orders to move, an order was received for a company from our brigade to be left deployed along the entire line of our works. Company A, Thirty-first Indiana was detailed, and stepping a pace or two out of line we stood at "attention" while the command marched away, the officers stepping from their places in line to take a hurried leave of their associates, while the soldiers whispered jocular

messages to General Bragg, or made requests for souvenirs from Andersonville or Libby prison.

We stood in perfect silence until the last sound of the marching columns died away in the valley to the west. The loneliness that followed seemed almost suffocating, but recovering from the stupefying influences of the situation we proceeded to obey our orders by deploying the little command at intervals sufficient to cover the ridge occupied by our command during the day. The enemy—Polk's Corps—was in position in our front, and so near that all night long we could plainly hear every loud word spoken in their camp, the marching of their columns into position and the rattling of their artillery over the rough grounds, while we stood looking steadily into the impenetrable darkness of the deep gulch and forest between us. Neither orders to rejoin our command, nor the morning, it seemed, would ever come.

Suddenly hoofbeats of an approaching horseman were heard in the distance, but owing to the peculiar echoing of sound the direction could not be determined. A mounted soldier rode into our line from its right—south—flank and was brought between two bayonets to the company commander. To learn that he did not bring orders ending our lonely watch was a severe disappointment, but it had its compensation. He claimed he had been sent from corps headquarters with a bottle of whiskey to the chief of artillery, under whose direction empty caissons had been rattling over the rough hills away to our right all night long. How he had ridden into our lines it puzzled him to know, and he was greatly distressed at being a prisoner. We dismounted him and relieved him of his arms and munitions of war, and gave him assurance that although he would be unable to reach his alleged chief of artillery immediate arrangements would be made for the disposition of the burthen of his errand.

Looking again to the east the gray streaks of morning light could be seen shooting up in the horizon, and the gray line of danger and inconvenience was momentarily expected to be heard and felt. Who of us of the line, at about this period of the war, did not hope to gain the field? Who of the field had not a dim distant star to guide him?

With a command of not more than fifty men, on a lonely mountain ridge, miles away from the army to which we belonged, and but a few hundred yards from a powerful enemy, I remember a thought came into my mind that this perhaps was the opportunity to do something that would make report of our service worthy the attention of our country—a youthful ambition as commendable as hopeless. But a courier that came crashing through the brush and over fallen timbers from the foot of the mountain, stopped indulgence in the illusions of a foolish hope, and we hurriedly “rallied on the center,” and followed while the courier led the way down to the valley and on to the Rossville road a mile or more away. A hurried march of half an hour brought us inside the cavalry vidette, three miles or more out from Chattanooga. We dropped to the ground for a moment’s rest just as the morning sunlight was touching the tallest pines on Mission Ridge. Almost instantly all were asleep.

Awakening suddenly I saw standing before me, with his hand grasping the rein of his horse, and still between two bayoneted guns, our prisoner of a few hours before, who was as much delighted that our uniforms, which looked gray by starlight, were blue, as I was surprised that he wore the same color.

Resuming our march, as we drew nearer our lines that ran from the foot of Lookout Mountain around to the Tennessee River on the north, we beheld an army playing at the game of war with “spades” as trumps. Far around to the northward, on the high ground

since known as Fort Wood, we saw a squad of soldiers standing on the half made works looking intently at our little moving column, and we directed our course toward them. Climbing over the works where they stood and receiving congratulations at our unexpected return, we stacked our arms and followed suit by also playing "spades" from the quartermaster's deal, while distracted women and children stood stupefied and overwhelmed at the destruction of their beautiful suburban homes that a few hours before had been the pride and ornament of Chattanooga.

For hours after we were safely within the new line of works we heard the roar of the enemy's cannon and saw the puffs of smoke from bursting shells over the works we had left, and on which we finally saw hundreds of the enemy standing looking down upon us in our place of safety.

General Polk had been invited by a farmer to breakfast at a seasonable hour, and General Bragg subsequently remarked that he never let so trifling a matter as attacking an enemy interfere with his acceptance of an invitation of that kind.

It has been said that Polk's failure in obeying orders to attack at daybreak was the cause for a renewal of a quarrel between them that ended only when the Bishop General was killed on Pine Mountain by a shot from the Fifth Indiana Battery on the 14th of June, 1864.

Attempts were made to throw shells into our lines, which were by that time well formed and fortified, from batteries on Mission Ridge and Lookout Mountain, but the effect, in most part, was more to our amusement than danger. But in the days and weeks that followed the amusement ceased and the danger came, but from an enemy to which the Army of the Cumberland up to that time had been a stranger—the enemy Starvation. A record of the splendid deeds

that saved us from that dread conqueror makes a page in history which reads unlike all others. It tells the story of a battle fought under the command, or from the common impulse of the lowest in rank, where and when a half starved army, growing impatient of restraint, rushed upon a powerful foe, broke and drove his columns far from the front and enriched its trophies of war with a hundred captured guns and thousands of prisoners of war.

It may well be said that in all that is concomitant with grandest battle, Chattanooga is pre-eminent. No chapter in history is more deserving a place among the classics than the story of "Three November Days" as told for the public prints of the day by B. F. Taylor, who was an eye witness: and in all the cycloramic views of landscape and battle none is grander to look upon than that of the struggle above the clouds, and the two days' fight contrary to or in spite of plans and orders.

We who in person are unknown in picture or story, and in the volumes that record the deeds of armies and their commanders, at the risk of testing your forbearance, and leaving you in doubt whether we were mightier with the sword or pen, make these ventures into the little things of the war, again reminding you that we are content that our words shall take the place in its literature which our deed did in the accomplishment of its purposes.

We, as did those who commanded us, surrendered for a time the independence of our citizenship to the power and influence of discipline, and gave to the world names that will be forever fadeless in the annals of war.

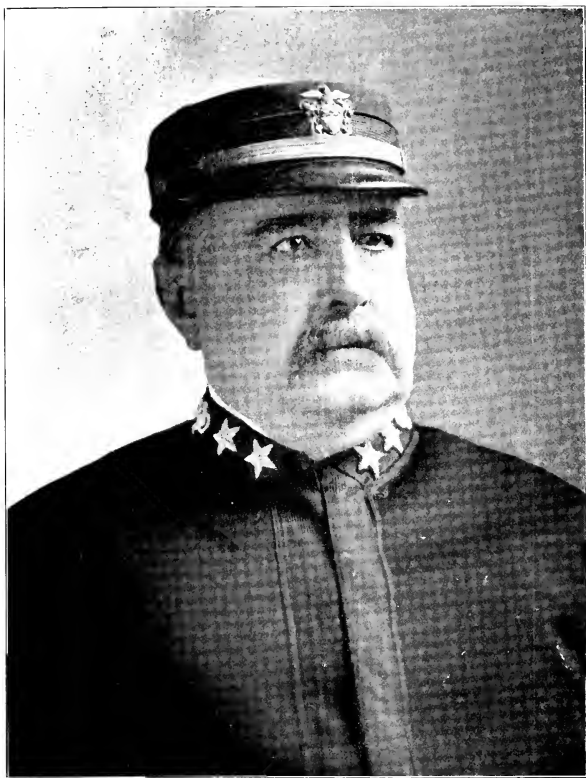
"History will sing the praise of those whose lustrous names,
Flashed in War's dreadful flames,
Who rose in glory, and in splendor, and in might,
To fame's sequestered height."

But in the nameless and numberless homes, those—the unknown, living and dead—who rose in glory only to a level with their fellows will ever have a place next to the dear ones at the fireside. Among the hundred battle fields on which they held high the standard of our commanders, and at the supreme hour stood firm as a rock with one who by the best defensive fighting of the age, saved an army in the pine forests of Georgia, and unmoved by the impatience of others, planned and fought, and fought as planned a battle that is a text and that ended the war in the West, and of whom it may well be said, that like the greatest of the Theban Generals, dying childless he left us two fair daughters, “Chickamauga” and “Nashville.”

In the very hour of the country’s greatest peril we went out to meet the invading foe under the command of one who saved the Nation’s capital, and perchance thereby, the Nation itself, by vigilance, valor and if you please, diplomacy in the field at Monocacy.

Marshaled in a mighty host from many fields, we fought our way under that leader of leaders, who, where others failed, struck Treason in the stronghold of its capital, drove from its proud halls of boasted memories the intolerant and ambitious leader it called president, and took the sword of its idolized chieftain at Appomattox.

With all our pride in the towering human monuments raised and dedicated to the loyalty and valor of the American soldier, and with all our appreciation of the grand results of a war in which we participated, I feel that I may say for those brave, though misguided men who raise to the skies their enduring columns, as well as for you, that whatever fate may bring to the youth of this great land, may it never open his way to the heights of fame by the ways and means of Civil War.



ADMIRAL BROWN, U. S. N.

FORTY-EIGHT YEARS' SERVICE.

BY BREVET COLONEL ZEMRO A. SMITH.

The reader of the history of that development which changed thirteen colonies into a Republic, who has failed to recognize the potential influence of the men who fought for independence on the high seas, has read the most glowing pages in vain and has missed the enthusiasm which daring achievement inspires. "The shot fired at Lexington was heard around the world," but it was John Paul Jones, with his creaky vessel, the *Ranger*, who created surprise in Europe and special alarm on the coast of England by capturing prizes and spiking the guns of forts. It was when Jones appeared in the waters of the enemy with his fantastic fleet, bearing the new flag of the Nation which was yet to be at his mast head with his weak *Bon Hommie Richard* grappled with the *Serapis*, the best of the British navy and from the rigging won a victory with hand grenades and small arms because his cannon was so defective that half of them could not be used, that Europe saw that a new power had come to battle on the seas with a ferocity hitherto unknown



ZEMRO A. SMITH was born in Eastern Maine, August 26, 1837, where he lived until he entered Colby University, in 1858. He left college a few weeks before the graduation of his class in 1862 to take part in raising a company for the Eighteenth Maine Volunteers. He enlisted the first man in the company, July 14, 1862. The company was recruited in three weeks, and a committee of citizens recommended him for Captain. August 21, 1862, he was mustered as Captain of Company C. The regiment reached Washington, August 25, and was put at work constructing the defenses north of Washington. In December the regiment was changed to the First

and England learned the lesson which made Lord Nelson, the relentless captain of the seas, and the British navy, their mistress. In the war of 1812, it was the navy which won for the Republic whatever of victory was achieved. To-day, the dispatch of Commodore Perry after his victory on the lakes, "We have met the enemy and he is ours" is an inspiration. The career of the old frigate *Constitution*, for more than fifty years made "Old Ironsides" a household word. When was greater intrepidity displayed than that of Decatur and Preble with the Tripoli pirates? The stories of these achievements, told in the school reader and in the glowing, if limited, literature of our fathers, as much as any other influence, inspired that spirit in the hearts of the masses without which no people can become a nation. It is the vital breath without which there cannot be life. From the days of John Paul Jones until to-day the American navy has been officered by men of heroic mold, with whom patriotism is a passion, devotion to duty a religion and a self-forgetful courage in the hour of peril, a characteristic, the story of which makes the blood tingle with enthusiasm and pride. Other men may have failed, but never has an officer of the American navy upon whom the responsibility has fallen, failed to uphold the honor and the dignity of the Republic.

"How would you like to wear that uniform?" asked Assistant Postmaster General Brown of his son George as they walked toward the school of the latter in Washington, in January, 1849, pointing to a midshipman, dressed in the rather showy garb of that

Maine Heavy Artillery and did duty on the defenses of Washington until it joined the Army of the Potomac. The regiment had been thoroughly drilled in infantry tactics and displayed the discipline of veterans in the first engagement. In the first battle Company C lost 57 of 130 men killed and wounded. General Meade gave the regiment a complimentary notice in a special order. Captain Smith was wounded through the thigh, but reported for duty July 6, 1864. From that time until Lee's surrender, he was with his regiment in the Second Corps. He was promoted

tyro of the navy at that date: "I'd like nothing better if I could be a midshipman and have the right to wear it," was the quick response of the son of thirteen and a half years. "Would you like to go into the navy, my son?" asked the Hoosier politician and statesman in tones of surprise, for he had never thought of the navy as a career. "Yes, I would," replied the boy with sturdy emphasis.

At that time the boy had probably never seen a full rigged ship, but he had read of the heroic achievements of the great men of the American navy; in his imagination, he had fought again and again the great battles of the sea in which American valor was an inspiration; he was as much an officer of the United States navy in spirit and devotion when the father was surprised with his answer, as he was a quarter of a century later when he walked the quarter deck, the commander of a war ship and had sniffed the flavor of the salt seas in every quarter of the globe. Fortunately the late Hon. Joseph E. McDonald, then a member of the House, had an appointment in the naval school at Annapolis at his disposal. It required no persuasion to cause Mr. McDonald to appoint George Brown, so that twenty-four hours after the conversation above recounted, he knew that his wish in regard to the navy was gratified.

George Brown was born in Rushville, Indiana, June 19, 1835. His father, Hon. William J. Brown, was for a generation one of the leaders of the Democratic party of Indiana. He was a prominent lawyer, was Secretary of State, served in Congress two terms

successively to Major, and to Lieutenant-Colonel. Upon the recommendation of Brigadier-General Hardin, U. S. A., on whose staff he served as Chief of Artillery, during July and August, 1865, he was brevetted Colonel for "faithful and meritorious service during the war." Since the war he has been constantly engaged in newspaper work in Maine, Boston, Kansas and Indianapolis. Since November, 1889, he has been connected with the Indianapolis Journal as editorial writer.

and as an Assistant Postmaster General during the administration of President Polk. His mother's maiden name was Susan Tompkins, a descendant of the influential New York family bearing that name. Both his parents were born in Kentucky but came to Indiana when quite young.

The name of George Brown was inscribed on the rolls of the United States Navy, February 5, 1849, to remain on the active list almost forty-eight and a half years, serving in every capacity from Midshipman to Rear Admiral, the highest grade in that branch of the public service. He was a little more than thirteen and a half years old when he went to Annapolis—one of the youngest to enter the service. Under the present regulations a boy of that age cannot enter the naval academy.

At Annapolis, he found himself younger than his associates by nearly three years. To be the smallest and youngest boy is often a serious disadvantage. It probably was so at Annapolis, yet George made no complaint, except when he was given thirty pages of history for a day's lesson which seemed unfair because the older boys were reviewing the work. Leaving a home in which the ties of family affection were very strong to go into a school of boys, all strangers, among whom he was the smallest and youngest, must have been a terrible ordeal for this lad. He had been from home but once before, and the schools which he had attended in Washington illy prepared him for the severe tasks imposed on all in those schools of the United States which have no royal road to learning and where no tenderness is expended upon even the youngest boy who must struggle with lessons adapted to those more mature. No doubt this home-loving boy had many wretched hours but in the letters he wrote at the time there is no evidence of home-sickness or

discouragement. From first to last he uttered no minor note. His letters to mother, brothers and sisters contain a strong and ceaseless undercurrent of affection with frequent appeals "to write oftener," but not a whimper. In one letter written soon after his arrival, he complained of the severity of the history, but in the next epistle to his sister he manfully declares that he is all over his discouragement, as if it were unmanly for a boy who aimed to be an officer in the navy to be other than courageous.

The naval school at that time is not the naval academy of to-day. Then Annapolis was a rendezvous for the boys where they remained until there was a place for them on some ship. While at Annapolis, the boys were required to study until ordered to a ship, where study and practice made the life of a midshipman anything but one of ease. There was no part of practical seamanship that the midshipman was not taught. On shipboard, too, the future naval officer was required to study, recite and take examinations. In theory and in practice, he was a seaman; but more than that, he was taught by the example of superiors, that dauntless courage, high devotion to duty and passionate love of the flag which have made the high naval officer an ideal character.

I should know very little of Admiral Brown had I no other sources of information than the bare official reports and such facts and incidents as could be obtained in interviews with him. When asked for some of the facts in his career, he referred me to the Naval Register and the official reports. Thanks to the devotion of his sister, Mrs. Mary Browning, scattering letters written by Admiral Brown from the date of his arrival at the naval school on February, 1849, until recent years were preserved. A more absorbingly interesting volume cannot be conceived than the scrap

book in which these letters are preserved. Year by year, they show the development of the boy midshipman to the proud position of ranking officer in the navy. These letters give one an insight into the personality of George Brown. They are written chiefly to his mother and sister Mary. The mother holds the first place in the heart of the boy and the man. Sometimes the letters are not long, but in whatever quarter of the globe he was, even on the eve of battle, the brief letter, headed "My Dear Mother" and closing with "Your affectionate son, Geo. Brown" was always written. With years, came preferment and honors, but they made no change in the love of the man for his mother. With distinctness, he made arrangements for her comfort in her declining years. "Do not let those matters trouble you; while I live, you nor none of yours shall ever be in need," is an expression in a letter to his mother. When one reads these letters, his kindling admiration leads him to first salute George Brown, the mother-lover, rather than the Admiral Brown who saw forty-eight and a half years of active service under his country's flag.

His letters to his sister who is older than he are more familiar but never frivolous. Truth is, early life with George Brown was a period of positive actualities. Not only did he take up a service beyond his years, but from the outset he fought the harsh limitations of poverty. To his brother Austin, eight years his senior and to this sister, he writes of what he would have if he had "a little money." His manly struggles would be pathetic if admiration for this honest and stout-hearted boy did not first claim the attention. As the time came for him to go to sea when he must have "an outfit," he writes his brother and sister with much concern, "It will take \$125.00 to get an outfit, but I have not above \$15.00." Then he ap-

peals to Austin to help him, pledging his pay. "Some of the boys have outfits which cost \$250.00, but I will be satisfied with one costing half as much." Finally, his brother, then a clerk in Washington, made an arrangement by which an outfit was secured, for which his future pay was pledged. While these letters are simple in construction, it is doubtful if there is a slang phrase in them. The delicacy of feeling which characterized even the boy George is seen in the fact that he named the boys to whom he sent his "love," and the girls to whom he sent his "respects." He had another love which lasted from boyhood until now—love for Indiana. When in distant climes, his heart turned to Indiana. "I hope to have time to visit Indiana when the cruise is over." The Indianapolis of his boyhood was the dearest spot on earth; the Indianapolis of to-day "is the most beautiful city in the world" to the man who has seen all the finest cities on the globe. While he has been George Brown of the United States Navy, he has been George Brown of Indiana, proud to hail from his native State and always a representative whose character and achievements reflected the highest credit upon the State that he holds to-day in the deepest affection.

After a few months in the school, George was attached to the frigate "Cumberland," of the Mediterranean squadron whose sinking he saw thirteen years later off Fortress Monroe by the rebel ram Merrimac. It was a new life full of exacting duties. For two years he was away from native land and home, yet if he ever had a home sick feeling, it does not appear in his letters. "I have grown very much," he writes his sister, toward the close of the cruise; "I am twenty pounds heavier than when I left home and all my summer clothes are too small." He had grown otherwise, as his letters show. The brave-hearted boy was turn-

ing into the purposeful young man, thus disproving the modern idea that coddling and early years free from care are best for the development of sturdy manhood. Returning from the Mediterranean squadron in 1851, he was given a three-months' leave. He lost no time in reaching Indiana, to which, on subsequent leaves of absence from duty, he hastened with the ardor of a lover. After his leave, our Midshipman was attached to the St. Lawrence of the Pacific Squadron, where for three years he saw a new world. It was not until he had been in the service eleven years that his first promotions came, but when they did come in 1856, he had three in a year, Passed Midshipman, Master and Lieutenant. So before he was twenty-one years of age, he held the commission of Lieutenant in the navy, which corresponds with the rank of Captain in the United States Army.

When the secession movement threatened the Union and many officers in army and navy hesitated as to the course they should pursue in the event of war, George Brown was resolutely for the Union. I now have before me his letter to his mother in which are these words: "When I entered the service as a boy I dedicated my life to my country and to her service now my life is given." He was then twenty-five and a half years of age, but during twelve years of that period he had saluted the hoisting of his country's flag in every quarter of the globe. His love for that flag and the sovereignty it represented was as broad and deep as his nature. It was as impossible for him to have turned his back upon it when in peril as it would have been for him to have deserted his mother in her old age. Thirty-seven years after that great crisis, it is not necessary to take any man's word as to where Lieutenant Brown stood, since, in his own hand writing, his declarations are recorded in letters to his fam-

ily and personal friends. These letters, in the terse sentences of a determined man, tell the story of his passionate loyalty to the Union and his impatient desire to serve its cause. While the storm was gathering Lieutenant Brown's ship was stationed off Vera Cruz, where there came to him all the reports of Southern certainty and Northern uncertainty. In the midst of these doubts he wrote his mother, December 20, 1860, as follows:

"It is possible that the navy may be disbanded, but in that event, my occupation is not entirely gone. The North will need a navy as well as the South, and if I fail to get an appointment in the Northern navy, I flatter myself that I can make a living in the merchant service."

The navy was not disbanded, and April 6, 1861, finds Lieutenant Brown sailing from New York for Fort Pickens, Florida. April 22, while superintending the landing of troops and supplies, he had not heard of the fall of Sumpter, which accounts for the views in a letter of that date to his mother:

"There are not men enough in the Confederate States to take this fort and I am of the opinion that the Secessionists are dreadfully afraid that no one will make an attack on them. We will not fire the first gun but it will be a sad day for them if we are forced to open upon them. I will be where my duty calls; I may lose a limb, but what of that so long as it is lost honorably."

The first shot was fired, and from that time to the end but one purpose is expressed in his letters—to be in the thick of the fight. He was delighted because his ship fired the first shots on the enemy in Hampton Roads and in turn received the first shots from the foe. He exults in the land victories in March and April in the Southwest. The quality of his loyalty flashes out in the following extract from a letter to a friend, dated January 15, 1863:

"You ask me what I think of the Emancipation Proclamation. I have not read it and if I had done so I do not consider that I have any right to think of such things. I am a Federal officer and am not

supposed to know Mr. Lincoln only as President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy, and as such, I am perfectly willing to touch my cap to him as I would to any other superior officer. On board of this vessel I do not allow any one to question my authority or to assist me in the thinking department. If ———— should resign from the army, do not let him make the Emancipation Proclamation a pretext."

Thus spoke the subordinate, to whom loyalty to his superior was a religion; but in what follows, it is the indignant patriotism of the man and citizen which speaks in a letter written in the fall of 1864, as follows:

"From the treasonable conduct of some men in Indiana, as reported in the papers, I am sure I would not care to visit Indiana just now. I fight the enemies of my country wherever I meet them, so, if I went home, I might be under the painful necessity of fighting men I have regarded as friends in the past."

In a letter to his mother, dated U. S. Gunboat Itasca, off Galveston, Texas, October 14, 1864, Lieutenant Commander Brown says:

"I seldom write anything about the war but now I feel so glad to get such cheering news from the North that I cannot resist. National affairs have never looked so bright since the war begun, and if our armies continue in their good work for a short time longer the rebels will sue for peace on any terms. The beginning of the end is certainly at hand. I hope to get a shore station after things begin to quiet down, but I would cheerfully start on a three year's cruise if I could go with the assurance of peace and happiness once more. I have not read anything bearing upon the political questions at issue, but I have no doubt that McClellan will be defeated."

In what bold relief stands out the patriotism and loyalty of George Brown, as recorded in his letters to his family. Ambitious he was and had a right to be, so from before the fall of Sumter until the last gun was fired, he was eager to be placed where he could render the Union cause the best service.

In July, 1862, just after he was twenty-seven, he was commissioned Lieutenant Commander. As Lieutenant he had commanded the Octoria, the flagship of

Rear Admiral Porter in the Mississippi squadron before he was twenty-seven years of age. Late in 1862 he was assigned to the command of the ironclad *Indianola*, of the Mississippi squadron. At that time the squadron was above Vicksburg, and it was there to assist the armies in capturing that town, which was fortified as was no other place during the war. The Mississippi was in possession of the Federals, except the section between Vicksburg and Port Hudson. Within the portion of the river held by the Confederates they had one ram and several craft protected by bales of cotton. It was the desire of the Federal officers to send a vessel or two past the Vicksburg batteries to capture the rebel craft to the end that supplies from the Red river might be cut off. Accordingly, the *Queen of the West*, a powerful ram, ran the gauntlet of the Vicksburg batteries without injury and began to commit depredations up the Red river. By bad management the *Queen* got ashore and was captured by the Confederates. Without knowing of the mishap of the *Queen*, Admiral Porter ordered the *Indianola* to pass the batteries and assist in the work of destruction. Lieutenant Commander Brown, by hugging the shore next the batteries, passed them without receiving any injury, in spite of the furious cannonade. This was on the night of February 13, 1863. When Lieutenant Commander Brown was a few miles below Vicksburg he learned of the loss of the *Queen*, but as the commander of that ship informed him that she was disabled, he had no cause for alarm. The *Queen* had not been disabled, but was afloat in a few days and ready for service against the *Indianola*. The rebels having now two rams and other vessels, the *Indianola* was in a trap. In a private letter of Admiral Porter, which appears in "Moore's Rebellion Record," dated February 26, it appears that he, the Admiral,

had just learned that the Queen had been utilized by the Confederates. He wrote: "I knew that Brown could take care of the Webb (the other rebel ram) by himself, but I have no idea that he will be a match for the Webb and the Queen both ramming him at the same time. The Indianola is a weak vessel."

The Admiral had simply predicted what had taken place the day before. Lieutenant Commander Brown had been forced to fight the Queen, the Webb and two cotton protected vessels, carrying a thousand men, and had been beaten. Thus the expected happened. Lieutenant Commander Brown had the choice of surrendering without or with a fight, and he chose the latter. The Indianola had about 135 men—not enough to man her guns and navigate her. The following is a part of Lieutenant Commander Brown's report to the Secretary of the Navy (Moore's Rebellion Record, vol. 6, page 424):

"About 9:30 p. m., on the 24th of the same month, the night being very dark, four boats were discovered in chase of us. I immediately cleared for action, and as soon as all preparations were completed, I turned and stood down the river to meet them. At this time the leading vessel was about three miles below, the others following in close order. As we neared them I made them out to be the rams Queen of the West and William H. Webb, and two other steamers, cotton-clad and filled with men.

The Queen of the West was the first to strike us, which she did, after passing through the coal barge lashed to our port side, doing us no serious damage. Next came the Webb. I stood for her at full speed. Both vessels came together, bows on, with a tremendous crash, which knocked nearly everyone down on board of both vessels, doing no damage to us, while the Webb's bow was cut in at least eight feet, extending from about two feet above the water line to the keelson. At this time the engagement became general, and at very close quarters. I devoted but little attention to the cotton-clad steamers, although they kept up a heavy fire with field pieces and small arms, as I knew that everything depended on my disabling the rams. The third blow crushed the starboard barge, leaving parts hanging by the lashings which were speedily cut. The crew of the Indianola not numbering enough men to man both batteries, I kept

the forward guns manned all the time and fired them whenever I could get a shot at the rams. The night being very dark, our aim was uncertain, and our fire proved less effective than I thought at the time. The peep-holes in the pilot-house were so small that it would have been a difficult matter to have worked the vessel from that place in daylight, so that during the whole engagement the pilots were unable to aid me by their knowledge of the river, as they were unable to see anything, consequently they could do no more than obey such orders as they received from me in regard to working the engines and helm. No misunderstanding occurred in the performance of that duty, and I was enabled to receive the first five blows of the rams' forward of the wheels, and at such angles that they did no more damage than to start the plating where they struck.

“The sixth blow we received was from the Webb, which crushed in the starboard wheel, disabled the starboard rudder and started a number of leaks abaft the shaft. Being unable to work the starboard engine, placed us in an almost powerless condition, but I continued the fight until we received the seventh blow, which was given us by the Webb. She struck us fair in the stern, and started the timbers and starboard rudder-box, so that the water poured in in large volumes. This time I knew that the *Indianola* could be of no more service to us, and my desire was to render her useless to the enemy, which I did by keeping her in deep water until there was two and a half feet of water over the floor, and the leaks were increasing rapidly as she settled, so as to bring the opening made by the Webb under the water.

“Knowing that if either of the rams struck us again in the stern, which they then had excellent opportunities of doing, on account of our disabled condition, we would sink so suddenly, that few, if any, lives would be saved, I succeeded in running her bows on shore by starting the screw engines. As further resistance could only result in a great loss of life on our part, without a corresponding result on the part of the enemy, I surrendered the *Indianola*, a partially sunken vessel, fast filling with water, to a force of four vessels, mounting ten guns, and manned by over one thousand men.

“The engagement lasted one hour and twenty-seven minutes. I lost but one killed, one wounded and seven missing, while the enemy lost two officers and thirty-three men killed and many wounded. Before the enemy could make any preparations for endeavoring to save the *Indianola*, her stern was under water. Both rams were so very much crippled, that I doubt whether they would have tried to ram again had not their last blow proved so fatal to us. Both signal-books were thrown in the river by me a few moments before the surrender.

"In conclusion, I would state that the nine-inch guns of the *Indianola* were thrown overboard, and the eleven-inch guns damaged by being loaded with heavy charges and solid shots, placed muzzle to muzzle, and fired by a slow match, so that they were rendered useless."

Lieutenant Commander Brown does not state in the foregoing report that he was struck seven times during the fight, one wound being severe. He was one of the few men who in such engagements must occupy exposed positions to see what is going on and to give directions to men who were comparatively safe between decks. Was it rashness which led this officer not yet twenty-eight years of age to fight this unequal battle? Nothing of the kind. To have surrendered without a fight would have given the enemy another ship with which to resist the future operations of General Grant. Next to the importance of sinking the enemy's rams was to prevent the *Indianola* from falling into his possession, where there was a chance of his being able to cripple his antagonists. But for one unlucky blow from one of the rams while he was beating off the other, he might have been the victor. So coolly and courageously did the young officer direct the unequal conflict that when he was compelled to surrender it was a disabled ship his enemy got with a crew nearly intact.

Lieutenant Commander Brown, after some delay, found himself and his devoted men prisoners at the gate of Libby prison. One of the officers of the prison was an old acquaintance of Lieutenant Commander Brown, who, in his regard for the Federal officer, invited him to be his guest in Castle Thunder. This courtesy he declined; the Federal officer preferred to share the lot of the men who had stood by him on the *Indianola*, in the hope of obtaining better treatment for them. He was offered a parol at once, but this he

refused lest he might spend the rest of the war inactive without an exchange. His friends about the Confederate capital interceded with Jefferson Davis, who consented to the Commander's exchange, but would not listen to suggestions relative to the exchange of all the crew of the *Indianola*. As he would not leave his men, he would have spent a long time in Libby had not a friend carried the matter to Mrs. Davis, who had been a warm friend of the family of his father while in Washington. She interceded with her husband, and he ordered the exchange of the Commander and crew of the *Indianola*. The exchange took place at City Point in July, 1863, and it was the last that was made until near the close of the war.

Not much time elapsed before Lieutenant Commander Brown was again on duty, commanding the steam gunboat *Itasca* of the squadron in Mobile bay, commanded by Rear Admiral Farragut. Here he did duty in the presence of the enemy nine months, which culminated in the great naval battle of Mobile Bay. No description that I can give will so accurately present the spirit which always animated this young officer as the following extract of a letter written to his mother after that battle:

“As to giving you a lengthy description of the affair of the 5th, I do not feel equal to the task. I refer you to the papers, but I do not believe they can do the affair justice. We do not allow special correspondence in the navy nor have we any special articles on the subject, but I presume someone will take time to enlighten the public. The whole thing, both in the conception and execution, was the grandest thing of the war, and the details are of so important a character that no one can fail to give to our gallant leader, the Salamander, full credit for what he has accomplished.

Five vessels were to remain outside and take no part in the fight. All were anxious to come in, and I learned only two days before the fight that I was detailed to remain out on account of my being next the junior commander in the squadron. I had no idea of being left out in the cold after being tumbled and tossed about for seven long

months, looking anxiously for the day when I could anchor quietly in the bay. I went to see Admiral Farragut to argue the question and lay my cause before him, but he insisted on my staying outside. I then went to see all the old Captains in the fleet, and without an exception they went to see the Admiral in my behalf, and it was only by their hard work that I was finally ordered to get ready to take part. You may think it strange, but that order made me the happiest of men.

We made the attack with fourteen wooden vessels and four iron-clads, at seven o'clock, on the morning of the 5th inst. The army had made a landing on Dauphine Island, on which is Fort Gains, which commands the western side of the entrance. The small vessels were lashed alongside of the larger ones to assist them should they become disabled. So we came in two abreast; the iron-clads were by themselves and kept on the right but not in advance of the wooden vessels. We knew that the rebels had placed over three hundred torpedoes in the channel and that we must pass over them, but we were determined to get in if every other vessel was blown up. It was no running by batteries at night, but in broad day, with the torpedoes and other obstructions, besides one hundred guns in Fort Morgan to face. I was alongside of the sloop *Ossipee*. That fire was the hottest that Admiral Farragut had ever seen, and certainly the hottest I have ever seen, and I can assure you that I have no particular desire to see such another. The Monitor *Tecumseh* exploded a torpedo under her and sank so suddenly that but fourteen of her gallant crew of eighty-five men were able to get out of her. I had nearly forgotten to say that all the rebels had to boast of was the iron-clad ram *Tennessee* and three wooden gunboats. As we came in every vessel had her flags at mast head, and the sight of them moving up into action I thought could not be excelled, but I soon changed my mind when the action commenced. After getting just inside the forts we encountered the rebel fleet; we captured one gunboat, sank another, and the third ran so that we had only the ram *Tennessee* left, but she soon had the stars and stripes floating over her; she made a most desperate fight.

Our three monitors used their guns on her and our five largest wooden vessels ran her down. The ram, on which we depended, did not injure the rebel ram in the least, but our 15-inch solid shot did the work; that is we soon convinced the rebels that we were too much for them and she hoisted the white flag. After having fought alone over an hour, the rebel Admiral, Buchanan, was badly wounded and I suppose that having lost his services, the others lost heart and became demoralized, for our shot had not wholly disabled the ram, but had knocked away her steering-gear and smokestack and jammed some of the port stoppers which prevented her using some of her guns;

but why she struck her flag so soon is more than anyone can account for; she could have put her men out of danger and knocked her upper works to pieces, or so injured her that she would have been of no use to us. As it is, she is in good condition to fight as well as ever."

In February the two most honored men in the Indiana Commandery met by chance, or, rather, by accident. They had known each other from boyhood. Their fathers ran for congress in the Indianapolis district in 1849. It is scarcely necessary to add that these men are General Lew Wallace and Admiral Brown. Lieutenant-Commander Brown was in command of the hastily constructed gunboat *Arizona*, at New Orleans, and was making the first trip down the river for the purpose of assisting a large supply vessel over the bar. At that time the steamer bearing General Wallace and party to the Rio Grande, ostensibly to see if Texas could not be induced to return to her old allegiance, but really to see what could be done to help the cause of the Republic of Mexico, then in desperate straits, was passing down the river from New Orleans.

In the night time the *Arizona* was discovered to be on fire over her boilers. Nothing could be done but to get the crew off of the burning gunboat. In the dark night, with a stiff breeze and an inadequacy of boats, this was no easy task. The Lieutenant-Commander had seen all of the men off the gunboat except a junior officer, who stood by him making some arrangement to escape. By some mishap the subordinate was thrown against his superior and knocked him overboard. As the Lieutenant-Commander had neither coat, shoes nor trousers to impede him, he rose to the surface and swam about seeking for something to which he could cling until picked up. When nearly exhausted, he had found a rope, which enabled him to keep above water. It was not long until a boat from

one of the neighboring vessels took him from his perilous situation—perilous because ere long the fire would reach the magazine and a terrific explosion would follow. General Lew Wallace tells the rest of the story: "I asked the Captain of the vessel carrying my party to go as near the burning craft as possible to assist in rescuing the crew. He sent off his boats and picked up several of the men. The last of them contained but a man or two. We were on deck and saw a man, having nothing but drawers, shirt and stockings assisted on board. 'Hello, Wallace,' was his cool salutation. 'George Brown, can this be you?' was my amazed reply. It was George Brown. We had literally seized him from the sea, for our boat found him clinging to a rope and nearly exhausted. We found clothing and refreshment for our guest in short order, but as soon as he was clothed and revived he insisted that a boat should take him to see what had become of his crew."

Speaking of the affair himself, Admiral Brown said: "A whole suit of other people's clothes were soon found and Major Ross (our James R.) helped me to dress and get a little warmth into my chilled body. I may say that I was the most uniquely clad officer in the navy." Fearing that he might be censured for the burning of the *Arizona*, the Lieutenant-Commander asked for a board of inquiry. It was granted, and after careful investigation it not only exonerated him from all responsibility for the fire, but commended him for the coolness and courage displayed in saving the crew, all but two of which were rescued.

At the October meeting of the Indiana Commandery in 1897, more than thirty-two years after this incident, these two life-long friends and illustrious Indianians greeted each other. The special feature of the occasion was the welcoming of Admiral Brown to Indiana

to spend the rest of his years. General Wallace referred to the Admiral as one of the most distinguished sons of Indiana, and paid an eloquent tribute to his worth as a man and an officer. The Admiral, in response, thanked his companions and told them of the navy that is. Companions, old and young, showed by their attention how proud they were of the honor of having him as one of their number.

The closing days of the war saw Lieutenant Commander Brown in command of the ironclad Cincinnati, participating in the naval operations in Mobile bay, against Spanish Fort and the defenses of the city of Mobile. Five days after Lee's surrender, April 14, these strongholds surrendered to the Union forces.

July 25, 1866, when a month more than thirty-one years of age, the Lieutenant-Commander, who had so nobly borne that title for four years, became Commander. Soon after his promotion he was assigned to duty in the Washington Navy Yard. It was a change which he deserved and which was welcome after seventeen years of almost unbroken service at sea—more than half his life.

His good fortune was destined to be ended by the unexpected. During the winter of 1864-65 a war ship which was afterward called the Stonewall, was built at a port in France, ostensibly for the Danish government, but really for the Confederacy. The Stonewall sailed for this side before Lee's surrender, but when the officer in command learned of the fall of the Confederacy, he put into Havana and turned the ship over to the Spanish authorities to be, in turn, surrendered to the United States. In time Commander Brown was ordered to receive the Stonewall at Havana and bring her to the Washington Navy Yard. The government then had ships to sell. Among those it was desirous of selling was the Stonewall. Japanese officials were

in this country negotiating for a few ships, and among those which they inspected was the Stonewall. Commander Brown was directed to show the ship to the Japanese. Doubtless he was able to impress them favorably, as they soon purchased the ironclad. It may be said that with it they purchased the Commander, for a season at least. One of the conditions of the contract was that Commander Brown should take this ship to Japan and instruct Japanese naval officers in the practical science of handling ironclads. In those days it was regarded as a somewhat perilous undertaking to sail an ironclad around Cape Horn. There were those who predicted that the Stonewall was not staunch enough for such a voyage.

When he arrived at Yokohama the city and government were practically in the hands of revolutionists. This was very embarrassing, but after consulting the United States minister, who had not recognized the revolutionists, it was considered necessary for Commander Brown to refuse to turn over the Stonewall to that faction. Going ashore the morning after his arrival, he returned to the ship in the afternoon to find it alive with Japanese officers and soldiers, who had come to take possession of the ironclad and were waiting his arrival. At that time the Japanese flag floated aloft, which made the situation critical. Using an American merchant as interpreter, Commander Brown learned that his visitors were determined to get possession of the ship. As they had more men on board than he, a very bloody fight would result if the Japanese undertook to seize the ship. Calling a subordinate of coolness and courage, he directed him to get the United States flag from his cabin, take two or three resolute men and put it in the place of the Japanese flag. The officers of the revolutionists were purposely placed in a position from which they could not

see the changing of the flags. While this was going on the Japanese became more insistent and threatening. The stars and stripes in place and surrounded by a few brave and well-armed men, the Commander told his visitors that he could not turn over the ship until he had an order to do so from the United States minister. This declaration made the Japanese more aggressive. The time had come to act. "Tell them," he said to the interpreter, "this is a United States ship, under the flag of the United States; that they have no right here and the sooner they leave the ship the better." There was considerable commotion and some angry demonstrations, but they saw on the face of the American officer and the men about him a determination that was convincing. Soon boat loads began to leave the ship. The Japanese asked permission to leave a few men, which would be admission of a claim to the ship. The reply was: "Very well, but be sure that they are good swimmers." So all left. A few came about the next day, but were not allowed on board. Thus was the Stonewall, with a small but resolute crew, held safely under the American flag, in a harbor swarming with the boats of the foes who coveted her. Ere long the revolution was ended and the Stonewall was turned over to her owners, but the Commander remained nearly two years instructing Japanese officers. He then came home in 1869 to take another two years' cruise.

During the years 1873-76 Commander Brown was on ordnance duty in Boston, and during 1876-78 was light house inspector. In 1877 he was promoted to Captain, a rank equivalent to Colonel in the army. While engaged in this shore duty he took an active part as the head of a commission to arrange a system for the purchase of supplies. To that time, the pur-

chases were made by bureau officers, who were needlessly extravagant and wasteful. The commission reported in favor of a system which made the pay department responsible for these purchases upon the requisition of the officers needing them. Many thousand dollars have been saved since that time by the new regime. From 1878 to 1881 he commanded the steamship *Alaska*, of the Pacific station. From 1881 to 1884 he was again light house inspector; from 1886 to 1889 he was on duty at the Navy Yard, Norfolk, Va.; in September, 1887, he was promoted to Commodore; in 1890 he was commanding the Pacific station.

While he was in command at this station he had an experience which attracted attention. Chili was having her revolution. The revolutionary party had been successful and had driven President Balmasado from power and held the city of Valparaiso, in the harbor of which Commodore Brown, with two ships, was looking after the interests of citizens of the United States. The new rulers were determined to put to death or imprison those in Valparaiso who had been attached to the Balmasado government. In the interest of humanity, Commodore Brown gave these imperiled men who had been in civil life an asylum on board his ship. It was perhaps a breach of international law, but such law was made for civilized nations. At any rate, the action of the Commodore was warmly approved by the Harrison administration, General Harrison himself commending his conduct in his message to congress at that time. September 27, 1893, he was promoted to Admiral, the highest rank in the navy, corresponding to that of Major-General in the army. From February 28, 1895, to the date of his retirement from the active service, June 19, 1897, Admiral Brown was the senior officer in the active list of the navy.

In connection with the surrender of Valparaiso to the victorious revolutionists, an officer who was attached to one of the United States' ships, told the writer of an incident in which the quick comprehension and coolness of Admiral Brown in a perilous emergency were displayed. The insurgents had driven the government's defeated troops into the city and their cannon on the heights overlooking it could have slaughtered the residents by hundreds had fire been opened. The intendant of the city went to the commanding officers of the several squadrons in the port and besought them to turn over the city to the revolutionists in order to prevent the slaughter of the inhabitants. Admiral Brown and others were in the government house consulting as to the procedure. The government square was filled with troops and gatling guns, commanding the four streets leading into it. These streets were crowded with an excited mob, threatening the troops. On the balcony overlooking the square and the mobs, with the naval officers was the President-elect of the falling government. Seized with a sudden impulse, he cried out "fire" to the troops. At the moment he did so, Admiral Brown seized him and drew him into an adjoining room where his friends held him upon a sofa. The greatest excitement prevailed and collision was imminent in the square and in the streets. Taking his orderly, who carried the flag of the United States, Admiral Brown pushed into the midst of the excited and almost fighting crowd. With his flag he attracted attention and called for quiet. "Is there any man here who understands English and can speak Spanish?" he asked. A gentleman responded. As the Admiral's interpreter, he told the people that the admirals of the fleets in the harbor would guarantee the surrender of the city without resistance, and the officers of the vanquished

troops in the square, as they valued their lives, they must cease opposition. "This timely but scarcely official act of a courageous man," said the relator, "undoubtedly saved the city from assault, and the lives of hundreds of men, women and children; but for this prompt action, I believe that the streets of the city would have been filled with slaughter in a few minutes and shelled by the insurgents."

From February 5, 1849, to June 19, 1897—forty-eight years, four months and fourteen days, is the measure of the service which George Brown has given to his country. Step by step he has risen from the midshipman of thirteen and a half years of age through every grade, to be the ranking officer in the navy. As such he has been called by the President to represent the navy at imposing state ceremonies. During this lifetime of service, Admiral Brown never received reprimand or censure from superior officers. Loyal to his superiors, considerate of subordinates, conscientious in the discharge of duty, his record makes him an ideal officer.

In this inadequate sketch I have simply undertaken to give a few incidents in the life service of Admiral Brown. It is impossible to take account of those long and uneventful years filled with a routine of duty, which is sometimes called drudgery, which he spent in his country's service. Having read the letters he wrote while in every quarter of the globe, I am able to say that George Brown regarded every duty to which he was called as a high trust. Devotion to duty has been the inspiration of his life, the keynote of his career. Devotion to duty as the rule of conduct made him a self-respecting and purposeful man. Enthusiasm is the intoxicant which fires the weak and fickle to temporary effort, as often unwise as wise. Enthusiasm made a class of men impatient to fight and fear-

ful that they would lose the opportunity when Sumpter was fired on; it left them cravens and prophets of evil omen after the Bull Run and Chickamaugas. Men who are inspired, as was George Brown, by devotion to duty, move on a higher plane. Its discipline gave him conscious intellectual and moral power, as it did Grant and Farragut, and prepared him for such crises as the fight of the Indianola against great odds, the saving of the crew of the burning Arizona and the facing of the Japanese revolutionists on the Stonewall. Well could he say, as he did with moistened eyes when the striking obligation of the Grand Army of the Republic was administered to him: "Comrades, I have lived up to that pledge more than forty-five years."

Men who are successful in their lives, which the public know, are usually fortunate in their domestic relations. This has been the case with Admiral Brown in an eminent degree. As has been shown, he was bound to his parents and brothers and sisters by the ties of a strong and ardent nature. October 4, 1871, at the mature age of thirty-six and a half years, he was united in marriage to Miss Kate Morris, an honored name in Indianapolis. This union brought to his side and to his assistance one who possesses in a high degree a happy blending of those domestic virtues, refinement and attractiveness, which in the wife are the crowning glory of the husband. If he has been a representative of the best of Indiana manhood in the outside world, his wife has as typically stood for the best of Indiana womanhood. There is no happier home in the land than that in Woodruff Place, consisting of Admiral and Mrs. Brown and their two sons, and none in which more charming hospitality is dispensed. Recently the elder son, George, Jr., has been appointed a paymaster in the navy.

In this city, which has been his nominal home since boyhood, Admiral Brown is the object of universal admiration and of the sincere affection of those who come in personal contact with him. All seem to regard his achievements as part of the city's fame, to which all can lay claim and of which all are proud. It is remarkable that, living so much apart from those whom he knew in boyhood, he has kept in touch with them and their families all these years. For the veterans who served in the war, he has the sincere feeling of comradeship, and they, in turn, are proud of his recognition as comrades. Those who know him best, when they pass him on the street, touch their hats as much to George Brown the man and citizen, as to George Brown the Rear Admiral.

The committee who assigned to the writer the honor of preparing the tribute of the Indiana Commandery to Admiral Brown could easily have found a companion who could have brought to the task higher capacity; it could not have called to its performance one more willing, nor one who, while preparing for the work, could have experienced greater nor more constantly increasing admiration for the man, the patriot, the distinguished officer.

Who Put Down the Rebellion?

BY THOMAS L. STITT.

The authorities at Washington have been at work for years upon the subject that has been assigned to me for this evening, and their work is not yet completed. The records of the War of the Rebellion have not yet been compiled. And yet, I am asked to tell the history of the Civil War in five minutes, for of course my father put down the rebellion. It isn't fair, and if I am to have this subject, I ought, at least, to be permitted to write a book and present a copy to each member present. I never see a group of these old "yarn spinners" telling "how it was" without thinking of the "Yarn of the Nancy Bell:"

"And I never larf and I never smile,
And I never lark nor play,
But I sit and croak, and a single joke
I have, which is to say:

"Oh I am a cook and a captain bold,
And the mate of the Nancy brig,
And a bosun tight, and a midshipmite,
And the crew of the captain's gig."



THOMAS L. STITT derives his membership from Companion William S Stitt. He was born in Wabash, Indiana, August 1, 1872. He was appointed Naval Cadet from the Eleventh District of Indiana, September 5, 1888, and graduated June 3, 1892. He served on the steamship Baltimore from July, 1892, to June, 1893, and on the Kearsarge from that forward. He remained in the service until the latter part of 1894, when he resigned. Returning to Indiana he devoted his attention to law and was soon admitted to the bar. He is one of the most successful of the younger lawyers in the State. He resides at Wabash, Ind. He stands ready to enter the navy whenever the country needs his service.

Of course, I don't mean that you all held all of the offices in the service, and did all of the fighting, but most of you did. And I find some little difficulty in crediting the turn of the tide at Chickamauga to General Thomas or to my father, but as my father tells the story, I suppose that it must be due to him.

I have noticed how these "daddies" of ours love to tell stories with "swear words" in them. Now, my father is an elder, so he tells of an officer on one of the ships of the blockading squadron who had been convicted of stealing, but was recommended for mercy as he was a kleptomaniac. "Klepto-hell," shouted the irate old Admiral, who was president of the court. "He's a damned thief; I'll clap him into the brig on bread and water."

General Chetlain tells a story that has a ring of Grant to it. It seems that General Grant, Captain Grant then, went down town a night or two after his arrival in Galena, and dropped into a tavern that was a famous gathering place in those days. As the short, quiet man walked towards the glowing stove he found a group of lawyers sitting about it in an unbroken circle. They were discussing some important case. Finally they tired, and one of the lawyers turned to Grant, who stood just back of the circle:

"Stranger here?" inquired the lawyer.

"Yes."

"Traveled far?"

"Far enough," was the calm reply.

"Look as though you might have traveled through hell," said the lawyer, bold in the house of his friends.

"I have."

"Well, how did you find things down there?" pursued the cross-examiner.

"Oh, much the same as in Galena," said Grant, "lawyers nearest the fire."

Now, I might go on for a volume with the stories that our "daddies" tell. They are good stories and amusing, but what a moral points each tale, and what pathos is therein contained! Time can heal the wounds of the body, over which it holds empire, but the wounds of the soul, like that spirit itself, spurns its transitory sway. What untold soul wounds has the grudging pension policy of our government failed to heal! "The crutch in the corner" tells its own story.

"Sorry I 'listed, don't ask me that, Tom.

If the flag was again in danger,
I'd aim a gun with the aching stump

At the foe, lived he here or a stranger.
But, I say, should the wound of a shot or shell,
Or a pistol bullet, by thunder,
Forever doom a poor fellow to want,
With that thing in the corner yonder?

That crutch, my comrade, ought ever to be
A draft at sight on the Nation,
For honor, respect, and kindly hand,
And clothing, and quarters, and ration.
How would we have fought when the mad shells screamed
And shrivelled our ranks, I wonder,
Had we known our lot would have been to beg
With that thing in the corner yonder?

There's nothing we hear of now-a-days,
But "pardon" and "reconstruction,"
While the soldier who fought and bled for both
Is left to his own destruction.
'Twould be well, I think, in such ripping times,
For the congress fellows to ponder,
And think of the boys who use such things
As that in the corner yonder."

There is truth in this complaint, my friends, and I sometimes wonder whether it is ingratitude or carelessness that permits such distress. But be that as it may, I am proud, exceedingly proud, that Indiana, at least, has been neither ungrateful nor careless, but

has provided a worthy home for such poor and maimed veterans.

One other story that my daddy tells and then no more: When the news of the fall of Fort Sumpter reached San Francisco, there was hanging around a gambling saloon on the corner of Merchant and Kearney streets, an old habitue, a gambler, and one who had lost a fortune in wooing the fickle, wicked goddess, a gentleman, a graduate of West Point, but a ruined and almost reckless man. The news came in about nine o'clock in the evening of the fall of Sumpter. There was no more card playing that night. Then it was from the sofa, where he had been lounging, there uprose a handsome and manly form. The half inebriated, reckless man was transformed, as by magic, into a splendid soldier. "Now," said he, "is my time. Time to redeem myself and to serve my country. I have been educated for a soldier." Chapman turned to the money drawer of the faro table, and, taking a handful of gold, said: "Take this. Go and purchase what you want. I'll buy your ticket. The steamer sails to-morrow at nine o'clock." The steamer sailed. And from the generosity and patriotism of William Chapman and Charles Burroughs, the two professional gamblers of San Francisco, the country received the splendid and gallant services of "Fighting Joe Hooker, the hero of Lookout Mountain."

Time is man. Eternity is God. So long as man exists, then these stories of our "daddies" will be cherished and serve as beacon lights to guide the youth of America to their higher and nobler destiny. And when time shall have ceased, eternity shall take up the pean and God himself shall remember these examples of loyalty and high and noble resolve.

What principles they contended for—these heroes! Principles that could transform a common gambler

into a magnificent general; a common citizen into a hero whom poverty and a maimed body could not cause to waver. A cause that made a sovereign of a tanner, a warrior of a drayman, and a soldier of the cross also to be a soldier for the flag. How your hearts were thrilled, in those stirring times, by the few words of Bishop Simpson! "Nail the flag just below the cross. That is high enough. Christ and country—nothing can come between them nor long prevail against them."

We young men do exult in the grandeur of those patriots. Our hearts beat the faster and our pulses quicken for the daring deeds of the brave men who carried the stars and stripes from the great lakes to the gulf. And our minds take on a sterner and more patriotic resolve and a sanctified love of man when we recall that scene at Appomattox, and our eyes fill with tears and our souls leap with joy when our fathers, in the quiet of the home, with their children about them, tell us these tales of lofty patriotism, of exultant freedom, of the brotherhood of man and the common destiny of a now united land.

In camp, in council or in the profound duties of plain citizenship we will guard these precious legends and preserve these sacred memories. We will remember our glorious heritage of honor and prosperity, of possibilities for strength and merit, of liberty and patriotism, and we pledge you now, Mr. Commander and you, Companions, to our full duty and to our full determination to attain to the high ideal that "the stories of our daddies" present to us.

A Day With Escaping Prisoners.

BY JUDGE JOHN V. HADLEY.

The day had been one of extraordinary suspense, and night had brought to us the confirmation of our fears that the country was all astir over the appearance of men supposed to be Federal soldiers. And would it be prudent for us to lay within gun-shot of the enemy and wait for a negro to stack his gun and visit us, the very objects of their alarm, as a friend? Then, if ever so desirous of helping us, how could he, in the very presence of the enemy, with any safety to himself or us, when they were likely to call him at any moment for duty? But before us frowned the inhospitable mountains, within two hours' walk, and how could we think of entering them, more than a hundred miles across, the last of November, with scarce a pint of shelled corn to the man? Then, if we attempted to march that night without more reliable information than we had received, what moment would we not expect to be fired on or halted by some lurking lookout?

Under these discouraging circumstances we smoked and waited for the coming of Reuben, while the sharp,



April 10, 1862. October 11, 1862, he was promoted to First Lieutenant, and in the

JOHN V. HADLEY was born in Hendricks County, Ind., October, 30, 1840. When but three years old his father died and the boy with five brothers and sisters was raised by the widowed mother on a farm near Plainfield, Ind. He attended the public schools during the winter months, and in 1859 entered the Northwestern Christian (now Butler) University. After the close of his sophomore year, in the summer of 1861, he left college and enlisted as a private in Company B, Seventh Indiana Infantry; was appointed Corporal upon organization of the company and Sergeant,

shrill notes of numberless katydids were poured forth unceasingly, like the whip-poor-wills of the Rapidan, adding much to our loneliness. But—

“Listen,” said Baker. “I hear somebody tramping through the stubble. It may be Reuben.”

“Yes, I hear it plainly,” responded all three; and soon the form of a monstrous-looking individual was seen slipping across the field. Straight to the water gap he went and whistled a few times gently.

Satisfied that it must be Reuben, we went to him. Sure enough, it was the man we sought, and a very different man from the one who had been there before. Reuben was forty years old, he said, and a laugh-and-grow-fat sort of a man, round, and as vain as a titled Englishman; a regular count Fusco, all the time in a silly laugh. In a perfect convulsion of laughter he seized our hands, two at a time, and gave them each a regular lover’s squeeze, holding on and crushing away for a minute or two.

“What’s the matter with you?” inquired Chisman, a little piqued.

“Why, you see, ole massa—ha, ha, ha, ha—ole massa—ha, ha, ha, ha—has me tryin’ to kotch you gemmen, for two hours—ha, ha, ha, ha—”

“Well, hush up, you fool, you. Quit your laughing and tell us all about it,” replied Chisman, rather vigorously.

“What? Kotch you gemmen? Why, sah, I’d radder kotch my granmudder runnin’ from de debbil—ha, ha, ha.”

spring of 1863 was detailed upon the staff of Brigadier-General J. C. Rice, where he served until May, 5, 1864. Lieutenant Hadley served in the army of the Potomac, and was wounded in the second battle of Bull Run, August 29, 1862, and again in the battle of the Wilderness, May 5, 1864, where he was taken prisoner and confined in the confederate prison at Columbus, S. C., from which he escaped, November 4, 1864, and successfully entered the Union lines at Knoxville, December 10, 1864. He was discharged at expiration of term of service, January 21, 1865. Returning to

“But, sir, we do beg of you to hush laughing so, for some one may hear you, and it may lead to our capture.”

“What? Yoa capture? Why one of you gemmen might take a rock and run ebery man home Massa Cap'n Pace's got, and me, too, if I was on guad like I was. Ha, ha, ha.”

“But, come, uncle; I say quit laughing and tell us what about Captain Pace and what they are doing up at the house, or we will swallow you alive.”

“Tink you'll have a heavy stomach if you swallow me, sah. Ha, ha, ha,”

We got altogether out of patience with Reuben before we got the laughter out of him sufficiently to talk intelligibly. Then he proceeded in his way to tell us as his brother had in part, how Massa Ross had seen four men pass his house a little before daylight that morning, whom he took for Yankees. Captain Pace had been notified of this fact and had called out his company of men to watch for us that night, and had been assured by Ross that the strangers could hardly have passed the cross roads, up by “my Massa,” before light, and it was along the road from the cross roads to Ross' that fifteen men were posted with guns, to watch for somebody, evidently us.

The war having called every able-bodied male between sixteen and sixty into the army, the remaining old men and boys over the country were organized into emergency companies, and armed to repel raids, to suppress insurrections, and for such other emergencies as might arise.

civil life he entered upon a law course in Indianapolis, and was admitted to the bar in June, 1866. He entered upon the practice of his profession at Danville, Ind., where he still resides. In 1868 he was elected State Senator from the counties of Hendricks and Putnam. He served on the commission which located the Indiana Monument on the battlefield of Gettysburg. In 1888 he was elected to the bench of the Nineteenth Judicial Circuit, and re-elected to the bench of his own county in 1894, which position he still occupies.

Pace was the captain of one of these companies, and his actions on this occasion, perhaps his first official duty, were much better described by Reuben than they will be by me. He said the king's officer was mounted on an old white horse, galloping from post to post, armed with a sabre, two revolvers and a shotgun—and Reuben said once that he had a piece of artillery mounted behind him, but he took that back.

To be sure of adequate force for four disarmed Yankees the gallant captain had called three or four trusty negroes to supply the places of absentees. Two or three times the brave captain rode up to him with:

“Now, Reuben, remember to halt them three times, and if they don't stop then, fire at 'em and aim low. Look carefully and be still, and if we don't catch the rascals to-night, why, call me a coward.”

Reuben was just the man for us to see, for he had intelligence enough to advise and humor enough to cheer us. In spite of our first impulses and our surroundings the fellow would provoke from us an occasional laugh—not that his tale was funny, but his humor and expression were.

His story about running off to the Yankees was rich. His master sent him on an errand to Hendersonville, and while there a notion came into his head to go to the Federals, and away he went for the Tennessee line.

Our forces were at Bull's Gap, and reaching a mountain that overlooked their camp fires, his heart failed him, and he lay there watching the smoke and light for two days and nights, eating nothing but huckleberries. This growing dull he retraced his steps homeward, fully convinced in his own mind that the Yankees were a bad people and would have killed him instantly if he had gone to them. When he reached home he told his master that while at Hendersonville

a rebel officer found him and made him go to Ashville and work on the fortifications.

Reuben's first advice was not to think of trying to travel that night. He did not know how far the report had spread about there being Yankess in the country, and the rebels might be on the lookout for us at some other point, for people were likely to be unusually watchful that night, anyhow, and he wanted to talk with us a "long time," and he knew where to hide us for the next day, that would puzzle our shadows to find us. We decided to remain as advised. Then the next thing was something to eat. For thirty-six hours we had had little but shelled corn, and now that we had agreed to lay over a day, and to be so securely hidden we began to feel some emotions concerning a change of diet. Upon this point we sobered Reuben effectually, for we treated of a fact that vitally interested him.

"Can you give us something to eat, Reuben?—we're mighty hungry."

"Oh, yes, sah! oh, yes, sah!—git you something to eat, sho; but, gemmen, massa mighty hard on us; doesn't gib us hardly nuffin to eat; but, gemmen, you shill have plenty to eat, if I has to steal for you—and golly, I'se good at dat."

Now, Reuben remembering that he had been with us an hour, and that they might miss him up at the cross roads and involve him in suspicious circumstances, he hurried us off to a large shelving rock, covered with a chestnut tree top, a place familiar to other darkies of the plantation, and leaving us here, he said that if he could not come again soon with something to eat he would send another colored man.

Reuben, chuckling over the good joke of standing guard for us and hiding us, all in the same hour, started in a bear's gallop down the declivity to his

post of duty, and we heard nothing further from him until after midnight, when he returned with a small piece of bread and three cold potatoes.

He explained that under the condition of things about the house it was unsafe for him to cook, and promised next morning in preparing his own breakfast he would arrange bountifully for us. He remained but a few minutes, and we saw nothing more of him till 2 o'clock the next afternoon, when he came slipping us to us with six roasted potatoes in the bosom of his shirt, and a multitude of apologies.

Neither the dinner nor the apologies were satisfactory. The promised breakfast never came at all, and the late dinner was vastly inadequate to appease our hunger. We heaped complaints upon him, that he had induced us to remain under promise that we should be provided for, and we were now hungrier than when he met us. He renewed his promise that at night we should be well supplied, and soon took his leave without a single laugh during the visit.

We spent the balance of the afternoon discussing, in whispers, the comparative excellence of various foods. All the luxuries of the land were summoned before our imaginations. We had before us savory steaks, juicy roasts and vegetables galore. We also reveled in the aroma of coffee, of muffins, of puddings and pastries. We walked through vineyards and regaled ourselves in the delightful fragrance of the grapes. We also strolled through peach orchards, where the branches of the trees bent low with their burdens of luscious red fruit, so ripe and sweet that the yellow jackets were burrowing into them.

We had a good time flirting with our fancies, but the performance was not of a character to bring relief to our appetites.

About 8 o'clock Reuben returned with his brother and two women, bearing a small quantity of bread and potatoes and a pot of cabbage boiled with bacon, but by some misfortune the bacon had been lost in their journey through the woods—so they said.

“Golly, gemmen,” said Reuben, “we’s got you a pot of mighty good cabbage—we wus gwine hab it for dinner to-morrow, but my wife said she’d cook it for youens.”

There was the cabbage, submerged in the liquor, and still warm and delicious. Too hungry to empty it in our tin pan, or to make wooden forks to lift it out—too hungry to wait a moment for polite preparation—into the liquor we went with thumbs and fingers for a bite, and they went in and out with astonishing rapidity. If I could hope to sustain the statement, I would deny that I was as greedy as the rest, for they will all be ashamed when I tell the public how they, jealous of each other’s share, increased their feeding capacity from a thumb and one finger, to a thumb and two fingers, and before the pot was emptied, the whole hand was on duty; then they scuffled and pushed over the liquor like hungry swine over a swill bucket. I never heard any of my company testify on this point, but it is the present opinion of the writer that he demeaned himself on the occasion with distinguished reservation. This much I am clear on, that Chisman being the lion of the party, took two drinks to the other’s one, which usurpation stands to his debit to this day. And I also remember poor three hundred pounds Reuben, as he stood near by, “dumb as a lamb before his shearers,” to see such a rapacious onslaught upon his pot of cabbage. He felt such assurance that it would be sufficient for our suppers, that when he saw it so hastily disappear, and closely followed by the last of his bread and potatoes, he seemed to re-

gard us as supernatural beings, surely as unwelcome guests. The poor fellow and his friends seemed much embarrassed, but said it was all they could spare; and perhaps it was.

It was but six miles to the gap where Green river debouches from the peaks of the Blue Ridge, and where the road upon which we were traveling crowds between the river and the cliffs in its course to Ashville, and where Reuben had informed us the Confederates maintained a guard for the arrest of deserters and refugees. Eight miles further on, at the village of Flat Rock, according to Reuben, was a military post, where a considerable force was kept for police duty throughout that mountain district. He gave us directions how we might avoid both of these places.

Dissatisfied and discouraged in not being able to recruit our provisions, we decided to resume our journey with nothing in our haversacks but some corn we had parched during the day, trusting in Him who feedeth the ravens, to show us something that would sustain life.

Captain Pace lived on the road yet before us, half a mile, and Reuben thought it judicious not to pass along the road by his house. We were disposed to act upon his suggestion, and bade our friends farewell with the intention to not disturb the gallant warrior, resting from his labors of the night before, if possible. So we pulled off around the hill until confronted by difficult hedges of laurel, then we went down in the valley near the road and tried it, but the briers and bushes confronting us there induced us to take the road at all hazards by the gentleman's house.

The Captain's house was close at hand when we stepped into the road after 10 o'clock.

If any reader should ever travel the road leading from Hendersonville, N. C., to Greenville, S. C., and

should be on the lookout when six miles from Green River Gap, he will see on the east side, thirty feet from the road, an old one-story frame house, quietly going to decay, with a porch the full length of the front, and two or three log buildings on the flank; and this place he may write down as the residence of the chivalrous Pace. Then it may be of interest to stop when a half mile further south, and look to the west through a narrow strip of shrubby timber into a field, skirted on the north by a branch and a range of hillocks, covered by dwarfish oak and chestnut, and contemplate that it was near the northwest corner of that field we held our first conversation with the facetious Reuben.

We stopped upon the road several minutes to listen, but seeing no light and hearing no noise, we started quietly to pass. We all felt relief as we cleared the house and stable without disturbing even the dog, and the leader was beginning to set his feet down with assurance, when suddenly he recoiled, even back to No. 2, at the appearance of a man in his front not twenty feet away.

So suddenly did this undesirable meeting come upon the leader, that he had neither time nor power to signal, or make a flight. Meeting a man face to face upon a public highway, within two hundred yards of an officer's residence, was an event not prepared for, because not expected. The halting in front without signal caused the intervals to be closed up in an instant; and there we stood, for something better to do, breast to back, stiff and straight as four statues. The man was evidently as much frightened as we were, for, after halting a moment in the road, he began to shy around us, and shied even as far as the fence would let him, and when directly opposite our flank, and while stepping sideways, he stammered out spasmodically:

“W-h-o, w-h-o a-r-e y-o-u?”

The leader, stretching forth his hand and stick, like a spectre, replied in ghostly, guttural tone:

“M-o-v-e on.”

The man picked himself up like a steel trap and made an admirable flight up the road. He precipitately entered Pace's gate and front door, and we never heard anything more of the stranger.

Reuben had prepared us for considerable adventure that night, but for only a small portion of what was in store.

Six miles ahead was the gap, which if we found guarded, as we expected, we must pass by closely hugging the river. Flat Rock and the pickets we must pass by taking to the woods.

After our thirty-six hours' rest with Reuben, and adventure with Pace, we hurried on with good speed, and two hours brought us beneath the frowning heights of the Blue Ridge. We found Green river a small stream with rocky bottom and swift noisy current. A wooden bridge across the stream was reached a short distance from the gap, which Reuben had informed us was not guarded, and having confidence in his statement, we ventured over after a slight reconnoissance. Across the bridge our road put off a short distance to meet another highway that came there to get through the mountains, then curved around to the pass and narrow defile, described to us by Reuben as the guards' station. As we approached the spot we saw a flickering light by the roadside. From our point of observation the river and the road at the fire seemed almost one, and our hearts grew faint.

Mountains are dismal things in the night. The mountaineer himself shuns them after the sun goes down. There they were before us, apparently half way to heaven, and forming what seemed to us at that

moment an unsurmountable wall between hope and home. To scale their rugged heights in the night was out of the question.

To pass that bayonet in the road was very full of peril, and would not have been attempted if there had been any other course open to us. But there was not; and clinging to the river—to the very water's edge—we glided like a mist up the stream, squatting at every roll of a pebble or crack of a weed. We approached within a hundred feet of the guard, rested upon our knees, watched, listened, and whispered.

The soldier had a little fire built against the side of the cliff, and was sitting with his back to the river, his head resting upon his hands and knees and his gun lying across his lap, as if asleep. In this position we watched him five minutes, then decided to try to slip by him. At it we went, sliding and dragging ourselves along, feeling every inch of the way for loose stones or dry weeds, breathing as noiselessly as the rocks, with eyes all the time fixed upon the man, who might at one time have stretched himself up and driven us through with his bayonet.

We thus successfully passed him, regained the road, and headed for Flat Rock. The moon came up after midnight. When we got into the neighborhood of Flat Rock it was well up into the heavens, and breaking out, ever and anon, through the hurrying clouds. Upon seeing the light of the picket we left the road for a mile and a half pull through the woods in passing the village. The tangled underbrush and rough surface we encountered made our progress so slow and difficult that we became much discouraged, and two or three times consulted whether we should not brave the road. But after crossing a road that led to the right, Chisman and Goode, who were in the rear, came rushing breathlessly forward with the informa-

tion that we had come near running over a man sitting by the road, Chisman averring that he could have struck him over with his cane if he had had a mind. This incident nerved us to continue our course through the woods.

This we did till we felt assured that we had covered the mile and a half as directed; but our anxiety to reach the neighborhood of Hendersonville that night, where Reuben had said we would find some negroes and some food, might have misled our judgment. At all events we entered the road too soon.

Ahead of us a short distance, we at once perceived in the moonlight an old dilapidated building of some sort setting by the roadside. We stopped and listened several minutes, as was our custom, but upon hearing and seeing nothing we went along unsuspectingly in our regular order. But there were eyes upon us much nearer than we thought. The old building sat with its end to the road, and very near it, like a toll-house—and just as our leader came up with it—I tremble now as I tell it—out stepped four men at our very side. The moment our eyes fell upon them we saw that one had a sword at his side, and the other three had cartridge boxes on. Of course we all stopped mechanically, for the surprise had paralyzed us. The man with the sword on spoke

“Good morning, gentlemen.”

Leader responded, “Good morning, sir.”

“Are you traveling?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Where are you going?”

“Going home, sir.”

“Where do you live?”

“Up in the north part of Henderson county.”

“You are soldiers, I suppose?”

“Yes, sir.”

“What regiment do you belong to?”

“Eighteenth North Carolina.”

“Where is your regiment now?”

“It’s at Charleston.”

“Who’s your Colonel now—I believe I don’t know?”

“James Dawson.”

“Were you all in the fight at John’s Island the other day?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Oh, yes, I believe your Colonel was wounded there, wasn’t he?”

“Well, I don’t know whether you would consider him wounded or not; his horse was killed and fell on him and bruised him badly, so that he has not been on duty since.”

And so the questions and answers proceeded in a friendly spirit for some time until I began to recover and feel some hope that he might let us pass. Every question was promptly answered, and not the slightest disposition shown by our inquisitor to challenge the truthfulness of the answers. Our scheme was working well, as we thought, but as we began to indicate a start the officer drew his sword and said, “Well, we’ll keep you till morning, anyhow.”

I was resigned, so was Chisman and Baker, and everybody else would have been under the circumstances, but Goode. He alone saw the opportunity. Little did we think, as his short legs vexed us in the streets of Laurens, or as we often laughed at him about the gander, that he was yet to be our deliverer. He stood behind, dumb as the rocks, until he saw he was going to be surrendered—then he bolted back the road like a wild horse, the rest of our party following in the same pace. We heard the officer crying out, “Halt,” “halt,” and commanded his men to get their guns, but unheedingly we went like the wind till we reached

the bushes and plunged into them; nor did we stop then, but onward we hurried over logs and ledges, through bushes and briars, stopping not to listen for our pursuers. We had heard the negroes say that when the rebels got after the Union men the latter always ran to the mountains; not knowing what better to do we broke for one also.

It was a spur of the Blue Ridge known locally as Glassy, apparently isolated from the general range, and standing off and towering a thousand feet above the wooded hills that surrounded it like a colossean sentinel. To this mountain a mile away we ran without a single stop. At its base we sat upon a log for consultation.

It was now about 3 o'clock in the morning. The wind had raised to quite a gale, and the clouds were thickening up fast. We deemed it certain that our adventure with the guard would cause the entire post to be aroused and put on the lookout. What direction our road continued among the hills or peaks we had not the slightest information. Even where the village lay or whether we had passed it, was impossible to determine from the apparently unbroken forest.

From these considerations, and the lateness of the hour, we decided to make no further effort to pass the place that morning, but scale the mountain for observation the following day. If dogs were to be put upon our trail they could follow us in one direction as well as the other. We were much fatigued by our exertions and the excitements of the night, though not a single reference was made to our condition nor to the dilemma that involved us. We discussed only the solution with reference to safety and subsistence.

Having reached our conclusions, we began to drag ourselves leisurely up the side of Glassy. The wind

was from the northeast. At 4 o'clock it was raining, at 5 o'clock pouring in torrents; at 7 o'clock snowing.

We had reached the summit, and had been standing around the trunks of the trees seeking shelter for two hours when the snow came. Chisman and I were wrapped in our blankets, but Goode and Baker stood shivering in hardly clothing enough to cover their bodies.

Every one was as wet as wet can be, and the rapidly falling temperature had chilled us through and through. It was a blue time. For many minutes not a word was spoken, as the merciless wind howled and swayed the stunted trees over our heads, and lodged the driven snow in crusts on our sides and in our hair. Then Goode and Baker said they must have a fire or perish. Chisman and I said they could not have a fire, for the smoke would betray us. They gathered sticks to the side of a cliff, and would have fired them, but we prevented them by force. Then they piteously begged for fire, but we sternly refused them. In the extremity of human endurance there is neither conscience nor compassion; so we felt and so we acted.

Daylight disclosed to us the condition of the country for miles around. To the west and north were innumerable wooded hills, or peaks, with here and there a small clearing, and two or three pretentious looking mansions. But neither the village nor our road could be discovered, which had been our chief purpose in coming onto the mountain.

Our failure to discover the line of our road, or our position with respect to the village of Flat Rock, added much to our discomfiture, and it was discussed whether we had not better leave the mountain and make our way over the wooded hills, till we at least found our road, as it was probable we should be unable to find it after night.

The situation was so confounding that we did not decide upon anything all day. Our condition was deplorable. Having had insufficient food for three days, and nothing at all to eat since the evening before but parched corn, exhausted by the heavy night's march, sleepy, wet, freezing, driven from our course to an unknown mountain by our enemies, lost without a guide, compass or map, and the snow coming down as a certain snare to our feet. We were in great distress. All the forenoon we lingered, and lingered about the bleak summit, now sitting, now leaning against a tree, now walking to another.

There comes a time in the affairs of all men when life loses its value. To us it then seemed near at hand. It was a time when the stoutest heart must surrender. We must have food, we must have warmth, we must have information; and yet it seemed that we could have nothing but capture or death.

To have gone from our hiding in South Carolina and given ourselves up would have been a great task, but our impassionate desire to escape, fed as we approached the North, by the hope of success, made the task in western North Carolina entirely beyond consideration; and unsurmountable as the difficulties appeared, such an alternative was not mentioned.

It quit snowing about 10 o'clock, and by noon the clouds had broken up enough to let the warm rays of the sun drop down upon us for a few seconds at a time, though the wind had abated nothing of its fury.

At 1 o'clock we all sat down by the south face of a sheltering rock, Chisman and I wrapping in one blanket, and Goode and Baker in the other, and leaning against the rock actually slept two hours. In the meantime the clouds had cleared away, and the snow had been rapidly melting; an hour later it was all gone.

We had neither seen nor heard a human being during the day, and after all it was a question whether the storm had not shielded us from dogs and men.

Refreshed by sleep our spirits revived, but with them came the keen tooth of hunger. We wandered about near the summit looking for chestnuts or wild grapes, but found none. In the evening we discovered near the base of the mountain, upon its southwest face, a small cove, that had in it a clearing in which we could see some sort of growing vegetation that we concluded was turnips. Then we discussed the merits of turnips—yes—tender, sweet and juicy, purple-topped turnips; there was nothing better under the sun. Observing no house near, the temptation grew so strong that about 5 o'clock we determined to slip down through the bushes and get some. Having arrived within a short distance of the patch we discovered that the crop was cabbage, instead of turnips; so disappointment brooded over us again.

However, cabbage was good enough, and we soon wanted them as much as we did the turnips. Goode was detailed to get them, and he sallied forth, leaving the rest of us concealed in the laurel bushes at the head of the cove. He cautiously crawled through the pole and brush fence, and while engaged in cutting off the first head of cabbage a white woman hallooed at him from the opposite side of the patch. Her presence being entirely unsuspected made the shock so great as to cause the Irishman to leave broken in the cabbage the only knife blade in the party, and come rushing headlong back to the bushes without the slightest effort at a reply to the woman, and with the unique exclamation, "And it is thim winches that would capture us now."

GETTYSBURG.

BY CAPTAIN DUDLEY H. CHASE, U. S. A. (RESIGNED).

Within the limits of time appropriate to an occasion like the present one, you ought not to expect me to give a complete and accurate description of one of the greatest battles fought on the American continent; and if such is your expectation, you will be disappointed. I trust you will pardon me for the use of the pronoun "I" to a large extent in the remarks I shall make this evening, as it will be necessary for me to give some of my personal experiences and opinions (for what they are worth) in order to give you an idea of the famous battle of Gettysburg, as I saw it.

The series of combats fought around and in the town of Gettysburg, July 1, 2, and 3, 1863, constitute what is known as the battle of Gettysburg. The meeting of the armies of Meade and Lee at this point on this occasion was more a matter of chance than of deliberate calculation and intention.

General Meade assumed command of the Army of the Potomac on June 28, 1863, at Frederick, Md. He was a West Pointer by education, and up to the break-



DUDLEY H. CHASE was born at Logansport, Ind., August 29, 1837; educated in the common schools, and Eel River Seminary at Logansport; graduated in the Cincinnati Law School, April, 1858. He was appointed to Cadetship at West Point in June, 1856, but declined appointment and went to Kansas in Captain B. P. Plumb's Company of Free State Men, of which he was First Lieutenant in active command of the company, and remained in this service until Kansas became a "Free State," in October, 1856. When the war began he was practicing law in Logansport, and in command of the Logansport Zouave Guard. He enlisted as Captain, Company H,

ing out of the rebellion had no field service as a commander of troops. He was first and foremost an engineer. His temper was irascible, yet he was cautious and deliberate in action, and had the confidence of his officers and men at that time, which he unfortunately lost in 1864. His opponent was of large experience in the field, and had the love and devotion of all his officers and men to an extent approaching idolatry. He had explicit confidence in the ability of his officers, and the gallantry of his soldiers. Such confidence had never been reposed in the Army of the Potomac by any of its commanders until the era of Grant.

McClellan had been fairly worshipped by his men and officers, yet he entertained such an exalted opinion of the genius of Lee and the fighting powers of the Confederates, that the Army of the Potomac while under his command, never had a fair chance to show the world the iron stuff of which it was made. Under Burnside this army was badly handled. His military ability was distrusted by his leading officers, and the slaughter of Fredericksburg justified their distrust. His loyalty and patriotism, however, were never doubted, and no braver man ever wore the blue. He smothered his resentments and fought for the flag to the end of the war.

Under fighting Joe Hooker the battle of Chancellorsville, one of the best planned of the war, had resulted in disaster and a retreat to the north bank of the Rappahannock. Hooker cherished the same opinion concerning Lee and his soldiers as did McClellan, as appears from the following language from Hooker's

Ninth Indiana Volunteers Infantry, April 24, 1861, three months' service; was appointed by President Lincoln, Captain Seventeenth U. S. Infantry, and assigned to Company A, Second Battalion. He was engaged with the regiment in the West Virginia campaign, under General Thomas A. Morris, at Laurel Hill, W. Va.; Carricks Ford, July 12, 1861; he was attached to the Army of the Potomac, February, 1863; Chancellorsville, Va., May 1, 1863; Bristoe Station, W. Va., June 14, 1863; Gettysburg, Penn., July 2, 1863. Was wounded in the left side at Rappahannock, October, 1863;

testimony before the Committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War: "With a rank and file vastly inferior to our own, intellectually and physically, that army (Lee's) by discipline alone acquired a character for steadiness and efficiency unsurpassed, in my judgment, in ancient or modern times. We have not been able to rival it, nor has there been any near approximation to it in the other rebel armies." Our cavalry, trained under the eye of Pleasanton, had convinced the skeptical that they were more than a match for Stuart and his famous rebel horse, when led by such heroes as Buford, Gregg, Kilpatrick, Farnsworth and Custer. Hooker's reward of five dollars to show him a dead cavalryman had been claimed many times.

Buford was thoroughly acquainted with the country around Gettysburg, from having been on duty at Carlisle barracks, twenty miles from the field, for several years before the rebellion; and to him, modest, unassuming, brave soldier that he was, should be given the greatest part of the credit of choosing Gettysburg for a battle ground. It was under his command, July 1, 1863, that his devoted cavalry division stayed the advance of Lee's overwhelming infantry north of Gettysburg for hours, and until the arrival of the First Corps under the lamented Reynolds, who approved the choice of the field made by Buford, and made immediate arrangements to resist the enemy at this spot. The first corps was heavily engaged when the Eleventh Corps under Howard arrived on the field. Howard posted one of his divisions on Cemetery Hill before engaging the enemy, and for this act he after-

from December, 1863, to February, 1864, was in command at Catlett's Station, Va. He resigned February 14, 1864, on account of wounds. After leaving the service, Captain Chase again engaged in the practice of law; served as Prosecuting Attorney, and for twelve years as Judge of the Circuit Court, after which he resumed the practice of law until November, 1894, when he was again elected Circuit Judge, which position he still retains.

wards received the thanks of Congress, while Buford was forgotten and ignored. The First Corps was badly cut up by the immense forces of the enemy, and was finally compelled to retreat to the heights south and west of the town. On this day the Iron Brigade of the First Corps, composed of three Wisconsin, one Indiana and one Michigan regiments, numbering 1,810 officers and men, lost 1,260 of their number in killed and wounded. Other brigades of the corps suffered in a like proportion.

When the rebels assaulted the Iron Brigade they supposed they were fighting Pennsylvania militia, but were soon disabused of that idea, when they saw the men opposed to them, and exclaimed in surprise, "Boys, it is the old Army of the Potomac; they are those damned big-hatted fellows," the sobriquet by which the Iron Brigade were known to the rebel army from wearing infantry hats instead of the usual infantry caps.

Gettysburg was the focus of numerous roads and from all points of the compass. The Chambersburg from the northwest, the Mummasburg west of north, the Harrisburg east of north, the Hanover from the east, the York from the north of east, the Baltimore pike from the southeast, the Tawneytown from the south, the Emmetsburg from the west of south, and the Hagerstown from the south of west. The first day's battle was fought to the north and northwest of the town and over the possession of the Hagerstown, Chambersburg, Mummasburg, and Harrisburg roads. The enemy drove the Eleventh Corps into and through Gettysburg and surrounded and captured large numbers of them in the town itself. The survivors of the Eleventh Corps retreated to Cemetery Hill and assisted the division posted there in defending the position.

While this sanguinary combat was raging, two divisions of the Fifth Corps were on the march from Hanover. My division, the Second or regular, arrived at Bonaughtown, six miles southeast of Gettysburg, at midnight and rested an hour or so, where we were informed of the trouble at Gettysburg. We resumed our march and arrived at the right rear of our army at Rock Creek, at seven o'clock on the morning of the second of July; and here we remained with an occasional change of position, in reserve until about 3 o'clock in the afternoon.

At this point let me correct General Doubleday, who wrote "the Fifth Corps, which came up about 1 p. m. was posted as a reserve south of the Twelfth Corps, etc.," in his history of the battle. Who ought to know best as to the time of arrival, the officers and men of the Fifth Corps or General Doubleday, who did not see them when they first reached the field? General Sykes, our commander, says in his report that we were on the field at 8 o'clock in the morning. General Barnes, commanding the first division, says in his report: "The division was soon on the road and continued its march towards Gettysburg, halting after midnight about two miles from that place. Resuming its march after a brief rest of two or three hours the division reached Gettysburg at about 7 o'clock on the morning of July 2." An entry in my pocket memorandum book, made by me July 2, says we were on the field at daylight. Colonel Burbank, our brigade commander, reports "that after a series of long and rapid marches, arrived in the vicinity of the enemy near Gettysburg, on the morning of July 2."

The Second Corps, Twelfth Corps and Third Corps arrived during the night of the first or early morning of the 2d. The Sixth Corps came up late in the afternoon of the 2d after a forced march of over thirty-four

miles. Their physical condition can be better imagined than described. This Corps was composed of the best, if not the very best, troops in the army and had a reputation for fighting unsurpassed by none.

I shall not attempt to give the details of the bloody fight of July 2, but rather a general review thereof. By 1 o'clock p. m. of that day the enemy was in full possession of the town of Gettysburg and of the heights to the west and north of the town called the Seminary Ridge. Our army was in line from Culp's Hill on our right and rear extending along the Cemetery Hill and thence to the south and west to the Emmetsburg road. The left of our line, the Third Corps, being in front of the Round Tops about one mile. The left was thrown back and at an angle to the main line, thus covering in some degree the Round Tops.

The Third Corps thus forming the left of our line of battle was commanded by General Daniel Sickles, one of the best fighting Generals of the Army of the Potomac, and a man of military instincts. His corps was composed of good soldiers, and in its veteran ranks were the Twentieth Indiana infantry, in part made up of men from Logansport and Cass County. General Sickles with the genius of a true soldier had marched on Gettysburg without orders, thereby assuming a great risk. After posting his men on our left and front he rode back to General Meade for orders. Meade did not approve of the position of the Third Corps entirely, and made some objections thereto. Sickles said he would rectify the line, and it is reported that Meade rejoined "Maybe the enemy will not let you." As Sickles turned to join his Corps, the enemy, Longstreet's men, commenced the attack on the Third Corps. They numbered near 18,000 men, the flower of the rebel army. Sickles had about 9,000 effec-

tive men. After desperate fighting, the Third Corps were driven in towards our center. At this stage of the game, our First Division under Barnes was put in motion, as we were of the Second Division under Ayers. We double-quickened for over two miles, and our strength of wind and limb were about exhausted when we arrived at the Little Round Top in time to cover the retreat of the brave Third Corps, who were fighting like devils against overwhelming numbers and in a faulty position. Caldwell's Division, Second Corps on our right, attempted to stay the enemy in conjunction with our two divisions, but were driven back to the top of the ridge. Barnes' Division was driven back to Little Round Top.

At this point I saw the movements of our division. Our Third Brigade rushed up the slopes of Little Round Top and helped Barnes' men to hold the position. Our brigade, the Second, were next in line to the right. We halted a moment, and then marched square to the front, followed on our right rear by the First Brigade, all in splendid order. As we advanced down the slope of Little Round Top, our officers and men began to fall rapidly, and as we crossed a marsh, called Plum Run, the enemy opened a most destructive fire on my regiment, the Seventeenth Infantry, the extreme left of our line. We were thoroughly wrought up with excitement, and some one yelled out "double quick." At this we all cheered and broke into a run towards the enemy, who were firing at us from the cover of a stone wall a short distance in our front, and from the Devil's Den on our left flank. Our cheers were in the nature of shrieks. Any of you who have had the nightmare and attempted to scream and could not, can imagine the reason we could not give forth good lusty hurrahs instead of shrieks. As we reached a stone wall in our front we were ordered

to lie down, but we did not get down quickly enough to avoid a terrible flank fire from the Devil's Den. Within fifteen minutes, 150 officers and men, of our 260 in the regiment, were killed and wounded. Caldwell's Division breaking on our right, uncovered the flank of our First Brigade, of which the enemy were quick to take advantage. Our two little regular brigades, numbering less than 2,400 men, were then assailed in front and on both flanks by five times our numbers and were compelled to retreat to our main lines where we halted and stopped a further advance of the enemy. About this time Crawford's Pennsylvania Reserves arrived. They advanced to our front on the run and chased the enemy back to the Emmetsburg road, capturing many prisoners and colors. Their charge was a brilliant and successful one. Perhaps it might not have been so, had they charged the enemy before the Third, and our Corps had taken some of the fight out of them.

While this struggle was going on at our left, Ewell's Corps, aided by Hill's, attacked our right, where were posted the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps. The Louisiana Brigade, the Tigers, stormed our batteries on Culp's Hill, drove out their defenders, the Eleventh Corps, captured Weiderick's Battery, and made a fair lodgment in our line; but at the critical moment Carroll's Brigade of westerners, the Fourteenth Indiana, Fourth and Eighth Ohio, and Seventh West Virginia, came down on the enemy like a whirlwind, ran them from our guns and killed, wounded and captured nearly the entire brigade. At another point on our right the enemy broke through and made a lodgment, which if maintained would have resulted in disaster to the army. Help was sent and the enemy driven out. Night and the exhaustion of the combatants stopped the battle for the day. Net result—our

line maintained; First, Third, Fifth and Eleventh Corps badly cut up and injured.

Men will laugh even in the presence of death. A Lieutenant in the Fourteenth United States Infantry, much disliked by the men of his regiment, had formerly been a shoemaker by trade. This fact was known to the men. Often the stilly hours of night after taps, were broken by a peculiarly discordant cry of "W-A-X! W-A-X!" emanating from the quarters of the men. Often we searched for the offender, but without success. As we were marching in line down Round Top, all hearts strained to their utmost tension, suddenly from our right and rear arose the shrill and ear-piercing cry of "W-A-X." A hearty laugh greeted the well-known sound. A Lieutenant temporarily attached to my company, astonished me as we were going down the slope, silent and grim, by leaving his place in the line and running along the rear of the company yelling, "Give 'em hell, men! give 'em hell!" Twice I ordered him to desist, telling him I was in command and to keep quiet. When we made the run across the marsh, this Lieutenant was particularly vociferous, swinging his sword, etc., and in the center of the marsh he fell and was covered with mud. His sword scabbard had gotten between his legs and tripped him. All who saw his misadventure laughed.

The night of July 2, Meade called his Corps commanders together in council of war. It was resolved to stay and fight the battle to a finish, although Meade was not so disposed and gave a grumbling consent to the opinion of his officers. At this council the Corps commanders represented the strength of their respective corps as follows: 9,000, 12,500, 9,000, 6,000, 8,500, 6,000, 7,000; total, 58,000. These figures were found among the papers of General Meade in pencil on the back of a memorandum made of the questions and an-

swers addressed to each corps commander, and no doubt are accurate. The present for duty equipped of infantry, June 30, 1863, of the Army of the Potomac was 71,922, according to the report of that date, which if correct, showed our losses for the first and second days of July to have been near 14,000 men, or 60 per cent. of the loss of the entire three days.

On July 3, matters were quiet until about 1 o'clock p. m., when the rebels opened the ball with 168 pieces of artillery, whose fire was concentrated on our left center. Our position was such that we could bring but eighty guns to answer the enemy, although we had with the army 362 pieces. This awful artillery duel was kept up for over two hours and was very destructive to both men and guns. When one of our caissons would explode you could hear the cheers of the rebel infantry, and when one of the enemy's caissons, or limber chests, went up into the air, thousands of our boys would yell and cheer. In my opinion the rebels had the best of this artillery duel. Finally our firing ceased by order, to allow the guns to cool, and to prepare for the anticipated infantry charge which was not slow in coming. Pickett's Division of Longstreet's Corps had joined his command during the night, and were the flower of his Corps, the great majority being Virginians and North Carolinians. About 3 o'clock, in grand array, supported by Pender's Division on the left, and Wilcox's Division on the right, they started on their mission to break the center of the Union army and to conquer their old enemy, the Army of the Potomac. This column of attack numbered near 17,000 men.

Pickett made a straight line for our center, but was deflected somewhat by the houses and fences. On came his division in splendid array, and as soon as he was in good shell range, our batteries opened upon

him and tore great gaps in his lines, which were closed up by his men as though on parade. They did not take the double quick until within 800 yards of our position. At this point our guns commenced firing double canister with great accuracy and rapidity and Pickett's men fell in heaps. On they came, however, on the run; quickly their flank was presented to Stanard's Vermonters (nine months men) who rising up from the ground, and making a right wheel, struck the rebel mass squarely in their flank, killing, wounding and capturing large numbers of them. A few gallant spirits kept on and broke into our line of batteries, where they were finally arrested in their charge by Webb's Philadelphia Brigade and other troops, and defeated and driven back.

Pender and Wilcox's men, who had had a taste of Yankee pluck, during the two previous days, did not enter upon the charge with the same alacrity and elan as did the soldiers of Pickett. These divisions were much cut up in their advance, and retreated to their own lines in a demoralized condition. At this stage of the battle, with a Grant or Sheridan in command of our forces, a counter-stroke would have been given. We had the Sixth Corps near at hand in splendid order and rested from the fatigue of their long march of thirty-four miles the day before. Meade, however, was like the minister who passed his hat for a contribution, and remarked on having it returned empty, that he thanked God he had got his hat back from such a congregation. He was thankful the rebels had not beaten us. He said to one of the Corps commanders, that he could hold out for the part of another day here if they attacked him.

On the same day the cavalry fought a desperate battle about two miles on our right. Our cavalry defeated Stuart and prevented him from getting into our

rear. The day previous our cavalry, under Kilpatrick, fought both the infantry and cavalry, and aided greatly in securing our left at Round Top.

The glorious Fourth day of July, 1863, witnessed a sad scene. Some 6,000 dead were lying in and around Gettysburg, and the groans of some 25,000 wounded pierced the air. Slight skirmishing and picket firing were indulged in on that night and next day. Lee deliberately left the field on his return to Virginia unmolested by the victorious Union army. In these battles Lee had *put in all his men*, and we had fought and defeated them. Sedgwick's Sixth Corps, numbering 14,000 splendid infantry, had not been engaged to an appreciable extent. The Twelfth Corps had 6,000 effectives, and were eager for battle, having lost but about 1,000 men in killed and wounded out of an effective force of 7,000 men in the three days' fighting. We had fought the enemy in *detail*, and always to our disadvantage. On the first day our men had been outnumbered at *all fighting points*, at least *three to one*, and on the second we had fought *two to one*. Yet in the face of all these facts, some writers and speakers insist upon it, that the rebel infantry, man for man, were better fighters than our men.

Pickett's charge has passed into history as one of the most brilliant in modern times. *It is a fact* that they came on bravely and grandly, but they came *but once*. They did not charge earth-works, nor advance over bad ground; they came over gently undulating fields, with no obstacles to break their lines, except an occasional house or low fence. That this charge was grand and heroic none will dispute, but in my humble opinion it does not compare in *heroism* and *courage* to the desperate charge of the Army of the Potomac at Fredericksburg in December, 1862, against the fortified heights, *thrice* repeated, and with the full

knowledge of officers and men that success was *impossible*.

There is much dispute as to the number of combatants on the respective sides at Gettysburg. The Count of Paris alleges in his history that we outnumbered the enemy. I do not believe this. He arrives at his conclusion from the reports of the Corps commanders supposed to have been made June 30th. On that day we were on the march at the top of our speed. I will tell you how I mustered my company on that day, which was a fair sample of the other company musters. We had marched twenty-five miles and halted for the night about sundown. I had no blanks, no company books, no papers, no pens nor ink. I was completely worn out, and lying down, when Lieutenant-Colonel Greene rode up, and ordered me to muster my command. I told him it was physically impossible. He said for me to do the best I could. I tore the white margin from a piece of newspaper I had in my pocket, and lying on my back, called out a few names of the men lying near, and jotted them down with pencil on this paper, which I used the next morning in lighting my pipe. I reported next day, I *believed* so many men were present. I guessed at the figures, and guessed them large enough, to cover the absence of the poor fellows who had fallen out of the ranks, from sickness or fatigue, days before on the march. This return for June 30, 1863, was made many days after its alleged date and after the battle of Gettysburg. To further show you by experience how utterly untrustworthy this report is, and was, I call your attention to the case of Justus Goodrich of my company, who *was in the battle*, and did not fall out of the ranks until some days afterwards. He applied for a pension and stated his case, and a few weeks ago a special pension agent called on me officially for my statement relative to

Goodrich, saying that the muster rolls *did not show* Goodrich present at Gettysburg. My company rolls were made in July after the fight, and by a Lieutenant who did not know the facts. The number of officers of our army who were killed and wounded at Gettysburg was 1, 319, and a great per cent. of these were company officers. Does any sane person imagine that our army on its rapid march to Gettysburg stopped to go through the formalities of a muster? No. In our musters of men present equipped, we included everybody in *any way* attached to the command. All rebel musters show the men with muskets only. In my judgment the numbers in each army were about equal, but the rebel officers possessed the skill of so arranging matters, as to have the *most men present* at the *points of contact*. Our losses in this battle were fearful, 3,070 killed, 14,497 wounded, 5,334 missing, a grand total of 23,061. The losses of the enemy were equally as great. After the battle, crimination and recrimination was the order of the day with the corps commanders and General Meade. The hero, General Sickles, was blamed for the disastrous second day's fight. He was badly wounded and lost a leg. As soon as he was able to walk on crutches, he visited President Lincoln and asked for a court of inquiry as to his conduct. Mr. Lincoln put his arm around the General and denied his request, saying, "Sickles, there is glory enough for all and no court is necessary."

General Howard received the thanks of Congress for choosing the battlefield, due wholly to Buford and the dead hero—Reynolds. Doubleday, who did his whole duty with the First Corps, was overpowered by others, who were not as deserving and to-day General Pleasonton, the peerless cavalry leader, whose discipline and leading made our cavalry corps famous, walks the streets of Washington almost unknown,

and is fretting his life away from the injustice shown him by the government. In 1886 in company with Colonel Bringham and other citizens of our town, I visited the field of Gettysburg. The lines are marked by hundreds of noble monuments in memory of the gallant regiments who suffered there. On the right slope of Little Round Top for a distance of 300 yards on our line, there are no monuments, *except vacancy*. Here stood and fought ten little regiments of United States Infantry—Uncle Sam's hired men. Our comrades of the Twentieth Indiana have time and again petitioned the United States to mark our line, but in vain. The result of this non-action is, to make visitors to the battlefield inquire: "Why didn't the rebels come through your line here, it appears to have been vacant." *The answer of their guide is our monument.* "The United States Regular Infantry stood here, my dear sirs, and the enemy could not get through."

I have read with care the Official Records of the war published by our government, and the sworn testimony of our leading officers before the Committee of Congress on the Conduct of the War pertaining to Gettysburg, and firmly believe that no one thus far has written an account of this battle, in all respects, that can be relied upon as accurate and impartial, or that does full justice to the Union soldiers who fought therein. The public have been misled by viewing the Cyclorama of Gettysburg, which shows only that portion of the third day's fight in which the rebel General Pickett and his men are most conspicuous figures. The impartial historian will recount the deeds of the heroes who fought on the first and second days as well as on the third, and the valor and patriotism of the much suffering and maligned Army of the Potomac will grow brighter as the facts become known.

The Burning of the "Black Hawk."

BY ACTING-PAYMASTER C. E. MERRIFIELD.

The bleak and chilling winds were lulled almost
To spring-like zephyrs. The morning sun shone bright
And dazzling o'er the broad expanse of raging
Turbid water.

Like a mighty giant
When waking first from slumber long and deep,
The mighty Mississippi stretched his arms
Across the valleys, through the woodlands low,
O'er marshes dank and deep and boggy bayous,
Till reaching far the distant foothills, proved
His right to be ever called the mighty River—
The "Father of waters."

The beautiful Ohio seemed loath its stream to mingle
With the impure waters from dark Missouri's flooded
banks,
And turning on its own perturbed bosom,
Spread out like a mighty lake engulfing its banks,
Leaving only here and there a clump
Of forest trees or house projecting half



CHARLES E. MERRIFIELD was born in Marion, Ind., March 8, 1842. After the death of his father, which occurred when he was but eighteen months old, he resided with his uncle on a farm near Connorsville, Ind., until he reached his fourteenth year, after which time he worked on and partly managed a farm belonging to his mother. He received his education at a school near his home. In September, 1861, he enlisted as a private in Company L, Forty-first Indiana Volunteers, Second Regiment of Indiana Cavalry, and was at once assigned to position of company bugler. The campaign of the winter of 1861-62 resulted in a serious illness, and he was discharged August

Above the water line, to show
Where solid land had erstwhile been.
And thus Mound City lay, a few leagues distant
From the confluence of those mighty rivers:
And all her houses stood now half submerged
In darkened turbulent water; and walks high built
Along her streets, of plank and trestle work,
Served well pedestrians.
Along the levee, now almost submerged,
Were lying numerous craft, from trading boat
And fishing smack to mighty steamboats grand,
All now like sleeping monsters chained and quiet.
To her cable swinging in midriver,
The "Black Hawk" lay, a mighty ship of war.
Large and dark and grim, she wore a visage
Like unto the warrior whose name she bore.
How proud and strong and grand she seemed.
The flag ship of the Mississippi squadron.
Upon her quarter-deck had paced such
Admirals brave as Foote and Lee and Porter,
Who doubtless chafed when given less command
Than that upon the mighty ocean.
From her cabin, bearing the imprint of
The United States flag ship "Black Hawk,"
Had issued all recent General Orders of
The Mississippi squadron, where waved her flag
And pennant to the breeze, whether at Memphis,
Vicksburg, Grand Gulf or Bayou Plaquimaine,
There was found headquarters of the mighty fleet.
Within her walls of wood and iron strong

13, 1862. A month later found him at Old Point Comfort, where he procured a position as Paymaster Steward on the old "Frigate Brandywine." Shortly thereafter he was appointed Steward on board the ordnance ship "Ben Morgan," and later received the appointment of Paymaster Clerk on board the "U. S. S. Maratauz," in the North Atlantic Squadron. In 1864, was appointed Acting Assistant-Paymaster, and reported to Rear Admiral Porter, who at that time commanded the Mississippi Squadron. He served several months on the gunboat "Flin," which was destroyed

Where decks were cleaned with holy-stone each week,
And shone like highly polished kitchen tables
Of good house-wives of olden time,
Were some three hundred and odd of human souls—
From Admiral to Ensign and Quartermaster bold,
And messenger boy and Captain of the hold.
The great war of the rebellion was drawing
To a close; and resting now far distant
From scenes of battle and turmoil, the mighty ship
Must soon count the days of her usefulness
As of the past; and soon she must descend
From her high estate and become a common river
craft.

To those of keen sensibilities destruction
Is ever preferable to degradation.
Six bells had told the hour of the forenoon watch
When the ever vigilant Quartermaster
Reported to the Officer of the deck
The signs of smouldering fire in the hold.
Before, a quiet almost ominous, reigned;
And fires were banked and boilers all were cold.
But now the shrill pipe of the Boatswain's mate
Is followed closely by his deep-voiced call—
"All hands to quarters;" and fire bells ring out
With fearful din, and cries of "fire! fire!" are heard.
Up rose the piercing wind, with wailing sound
As that of spirits lost; and deeper terror
Added to the dreadful conflagration,
While fiercer burned the fire in the hold,
Ever gnawing its way, like a mighty dragon.

at the battle of Jacksonville, Tenn. On November 4, 1864, by order of Rear Admiral S. P. Lee, was appointed to act as Paymaster of the "U. S. S. Tempest," which was used as flag ship after the burning of the "Black Hawk." After receiving his discharge in February, 1866, he located in Indianapolis, Ind., where he has since lived. For a period of eighteen years he was engaged in selling agricultural implements and coal, but later engaged in manufacturing farm implements, of one of which he was the inventor. At present is a member of a large lumber company in Indianapolis.

Toward the magazine where lay a thousand
Kegs of powder. And now do blanched cheeks,
And trembling, pallid hands each other greet;
And death stares each one squarely in the face.
With fires low, the steamboats at the levee
All are helpless; but launch and gig and dingy
All are called away, and every oarsman
Pulls with mighty stroke to reach the burning ship
Before the flames shall touch the magazine,
Or fire consume the crew distressed.
Who comes now with almost flying step
Along the trestled walk and boards the "Tempest?"
The Captain of the fleet! And why such haste,
And why with blanched cheeks and trembling hands
Assumes he command supreme of that good ship
And orders her to be laid alongside the "Black
Hawk?"

Does he not know that almost certain death
And destruction to the "Tempest" and her crew
Lie there? Nor sees he the raging flame so high
To leeward pouring from the burning ship—
Or know that soon the seething flames much reach
Those kegs of powder heaped so high,
And spread destruction far and near? Yes;—
But the wife of his bosom and her fair child are
there,—

The most precious gifts that God had to him given.
Oh, the agony of that father's heart!
All else of danger counts he for naught.
Let him but save that dear good wife and that
Beautiful brave boy, "O God!" and die.
Now stokers brighten up the ash pits,
Pile in the coal and resinous pine,
While every skill of engineer is taxed,
To hasten quick deliverance,
But look! far up the stream comes timely help;

The Cincinnati and Memphis packet "St. Patrick,"
Heaves now in sight, and comes like a race horse fleet
With flaming nostrils, while from her tall stacks
Roll blackest clouds of dense sulphurous smoke,
And waters churned to phosphorescent light,
Follow in her wake, and thankful hope
Fills now each grateful heart, for God sent help.
What! will he not stop? Has he no soul?
No pity for those poor mortals so near
The brink of ruin? O! inhuman Captain!
Thou shame of all manhood! with heart of stone
And eye of steel, to keep straight on thy way
Nor turn aside one little moment to save
From dreadful torturous death those human lives.
Now hope has fled, and agony rends each heart.
Ingloriously thus to die, instead of bravely
By their red-hot guns in hard fought battle.
How cruel the thought to some of those brave hearts!
'Tis useless to resist the stern decrees
That are written in the book of fate.
Organized effort, discipline, reckless daring,
All count for naught; the fiat has gone forth,
The fate is sealed, the all consuming flames
Burn on. At last the good ship "Tempest" moves
Slowly at first, toward the burning ship,
And ever faster then on rescue bent.
And there on hurricane deck in martial cloak,
The grand old Admiral paces to and fro,
Calm, brave, majestic as became
A Lee of Virginia.
Each instant hotter grow the roaring flames,
And hell seems opening at their very feet.
And now with needed help so near at hand,
Wild panic rages. In silent despair
Some wring their hands, while others as if
Pursued by fiery demons, plunge madly overboard,

There to sink in the cold and cruel river.
Some of these are rescued by the boatmen;
Others sink first—then rise again, almost
In reach of help—and then go down forever.
At last the voyage made the vessels touch,
And as the crunching fenders loudly groan
A human avalanche pours o'er the deck.
Not all, for some were caught in those dread flames,
And some are sinking in the deep cold flood.
But nearly all are saved; thank God for that!
The "Tempest" backs with precious human freight,
And then is seen upon the burning ship
But one poor sailor, who left his post too late
To make the leap from ship to ship,
Which might have saved a precious life.
One agonizing look he gives,
Then down the wheel-house fender slides
And there holds fast 'til fires burning through
Compel him to let go, one instant only
Too soon for rescue, and as he falls into
The rushing stream, his cap is reached, but he
Is gone past human help, and seen no more.
And soon the capstan having burned away,
And anchor cable having lost firm hold,
The fated ship floats down the rapid stream
And then her last and loud salute is fired.
And flying fragments only show the last
Of the grand old flag ship "Black Hawk."

THE NEGRO AS A SOLDIER.

BY LIEUTENANT WM. H. ARMSTRONG.

In these riper years in our lives when reunions in which those who made the record of a quarter of a century ago come together to renew companionships and tell how fields were won, we hear much from Anglo-Saxon lips of the glorious part men of their proud lineage played therein. This is natural and right, but there was another race fairly well represented in the glorious action of such times, whose minds may not retain its events so vividly, and whose lips are not formed for such rounded periods in song or story, whose worthy part in the same it may be both pleasant and profitable for us to discuss, and to this I propose to invite your attention in a brief review.

While a large percentage of the men who served as soldiers in the colored troops during the War of the Rebellion were of mixed blood, yet the generic term Negro is preferred in this reference to them, because it will not be misunderstood, and because it is a rather singular fact that while in every other creature the



WILLIAM H. ARMSTRONG was born May 14, 1844, near Wigton, Cumberland County, England. His parents came to the United States, and settled on a farm near Galesburg, Knox County, Ills., in the spring of 1847, where he was raised. He attended school in the country and at Wataga, the nearest village; he left farm and school to enter the army in 1863, as a private in Company K, Eighty-third Illinois Regiment. First served in the Army of the Cumberland at Fort Donelson, Tenn., where he was detailed as Acting Ordnance-Sergeant in the spring of 1864. He was commissioned by the President as Second Lieutenant Eighth U. S. Heavy Artillery, C. T., July 4, 1864. He

product of a crossing of blood with a higher order or better grade enhances its worth and elevates its character, it has in the case of this wonderful people been a deterioration and a stigma of disgrace. We should not forget that 'twas the circumstances and conditions under which the blood of the white race became mixed with theirs that was the proper cause of this stigma attaching itself to the result, and not the mere fact that the blood of the two races had met in the one individual. Evidences are not lacking to show that the spirit and characteristics of many a haughty and impulsive slave owner were perpetuated in son or daughter of a favorite bond-woman, and some of such progeny have become as striking characters in history and romance as ever their paternal ancestors were. What most favored child of any race could show more of deep sentiment or constant devotion to a purpose than that remarkable yet real character used by Harriet Beecher Stowe? In the Colored Artillery regiment in which the writer served as a company officer, there was an Orderly Sergeant who coolly trained a 64-pound gun, loaded with canister on a madly charging column of Confederate troops in the assault on Fort Anderson, and when the smoke cleared away from its front the body of the General who led the column, and that of the Sergeant's half-brother being one, was found lying among those nearest the works on which the gun was mounted, while his rebel troops were fleeing. A mixture of blood with other inferior races was not considered so degrading. In the noted

served in the District of Western Kentucky during the summer and fall of 1864 in the movement against the rebel forces of Johnson, Lyon and others. His command joined the Twenty-fifth Army Corps in spring of 1865, and went to Richmond, Va.; then to Texas, serving at Indianola and Victoria. He was discharged with Regiment at Louisville, Ky., March 13, 1866. On leaving the service Lieutenant Armstrong engaged in the real estate business and collection of war claims at Paducah, Ky. He was appointed Assessor United States Internal Revenue, First District, Kentucky, in 1869. He removed to Terre Haute in 1871, and engaged in business as

Hampton Legion, C. S. A., were quite a number of the "Red Tribe" of the Carolina Hills, who were full comrades with these dashing cavalymen, especially after the battle of Bull Run in which they attracted attention because of their fighting qualities, and these were Indian-Negroes.

While it will be our purpose to trace briefly the record made by the Negro in wars both ancient and modern, it is mainly of his services in that of the American Rebellion that we will find most profitable and interesting. In this conflict the position of the negro and the part he enacted therein has been called "the romance of North American History." In it he came from the degradation and darkness of slavery to the glorious brightness of liberty, with scarcely a season of twilight intervening. He sprang at one bound from the crouching, grovelling attitude of bondage to the proudly erect position of soldierly manhood, and from centuries of clanking chains to the clash of the arms that were cutting links asunder never again to be welded. It changed him from a piece of property to be bought and sold at a price to a person with a soul to save and the duties and obligations of a citizen of a free country to discharge. That he assumed some attitudes which might properly be termed ridiculous, and that through lack of good counsel and ability in judgment he made many failures, none will wonder who bear this sudden transition in mind, neither will any just and patriotic person withhold from him the portion of praise he fully earned by his valor and good

a druggist and manufacturing pharmacist; moved to Indianapolis in 1889, and engaged in the business of making and selling surgical instruments and appliances. He was a charter member of Morton Post, No. 1, Terre Haute, and has held important offices in the Grand Army of the Republic, both in the Department and National organization, and started the first organization of the Sons of Veterans in Indiana, of which he was made a life member. He was Mayor of Terre Haute from 1883 to 1885, and is now President of the Board of Trustees of the Indiana State Normal School. This paper was read to the Commandery, November 14, 1890.

conduct in the great and holy struggle for human liberty and free government in which he was so prominent a figure.

Negro soldiers were not unique to American soil. Their blood had stained battle fields both ancient and modern in every part of the world. England had received their services, and still continues them. France and Germany knew their value. From the time of the Sixth Century which was a military epoch, the negro figures as a bearer of arms in Egyptian history, and it is interesting to note that in this country of caste, where the arm-bearing class ranked next to the priests, that military paintings illustrating the Egyptian campaigns of the Eighteenth dynasty represent negro soldiers numerous therein. They formed the strength of the army of Shishak, King of Egypt, 971 B. C., when that resolute monarch rebelled against Rehoboam, and they served in large numbers in the armies of Sesostris and Xerxes. Ethiopia rose to great power among the nations of the East. It was finally conquered by Cyrus the Great, after a long and fierce contest, but it revolted and under King Menelik again won its independence. Afterward, when the great Cambesis undertook to secure its submission by diplomacy, the Ethiopian king said to his ambassadors to whom he handed a monster bow that only his warriors could bend, "Take this to your master and tell him that until he can find a man able to bend it, not to talk to us of submission."

After these times, the sound of armed strife passed from the Orient to the Occident, and with it went the march of Christianity leaving much gloom and darkness behind. In this the negro race grew with as little cultivation as the forests in which they lived or the beasts thereof that furnished their sustenance. "For over fifteen centuries the negro's hands were empty

of any kind of war weapons," and it is more to be wondered at that he handled them so creditably when at last he came to take them up in a land where he had known only the treatment of a chattel. But the War of the Rebellion while most important because most numerously engaged and most potent in its results, was not the first time the negro had shown his readiness and aptitude as a soldier in this country. Early records of its history will show him in the lists of those pioneers of the colonies who defended their settlements against the savages, and on the historic ground of the early settled part of Massachusetts, when its colonists took arms against the quartering of the royal soldiers upon them, one of the first shots of the conflict, we are told, "felled the stalwart form of the patriot negro, Crispus Attucks." The race was conspicuous in the ranks of war in the first battle of the Revolution, as we have it recorded that "one of the most decisive events of the battle of Bunker Hill, June 17, 1775, was the death of the British Major Pitcairn, at the hands of Private Peter Salem, colored, of Colonel Nixon's regiment of the Continental Army," and this was not the only case in which notable record was made of their service. In a memorial dated at Cambridge, December 5, 1775, and signed by fourteen American officers, it is cited that "under our own observation, we declare that a negro man called Salem Poor, of Colonel Fry's regiment, Captain Ames' company, in the late battle at Charlestown, behaved like an experienced officer as well as an excellent soldier. To set forth particulars of his conduct would be tedious. We only beg leave to say that in the person of said negro centers a brave and gallant soldier. The reward due to so great and distinguished a character we leave to Congress, etc." But then, as in our War of the Rebellion, the race prejudice came up and so

strongly pervaded official circles, "both free and slave negroes being rejected altogether" by order of the conference composed of Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Lynch, Benjamin Harrison, General Washington, and the Colonial Committee of Safety, that the enlistment of negroes was forbidden, and again the history of that period was made to repeat itself in that of the latter named, for later on in the struggle for independence, the necessities of the Colonial Government and the fact that its enemy, the Royalists, was arming them, caused this unwise prejudice to give way to reason and the enlistment of negroes was determined upon. On November 7, 1775, Earl Dunmore, Governor-General of the Colony of Virginia, issued a proclamation to the slaves freeing them, and calling upon them to "join his Majesty's troops as soon as maybe." The alluring promise of freedom caused a prompt response to Dunmore's proclamation and two regiments were soon raised. A part of these troops met the colonial forces at the battle of Kemp's Landing and "behaved like veterans," as stated in the reports. This had a wonderful effect in allaying the opposition to the service of negroes as Continental troops. Very soon no civil leader could be found opposing it, and on December 30, 1775, Washington in general orders authorized their enlistment "until it was forbidden by Congress," and it was never forbidden. On the contrary, an act was passed authorizing their enlistment. Although, unlike our late war, they were enlisted as individuals in white regiments and had no separate organization. There were about 3,000 such soldiers in the Continental Army at the close of the war, and some of them had participated in nearly every battle of the Revolution and fought bravely and well by the side of their white compatriots. In America, the negro has served with valor and distinction in her conflicts of arms, but

only as a private soldier or non-commissioned officer. His qualities to command have not been given the opportunity to develop so as to be estimated, but in other countries such opportunities have not been withheld, and from what has been thereby developed, we may reasonably judge the capabilities possessed, and the verdict cannot fail to fully sustain that which might be expected from what we have seen of him as a soldier. In France, a negro may attain all military grades from Corporal to Field Marshal, if he but possess the requisite talents, and Alexandre Davy Dumas won them all to that of General of Division, in the most active service and under the eyes of such commanders as Dumoriez and Bonaparte, receiving from the latter after his brilliant defense of the bridge at Brixeu the designation of "The Horatius Cocles of the Tyrol." The story of the patriotism and heroic valor of the Haytien Liberator, the negro General Toussaint L'Ouverture who was called in France "The Black Napoleon" is known to every reader of history, and his reputation as statesman and soldier has been secure through all the cycles since his death, and will always so remain, thus leaving no open question as to the natural ability of at least some of the negro race to command as well as to serve.

Coming again to the wars of our own country and its records, we find that in 1812 negroes served in both army and navy in considerable numbers, being most largely represented in Jackson's command at Mobile and New Orleans, and receiving special notice in his orders and reports, as well as in General Livingston's. Yet in the face of such history as this. when the War of the Rebellion came, the prejudice of race and the sentiment growing out of slavery had so possessed our people, that except among the John Browns, the Lovejoys, and the Garrisons, the idea of

making the race useful in the struggle which meant so much to them, seems to have been hardly entertained. It is now almost universally conceded that slavery was the cause of our war, and that to obliterate this national evil was the object of the government in its prosecution. Yet there were very few, even in the free States of the Union, who, in its beginning, would openly admit this, and during the first year of its prosecution the remarkable and humiliating spectacle was too often seen of men wearing the uniform of the Union and carrying her arms and authority, returning by force to their masters, men and women, the victims of the curse of slavery, who had risked everything to escape from its clutches.

The idea of investing these same slaves with the uniforms of the government and placing in their hands the weapons with which to help achieve this great object, had a very small part in the sentiment of the times. But necessity is a great motor for civilization, and the reform of error. In this instance as in that of the Revolution, it was the action of the enemy that brought the question to the front, and the necessities engendered by the continuance of the war that finally forced a consideration of the question and decided it on the side of reason and right. The South took the initiative in enlisting negroes as soldiers. As early as April, '61, a recruiting office was opened for the enlistment of free negroes in Memphis, Tennessee, "for our common defense," and a company of such men was raised at Nashville in the same year. Of a grand review of Confederate troops at New Orleans, November 23, '61, the Associated Press account says: "One feature was a regiment of 1,400 free colored men," and "we must pay a deserved compliment to the companies of free colored men, all very well drilled and comfortably uniformed." On February 4, '62, the Balti-

more Traveler announced that several regiments of negroes were forming at Richmond for the defense of the Confederate capital, and on May 24 the Nashville Union copied from a Georgia paper as follows: "We must fight the devil with fire by arming our negroes to fight the Yankees. No doubt that in Georgia alone we could pick up 10,000 negroes that would rejoice at meeting 15,000 Yankees in deadly conflict. We would be willing almost to risk the fate of the South upon such an encounter in an open field." No offer of freedom was made, hence little progress was made with the enterprise, and after the first victories gained, they grew so reliant of their superior prowess and their ability to whip the Yankees alone, that they did not again enlist the services of the blacks except as laborers and servants until January, '65, when General Lee, recognizing the great necessity of the cause and the times, urged their military employment upon the Confederate congress. The House promptly passed the measure authorizing the enlistment of 200,000 of such troops, but the senate rejected it. The measure received the force of law, however, without the senate's concurrence through an order issued from the Headquarters Confederate Armies, and on March 23, '65, the very day that President Lincoln left Washington to review the United States colored troops then in front of Petersburg, numbering about 25,000 men, the first company was mustered under this order into the Confederate service at Richmond.

The necessities brought about by these circumstances forced a consideration of this question upon Fremont in Missouri, in August, '61, upon Grant at Donelson, in February, '62, and upon Hunter in the Carolinas, in March, '62, and resulted in the proclamation they severally issued, declaring and recognizing the manhood and freedom of the slaves. These patri-

otic and just men were pioneers in bringing the question before the public mind, and while their conclusions did not at once prevail, they blazed the route by which the great liberty and justice loving sentiment of the people found its way to the front and which culminated in the grandest proclamation ever signed by human hand—that of the emancipation, signed by Abraham Lincoln. This was on New Year's day, '63, and while many of the most prominent and influential men both in the army and civil life (Yates, Morton, Andrews and Greely were notably among the latter) had been urging the freeing and enlisting of slaves, thus to strengthen our armies and weaken those of the enemy, and in July, '62, congress, under the lead of Henry Wilson in the senate and Thaddeus Stevens in the house, had passed an enabling act for this purpose, yet much doubt as to its practical usefulness and policy remained in the minds of many good and patriotic people. Even General Geo. H. Thomas had asked, "Will they fight?" and Mr. Lincoln had plainly admitted his doubts, when he said, in answer to the committee of ministers sent from Chicago to urge this matter, "If we were to arm them, I fear that in a few weeks the arms would be in the hands of the rebels." Fortunately the zeal and early action of General Hunter in organizing the First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers in May, '62, which was the first colored regiment raised for the United States Army, and General Butler in raising and putting into service at New Orleans the First, Second and Fourth Regiments Louisiana National Guards, and the First Regiment Louisiana Heavy Artillery, all colored, in the fall of '62, had furnished a decidedly practical answer to these questions of doubt, and probably had its influence in causing the Emancipation Proclamation to be issued as soon as it was. After this the organization of such troops pro-

gressed rapidly. Kansas, with commendable consistency, led the column of free States by offering the first colored regiment ready for the field, January 4, '63. Massachusetts soon followed with three full regiments. It has been said by envious persons that some of her people were so zealous in this work that they extended it even to Indiana and had the proceeds credited on the quota of their State. New York took no action in this work as a State, her Governor, Seymour, being antagonistic to the movement, but through its warm espousal by the Union League and the committee of patriotic women, Mesdames Jay, Van Rensalaer, De Forrest, Astor, Dodge, King, et al., two regiments were quickly raised, one of which, the Twenty-fifth, was commanded by Geo. Bliss, Jr. Connecticut furnished two regiments, Pennsylvania nine, Michigan one, Ohio two, Illinois one and Indiana one, the Twenty-eighth U. S. C. Troops, of which the late General C. S. Russell, of this city, was Colonel. Early in January, '63, the President, through the Secretary of War, gave Brigadier-General Daniel Ullman authority to raise five regiments of colored troops and to appoint all the officers necessary to command them. To this end he was instructed to select from the entire army in the field men who had particularly distinguished themselves and shown fitness for such command, and the loyal Governors were asked to furnish him lists of names of officers and enlisted men who had already proved themselves heroic in battle and capable in soldierly duties. From these were chosen those who were willing to enter heartily into the work of organizing and drilling and the extra dangerous service of commanding colored soldiers in the field. Of the officers thus selected, General Ullman says: "I had with me more than 200 officers, a large majority from the Army of the Potomac, who had seen nearly

two years' service in the field, and many of whom bore the scars of honorable wounds. Some were officers of the regular army, one was the son of a Vice-President of the United States, one a European prince, several nephews of Kossuth, others who had served with distinction in the armies of Europe, and all, with few exceptions, educated gentlemen." This will suffice to show the care with which the officers for these troops were selected, but to this we may add the words of Adjutant-General Thomas, when, in the spring of '63, he was sent to the Southwest to set on foot the organization of this arm of the service: "I am here to say that I am authorized to raise as many regiments of blacks as I can, and give commissions from the highest officer to the lowest. I desire those persons who are in earnest in the work to take hold of it. but I want only those whose hearts are in it, and to them alone will I give commissions. * * * I have fullest authority to dismiss from the army any man, be his rank what it may, whom I find maltreating the freedmen." While men selected as above were appointed and given authority to organize colored troops, they afterwards were required to go before an examining board of to the Casey Military School in Philadelphia and pass an examination on their competency for their positions before their commissions were issued to them from the War Department, and such was the standard of the qualifications required that not one-half of those appointed and examined for such commissions passed. In the regiment in which the writer served, fifteen officers who had been so selected and appointed and had assisted in raising and drilling the regiment, failed to win commissions when ordered before the examining board, and either went back to their original positions or were discharged. In a general order issued at this time, it was stated, "No per-

son is wanted as an officer in a colored regiment who feels that in accepting the position he is making a sacrifice, or who desires appointment simply for high rank and pay. It can but be an honor to any man to command in a service which, while it gives liberty to slaves and manhood to chattels, furnishes reliable and efficient soldiers for the Union. When the fact is recalled to mind that Jeff Davis had before this time directed that all such persons engaged in arming, organizing and drilling slaves for use as soldiers against the Confederacy should, if captured, be treated as outlaws and felons and publicly executed as such, it need hardly be stated that none of the half-hearted patriots who wanted to quit the service when the Emancipation Proclamation was issued were ever appointed to this kind of a commission.

Great encouragement was now given to the organization of negro troops in the South, and the work went forward rapidly. From the President down to the commanding officers of posts, all were in favor of giving it their influence and help. The great War Secretary, Stanton, gave it his ever vigorous backing. Halleck wrote Grant, then at Milliken's Bend engaged in the Vicksburg campaign, strongly endorsing and clearly outlining the new policy of the government and using this memorable phrase: "The North must conquer the slave oligarchy or become slaves themselves; the manufacturers mere hewers of wood and drawers of water to Southern aristocrats." Grant needed no time for consideration. He had already decided this subject in his own mind, and his order came promptly: "Corps, Division and Post Commanders will afford all facilities for the completion of the negro regiments now organizing, and it is expected that all Commanders will especially exert themselves in carrying out the policy of

the administration, not only in organizing colored regiments and rendering them efficient, but also in removing prejudice against them." Lorenzo Thomas, the Adjutant-General of the war, remembered by every soldier, gave it his personal effort and was unremitting in his labors, and the work swept forward with the majesty of its importance. One of the effects of this was that a new bureau had to be created by the War Department for the conduct of matters relating to this branch of the service, and branches were located at Nashville and Memphis. The only notable difference in the supplies to be provided was in the article of shoes. These had to be contracted for specially, and the first lot of 10,000 pairs were certainly of heroic mould. Before the close of the year 1864 the number of colored soldiers under arms exceeded 100,000, and the question of "Would they fight?" had been emphatically answered in the affirmative on many stubbornly contested and bloody fields. From South Carolina, where the first gun of the slave-holder's rebellion had been fired at the flag of liberty and union, came the sound of the first gun fired by a negro soldier in defense of that flag and for the continuance of that Union. This, on November 3, '62, at St. Helena island, by the First Regiment South Carolina Volunteers under command of Colonel Higginson, a graduate of Harvard, and this engagement was followed by that of the battle of the Hundred Pines, the South Edisto expedition and the daring and disastrous assault on Fort Wagner, in which the Fifty-fourth Colored Troops planted their colors on the parapet, but with a loss of half of the number of men and officers engaged. Among the officers killed was their Colonel, the gallant and highly gifted Robt. Gould Shaw, of Boston, to whose memory a tablet was placed in Harvard University, which school had been his alma mater. Again

was the mettle of negro troops tested in the savagely fought engagement of Olustee, when their stubborn bravery saved General Seymour's forces, but in which they lost heavily, including their colonel and all their field officers, and at Honey Hill, where the negro brigade, under Colonel Hartwell, who was himself three times wounded, fought against odds from 11 a. m. until night and held its position against every attempt to dislodge it. These were but the first and experimental engagements with the enemy in the Southeast. Afterwards there was no question about their value in actual battle. Port Hudson, in which the negro brigade charged three times against the abatis and strong earthworks of the rebels, losing heavily in men and officers, and Milliken's Bend, where they defended the place fighting superior numbers desperately from three in the morning until noon, often with the bayonet, hand to hand, and losing out of the three regiments engaged, of officers, 7 killed, 9 wounded, 3 missing, total 19; of enlisted men, 123 killed, 182 wounded and 113 missing, total 418; grand total 437; and of the 116 missing no word was ever had, and they also should be counted among the killed. These were their baptismal fonts in the Southwest and conclusively settled the question as to their fighting ability in this section. From this time forward in the War of the Rebellion negro soldiers did fighting and all other soldierly service both East and West, whenever and wherever such service was to be done. In the West they fought and fell, "and dying lived," at Fort Pillow, Fort Anderson, Johnsonville, Decatur and Dalton, where the Fourteenth United States Colored Troops did so bravely that that gallant Regiment, the Fifty-first Indiana, which fought on its right, adopted the soubriquet of the "Fifty-first Colored" in recognition of it, and finally at Nashville, where, on the left

wing of Thomas' army, under the immediate command of General Steedman, the negro division was assigned the honor of opening that most decisive engagement, where General Steedman says of them: "I was unable to discover that color made any difference in the fighting of my troops," and of whom the writer heard General Stanley say that he never saw troops more gallantly led or better fought, and rounding the record up by fighting the last engagement of the war on the far-off Rio Grande. In the East they made a record even more glorious and eventful, earning the right to have inscribed on their colors, Fort Powhatan, Fort Fisher, New Market Heights, Deep Bottom, Chaffin's Farm, Fort Harrison, Fort Gilmer, Petersburg, Fort Blakely, Five Forks and Hatcher's Run, and the spirit of retributive justice so ordered events at these stirring times that it came about that negro soldiers were among the first to occupy the captured capital of the rebellion. 'Twas a regiment of colored cavalry which headed the column of Union troops that dashed in to occupy the city on that April morning of 1865; a detachment of their number raised the stars and stripes to the dome of the Capitol building, while the remainder of their comrades were quickly posted through the city to preserve order and protect the property of the head of the rebel government and their late masters, and the order of occupation of the city and for the execution of law and direction of its public affairs, was written by that cultured gentleman and gallant soldier, whom we now claim as an Indiana representative in the United States Army, Colonel D. D. Wheeler, then Adjutant-General of the Twenty-fifth Corps Colored Troops, and was signed by Major-General Godfrey Weitzel, Corps Commander. And here, as in the West, the negro soldiers were again "in at the death," for when Grant closed his impenetrable lines around Lee's retreating

army at Appomattox Court House, the black division commanded by Birney and our own General R. S. Foster, was across the path of the enemy and nearest to him, blocking his way with a solid line of glistening bayonets on loaded muskets, and when an aide-de-camp came galloping down the lines with the cry, "Cease firing, Lee has surrendered," these negro troops, then charging and driving the enemy before them into a ravine, "discharged their muskets into the air and gave a shout of joy that made the earth shake."

Besides the ten or twelve hundred earnestly patriotic and capable young men who, as line or staff officers, organized and drilled the colored troops, and of whom worthy representatives will be found in all assemblies like this, the following-named officers who commanded them are believed to be yet living. viz., Butler, Terry, Ullman, Banks, Doubleday, Ferrero, Ames, Wild, Jackson, Morgan, Hinks, Thomas, Augur, Andrews, Saxton and Birney. The lamented dead are Weitzel, Ord, Hunter, Steedman, Burnside, Phelps and Draper. Out of these twenty, three were graduates of West Point, and all were men of high character and marked ability. That model Adjutant-General, Lorenzo Thomas, organized them, the great War Secretary Stanton backed him earnestly, and the Christian soldier and able tactician Casey wrote their tactics and officered their companies.

Finally, in summing up the services rendered the country by its loyal citizens during the hour of its severest trial, it must not be forgotten that over 185,000 men of the race that were counted so little worth at its beginning, enlisted and carried arms in the ranks of its defenders, and that out of this number as large a percentage, viz., 36,847, gave their lives "as a measure of their devotion" as any other class, in proportion

to the time they served, and that an equally creditable portion of the medals of honor were won by them in the 450 engagements in which they participated in such service. Then—

“To the living few
 Soldiers be just and true;
 Hail them, as comrades tried,
 Fight with them side by side,
 Never in field or tent
 Scorn the black regiment.”

To those who, in the infancy of that opinion which now concedes the merit and respect to which these negro soldiers were entitled, joined in directing their service and shared with them its dangers, may come the sentiment of the lines:

“Brothers in death, in glory
 The same palm branches bear,
 And the crown is as bright
 O'er the sable brows
 As over the golden hair.”

NOTE.—Records and writers quoted in foregoing paper: “Official Records War of the Rebellion,” “Confederate Official Records,” “Adjutant-Generals’ Reports,” “Campaigns of the Civil War,” “Rebellion Records,” and the comprehensive review of the “Military Services of Negroes in Ancient and Modern Times,” by Geo. W. Williams, L. L. D.

LINCOLN THE BOY.

BY LIEUTENANT THOMAS J. CHARLTON.

Wordsworth said, "The child is father of the man."

If we study the lives of great men we shall discover that their marked characteristics in maturity were foreshadowed in boyhood. Napoleon and Washington both gave evidence in their youth of what they afterwards became. Frederick the Great is a conspicuous instance where the man was not so foreshadowed.

It is rather remarkable that so little is known of "Lincoln the Boy." I have read much which was attributed to Abraham Lincoln, but very little of which is authentic.

We know that this is the eighty-fifth anniversary of his birth; that he first saw the light in what is now Larue county, Kentucky; that his father, Thomas Lincoln, was a plain, hard-working, honest man whose death took place in Illinois in 1851; that he was a very amiable man, and like his illustrious son, a good story teller; that Lincoln's mother, whose maiden name was Nancy Hanks, was a good woman and a fond



THOMAS J. CHARLTON was born at Pleasant, Switzerland County, Ind., May 27, 1846, and was educated in the common schools, Franklin and Hanover Colleges and the Military Academy at West Point. He left college to enter the army, enlisting as a private in Company A, Twenty-second Indiana Infantry, December 23, 1863; was mustered in January 4, 1864; served in East Tennessee with the Eighty-eighth Illinois Regiment until April, 1864, at which time he joined his regiment and participated in all its movements in the Atlanta campaign, the march to the sea and through the Carolinas. His first field service was in Sheridan's Division,

mother; that she died of consumption when young Abe was but nine years of age; that her grave is still to be seen in Spencer county, of this State; that Abe had a brother, Thomas, who died in infancy, and a sister, Sarah.

A year after his mother's death his father married again. Abe loved his stepmother as if she had been his real mother. She lived to see him become President of the United States.

The Lincoln family in Kentucky were classed among the "poor whites," and it is very probable that the parents thought that in Indiana or Illinois, where there was no slavery, better opportunities awaited them. Accordingly, they moved to Indiana in the year 1816, a very short time before the State was admitted into the Union. Lincoln was then in his eighth year. He lived in Indiana for thirteen years, so we may say that most of his boyhood was spent in our State.

He had but three opportunities to attend school, but he made good use of his brief life as a schoolboy. He had access to but few books.

In his later years he often spoke of the books which he read in his youth. They were the Bible, Aesop's Fables, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress and the lives of Washington and Franklin.

It is an ancient maxim—"Beware of the man of one book," meaning that the fewer the books read the better. Lincoln's life proved this maxim to be true.

Had his boyhood been spent reading trashy literature, which too many of our boys read, his name would

Fourth Corps; then in Third Brigade, Second Division Fourteenth A. C. to close of the war. He took part in the skirmishes about Ringgold, Tunnel Hill, Rocky Face Ridge, Resacca, Rome, Dallas, Kennesaw Mountain, Peach Tree Creek, siege of Atlanta, charge on Jonesboro and the battles of Averysboro and Bentonville. He was wounded at the battle of Bentonville and left on the field for dead; after General Johnston fell back on Raleigh, he was recovered and taken to the hospital

not, to-night, be a household word in every home of this land. In studying Lincoln we should ascertain what were the other agencies which aided in developing the pioneer boy into the great statesman and wise chief executive. His surroundings were especially suited to the development of that magnificent physique which in war days enabled him to endure a strain which would have killed almost any other man.

Think of him at the age of nineteen on his first flat-boat trip to New Orleans, a distance of 1,800 miles.

Picture him at Natchez, when his boat was attacked by a band of thieves, negroes, how, single-handed he beat them back and swung his boat out into the stream. Whether chopping wood or splitting rails, no one surpassed him. He was a renowned wrestler.

We also learn that in those days when whisky was a universal beverage, that Lincoln was strictly temperate

He was always a good story teller. We also learn that he even went so far as to write poetry. Little did he dream that his own life would one day become a grand epic poem, more heroic by far than the "Iliad" or the "Aeneid."

How he honored his parents by remaining with them until he was past majority. When in 1830 they decided to move to Illinois we find Abe Lincoln now past twenty-one, and standing six feet four driving one of the ox teams.

Upon reaching their destination he aided in the erection of their log cabin home, and not until he had assisted in making the parents comfortable did he

and subsequently mustered out of service. He was commissioned Second-Lieutenant, May 1, 1865. After Lieutenant Charlton returned to civil life he was engaged in educational work as teacher, principal, and Superintendent of Public Schools. He held the position of Superintendent of Public Schools at Vincennes, Ind., when, on March 12, 1880, he was elected Superintendent of the Indiana Reform School for Boys, which position he has ably filled until the present time.

start out for himself, securing work at twelve dollars a month. We are often told that great occasions make great men. This is not wholly true. "Night brings out stars," but the stars existed during the day, although not visible. Mythology tells us that Minerva sprang forth from the brain of Jupiter fully armed and equipped for life's conflict. But great men do not spring forth in that way.

"The heights by great men reached and kept,
Were not attained by sudden flight;
But they, while their companions slept,
Were toiling upward in the night."

Thus Abe Lincoln toiled. He was not a precocious boy. He was no intellectual prodigy at an early age. Few great men are. The great men of earth are the steady growers and as a rule, not maturing till late. They are like the winter apple of our orchard. In June when some of the trees are laden with luscious June apples the inexperienced observer would conclude that the other trees bearing little green winter apples were worthless. But go to the same orchard late in the fall and you will see now fully matured, the winter pippins which will last without decay for a year.

Some boys are like "June apples." They mature quickly and then dwindle into mere nonentities; while their modest but plodding schoolmates grow on from year to year. Of this winter apple class was Abraham Lincoln. In the obscurity of his boyhood he was slowly but surely accumulating that power which in after years made him so famous.

When Theseus was sixteen years of age his mother took him to the huge stone beneath which lay his father's sword and sandals, without which he could never enter Athens.

Both mother and son were confident of success for the young hero's training had been such, that he readily lifted the great stone away and entered upon his career of gold.

Likewise had Lincoln been trained in the school of adversity. To develop the mighty oak we do not nurture it in a hot house, but rather upon the mountain side, where it is buffeted by storms.

At each gale its roots grapple the more firmly its early bed; thus in sunshine and storm it grows to be the monarch of the forest. So was it with Lincoln among the men of his day.

"He above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent
Stood like a tower."

Artists have painted Lincoln, the President, in the act of signing the proclamation freeing the slaves.

They should give us other views of him, and above all, of "Lincoln the Boy," not a curly-haired, handsome Adonis, but a plain, earnest boy, poorly clad but faithful to every trust imposed upon him.

In physique he never was an "Apollo Belvedere," but rather a modern Hercules, whose terrific blow struck the shackles from four millions of slaves.

He was the type of that class of our people from which our very greatest leaders will always come.

The cradles which to-night are rocking the future Presidents of our Republics are not ivory mounted nor cushioned with down. From the ranks of laboring classes will come the future great men of our land. For—

"Those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great.
And so from these brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state.
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held in the little brown hands."

A MASTER OF ENGLISH.

BY SAMUEL M. SAYLER.

“We are all hero worshipers. Every one has a guest chamber of the mind to which he invites the choicest spirits of the ages. Ian Maclaren, in his exquisite little book, ‘The Upper Room,’ says ‘that he who has Socrates, and Virgil, and Dante, and Shakespeare in his guest chamber need not vex himself for that his house be small, because ‘nobles do not always entertain such company in their castles.’ If John Watson were an American citizen he would doubtless have added to this list such names as Washington and Lincoln. There is a peculiar fascination to every American in the lives of American heroes. We delight to invite them to the guest chambers of our minds and there be charmed by the thoughts which their lives suggest. Every great man is studied in all of his aspects. His motives are compared with our motives, his struggles with our struggles, his success with our hopes for success. No more popular hero than Lincoln ever graces the guest chamber of the mind. He,



SAMUEL M. SAYLER derives his membership from his father, Companion Henry B. Sayler. He was born in Winchester, Preble County, Ohio, November 7, 1856. He was graduated from Wabash College, Crawfordsville, in June, 1880. In June, 1883, Wabash College conferred upon him the degree Master of Arts. Since graduating he has practiced law with his father in Huntington, Ind. He enjoys the reputation of being a well-read and capable lawyer. He has devoted much time to literature and has written a number of papers upon legal, political and historical topics which

bear witness of thorough research and a discriminating judgment. He has devoted much time to building up the public library of Huntington, which is one of the best in the State.

indeed, deserves an upper room. He was a peculiarly typical man. The struggles of the frontier, the hardships endured and the economy made necessary by such a life, developed in Abraham Lincoln a manhood which stands out as one of the best types of American civilization. He was dominated by a conscientious fidelity to duty as he saw it. His sense of moral responsibility, the purity of his motives and the moral elevation of his mind have rarely been equaled in American history. That Lincoln was a master of English is conceded by all, but it may be of interest to note some of the elements which made him a master. The best literature of any age gives the fullest expression to the ruling thought and motives of the men of that age. Tested by this standard, Abraham Lincoln was a master. My time permits the quotation of only a few sentences from his works, but these will show how fully he gave expression to the best, the purest thought of his time. In 1859, to an invitation from citizens of Boston to unite with them in celebrating the birthday of Thomas Jefferson, he sent the answer which contained the following: "This is a world of compensations; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it." So simple in construction, yet so pure, so unselfish in motive and so comprehensive were these sentences that they became a bugle call which was answered by two million boys in blue to do valiant battle for freedom.

Again, on the field of Gettysburg, where courage had become incarnate, he said: "Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that

nation or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note or long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth.”

Edward Everett at Gettysburg, in an oration of consummate art, but of two hours in length, told no more than Lincoln, in simple unaffected language, told in two minutes. One was an orator, the other was a hero. What a temptation for any other than Abraham Lincoln was there to speak to the world of the great work which he, as commander-in-chief of the Union army and navy, was attempting to achieve! With a high sense of responsibility, with a sense of the magnitude and gravity of the struggle, he used the sacrifices of the dead to enforce the higher duties of the living. Like the sweet music of a minster bell, wooing us from the selfishness of ambition to the

dedication of all that we are and all that we have to service, do the tones of Abraham Lincoln's voice ring through the chamber of our fancy the inspiring message, "It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this Nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

Again, in his second inaugural address he said, in part: "The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war shall speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, 'The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether.' * * *

With malice toward none; with charity for all; with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the Nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."

In his second inaugural address Lincoln painted two pictures—one the terrible judgment of God on slavery and the justice of the retribution; the other of unselfish devotion to liberty. Michael Angelo so vividly used his brush that his "Last Judgment" became a language of fearful import; Raphael in his "Transfiguration" painted the incarnation of Christ's message to humanity. Lincoln's first picture deserves to stand side by side with Angelo's "Last Judgment" in portraying the terrible justice of God's penalty for sin. His second picture so beautifully supplements that of Raphael's that they ought to be considered together as one. How we are moved to service when such pictures of devotion to duty as Lincoln's second one are presented to us by such masters as he! How we instinctively pass from the sense of duty to its fulfillment! Yet I doubt whether even Lincoln's prevision realized the marvelous material, social, spiritual development which this land has attained as the result of the lasting peace which was achieved by his unselfish devotion to liberty. With the simplicity of real greatness he spoke, he lived your convictions, your sacrifices, your patriotism. No American has become heir to greater love than Abraham Lincoln, and the guarantee of the fitness was his martyrdom. I bring to your guest chamber, to your upper room, a hero who was the incarnation of the heroism and patriotism of 1861 to 1865. Receive your guest.

From Spottsylvania Onward.

BY CAPTAIN R. S. ROBERTSON.

The tactical movements which had kept us briskly marching, counter-marching and fighting about the intrenchments of Spottsylvania for nearly a week after the great battle of May 12, 1864, had apparently demonstrated the futility of further attempts to break the well-defended lines of our vigilant enemy.

The cost would be too great, and a new movement, by the left flank, was under contemplation.

As usual, the actual movement was foreshadowed by many rumors, by which, diversified as they were, the Second Corps came to understand that it was selected for a dangerous enterprise, the nature of which was unknown, but the rumors gave rise to much curiosity and some apprehension.

About dark of May 20, orders were received to march at 11 o'clock. Promptly at the hour specified we took the road. It was a beautiful moonlit night, and the tedium of a night march was somewhat relieved as we reflected that during the day the heat



ROBERT S. ROBERTSON was born April 16, 1839, at North Argyle, Washington County, Ind.; was educated in the common schools and Argyle Academy; admitted to the bar in New York City, November 22, 1860, and commenced the practice of law at Whitehall, N. Y., from which place he entered the service as a private in Company I, Ninety-third New York Infantry, October 22, 1861, and served in all the campaigns of the Potomac from the Peninsula campaign to that of 1864; was promoted to First Sergeant, January 24, 1862; to Second Lieutenant, April 15, 1862; to First Lieutenant, February 23, 1863; Brevetted Captain U. S. V., March 13, 1865, for "gallant and meritorious service" at

and dust of the march would have been almost intolerable.

It was a rapid march until 2 p. m. of the following day, through a country not before disturbed by marching troops; and great was the astonishment and dismay pictured on the faces of the people as we marched with flags flying, and to the music of fife and drum, through Guinness' Station and Bowling Green, as well as upon the faces of the fowls, which, in the piping times of peace had not learned the necessity of roosting high in the stirring times of war. Reaching Milford, where the Fredericksburgh railroad crosses the Mattapony, we found the enemy's pickets on the opposite bank. The advance was pushed over the river by wading in water to their armpits, holding ammunition, haversacks and muskets over their heads.

The rebels (they were but few) "stood not upon the order of their going, but went at once," and the corps was rapidly thrown across the partially dismantled bridge, and formed upon the high bank, where we were at once set to work intrenching. Towards evening a small cavalry force reconnoitered our position and attacked our picket line, but was quickly repulsed. We now had time to discover that our corps was isolated from the remainder of the army some twenty miles in rear of Lee's position at Spottsylvania, and that there was every reason to

Spottsylvania and Tolopatomay Creek; was detailed Aide-de-Camp to General N. A. Miles, commanding First Brigade, First Division, Second Army Corps, December 24, 1863, to September 3, 1864; was wounded May 12, 1864, in the battle of Spottsylvania, by minie ball in right knee, and was again twice severely wounded. May 31, 1864, at battle at Tolopatomay Creek, and was discharged on account of disabilities resulting from those wounds. He was breveted Colonel New York Volunteers, March 23, 1865. After leaving the service Colonel Robertson has been engaged in the law practice; he served as Lieutenant-Governor, 1887-89; was a member of the Utah Commission in 1889 and 1894, since which time he has practiced law in Fort Wayne, Ind. He has been made the recipient of one of the medals of honor for gallantry in action.

expect that Lee would hurl his whole force against us so soon as our isolated position became known.

The following day, though Sunday, brought us no rest, for the work of intrenching was continued until formidable earthworks frowned upon the horizon in every direction, giving courage to the men who momentarily expected to be attacked. But our labors were to prove futile, for, as we rested from our work, and in the evening twilight discussed our varied and palatable bill of fare, we learned that Lee had retreated by another route towards Hanover Junction, and that the rest of our army was in rapid pursuit. Our own instructions were to be ready to move whenever ordered.

That night we slept upon our arms in marching order, but happily for the weary men, it was morning of the 23d before we started on a rapid march through heat and dust, with no more than absolutely necessary halts, towards the North Anna, which we reached at 3 p. m., to find that Lee's rear had just crossed, leaving a small force in a *tete de pont*, covering the turnpike bridge. The head of our column formed at once, and kept up a rapid exchange of volleys with this force until the corps closed up, about 6 p. m., when the Second Brigade of Birney's Division was formed for an assault, and after a sharp fight carried the position, one Regiment, the Ninety-third New York, following the flying rebels nearly to the other side of the river before the order for recall could reach it.

An act of individual heroism occurred here which is deserving of mention. In returning to the north bank the color-bearer of the Ninety-Third fell wounded, and the colors were left unnoticed in the center of the bridge. When the loss was discovered Lieutenant William Ball, of Company K, braved the musketry

fire which was centered on the bridge, and coolly brought off the colors, but paid for his devotion to the flag by receiving a ball which shattered his ankle.

Volleys were exchanged across the river until late, and a heavy picket fire was kept up far into the night, but that failed to disturb the slumbers of those who had endured the burden of the march and fighting of the day, but who were not needed for picket duty.

On the morning of the 24th the sun rose like a disc of molten brass, presaging a day of terrible heat, and making us long for shelter from its rays. But it was not long before we were to wish for shelter from something hotter yet, for our Brigade (the First) was pushed across Jericho bridge to the south bank of the river, on the right of the Richmond railroad, to seize and hold a position which would enable a pontoon bridge to be laid to facilitate the crossing of a greater force, which was soon accomplished. Three of our regiments were deployed as skirmishers on the right of the telegraph road, and advanced, skirmishing until we found the enemy strongly intrenched behind earthworks. Nothing but the inequalities of the surface furnished us any protection from the heavy fire we drew, and we were compelled to lie prone and hug the ground, under a hot sun and a hot musketry fire, until about 3 p. m., when we were withdrawn a little to the rear and to the left of the railroad, where we secured more protection from the enemy's volleys.

Gibbons' Division had been pushed to the front and was heavily engaged, and just before dark a heavy line of infantry moved from the works upon him. We were advanced to his support and were almost immediately thrown into the front, dealing and receiving heavy blows. In the thickest of the fight a heavy thunder-storm arose. The heavens seemed to open and sheets of water poured down, not only putting an

end to the fight, but completely veiling the contending forces from each other, although but a few rods apart on an open field. Before the flood ceased falling the enemy's line had disappeared, and the darkness of night had come upon us. Our drenched and wearied soldiers sought the driest spots the ground afforded, and were soon at rest. We had lost some fifty in killed and wounded from our little and rapidly waning brigade.

The day following we were busily engaged in destroying the railroad bridge and the track on both sides of the river. The rails and ties were torn up, heaps made of the ties, upon which were laid the rails and the heaps fired. The rails, when heated red, were seized by the men and twisted around trees like neckties, rendering them more ornamental than useful.

Little of interest occurred until the afternoon of the 26th, when we were attacked by a strong line issuing from the rebel earthworks, and had an hour's brisk engagement before the enemy was repulsed. Later, they made a similar attempt on Gibbons' line to our right, which was only ended by the darkness of night. Soon we were ordered to detail two regiments to throw up intrenchments on the north side of the river, to which we were to withdraw some time during the night, the remainder of our Brigade being left to hold the advanced line south of the river until all the rest had crossed. At midnight our line was abandoned, and we crossed, taking up the positions and forming in the new line, our retreat being closely followed by a heavy picket line of the enemy, which made things lively for us with their whizzing, spattering bullets, both before and after our crossing. During the morning of the 27th we destroyed nearly thirteen miles of the railroad, and at 11 a. m. started on another flank movement via Concord Church, to a point some miles

north of Nelson's ford on the Pamunkey river, which we reached for bivouac a little after midnight, after a weary march under a hot sun, and in sultry showers.

On the 28th we made an early start, crossing the Pamunkey at noon without opposition, and taking a position near Hanover town. Later in the afternoon our Brigade received orders to move as rapidly as possible to the support of Sheridan's Cavalry, reported to be engaged with Ewell's Infantry a mile in front. Riding in advance to report our approach, I found numerous evidences of fighting having occurred at various points, and at last found Sheridan's flag in a fence corner, where a group of officers, most of them in their shirt sleeves, were discussing some boiled chicken, served in a tin pail. Asking for General Sheridan, a little man holding a chicken leg, responded: "I am your man; what is wanted?" Reporting that Miles' Infantry Brigade was on its way to support him, he jovially replied: "Glad to see you with that news. Get down and have some chicken." That impromptu dinner gave me the first glimpse of the real character of one who was already famous, and whose name is now enrolled as one of the Nation's greatest and most lamented heroes.

The cavalry had been fighting inch by inch, dismounted, had driven the enemy some miles and was now lying behind the scant shelter of a demolished rail fence on the other side of the field. When our brigade came up we relieved them, and at once commenced the work of intrenching against the heavy force known to be in our front, which consisted of Ewell's Division, at least. We were making ourselves as comfortable as possible for the night when we received orders to march back to our position on the Pamunkey.

The next day (29th) being Sunday, one of our chaplains proposed the novelty of holding Divine service, and the brigade was assembled for that purpose. Hardly had the first prayer ended when marching orders came, and the beat of the drum took the place of a hymn of praise as we quickly formed. Instead of a march by the flank, the whole brigade, with the exception of the color companies of each regiment, was deployed in a skirmish line nearly a mile in length, with its center on the road leading to Atlee's Station, which is only a few miles from Richmond. The color companies formed a short line of battle in the rear, also preserving its center on the road, and thus we pressed forward.

At a fork in the road some mounted videttes were seen, but they seemed not to desire our acquaintance and disappeared. On reaching the Shelton House, a fine Southern mansion situated on and overlooking Totopotomoy creek, our skirmish line came under fire from the enemy's skirmish line posted on the opposite bank, and was halted. Several of us dismounted and passed through the spacious hall to the rear of the house to discover, if possible, the position and strength of the enemy. We found a long line of infantry resting, with arms stacked, in front of the woods, and in full view.

Our approach put an end to the resting spell, and the line was quickly formed and retired into the woods, leaving a picket, or skirmish line in rifle pits along the bank in their front. While we were taking in the situation our attention was attracted by the wails of women and children of the family whose house we had invaded, consisting of the matronly Mrs. Shelton, her three daughters, one of whom was married, and some children and servants, all of whom had fled for refuge to the basement, and were now

grouped, terror-stricken, in the area way below the porch we occupied.

It was a scene which compelled sympathy and awakened all the humanity in our natures. The young mother, with eyes filled with tears, held out a bright and smiling babe, saying: "You will not harm my little darling, will you?" I took the baby, kissed and fondled it for a moment and handed it carefully to the somewhat reassured, but still doubting mother, and with the assurance the we made no war on women and children, urged them to go back out of danger, as occasional shots were spattering against the side of the house. From them we learned that Breckenridge's Division was in our front; that Mr. Shelton, who knew the General, had gone to ask protection for his family shortly before our arrival on the scene, and, of course, was unable to return and rejoin his wife, daughters and grandchild, who were now filled with the liveliest apprehensions, but refused, peremptorily, to accept our offer to escort them to some place of safety in our rear.

We carried beds and other necessaries for their comfort into the basement, and barricaded the windows with logs, completing a fair extempore fortification for the beleaguered family, which now began to look upon us as friends and defenders, instead of enemies. Soon batteries were unmasked in the edge of the woods, and a few shells were thrown, but without much damage to us, and a continuous firing was kept up between the picket lines and intrenching parties till darkness put an end to it. Some darkies, not realizing the danger, attempted to drive up the cows from the bottom lands at milking time, and their bewilderment as they listened to the singing of the minies and their abject fright and hasty flight when the fact dawned upon them that they were being fired at,

would have been comical had it not been so pathetic.

On going to the basement to look after the welfare of our new-found friends, Mrs. Shelton, with true Southern hospitality, offered to prepare supper for our staff if we were content to accept what she had, and expressed regret for the absence of tea, coffee and sugar. Sincere was her pleasure when we accepted the invitation and produced from our haversacks a supply of these luxuries. The garden had not suffered much as yet, and we gathered strawberries, the cows which had come up from the bottoms were milked and we enjoyed heartily a dinner *en famille*, prepared by fair hands and graced by the presence of cultivated ladies, the table covered with snowy linen and other garnishments to which we had long been unaccustomed. It was a bright bit of green in the desert of war, and memory will long linger over and often revert to an occasion in which real pleasure and real apprehensions were so equally proportioned. The dinner and after visit being over, we saw the family placed as comfortably as possible and withdrew to the shelter of the trees for the night.

We were out at daylight of the 30th, and discovered a line of intrenchments which had been thrown up in the night in the margin of the woods in front of us, not 500 yards away. We could almost look into the mouths of several field pieces, in position and protected by lunettes. Having but a thin skirmish line on our side, we had thrown up but light intrenchments, but this looked as if serious work was before us, and we now commenced intrenching in earnest. The remainder of the Corps was brought up and formed in two lines a short distance in our rear, and several Cohorn mortars quickly placed in position some distance to the left of the house, with Arnold's Battery, which was brought up on the run. A rapid

fire was kept up from the enemy's picket line, annoying and endangering the intrenching parties, and soon we were further annoyed by shots from the batteries, but our little Cohorns did effective work in temporarily silencing the guns, and the work was rapidly proceeded with.

Generals Hancock and Barlow, with several members of their respective staffs, came up to inspect the position, and with us proceeded to the spot where the Cohorns were being operated, and, standing a little in rear of them, presented a tempting target to the enemy's artillery men, who suddenly opened fire. One of the shells struck the top of the embankment and exploded, the fragments and contents whizzing amidst the group, covering all with dirt, but fortunately and strangely injuring no one, though it put an end to our curiosity in that direction.

Now several guns of the other side were turned upon the house, and shells and solid shot went tearing through it, but fortunately for the family, the range was above the floor, and none struck as low as the basement where they were sheltered.

One shell exploded in the "best room," shattering everything breakable and tearing into shreds the silk curtains of an old-fashioned canopied bed, but without setting it on fire. The women and children downstairs were completely unnerved by fright, and were alternately shrieking and praying. Their position was indeed a trying one, entitling them to the warmest sympathy and to our protection, as far as we could give it. We made occasional visits to the basement windows, and attempted to reassure them, while we ourselves were filled with the keenest apprehensions for their safety, and vainly urged them to remove under escort to a place of security in the rear, for a slight depression of the enemy's guns would

perhaps cause an explosion in their midst, as had happened in the room overhead.

Towards evening Ames' Battery came dashing up, was quickly unlimbered and thrown into position some distance to the left of Arnold's, and a furious cannonade from both soon drew the fire from the house, relieving the situation a little of its horrors, and a brisk artillery duel was kept up until most of the enemy's guns were silenced. In this engagement Lieutenant Hunt, of Ames' Battery, had his heel torn off by a fragment of shell and was carried to the portico of the Shelton house, where he narrowly escaped being crushed by a falling pillar, knocked out by one of the enemy's shots.*

Our intrenched line ran along the edge of the bank of the ravine, and a row of slave cabins stood in rear of it and to the left of the house. Some of the artillery caissons were placed by the cabins to be convenient to the guns and yet concealed from the enemy by the cabins, from which it was supposed that all the negroes had fled. In the very midst of the cannonading an old black granny came out of a cabin, and innocently emptied a pan of hot ashes close to a caisson. Coals from the ash-pan must have fallen into the scattered powder or into a cartridge bag, for an explosion followed, demolishing caisson and cabin and killing and wounding several of the artillerists and infantrymen near it. Will some one ask what became of the

*The writer visited the Shelton family in the autumn of 1865, and was received most kindly and hospitably. We had wondered, at the time of the battle, why the fire of the enemy's guns was so savagely centered upon the house. Mr. Shelton stated that when we occupied the bank of the creek, he wished to return to his family, but was not permitted to do so, and was detained at General Breckenridge's headquarters; that when the shelling commenced, he begged that the guns might not be turned upon the house, but Breckenridge assured him that the family must have gone to the rear; that we were using the house for an observation tower, and also for a shelter behind which to mass troops, and that we must be shelled out of that position. Thus he was compelled to witness the bombardment his family endured by the guns of his friends, while he was helpless to stay it.

old woman? We never learned. She disappeared with the cabin.*

All day long we were compelled to endure the danger of exploding shells and the short-range fire of the skirmish line, and just before dark were ordered to move forward to attack the enemy, and were forming for the charge when Hancock, who had come to the front in person, countermanded the order.

That evening the Second New York Heavy Artillery (lately from the defenses at Washington), commanded by Colonel J. N. G. Whistler, was assigned to our Brigade and placed in position on its left. Its line was longer than that of the five regiments we already had, and it was divided into three battalions to make it more nearly correspond with them in our future maneuvers. To myself fell the duty of seeing that it properly intrenched itself, which, with other duties, occupied most of the night and gave little opportunity for rest, something we much desired, not only because we were nearly worn out, but because we felt that hot work awaited us in the morning.

When the first streaks of dawn appeared we were put to work still further to strengthen our defenses by an abbatiss of felled trees, and many a shot whizzed uncomfortably near us as we went from place to place along the line superintending the work. A heavy mail, the first we had received since leaving the lines at Spottsylvania, made glad the hearts of many. To some it brought messages of love from anxious hearts at home; to Miles his Brigadier's commission, and we read and discussed the letters and papers amidst a continuous fire of the sharpshooters.

A group of officers was gathered at the Shelton house awaiting the baskets containing our breakfast, wondering what the day would bring forth. The

*General Walker, in his history of the Second Corps, p. 50, says she escaped unhurt, and adds: "In the army, it always was the fool doing the mischief who got off safe."

breakfast arrived and was uncovered, but at an unfortunate moment, for the rebel batteries again opened with a furious cannonade, and shot and shell again came tearing through the house, one shell with seeming malice coming through the wall and casing of a window, almost burying our breakfast in lime, bricks and shattered glass.

A few minutes later Captain McCullough, commanding the Eighty-First Pennsylvania, was mortally wounded by a sharp-shooter. The mail had just brought him his commission as Major, and we had hardly ceased our congratulations when his call came. At the same time it was reported that the enemy had left his works, and we had orders to fall in for an assault. To me fell the lot of directing the movement of our new Regiment, the Second New York Heavy Artillery. This Regiment, with the One Hundred and Eighty-Third Pennsylvania, was to charge its direct front, while the rest of the Brigade was to charge obliquely to the right, making thus two lines of assault diverging from each other. The two regiments, one full and the other a skeleton, moved finely down the slope to the creek bottom, but there found itself floundering in a bushy marsh of some width, while on the sharp bluff on the other side was plainly visible a well-manned breastwork. The marsh and stream were between us and the enemy's position, and while the men, sinking to their middles in oozy mud, were doing their best to push through it, a galling and plunging fire was directed upon them from the rebel line. It was more than new troops could stand—probably more than older troops could be expected to stand. Their Colonel ordered them to lie down and conceal themselves as best they could under shelter of the bushes, and begged me to report to Miles that it was utterly impossible to continue the charge in such a morass, under such a murderous fire.

Remounting, I rode safely up the hill, and found Miles and Barlow together, closely watching the movement. Delivering Colonel Whistler's message, Barlow replied, "Go back to Colonel Whistler and tell him there must be no impossibilities; that his Regiment must charge the works in his front at once, and to do it with a yell." I was about to state my own opinion of the situation, but he cut me off by saying, "You are losing valuable time; they must push forward at once." I turned and rode rapidly down the bullet-swept slope. Whiz-zip, sang the minies in my ears, but one gave a different note. I reeled, had consciousness enough to slip my feet from the stirrups, and then went flying through air. That message was never delivered. That charge was never made. It is a strange sensation one has when he feels himself flying, and knows not whether towards earth or towards worlds beyond. When consciousness began to return it seemed as if the most delicious music filled the air, but its symphonies gradually dissolved into the rattle of musketry, the crashing booms of cannon, and the yells of contending men, mingled with the groans of the wounded and dying. My faithful horse stood over me, mournfully whinnying and licking my face.

Men, singly and in groups, were rushing by me up the slope, hoping to gain a place of safety, numbers of them falling, until the slope was dotted with their writhing or silent forms. Several stopped and tried to rescue me, but every such attempt brought a vengeful volley, and the attempt would be abandoned. At last one of our guns was brought to bear upon that part of the lines, and during the consequent lull in the enemy's volleys, I was rolled into a blanket and borne to the breastworks thence on stretchers and in ambulance to the field hospital. That part of the line was not carried. It was proven to be impossible.

The next day a long procession of ambulances and army wagons started for White House Landing, to enable the army to march without such impediments, towards its new lines at Cold Harbor.

It is difficult to describe the torture of two-days' ambulance ride under a hot Virginia sun, over rough corduroy roads and cornfields, with suffering on every side, with death as a constant companion, and often looked at as a welcome relief. It must be experienced to be fully realized.

At last comes the happy end of the journey, when kind hearts greet the survivor with every solace they can offer; when soft-voiced women whisper words of hope, while with loving hands they tenderly wash the dust and blood from the festering wounds until the desponding spirits begin to revive, and hope dawns again; when, placed upon steamers and quietly steaming down the river, the senses, which have been strained almost to the numbness of death by long and acute suffering, begin again to realize the sweetness of life, and lulled to peaceful slumbers, revel in dreams, and wake again to enjoy perfect rest and infinite peace; all this brings hope and content to the heart of the worn-out, wounded soldier, whose face is now set towards the haven of the fireside and the tender care of the loving hearts which await his coming.

Can any one who has partaken of this sacrament of the bloody days of the war neglect to pay a heartfelt tribute to those angels of the battle-field and the hospital, that noble band of heroines who, without hope of rank or fame, hovered close upon the edge of battle to staunch the wounds of the living, and whisper consolation to the dying?

The army nurse! Heaven's choicest blessing rest upon her everywhere, and evermore.

THE ENTERING WEDGE.

BY COLONEL ORAN PERRY.

"The possession of the Mississippi is the possession of America."

—GENERAL W. T. SHERMAN.

It had rained nearly all winter, and the Mississippi was flowing bank full. The Army of the Tennessee, weary of body, sick at heart, lay hugging the levees and the few patches of dry land about Young's Point, while Vicksburg securely sat on her hundred hills, grimly smiling at our discomfiture. Nearly three months before we had gaily sailed away from Memphis, on what was called the "Castor Oil Expedition," a name suggestive of speedy results. We had expected by this time to have gone to the Gulf of Mexico and back again. On the map it seemed an easy thing to do, and the newspapers assured us there was nothing particular in the way. The army had waded all over the country waist deep, and "wherever the ground was a little wet the gunboats had been and made their tracks." But notwithstanding our great expectations and persistent endeavors, every attempt to pass the city or gain a foothold on front, flank or



ORAN PERRY enlisted as a private at Camp Wayne, Richmond, Ind., April 19, 1861, and mustered into United States service May 14, 1861, and was appointed Sergeant-Major, May 23, and mustered out of service at Washington City, May 14, 1862, by reason of expiration of term of service. He was appointed Adjutant Sixty-ninth Indiana, July 18, 1862; promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel, March 13, 1863; made Colonel by brevet by the President, March 26, 1865, on the recommendation of General C. C. Andrews. "For the reso-

lute and courageous manner in which he led his battalion in the charge at Fort

rear, had resulted in dismal failure, and now we were at work in the big canal, hoping in due time that the great flood which had hindered us so much in other operations might be turned to good account at last, and be made to aid us in our voyage to the sea. These were the dark days of the war; confinement on crowded boats, exposure to weather, lack of wholesome provisions, and Yazoo water had yielded us many thousands sick in hospital, and an exceedingly large number unfit for full duty in camp. The wail of the fife and the doleful roll of the muffled drum could be heard at almost all hours of the day. We were so surrounded with water, and had so little ground to spare, that the question of a burial place became a serious one. To add to the prevailing gloom, every boat from up the river brought news of the most depressing character. The Army of the Potomac was at bay, and no headway being made anywhere. Volunteering was dragging, and in many places the draft was being resisted. Timid, loyal people, far from the scenes of strife, almost despairing of the Union, wrote despondent letters to the men in the trenches. The copperheads had declared the war a failure and were howling for peace on any terms. The proclamations of the President, freeing the slaves and arming the freedmen, were used by these virulent enemies of the Government to arouse the old prejudice against the "nigger" and induce men to desert, in many instances making their appeals in person. Almost every regiment felt the effect of this influence by the loss of from one to

Blakeley, on the 9th instant, during which he was seriously wounded, for his zeal as an officer and for having a splendid and efficient battallion," he was commissioned Colonel, by Governor Morton, April 13, 1865, but not mustered. He served with the Sixteenth Regiment in the Army of Potomac, until May, 1862; with the Sixty-ninth Regiment under General Nelson in Kentucky; under Sherman against Vicksburg, 1862. In Army of Tennessee under General Grant in all movements against Vicksburg. With Army of the Gulf under General Banks, up the Teche and along the coast of Texas, and with Red River expedition, and with General Gordan

twenty men. One of these reptiles trailed through our camp. He hailed from Indiana, and was of the most poisonous kind.

Up to this time we had lost no men, but in a day or two three or four were missing, which aroused the wrath of the Colonel to such a pitch that, dragging himself from a sick bed and calling out the Regiment, he poured forth a denunciation of copperheads and cowards in a style peculiar to Tom Bennett alone, and made such a magnificent appeal to the patriotism of the men that the current was completely turned, and the old spirit of "'61" once more possessed them. The copperhead was fired from camp and sought safety by flight up the river. The Colonel builded better than he knew, for a large number of officers and men of neighboring regiments, attracted by the crowd, came over to see what was going on, and, swayed by the eloquence of his speech, heartily joined the answering cheers. The spirit of the times spread from camp to camp like a revival, and desertions were at an end.

About this time the rising flood broke through the head of the canal, sweeping away most of the tools and all of our hopes of passing Vicksburg by the Williams' cut-off, stubbornly refusing to finish the task we had begun and spitefully spreading itself over the fields about us, necessitating a hasty change of camp. Nothing daunted, the Great Commander moved us twenty-five miles up the river to Milliken's Bend, where he began his preparations for the last and successful movement, which has no parallel in the history

Granger in Alabama, 1864. With Canby's Army in all operations, resulting in the capture of Mobile, April 9, 1865. Commanded Sixty-ninth Indiana two years, and was mustered out at Mobile, Ala., July 5, 1865. He was engaged in battles at Richmond, Ky., Chickasaw Bluffs, Miss., Arkansas Post, Port Gibson, Champion Hill, Black River Ridge; assault on Vicksburg, May 19 and 22, Jackson, Miss., Alexandria, La., Blakeley, Ala., and many minor actions. Was wounded in the leg and taken prisoner at Richmond, Ky., in the left arm at Port Gibson, and in the head at Blakeley, Miss. Since the war he has been engaged in railroad business in Indianaopolis.

of warfare, which was the turning point in the great rebellion, and in which, as a pioneer, our Regiment, the Sixty-ninth Indiana, was fortunate enough to bear a prominent and honorable part. It was a campaign which, in the language of the Southern historian Pollard, "was one of the most successful and audacious games the enemy had yet attempted. In daring, in celerity of movement and in vigor and decision of its steps, it was the most remarkable of the war."

To General McClermand, of the Thirteenth Corps, was intrusted the task of finding for the passage of the army a practicable route from Milliken's Bend to New Carthage, about twenty-five miles below Vicksburg, where, in due time, it was expected we would meet the gunboats which were to run the batteries and ferry us over the river. The flood was still at its height. The rivers and bayous were over their banks, and well-known roads were out of sight for miles, and the probability of finding a route without a very wide detour to the west seemed extremely doubtful. But the experiment had to be tried, and it only remained to select somebody to do it. It is the special pride of the Sixty-ninth that it was selected by name to seek out the route for the army in this wonderful campaign, and a lasting credit that it was successful in every particular. I quote from the official records of the War of the Rebellion, series 1, volume 24, page 495:

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS.)
March 30, 1863.)

Brigadier-General P. J. Osterhaus, Commanding Ninth Division:

GENERAL:—You will order one regiment, armed and equipped with forty rounds of ammunition in their cartridge boxes, an ammunition wagon laden with suitable ammunition, their camp and garrison equipage and four days' rations, to report opposite these headquarters by 8 o'clock tomorrow, for further orders. I would suggest that the Sixty-ninth Indiana, Colonel Bennett, be detached for the service contemplated. By order Major-General McClermand.

WALTER B. SCATES,

Lieutenant-Colonel and A. A. General.

HEADQUARTERS THIRTEENTH ARMY CORPS, /
MILLIKEN'S BEND, March 30. /

Colonel Bennett, Commanding Sixty-ninth Indiana Volunteers:

COLONEL:—Besides your own regiment, you will have command of detachments of cavalry and pioneers for the purpose of the important expedition with which you are charged. The main purpose of the expedition is to open a practical communication for our forces via Richmond, La., between this camp and New Carthage. Of course, the shortest route, whether by land or water, all other things being equal, would be preferable. It is certain that there is a navigable communication between Richmond and New Carthage, by Roundaway and Bayou Vidal, and it is also believed that there is a road along the bank of Roundaway Bayou almost the whole distance. That route which you can make available for the passage of troops and trains with the least labor and shortest time you will select and make available at the earliest practicable moment. The detachment of pioneers, as already mentioned, will be at your command for that purpose, and Lieutenant William R. McGomas, Aide-de-Camp and Engineer on my staff, will give any assistance in his power. If a practicable route be found, you will not only consider it with reference to passage, but also with reference to its capability of defense, and for this purpose you will select and report suitable sites for posts or garrisons along it. If no practicable route can be found, you will immediately report that fact.

Starting to-morrow you will march to Richmond, and upon personal examination you will decide, in view of military considerations, whether you will encamp on this or the other side of Roundaway Bayou. Upon reaching the bayou at Richmond, it may be found expedient to cross the cavalry first, and send it forward rapidly, under orders to scour the country around Richmond, as far as water will permit, for the purpose of capturing hostile parties, preventing the destruction of cotton and other property, verifying the names and political antecedents to its owners, and bringing in beef cattle.

All cotton abandoned by its owners, or forfeited by treasonable acts, may be brought in and condemned by a Provost-Marshal for the use of the United States, in which case the particular lot of cotton, and facts relating to it, will be reported to these headquarters. You will also report to these headquarters daily of the progress of your operations. Any reinforcements you may request will be promptly forwarded. While you are authorized to draw provisions and forage from the country, giving receipts to owners, payable upon satisfactory proof of their loyalty at the end of the rebellion, you will be strict and prompt to prevent marauding. Let nothing be taken except by your orders.

Until otherwise ordered, you will report to these headquarters, through your Division Commander, Brigadier-General Osterhaus.

Your obedient servant,

JOHN A. McCLEARNAND,

Major-General Commanding

We spent the greater part of night getting ready, and next morning, March 31, at 8 o'clock, the little force, headed by the Colonel and his staff, filed out on the road to Richmond. It consisted of two companies of the Second Illinois Cavalry, with a howitzer battery; the Sixty-ninth Indiana Infantry, the writer in charge, a large company of pontoniers under Captain Patterson, with a long train of pontoons and steamboat yawls. We called ourselves the "Argonauts," and were about 1,000 strong. The men of the neighboring regiments turned out by the roadside to see us off, and we were subjected to the witticisms usual on such occasions.

It was an exceedingly beautiful day; the sun shone as we had not seen it for months. The sweet south winds were softly blowing, bringing health and good cheer to the languishing soldier. The fields were already green and the hillsides were sprinkled with flowers. The trees were rapidly putting on their summer dress and the mocking birds were all atune. The gobbling turkey and cackling hen, the hissing geese and grunting swine, the bleating flocks and lowing herds, lent an additional charm to the landscape, and the heart of the "forager" beat high with joy. This, at last, was the "Promised Land." We trudged along cheerfully, until late in the afternoon we were brought up standing by the big bayou which runs in front of Richmond, the passage of which was disputed by a considerable force of the enemy.

The impracticability of laying a pontoon bridge under fire was soon demonstrated. Losing no time, we brought forward, launched and manned twelve or fifteen yawls under the personal direction of the writer, and supported by the troops on the bank overhead, the crossing was successfully made, one man in the party receiving a slight wound, and an Illinois cavalryman

being killed. We chased the enemy through the town into the country beyond, exchanging shots without casualty on either side, but capturing ten or twelve prisoners and a large rebel mail on its way to Vicksburg and the east. I afterwards understood that our Generals obtained enough valuable information from that mail to make our expedition a success, even if we had failed in other ways. The rest of the Regiment soon followed, leaving the pontoniers to lay the bridge for the cavalry at their leisure. The next morning, April 1, we began scouring the country below Richmond, and by the evening of the 3d. had worked our way down to Smith's Plantation on the Bayou Vidal, when our march came to an abrupt end. The outlook was anything but encouraging. To the south, as far as the eye could reach, the country was like a sea. Carthage was yet several miles away, and from all accounts, under water. Generals McClelland and Osterhaus came down and stayed all night with us, and the dinner we gave them of sweet potatoes, fried kid, stewed chicken and coffee, with real cream in it, I reckon they will never forget. The result of their visit was a determination to take to the water and find, if possible, some high point of ground on the river bank that might eventually be reached by the army. A reconnoissance was made by General Osterhaus and Colonel Bennett in skiffs, who found that a landing could be effected on the levee a few miles below. Immediately setting about to get ready for sea, we brought forward the yawls and took possession of a large scow belonging to the plantation. We boarded it up as high as a man's head, cut por-holes in the sides and ends, arranged the seats and oars like a war galley of old, mounted it with howitzers and ran up the pennant of the Admiral. Altogether, she was something wonderful to behold. We

christened her the "Opossum," but what was the special significance of the name, I am not at this late date able to tell. Launching enough yawls to make sufficient tonnage to carry the field and staff and Companies A. and F., the embarkation took place about one o'clock on the afternoon of April 7, and the fleet set sail amid the good-natured guying of the boys we left behind us.

It was a quaint voyage. Spread out like a line of skirmishers, we rowed down the bayous, across the fields and through the woods; at one time locking with the thick, heavy limbs of the trees, and then again anchoring in the stubborn undergrowth with which the woods were covered. In one of the bayous we struck a strong current flowing to the northward, and after pulling against it for about half an hour, it suddenly and mysteriously turned as strongly to the south, hurrying us along at steamboat speed.

We passed New Carthage under water, and finally came in view of a high, broad level, defended by twenty-five or thirty of the enemy. They were not at all disposed to allow the marines in the yawls to land, but when the "Opossum" hove in sight and gave them a broadside with the howitzers, they were simply paralyzed. The gunboat had always been an object of terror to our Confederate brother, and now here was one more hideous than he had ever seen before, walking across the country, down behind the levee, into the back-door yards. One look was sufficient, and, abandoning all thought of defense of country, homes and firesides, away they went at the top of their speed and we after them, helter-skelter, pell-mell, down the levee, through the lawn of the plantation, for a moment losing themselves among the negro quarters, then past the sawmill, down the levee again and into the woods below. We stopped at the sawmill, steaming

hot and out of breath, the net result of the chase being one dead rebel cavalryman and the occupancy of seventy-five or eighty acres of high ground surrounding the mansion, readily defensible from the south and well stocked with everything under the general term of "forage." We lost no time in strengthening our position, and in a short time had made a strong barricade of logs at right angles with the river and fronting toward the enemy in the south. Anticipating no attack from the river, we gave that side no attention. From the colored people, of whom there were thirty or forty on the plantation, we learned that about two miles down the river was Perkin's plantation, where there was a good boat landing and enough ground to hold a big army, and what they called "an army" of rebels was camping there now. With this information, the Colonel and Major hurried back to Smith's plantation, where Generals McClernand and Osterhaus were anxiously waiting them, leaving me with the little battalion to hold the fort. After arranging for the night, I turned my attention to the mansion, which, up to this time, had shown no signs of life. It was a large, roomy house, on a commanding site, a basement and two stories, wide galleries all around it and a balcony on top.

Accompanied by the Adjutant, I ascended the broad, imposing flight of stairs to the first gallery and knocked at the door, which, after some delay, was opened by a tall, slender, dark-complexioned man with an abundance of long, iron-gray hair brushed behind his ears, and apparently sixty-five years of age, who, with the air of a grandee, begged to know what he could do for us, immediately adding that he supposed that our business was rather with Harrison's Battalion than himself, incapacitated by age from defending his country, but that he was proud to say that he was

ably represented by four sons in the battalion, who would be glad to measure lances with us any time. Such being the case, he begged that further intercourse between us might cease, and, with a magnificent wave of his hand, he bade us good-night. Unawed by his grandiloquence, we told him we thought he did not fully appreciate the situation; that our presence on his place could not so easily be ignored; that in time he might come to take a great deal of interest in us; that for several days we had been doing our best to make the acquaintance of Harrison's Battalion, without success, and that we now thought a number of them were concealed in his house, and we would be glad to have them produced and save ourselves the trouble and himself the mortification of searching the house.

His interest in us was aroused at once, and after a good deal of talk about every man being a king in his own castle, he protested in the strongest terms against the idea that he was hiding men that should be in the field and in arms, asserting that none but his own household were under the roof, and entreated us to take the word of a Southern gentleman, incapable of lying even to save his life. The idea of searching his house seemed so abhorrent to him that we told him we would take his word for it, and we politely bade him good-night and happy dreams, not neglecting, however, to place guards at all the doors of the house, an unnecessary precaution, as we afterwards learned. Our cheerful acceptance of his word won his friendship, as far as he could consistently give it to an enemy, and the next day he invited us to take quarters in his house. This haughty old man interested me very much. He was the first Southerner of the ultra type with whom I had ever come in personal contact. He was as proud and punctilious as a Span-

iard, as courteous as a Knight of the Round Table, and possessed of a polished sort of egotism that was very charming in him. He was a firm believer and staunch defender of every political and social dogma of the South, and an active participant in all the measures that plunged the country into war, being a member of the legislature that had passed the ordinance of secession, a lithograph copy of which hung on his parlor wall. His name was Joshua James, and his greatest regret was that he had not been able to sign it as conspicuously as had John Hancock the Declaration of Independence.

He was possessed of a good share of physical and moral courage, and when we first came, did not hesitate to berate us soundly for hanging around his house, instead of going out and fighting Harrison's Battalion like men. He seemed to think we were a lot of marauders sent down to punish him for the part he had taken in secession and for a day or two quite enjoyed his martyrdom. Notwithstanding his uncompromising hostility to our cause and his grandiose championship of his own, he had many admirable traits and we grew to like him very much. In one way and another he was a prominent figure in the daily events during our stay at Ion.

The next day the Colonel came down with the rest of the regiment, leaving the cavalry to look up some roads to the west of Smith's plantation. His orders were to hold the position we had gained, at all hazards, until the gunboats ran the blockade, which would probably be a day or so at farthest. About noon the next day the enemy showed up in considerable force, planted some artillery and kept us busy dodging shells for three or four hours. In response, we did a good deal in the way of sharp shooting and made a big fuss with the howitzers, with what effect I never knew.

While this was going on we noticed Mr. James promenading on the second gallery, and the Colonel sent me up to take a walk with him. The old gentleman disclaimed any intention of signaling his friends, but was frank enough to say that he had come up hoping to see us taken in by Harrison's Battalion. He evidently expected great things of the battalion, and was quite dejected when he finally saw them withdraw. They came back again next day and kept us in a very unhappy frame of mind until the sun went down. As night closed in we turned our faces toward Vicksburg and listened longingly for the big guns up the river.

To no one was night more welcome than the darkeys of the plantation. The abject terror of these poor people during the shelling was the most pitiful, and, at the same time, the most comical thing I ever saw. At the firing of the first shell they would rush for the barricade, wedge themselves under the logs, and, aside from the rolling of eyes as big as saucers, would lie there perfectly motionless and speechless all day long. No amount of coaxing, kicking or cuffing would move them. If you picked one up and stood him on his feet, he would make no resistance; but once let go of him, he went down in a heap like a lot of jelly, and, apparently without any effort, roll under the log again.

The wreck of the *Indianola* lay against the bank on the other side, and during the night some of our boys went over in a yawl, brought away the steam pipe, mounted it on wheels and planted it behind our works, making a faint attempt to screen it behind some bushes. Then the Colonel took Company G. down the levee a little ways and burnt a house that had been affording their pickets shelter during the day and stood in the way of giving our "Quaker" gun a clean sweep.

They came up smiling next morning, planted the guns as usual, and began the daily grind. We showed ourselves around the place pretty freely, but made no reply. Suddenly they ceased firing, and there was a great deal of running to and fro, seeking positions for use of field glasses, and then, very much to the relief of ourselves and our colored friends, they limbered to the rear. With our "Quaker" gun we had gained a bloodless victory for the day, but we sat up late that night, still listening for the guns up the river.

In the meantime, the dangers, discomforts and anxieties of the situation were largely offset by the splendid bill of fare furnished at the expense of the unwilling host of Ion. Every day the stock became a little smaller. Every day Mr. James begged the Colonel to set aside something that he might call his own, to save him the humiliation of eating the bread of Uncle Sam. until one day the Colonel told him that this was war, something, perhaps, he had not taken into consideration when he had so readily voted for secession; that he would probably be bankrupted, and in time the bread of Uncle Sam would be very sweet to him. He turned away without reply, as if yielding to his fate, but in a day or two he came to our room in a high state of excitement and indignation, saying that he recognized our right as an enemy to take whatever was necessary for the subsistence of the troops; but there was a point when, in all common decency, the line should be drawn. He said, "Your men have used up all the cattle, sheep and hogs; have robbed all the hen roosts and sucked all the eggs; have eaten the pet rabbits, and now, Colonel, they are about to kill three calves, only two weeks old." "Only two weeks old," shouted the Colonel, with a nervous twitching at the corners of his mouth, and an expression of intense disgust spreading over his face. For the moment we

thought the old Confederate had won his suit, but, after a gasp and a gulp or two, the Colonel's loyalty overcame his nausea and he blandly replied, "My dear Mr. James, if the boys can stand it, you certainly can." This was the last straw, and the old man never after made another protest. He accepted the situation with resignation, and it was one of our greatest pleasures during the rest of our stay to keep his larders well filled from the abundant stores of "Uncle Sam."

Late in the afternoon of the 16th, to our great surprise, we saw the smoke of a steamer down the river, and we hurried up to the balcony to get a better view of her. The cold chills ran up and down our backs when Mr. James told us that it was the rebel ram "Queen of the West," which had sunk the Indianola a short time before, and our hair fairly stood on end as we looked down on our flank so exposed to the river. She came slowly steaming up, and we momentarily expected to see the enemy file out of the woods in our front. We summoned up all hands and disposed ourselves as best we could for safety and defense. With bulging eyes we watched her as she came almost on our flank, then turned her nose towards us, then her broadside, and then, to our great amazement and relief, steamed majestically down the river without firing a gun, and to this day I can't tell why, unless it was simply a reconnoissance preparatory to a later attack by land and water. We felt as if a few more experiences like that, in such an exposed, helpless place would turn our heads gray, so the Colonel hurried the Adjutant off to Smith's plantation with a report of the affair.

The next day we were joined by the Forty-ninth Indiana, who brought the welcome news that the gunboats would run the blockade the next night. We

were exceedingly glad to see them. For sixteen days we had been on the outpost, our nerves at high tension all the time, and we were beginning to want to share the responsibility and anxiety with some one else. They assisted us in fortifying the river front, and in a short time we were ready for the "Queen," the "Webb" or any other gunboat. Late in the afternoon the steamer made her appearance down at Perkin's plantation, but came no further. We were afterwards told that she was landing troops from Grand Gulf, reinforcing those already there, with the intention of attacking us next day. This was Mr. James' supposition at the time, and he seemed very happy to think he was to be relieved of us so soon. In anticipation of the coming event of the night, the officers of the Forty-ninth joined us in the second gallery of the mansion. It was a beautiful night, and our spirits were at high tide. We had an unusual number of good singers among us, and some one, I don't remember who, introduced, for the first time, the now well-known song of "Rally 'Round the Flag." It was a catchy air, well suited to the occasion, and we sang it over and over again until we were almost in a camp-meeting frenzy. Mr. James sat with us, enjoying the melody, even if he did not concur in the sentiment, and expressed great admiration for us, that we were able to enjoy ourselves so much with the almost certain prospect of defeat and capture staring us in the face.

The Colonel, thinking it a safe time to disabuse his mind, told him frankly that we were on our way to Vicksburg; that the gunboats and transports would pass the batteries that night, and in a few days Grant's Army would file through his front door yard; that the Confederacy would be split in two, and that we were simply the "entering wedge." His amazement was so great that it took him some little time to

realize it all. He had not once thought of the possibility of such a thing, and now he could understand why we had held on so tenaciously to Ion. Poor Harrison's Battalion! All of his hopes for it as a defender of his country were scattered to the winds. He admitted that if we ever set foot on the railroad track back of Vicksburg, that their cause was lost, and that would be the time to sue for peace. But he took comfort in the old saying, "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip." The boats had not yet run the batteries, and the army was not yet over the river. About 11 o'clock, when the excitement was at the highest, there came from up the river a heavy boom, then another, and another in quick succession, until the air was filled with the deep bellowing of the guns. Then a great light went up and brightened the sky for an hour or two, and speculation was rife as to the cause. It remained an open question until the next day, when it was found to have been the burning of the ill-fated "Henry Clay." The firing did not cease until about 3 o'clock, when we parted company, strong in the hope of success. We turned out after a nap of two or three hours, but found no boats in sight. About 8 o'clock we sighted three or four barges floating down the river, which we towed in and tied to the bank. They were loaded with the camp equipage of several divisions of the army, and we took from one of them a brand new silk flag, and in bravado hoisted it on the balcony of the mansion, where it could be seen alike by friend and foe. The morning hours dragged on slowly, and between our faltering hopes of success above and apprehensions of attack from below, we were in a very troubled state of mind. But about noon we "saw the smoke 'way up the river, where the Linkum gunboats lay," and we made a rush for the balcony, to find Mr. James there ahead of us. The old man was very grave, the pallor of his

face furnishing evidence of the trouble and excitement of the past few hours. All morning he had been buoyed up with the hope that the venture was a failure, but now he stood on the balcony, his face turned eagerly up the river with the despairing look of the gambler about to cast his last dice. We, too, earnestly scanned the river, hoping for the best.

At last, just at noon, there steamed 'round the bend the "Benton," then the "Louisville," and in quick succession, the "Tuscumbia," "Carondelet," "Lafayette," "Mound City," "Pittsburgh," "Cincinnati" and the transport "Silver Wave," and a great, triumphant shout went up from every throat on Ion, save one. The old man gazed at the fleet a few moments in a dazed sort of way, and then, as if suddenly realizing the tremendous consequences to follow, threw up his hands, exclaiming, "My God! this is the entering wedge!" and, kneeling down, bowed his head on the railing, sobbing as if his heart would break. Feeling that further exultation in his presence would be but brutal cruelty, we quietly slipped away, leaving him still kneeling, with the flag of our country floating caressingly over his troubled head.

In the course of half an hour the boats had all tied up or anchored in front of the mansion, and the celebration that followed was something to be remembered the rest of our lives. It was interrupted long enough to allow the Forty-ninth and Sixty-ninth to march down to Perkin's plantation, preceded by a gun boat, shelling the woods. The enemy had withdrawn to Grand Gulf during the night, doubtless having had the news of the running of the batteries by telegraph from Vicksburg. We returned to Ion, and that night we gathered up our singers, went on board the Benton and sang for Admiral Porter and General Grant for two or three hours. There was nothing too good for us on the Benton that night.

Wednesday, April 27, at 4 a. m., the Forty-ninth and Sixty-ninth broke camp, turned our backs on Ion forever, and by 6 o'clock were in our quarters at the splendid camping ground at Perkin's. Here ended the special service for which we had been detailed; a successful mission, full of danger, adventure and anxiety, not unmixed with pleasure; an honorable and distinguished service, having piloted to this rendezvous the army which was destined to win immortal fame in one of the grandest campaigns in the history of war.

During our occupancy of Ion, we had sent several excursions by water to the west, operating in connection with the cavalry from Smith's plantation, and had found, by making a detour of several miles west, a practicable route from Smith's to Perkin's plantation, the water having subsided enough to allow the passage of troops, and by this road the army came pouring in. In the meantime, a fleet of seven transports and a number of barges had run the batteries at Vicksburg and were now tied up at Perkin's. On these we embarked on the morning of April 29.

Then came Grand Gulf, Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Black River and Vicksburg.

The Confederacy was split in two, and "The great river went unvexed to the sea."

Franklin's Battle-Field To-Day.

BY LIEUTENANT THOMAS H. B. MCCAIN.

It is not the province of this paper to enter into a detailed account of the battle of Franklin, fought on the 30th day of November, 1864. Neither the scope of the subject assigned nor the time allotted would permit, however tempting and inviting the field, but I will say that the history of the war records no braver charge than that of Hood's forces in that engagement. Without cover, that solid phalanx swept over an open plain, through an immense cotton field, in the face of a terrible fire of musketry, grape and canister, not only once, but twice, thrice, and on some portions of the Union lines as many as six and eight times. Before that withering storm the Confederate hordes fell like grass before a scythe, but the survivors passed on, into the ditch, and at the Carter house, over the works, where they were met with clubbed gun and bayonet. For a moment it seemed that the day was lost, when a superb dash by O'pdycke's Brigade drove back over the intrenchments those who remained alive, and the Union line was re-



THOMAS H. B. MCCAIN was born in Clinton County, Ind., January 24, 1839. He attended the public schools and worked on a farm until he reached the age of seventeen years, when he entered a printing office where he remained two years; he then entered the Thorntown Academy, working at the printing business and teaching school at intervals. He enlisted as a private in the Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry, September, 1862; was promoted to Sergeant-Major of the same regiment, September, 1863. He served in this capacity until he was promoted to First

Lieutenant of his company, and mustered out as such at close of the war. In

established. The carnage was frightful. Rarely in the war was such deadly work done as during the afternoon of that brief November day.

The line of defense as established by General Schofield was about a mile and a half in length, both flanks resting on the river. This line was chosen for the reason that at the Carter house there is a slight knoll over which runs the Columbia turnpike, and with the crest running east and west. Between the lines of the two armies a plain extended, broken by slight undulations and little hills, with here and there clumps of bushes. Beyond are the forest and hills where General Hood formed his lines. From the moment of going into position early that morning the Union troops worked energetically in the erection of breastworks of earth and logs, the latter being taken from a cotton-gin and an old log barn.

Franklin, a town with a population of 2,800, is situated on the south side of Harpeth river, a narrow but deep stream with high banks, a bend of which encloses more than half the town, leaving only a part of the south and west sides exposed. Three roads converge from the south, the Lewisburg, the Columbia, and the Carter's Creek turnpikes. One railroad, running north and south, did the business of the town then, and does now. On the north bank of the river was a fort, known as Fort Granger, built two years before the battle, which commanded the town, a stretch of river on the left, and the cut for the rail-

September, 1862, his regiment was sent to the defense of Cincinnati, and from there to Louisville, and in pursuit of General Bragg through Kentucky. He reached Nashville with his regiment in November, 1862. He participated in the battle of Stone River, December 31, 1862, at which time he was captured and taken to Richmond, Va., and afterwards exchanged. He participated in the battles of Chickamauga and Mission Ridge, and was in all the battles of the Atlanta campaign in which the army of the Cumberland was engaged; also at Franklin and Nashville. Since the war he has been engaged in newspaper work. He is now connected with the *Crawfordsville Journal*, and has been a resident of that city for thirty years. His paper is one of the best in the State.

road. Traces of the fort can still be seen. The earthworks are yet plainly distinguishable and are likely to remain so for some time, as they are well covered with sod and the ground used only for pasturage. It was here that two spies were hung in 1863 by order of General Rosecrans. They rode up to Colonel Baird's headquarters, then commanding the post, and represented themselves to be Federal officers with instructions from the War Department to make an inspection of the Union forces. They exhibited their authority duly and properly signed. A loan of \$50 and a pass to Nashville were requested and granted. Before reaching the picket lines they were overtaken by Colonel Baird's Adjutant-General with a request that they return to headquarters. The Colonel had entered into telegraphic communication with the Department, and with the assurance that no such officers were known there, he at once placed them under arrest. The evidence against them was so strong that they made a confession, and that night before midnight they were dangling from a wild cherry tree near the fort.

Although thirty-three years have elapsed since the "useless butchery at Franklin," as General Joseph E. Johnston characterized that engagement, there has been but little change in the appearance of the battle-field, but such as has been wrought by the ravages of time. True, the earthworks, then hastily thrown up, have been leveled, except about one hundred yards on the extreme right of the Federal line, the position then occupied by Kimball's division of the Fourth Corps, which is in grass and has never been tilled. There are now no traces of the withering storm of battle, save the scars left by musketry and artillery on the Carter dwelling and outbuildings which still stand, a point on the line famous as the scene of the

bloodiest of that bloody conflict. A few saplings of the locust thicket to the west and south of the house have grown to be stately trees. The old cotton-gin, just across the Columbia turnpike to the east and south perhaps a hundred yards, has been replaced by an institution of learning, and which is known as "Battle-Ground Academy," where are taught the arts of peace instead of the science of grim-visaged war. The students of this institution some years ago began the erection of a monument hard by the academy building, on the spot where the gin-house stood, in memory of their kindred and friends, who fell that day, and who sleep in a little battle cemetery a mile and a half southeast beyond the town. The base of this unfinished shaft is about ten feet square, the top seven feet square, and its height ten feet. It is built of the stone taken from the gin-house foundation. Through the philanthropic efforts of Miss Mary A. Gay the remains of the Confederate dead were placed in boxes and reinterred in this little cemetery. In the summer and fall of 1865 she traveled all over the Southern States and collected by voluntary subscription money sufficient for this purpose, the ground having been donated by Colonel John McGavock, a wealthy land owner. As soon as this was done Miss Gay again started on her travels, and with the money she obtained from the sale of a book, of which she was the author, together with voluntary contributions, she obtained the funds necessary to enclose the cemetery with a neat iron fence, which will stand a monument to her tireless energy as well as to her devotion to the Confederate dead. Some years ago the "Bivouac of Confederate Soldiers" at Franklin appointed a committee to confer with the Governors of the various States whose dead are buried there, to induce them to recommend to their respective Legis-

latures an appropriation of money to build a monument and to place head and foot stones to each grave. This was done, and besides, there stands a monument twenty feet high dedicated to the "Unknown Dead." Each State also has a separate monument. The "Bivouac" has a permanent fund of about \$1,000, the interest of which is used in beautifying the grounds. Many bodies were taken away after the battle, but the number left—1,485—are mournful evidences of that evening's awful carnage.

An Incident in the Last Nashville Campaign.

BY LIEUTENANT JOHN E. VOUGHT.

The autumn of 1864 came and found the army of General Sherman flushed with victory—anxious to crown its achievements with added laurels—eager to push on against the demoralized army of Hood—to find, to fight and to conquer it wherever it might be met. Atlanta, “the gateway to the South,” had fallen into the hands of the Western army, and the master mind of its Commander was mapping out a new line of operations, seemingly hesitating as to whether his objective point should be Mobile, on the south, or Savannah, on the east—whether he should march to the gulf or to the sea.

Meanwhile, over the single line of railroad connecting him with his base of supplies, every available engine and car was employed in hurrying forward to Atlanta such quartermaster's, commissary's and ordnance stores as would be needed by him in his future operations. But while this was being done the dash-



JOHN E. VOUGHT was born in Warren County, N. J., February 9, 1833. He was apprenticed to learn the trade of printer at Belvedere, N. J., April, 1846. He came to Ohio in 1850, where he followed his trade. He entered the service as private in the One Hundred and Third Ohio Infantry, August 21, 1862; was promoted to Sergeant, First Sergeant, successively. May 18, 1865, he was commissioned First Lieutenant, which rank he held until mustered out of the service at the close of the war. He participated in all the campaigns in Kentucky and Tennessee, including the siege of Knoxville. His regiment, belonging to the Twenty-third A. C., commanded by

ing, restless, impetuous commander of the rebel forces slipped by the right wing of Sherman's army and swept down upon the railroad, between the Chattahoochie and the Etowah, destroying the track, burning the bridges, driving from their posts the weaker garrisons and laying siege to Allatoona, the most important position, in a strategic point of view, between Atlanta and Dalton. This movement of Hood made it necessary for Sherman to turn backward over the road that had led him to his splendid achievements—not only that he might relieve the beleaguered garrison at Allatoona and restore the railroad where it had been destroyed, but to overtake, if possible, the army of Hood and defeat and disperse it, or, failing that, drive it so far southward that it might not be a menace to such future movements as he had in contemplation. The rebel commander did not wait to try conclusions with Sherman, but fled before him, the chase leading northward past Dalton, thence southward again by way of Rome, and southwestward across the border into Alabama, where further pursuit, except by the cavalry, was abandoned.

On the 28th day of October the army of General Sherman set out on the return march to Atlanta. Two days later, at Rome, the Twenty-third Corps parted from the main army and turned northward toward Chattanooga, its ultimate destination being Nashville, where Thomas had been stationed to watch and check the operations of Hood should the latter, in-

General Schofield, took an active part in the Atlanta campaign, and with that corps was a part of the force left to whip Hood. He was in the battles of Franklin and Nashville and the pursuit of Hood. Subsequently the corps was transferred to North Carolina after Hood's defeat where Lieutenant Vought saw the end of the war in the surrender of Johnston. At the close of the war he returned to Ohio and settled in Cincinnati. In July, 1870, he made Indianapolis his home; since that date he has held responsible positions in the *Indianapolis Journal*. Few men are so well informed regarding the history of the army in which he served as Lieutenant Vought.

stead of returning to Georgia to annoy Sherman, attempt to create a diversion by inaugurating a new campaign in Tennessee and Kentucky.

The regiment to which I belonged, the One Hundred and Third Ohio Infantry, had been detailed to guard the train belonging to General Schofield's headquarters, and we reached the vicinity of Chattanooga with it on the 5th of November. Meanwhile the Corps had gone forward by rail to Nashville. Our regiment reached the latter city on the night of the 17th, and on the following morning we were sent on by rail to Pulaski, to which point General Thomas had ordered General Schofield, with his own Corps, the Twenty third, and the Fourth Corps, under General Stanley, to watch the operations of Hood, who was known to be in northern Alabama, in the vicinity of Decatur, and who, it was believed, contemplated crossing the Tennessee and moving against Nashville.

It was understood among us that the orders to General Schofield were to simply keep close watch upon Hood, and if he appeared in his front in strong force, to retreat upon Nashville, offering only such resistance as would retard the advance of the rebel forces, and by this means secure to General Thomas additional time in which to strengthen his position at that city and gather in his scattered troops for its defense. As had been expected, Hood crossed the Tennessee in the vicinity of Mussel Shoals, and moved northward. In his memoirs, General Grant gives the date of the inauguration of Hood's northward movement as the 17th of November. Instead of moving directly against Pulaski, he attempted to flank General Schofield and get between his army and Duck river. Owing to the dilatory movements of General Schofield, this attempt came near being crowned with success. Even as it was, he made the race for Columbia and the passage of

Duck river uncomfortably close, and serious consequences to the forces under General Schofield were very narrowly averted.

Referring again to General Grant's Memoirs, I find that he says, with reference to this affair, that General Schofield, on observing the forward movement of Hood, at once sent his trains to the rear, but did not himself fall back until the 21st. The fact is that General Schofield did not abandon Pulaski until about noon of the 23d. In this retreat our regiment was again detailed to look after the safety of the headquarters' train. Starting from Pulaski about noon, we reached Lynnville, twelve miles distant, shortly after sunset and went into camp for the night, our orders being to resume the march at 6 o'clock in the morning. About 2 o'clock in the morning, however, a courier came galloping up to General Schofield's tent, bearing the information that a strong column of the enemy, moving on a parallel road, had already gained such an advantage in the race that great danger to General Schofield's command could only be averted by a quick and rapid movement toward Columbia. Immediately the notes of "The Assembly" rang out on the clear morning air and word was hurriedly passed along the line to fall in and prepare to march as quickly as possible. Little time was given for preparation. The men were tired and foot-sore from the short march of the previous afternoon on the hard pike—a footing they had been unused to for many months—but there was no grumbling at the sudden call. On the contrary, every man was as eager as the Commander to be on the march as soon as could be; and by the time the teams were hitched and the train started on the road, the men were ready to fall in at its rear, and then the race for the bridges of Duck river was resumed.

By sunrise we began to hear the sharp crack of rifles on our left, where the cavalry of Wilson was disputing the ground, inch by inch, with the head of Hood's column. This accompaniment kept pace with our rapid march until Columbia was reached, early in the day.

General Schofield speedily disposed his forces so as to hold the enemy in check while preparations were making to cross the river. Throughout all of that and the five succeeding days, light skirmishing was kept up with the enemy, together with considerable cannonading on both sides, with but little loss suffered by either.

On the third day after our arrival at Columbia, our regiment was withdrawn from its position in the line (its place being filled by a regiment from the Fourth Corps), and sent across the river. On the 28th we were ordered to take the headquarters' train some four miles to the rear, which we did, and went into camp to await further orders. In the afternoon of the 29th we were ordered to proceed with the train toward Nashville.

Meantime General Schofield had sent General Stanley, with two light divisions of the Fourth Corps, to occupy Spring Hill, a place of considerable strategic importance about nine miles from the river. Upon our arrival at Spring Hill we were met by a member of General Stanley's staff, who inquired of our commanding officer whether he was acting under special orders. Being answered in the affirmative, he asked if the orders could not be so construed as to permit our packing the train and stopping for a while to support a battery. It appeared that General Stanley had every available musket of his small force in position on his extended and rather attenuated line, with not a man in reserve, while close at hand, almost within a stone's throw of the spot where we had halted, on a

slight elevation to the right of the road, were posted four guns—two brass pieces belonging to Captain Goodspeed's Battery, and two regulation guns belonging to that of Captain Marshall—both of Ohio—and there was not even a company of infantry to support them. The officer commanding our Regiment, Captain Harry S. Pickands, was a much better fighter than disciplinarian, and he readily consented to give his orders a liberal construction and stop for a while with the battery. The train was packed, knapsacks unslung, and in a few minutes the men of the One Hundred and Third were crouching behind a hastily improvised rail breastwork, which could not have stopped a pebble vigorously thrown, awaiting developments with becoming calmness. A few moments later trouble began.

While General Schofield was leisurely crossing Duck river by the bridge, General Cheatham, who commanded a corps of Hood's army, had crossed the stream farther up, and by a wide detour had got past the left of Schofield's army, and made a forced march for Spring Hill. His arrival within striking distance had evidently but slightly preceded our own arrival at that point, for, as I have intimated, hardly had we taken position on the hill by the battery before Cheatham's men began to make the situation interesting on the left of Stanley's line. The hill upon which we were stationed formed a level plateau of limited extent, its sides sloping precipitously to the north and east. From its foot a broad field of grass land stretched away, bounded on the east by a cornfield, which, in turn, was bounded on the northern and eastern sides by a wood of considerable extent. It was in this wood and cornfield that the opposing forces met. The rebel Commander had extended the right of his line so as to overlap the left of the Federal troops,

who thus found themselves subjected to a galling fire in front, while they were at the same time enfiladed on the left. It was the work of a few moments only. A few scattering shots by the pickets were followed with startling promptness by a crash of musketry along the entire line of attack. Overpowered by numbers and demoralized by the enfilading fire, the Federal troops broke from their line and rushed, panic-stricken, across the open field toward the road. One who has never witnessed a stampede of soldiers—his brothers in arms—can have but faint conception of the heartsick feeling it causes in the looker-on, who, removed from the influences which caused the panic, can with comparative calmness weigh and consider its consequences. This stampede was but a small affair, yet it was altogether characteristic, and fairly illustrates all occurrences of that kind. The backward rush of the men could only be compared with that of a vast herd of animals made frantic by fear. The field officers of the broken troops and those of the staff who were at hand rode up and down among the panic-stricken men, here, there and everywhere—entreating, threatening, swearing—appealing to their pride, their honor, their sense of shame, to about and face the enemy. It was quite useless. Safety seemed to lie in getting as far away from the enemy as possible.

Meanwhile the four guns with us upon the hill had opened on the advancing rebel force, and their fire was supplemented as the enemy came in gunshot distance, by the two hundred and odd rifles of our little regiment. It seemed a feeble resistance to oppose against such a force, but it evidently had a salutary effect. The enemy responded to our fire with a brisk fusillade, and for a few minutes the leaden shower pattered about us in a lively manner—fortunately,

with no great damage to us, it resulting only in the killing of a single artilleryman and the slight wounding of two or three men. Then the fire of the rebels ceased, and they withdrew out of range. While this exchange of compliments was going on the broken line of the Union troops was reformed, and the men took up again their old position. Their panic was over, and they would themselves, no doubt, have been entirely unable to account for it. They were soldiers who had seen much service and encountered greater danger on many fields without flinching. On the following day, behind the breastworks at Franklin, with their comrades of other commands, they gallantly repulsed the repeated charges of the enemy; and again, two weeks later, at Nashville, they joined in the assault upon the intrenched lines of Hood, and fought with heroic bravery. No man can justly impute cowardice to a soldier who loses his presence of mind when surprised by a furious attack in both front and flank.

Why the rebel Commander failed to profit by the advantage he had gained in this assault I have never been able to understand. Whether it was that the body of his troops was not within supporting distance—whether it was owing to the exhaustion of his orders—or whether it was due to the interposition of an overruling Providence that seems to have watched over us from the day we left Pulaski, I am unable to determine. Most of the soldiers were willing at that time to look upon it in the light of the latter proposition, and were only thankful, the feeling of thankfulness growing more profound as the evening shadows deepened over the landscape and each passing moment lessened the probability of a renewal of the attack. There can be no question that, had the rebels pushed forward after the flying Union troops when

their line was broken, they could easily have seized the road between us and Nashville. At that point there was nothing to offer them organized resistance but the four field pieces mentioned and our small Regiment—not exceeding in strength 240 men and officers. On the other hand, there were enough rebels in sight to have swept over the hill, captured the battery, driven the supporting infantry before them or made them prisoners, and to have held the road until the remainder of Cheatham's Corps could have been brought up. This would have placed the army of General Schofield between two forces—Cheatham's Corps in front, retarding his retreat, and the two Corps of Lee and Stewart pressing him hard in the rear. Thus situated, between the upper and nether millstone, it is hard to conceive how he could have escaped being ground to pieces.

But the enemy failed to take advantage of his opportunity. He stopped short when there was practically no one to resist him; and I never think of the matter even now, after the lapse of nearly a quarter of a century, without feeling anew that profound sense of thankfulness which I experienced on that occasion as the darkness of the night shrouded the scene, and we could see, a half mile away on our front, a long line of little fires springing up, indicating that the enemy had encamped for the night.

Looking to the north, however, we discovered another line of fires, of less extent, which we were at a loss to account for. We felt sure there could be no Union troops in that direction unless reinforcements had been sent from Nashville, and this did not seem probable; and the appearance of these fires, gleaming out brightly through the darkness, not only puzzled us, but aroused a feeling of some apprehension. That feeling of apprehension would doubtless have deep-

ened with one of dismay had we known then, what we learned later, that they were the bivouac fires of the rebel cavalry, who were there holding the road on our line of retreat.

General Schofield had remained at Duck river with his rear guard until nightfall. Then, burning the bridges, he withdrew toward Spring Hill. When he reached the latter place, among the first of his discoveries was the fact that his train was there in park, instead of being well on the way to Harpeth river. There was a rumor that he expressed some displeasure thereat. At all events, he gave orders that we should be relieved by another regiment and proceed with the train at once. It was then near midnight, but the orders were imperative—and, indeed, it was a case of necessity, admitting of no argument. To pass the rebel cavalry in our front with the train it was necessary to make a wide detour to the left, across the fields, till out of hearing from the road. We then filed to the right and traveled on a line parallel with the road, the soft surface of the cultivated fields giving back no sound of rumbling wheel. We continued on this course until far past the rebel videttes, when, finding further progress in that direction barred, we crossed the road and took to the fields on the east side of it, and so continued until well assured we were entirely out of hearing of the enemy, when we turned on to the pike and pushed forward as rapidly as possible, reaching Franklin shortly after sunrise.

While we were plodding along behind this train the retreating army of General Schofield slipped by Cheatham's camp at Spring Hill without disturbing him, and his tired soldiers, weary from an all-night march, arrived at Franklin in the early morning. They were promptly set to work to construct the temporary earthworks behind which they were soon to dispute

with Hood's army the passage of the Little Harpeth. So closely did Hood's forces follow upon their heels that no sooner were the works completed than the Union troops were called to defend them. The attack began in the afternoon, and assault followed assault—all gallantly repulsed—until far into the night, when the battle ceased. Then the weary but victorious Union troops withdrew across the river and continued the retreat to Nashville without further serious molestation. Two weeks later, at Nashville, was fought the two-days' battle, which almost annihilated the once formidable army of Hood, and practically ended the war in the West.

But for the unaccountable halt of Cheatham's men in that cornfield at Spring Hill, there might have been a greatly different chapter to record in the history of the war. Had Cheatham taken advantage of his opportunity and seized the road in front of General Schofield, there would have been no battle of Franklin. General Schofield's army, hemmed in by a vastly superior force, might have cut its way through, with heavy loss, but it is hardly probable it could have reached Nashville intact, if at all. And then the victorious Hood, menacing that city with 7,000 more men than were embraced in the army with which he finally invested it, might either have captured it, or, passing by it, have once more carried the war northward to the borders of Indiana and Ohio.

The more I think of it the more firmly am I convinced that that little incident at Spring Hill played a very important part in the last Nashville campaign.

Inherited Honors and Duties.

BY MEREDITH NICHOLSON.

It is not improper that the inheritance membership of Indiana Commandery should be recognized in a foot-note to this volume. It cannot justly be said that the horrors of the civil war have been lightly regarded by the young men and women who have come into the world in the past three decades. The young Indianian has heard much of the great civil conflict. We who were school boys ten or fifteen years ago could more readily understand Thermopylae and Marathon, because of Gettysburg, Shiloh and Cedar Creek. But as we grew older and saw men who had slept in camps and fought in battles we could comprehend more nearly what was meant by war. I believe that we who are sons of soldiers are better able thus to understand than those of less fortunate ancestry, for the fact of it must have been kept prominently before us in one way and another during the formative years of our lives. In my own case, if I may be a bit personal, I have early recollections of a sword and a musket as my playthings and of a tattered guidon, which had



MEREDITH NICHOLSON derives his right to membership from Companion Captain Edward W. Nicholson, of the Twenty-second Indiana Battery, deceased. He was born in Crawfordsville, Ind., December 9, 1866. Since he was five years of age he has resided in Indianapolis. When a boy he attended the public schools, but he never had the opportunity to take a high school course, but had private instruction in languages. He studied law with, and was a clerk in the office of John T. Dye and William Wallace. He caught the writer's itch while in Mr. Wallace's office, and

was stimulated by taking a prize offered by the *Chicago Tribune* for a story. The

done service in many fields, and in whose threads there lay much that was and yet remains mysterious and suggestive.

We see sometimes the Grand Army button worn by men on whom the fates have not smiled, and sometimes by others who have been the victims of unfortunate habits; but of such it is well and just to remember that they were brave when it meant something to be brave, and bold where death set a premium on boldness. It is well to let the imagination play about these veterans, that we may see and think of them only as hopeful, strong and clean young men, going forth in the joy and hope of youth to fight for fatherland. I do not believe that any son of a soldier can view the long line of a Grand Army parade without a thrill of pride in his country, or of love and admiration for the great volunteer army which saved the Nation. Now and in the years to come it is not to be taken as a trifling thing that men dared their lives for the common good, and went to battle for a great cause. In the old times before God said "I am tired of kings, I suffer them no more," the feudal lords would go to war for a whim, or to advance some ignoble ambition, or because their horses needed exercise; but two million men do not leave their homes in this nineteenth century, abandon their profitable labor and go forth to fight other men unless impelled by powerful and reasonable motives. When the order came for the Light Brigade to charge, Lord Cardigan said to him-

Indianapolis *Journal* published his first poems as it did those of James Whitcomb Riley. In 1886 he became a reporter on the *Sentinel*, but went to the Indianapolis *News* in 1887, where he continued as reporter, State editor, telegraph editor, editorial writer and book reviewer in order, until June, 1896, when he went into business as a negotiator of investment securities. In 1891 he published a book of verses and has been a contributor of verse to the *Century*, *Harper's* and other periodicals, while he has written papers on political and social topics which have attracted attention; he has made his enviable reputation in literature as a writer of verse. Ten years ago he entrusted the following stanzas, entitled "An Old Guidon," and

self, as he got into his saddle, "Here goes the last of the Cardigans and £40,000 a year." But the Indiana farmer boy, as he tightened his belt and made ready at Shiloh or Chickamauga, or maybe waited behind the porthole of a gunboat, could only say, "Here goes the chance of life or health for the sake of the stars and the Republic."

At best it is difficult for those of us who have come on since the war to grasp fully the civil war's nature, politically and strategically. Scant justice is done to the subject in the school books. There has been in many quarters a strange timidity in this matter. When I attended the public schools in Indianapolis there was no attempt made to teach the history of the civil war. We stopped short at Lincoln's administration. So far as we who were students at that time are concerned nothing happened after Lincoln's advent. There was no Bull Run and no Appomattox; no Grant, no Sherman, no Thomas. The wise administrators of Indianapolis schools at that time would not permit the young minds confided to their care to know that a war had occurred in which our own fathers had been participants. This has, I believe, been partially corrected. But lately a committee of the Grand Army of the Republic has been inspecting the histories now in use in the public schools, and has found them woefully inadequate. One must be on guard constantly against inaccuracies. There is a vast amount of mis-

marked private to a friend to read. He never returned them, and, as they have never been printed, they are given below without consulting the author:

Through this torn scarf my father's hand
 Set, 'mid the battle's thunderings,
 I can more truly understand
 The strifes of ancient chiefs and kings.

Faintly to-day Thermopylæ
 In song and story clangs and rings;
 Shiloh and Kenesaw bring me
 Nearer to all heroic things.

information abroad in the land. In the Encyclopedia Britannica, under the head of Atlanta, you will find it stated that after General Sherman had fought successfully for Atlanta, he retired rapidly to Chattanooga. The Britannica's information on this point is exclusive. Nobody else in all the wide world but the editor of the encyclopedia knows how and why Sherman went to Chattanooga instead of marching on to the sea.

It is a part of our duty to the men of '61 to provide honest instruction in the schools in matters of our national history. The children and grandchildren of the soldiers of the Nation must not grow up under the impression that there was something disgraceful about the business which took their fathers and grandfathers to the South. But for all the light shed by the school books our fathers might as well have been down there stealing chickens or collecting souvenir spoons. Several years ago, in Plymouth church, (Indianapolis) there was provided a series of lectures for the public school children of the city on historical subjects. These were delivered gratis by a number of men familiar with the subjects treated, and were interesting and instructive. The plan suggests itself of a series of free lectures to be given through a winter on the battles of the civil war by ex-soldiers. Nothing could be easier than the successful carrying out of a plan like this. We can all think instantly of friends and comrades who would be able to treat of these themes brightly, interestingly and instructively. And the result could not fail to be wholesome. Interest in the civil war history would be stimulated, and the fact that the lecturer was a man, a citizen of our own town, who had been a participant, would add to the interest of the young hearers. It is one thing to hear dimly of a battle that was fought somewhere at sometime,

but to hear the story from a man who helped to fight it is altogether another matter.

Unless care is taken in this matter of historical instruction, such memorials as the Indiana Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument will be wholly valueless in years to come. It will be considered a very handsome piece of stonework, and the young lady on the top will be greatly admired, but the why and wherefore of it will be wholly lost or only vaguely understood and appreciated. Back of the picture is the artist who created it; back of the song is the heart of the singer, and back of the shaft in Monument Place is the life-blood of men of our own soil, whose valor and sacrifice called for its building. That monument is merely an aesthetic expression until we read its inscription:

"Indiana volunteers, total, 210,497;
Killed and died, 24,416."

It is this that must in future years make the blood of a beholder flow fast and his heart grow warm! There is need for care in this matter, lest fifty years from now the supercilious youth pass through Monument Place, read the inscriptions and say, with a deprecatory nod of his head, "There were great men before Agamemnon!"

Those of us who have come upon the scene in the last thirty years or so have naturally made a good many miscalculations as to the importance of men, and as to the character and relation of events. The veterans have their own ideas of these matters, based in greater or less degree upon observation or upon the current belief of the time. There are still those who hold the name of McClellan dear; and it is easy for us younger men to see how this man could appear to be in the early part of the war the prophet and the

savior of his country. We who know only the history of the war as we have read it, or have heard it from our fathers and their friends do not, however, find the figure of McClellan of great importance; he seems small in the perspective. Most of us are likely to have changed our opinions of other distinguished commanders. In the boyish imagination there was a good deal to admire in the figures of some of the Southern leaders. There was something picturesque in the careers of the Lees, and Jacksons, and Jeb Stewarts—something of the story-book quality. But when the Indiana boy of fifteen has seen a few G. A. R. parades, and has looked on the tattered flags of Indiana regiments, and has seen the list of dead in Terrell's reports, and has read the life of Abraham Lincoln, his views experience a decided change. He concludes that while the Southern chivalry was picturesque and interesting from a social point of view, it was not so admirable when it took the form of rebellion against the United States. The figure of Grant is not touched with the color which belongs to such men as Lee or Stewart. But it was he—not Lancelot nor another—who said, "No terms except an unconditional and immediate surrender will be accepted; I propose to move immediately upon your works;" and again, "We'll fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." It was this taciturn, simple, persistent man who found the way to Vicksburg and Richmond, and placed upon posterity the obligation of recording his name with the greatest of military chiefs.

The oddities and whimsicalities of Sherman give him a different sort of distinction. From purely book knowledge one is likely to judge that he had more imagination than Grant; but he knew how to carry his imaginings into effect, and we of the younger generation are not likely to belittle his greatness.

It may be that we of the postbellum generation, in a blind sort of a way, will stumble upon a truer apprehension of some events and of the character of some men than those who were nearer to the events and to the men. One man of the great captains is surely growing in the esteem of his countrymen. We of younger years know little and care little for such personal spites and jealousies as may have influenced the estimates of men and their actions thirty or thirty-five years ago; we may even be inclined to let our sympathies with the unfortunate or the unappreciated carry us too far. We surely do not go far astray in attributing loyalty, military skill of highest quality and nobility of character singularly admirable to George H. Thomas. It is not necessary to slur the names of other Union generals in order to praise the Rock of Chickamauga. There has been within a few years reconsideration of some of the old judgments of this man, and as the years go by there cannot fail to be an increasing respect for one who was not afraid to stand for the stars when they were dim.

We are not always able to say of a man that after he has been called from the scene of earthly labor he continues to grow in the esteem of his fellow-countrymen. But all of us, old and young, soldiers and sons of soldiers are approaching a newer and higher appreciation of the qualities and genius of this loyal Virginian, who, had he chosen to cast his lot with his own people, might have been the chief among Southern captains, but who could prove himself superior to mere natural and local prejudices, and contend for all the stars, and not for one.

It is a bit curious that some men of distinction in all lines of endeavor and attainment always seem to be young. Two men who are always youthful as we think of them are Napoleon and Sheridan. Sheridan

was indeed young when the civil war broke out. He was less than thirty-five when the war ended, but his achievements were of a nature to give him a high place. Sheridan's is a singularly winning figure. He has, as we of the younger generation see him, more magnetism than Grant or Thomas. Sherman had much of his quality, and was indeed one of the most interesting men of the war. There is something delightfully amusing in his impatient complaints, but he was, fortunately, better balanced than his speech would make him appear, and he had the capacity for wise and effective command. We think of Thomas as we think of Washington—as of a dignified, serious personality.

At this distance much of the detail of warfare fades out and we see down a dim perspective only the greater events. It is difficult for us who do not know of such things by actual observation to comprehend the marches, the dreary camps, the daily hardships and discomforts. It is a remarkable fact that men who were real soldiers, and not home guard imitations, speak little of their experiences. Personally I have attended many soldiers' reunions and camp fires and have talked about the war with many veterans, but I have never heard a complaint that was not turned off with a joke or an experience that was not spoken of slightly, as something that did not count in the general average.

“Patriotism,” said Dr. Johnson, “is the last resort of a scoundrel.” But a kind of scoundrelism which meant sleeping out in the rain and a steady diet of hardtack and boiled beans is certainly inoffensive.

The care that has been taken to preserve the scenes of the great battles of the civil war will be appreciated by those who are to come after us. It is good to hear that so general an interest is being taken in the matter

by the several States. It is due to the two armies that fought so bravely for four years and to their children that such memorials be made and that they be adequate and substantial. It is easy to imagine that hereafter many pilgrimages will be made by young American students of history to view the fields on which the rebellion was fought—the great chessboards on which the blue and gray were maneuvered.

Gettysburg and Chickamauga must be made a good deal more vital to the American school boy and girl than the campaigns of Hannibal or Caesar or Napoleon.

The boy of the future is not likely to overlook Gettysburg. When he tries to comprehend the significance of all the engagements of the war, one of the rising generation is likely to become confused and discouraged—but in Gettysburg, it has seemed to me there is something more tangible to work on. It helps one to understand to have some slight understanding of the inner history of any incident. In General Alexander's account of Pickett's charge we are taken behind the scenes in the Confederate army. It is a hot day in July and the Federal troops, from their positions on the hills, are shelling the Confederates. The hilltops are ablaze with the Federal guns. Three-quarters of a mile lie between the two armies. The charge of Pickett's infantry had been agreed upon, but the order is not forthcoming. General Alexander, who has to support the movement with the Confederate artillery, sends a note to Pickett: "For God's sake come quick. Come quick or my ammunition won't let me support you properly."

Here is what happened when Pickett gave this note to General Longstreet. Longstreet read it and said nothing. Pickett said, "General, shall I advance?" Longstreet knowing it had to be, but unwilling to give

the word, turned his face away. Pickett saluted and said, "I am going to move forward, sir," galloped off to his division and immediately put it in motion. The result makes one of the noblest and saddest pages in American history.

I am aware that anyone may easily find equally brilliant movements on the part of the Federal soldiers, but the great value of Pickett's charge lies in the fact that it brings it home to us of younger years that the foe was a worthy one, and that the victory was a greater one because the men in gray were, like the men in blue, brave Americans. With a picture like this before us we must be touched with pity and admiration for such intrepidity.

Twenty years ago the horror of the death of Lincoln still lay fresh upon the country. In spite of the changes of the years its shadow may still be said to be upon us. It is a good sign that we of the new generation still feel the spell of one who died before we were born, or before we began to take note of affairs, and that his greatness loses none of its impressiveness. His name carries with it an increasing force, and the suggestion of something—a spirit, not a man, so endowed with prophetic vision, so firm, so patient and gentle—that we think of him as of something beautiful that vanished away from the world after having given proof of the possession of every good and perfect gift which God may give to man. We admire and love the great captains who won our battles, but out of the past rises Lincoln's figure, majestic in its simplicity, so serene, so poised, so benignant, that all others become weak and insignificant in comparison. He is unlike any other man in history; more nearly in my own thought does he approach those great spirits among the ancient Hebrews, who walked and talked with the Most High. Lowell helps us to a

measure of his full height among men: "A civilian during times of the most captivating military achievements, awkward, with no skill in the lower technicalities of manners, he left behind him a fame beyond that of any conquerer, the memory of a grace higher than that of outward person and of a gentlemanliness deeper than mere breeding."

It is a notable thing that one for whom the schools and environment did so little should have been such a master of language. Young men and women in the schools study the great productions of the masters of English, but this man from the countryside, who knew but a few books and had not given conscious thought to composition, employed our Anglo-Saxon speech with marvelous precision and grace.

We hear much of the Gettysburg speech, but more eloquent, more characteristic of the man, reflecting better that tenderness and gentleness which are most eminent among his traits, is the sacred poem which is found in his second inaugural. Truly, as Carl Schurz says of it, it had all the solemnity of a father's last admonition and blessing to his children before he lay down to die. Here are the closing words: "Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled up by the bondsman's 250 years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still must it be said, 'The judgments of God are righteous altogether!' With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive to finish the work we are in—to bind up the Nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do

all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations."

You and I might strive as we may, with full command of all that is taught by rhetoricians and grammarians, and we could not produce writings like those of this unassuming and unpretending country lawyer.

" Yes, this is he ;
That brow all wisdom, all benignity ;
That human humorous mouth ; those cheeks that fold
Like some harsh landscape all the summer's gold ;
That spirit fit for sorrow as the sea
For storms to beat on ; the lone agony
Those silent, patient lips too well foretold.

Yes, this is he who ruled a world of men
As might some prophet of the elder day—
Brooding above the tempest and the fray
With deep-eyed thought and more than mortal ken,
A power was his beyond the touch of art
Or armed strength : His pure and mighty heart."

A good many uncomplimentary things are said of the young men of to-day. Perhaps we are a little over-sensitive to criticism. But it is interesting and encouraging to know that the young men of thirty-five and forty years ago were also regarded with some distrust. A belief in American degeneracy was not only entertained abroad, but in this country some of our most stalwart patriots held the same views. Oliver Wendell Holmes wrote on an occasion: "I am sure that such a set of black-coated, stiff-jointed youth as we can boast of in our Atlantic cities never before sprang from the loins of Anglo-Saxon lineage." George William Curtis, than whom no truer American lived, spoke of the typical American as "lantern-jawed, lean, sickly and serious of aspect." Emerson referred to the "invalid habits" of young Americans; but they fought Gettysburg and Chickamauga. Ninety-five sons of the Harvard of Emerson and Holmes

perished in the rebellion. You can see that they are remembered, by a visit to Memorial Hall on the campus at Cambridge. It is the most inspiring thing to be seen about Boston.

Occasionally a well-fed man, sitting in a comfortable room will remark that he thinks it would be a good thing for the country to experience another war; that it would tend to the promotion of national spirit, and divert the mind from the vexatious social and economic problems of the day. Now it is impossible to look forward to another war between civilized powers without horror. Scientists have so improved arms and explosives that the next war will be nothing but murder on a gigantic scale. What with smokeless powder, dynamite guns, new projectiles, a war that would occur to-morrow between the armies of Europe or between the United States and European powers, would be a series of awful catastrophes, in which not individual valor, but scientific skill would triumph. There is something not altogether alluring in the idea of marching out against an enemy who sits calmly waiting for you to get in comfortable range so that he may drop dynamite on your head.

But the heroic impulse may manifest itself in other ways than in exploits upon the battlefield. Problems of greatest seriousness confront us to-day—problems fully as grave as those which had to be met thirty-five years ago. There is a complaint that the poor are growing poorer, and the rich richer. It is charged that there is an inequitable distribution of wealth, and that men have not equal opportunities for the enjoyment of life and health, and for the pursuit of happiness. These matters color our politics. On great financial problems different parts of the country, and men everywhere, hold irreconcilable views. We of younger years are likely to be apprehensive for the safety of the country when crises arise. It would seem

as in 1894, during the riots in Illinois and Indiana, that the very fabric of the government was threatened. But when we remember Bull Run, Fredericksburg, and that dark first day at Shiloh, we may counsel ourselves to be brave of heart.

No doubt all the dangers which seem now to menace us will in time be met and taken care of. But not without constant and patriotic attention to civic duties. Young men have been going forward in this matter with courage and intelligence in recent years. But there yet remains a need for more independence, more interest in public affairs. A government is not a government of, by and for the people if public office is sought only for spoils by men without principle or character. There will be no lack of opportunity for the new generation if it reads rightly the lessons of the past, and looks forward to a future of yet greater achievement.

I have said that we of the newer generation would not have the issues of the civil war forgotten. But new occasions bring new duties. We must not look backward too steadfastly, but forward. A country cannot run itself any more than a trolley car or locomotive. A nation depends upon the safe guidance of its administrators, and these are derived not by chance but through the intelligence and foresight of the mass of the people. If we are badly governed in this country it is because we are not attentive to our civic obligations. If the laws are not enforced it is because we do not want them enforced, and if they are bad and vicious laws the fault is still our own. We need in the United States more men of the Theodore Roosevelt type—young men who are courageous, and who know how to make the ideal the practical, and the practical the ideal. He is of the kind of stuff that the Sheridans, the Custers and the fighting McCooks were made of. If the heroic impulse that has accom-

plished so much for us in the sixties can be diverted into these civil channels we shall surely see the result in an improved condition of our national and municipal governments.

I stood several years ago on the heights of Arlington beside Sheridan's grave. It was evening. Twilight lay among the distant hills and lights began to flash upon the Potomac. All about were the graves of the soldiers; here was the medallion of one of the greatest of American generals. Below lay the governmental center of the Nation, the dome of the Capital rising against the sky like the broad shoulders of a giant. From this point one might almost toss a stone down upon some of the great battlefields. The thoughts that come to one at such a place are good thoughts from the fountains of deepest feeling. One may view there the great incidents of our history, and go hence with a tenderer appreciation of the cost and gains of war and loftier ideals of government.

It is true that we must constantly look ahead; but we must remember the great dead who make the present and the future possible, for while—

.. The living are brave and noble,
The dead are bravest of all."

And we of these newer years must make ourselves better and worthier of the work which you of the days of 1861 pass on to us, of maintaining and saving inviolate the Republic, turning often to the great shrines, Bunker Hill and Concord, Gettysburg and Chickamauga, where men died that we may live. Let us declare anew the words of Lincoln at Gettysburg "that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people shall not perish from the earth."

WAR STATISTICS OF INDIANA.

BY MAJOR IRVIN ROBBINS.

War statistics must needs be at all times the driest pabulum for the brain. To revel in the glories of our State as displayed in the patriotic offerings of her sons may lend a tinge of fancy that will promote assimilation. When we compare the surroundings that prevailed here and in other States during the war, we have no cause to bow our heads to any. True, in some parts of Indiana there was a large population that had emigrated from Virginia, Kentucky and North Carolina. These had brought with them the opinions existing in their former homes. On that account there was considerable sympathy displayed for the rebel cause in those sections of the State. But those of us who assembled in Camp Morton, in this city, during the latter part of April, 1861, cannot but remember with pride, that Indiana promptly tendered her quota of the seventy-five thousand first called for by President Lincoln, making six regiments, and immediately organized as many more State regiments and sent back to their homes quite as many additional volunteers, who were anxious to assist in defending the Union.



IRVIN ROBBINS was born at Moscow, Rush County, Ind., March 30, 1839. He completed his education at Butler University and entered the law department. He began the practice of law at Greensburg, Indiana. The firing upon Fort Sumter caused his enlistment as a private in Seventh Indiana Infantry (three month's service). During this term he was in the engagement at Philippi, Laurel Hill and Corrick's Ford. He served as Adjutant in Seventy-sixth Regiment Indiana Infantry, and as Captain Company H, One Hundred Fourth Minute Men during Morgan's raid. He became Captain of Company A, One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana

Thus at least our quota of 300,000 men was offered in two weeks after the fall of Fort Sumter. In the autumn of 1861, after the first six regiments of three months troops returned, a large majority of them re-enlisted and others came quickly to fill any vacancies. In very few counties was any draft required to fill the quotas called for at any time during the war and in many none at all. At the same time that Indiana was pouring forth her sons to do battle for our country, her daughters and the old people were furnishing sanitary supplies and nurses for the sick and wounded, paying her share of the direct tax and manufacturing clothing and munitions of war, when the general government could not supply these articles in time.

The United States census shows that in June, 1860, Indiana had a population of 1,350,428. The total number of volunteers credited to this State consisted of—

136 regiments Infantry.	175,772
13 regiments Cavalry.	21,605
1 regiment Artillery.	3,839
25 companies Artillery.	7,151
Naval volunteers.	2,130

A total of.....210,497

These figures are taken from the Reports of Adjutant General Terrell, of this State, and are reliable. It is true that the War Department by some oversight has credited us with only 197,147, which possibly arose from not giving us credit for some short term regiments and this latter number is still farther reduced to 151,255, made by adding all enlistments for

Infantry, November 18, 1863, and was promoted to Major, July, 1864. He was in most of the battles and skirmishes until the fall of Atlanta; was in battles of Nashville and Kingston, N. C. He was Inspector-General of First Division, Twenty-third A. C. under Generals Schofield and Thomas, and was Provost-Marshal of the District of North Carolina, and A. A. A. G. on General Schofield's Staff in 1865. At close of the war Major Robbins returned to his profession, but was forced to abandon it on account of ill health. He then engaged successively in the hardware and manufacturing business in Greensburg, Ind. In April, 1883, he was appointed Superintendent of Indianapolis Police and organized the first Metropolitan force. He resigned this position in December, 1883. In 1891 he was appointed A. A. G.

less than three years together and basing all on a three years' service. I have in the tables herewith submitted, followed the figures of the War Department in all cases, waving our more favorable showing by our own reports.

I have selected Massachusetts and Pennsylvania in the East and Ohio in the West, as States widely separated and containing somewhat different classes of population, to compare with Indiana, in order that we may determine whether our State performed her whole duty well and faithfully to our common country in her hour of trial. It is reasonable to suppose that these older and more populous States did everything that they ought to have done. Their measure of sacrifice and bravery is sufficient for any State. In the first place I propose to show that Indiana furnished as many or more men in proportion to population than either of these States, and what I say of these States I am willing to say of the great North—that Indiana proudly points to her record in every particular.—(Fox, p. 534 and 536.)

States.	Total population in 1860.	Population between 18 and 45 in 1860.	Total enlistments.	Percentage to military age.	Percentage to total population.
Mass.	1,231,066	258,419	146,730	56.8	1 to 8.4
Penn.	2,906,215	555,172	337,936	60.8	1 to 8.6
Ohio	2,339,511	459,534	313,180	68.1	1 to 7.47
Indiana ..	1,350,428	265,295	196,363	74.1	1 to 6.87

Department Indiana G. A. R., under I. N. Walker, Commander, and was re-appointed the following year by Commander Joseph R. Cheadle. In January, 1893, he was appointed Adjutant-General of Indiana by Governor Matthews, which office he filled with honor and credit to himself and State. He was sent by the Governor to suppress prize fighting at Roby, Ind., in 1893; and during the coal strikes in June, 1894, and railroad strikes in June, 1894, he commanded a large number of the National Guards and successfully accomplished the results desired without a single collision or loss of life on either side. In September, 1895, he was appointed Adjutant-General on the staff of I. N. Walker, Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R.

Percentage of enlistments reduced to three years basis.—(Fox, p. 535.)

State.	Military population above.	Three years' basis.	Per cent.
Massachusetts.....	258,419	114,820	44.4
Pennsylvania.....	555,172	228,734	41.2
Ohio.....	459,534	228,943	49.8
Indiana.....	265,295	151,255	57.0

Thus it will be seen that Indiana with many discouraging surroundings sent forth one soldier to each 6.87 of population, while the next highest State furnished one to each 7.47, and this disproportion greatly increased in many other States. The percentage of our enlistments to the population of military age: viz, between 18 and 45, was 74.1, which leads all the rest named. Again our enlistments reduced to a three years' basis show our percentage 57.0 while the others run from 41.2 to 49.8.

Much of this patriotic outpouring can well be attributed to the extraordinary exertions of our War Governor—Oliver P. Morton—who was ably assisted by hundreds of leading citizens throughout the State.

But how did these thousands of Indiana soldiers conduct themselves after offering their services to their country in her hour of need? Were they a credit to us? Figures will give a somewhat definite idea of their dangers and the results of their bravery. The records show that the percentage of those who died and were killed to the total enlistment was greater from our State than from either of the great States named above, as will be seen from the following table:

States.	Total enlistments on three years' basis.	Deaths from all Causes.	Per-cent-ages.
Massachusetts	114,820	13,942	12.1
Pennsylvania..	228,734	33,183	14.5
Ohio.....	228,943	35,475	15.5
Indiana.....	151,255	24,416	16.1

Besides these, many thousands came home so severely injured that death soon claimed them for her own.

In "Fox's Regimental Losses" I find 300 so-called fighting regiments reported as having lost 130 men killed or mortally wounded in battle during the war. Among these, Indiana had thirteen, with a total loss of 4,346 men out of 18,671 enrolled in these thirteen regiments, equal to about twenty-four per cent. Out of sixty-three regiments, whose maximum percentage of casualties of those engaged in a single battle was over 50 per cent., I find the Nineteenth Indiana lost 61.2 at Manassas and 55.5 per cent. at Gettysburg; Fifteenth Indiana, 59.5 per cent. at Missionary Ridge; Fourteenth Indiana, 56.2 per cent. at Antietam and Twenty-second Indiana 52.4 per cent. at Chaplin Hills. These comprise one-twelfth of the regiments that suffered most. Let us compare these losses with the English in the famous "Charge of the Six Hundred" at Balaklava, which amounted to 36.7 per cent., and of the Sixteenth German Infantry during the Franco-Prussian war at Mar La Tour. This regiment suffered the heaviest loss during that war and only footed up 49.4 per cent., while sixty-three regiments in our army lost from 50 to 82 per cent. in a single engagement.

Out of 262 regiments whose percentage of killed in a single battle was over 10 per cent., Indiana had

thirteen; of 227 regiments that lost over fifty men in a single battle Indiana counts eight; of 201 regiments that lost in killed from 10 to 16 per cent., Indiana counts nine; of twenty-three regiments that are recognized as having encountered the hardest fighting during the war and having the largest percentage killed we find the Nineteenth Indiana losing 15.9 and the Twenty-seventh Indiana 15.3 per cent.

During the war, the whole army had eleven regiments that lost eight to eleven officers killed in any one engagement. The Eighty-seventh Indiana lost eight officers killed at Chickamauga. Of thirty-four Colonels killed in battle, while commanding brigades, Indiana lost Colonel Edward A. King, Sixty-eighth, and Colonel P. B. Baldwin, Sixth, both at Chickamauga. Thirty-two Brigadier-Generals were killed, one of whom was General P. A. Hackelman, at Corinth; of eleven chaplains killed, Indiana furnished Rev. John W. Eddy, of the Seventy-second regiment, at Hoover's Gap.

From these facts, we see that Indiana nobly performed her duty, having lost more than her proportion in single battles and during the war, not only of her total enlistment, but especially of her officers, whose records may well be a proud heritage to us who survive.

The pension rolls also show the dangerous services and exposures that Indiana's sons endured. These indicate that our State was in the thickest of the fight and our losses, while deeply mourned, bring no blush of shame.

While I have thus given totals, let us look for a moment at individual instances to the credit of our State. The first man killed on picket was a private, Seventh Indiana, June 14, 1861. The first man killed in battle by the enemy was a private, Ninth Indiana, July 7,

1861. After participating in a thousand engagements Indiana had the last man killed in battle in Texas in May, 1865. The first rebel general killed was General Garnett by men of the Seventh Indiana at Carrick's Ford, West Virginia, July, 1861. Our own commander, General Lew Wallace, is recognized as the savior of Washington and Baltimore by his heroic stand with a mere handful of men against the whole rebel army at Monocacy junction. And he well deserved the thanks of Cincinnati for his energetic preparations in defense of that city against the threatened attack of Kirby Smith. Major-General R. S. Foster, of our State, after long and arduous service in the East commanded one of the divisions that checked the army of General R. E. Lee in April, 1865, and brought about the final surrender. We are proud to bear on our rolls Companion George Brown, so recently retired as Rear Admiral of the Navy after fifty years of continuous service, five of which were as valuable to our cause on the water as those of Generals on land, besides many of note in later years. The distinguished services of General Benjamin Harrison have been so often recorded in our country's history, that vain were the attempt to enlarge on them in this paper; suffice it to say, that Indiana was his home. Another Indianian, General Gresham, was complimented by Grant for his services. Our loved companion, General George F. McGinnis, as is well known, was the hero of Champion Hills, where the stubborn bravery of his brigade won favorable notice. The only decided defeat met with by Stonewall Jackson was when he encountered an Indiana General, Robert H. Milroy, at Winchester.

In September, 1895, our late companion, General Morton C. Hunter, pointed out to me on the apex of Snodgrass Hill, the lines that he established with In-

diana and other regiments at noon of the last day of the battle of Chickamauga, and successfully held the balance of the day against repeated assaults of rebels outnumbering his command ten times over. Here the Ninth Indiana was one of the last regiments to leave that night and assisted in covering the retreat. Statistics show that the losses of Indiana regiments in this battle, with an aggregate of over ten thousand engaged, were over 30 per cent., being greater than those of any other State. This was also true of Missionary Ridge, in which battle it is well known that General Fred. Knefler's, the Seventy-ninth Indiana, and the Eighty-sixth Indiana were the first to reach the summit and carry the fort in front and turn the rebel guns on the foe. History would not be complete without recording the bravery and many successful engagements of the Seventeenth Indiana and Seventy-second Indiana, under General John T. Wilder, one of the dashing cavalry commanders of the war. One of the most useful regiments in the service was the Fifty-eighth Indiana, which built the bridges and railroads for Sherman on the Atlanta campaign and through to the sea. The Seventy-third Indiana at Stone River held successively the right, the left, and the center, losing many men. The Sixty-ninth Indiana was the entering wedge in the Vicksburg campaign, which split the Confederacy.

Space forbids extended notices of many brilliant achievements of officers and regiments from Indiana that would fill this volume, if proper mention were made of all deserving a record of their merits. But I cannot pass three events. "*Quorum pars fui.*" In "War Records" we read that Brigadier-General Alvin P. Hovey's Division of six new Indiana regiments, fresh from home, met and repulsed a bayonet charge of rebel veterans on our extreme left at Resaca and turned it

into a rout on the afternoon of the last day, thus virtually deciding a prolonged battle, while the guns dragged to the top of a commanding hill by our men the night before, assisted in their demoralization. On the evening of July 1, 1864, on the extreme left of the rebel lines at Kenesaw, the One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana, under Colonel John C. McQuiston, made a bayonet charge which drove the enemy from behind their works, and with the support that followed us compelled the evacuation of their works. At Wise's Forks near Kingston, North Carolina, on March 10, 1865, at the close of three days' continuous fighting, three Indiana and one Ohio regiments repulsed an assault made on our flank under General Bragg's directions and decided the day in our favor, thus opening up the road from the sea to Goldsboro, which was fortified and held against a superior force by Ohio and Indiana troops, until the railroad was rebuilt and Sherman's army arrived from Savannah.

In a word no charge has ever been made that any battle was lost by the failure of Indiana troops to do their whole duty and scores of instances similar to these may be cited where their bravery gave victory to the Union cause. Looking at these facts, we may truthfully claim that in war, as in the arts of peace, Indiana has forged to the front. May her younger sons always remember with pride her history and strive to emulate the examples of their fathers.

THE AMERICAN NAVY.

BY LIEUTENANT-COMMANDER G. V. MENZIES.

To speak of the Navy of our country and its history is to begin at the birth of the Nation, when the Congress of thirteen thinly settled colonies fringing the Atlantic seaboard declared for freedom and independence and commanded Commodore Hopkins to unfurl to the breezes of the ocean the flag of the infant Republic.

To speak of the services of our Navy is to take you to every page of our history. From the time the intrepid John Paul Jones fought the greatest single naval combat before the expectant multitude crowding the cliffs of Flamborough Head, on the English channel, to the deadly battle between the *Kearsarge* and *Alabama*, witnessed by the chagrined English aristocracy off Cherbourg, the United States Navy presents a continuous story of fortitude, valor and patriotism. From its dawn to this hour it stands unsurpassed for heroism and devotion. The occasion permits no more than a reference to its splendid career. We are filled with pride and aglow with patriotism when we read of the deeds of daring of the heroes who commanded the



GUSTAVUS V. MENZIES was born near the town of Florence, Boone County, Ky., December 21, 1844. He attended the public schools at Cincinnati until the beginning of the war of the rebellion. He enlisted May, 1861, as a private in the First Kentucky Infantry, at the age of seventeen years. His father, Samuel G. Menzies, was Surgeon in same regiment. In September, 1861, while with the army in West Virginia he received the appointment of Cadet Midshipman at the Naval Academy from Kentucky, from which he graduated September, 1864, and served as Midshipman until the close of the war. After the fall of Rich-

poorly equipped and inefficient ships of the revolution. How our gallant sailors of that war boldly laid their vessels alongside the men-of-war of the greatest maritime power of the seas and carried to triumph the flag of the young Nation. And right here I may say it has always been a source of regret that of all the statues and monuments erected at the National capital and elsewhere to commemorate the deeds of our valourous dead, none yet has been raised to that incomparable sea warrior and daring navigator, John Paul Jones, who first sailed to foreign waters with his ships, and with victory kissing the flag "bearded the lion in his den." Let disgrace of longer neglecting the great sailor pass away, and a grateful country make fitting tribute in monumental brass or stone to the earliest and one of its greatest naval heroes.

Shall I tell you of the glorious deeds of the gallant Decatur, who in his youth sailed into the port of Tunis, where the shores bristled with hostile batteries, destroying the captured man-of-war *President*—a deed which filled naval circles throughout the world with wonder and admiration. How in the next decade he boldly carried his squadron into Algiers; captured and destroyed the piratical fleet, too long preying upon our commerce; of the desperate hand-to-hand combats on the decks of the pirate vessels; tales that read like the fabulous stories of the Viking kings. No, all this is the familiar and charming story of the young navy, just sprung from the loins of the Republic. But can we ever think of that splendid character, Decatur, without having our patriotism fired and rev-

mond he was assigned to Frigate *Colorado*, flag ship of the European Squadron, then to the South Pacific Squadron. He was promoted through the various grades from Midshipman to Lieutenant-commander. He was afterward Instructor of Navigation at Naval Academy, from which he resigned to enter the profession of law. In 1876 he was chosen elector for the First Congressional District on the Democratic ticket. In 1878 was elected State Senator for the Counties of Gibson and Posey. In 1884 was selected delegate to the National Democratic Convention from the First

erence for the flag increased? Where is the American who can forget the burning sentiment of the great sailor, "My country, may it ever be right, but right or wrong my country." The moralist may condemn, the political Pecksniff censure, the mugwump denounce it, but it stands after all for loyalty to country and flag at all times and in all places. It animates every true American's heart. To naval officers it is as true almost as words of divine inspiration, and to them is the guiding star of loyalty at home or abroad, afloat or ashore. Whenever their country has passed from the paper pellets of diplomacy to the iron missives of war, their decks will be cleared for action whether their country be right or wrong.

Is it necessary to recount the services of the navy in the second war for independence? The brilliant achievements of our frigates with their improved ordnance introduced a new era in naval warfare. We remember with unspeakable pride the battles of the Constitution, Old Ironsides, commanded by Hull and Stewart, and how she sent to the bottom or captured the finest men-of-war of the "Queen of the Seas;" of the song our grandparents used to sing about the gallant Yankee sailors "who were so handy, oh," and of the insolent English admirals "who thought themselves so dandy, oh." Every schoolboy can tell you of McDonough's victory on Lake Champlain, and Porter's desperate conflict in the Bay of Valparaiso, Chili. These deeds illumine and make glorious our history.

District. In 1895 he was appointed member of the Board of Regents State Soldiers' and Sailors' Monument. In 1896 he was appointed by Governor Matthews the member from Indiana to fix the boundary line between Indiana and Kentucky opposite Green River Island. In 1896 was delegate-at-large from Indiana to National Democratic Convention at Chicago. He is a lawyer of high standing, and has an extensive practice in the Southern part of the State.

The war of 1812, while it failed to accomplish all we contended for, gave the world proof of the stuff in our sailors and the superiority of our ships. At its close our flag was respected around the globe, on every sea and in every clime. In the northwest, where our forefathers came in the early years of the century to battle with the savage foe, and subdue the adversities of the wilderness, their descendants now hold in loving remembrance the great naval event of the war and their hearts are filled with patriotism when they look back to the victory of that chivalrous sea king, Oliver Hazard Perry, who met the fleet of Great Britain in deadly grapple on Lake Erie's waters on that September day of 1813. How, as boys, we loved to linger over the story of the youthful commodore shifting his battle-flag from his sinking ship, and rowing in an open boat through the enemy's fleet amid a storm of shot, boarding another vessel, hoisting the flag to the mast-head and renewing the battle, when faint hearts saw nothing ahead but defeat and English prisons. How, when the sun set on that beautiful day, the exultant sounds of victory rose from the decks of our ships, for "our flag was still there," and that of the foe down in defeat. Imagine the joy on the frontier when the mother, fearful of the stealthy Indian, grasped her child to her bosom at the sound of every noise, and the hardy pioneer, alert for the lurking foe, labored with the rifle at his side, when Perry sent the glad tidings through the land, "We have met the enemy and they are ours;" that the whoop of the savage would be heard no more, nor his scalping-knife gleam again under northwestern skies; that England, the ally of the red man, was defeated, and her power to incite the savage to deeds of rapine and plunder forever broken. From the hour Perry proclaimed his victory in words that still ring, peace and prosperity dawned upon the fair West, and then com-

menced its unprecedented march of progress. The battle on Lake Erie was as decisive as Trafalgar; its equal in consequences. Let us ever preserve as a precious jewel in our diadem the glory of Perry's victory, and never cease to remember this heroic page of naval history. I should like to recall the services of our navy in the Mexican war, but time forbids—how valuable aid was rendered General Scott in the conquest of that country by the opening of the port of Vera Cruz, and in keeping lines of communication open from the Gulf to the halls of Montezuma; how in peace, Matthew Perry, brother to Lake Erie's hero, with a fleet of men-of-war, knocked at the gates of the land of Japan, and by arts of persuasion and the gentle graces of friendship, gained admittance; of the innumerable blessings that have come to both nations through the extension of commerce, that herald of civilization. When the rebellion lifted its awful front in 1861, the navy, though small in number of ships, guns and men, nevertheless truthfully boasted of the most effective ships in use, manned by the hardiest sailors in the world, equipped with the finest artillery, and commanded by the most accomplished officers afloat. When the dreadful hour came, many brought up under the baneful doctrine which placed State first, the Nation second, turned from the flag which they had seen float in splendor from the frozen seas of the Arctic to the orange groves of the tropics, abandoned a service they had entered in their youth, and made war upon their country. Let us accord to them that they believed they were right; that they acted from conscientious promptings. The sacrifices made and devotion displayed could only come from a conviction of right. We believed then, we now know they were wrong; are convinced the right triumphed, and for freedom and civilization's sake it is well the Union

cause succeeded. "But let the dead past bury its dead." This is neither the hour of reproof nor recrimination. We are members of the brotherhood of America; citizens of a common country; the happy possessors of a government, the grandest in material wealth and moral worth ever vouchsafed to man. We extend charity to our erring brethren, and are delighted to know that, although wrong, they bore themselves bravely as Americans.

There is one circumstance of the navy of '61 to which I shall refer, and which I am glad to know has recently become a part of the recorded history of that period of peril. When commissioned officers hesitated between conflicting allegiances, were leaving their posts of duty, "like fixed stars shot from their spheres," not one common soldier deserted the flag; Every blue jacket remained loyal and stood by his guns. The history of all wars, rebellions or insurrections is challenged for another such proof of devotion to flag and country.

I regret that time will not permit me to dwell upon the many acts of individual heroism in the navy during the rebellion. Of Cushing vying with Decatur in destroying the ram *Albermarle*, and of his romantic escape; of that splendid specimen of Hoosier manhood, George Brown, now the senior admiral of the navy, only lowering his flag in the face of overwhelming odds after a long and bloody battle, when to have longer fought would have been useless slaughter. Mention might be made of Gwinn, of Indiana, killed in battle when his life gave promise of a glorious future; of Foster, Fitch, Pritchell, and Taylor, all officers from Indiana, fond of their State, but fonder yet of their country, who performed their duty and were ever faithful. The naval events of the rebellion are household words. Faragut thundering past the forts of the

mouth of the Mississippi, making the last great fight of wooded walls against stone forts; Dupont sailing his fleet in a circle past the batteries of Port Royal; Dahlgren battling with the foe at Charleston, the fountain source of secession; Foote, co-operating with Grant, sending the first news of victory out of the gloom of despair; Farragut at Mobile, where, lashed to the rigging of the Hartford, with impetuous courage he sailed over torpedoes and engaged with wooden ships Confederate ironclads; Porter with his gallant tars at Fort Fisher, where some of the best blood of the navy crimsoned the beach, came back after a third of a century to carry us to thrilling scenes in the mightiest of wars. The fleet built upon Western waters that opened the great water highway of the nation, unfettered the northwest, forever dispelled the chimera of a northwestern confederacy. In one hour at Hampton Roads the struggle between the Monitor and the Merrimac revolutionized naval warfare, and wooden battleships passed away; the inventive genius of Union and Confederates, all of them Americans, with American pluck, courage and intelligence, quickly improvised and developed, amid the clash of arms, a new system of naval warfare, the result of which is the modern steel-plated cruiser and battleship, the most destructive engines of war ever floated by man.

Fond as the story is I cannot linger. Poets have embalmed the deeds of our naval heroes in song and story. Eloquence, with tongue tipped by the divine fire of genius, has portrayed the magnificence of the navy's deeds; a grateful country will do it justice. We stand in the present, with the glorious past behind, looking hopefully to the future. Our navy has in late years been brought forward from a low state to a high

condition. It is again the country's pride. Shall the process of development go on? This is not a party question; it addresses itself to all. If we are to live "cribbed, cabin'd and confined" within our borders, never to follow in the wake of the great civilizer, commerce; are not to engage in the peaceful pursuits of trade; are to shun friendly intercourse with other nations, there would be no need of an ocean police in peace, nor a military establishment afloat in war. If, however, we recognize our duty as the advance guard in the progress to free government, inviting mankind to follow; that our mission is to extend sympathy, and whenever proper, aid to the struggling and oppressed; that the Western world is unpolluted by the heel of tyranny; that the principles of the Declaration of Independence are to prevail from Bering's Strait to Cape Horn; that governments on this hemisphere are to exist by and only by the consent of the governed; that no monarchy, by greed or aggrandizement, shall acquire territory on this side of the Atlantic; that the American flag must protect Americans on islands of the sea, as well as at home, even though they have committed the atrocious crime of upsetting a burlesque throne and deposing an opera bouffe queen; then we must have a navy strong enough to command respect, powerful enough to enforce our will, mighty enough to redress wrong.

To the people of this country the Monroe doctrine is a conviction; to England it means swagger and assertion. To naval officers it is a demonstrated necessity; its violation a menace to their country. Condensed, the Monroe doctrine means "America for Americans;" that no European power shall by treaty, purchase, stealth or force acquire territory and set up monarchical institutions on this hemisphere. To en-

force this principle every sword of the navy will leap from its scabbard and its officers and blue-jackets go to battle as to a banquet. Let the Monroe doctrine be enforced by diplomacy; by shot and shell if necessary.

While we are gathered here, surrounded by comforts and luxuries, the happy fruits of an advanced civilization, enjoying peace and plenty, within hail of our shores are people striving for freedom, resisting outrages worse than the tortures of Torquemada, struggling against a despotism compared to which Alva's bloody rule is humanity. The foulest tyranny of the age seeks to throttle a people aspiring to liberty of thought, freedom of speech, the right to make and establish their own form of government. Every right Americans hold sacred is violated there. Cuba is one of the fairest portions of the world. The traveler, when he first sees it rising like an emerald from the waters of the Atlantic, may well exclaim, "Oh, if there is an Elysium upon earth it is this." There liberty raises its arms in despair, and freedom appeals that it may not perish. The Cubans have as strong a claim for sympathy as our forefathers had in 1776. The exactions they suffer are tenfold worse. The outrages they endure shock the civilized world. Their right to throw off the yoke of despotism is unquestioned. Shall they appeal to us in vain? Think of the dark hours of 1777, 1778 and 1779, when gloom controlled the American army under Washington; despair possessed the Continental Congress. Who came to our aid? Who rescued us from the thralldom of England? Can we forget the noble conduct of the French people, led by the gallant Lafayette? Shall we who worship at the shrine of liberty and enjoy all the blessings of free government turn a deaf ear to Cuba's cry of distress? With a

decent regard for our past, are we to remain passive and indifferent spectators of her struggle for independence?

I know the responsibility resting upon those sworn to enforce the law, but there may be times in the history of a nation when the law of noninterference must yield to humanity and justice. Aside from the sentimental view there are strong reasons why Spain should no longer control the island. Every rising there causes immense loss to our people by destruction of property owned by American citizens. There is today a serious interference with our trade and commerce with that people. We are put to heavy expense in enforcing the laws of neutrality against the unanimous wishes of the people. Every recurring insurrection brings these evils upon us. Which, then, of all the nations, has such a direct interest in the welfare of Cuba as the United States? By what law, from what principle of justice are we to watch these bloody struggles between Spain and her oppressed colony with indifference, and as a government compel our people to keep hands off. My opinion is, the hour has struck, the time has come for us to say to Spain, politely but firmly, "Pack your trunk and check your baggage for home;" that if she does not heed the warning the United States navy will compel her to "stand not upon the order of her going."

Should that necessity come to pass, listen and you will hear the thunder of the guns of the finest fleet afloat, fought by the bravest officers and best blue-jackets that ever trod a quarterdeck. When the struggle is over the royal banner of Spain will float no more over the fair land of Cuba. God speed the hour!

In conclusion, let it be our policy to maintain the navy, not for aggression, but to shield the weak, to

protect our commerce, to defend American rights wherever threatened or assailed. Let the flag be in the future, as well as in the past, a harbinger of joy to the distress; that wherever it floats they may read on its folds, as if written by the finger of God, "Liberty, fraternity, equality." So long as we maintain our navy we will be a power, honored and respected by all the nations of the earth. When it has vanished from the seas the Republic will be no more, liberty no longer abide among the children of God, freedom's flag be forever furled.

A RECOLLECTION.

BY ASSISTANT-SURGEON GREEN V. WOOLEN.

A few days prior to the battle of Cedar Mountain, near Culpepper C. H., Va., in the summer of 1862, I was very seriously attacked with acute dysentery, and was so disabled as not to participate in the battle. I was ordered into the Piedmont Hotel hospital, and in a day or so recovered so as to do some duty, in the meantime making my first capital operation in an amputation of the leg. When it became known that our forces would have to fall back the medical director called for a couple of surgeons to volunteer to remain with the sick and wounded which could not be removed. Very foolishly, under the circumstances, at the solicitation of Dr. Josiah F. Day, Jr., surgeon of the Tenth Regiment, Maine Volunteers, I consented to remain with him, and be captured, not thinking, however, that we would be treated as prisoners, that not being the custom up to that time.

The results were disastrous, as our stores were largely taken from us, and we barely escaped assassination by the citizens of that vicinity, who were



GREEN V. WOOLEN was born in Indianapolis June 24, 1840. His boyhood days were spent on a farm in the vicinity, and he received private instruction in Indianapolis. He began to study medicine with Dr. Record, at Lawrence, and finished with Dr. Bobbs, of Indianapolis. He was attending medical lectures at the Cincinnati College of Medicine when the war broke out. In the spring of 1861 he was appointed Camp Surgeon at Camp Morton. Before he was twenty-one years of age he was appointed Assistant Surgeon in the Twenty-seventh Indiana Volunteers, and served three years in the Army of the Potomac and the Army of the Tennessee. He was taken prisoner at

highly exasperated because of General Pope's recently-issued order to confiscate all property found that might be of service to the army, giving vouchers for the same, and that those only who could establish their loyalty might be paid for their property.

The sick and wounded died at a fearful rate. We were comparatively unable to render them assistance, or even to bury them. Frequently the dead remained unburied until decomposition was far advanced. In about three weeks it was decided by the rebel authorities to send a batch of the remaining sick, wounded, nurses, etc., to Richmond, and not being well nor specially needed at Culpepper C. H., and hoping to get sent North I sought also to be sent to Richmond.

With us was sent the wife of one of the wounded men, who, having heard of her husband's misfortune, had come to his assistance. He subsequently had died, and she, broken-hearted and alone, also joined our number, hoping to escape to her Northern home.

When we arrived at Richmond late in the evening, we were carted across the city on old trucks and wagons, to what I subsequently learned was Libby Prison, where, to my surprise, I was separated from the sick and wounded and landed with two or three other officers in the prison in the room where Pope's officers were being held, in such darkness that I could recognize no one, the inmates, in fact having retired on the floor as I learned next morning. Captain Box, of my regiment, who had, with the rest, been recently captured at Cedar Mountain, soon recognized my voice in my inquiries as to where I was, and informed me

the battle of Cedar Mountain, in the summer of 1862, while he was attending to his duties with the wounded, and was sent to Libby Prison, where he was held until an objectionable order of General Pope, relative to foraging, was revoked. The larger part of the time he was detached from his regiment serving as surgeon in the artillery brigade of the Army of the Potomac and as chief surgeon of the hospital in Tennessee. In 1865 he was graduated from the Bellevue Medical College. He

that I was in Libby Prison, where they were being held as hostages, to be treated as felons and not as prisoners of war, until General Pope's order was rescinded for the confiscation of property of rebels.

After a lunch provided by the captain, which was fit only for dogs, I laid down on a bench near the wall to answer innumerable questions as to the safety of General Banks and his troops, in correction of the false stories told them by the rebels and to spend a comparatively sleepless night, and to find myself next morning alive with vermin.

Awhile after breakfast, such as it was, Captain Wirtz, subsequently so infamous in history, then in command of the prison, came in and called for me. Thinking I was going to be sent on home or to the hospital with my sick and wounded, I very cheerfully complied with his request to follow him. We went into the next, or possibly the second room to the left, which was the end room of this famous building, and nearest to the city up the James river. We then went through the front room of this former long wareroom, which was largely unoccupied, into the next, which was occupied as an office for clerks. From this we went on into what appeared to be his private office, and from this into what was evidently his own bedroom, being the fourth division of this former long room, and which projected out over the James river.

Here I saw what beggars description, and doubtless was never seen or known of except by three persons, Wirtz, the poor, wretched woman, previously spoken of, from whom we had been separated at the front

reorganized the Indianapolis Hospital and was its superintendent for four years. He has been a prominent member of the medical societies of the county and State since the close of the war and is a frequent contributor to medical publications. Since 1882 Dr. Woolen has devoted his attention to diseases of the upper respiratory organs. He was abroad several years studying with the most eminent authorities in this special branch. He is now enjoying a large practice in this city.

door the night before, and myself, the woman apparently near death. Here the officer ordered me to see what the woman needed and to prescribe for her, and then left us. The room, which seemed as if it had been somewhat luxuriously furnished, was in the utmost disorder, and exhibited evidences that some one had been fighting for life. The poor woman presented evidences of one in collapse from cholera, and was lying on a sofa or cot almost naked and had been vomiting and purging. She cried piteously that I give her something to end her misery and shame. Being pressed for an explanation of her troubles she told me her terrible story of night-long resistance of the horrible fiend, who had finally accomplished his diabolical purpose of rape. She was so exhausted from heat and fatigue, together with stomach and bowel trouble, as to be unable to further resist his hellish desires. This confession was only secured in intervals between her most persistent and piteous appeals for something to end her misery. Further interview was cut off by Wirtz's return with a peremptory order for me to do what I was sent for, i. e., prescribe for her. I appealed for her removal to the hospital, but was checked with a curse to do what I was ordered to do. This I did, and the prescriptions were ruthlessly taken from me and I was returned to prison.

I saw and heard no more from him or her till the next morning, when he came in and I inquired about her, but was ordered most vilely to attend to my own affairs and cause him no trouble. I already had learned that "prudence was the better part of valor," and desisted. Doubtless hours before the body of the poor helpless woman had been dumped into the James river, to find its last resting place with no one to know of her ill fate.

Not anticipating such an experience I had not provided myself with any history of the poor woman, not even her name, and she doubtless was mourned by her friends, and reported, as were many brave soldiers, "missing."

In the light of subsequent events comments are of little avail. It is not necessary for me to attempt a description of this fiend incarnate, or to call attention to the difficulty—nay impossibility—of us who encountered these events, to allow memory have its play and yet have a deep fellowship for those thus engaged to destroy a government so grand in possibilities. The cry was that "treason must be made odious." Possibly the subsequent treatment of those who instigated and conducted the rebellion was best, but I know the feeling must come to us at times that justice was cheated, and the iniquities of those sad days were unrequited.

Shall the sacrifice of those who fell, as this brave man and his loyal wife, be of no avail, and this fair land not remain the heritage of loyal and free people? If not, it is to be hoped that we who participated in the struggle for its preservation may be spared the spectacle of its fall, and be at rest with our loyal and brave comrades ere such a calamity befall it.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS.

A SKETCH OF FIVE SUNDAYS, BY LIEUT. CHARLES W. SMITH.

A DAY OF PARADE.

Sunday, March 26, 1865, found the Second Division of the Twenty-fifth Army Corps in a state of bustle and excitement. Through the long winter months it had occupied the very advance line of fortifications in the Army of the James, the nearest point of approach to Richmond that had ever been permanently occupied by Federal troops.

Our regiment occupied the identical ground where the gallant Burnham fell, in the desperate charge on Battery Harrison, which, upon its capture and becoming a part of our line of works, was named in honor of the fallen brigadier, "Fort Burnham."

Here, in our little log huts with canvas roofs, we had spent our winter right cheerily. Their walls bedecked with masterpieces of art cut from *Harper's Weekly*, and hung with mementoes from home, had become dear to us. We felt at home and were really loth to leave them.

It is in truth quite wonderful how comfortably two men can live in a log hut 8 x 10; how neat and at-



CHARLES W. SMITH was born in Hendricks County, Ind., February 3, 1846. He was a student at Asbury University, Greencastle, when he enlisted as a private in Company F, One Hundred and Thirty-third Regiment, Indiana Infantry; he served with his regiment guarding railroad at Bridgeport, Ala., until he received the appointment of Sergeant-Major, United States Colored Troops. He joined his regiment at Louisa, Ky., and served in garrison there until October, 1864, when the regiment joined the army of the Potomac at Deep Bottom, Virginia, and was temporarily assigned to Martindale's Provisional Brigade; December 8, 1864, the regiment was

tractive masculine hands can make even the rudest abode (when softer hands cannot be had); and as one's mind goes back to such pictures, how many pleasant memories do we find mingling with those severe and sorrowful, and how all are hallowed by the flight of time.

Here for months we had lived almost quiet lives, with only now and then a burst of artillery, or the rattling of musketry on the picket line, as feints to draw attention from more serious attacks, to vary the routine and monotony of camp life. Reveille and roll call and the day was begun; drill, writing and receiving letters, tattoo, roll call again, and the day was done. And so the days had come and gone, and the winter is over.

But this day everything is changed. All surplus clothing and baggage are securely labelled and packed in boxes and shipped to the rear, to be called for by the owners, after the campaign, if by happy chance they shall survive the fortunes of battle; a hasty letter is written to wife or sweetheart, to let them know we are going, we know not where, to meet we know not what; a careful and compact packing of knapsacks, reducing size and weight to the very least possible degree; those knapsacks ordered to contain a full supply of one article, the greasy woolen socks furnished by the government in anticipation of marches, that at best would make their wearers foot-

assigned to First Brigade, Second Division. During the month of December he was commissioned Second Lieutenant; was in action with the regiment at Fort Harrison. In March, 1865, was transferred to the army of the Potomac, and was engaged at Hatcher's Run and in pursuit of Lee until the surrender. Lieutenant Smith was detailed for service with battalion of sharpshooters at headquarters. He was promoted to First Lieutenant in 1865; was appointed Adjutant of regiment, which, in the meantime, had been transferred to Indianola, Texas. He served in this capacity until his resignation, October, 1865. After his return home he entered college at Greencastle, and graduated in 1867. He then became a student of law and has engaged in its practice in the city of Indianapolis since 1868. He is a member of the favorably known firm of Duncan, Smith & Hornbrook.

sore and heartsick. Some tuck away well-worn Bibles, but if the truth must be told, more find place for a well-thumbed deck of cards.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the Second Division, leaving their tents standing complete, so as not to reveal their absence, form three sides of a hollow square for review. After long and wearisome standing in one position, more painful and exhausting than the hardest marching, President Lincoln, Secretary Stanton, General Grant, and a host of other less important figures ride briskly along in front of the inner lines of these three sides of the square, receiving the roll of drums and the dropping of flags appropriate to their rank, and then ride off to the vacant space opposite where the fourth side of the square, if complete, would have rested. Then in a moment the absolute and rigid quietness and immovability of the troops is changed into prompt and exact action. The order comes: "Pass in review, by companies right wheel, march," and ten thousand men are in motion. The bands play "Hail to the Chief," and these ten thousand men in column by company march without waiver or trembling, every eye square to the front, elbow to elbow and every foot together, past these great men.

The review over, we return, not to our camp, but move upon a slightly elevated piece of ground, where the enemy could plainly see us, over both their own earthworks and ours, thus doubly deceiving them, for while we in point of fact were lessening the Army of the James by about 23,000 men, not only was this fact concealed, but the appearances indicated that new troops were arriving.

Here we halted until after the sun was down and darkness had settled over the earth. Camp fires were built everywhere, betokening new encampments. All the bands and drum corps were brought out and made

the night resonant with their lively airs. Amid such scenes and cheered by the strains of this deceiving music, silently and rapidly the Second Division fell into line and marched away in the darkness and in the night. "Who can tell where any road leads to?"

SUNDAY, APRIL 2, A DAY OF BATTLE.

A week later and the Saturday night following, the ten thousand men we left marching into night and darkness are found lying to the extreme left of the Army of the Potomac, occupying a light line of works built by them on ground they have wrested from the enemy. All the afternoon, far off and to their left, they heard the heavy musketry telling that the indomitable Sheridan has struck and is striking the enemy. The energy of the fight is clearly perceptible. All day a rattling musketry has been kept up on the picket line in their front. Just at night regimental commanders are directed under cover of twilight to make the closest possible approach and inspection of the enemy's lines, for the purpose of assaulting them, and are directed to have their men in readiness for the assault at three o'clock the next morning. Then follows a night which language cannot describe. It was said to be a favorite policy with General Grant to conceal his real point of attack by a furious cannonading along his whole line; and to-night for miles and miles every piece of artillery and every fort is thundering upon the enemy and calling back a reciprocal thunder. More than four hundred pieces of artillery of all sizes and character unite in the awful storm. Language is halt and lame and cannot give the faintest picture of the truth. The earth trembles and shudders like a frightened brute in the fury of the shock. And yet the men lie down and betake themselves to sleep and to dreams of home.

At one o'clock the cooks are aroused and directed to prepare a plentiful supply of hot coffee, that the men may be refreshed and the canteens filled for the day. At two o'clock company commanders and the other commissioned officers are called together and advised what the orders are and what is expected of them. And then they disperse to their companies. Now with regiments in column by divisions doubled on the center ready to move at a moment's warning, we await the approach of three o'clock. One would scarcely think that under such circumstances men would want to hasten the flight of time. But the agony of suspense is more difficult to bear than the excitement of action. As the momentous hour draws near the cannonading which was so furious dies away. The silence which all recognize as but the interlude between the thunder of artillery, which though terrific to the ear is not so fatal, and the rattle and the crash of the musketry, the hiss and the fatal thud of the minnie ball, becomes even more oppressive than the thunder roar had been.

But the most lagging hour comes to an end. Suddenly the ominous silence is broken by a terrific musketry far away to the right; and through the night we hear the shouts and cheers of men; then comes the quick and rapid firing of a battery in action; the storm seems to lull from time to time, and again and again to break out with a new fury. Whether this is in point of fact true, or only so appears by reason of the falling and rising of the wind we cannot tell. We suffer no harm at all. The fighting is clear away to our right. Sometimes the firing runs rapidly toward us, and it seems that in a moment we shall be engaged; then recedes, so that we lie in almost a complete silence listening to the battle below us. As we hear the rise and lull of the storm, and the varying position of the

sound, we imagine that our attack has been repulsed. It afterward proved that they were but successive attacks at various points by our line, all of which were successful, or attacks by the enemy, which were repulsed; for on this day it seemed all the gods were fighting for us.

So the night wears away into the gray dawn. The light reveals the fact that by a mistake in the darkness of the night before, the troops which ought to connect with our regiment have moved too far to the left, and we are ordered to move by the left flank to make connection with them. Just as our regiment has reduced to column of fours and starts to move by the flank to the left, General Grant with staff goes dashing by, a quarter of a mile or so to our rear, and a staff officer riding a black horse all spattered with mud and flecked with foam, comes under full speed, and saluting promptly says: "General Grant directs the whole line to advance at once."

"By the right flank, double quick, march!" comes the command from the Colonel, and without a halt we are off at a double-quick step toward the enemy's works. A rattle of musketry from the skirmishers in the rifle pits and a round of grape and canister from a bastion immediately in our front fired high over our heads, and all is quiet. Thinking that they are but reserving their fire until our close approach, onward we go, thankful for the present moment of safety, with a prayer in our hearts for preservation in the shock which we every moment expect.

We reach the abattis and the silence still being unbroken, the fact that the enemy is gone is apparent to all. The Sixth Corps on our right had broken their lines and those in our front escaped capture only by a precipitous retreat. Without a moment's delay the troops form line at right angles with the works just

carried and go sweeping down behind this main line to assault the interior works, constructed in anticipation of such a misfortune as now had come.

I shall never forget my feelings at this moment. It was a bright and beautiful Sabbath morning, and notwithstanding I knew that this outer line of works, which for so long a time had proved impregnable was carried by storm and the enemy broken and in retreat, still I could not divest myself of most serious apprehensions because the fight was begun on Sunday. I could not rid myself of the thought that ere the day was done God would prove the avenger of the Sabbath.

But there was little time for meditation. We were pressing down upon a broken but determined and valiant foe, who were contesting every inch of ground. The skill and the ability of the Generals commanding our troops to one knowing but little of war was marvelous. The interior lines consisted of many forts and heavy earthworks, more or less connected extending and covering the space between the main line and the river in its rear, each one of these cross works intended as a place of retreat as the one before it should be abandoned. To march directly upon them was almost as fatal as against the original line of defense. To the untutored eye the ground in advance seemed almost an unbroken level, cut and gored by these earthworks. But the skilled military officers in charge at a glance detected shallow ravines extending out from the river at various angles in front of them, and with wonderful skill and ability did those in command work great bodies of troops down the valley of the river and then out in these ravines, and then they seemed to spring from the very ground itself as they would rise out of these depressions and dash down upon the works in front.

Assault followed assault, and one by one they were carried, and nearer and nearer were we approaching to the fated city.

There was a complete inner line of works immediately surrounding the city of Petersburg. Just without this line of works were two formidable earth-works, built in support of each other and to sweep the fronts of the main inner line. One of these forts was Fort Gregg; the other is known by the name of Fort Whitworth, and also Fort Baldwin. About one o'clock our division found itself immediately in front of these works, our brigade in front of Fort Gregg. We at once prepared for the assault. Our division commander was a brigadier, and exceedingly anxious to win a second star. Our brigade was ordered to attack at once. The order was, however, countermanded. A moment later and we saw the attack made from the south front. A long line of blue came steadily forward, quickening into double time, and then into a run. A brigade dashed up the slope into the ditch and over the parapet; we thought the fort was won. But a moment later the blue coats came back over the works even more rapidly than they had gone in, and sought safety in the ditch. Another brigade follows with the same result. Again a third brigade sweeps up that front. The fire from the fort is destructive. One of the assaulting regiments has just received a new flag, and its bright and beautiful colors seem to draw the very venom of the withering fire; again and again they go down, only to be quickly raised again, and again to go forward. Finally they reach the parapet and there remain. The last brigade, reinforced by their comrades, finally succeeds in holding the fort.

The desperate resistance was made under the direct orders of General Lee, in order that he might have time to dispose of his shattered and broken troops in

the inner line of works. It had taken us an hour to reduce and hold the fort.

This assault being, as it were, but an incident in a day of great doings, is hardly known or spoken of, and yet it was a great battle of itself. General Gibbon says of this assault: "It was one of the most desperate of the war." Fifty-seven of the enemy were found killed within the works; while we had ten officers and one hundred and twelve enlisted men killed, and twenty-seven officers and five hundred and sixty-five enlisted men wounded, making a total loss of seven hundred and fourteen. We captured the remainder of the garrison, about three hundred men.

Badeau says of the fight: "It was the last fight made by the rebel soldiers for their capital, and worthy of the old renown of the Army of Northern Virginia." The Confederate authorities point to it as one of the marvelous instances of the bravery and heroism of the Southern soldiery.

Within the strong earthwork there was a regular stockade, more familiar to the Western than the Eastern army, loop-holed for the use of the infantry; so that when the enemy were driven from the breastwork they retreated into the stockades, and as our men came over the parapet they were met with musketry fire that could not be withstood.

I have made particular mention of this assault for the reason that the commander of the division making it is a member of this commandery, as modest and retiring a gentleman as he was a gallant and meritorious officer—General Robert S. Foster.

Fort Gregg having fallen, its twin sister was at once abandoned. And so the day wore away, amid assault and carnage and death. Night found us immediately up to and against the inner line of works. About sunset our division commander, yet zealous to secure his

second star, ordered an assault upon the main line, which, however, was countermanded by General Ord, with the rather abrupt remark to the General "that he was a damned fool; did he want to have five hundred men killed, when we would have the works in the morning without the loss of a man." And so the day closed upon the army weary of the battle, yet excited and anxious to renew it with the morning light.

It was on this day that President Jefferson Davis was surprised at church in the city of Richmond by the ominous dispatch from General Lee, and at once withdrew and ordered the abandonment of Richmond.

APRIL 9TH, A DAY OF VICTORY.

A week of constant and arduous marching and of running fight between the retreating Confederates and the advancing Federal armies has elapsed since we left our division on the front of Petersburg, waiting for the return of day to renew the assault. That assault was never made. When the light of the new day came over the earth Petersburg was evacuated. Under the cover of the night Lee had quietly and securely withdrawn his army from our front, and through a week of toil, anxiety, suffering, and successive losses, had worked his way to the vicinity of Appomattox Court House. Just in the dusk of the evening of Saturday, the 8th of April, as our weary column was pressing forward, General Grant and staff rode hurriedly by to the front. Our regiment possessed one of the finest bands in the army. As the General rode up and passed us we gave him right heartily, "Hail to the Chief." The General seemed to appreciate the compliment, for after the cavalcade was several hundred yards beyond us, a solitary staff officer wheeling from the escort, came riding hurriedly back, and bringing his hand to his cap said: "General Grant

sends his compliments to the Colonel commanding, with the information that he has received overtures looking to the surrender of Lee's army." The news was electric and flew like the wind. What those overtures were we knew not, but that was a matter which might well be entrusted to the hero and victor of so many surrenders.

The march was no longer heavy and monotonous. A new life came into our weary frames, and with alacrity the men pushed forward, hoping for everything. After a march of a few miles we halted for the night as usual, taking all the customary precautions against attack and surprise. The wildest rumors were afloat, but nothing definite could be known. With light hearts we rolled ourselves in our blankets to sleep as only tired soldiers can, and to dreams of peace. But long before daylight those dreams were dispelled and we found ourselves amid the actual realities of war. After a hasty cup of coffee, again we were on the move. Everything however betokened a crisis. We were in the immediate presence of the enemy. An enemy which, however decimated by the fortunes of war, and however wearied by the march, had proved its courage and skill on too many fields to be held in contempt.

Sheridan with his cavalry was in our front. At day light everything was in activity. Our skirmish line everywhere betokened the presence of the enemy, and that he was in a fighting mood. Sheridan's skill and successes were so well recognized that with him in our front we feared no disaster, although we might well anticipate some fighting. The rattling of the carbines settled down to a steady fire, and we knew that General Lee had determined upon one more stand.

Suddenly and quickly Sheridan's troopers mount and ride away to our right, leaving the infantry of the

two armies face to face. But alas for Lee and his army of Northern Virginia! it was not the army of other days. Now reduced to but a handful in comparison with the force opposed to it, it was utter folly to precipitate its brave men against the overwhelming odds of our victorious and exultant army. No one recognized this more quickly than their brave and skillful commander. Supposing that our infantry was not in supporting reach of our cavalry, he had determined upon charging the line of cavalry and breaking through. But when Sheridan, after detaining them until our infantry lines had time to form, hastily withdrew, as above stated, leaving the heavy lines of gray and blue facing each other, that brave man at once recognized that the end was come.

The white flag of truce was displayed. Grant and Lee, each the hero of so many battlefields, each the idol of his army, met, and in a few brief sentences fixed the terms of the surrender, and the Confederate army of Northern Virginia existed only in history. Perhaps it was but the survival of the fittest, the remnant of that army that had so often proved its valor; the victors at Manassas; "that had driven McClellan from before Richmond, withstood his best efforts at Antietam, shattered Burnside's hosts at Fredericksburg, worsted Hooker at Chancellorsville, fought Meade so stoutly, though unsuccessfully, at Gettysburgh, and baffled Grant with all his bounteous resources in the Wilderness, at Spottsylvania, on the North Anna, at Cold Harbor, and before Richmond and Petersburg." And if it was a day of mourning, of tears, and of a sad breaking of the firmest ties that ever bound men together in one camp; and if, on the other hand, it was a day of exultation and victory in the other, that grief and sadness in the one was not maddened and embittered by the pride and arrogance

of the other. There was no triumphal procession, no marching of prisoners under the yoke. In gentleness and in peace those brave men were permitted to disband, and we may well believe, as written by the historian, that hearts were wrung and tears sprung to eyes by that simple soldierly farewell of General Lee: "Men, we have fought through the war together. I have done the best I could for you." And this was the end.

In our army officers and men walked about in a dazed, uncertain kind of a way, half doubting that they were awake, wholly unable to convince themselves that they were in their right mind. Can it be so? Is it true that never again shall this wily foe startle us—shall he never again by dint of watchfulness and care take us unawares? Can it be that never more our weary feet shall tread in the march, either in retreat, pursuit or to outflank? Shall we never again meet him in the shock of arms? Is peace and home in truth so near at hand? We made our camps, and that without fear of surprise or need of picket. During weeks never scarcely for a moment had the sound of musketry or cannonading been out of our ears; for weeks our every waking hour was full of exposure to danger and arduous marching; and now, on this Sunday afternoon, here we are lying lazily in camp, in quietness and without the least anticipation of danger. After nightfall, when the stars were gazing down upon the two armies, now for the first time set down in the presence of each other without watchfulness, men accustomed to stand the picket or watch on the skirmish line, sought a place of solitude to gaze back up to the same stars and think of the eyes far away to the North looking up at them, and to hope soon to be with them. We half feared to go to sleep lest we should awaken to find that we had been but

dreaming. But when the morning came, despite the disagreeable rain in our faces, which awoke us from our slumber, we began more fully to realize the truth that the war was over and our avocation done.

A DAY OF MISFORTUNE AND GRIEF.

Sunday, April 16, 1865. A week later. The army is returning by easy marches from Appomattox Court House to Petersburg. It is a bright and sunny morning and we are marching through a broken and hilly country, talking over again for the hundredth time the events of the week, and wondering how the friends at home had received the news. If we are in the valley, looking ahead, we see those in advance climbing the hills; looking back we see the thread of men descending the hills in our rear; or if on the hill ourselves we see the lines of blue coats in the valleys below, before and behind us. But the march is very different now from the advance; then all was in order and in care; now it is almost like children in holiday procession,—the ranks are broken, arms are at will, men are straggling by the roadside, or even out of the road. Men are singing, cheering, telling yarns and playing pranks; everything betokens the absence of apprehension of danger, the presence of satisfaction and joy.

While we are in the valley we see the troops on the hill in our advance suddenly become quiet and assume order. Men suddenly fall into ranks, arms come to right shoulder shift, and the army assumes its old-time look. There could be no mistake; something of importance had happened. The Colonel of our regiment noticing it said: "If we were not certain that there could be no enemy left I should say that we were getting into the presence of the enemy with the prospect of a fight."

Looking ahead we see a mounted officer by the roadside, and just as fast as the column reaches him this change comes over the men and the ominous silence settles upon them. Finally the head of our own regiment reaches the officer, and now the message that is borne to us is the explanation of it all: "President Lincoln and Secretary Seward were assassinated Friday night."

The holiday march of an hour ago is transformed into a funeral procession; the miles lengthen out and the hours hang wearily. At noon we halt for dinner, but no one cares even to boil the unvarying cup of coffee; the men gather about in groups cursing and crying. None think it unmanly to give expression to their grief in tears; and especially among the colored troops, who had come in a great measure to look upon Abraham Lincoln as being the one man to whom they owed their deliverance from bondage, the grief was outspoken and unconcealed. From the elation of victory, in a moment we are plunged into the most profound melancholy and despondency. To add to the occasion the day, as if seeking to be in accord with our feelings, changes from the bright and beautiful morning in which it dawned to a heavy and overcast noon, and finally sinks into a dreary rainy night, and the victorious army, crushed and stunned by the unexpected stroke, lays itself to rest.

A DAY OF REFLECTION.

Sunday, April 23, 1865. Two weeks of easy marching were required to return us over the road from Petersburg to Appomattox Court House, traversed in half that time in the hurried pursuit of Lee. Friday evening, April 21, about sunset, our regiment went into camp a short distance west of Petersburg, north of

the Boydtown plankroad, amid the earthworks formerly occupied by the Confederate forces, and in close proximity to Fort Gregg, of which I spoke a few moments since. Here we understood we were to make our permanent encampment. Sabbath morning opened bright and beautiful upon a thankful army. Right heartily did we appreciate the fact that there was no marching for to-day. The troops are disposed of in required order, company streets laid out according to army regulations,—tents once more are stretched and camp resumes somewhat of its wonted appearance. Camp life begins to come back; pipes and tobacco are in requisition. Men settle themselves down to make an inventory of stock on hand. An overhauling of knapsacks reveals a very scanty wardrobe, and that sadly in want of cleansing and repair,—and this need awakens new longings for home, where the other sex is accustomed to attend to this branch of duty.

But in the midst of this there comes an order from brigade headquarters for a detail of sixty men. Wondering what such an order can mean, our detail, with others of like nature, gather at headquarters, when we are advised of the services required of us. It had been found that here and there a wounded man had dragged himself into one of the winter quarter huts, or in some other out of the way place to die; or some one had fallen in a ravine or amid the slashing, and in either case the body had not been discovered until the odors arising from decomposition gave notice of its presence. And now a systematic search was ordered to find and bury all such overlooked bodies. It fell to the lot of your essayist to have charge of one of the squads engaged in this work.

And so this April Sabbath morning we go over the same ground, where the fighting had been so desperate

three weeks before. The task was quite as difficult a one as the assault itself, and as long to be remembered. For then, in the excitement of action, in the elation of victory, cheered on by comrades, moved by impulses and sentiments which may be felt but can never be described, one might almost defy death, yea, one could prefer it to defeat. But to-day, so quiet, so peaceful, death was a thing most loathsome and ghastly. A body come to its death by violence and in blood is always a revolting spectacle; but to come on a corpse, three weeks dead, with all the work of decomposition going on—it makes me sick to think of it after a lapse of twenty-seven years. But such was our task; the work must be done thoroughly, for our own safety and that of the country depended upon it. Now and then in our search we came across one in blue. If possible we are to discover any means of identification. In most instances, however, no clue could be discovered. Most of them were doubtless included in that saddest of all lists, "The missing." Doubtless there was a watching and waiting in homes on the far Mississippi for some whom we that day put to rest in the bosom of their mother earth.

Their names had not appeared among the killed or wounded, and now that the war was over and the troops disbanded, mothers daily wondering whether they should be able to recognize their bronzed, long-absent soldier boy, making thousands of plans for the future, looked for the return of their sons who came not. Each new day brought with it the new hope that to-day he will come, and each new night the disappointment sank deeper into their hearts.

Anxious inquiry only brings the sad news that he is counted among the missing. His comrades can only say: "The last I saw of him was that Sunday before Petersburg. I don't know just where I saw him last.

He was with the company that morning—he was missing at night.” And so through the months of hoping against her fears, she startles at every step, hoping it may be he; peering into every stranger’s face, if perchance she may find him; but finally hope ceases to spring in her breast, and despair fills her heart. Alas, such experiences were too common! Men and women grew gray before their time, and finally died of broken hearts.

With these and kindred thoughts we dug the graves and as best we could lowered the bodies, covered them with pine boughs for a winding sheet and piled the clay above them.

And so we left them. The pomp of war was done. They had received their discharge. They had given their lives for the cause for which they fought; whether that cause was good or bad they had loved it, and they had died for it.

So let them sleep.

BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE.

BY LIEUTENANT HENRY C. ADAMS.

The Army of the Frontier, after an arduous campaign under the command of Gen. John M. Schofield, commencing late in September, 1862, and ending in the latter part of November, 1862, which included the driving of the enemy from Newtonia, Missouri, and Fayetteville, Arkansas, and marching over 500 miles in the worst kind of weather, especially in November, was placed, November 20, under command of General James G. Blunt, General Schofield having been relieved on account of severe illness. The First Division, under immediate command of General Blunt, was encamped at Lindsey's Prairie, 35 miles from Cane Hill, Arkansas. The Second Division, under immediate command of Colonel Daniel S. Houston, Jr., Seventh Missouri Cavalry, was encamped at Camp Lyon, about twenty miles south of Springfield, Missouri, on the Cassville road. The Third Division was encamped near Wilson's Creek, about ten miles south of Springfield, Missouri, on the same road, commanded by General Herron, who was also in general command



HENRY CLAY ADAMS was born in Marion county, Indiana, April 8, 1844. He attended the public schools, but left the high school in the winter of 1860, because of ill-health. At the time he enlisted, July 25, 1861, he was employed in a book and news store. He got into the service when a few months over seventeen years of age under the guise of a musician, being so slight that he could not be taken to carry a musket. After three months his name was transferred to the list of privates in Company I, Twenty-sixth Indiana Volunteers, a command which, from August, 1861,

until January, 1866, saw every kind of hard service which the war afforded—battles,

of both divisions. Thus the first division was about 125 miles distant from the second division and about 135 miles distant from the third division. The men of the command were hoping for a good rest after the privations which had been so heroically endured in the past campaign. But this hope was a vain one.

General Blunt, learning that the enemy, about 8,000 strong, under General Marmaduke, commanding the advance of General Hindman's army was at Cane Hill waiting the arrival of his superior in command with reinforcements which would bring the number of the Confederate force up to about 25,000 men, determined to attack Marmaduke's command before the arrival of Hindman, which was expected November 28. He marched from his camp early in the morning of November 27, with about 5,000 men, making a march of twenty-five miles on that day, and next morning at about ten o'clock struck the enemy under Marmaduke, driving him across the Boston Mountains to within about fifteen miles of Van Buren, Arkansas, where he joined Hindman and the remainder of the rebel forces. General Blunt, expecting an attack from this large force and being determined to hold his position at Cane Hill, telegraphed to General Herron, December 2, to come to his support with the second and third divisions by forced marches. This dispatch reached General Herron December 3, and the same day he marched with the third division to Camp Lyon, where the second division was encamped and at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 4th both divisions were on the march. These troops were in splendid condi-

forced marches, scanty rations. Early in 1862 he was so much of a soldier that he was made Corporal, and in time he was Sergeant and First Sergeant. He veteranized to date February 1, 1864. He was commissioned Second Lieutenant January 5, 1865—before he was twenty-one years of age, and was mustered soon after. He was subsequently commissioned First Lieutenant, but the depleted condition of the regiment prevented his muster. He was mustered out of the service January 25, 1866, after four years and four months' service. At the close of the war he was

tion, all the sick and those who had become disabled in the preceding campaign were in hospitals and the convalescent camp at Springfield, and none but well men were with the commands. By the time a halt had been called on the evening of the 4th, twenty-six miles had been traveled and the command was practically intact. On the morning of the 5th we were up again before sunrise, ready for the march. This day the distance traveled was about twenty miles. A considerable number of the men could not keep up the the pace and came into camp an hour or two after their comrades, but under the influence of hot coffee and a part of a night's rest, all were able to be in line next morning. A number of the men had shoes and boots too new, and some too old, and had actually marched a part of the time carrying them, because they suffered more in wearing them than without. Happily the weather was pleasant, although the winter was on, and we did not suffer from the cold during the daytime. We were on the march again at 5 o'clock on the morning of the 6th, and then came the heart-breaking tramp to Cross Hollows, twenty-six or twenty-seven miles distant, where the command arrived at 5 o'clock. Although tired beyond expression, those who came in with the command went to work to prepare coffee and a supper of bacon and hard tack for themselves and their comrades, who, too much exhausted to keep in the ranks, came in later on. Here we bivouacked. We had marched away from our teams, and as this was before the day of shelter tents, the sky was our covering. At 11 o'clock at night, we

deputy sheriff under Colonel W. J. H. Robinson, Colonel George W. Parker and Colonel Nicholas Ruckle. After eight years in the sheriff's office, Lieutenant Adams became Deputy United States Marshal under Colonel Dudley. In 1880 he was elected sheriff, holding the office two years. He then became a contractor for public works. During the past few years he has become the proprietor of an extensive quarry. Few men in Indiana are so widely and popularly known as "Harry Adams." He is the recognized raconteur and wit of the Loyal Legion.

were called again, and then came the worst march of all. The men were so sore that they limped and stumbled along in the dark, until the continued exercise produced a better circulation in their almost wornout legs, which, while it enabled them to walk with a freer step, increased the pain in their bleeding feet. During temporary halts, caused by crossing some creek or meeting with some obstruction on the road, men would drop down where they stood in the ranks and were at once asleep and lost to all sense of suffering until more wakeful comrades roused them to resume the march.

At about 4 o'clock on the morning of the 7th, we were again in Fayetteville where we had been about six weeks before, we in the ranks believing that we had made a fruitless march. After a rest of an hour or two, we were marched through the town to the south and again rested on the banks of a small creek. Here we opened our haversacks and had a meal of crackers and coffee. Our train was far behind, but by readjustment of individual supplies of rations which we carried, all were supplied scantily. Soon the ground was covered with men who were asleep, and, as they well knew, too weary to march another mile.

On the night of the 6th, the enemy had succeeded in marching around General Blunt's command, which now consisted of his own division and nearly all of the cavalry which had been attached to the second and third divisions which he had ordered General Herron to send to him, and when General Blunt started out with his command on the Fayetteville road to join General Herron on the morning of the 7th, he found that Hindman's army was on the same road in full force and between him and Herron. Hindman's evident intention was to first attack the exhausted second and third divisions who would, as he thought, be

easily overcome by his superior forces and then pay attention to the first division, which his army so greatly outnumbered, and with whom he had been skirmishing on the 5th and 6th of December. Herron's command, when it arrived at Fayetteville, consisted of about 3,500 men, his cavalry, as has been said, having been sent to Blunt. This left him the following infantry and artillery organizations: Twenty-sixth Indiana, Thirty-seventh Illinois, Twentieth Iowa, Twentieth Wisconsin, Ninety-fourth Illinois and Nineteenth Iowa Infantry regiments and the following artillery: Batteries E, F, and L, First Missouri and a section, two guns, of Battery A, Second Illinois, called the Peoria Battery. Early in the morning of the 7th, a detachment of the Seventh Missouri Cavalry and a part of another cavalry regiment which had been sent from Herron to Blunt, were feeding their horses near Illinois Creek, about eleven miles south of Fayetteville, near Prairie Grove church. The men were lying around on the ground, most of them asleep, saddle girths unbuckled and horses unbridled. Without warning, they were attacked by the enemy, and being thrown into great confusion, having about 150 captured, they retreated in disorder toward Fayetteville and were pursued by the enemy to within about six miles of that town, where they were met by a battalion of the First Missouri cavalry and a section of artillery from battery E, First Missouri. After a hot fight, in which some of the retreating cavalry joined, the pursuers were stopped, but accomplished the capture of Major Hubbard of the First Missouri, who was in command of the Union forces. The advance of the enemy was then turned back to what was to be known as the battle-field of Prairie Grove. The sound of this conflict aroused the tired men of the second and third divisions, and shortly afterward some of the retreating cavalymen passed through our lines with stories

of the fight and that the enemy was in great numbers and rapidly advancing. Orders were given to march and about 10 o'clock a. m., the men who had been so thoroughly worn out, started hurriedly for the front, and in the excitement and enthusiasm of the hour, all pain and weariness were forgotten and by noon the battle-field, about ten miles distant, was reached, making in all a march of 110 miles since we started, December 4th. Forging Illinois Creek, after cutting a road through the woods, the troops took position on some low hills to the right of the Fayetteville road. The enemy had mustered his forces on some hills covered with a growth of small oaks. To the left of the road, and between the opposing forces was a narrow valley, averaging in width about two-thirds of a mile. Very soon after our arrival, our artillery was in position. Murphy's Battery F, First Missouri, was divided into two equal divisions, one placed on the hill and the other in the open at the foot of the hills. The other batteries to the left of Murphy and in advance a short distance, at once commenced shelling the enemy. The firing was superb; the enemy's artillery was soon disabled and silenced. The accuracy of aim and rapid firing of our artillerists were wonderful and could not be surpassed. After the rebel position had been shelled for about an hour, the Nineteenth Iowa, Twentieth Wisconsin and Ninety-fourth Illinois were ordered by General Herron to attack the enemy which consisted of Shoup's division and Shelby's brigade of Marmaduke's division, which still retained their position in the shelter of the woods. General Shoup had been a former resident of Indianapolis and had mustered and commanded the first Zouave company in the State. Late in 1860, evidently seeing that war was inevitable, he left for the South, his sympathy being with that section, bearing with him letters of introduction

from various prominent people in Indiana, among whom was Mr. Voorhees, then a member of Congress from Indiana, who was evidently not aware of the intention of the then Captain Shoup, and was severely criticised for the giving of this letter, which was innocent of itself.

These regiments marched across the valley as coolly as on parade, and on reaching the foot of the hills were ordered to charge. The enemy held their fire until our troops were within about sixty yards of their lines. The Twentieth Wisconsin charged the rebel battery in its front and took it, but were greatly outnumbered and were obliged to retire in disorder, after fighting desperately to retain the guns so hardly won, having 204 killed and wounded, and thirteen captured.

In the meantime, the Nineteenth Iowa was faring but little better, being hotly engaged to the left of the Twentieth Wisconsin, and when that regiment retired was compelled to do likewise, suffering the loss of 190 killed and wounded among whom was their commanding officer, Lieutenant Colonel McFarland. The Ninety-fourth Illinois, which occupied a more advantageous position to the left of the Nineteenth, did not suffer so badly, having 32 killed and wounded, although this regiment doubtless received the first fire of any of the infantry regiments and retained its position when the other regiments were obliged to retire. When the enemy attempted to pursue the retreating troops, it was the hot fire of the Ninety-fourth Illinois and the grape and canister of the artillery which caused them to be satisfied to remain in the protection of the trees, and the regiments that had retired were enabled to reform their lines. Batteries L and M of the First Missouri and the Peoria battery were then left practically unsupported. The enemy evidently seeing this advanced again, but such was the destruc-

tive fire of grape and canister from these batteries and from Murphy's battery, which had been brought together on the hill where it commanded the field, the charging column was again glad to seek the shelter of the woods.

Shortly after the first attack was over, the Twenty-sixth Indiana and Thirty-seventh Illinois were ordered forward to attack the rebel line which had been reinforced by Shauver's Arkansas brigade, the Thirty seventh being on the right, and on about the same ground that had been fought over by the Twentieth Wisconsin, and one company of the Twenty-sixth Indiana which was separated from the regiment by a rail fence, aligned itself with the Thirty-seventh. The Twenty-sixth Indiana occupied the former position of the Nineteenth Iowa. The front of the whole line was covered by skirmishers from both regiments. Upon arriving at the foot of the hills, a halt for a few moments was made, during which time the skirmishers were busily at work and then the command was given by Colonel Houston, Division commander, to charge in double quick time. The enemy held their fire while our skirmishers were firing into the ranks, until the charge was made. The battery which the Twentieth Wisconsin had captured and was obliged to leave being in front of the Thirty-seventh Illinois, was retaken by that regiment when the advance was made and the advance rebel line was driven back a short distance when the charging column reached the top of the hill, the main body of the enemy rose from the ground and delivered a galling and deadly fire, almost in the faces of the two regiments, who stubbornly held their ground until forced to retire by reason of the overwhelming number of the enemy. In this attack the Twenty-sixth Indiana, which had 445 officers and men engaged, suffered a loss of 200 killed

and wounded and four missing. Company 1 of this regiment, which was on the right of the regiment for the time, was exposed to an enfilading fire and had thirty-one men killed and wounded, of whom fourteen were killed and mortally wounded. The Thirty-seventh, which had probably a less number of men engaged, lost sixty-eight killed and wounded. Among the desperately wounded was the gallant Lieutenant Colonel, J. C. Black. This regiment also had six missing. These regiments, after falling back, reformed the lines and occupied ground in advance of the position which they had left when they were ordered forward to make the attack. Again the artillery which had not been forced to retire delivered so destructive a fire that an attempt at pursuit by the enemy was checked, and he was again driven into the woods.

A little while after three o'clock, the sound of artillery was heard on the right and soon came the glad news that Blunt had arrived and was at work, and no one who was on the bloody battle-field of Prairie Grove but will remember the cheers with which the joyful sound was greeted. In the meantime, the Twentieth Iowa, some distance to the right of the Thirty-seventh Illinois, had repeatedly attacked the enemy and had maintained the position assigned it by the brigade commander, Colonel Dye, and when General Blunt's forces came upon the field, his regiment joined in Blunt's attack upon the rebel force and suffered during the day the loss of forty-nine killed, wounded and missing. From the time of General Blunt's arrival until dark the fighting continued along the line whenever and wherever the enemy showed a disposition to advance. The attack of the first division, commanded by General Blunt, was opened by Rabb's Second Indiana Battery on the left of the army at about the time stated. The First Kansas battery

and Hopkins' Kansas battery, which was really a company of the Second Kansas cavalry manning some captured guns, almost immediately joined Rabb's battery in this attack. Three times the enemy desperately charged the position occupied by Rabb's battery, which was the most advanced and was as often forced to retire with great loss before the terrible fire of grape and canister from the batteries and the musketry fire from the Twentieth Iowa and Eleventh Kansas infantry. The firing of these batteries, like that of the second and third divisions, was so accurate that the Confederate batteries were not able to render any efficient service, and as they would get into position, they were almost immediately forced to retire. Without the splendid service of the artillery, the Army of the Frontier would have doubtless been worsted and the reports of the battle of Prairie Grove would have been differently written.

A body of the enemy was massed around a straw stack in the open field delivering a very annoying fire, when one of Rabb's guns was turned upon it, a shell exploded in the stack which was at once set on fire. The enemy disappeared from view and the next day the burial party buried five charred bodies which were found in the still smoking pile of straw. Another party was firing from a white farm house. A shell was fired into it, and the supposed shelter became a blazing death trap. Almost simultaneously with the attack of the artillery, Blunt's infantry attacked on the enemy's left and until dark the opposing columns fought over that part of the field, Blunt's infantry repeatedly advancing and then retiring before superior forces and the moment the enemy was exposed there came such a deluge of shot and shell from the batteries that immediate retreat followed, with Blunt's infantry again advancing. The loss of killed and wounded in

the first (Blunt's) division was 204. At last came the welcome darkness, and the worn-out, utterly exhausted men threw themselves on the ground without shelter or covering, as their overcoats and blankets had been thrown aside during the engagement. Under a flag of truce, the wounded who had remained on the field were carried back during the night to an improvised hospital at a small farm house in which there was not sufficient room for all of the most desperately wounded, and hundreds of the suffering sat around rail fires and waited for the overworked surgeons to have opportunity to dress their wounds. On the line of battle no fires were allowed, the night was cool as had been the nights previous and none who were there can forget the long, horrible hours of darkness and cold, which, however, were followed by a bright, sunny, frosty morning. At sunrise the troops were again formed in line, and then came the glad tidings that under cover of a flag of truce, the enemy had slipped away in the night, muffling the wheels of his artillery in pieces of blankets that the movement might not be detected by the noise.

General Hindman had the assurance to claim that he had possession of the battle-field notwithstanding the fact that his army was a day's march away and still moving. On Tuesday, the 9th, he sent back a party under flag of truce protesting against the removal of arms from the field, which had been left there by his men in their retreat and demanding the return of all such arms. On the 10th, came another flag of truce asking that a burial party of his command should be allowed to visit the field and bury the dead, who had already been buried by the Union forces. He also sent a small amount of hospital supplies to his wounded men whose wants had already been attended to by our surgeons, and finally, December 12, five days

after the battle, came another officer under flag of truce for the purpose, as he, Hindman, said "to make a plat of the battle-field and the approaches to it, claiming that the "battle-field was won by his men." General Blunt responded that he would grant the modest request, provided General Hindman would allow him to send an artist to his present camp and sketch it and the approaches thereto." This closed the correspondence. General Hindman continued his retreat until the Boston Mountains and the Arkansas river were between him and the battle-field he claimed to have won, finally stopping at his old camp, near Fort Smith. December 27th early in the morning, the Army of the Frontier started for Van Buren, Arkansas, on the east bank of the Arkansas river, about five miles from Hindman's camp, brushing out of the way three bodies of the troops that Hindman had left at different places to guard the road to Van Buren. The advance of our army reached Van Buren at about noon of the 28th, a march over the mountains of nearly forty-five miles. Hindman did not wait for us, but retired southward in great disorder, never coming northward again, burning two steamboats and a lot of supplies before he left. Here we captured and burned four steamboats and a large amount of stores, wagons and other property, and also captured a number of prisoners.

On the afternoon of the 29th, we started back to our former camps. A few miles from Van Buren, General Schofield, who had recovered from his illness and was again assigned to command, met us. The first division returned to Rhea's mills, the second and third divisions to Prairie Grove, where we remained until rested and then marched back into Missouri. December 31st, by order of General Hindman given several days before, Marmaduke with a large force of cavalry made a

raid into Missouri, starting from Lewisburg, Arkansas, where he had been encamped, and after being badly worsted at Springfield, Missouri, and Hartsville, Missouri, which he attacked, was glad to get back to Arkansas after four weeks' absence. After this the enemy made no effort to regain and hold the territory from which they had been driven by our army. After our arrival in Missouri we spent a little time in Springfield and made various tiresome marches to meet the enemy who did not appear, and finally we reached Rolla about April 1, afterward going to St. Louis, then to Pilot Knob, and in early June the second and third divisions joined General Grant at Vicksburg.

The manner in which the battle of Prairie Grove was fought was severely criticised by General Schofield who said in effect that the operations of the army under Generals Blunt and Herron were a series of blunders and that they had been whipped in detail at Prairie Grove. This was bitterly denied, of course. In those days it was not regarded as any business of the rank and file whether blunders had been committed by general officers or not. But the men of the Army of the Frontier could not then, and cannot even now understand why General Blunt should remain at Cane Hill and order troops some 135 miles and some 125 miles distant to come to him by forced marches, which would naturally so exhaust every man who had to walk that he would be practically unfit for active movements after a forced march of such great length.

It is also difficult to understand why General Herron, after our arrival at Prairie Grove, finding that the enemy had slipped away from Blunt, did not continue to use his artillery which was so terribly effectual and was inflicting such a great loss upon the enemy who clung to the woods and did not hold his infantry for

the defensive until the arrival of General Blunt who was but a few miles away and coming rapidly toward the battlefield, instead of ordering forward first three regiments to attack the enemy in his chosen position, then when these were repulsed, making another charge with two regiments. There were no braver men than Generals Blunt and Herron, but it seemed to many then, that while the battle was desperately and bravely fought, it was not well planned.

During the war, there was no greater exhibition of courage and discipline than was shown by this army in the face of what was known to be overwhelming numbers at Prairie Grove, and no troops were ever called upon to show more heroic endurance than was shown by the men of the second and third divisions in the long, hurried march of 110 miles, made in three and a half days over rough and mountainous roads.

Rosecrans and the Chickamauga Campaign.

BY MAJOR WILLIAM J. RICHARDS.

There are few more ludicrous exhibitions than that often witnessed these post-bellum days, of some petty ex-officer of the volunteer line attempting in the scope of a twenty-minute paper, to sketch all the strategic situations of a great campaign and its culminating struggle, glibly telling off all the stratagems as conceived in the brain of the opposing commanders and meting out the due meed of praise or censure down to the decisive stroke. It is not proposed to furnish that sort of amusement to this commandery, but disclaiming any prescience, only to indulge a brief afterview of some of the chief factors entering into the campaign and battle of Chickamauga. If I shall succeed in awakening interest and discussion, corrective as well of my own as of other errors, I shall at least know that I am in line with the objects of our organization, to-wit: perpetuation of the memories of the war, to the end that by comparison and interchange



WILLIAM J. RICHARDS was born in Owen county, Ind., May 15, 1840. He was educated at Waveland Collegiate Institute, which was afterwards merged in Wabash College, from which he was graduated in 1861. He had begun the study of the law, but, like many others, he obeyed the call of his country. He entered the service as a private in Company H, Thirty-eighth Indiana Infantry, in August, 1861. He was promoted successively to Second and First Lieutenant and Captain. His regiment was attached to the Army of the Cumberland, and Major Richards was in all of the great battles and historic campaigns in which it participated. During the

of views between eye witnesses, error may be eliminated and historic truth confirmed.

The name of Rosecrans places a large interrogation point on the page of our war history. What was his true rank in the bright galaxy of military chieftains developed by the war? Did the events of Chickamauga and the campaign leading thereto justify his dismissal from the list of department commanders? As the elements of true generalship are as much put to the test in the grasp and conduct of a campaign as in the battle to which it leads, inquiry naturally turns first to the campaign from Tullahoma to Chickamauga. Here let the responsibility for the right conduct of that campaign be recognized as a dual responsibility, resting upon the commander-in-chief of all the armies as well as the department commander. As the division or corps commander must, for highest efficiency, have adequate knowledge of his chief's plan of battle, know the location of other troops on the line, and above all feel that his chief is awake to his special deeds and needs, so in the wider relationship of all the armies to the one engaged, a like touch and sense of support must be felt by the department commander. At this point, I think, must the final historian find the first fateful blunder bearing upon Chickamauga, chargeable to the newly-made commander-in-chief, General Halleck—that monumental marplot of our civil war. Like unto an earlier product in our crop of war chieftains, Halleck's genius seemed to have exhausted itself on the theory and science of military organization and defense, in which

campaign and battle of Chickamauga, to which his paper is devoted, he had special facilities of information, being on the staff of Major-General A. McD. McCook, commanding the Twentieth Corps, as Corps Provost-Marshal, and Commander of the escort of the Corps Commander. General McCook recognized his efficiency and gallantry by a special order after the battle. A tablet on the battle-field near Crawfish Springs commemorated this service. By the unanimous request of the

he is said to have been a phenomenon. But he seemed to know little of that larger finesse of concerted action by all the forces of government in aid of the vital point: drawing aid from other departments and yet by aggressive demonstrations preventing the enemy from doing the same by keeping him guessing as to the real point of attack. In short, that superb sort of generalship by which Grant finally throttled the rebellion. Halleck had no genius for *esprit de corps*—no higher conception of the prerogative of a department commander than as an automaton to be manipulated by the jerking of a string or the suggestion of a passing caprice at Washington. The record of Rosecrans' vain appeal for equipment and reinforcement for the perilous move on Chattanooga and the tone of Halleck's reply constitutes a pathetic story. Grant gave the proper solution for such a case when at Vicksburg he answered the importunities from Washington in the following terms: "If the authorities believe some one else would secure better results with this army than I am doing, do not hesitate to relieve me." And then in a few days made further answer by announcing the surrender of Pemberton with the largest capture of prisoners, cannon and munitions of war on record. Again, Thomas, at Nashville, doggedly refused to move before he was ready, afterwards vindicating his own wisdom, when he did move, by the utter overthrow and rout of Hood's army.

When Halleck began to order Rosecrans forward from Tullahoma the Army of the Cumberland had not recovered from the wasting effects of the recent cam-

line officers of the regiment, Captain Richards was made Major, which took him from the corps staff to his regiment. He declined the tender of the position of Lieutenant-Colonel in favor of a senior officer. He remained with his command to the end of his service. He was slightly wounded, both at Stone River and Resacca. During the larger part of the time since the war he has been the successful business manager of the Indianapolis *News*.

paign from Murfreesboro up to that point. That campaign was charged with the double task of coping with a vigilant enemy in front and at the same time the wresting of loyal East Tennessee, with its granaries of food and forage, from the rebel grasp. The latter required the scouring of a broad area of country by cavalry and artillery for the extermination of the guerrilla bands infesting all parts. The direct advance of the main army was impeded by the most impassable roads, through a low marshy region, requiring the construction of corduroy for the passage of heavy artillery and wagon trains, over much of the journey. While no general battle, such as Stone River, punctuated the difficult task, the arrival at Tullahoma was accomplished with scarcely less exhaustion to the troops, and perhaps greater depletion of cavalry and artillery than attends the average battle. Seventy-five miles had been added to our line of communication from Nashville, and now seventy-five miles more intervened between Tullahoma and Chattanooga, with its increasing demand for detachments from our force for the defense of the lengthened line of railroad against perpetual cavalry raids. The imperative necessity for this protection is seen in the mountainous country we were soon to enter, affording neither food for man nor forage for beast. To Halleck's repeated demand for an advance, Rosecrans pleaded time to recruit his wornout horses in cavalry and artillery, and for general reinforcements. That compliance with this request was not prevented by lack of troops will appear from a glance at the general field at this time, August 16, '63. A short month and a half before, on July 4, Grant had wound up the Vicksburg campaign, reducing the enemy's strength there by about fifty thousand men captured, killed and wounded, releasing to practical inactivity Grant's

army, which was larger than that of Rosecrans. At the same time, July 1 to 3, Gettysburg had been won, followed by no very aggressive southward move. The time consumed in the parleying between Rosecrans and Halleck was improved for rest and betterment of the army, but beyond the absentees returned to regiments and a few recruits forwarded from States (bounties had for the most part been withdrawn at this time), no substantial reinforcements were granted. All the cogent reasoning of Rosecrans and his touching appeal for reinforcements only elicited the following cold reply:

“The order for the advance of your army and that you report its progress each day is peremptory. H. W. Halleck, Commander-in-Chief.”

The effect of this order was to send the forces of the Cumberland Army onward to their doom, their leader disappointed, dispirited, apprehensive. A like spirit to that manifested by Grant at Vicksburg and Thomas at Nashville would perhaps have dictated the prompt relinquishment of command for lack of sympathy and co-operation by the authorities. But Rosecrans had a darling scheme for the possession of Chattanooga that he could not relinquish, so he immediately set about the tardy execution of the order. He had previously, with great unction, outlined his strategic plan, which was one of consummate generalship, receiving the unqualified approval of Lincoln, the Secretary of War, and Halleck himself.

The position of Chattanooga, seventy-five miles southeast from Tullahoma, is too familiar to require many words in description. It was situated on the south bank of the Tennessee river, hemmed in by precipitous mountains. The river took its course to the southwest from Chattanooga, dipping into Alabama, and followed on either side by almost unbroken moun

tain ranges. In addition to these natural barriers, Chattanooga was well fortified, and, in fact, was wholly impregnable to direct attack from the north. Graphically describing these conditions, Rosecrans swiftly developed his scheme to force the enemy out of his stronghold by threatening his communications, for this purpose throwing his army across the Tennessee river by detachments at various points below the city, and thence by gaps across the precipitous mountain ranges walling the river on its southern banks, and finally emerging in the valley beyond, which leads up to Chattanooga from the southwest, thus endangering Bragg's railroad connections, and while forcing the enemy's withdrawal to protect these he hoped to gain time for uniting his scattered forces. Ah, but here came the rub. Contemplating it in advance, Rosecrans had not underestimated the peril. He had dwelt on the ugly chance that even if he succeeded in stealing through the mountain gaps uncontested, the wings of his noble army would be more than forty miles apart and subject to attack in detail by a united foe, with possible destruction by piecemeal before our army could be reunited. Yet this was the only possible plan for the possession of this southern stronghold, so necessary to further progress by the Army of the Cumberland. These perils were urged upon the authorities by Rosecrans to the uttermost before leaving Tullahoma by way of accenting the need of the reinforcements which he had demanded. Such, in brief, was Rosecrans' forecast, and as now seen under the calcium light of after events the execution of the plan was as masterful as its conception was brilliant. The enemy evacuated Chattanooga, which capitulated to a detachment of our troops which had been left behind for that purpose, who promptly occupied the city, and communication was at once established

south of the river along our whole front, forty miles or more to the southwest. The consummation so devoutly wished for seemed at hand. Bragg had yielded to superior strategy. He had become unduly alarmed for his base of supplies. He was for the time mystified, but he suddenly awoke to the situation and be-thought himself of the Napoleonic plan of detail attack so much dreaded by Rosecrans, but to which he had now become so strangely oblivious. It was now Bragg's time for strategem. He sent pretended deserters into Rosecrans camp to report his army in retreat upon Rome, Georgia, while in reality he was concentrating for attack just behind Pigeon Mountain. Meanwhile Rosecrans continued to dream, apparently intoxicated with the magical success of his plan, and forgot his own danger note so clearly sounded from Tullahoma. Instead of speedily concentrating his army and throwing it between Bragg and Chattanooga, he sent forces to cut off the enemy's supposed retreat—Thomas into McLemores Cove and McCook far away over Sand Mountain and down into the valley toward Alpine, from which he had to laboriously ascend the mountain again with his heavy wagon trains and artillery, and make long forced marches to regain the main body, which was in the end much delayed thereby. The expedition of Thomas into McLemores Cove was a veritable trap, in which he must have been inevitably swallowed up but for the blundering miscarriage of Bragg's orders, since fully set out in his official report to the Confederate government. Two of his best equipped corps, one under Hindman and the other under Cleborne, were ordered to fall upon Thomas from opposite directions. Hindman was to open at daybreak, and the sound of his guns was to be the signal for Cleborne's attack. As the two rebel commands each outnumbered Thomas,

escape would have been, humanly speaking, impossible. But by unaccountable delays, against which Bragg raged furiously, a whole day was lost, during which the game was discovered and Thomas escaped. Rosecrans was indeed rudely awakened from his oversanguine dream. The first fateful mistake made by Halleck, non-support of Rosecrans, was now supplemented by a more fatal blunder by Rosecrans himself, and from these two unforgivable lapses other mishaps followed naturally. The practical inactivity after Vicksburg and Gettysburg favored the coming of Longstreet from Virginia and Johnson from Mississippi, which now swelled the host of Bragg, who was now fully aroused and bent upon crushing Rosecrans before he could gather his forces and gain his new base at Chattanooga. The fight was now being forced by Bragg, and Rosecrans not ready. The decisive blow would have been delivered by Bragg a day sooner but for the most incomprehensible miscarriage in his ranks. The bloody 19th of September was fought without time for a well digested plan on our part, and we were indebted for the partial success of that day to the almost single-handed heroism and skill of subordinate commanders and their soldiers, whose intuitive knowledge of how to support and succor each other was gloriously illustrated. When night came on, instead of sinking to rest upon their arms or resorting to the construction of defenses for the following day, the troops had to be shifted all night long to our left to meet and prevent the evident purpose of the enemy to break our left and force himself in between us and Chattanooga, thus completing our destruction. But, doubtless to his great surprise, Bragg found the Union forces confronting him again in the new position next morning, though without the needed rest

which the Confederate troops had enjoyed, and without the defenses and full readiness which would have enabled us to repulse him completely. As it was, after savage and repeated efforts to break our left under Thomas, he hurled his concentrated force upon our right, under McCook, whose troops had been decimated in order to make Thomas' vital position sure. Owing to another egregious blunder, the responsibility for which has ever since been in dispute between Rosecrans and Gen. Tom Wood, the latter had withdrawn his division from the line immediately connecting with McCook's left. Through the gap thus made the shouting and eager legions of Bragg poured like an avalanche, completely cutting off McCook's remnant from the main body, overflowing both flanks, putting it to total rout, and, at the same time, flanking out of position the line east of this gap, driving the troops like chaff back upon their reserve, who were, in turn, disorganized into rout before the pursuing hosts, who, all the time poured an unceasing and murderous fire into the fleeing and now panic-stricken soldiers, swallowing up artillery in their progress, which had no opportunity to fight or to withdraw in the thickly wooded region. Thousands upon thousands were that day driven in wild confusion from the field without even firing a gun.

General Rosecrans was in person on this part of the field to witness the catastrophe, and, with the retreating troops, was cut off from Thomas, first by the enemy, and rearward by natural obstructions which intervened. Here ended the battle of Chickamauga for Rosecrans, who, at this point in his report of the battle, says the havoc was so complete that he became doubtful, if even Thomas had held his position, and, therefore, he hastened to Chattanooga to locate a new

line of defense upon which to rally and still hold the city, or else to contrive means of crossing the river if need be.

But the battle was not yet over, for the old hero—Thomas—had not given way, as Rosecrans supposed, although the rebels turned with redoubled energy and continued to assault him in vain until night closed in upon the scene of carnage. The world knows the rest—how Thomas retired by order of Rosecrans, during the night, to Rossville; the scattered troops were brought up to his support, and battle was offered during the next day, but not accepted by the enemy, showing how severely he, also, had been punished, and further demonstrating that if the whole battle had been well planned and executed by its chief commander there would have been complete victory, instead of the constructive victory, which Rosecrans argued with vehemence to establish, on the ground that Chattanooga, the objective point of the campaign, had been won and successfully held against the enemy.

Rosecrans was not a great general, and the highest wisdom dictated his removal, along with Halleck, when Grant came into supreme command.

In his final report, General Rosecrans referred to the unknown topography of the battle-field, but when it is remembered that his advance entered Chattanooga on the 9th of September, and that he had undisputed possession of this same battle-field from that time up to the battle, this circumstance adds but another testimony to his lack of forecast and thoroughness, else not only himself, but each one of his corps commanders would have been furnished a careful map of the ground. It must have been small solace to Rosecrans, in his retirement, to remember that Bragg

was also dismissed, not because of defeat, for the rebels claimed victory, but for his failure to utterly overwhelm and destroy Rosecrans, and especially for not following up the attack on the 21st, as urged by all Bragg's subordinates, and for which they claimed the soldiers were eager.

NOTE.—The discussion following the foregoing paper developed the fact that the writer was a witness of the now famous incident of the withdrawal of General Wood's division from the line of battle and the dire disaster following. He described the incident as follows, his memory being supported by a diary record made at the time: "Generals McCook and Wood were sitting on their horses at the junction of their commands about 11:15 A.M. of the bloody 20th, a part of the staff of each General being present, myself among them. The attack had begun on the left some time before, and was rapidly traveling toward our position on the extreme right, distinguishable by the sound, when an aid from Rosecrans dashed up to Wood with the following order: 'You will immediately close up on Reynolds as fast as possible and support him.' Wood peered quizzingly at the order, turned to McCook, and read it aloud, adding in the familiar vernacular indulged between these two Generals: 'Mack, I'll move out by the right flank and rear to hide my move from the enemy.' 'No, Tom,' said McCook, 'just march out by the left flank, and I'll order Jeff (meaning Jeff Davis) to close your gap.' As Brannen's whole division intervened between Wood and Reynolds, whom he had been ordered to support, no one present thought of any other meaning than that taken by Wood. Although Rosecrans admits the language of the order, and that at the instant he thought Wood was next to Reynolds, instead of Brannen, yet he contends that Wood's action was mere blind obedience to orders, the execution of which he should have suspended, pending a speedy report of the conditions under his immediate cognizance, as Negley had done in a somewhat though not entirely similar instance on the same field the day before. But whatever the final equities, the direful result remains; the gap was made, and the troops of Davis were just beginning to move by the left flank to close it when the terrible onslaught came, and the rest is history, bordered in black."—PUBLICATION COMMITTEE.

MEMBERSHIP.

For many reasons which will suggest themselves to Companions, the Publication Committee decided that the volume should contain the names and records of all those who have ever been connected with the Indiana Commandery. It has been decided to classify the membership, so that all of the original, first class Companions who have war records should be given first; the first class Companions by inheritance to follow, to be succeeded by the other classes.

The utmost effort has been given to insure accuracy in what may be called the skeleton records of those who attained membership by virtue of service in the Union army as officers. These records have been made up from the official Register, which is, in most cases, an exact copy of the record furnished by the Companion in his application. When there has been doubt the original application has been consulted. After preparation every record was carefully compared with the Register to insure accuracy.

FIRST CLASS.—ORIGINAL.

ADAMS, HENRY C.—Second Lieutenant Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Private Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry, July 25, 1861; Corporal, March, 1862; Sergeant, September, 1862; veteranized, January 1, 1864; Second Lieutenant, January, 1865; commissioned First Lieutenant; mustered out January, 1866. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6576; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Indianapolis.

AINSWORTH, FRANCIS B.—Lieutenant Sixth New York Heavy Artillery. Private Sixth New York Heavy Artillery, December 23, 1863; Second Lieutenant, February 18, 1865; discharged, September 5, 1865. Elected December 14, 1897; Insignia No. —. Indianapolis.

- ALEXANDER, JOHN B.**—Captain Ninety-seventh Indiana Infantry. Private Ninety-seventh Indiana Infantry, September 20, 1862; First Sergeant, June, 1863; Second Lieutenant, March, 1864; Captain, December 15, 1864; mustered out June 9, 1865; wounded. Elected May 8, 1896; Insignia No. 11514. Bedford.
- ALLEN, DAVID F.**—Second Lieutenant Tenth Indiana Infantry. Private Tenth Indiana Infantry, April 23, 1861; re-enlisted, February 1, 1862; Second Lieutenant, September 28, 1862; twice wounded; mustered out September 19, 1864. Elected April 18, 1889; Insignia No. 7038; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Frankfort.
- ALLEN, HORACE R.**—Surgeon One Hundred Twenty-third Illinois Infantry. Commissioned Surgeon One Hundred Twenty-third Illinois Infantry, October, 1862; wounded; resigned on Surgeon's certificate of disability, June, 1863. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6577. Chicago, Ill.
- ALLEN, WILLIAM J.**—First Lieutenant Twentieth Indiana Battery. First Lieutenant Fifty-fourth Indiana Infantry, May 20, 1862; re-enlisted, September 19, 1862; Sergeant, Twentieth Indiana Battery, September 19, 1862; Second Lieutenant, December 23, 1862; First Lieutenant, July 24, 1864; mustered out June 28, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6578. Bloomington.
- ANDREW, ABRAM P.**—Captain Twenty-first Indiana Battery. Private, August 12, 1862; Second Lieutenant, September 15, 1862; First Lieutenant, January 13, 1864; Captain, October 28, 1864; mustered out, June 26, 1865. Elected October 23, 1895; Insignia No. 11,182. LaPorte.
- ARMSTRONG, WILLIAM H.**—Second Lieutenant Eighth U. S. Heavy Artillery, C. T. Private Eighty-third Illinois Infantry, December 19, 1863; Second Lieutenant, Eighth United States Heavy Artillery, C. T., July 17, 1864; mustered out March 10, 1866. Elected April 18, 1889; Insignia No. 7039; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Indianapolis.
- ASHLEY, ALBERT B.**—Second Lieutenant U. S. Infantry, C. T. Seaman, U. S. Steamer "Mississippi," May 1, 1861; discharged June 23, 1862; Private Third Massachusetts Militia August, 1862; Sergeant, Fourth Massachusetts Cavalry, August 20, 1863; Second Lieutenant, Twenty-first United States Infantry, C. T., March 13, 1865; mustered out April 21, 1866. Elected December 19, 1890; Insignia No. 8391. Chicago, Ill.
- BALSLEY, JOSEPH**—Captain Twenty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Private Twenty-seventh Indiana Infantry, September 12, 1861; Sergeant, December, 1861; First Sergeant, January, 1862; Second Lieutenant, June 2, 1862; Captain, December 11, 1863; mustered out November 4, 1864; twice wounded. Elected December 11, 1896; Insignia No. 11802. Seymour.

- BARRETT, ADDISON**—Captain U. S. A. Sergeant General Service, August 16, 1862; Captain and C. S., December 21, 1864; Brevet Major, U. S. V., September 14, 1865; mustered out, volunteer service, December 8, 1866; Captain Quartermaster's Department U. S. A., July 28, 1866. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7260. Died September 22, 1896.
- BATES, HERVEY**—Major One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry. Major One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry, May 20, 1864; mustered out with Regiment, September 5, 1864. Elected February 23, 1891; Insignia No. 8580. Indianapolis.
- BEASLEY, GEORGE F.**—Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. N. Commissioned Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Navy, March 4, 1864; Discharged, September 15, 1865. Elected May 16, 1889; Insignia No. 7155. LaFayette.
- BEEB, DAVID E.**—Captain Fourteenth Indiana Infantry. Private State Troops, May, 1861; Transferred to Fourteenth Indiana Infantry, June 7, 1861; First Sergeant, June 7, 1861; First Lieutenant, September 15, 1861; Captain, May 13, 1862; mustered out June 20, 1864; wounded. Elected May 11, 1894; Insignia No. 10573. Spencer.
- BEHM, ADAM ORTH**—Captain One Hundred Fiftieth Indiana Infantry. Private Tenth Indiana Infantry, April 18, 1861; Sergeant, April 23, 1861; discharged August 6, 1862; First Lieutenant. One Hundred Fiftieth Indiana Infantry; Captain, February 15, 1865; mustered out August 5, 1865. Elected November 14, 1890; Insignia No. 8281. LaFayette.
- BLACK, JAMES B.**—Major Eighteenth Indiana Infantry. Sergeant Fourteenth Indiana Infantry, May, 1861; Second Lieutenant, June 11, 1861; First Lieutenant Eighteenth Indiana Infantry, July 3, 1861; Captain, April 13, 1863; Major, January 1, 1864; mustered out December 18, 1864. Elected April 18, 1889; Insignia No. 7040. Indianapolis.
- BOCKIUS, CHARLES J.**—First Lieutenant Twenty-second Michigan Infantry. Private, Twenty-second Michigan Infantry, August 22, 1862; Q. M. Sergeant, December 17, 1862; Second Lieutenant, June 17, 1863; First Lieutenant and R. Q. M., April 19, 1864; mustered out June 26, 1865. Elected October 12, 1894; Insignia No. 10669. Marion.
- BOLTZ, FERDINAND F.**—Captain Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Twelfth Indiana Infantry, April 22, 1861; First Sergeant, May 11, 1861; Sergeant Major, August, 1861; mustered out May 19, 1862; Sergeant Major Twelfth Indiana Infantry, re-organized; Second Lieutenant Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry, August 16, 1862; First Lieutenant, January 26, 1863; Captain, February, 1864; wounded; mustered out June 7, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6579. Huntington.

- BORDEN, GEORGE P.**—Captain Fifth U. S. Infantry. Private One Hundred First New York Infantry, July 25, 1862; discharged October 12, 1863; Second Lieutenant Fifth U. S. Infantry, October 1, 1866; First Lieutenant, September 4, 1878; Captain, February 20, 1891. Elected through Commandery of California November 19, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 19, 1892; Insignia No. 3455. Ft. Sam Houston, Texas.
- BRADBURY, GEORGE L.**—Captain Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry. Private First Massachusetts Cavalry, October 26, 1861; Corporal, April 10, 1862; Sergeant Major, July 1, 1864; Second Lieutenant, October 7, 1864; First Lieutenant, December 17, 1864; Captain, May 29, 1865; Captain Fifth Massachusetts Cavalry, September 11, 1865; mustered out October 31, 1865; wounded. Elected May 16, 1889; Insignia No. 7155; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Chicago, Ill.
- BRADEN, JAMES D.**—Major Ninth Indiana Infantry. Private Ninth Indiana Infantry, April, 1861, three months' service; re-enlisted, September, 1861; First Lieutenant, September, 1861; Captain, March, 1863; Major, February 18, 1865; mustered out September 18, 1865; wounded. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9007. Elkhart.
- BRADSHAW, JAMES M.**—Captain U. S. Volunteers, Assistant Quartermaster United States Volunteers, rank of Captain, June, 1861; mustered out July, 1865. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7261. Died at Indianapolis July 19, 1890.
- BRAGG, JAMES**—Captain Fortieth Indiana Infantry. Private Fortieth Indiana Volunteers, October 7, 1861; Second Lieutenant, November 18, 1861; First Lieutenant April 1, 1862; Captain, March 1, 1864; mustered out December 21, 1865; wounded. Elected December 19, 1894; Insignia No. 10793. Lebanon.
- BRANHAM, GEORGE F.**—Captain Tenth Indiana Cavalry. Private Third Indiana Cavalry, August 22, 1861; First Lieutenant Tenth Indiana Cavalry, January 10, 1864; Captain, December 14, 1864; mustered out August 31, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6580.
- BRIANT, CYRUS E.**—Brevet Colonel Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry; Captain, September, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, December, 1862; Brevet Colonel, October 18, 1863; mustered out, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6581; member Commandery-in-Chief. Huntington. Died May 9, 1896.
- BRONSON, HENRY M.**—Second Lieutenant One Hundred Forty-fifth Ohio Infantry. Second Lieutenant One Hundred Forty-fifth Ohio Infantry, May 15, 1864; mustered out September 15, 1864. Elected May 8, 1896; Insignia No. 11515. Indianapolis.

- BROWN, GEORGE**—Rear Admiral U. S. Navy. Midshipman United States Navy, February 5, 1849; Passed Midshipman, June 12, 1855; Master, September 16, 1855; Lieutenant, June 2, 1856; Lieutenant Commander, July 16, 1862; Commander, July 25, 1866; Captain, April 25, 1877; Commodore, September 4, 1887; Rear Admiral, January 25, 1890; retired June 19, 1897; wounded. Elected through California Commandery, April 14, 1890; transferred to Indiana Commandery, March 30, 1893; Insignia No. 7847. Indianapolis.
- BROWN, GEORGE R.**—Captain Ninth Indiana Battery. Private Ninth Indiana Battery, December 5, 1861; First Lieutenant, January 1, 1862; Captain, July 1, 1863; mustered out March 6, 1865; wounded. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6582. Crawfordsville.
- BROWN, MARCUS L.**—Second Lieutenant One Hundred Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Second Ohio Infantry, 1865; Second Lieutenant, July 1, 1865; mustered out, August 14, 1861; mustered out, October, 1864; Private One Hundred Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry, mustered out October, 1865. Elected February 11, 1890; Insignia No. 7692. Indianapolis.
- BUNDY, MARTIN L.**—Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. V. Paymaster United States Army, with rank of Major. August 31, 1861; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, 1865; mustered out, 1866. Elected February 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6821. New Castle.
- BURKE, JOHN**—First Lieutenant Seventy-third Ohio Infantry. Private First Ohio Reserve Infantry, July 26, 1861; mustered out October 3, 1861; Private Seventy-third Ohio Infantry, October 11, 1861; Sergeant, June, 1862; First Sergeant, September, 1863; First Lieutenant, February 10, 1865; mustered out, July 25, 1865. Elected February 11, 1890; Insignia No. 7691. Vincennes.
- BUTLER, GEORGE**—Major Eleventh Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Infantry, April 17, 1861; mustered out, three months' service; Captain Eleventh Indiana Infantry, August 24, 1861; Major, March 10, 1863; mustered out July 26, 1865; Captain Ninth United States Veteran Volunteers, July 28, 1865; mustered out, June 30, 1866. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6583. Franklin.
- BUTTERFIELD, CHARLES H.**—Lieutenant Colonel Ninety-first Indiana Infantry. Private Ninety-first Indiana Infantry, June, 1862; Major, August, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, November 1, 1863; mustered out, June 26, 1865. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11313. Died at Evansville, January 13, 1897.

- CALKINS, WILLIAM H.**—Major Twelfth Indiana Cavalry. Private (unassigned) Iowa Volunteers, May, 1861; First Lieutenant Fourteenth Iowa Infantry, November 6, 1861; First Lieutenant One Hundred Twenty-eighth Indiana Infantry, December 8, 1863; Major Twelfth Indiana Cavalry, March 26, 1864; mustered out November 10, 1865. Elected through Commandery District of Columbia, March 7, 1883; transferred as charter member Indiana Commandery, October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 2978; transferred State of Washington Commandery, December 26, 1890.
- CAMPBELL, HENRY**—First Lieutenant One Hundred-first U. S. Infantry, C. T. Private Eighteenth Indiana Battery, July 12, 1862; Second Lieutenant One Hundred First United States Infantry C. T., November 18, 1864; First Lieutenant, September 11, 1865; mustered out January 24, 1866. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6584. Crawfordsville.
- CARMODY, JAMES D.**—Second Lieutenant Nineteenth Wisconsin Infantry. Private Tenth Illinois Infantry, April 20, 1861; Sergeant Major, April 29, 1861; Private Nineteenth Wisconsin Infantry, December 24, 1861; Sergeant Major, May 16, 1862; Second Lieutenant, January 5, 1863; mustered out for disability, September 24, 1863. Elected February 12, 1894; Insignia No. 10456. Evansville.
- CARNAHAN, JAMES R.**—Captain Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Private Eleventh Indiana Infantry, April 18, 1861; First Sergeant Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry, August 25, 1862; Second Lieutenant, December 22, 1862; Captain, September 4, 1863; mustered out June 6, 1865. Elected through Commandery of Ohio, December 5, 1883; transferred to Indiana Commandery, October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 3004; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Indianapolis.
- CHAMBERLAIN, ORVILLE T.**—Captain Seventy-fourth Indiana Infantry. Private Seventy-fourth Indiana Infantry, August 6, 1862; First Sergeant; Second Lieutenant, April 15, 1863; First Lieutenant, May 10, 1864; Captain, November 6, 1864; mustered out June 9, 1865. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9008. Elkhart.
- CHAMBERLAIN, ROBERT S.**—Captain Sixty-fourth Ohio Infantry. Private Sixty-fourth Ohio Infantry, October 26, 1861; Sergeant Major, March 1, 1863; First Lieutenant April 1, 1863; Captain, August 5, 1863; discharged on account of disability September 23, 1864; wounded. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9009. Elkhart.
- CHAMBERS, DAVID W.**—Captain Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Private Eighth Indiana Infantry, April 18, 1861; First Lieutenant Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry, August 26, 1861; Captain, November 15, 1862; mustered out September 16, 1864; twice wounded. Elected March 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6897. New Castle.

- CHAPMAN, JUSTIN H.—Captain Fifth Connecticut Infantry. Private, April 17, 1861; First Lieutenant First Connecticut Infantry, April 19, 1861; Captain, Fifth Connecticut Infantry, June 21, 1861; Captain Veteran Reserve Corps, September, 1863; wounded; mustered out January 1, 1868. Elected through Commandery of Ohio November 5, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery, December 19, 1892; Insignia No. 3387. Governor Soldiers' Home, Marion.
- CHARLTON, THOMAS J.—Second Lieutenant Twenty-second Indiana Infantry. Private Twenty-second Indiana Infantry, December 23, 1863; Second Lieutenant, May 1, 1865; wounded and left on field for dead at Bentonville; Cadet at West Point. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7262; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Plainfield.
- CHASE, DUDLEY H.—Captain U. S. A. Captain Ninth Indiana Infantry, April 24, 1861; Captain Seventeenth United States Infantry, August 14, 1861; resigned February 14, 1864, on account of disabling wounds. Elected through Commandery of Ohio, November 7, 1865; Insignia No. 3974; transferred to Indiana Commandery, October 17, 1888. Logansport.
- CLARK, JOHN G.—Colonel Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Major Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry, August 31, 1861; Lieutenant Colonel, July 1, 1862; Colonel, September 28, 1862; mustered out September 28, 1865. Elected February 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6822; member Commandery-in-Chief. Frankfort.
- CLELAND, JOHN E.—Captain Forty-fourth U. S. Infantry C. T. Private Seventieth Indiana Infantry, July, 1862; First Sergeant; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, Forty-fourth United States Infantry, Colored Troops, April 1, 1864; Captain, June 17, 1865; prisoner of war, October 13, 1864; honorable mention for gallant conduct in the battle of Nashville, December, 1864; mustered out, 1866. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7263. Indianapolis.
- COCKRUM, WILLIAM M.—Lieutenant Colonel Forty-second Indiana Infantry. Second Lieutenant Forty-second Indiana Infantry, October 7, 1861; First Lieutenant, March, 1862; Captain, October, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, June 8, 1865; twice wounded; mustered out July 21, 1865. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11313. Oakland City.
- COLE, ULYSSUS D.—Captain One Hundred Seventy-fourth Ohio Infantry. Corporal Eighty-sixth Ohio Infantry, June 3, 1862; First Lieutenant Eighty-sixth Ohio Infantry, June 19, 1863; Captain One Hundred Seventy-fourth Ohio Infantry, September 4, 1864; discharged June 28, 1865. Elected October 5, 1897; Insignia No. —.
- COLEMAN, ASA—Assistant Surgeon Forty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Assistant Surgeon Forty-sixth Indiana Infantry, May 14, 1862; resigned on account of permanent disability December 29, 1862. Elected November 12, 1889; Insignia No. 7407. Logansport.

- COMLY, CLIFTON—Major of Ordnance U. S. A. U. S. Cadet, July 1, 1858; Second Lieutenant, June 17, 1862; Adjutant, July 19, 1862; First Lieutenant, July 27, 1862; Captain of Ordnance, December 15, 1863; Major, August 2, 1879. Elected through Commandery of New York, April 2, 1884; transferred to Commandery of Ohio, March 6, 1888; transferred to Commandery of Indiana, October 17, 1888; transferred to Commandery of New York, December 19, 1892; Insignia No. 3126. Deceased.
- COMPTON, JOHN W.—Assistant Surgeon Seventeenth Kentucky Infantry, November 8, 1862; resigned March 23, 1863, to accept position of Surgeon on Board of Enrollment where he served until the close of the war. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11,314. Evansville.
- COMSTOCK, DANIEL W.—Captain Ninth Indiana Cavalry. Private Ninth Indiana Cavalry, December 19, 1863; Sergeant Major, February, 1864; First Lieutenant, July 31, 1864; Captain, April 9, 1865; mustered out August 11, 1865. Elected through Commandery of Ohio, October 7, 1885; Insignia No. 4201; transferred to Commandery of Indiana, March 5, 1889. Richmond.
- CONN, CHARLES G.—Captain First Michigan Sharpshooters, Musician Fifteenth Indiana Infantry June 14, 1861; mustered out by General Order, September 10, 1862; Private First Michigan Sharpshooters, November, 1862; Second Lieutenant, August 8, 1863; Captain, April 11, 1865; mustered out, July 28, 1865. Elected March 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6898; transferred to Commandery of District of Columbia, 1896.
- COONS, JOHN W.—First Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Infantry. Private Eleventh Indiana Infantry, August 31, 1861; Sergeant Major, January 13, 1862; Second Lieutenant, October, 1862; First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster, June 14, 1863; mustered out December 10, 1862. Elected December 19, 1889; Insignia No. 6585. Indianapolis.
- COOPER, CHARLES BEAL—Major Fifth Ohio Infantry. Private, September 12, 1861; First Lieutenant, September 19, 1861; Captain, December 12, 1862; Major, March, 1864; mustered out September 21, 1864. Elected December 14, 1897. Insignia No. ——. Anderson.
- COOPER, ELDER—Captain Forty-second Indiana Infantry. Commissary Sergeant Forty-second Indiana Infantry, October, 1861; Second Lieutenant, 1862; First Lieutenant, 1863; Captain, 1863; mustered out at expiration of term of service. Elected May 11, 1894; Insignia No. 10574. Evansville.
- COOPER, JOHN W.—Captain Forty-third Indiana Infantry. Private Tenth Indiana Infantry, April 24, 1861; Color Sergeant Forty-third Indiana Infantry, October 2, 1861; Second Lieutenant, June 6, 1863; First Lieutenant, February 28, 1864; Captain, October 21, 1864; mustered out June 21, 1865. Elected May 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7926. Indianapolis.

- CORBY, WILLIAM**—Chaplain Eighty-eighth New York Infantry, October, 1861; mustered out February, 1865. Elected May 8, 1896; Insignia No. 11576. Died at Notre Dame, December 28, 1897.
- CRAFT, RICHARD B.**—First Lieutenant Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Sergeant Nineteenth Indiana Infantry, July 29, 1861; First Lieutenant Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry, January 29, 1863; Master Mate U. S. Navy, July 1, 1863; mustered out November, 1865. Elected February 23, 1891; Insignia No. 8581. Resigned February 12, 1894.
- CRAVENS, JUNIUS E.**—Captain One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry. Musician Eighteenth Indiana Infantry, August 16, 1861; mustered out by General Order, August 20, 1862; First Lieutenant One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, February 16, 1864; Captain, August 9, 1864; mustered out August 25, 1865. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7264. Indianapolis.
- CRAWFORD, FRANCIS C.**—Assistant Adjutant General U. S. V. First Sergeant Seventy-first Indiana Infantry; Adjutant Eighty-fifth Indiana Infantry, September 2, 1862; A. A. G. Second Brigade, Third Division, Twentieth Army Corps; A. D. C. on Staff of Brigadier General W. T. Ward; A. A. G. of same division with rank of Major. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6586. Terre Haute.
- COULSON, WASHINGTON C.**—Captain United States Navy. Acting Master's Mate U. S. Navy, August 15, 1862; Acting Ensign, December 31, 1862; Acting Master, July 16, 1864; Third Lieutenant U. S. Revenue Cutter service, November 8, 1867; Second Lieutenant, July 20, 1870; First Lieutenant, June 30, 1874; Captain July 25, 1888. Elected October 31, 1890; Insignia No. 8140; transferred to California Commandery, November, 1890.
- CUMBACK, WILL**—Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V. Private Seventh Indiana Infantry, April, 1861; Paymaster U. S. V. with rank of Major, May, 1861; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, July, 1865; mustered out July, 1865. Elected through the Commandery of Ohio, December 7, 1887; transferred to Indiana Commandery, October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 6075; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Greensburg.
- DAUGHERTY, WILL W.**—Captain United States Army. Private Twenty-seventh Indiana Infantry, August 19, 1861; Sergeant Major, May 27, 1862; Second Lieutenant, November 14, 1862; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, March 1, 1863; mustered out November 4, 1864; Second Lieutenant Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, March 7, 1867; First Lieutenant, January 2, 1869; Captain Twenty-second U. S. Infantry, September 2, 1882. Elected April 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7816; transferred to Colorado Commandery December 30, 1895.

- DAWSON, BYRON**—Captain U. S. A., retired. Private Third Indiana Cavalry, September 5, 1862; First Sergeant, October 23, 1862; Second Lieutenant, August 2, 1864; Captain Eighth Indiana Cavalry, May 1, 1865; mustered out, July 20, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6587. Indianapolis.
- DENBY, CHARLES**—Colonel Eightieth Indiana Infantry. Lieutenant Colonel Forty-second Indiana Infantry, September, 1861; Colonel Eightieth Indiana Infantry, October, 1862; wounded; resigned on Surgeon's certificate of disability, February, 1863. Elected October 12, 1894; Insignia No. 10670. Twelve years U. S. Minister to China.
- DOUGALL, ALLEN H.**—Captain Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Eighty-eighth Indiana Infantry, August 2, 1862; Corporal, August 11, 1862; Quartermaster-Sergeant, August 29, 1862; First Lieutenant, February 15, 1864; Adjutant, July 1, 1864; Captain, May 1, 1865; mustered out June 7, 1865; three times wounded. Elected December 19, 1893; Insignia No. 10365. Ft. Wayne.
- DOWDEN, FRANCIS M.**—Second Lieutenant Fifty-second Indiana Infantry. Private Fifty-second Infantry, June 1, 1861; Corporal, October, 1861; Sergeant, February, 1862; Quartermaster Sergeant, July, 1862; Sergeant Major, September, 1863; Second Lieutenant, 1864; mustered out September 10, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6588. Greensburg.
- DOXEY, CHARLES T.**—Captain Sixteenth Indiana Infantry. Private Nineteenth Indiana Infantry, July 5, 1861; First Sergeant; Sergeant Major, December, 1861; Second Lieutenant, January, 1862; Captain Sixteenth Indiana Infantry, 1862; mustered out on account of disability, September, 1864; twice wounded. Elected December 19, 1890; Insignia No. 8392; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Anderson.
- DRESSER, JASPER M.**—Lieutenant Colonel Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Private Third Battalion, District of Columbia Volunteers, April 15, 1861; mustered out July 15, 1861; Captain Dresser's Battery, Illinois Artillery, August, 1861; First Sergeant Seventy-sixth Indiana Infantry, July, 1862; Major Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry, September, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, January, 1863; resigned on account of disability, June, 1863; thrice wounded. Elected February 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6823. Died September 25, 1893.
- EASTMAN, JOSEPH**—Assistant Surgeon U. S. C. T. Corporal Seventy-seventh New York Infantry; Hospital Steward, U. S. Army, August 14, 1863; Assistant Surgeon Fifth U. S. C. T. July 22, 1865; mustered out September 20, 1865; Assistant Surgeon Forty-fourth U. S. C. T. December 21, 1865; mustered out April 30, 1866. Elected May 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7927. Indianapolis.

- EDWINS, STANLEY W.—Assistant Surgeon One Hundred Twenty-fourth Indiana Infantry. Entered service as Assistant Surgeon One Hundred Twenty-fourth Indiana Infantry July, 1864; mustered out September, 1865. Elected October 14, 1892; Insignia No. 9725. Elwood.
- ELLIOTT, BYRON K.—Captain One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry. Captain One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry, May 10, 1864; mustered out September 7, 1864. Elected December 19, 1894; Insignia No. 10794. Indianapolis.
- ELSTON, ISAAC C.—Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V. Second Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Infantry, April, 1861; Captain, April, 1861; Captain Eleventh Indiana Infantry, July, 1861; Three years' service; Major, 1861; Lieutenant Colonel and A. D. C. June 12, 1862; resigned June, 1863. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6589. Crawfordsville.
- ENSLEY, NICHOLAS—Second Lieutenant Forty-fourth Indiana Infantry. Private Forty-fourth Indiana Infantry, November 11, 1861; Corporal, spring of 1863; First Sergeant, September 23, 1863; Quartermaster Sergeant Summer of 1864; Second Lieutenant, June 24, 1865; mustered out September 24, 1865. Elected May 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7928. Indianapolis.
- ENSMINGER, SAMUEL L.—First Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Infantry. Private Eleventh Indiana Infantry, March 21, 1862; Corporal fall of 1863; Sergeant, spring of 1864; First Lieutenant, March 21, 1865; mustered out July 27, 1865; wounded. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7265. Crawfordsville.
- EWING, FRANCIS M.—Major Fifty-fifth U. S. C. T. Private Twelfth Illinois Infantry, May 2, 1861; re-enlisted, August 2, 1861; Captain, Fifty-fifth United States Colored Troops, May 21, 1863; Major, October 12, 1865; mustered out December 31, 1865; wounded. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11315. Evansville.
- EWING, WILLIAM D.—First Lieutenant Pennsylvania Volunteers. Musician Fortieth Pennsylvania Infantry, October 1, 1861; discharged by General Orders; Private Second Pennsylvania Infantry, July 1, 1863; Sergeant First Battalion Pennsylvania Volunteers, July 9, 1864; First Lieutenant, Anderson's Independent Company Mounted Volunteers, November 4, 1864; mustered out August 4, 1865. Elected March 15, 1890; Insignia No. 7744; transferred to Illinois Commandery, December 25, 1895.
- FAIRBANKS, CRAWFORD—First Lieutenant One Hundred Twenty-ninth Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant One Hundred Twenty-ninth Indiana Infantry, April 11, 1864; resigned December 26, 1864, on account of physical disability. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6590. Terre Haute.

- FAIRBANKS, WILLIAM H.**—Colonel One Hundred Forty-ninth Indiana Infantry. Private Eleventh Indiana Infantry, three months' service, April, 1861; First Lieutenant Thirty-first Indiana Infantry, September 5, 1861; Promoted Captain, Major and commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, but declined muster to accept commission as Colonel of One Hundred Forty-ninth Indiana Infantry; mustered out at close of war. Elected October 5, 1897; Insignia No. —, Terre Haute.
- FARLEY, EDWIN**—First Lieutenant Third U. S. Cavalry C. T. Private Eighth Wisconsin Infantry, September, 1861; Corporal; transferred as First Sergeant, to First Mississippi Cavalry, October 25, 1863; Second Lieutenant Third United States Cavalry, Colored Troops, March 18, 1864; First Lieutenant, January 23, 1865; mustered out January 26, 1866; wounded. Elected February 22, 1893; Insignia No. 10035. Paducah, Ky.
- FARRINGTON, GEORGE E.**—First Lieutenant Eighty-fifth Indiana Infantry. Private Eighty-fifth Indiana Infantry, August 20, 1862; First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster, October 22, 1863; mustered out June, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6591. Terre Haute.
- FERRIS, EUGENE W.**—Captain Thirtieth Massachusetts Infantry. Private Thirtieth Massachusetts Infantry, January 1, 1862; Second Lieutenant, August 19, 1862; First Lieutenant, November 26, 1863; Captain, October 24, 1864; mustered out July 5, 1866; wounded. Elected October 20, 1893; Insignia No. 10287. Garrett.
- FLETCHER, STEPHEN K.**—Adjutant One Hundred Fifteenth Indiana Infantry. Private Thirty-third Indiana Infantry, September, 1861; Sergeant, April, 1862; First Lieutenant and Adjutant One Hundred Fifteenth Indiana Infantry, July 23, 1863; mustered out February 25, 1864. Elected February 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6824. Died July 7, 1897.
- FOOTE, LUCIEN A.**—Major Fourteenth Indiana Infantry. Captain Fourteenth Indiana Infantry, June 7, 1861; Major, March 7, 1862; resigned on account of disability, April 24, 1862; First Sergeant Seventy-eighth Indiana Infantry, August, 1862; First Sergeant One Hundred Thirty-third Indiana Infantry, May, 1864; Major, May 19, 1864; mustered out at expiration of term of service; wounded. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6592. Crawfordsville.
- FORD, AUGUSTUS C.**—Captain Thirty-first Indiana Infantry. Private Thirty-first Indiana Infantry; September 5, 1861; First Sergeant; Second Lieutenant, April 1, 1862; First Lieutenant, April 20, 1862; Captain, November 1, 1864; resigned January 1, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6593. Terre Haute.

- FORTNER, SANFORD—Brevet Major U. S. V. Second Lieutenant, One Hundred First Indiana Infantry, August 18, 1862; First Lieutenant, January 26, 1863; Captain, May 8, 1864; Brevet Major U. S. V. March 13, 1865; mustered out July, 1865. Elected December 19, 1893; Insignia No. 10366. Indianapolis.
- FOSTER, DAVID N.—Captain Eighty-third New York Infantry. Private Eighty-third New York Infantry, May 27, 1861; Corporal, July, 1863; Sergeant, May, 1862; Second Lieutenant, December 10, 1862; Captain, October 7, 1863; mustered out on account of disability, December 23, 1863; twice wounded. Elected April 18, 1889; Insignia No. 7041; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Fort Wayne.
- FOSTER, ROBERT S.—Brevet Major General U. S. V. Private Indiana Volunteers, April 15, 1861; Captain Eleventh Indiana Infantry, April 22, 1861; Major Thirteenth Indiana Infantry, June 19, 1861; Lieutenant Colonel October 25, 1861; Colonel, April 30 1862; Brigadier General, June 15, 1863; Brevet Major General, March 31, 1865; mustered out September 25, 1865. Elected through Commandery of District of Columbia, June 6, 1883; transferred to Ohio Commandery, October 17, 1885; transferred to Indiana Commandery, October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 2843; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Indianapolis.
- FRINK, CHARLES S.—Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V. Assistant Surgeon U. S. V. October 6, 1862; Surgeon, April 30, 1864; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, U. S. V. August 15, 1865; mustered out at close of war. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6594. Died July 8, 1893.
- GARRIGUS, MILTON—Captain One Hundred Forty-second Indiana Infantry. Private Thirty-ninth Indiana Volunteers, afterward mounted Infantry, and Eighth Indiana Cavalry; Second Lieutenant, May 12, 1864; First Lieutenant, May 23, 1864; Adjutant One Hundred Thirty-seventh Indiana Infantry, May 25, 1864; Captain, November 4, 1864; mustered out July 14; 1865. Elected December 19, 1893; Insignia No. 10367. Kokomo.
- GILLETT, SIMON P.—Lieutenant Commander United States Navy. Entered U. S. Naval Academy, September 20, 1856; graduated June 15, 1860; Midshipman, June 15, 1860; Master, August 31, 1861; Lieutenant, February 21, 1863; Lieutenant Commander, May 23, 1866; resigned December 30, 1871. Elected through Commandery of Ohio, October 3, 1888; transferred to Indiana Commandery, November 25, 1890; Insignia No. 6436. Evansville.
- GODDARD, JOSEPH A.—Captain Fourth Ohio Cavalry. Private Fourth Ohio Cavalry, August 30, 1862; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant, March 9, 1863; First Lieutenant, September 8, 1864; Captain, June 24, 1865; mustered out June 27, 1865. Elected May 13, 1897; Insignia No. 11896. Muncie.

- GOULD, WILLIAM P.**—Major and Paymaster U. S. A. Major and Additional Paymaster U. S. V., June, 1861; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, March 13, 1865; Major and Paymaster U. S. A., October 18, 1867; retired in 1885. Elected May 16, 1889; Insignia No. 7156. Vincennes.
- GRAY, SAMUEL F.**—Lieutenant Colonel Forty-ninth Ohio Infantry. First Lieutenant Forty-ninth Ohio Infantry, August 6, 1861; Captain, January 9, 1862; Major, January 1, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel, October 4, 1863; mustered out October 4, 1864. Elected December 19, 1894; Insignia No. 10795. Indianapolis.
- GUTHRIE, THOMAS S.**—Chaplain One Hundred Fifty-second Ohio Infantry. Private One Hundred Fifty-second Ohio Infantry, May 2, 1864; Chaplain, May 9, 1864; mustered out September 2, 1864. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8139. Indianapolis.
- HADLEY, JOHN V.**—First Lieutenant Seventh Indiana Infantry. Private Seventh Indiana Infantry, August 20, 1861; Corporal, April 10, 1862; First Lieutenant, October 11, 1862; twice wounded; discharged January 21, 1865. Elected May 8, 1896; Insignia No. 11517. Danville.
- HARDY, ALEXANDER**—Captain Twenty-fourth Indiana Battery. Second Lieutenant Twenty-fourth Indiana Battery, 1862; Captain, March, 1864; mustered out August 3, 1865. Elected November 14, 1890; Insignia No. 8282. Logansport.
- HARDY, JAMES G. W.**—Second Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Cavalry. Private Sixty-third Indiana Infantry. August 11, 1862; Second Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Cavalry, December 20, 1863; mustered out February 3, 1865. February 12, 1896; Insignia No. 7266. North Vernon.
- HARRIS, JAMES W.**—First Lieutenant Forty-first Indiana Cavalry. Corporal Second Indiana Cavalry, November 1, 1861; Sergeant; First Lieutenant, May, 1863; mustered out March 21, 1865. Elected April 19, 1890; Insignia No. 7819. Died June 11, 1891.
- HARRISON, BENJAMIN**—Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V. Captain Seventieth Indiana Infantry, July 22, 1862; Colonel, August 7, 1862; Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V., for ability, manifest energy and gallantry in command of brigade; mustered out June 8, 1865. Elected through the Commandery of District of Columbia, April 5, 1882; transferred to Ohio Commandery, September 20, 1887; transferred to Indiana Commandery, November 27, 1894; Insignia No. 2454; Commander of Ohio Commandery 1893-94; member of Commandery-in-Chief. President of United States, 1889-93. Indianapolis.

- HARRISON, JAMES B.—Major Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry. Private Seventeenth Kentucky Infantry, September, 1861; Second Lieutenant, September, 1861; resigned on Surgeon's certificate of disability, January 1, 1862; re-entered service in Twelfth Kentucky Cavalry, December, 1862; Major, November 17, 1863; mustered out August 23, 1865. Elected December 19, 1890; Insignia No. 8393. Evansville.
- HARRISON, ROBERT W.—Captain One Hundred Sixteenth Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant One Hundred Sixteenth Indiana Infantry, August 17, 1863; Captain, September 20, 1863; mustered out March 1, 1864. Elected February 12, 1896; Insignia No. 11,405. Lebanon.
- HAVENS, BENJAMIN F.—First Lieutenant Eighty-ninth Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant Eighty-ninth Indiana Infantry, June, 1862; resigned because of injuries received in action, September, 1862. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9010. Terre Haute.
- HAYES JOB J.—Brevet Major U. S. V. Captain and Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. V., September 4, 1863; Brevet Major, July 14, 1865. mustered out July 15, 1865. Elected December 10, 1889; Insignia No. 7503. Louisville, Ky.
- HAYNES, MOSES H.—Surgeon One Hundred Sixty-seventh Ohio Infantry. Assistant Surgeon Sixty-third Ohio Infantry, September 3, 1861; transferred to Sixty-ninth Ohio Infantry; Surgeon One Hundred Sixty-seventh Ohio Infantry, May, 1864; mustered out September 6, 1864. Elected May 13, 1897; Insignia No. 11895. Richmond.
- HEADINGTON, JOHN W.—Lieutenant Colonel One Hundredth Indiana Infantry; Private U. S. V., August, 1862; Captain One Hundredth Indiana Infantry, September 11, 1862; Major, June 1, 1864; Lieutenant Colonel, May 21, 1865; mustered out June 14, 1865. Elected December 11, 1896; Insignia No. 11803. Portland.
- HENLEY, WILLIAM M.—Captain Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry; Corporal Eighth Indiana Infantry, April 23, 1861; First Lieutenant Forty-seventh Infantry, October 10, 1861; Captain, April 1, 1862; mustered out December 29, 1864. Elected December 11, 1896; Insignia No. 11644. Wabash.
- HENRY, JAMES R.—Second Lieutenant Twenty-first Indiana Infantry. Private Twenty-first Indiana Infantry, July 6, 1861; Second Lieutenant, November 28, 1864; mustered out January 10, 1866. Elected December 19, 1894; Insignia No. 10796. Indianapolis.

- HERRIOTT, GEORGE F.**—Major Tenth Indiana Cavalry. Private Seventh Indiana Infantry, April 25, 1861; First Lieutenant Third Indiana Cavalry, September 20, 1861; Captain, May 30, 1862; Major Tenth Indiana Cavalry, July 1, 1864; mustered out January 30, 1865; wounded. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6595. Transferred to Missouri Commandery, March 23, 1891.
- HERRON, WILLIAM P.**—Captain Seventy-second Indiana Infantry. Private Seventy-second Indiana Infantry, July 20, 1862; Second Lieutenant, October 19, 1862; First Lieutenant, February 2, 1863; Captain, February 14, 1863; mustered out July 24, 1865; twice wounded. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6596. Crawfordsville.
- HESS, ALEXANDER**—Captain Second Indiana Cavalry. Private Eighth Indiana Infantry, April 23, 1861 (three months); Private Second Indiana Cavalry, September 2, 1861; First Sergeant; First Lieutenant, November 16, 1862; Captain, March 8, 1863; mustered out October 9, 1864. Elected February 12, 1896; Insignia No. 11406. Indianapolis.
- HIATT, HENRY H.**—First Lieutenant Twenty-fourth Indiana Infantry. Private Twenty-fourth Indiana Infantry, July 31, 1861; Second Lieutenant, August 1, 1861; First Lieutenant, December 1, 1864; Adjutant; mustered out July 20, 1865. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7267. Washington, Ind.
- HILDRETH, JAMES M.**—Lieutenant-Colonel Sixteenth Indiana Infantry. Captain Sixteenth Indiana Infantry, August 16, 1862; Major, January 1, 1865; Lieutenant-Colonel, February 20, 1865; wounded; mustered out June 30, 1865. Elected March 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6899. Rushville.
- HITT, WILBUR F.**—Brevet Major U. S. V. First Sergeant Eighty-third Indiana Infantry, August 13, 1862; First Lieutenant and Adjutant One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, January 6, 1864; Brevet-Captain and Brevet Major, March 13, 1865; mustered out August 25, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6597. Indianapolis.
- HOMAN, JOSEPH B.**—Captain Ninety-ninth Indiana Infantry. Private Seventh Indiana Infantry (three months), April, 1861; First Lieutenant Thirteenth Iowa Infantry, October, 1861; Captain Ninety-ninth Indiana Infantry, September 18, 1862; mustered out December 26, 1864; twice wounded. Elected May 8, 1896; Insignia No. 11519. Danville.

- HORNBROOK, SAUNDERS R.**—Captain Sixty-fifth Indiana Infantry. Second Lieutenant Sixty-fifth Indiana Infantry, July 24, 1862; Captain, August 18, 1862; declined commission of Major in spring of 1865; mustered out June 22, 1865. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11316. Evansville.
- HUNTER, MORTON C.**—Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V. Colonel Eighty-second Indiana Infantry, August 27, 1862; Brevet Brigadier General, April 9, 1865; mustered out at close of war. Elected October 23, 1895; Insignia No. 11197. Died at Bloomington, October, 1896.
- HURD, ORRIN D.**—Lieutenant Colonel Thirtieth Indiana Infantry. Major Thirtieth Indiana Infantry, October 4, 1861; Lieutenant Colonel, May 2, 1862; mustered out September 29, 1864; wounded. Elected March 11, 1892; Insignia No. 9461. Fort Wayne.
- INGLE, JOHN**—First Lieutenant Tenth Indiana Cavalry. Private Sixty-fifth Indiana Infantry, August, 1862; First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster, April, 1864; mustered out September, 1865. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8142. Evansville.
- JACKSON, JOSEPH R.**—Captain Sixty-ninth Indiana Infantry. Private Eighth Indiana Infantry, April 20, 1861; First Lieutenant Sixty-ninth Indiana Infantry, August 19, 1862; Captain, March 24, 1863; mustered out July 5, 1865. Elected through the Ohio Commandery February 10, 1886; transferred to the Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 4542. Union City.
- JACOBI, OTTO F.**—Captain Tenth Tennessee Infantry. Private First U. S. Infantry, June 13, 1855; discharged to accept commission as Second Lieutenant Tenth Tennessee Infantry, November 28, 1863; First Lieutenant, January 15, 1864; Captain, June 23, 1864; mustered out June 24, 1865; wounded. Elected February 22, 1893; Insignia No. 10036. Evansville.
- JESSUP, ROBERT B.**—Surgeon Twenty-fourth Indiana Infantry. Surgeon Twenty-fourth Indiana Infantry, July 14, 1861; Senior Surgeon in Division; mustered out close of term of enlistment. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7268. Died November 9, 1893.
- JOHNSON, LEWIS**—Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V. Private Tenth Indiana Infantry, April 18, 1861; First Lieutenant Tenth Indiana Infantry, September 18, 1861; Captain, August 29, 1862; Colonel Forty-fourth U. S. C. T., September 16, 1864; Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V., March 13, 1865; First Lieutenant Forty-first U. S. Infantry, July 28, 1866; Captain, December 12, 1867; transferred to Twenty-fourth Infantry, November 11, 1869; received several brevets in U. S. A. for meritorious service. Elected through Kansas Commandery June 24, 1886; transferred to Indiana Commandery April 19, 1890; Insignia No. 4811. Fort Bayard, New Mexico.

- JOHNSON, RUEL M.**—Colonel One Hundredth Indiana Infantry. Captain One Hundredth Indiana Infantry. August 22, 1862; Major, August 18, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel, January 9, 1864; Colonel, May 2, 1864; wounded; mustered out June 9, 1865. Elected through Ohio Commandery, February 10, 1886; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 8, 1894; Insignia No. 5192. Elkhart.
- JOHNSON, WILLIAM P.**—Surgeon Eighteenth Ohio Infantry. Brigade and Division Surgeon Eighteenth Ohio Infantry, September, 1861; mustered out November 9, 1864. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6598. Died at Indianapolis October 20, 1889.
- JORDAN, JOHN W.**—Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V. Major Fifty-seventh Indiana Infantry, October 30, 1861; resigned on account of disability, November 23, 1862; Captain Veteran Reserve Corps, January 20, 1864; Brevet Major U. S. V., February 20, 1865; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, March 13, 1866. Elected October 12, 1894; Insignia No. 10671. Louisville, Ky.
- KAHLO, CHARLES**—First Lieutenant One Hundred Sixty-third Ohio Infantry. Private Fourteenth Ohio Infantry, April, 1861; Second Lieutenant; First Lieutenant One Hundred Sixty-third Ohio Infantry, May 8, 1864; mustered out October, 1864. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6599. Indianapolis.
- KAEMMERLING, GUSTAV**—Colonel Ninth Ohio Infantry. Captain Ninth Ohio Infantry, May 27, 1861; Major, November 1, 1861; Lieutenant-Colonel, March 8, 1862; Colonel, August 6, 1862; promoted to Brigadier-General, but declined on account of ill health; mustered out June 7, 1864. Elected May 13, 1897; Insignia No. 11897.
- KELSEY, PERCIVAL G.**—Captain Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry, August, 1861; Captain, February 10, 1862; resigned June 30, 1862; First Lieutenant and Adjutant One Hundred Forty-second Indiana Infantry, September 9, 1864; mustered out July 17, 1865. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9011. Evansville.
- KEMPER, GENERAL W. H.**—Assistant Surgeon Seventeenth Indiana Infantry. Private Seventh Indiana Infantry, April 24, 1861 (three months); Hospital Steward Seventeenth Indiana Infantry, September 25, 1861; Assistant Surgeon, February 20, 1863; mustered out July 27, 1864. Elected through Commandery of Ohio, April 7, 1886; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 4648. Muncie.
- KERN, LOUIS**—First Lieutenant Sixth Indiana Battery. Sergeant Eleventh Indiana Infantry, April 22, 1861; Second Lieutenant Sixth Indiana Battery, September 7, 1861; First Lieutenant, May 17, 1862; resigned on account of disability, December 22, 1864. Elected December 19, 1894; Insignia No. 10797. Indianapolis.

- KETCHAM, WILLIAM A.—Captain Thirteenth Indiana Infantry. Private Thirteenth Indiana Infantry, February 24, 1864; Second Lieutenant, November 19, 1864; Captain Thirteenth Indiana Infantry, May 13, 1865; mustered out September 5, 1865. Elected December 11, 1896; Insignia No. 11645. Indianapolis.
- KIMBALL, ABNER D.—Assistant Surgeon Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Ninety-ninth Indiana Infantry, October 22, 1864; Assistant Surgeon Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry, July 1, 1865; mustered out July 15, 1865. Elected October 14, 1892; Insignia No. 9726. Soldiers' Home, Marion.
- KIRBY, THOMAS H.—First Lieutenant Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Corporal Eighth Indiana Infantry, April 18, 1861 (three months); First Lieutenant Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry, August 21, 1861; resigned on account of ill health, February 1, 1862. Elected through Ohio Commandery December 7, 1887; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 5936. Muncie.
- KNAPP, ALEXANDER A.—Captain Fortieth Ohio Infantry. Private (three months' service), April 28, 1861; First Sergeant; Second Lieutenant Fortieth Ohio Infantry, October 24, 1861; Captain, November, 1861; mustered out March, 1864, on account of disability; wounded. Elected through the Commandery of Ohio January 2, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery January 1, 1889; Insignia No. 3064. Union City.
- KNEFLER, FRED.—Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V. Private Eleventh Indiana Infantry, April 16, 1861; First Lieutenant, April 22, 1861; Captain, June 1, 1861; Captain and Assistant Adjutant-General U. S. V., December 5, 1861; Colonel Seventy-ninth Indiana Infantry, September 28, 1862; Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V., March 13, 1865; mustered out June 7, 1865. Elected through Commandery of District of Columbia June 6, 1883; transferred to Ohio Commandery October, 1885; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 2846. Indianapolis.
- KNOX, JAMES C.—Captain Fourth Indiana Cavalry. Private Eleventh Indiana Infantry (three months), 1861; private Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry, November 26, 1861; First Sergeant Fourth Indiana Cavalry, August 11, 1862; Second Lieutenant, July 15, 1863; First Lieutenant, November 2, 1864; Captain, March 1, 1865; mustered out May 15, 1865. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8143. Ladoga.
- LAMB, ROBERT N.—Captain U. S. V. Assistant Quartermaster and Captain United States Volunteers, July, 1861; resigned on account of ill health, October 20, 1862. Elected May 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7929. Indianapolis.

- LANDIS, ABRAHAM H.—Assistant Surgeon Thirty-fifth Ohio Infantry. Assistant Surgeon Thirty-fifth Ohio Infantry, November 13, 1862; mustered out September 25, 1864; wounded. Elected February 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6825. Died November 9, 1896.
- LAUBACH, AMANDUS J.—Captain Two Hundred Second Pennsylvania Infantry. Private One Hundred Fifty-third Pennsylvania Infantry, September 22, 1862; Sergeant, October 7, 1862; First Sergeant, May 4, 1863; Captain Two Hundred Second Pennsylvania Infantry, September 4, 1864; mustered out August 3, 1865; Assistant Surgeon United States Army, June 5, 1875; resigned July 10, 1878; wounded. Elected May 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7930. Died at Fort Wayne March 6, 1892.
- LAYMAN, JAMES T.—Captain Fifty-fifth Indiana Infantry. Captain Fifty-fifth Indiana Infantry, July 21, 1862; mustered out October 25, 1862; First Lieutenant One Hundred Fifteenth Indiana Infantry, August 14, 1863; mustered out March 1, 1864. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6600. Indianapolis.
- LEE, JESSE M.—Captain Ninth United States Infantry. Private Fifty-ninth Indiana Infantry, November 15, 1861; Second Lieutenant, October 13, 1862; First Lieutenant, February, 1863; Captain, May 1, 1863; Captain Thirty-eighth U. S. C. T., July 18, 1865; Second Lieutenant Twenty-ninth U. S. Infantry, July 28, 1866; First Lieutenant, January 7, 1867; Captain Ninth Infantry U. S. A., May 1, 1879. Elected February 12, 1896; Insignia No. 11407. Sackett's Harbor, N. Y.
- LEESON, RICHARD L.—Brevet Colonel U. S. V. First Lieutenant Sixty-eighth Indiana Infantry, August 19, 1862, Captain, December 27, 1862; was commissioned as Brevet Major. Brevet Lieutenant-Colonel and Brevet Colonel and mustered out as Captain, June 20, 1865; wounded. Elected December 10, 1889; Insignia No. 7504. Elwood.
- LEIGHTY, JACOB D.—First Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Infantry. Private Eleventh Indiana Infantry, July 11, 1861; Sergeant; Second Lieutenant, January 24, 1862; First Lieutenant, December 1, 1862; resigned January 19, 1864; wounded. Elected March 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6900. Indianapolis.
- LEVERING, JOHN—Brevet Colonel U. S. V. Captain and Assistant Quartermaster U. S. Volunteers, August 3, 1861; Major and Assistant Adjutant-General, May 7, 1863; Brevet Colonel, March 2, 1865; mustered out January 4, 1866. Elected through Illinois Commandery December 13, 1888; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 19, 1889; Insignia No. 6654. LaFayette.

- LEWIS, EDWIN R.—Captain Twenty-first Massachusetts Infantry. First Lieutenant and Aide-de-Camp to Brigadier General Lew Wallace, September 7, 1861; resigned December 15, 1861; Private Twenty-first Massachusetts Infantry, August, 1862; Sergeant Major, December, 1862; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, April 26, 1863; Captain, June 18, 1864; mustered out August 30, 1864; twice wounded. Elected through Ohio Commandery November 7, 1888; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 3, 1888; transferred to Commandery of District of Columbia December 30, 1897; Insignia No. 6513.
- LILLY, ELI—Colonel Ninth Indiana Cavalry. Second Lieutenant Twenty-first Indiana Infantry, July 24, 1861; Captain Eighteenth Indiana Battery, August 20, 1862; Major Ninth Indiana Cavalry, April 4, 1864; Lieutenant-Colonel, December 28, 1864; Colonel (not mustered), June 4, 1865; mustered out August 25, 1865. Elected through Commandery of District of Columbia June 6, 1883; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 2844. Indianapolis.
- LILLY, JAMES E.—First Lieutenant Forty-third Indiana Infantry. Private Fifty-fifth Indiana Infantry, June 16, 1862; Sergeant; mustered out with regiment September 18, 1862; private Forty-third Indiana Infantry, October, 1862; Corporal, January 1, 1863; Second Lieutenant, October 22, 1864; First Lieutenant, January 11, 1865; mustered out with regiment; wounded. Elected December 10, 1889; Insignia No. 7505. Indianapolis.
- LINDLEY, JOHN H.—Captain Eleventh Indiana Cavalry. Private Eleventh Cavalry, October 17, 1863; Sergeant; First Lieutenant, December 23, 1864; Captain, April 1, 1865; mustered out September 19, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6601. Died at Indianapolis December 26, 1891.
- LONG, HENRY C.—First Lieutenant One Hundred Twenty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Fifty-first Indiana Infantry, October, 1861; Commissary Sergeant; First Lieutenant and Quartermaster of One Hundred Twenty-fifth Indiana Infantry, March, 1864; First Lieutenant and R. Q. M. One Hundred Twenty-eighth Indiana Infantry; mustered out April, 1866. Elected May 30, 1892; Insignia No. 9631. Indianapolis.
- LOSTUTTER, DAVID, JR.—Captain Seventh Indiana Infantry. Second Lieutenant Seventh Indiana Infantry, April 22, 1861; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, May 26, 1862; Captain, June 12, 1862; resigned February 10, 1863. Elected through Ohio Commandery February 6, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 3149. Aurora.

- LUCAS, DANIEL R.—Chaplain Ninety-ninth Indiana Infantry. Second Lieutenant Ninety-ninth Indiana Infantry, August 18, 1862; Chaplain, January 24, 1864; Deputy Provost-Marshal; resigned on account of ill health. Elected December 10, 1889; Insignia No. 7506. Indianapolis.
- M'CAIN, THOMAS H. B.—First Lieutenant Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Private Eighty-sixth Indiana Infantry, September 4, 1862; Sergeant Major, September 29, 1863; First Lieutenant, September 5, 1864; mustered out June 6, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6603. Crawfordsville.
- M'CLASKEY, EBENEZER P.—Captain One Hundred Twentieth Indiana Infantry. Private, October 25, 1863; First Lieutenant, December 30, 1863; Captain, September 30, 1864; mustered out September, 1865. Elected April 9, 1891; Insignia No. 8726. Crawfordsville.
- M'CUTCHAN, ANDREW J.—Captain Forty-second Indiana Infantry. Private Forty-second Indiana Infantry, October 8, 1861; First Sergeant; First Lieutenant, March 31, 1865; Captain, June 2, 1865; mustered out July 31, 1865. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11318. Evansville.
- M'FEELY, AARON—Captain Sixteenth Indiana Infantry. Private Sixth Indiana Infantry, April, 1861; Second Lieutenant Sixteenth Indiana Infantry, August, 1862; Captain, February, 1863; mustered out June 30, 1865; wounded. Elected December 19, 1893; Insignia No. 10368. Indianapolis.
- M'GANNON, PLEASANT C.—Captain Sixth Indiana Infantry. Sergeant Sixth Indiana Infantry, September 3, 1861; First Sergeant, March, 1862; Second Lieutenant, May 17, 1862; First Lieutenant, March, 1863; Captain, June, 1864; mustered out September 22, 1864; wounded. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7269. North Vernon.
- M'GINNIS, GEORGE F.—Brigadier General U. S. V. First Lieutenant and Captain Second Ohio in Mexican war; Private Eleventh Indiana Infantry, April 15, 1861; Captain, April 16, 1861; Lieutenant Colonel, April 25, 1861; Lieutenant-Colonel Eleventh Indiana Infantry (three years), August 31, 1861; Colonel, September 3, 1861; Brigadier General, May 2, 1863; mustered out August 24, 1865. Elected through Commandery of District of Columbia June 6, 1883; transferred to Ohio Commandery October 17, 1885; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 2845; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Indianapolis.

- M'KAY, HORACE**—Captain U. S. C. T. Private Seventy-ninth Ohio Infantry, August, 1862; Corporal, September, 1862; Sergeant, December, 1863; Second Lieutenant Fifteenth United States Colored Troops; First Lieutenant, March, 1864; Captain, June 28, 1864; resigned July 11, 1865, on account of disability. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6604. Indianapolis.
- M'MAHAN, WILLIAM R.**—First Lieutenant Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry, October 13, 1861; Second Lieutenant, August 2, 1863; First Lieutenant, April 1, 1865; mustered out July 25, 1865. Elected December 19, 1894; Insignia No. 10798. Huntingburg.
- MANSON, MAHLON D.**—Brigadier General U. S. V. Captain Fifth Indiana Infantry Mexican war; Major Tenth Indiana Infantry, April 18, 1861; Colonel, May, 1861; Brigadier General U. S. V., March, 1862; resigned on account of disability, December 21, 1864; wounded. Elected April 19, 1890; Insignia No. 7815. Died at Crawfordsville, February 4, 1895.
- MAUZY, JAMES H.**—Captain Sixty-eighth Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant Indiana Infantry, August 12, 1862; Captain, August 1, 1863; mustered out June 20, 1865. Elected May 16, 1889; Insignia No. 7157. Rushville.
- MAPES, SMITH H.**—Surgeon Sixtieth New York Infantry. Assistant Surgeon Sixtieth New York Infantry; mustered out August, 1865. Elected December 17, 1891; Insignia No. 9207. Indianapolis.
- MARSH, ALBERT O.**—Captain Fifty-ninth U. S. Infantry Colored Troops. Private, April, 1861 (three months); Private Forty-sixth Ohio Infantry; Captain Fifty-ninth United States Colored Troops, June 26, 1863; resigned July 12, 1865. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11317. Winchester.
- MARSH, FLETCHER E.**—Brevet Major U. S. V. Private Nineteenth Michigan Infantry, August 6, 1862; Sergeant, September, 1862; Sergeant Major, July 1, 1863; Captain Seventeenth United States Colored Infantry; Brevet Major U. S. V., March 15, 1865; mustered out April 25, 1866. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6602. Indianapolis.
- MARTIN, THOMAS H.**—Captain One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry. Second Lieutenant Sixty-third Indiana Infantry, August 14, 1862; Captain One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, March, 1864; mustered out March 8, 1865. Elected December 10, 1889; Insignia No. 7507. Lebanon.

- MEGREW, JOHN P.**—Captain Eleventh Indiana Infantry. Corporal Eleventh Indiana Infantry, April 17, 1861; First Lieutenant, December 13, 1861; Adjutant, April 30, 1862; Captain, December 15, 1862; mustered out July 26, 1866; wounded. Elected October 14, 1896; Insignia No. 11575. LaFayette.
- MENZIES, GUSTAVUS V.**—Lieutenant-Commander U. S. Navy. Private First Kentucky Infantry, May, 1861; Cadet United States Navy, 1861; graduated as Midshipman, September, 1864; Ensign U. S. Navy, 1864; Master, December 1, 1866; Lieutenant, March 12, 1868; Lieutenant-Commander, January 25, 1870; resigned December 28, 1871. Elected October 12, 1894; Insignia No. 10672. Mount Vernon.
- MERRIFIELD, CHARLES E.**—Acting Assistant Paymaster U. S. N. Private Second Indiana Cavalry, September, 1861; First Sergeant Soldiers' Home, Indianapolis, August, 1862; Paymaster's Steward, September, 1862; Clerk, 1863; Acting Assistant Paymaster, March, 1864; mustered out February 28, 1866. Elected October 23, 1895; Insignia No. 11183. Indianapolis.
- MESSICK, JACOB W.**—Captain Forty-second Indiana Infantry. Sergeant Forty-second Indiana Infantry, September 3, 1861; Second Lieutenant, October 9, 1862; Captain, March 31, 1865; mustered out April 17, 1865. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11322. Evansville.
- MILLARD, CHARLES S.**—First Lieutenant One Hundred Seventeenth New York Infantry. First Lieutenant and Adjutant One Hundred Seventeenth New York Infantry, August 17, 1862; resigned because of disability September 24, 1864. Elected through Illinois Commandery February 7, 1883; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 2421. Died at Indianapolis April 8, 1894.
- MILLER, HARVEY H.**—Second Lieutenant Twentieth Indiana Infantry. Private Twentieth Indiana Infantry, July 2, 1861; First Sergeant, July 22, 1861; Second Lieutenant, November 15, 1862; discharged on account of disability July 8, 1864; wounded. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7270. Huntington.
- MILLER, WILLIAM H. H.**—Second Lieutenant Eighty-fourth Ohio Infantry. Private Eighty-fourth Ohio Infantry; Second Lieutenant, June 10, 1862; mustered out September 20, 1862. Elected May 11, 1894; Insignia No. 10575. Indianapolis.

- MORRIS, LEWIS T.—Lieutenant-Colonel Fourth United States Cavalry. First Lieutenant Nineteenth United States Infantry, May 14, 1861; Captain, February 15, 1865; Major Third United States Cavalry, April 11, 1889, twice brevetted for gallant service; Lieutenant Colonel Fourth Cavalry. Elected through Commandery of Kansas October 9, 1886; transferred to Indiana Commandery January 7, 1890; transferred to Commandery of California December 25, 1897; Insignia No. 4923.
- MORRIS, THOMAS A.—Brigadier-General U. S. V. Graduated from West Point, 1834; Brigadier-General United States Volunteers and served in West Virginia. Elected October 8, 1890; Insignia No. 7271. Indianapolis.
- MORTON, ALFRED—Major Seventh California Cavalry. Sergeant Second California Cavalry, September 13, 1861; First Lieutenant, January 1, 1862; Major Seventh California Cavalry, November 25, 1864; mustered out March 17, 1866; Second Lieutenant Ninth United States Infantry, March 5, 1866; First Lieutenant, February 28, 1866; Captain, March 20, 1879. Elected through California Commandery May 27, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery January 28, 1891; transferred to Illinois Commandery December 23, 1891; Insignia No. 3232.
- MYERS, WILLIAM R. Captain Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Private Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry, October, 1861; Second Lieutenant; First Lieutenant; Captain, August 1, 1863; mustered out December 31, 1864. Elected December 19, 1894; Insignia No. 10799. Anderson.
- MYLER, ALFRED—Captain Forty-second Indiana Infantry. Raised Company C, Forty-second Indiana Infantry, October 9, 1861; resigned on account of disability May 26, 1863; twice wounded. Elected December 19, 1895, at the age of eighty-eight years; Insignia No. 11323. Died December, 1896, at Grand View.
- NEAL, WILLIAM A.—Assistant Surgeon First Missouri Engineers. Private First Missouri Engineers, October 5, 1861; Hospital Steward, October 15, 1861; Assistant Surgeon, February 6, 1864; mustered out July 22, 1865. Elected February 11, 1890; Insignia No. 7693. Elkhart.
- NELSON, JOHN C.—Captain Seventieth Ohio Infantry. Private Seventieth Ohio Infantry, October 18, 1861; Sergeant, November, 1861; Sergeant Major, November, 1861; Second Lieutenant December 10, 1861; First Lieutenant, October 4, 1862; Captain, March 12, 1864; mustered out August 18, 1865; wounded. Elected May 11, 1894; Insignia No. 10576. Logansport.

- NELSON, WILLIAM**—Brevet Major U. S. A. Private Third Indiana Cavalry, July, 1861; transferred Thirteenth United States Infantry, September, 1861; First Sergeant; Second Lieutenant, May 31, 1862; First Lieutenant, October 2, 1862; Brevet Captain, January 10, 1863; Brevet Major, July 4, 1863; transferred to Twenty-second United States Infantry, September 22, 1866; Captain, July 9, 1867; assigned to Twenty-first United States Infantry, December 15, 1870; retired May 29, 1874, for disability; twice wounded. Elected October 23, 1895; Insignia No. 11180. Evansville.
- NICAR, EDWIN**—Captain Fifteenth Indiana Infantry. Private Fifteenth Indiana Infantry, April 21, 1861; First Sergeant, June 14, 1861; Second Lieutenant, September 1, 1861; First Lieutenant, February 15, 1862; Adjutant, April 29, 1862; Captain, November 26, 1863; mustered out June 25, 1864. Elected October 23, 1895; Insignia No. 11181. South Bend.
- NICHOLSON, MARMADUKE**—First Lieutenant Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry. Private Fifty-sixth Illinois Infantry, October 9, 1861; Second Lieutenant, November 15, 1861; First Lieutenant, August 3, 1864; mustered out at close of war. Elected December 19, 1890; Insignia No. 8394; transferred to Illinois Commandery August 7, 1896.
- NOBLE, CHARLES H.**—Captain Sixteenth United States Infantry. Private and Corporal First Indiana Cavalry, June 20, 1861, to June 19, 1864; Captain Perry's Indiana State Troops, August 26, 1864, until 1866; Second Lieutenant Sixteenth United States Infantry, February 23, 1866; First Lieutenant Thirty-fourth United States Infantry, February 10, 1867; Captain Sixteenth United States Infantry, November 26, 1874. Elected through Ohio Commandery May 4, 1887; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 8, 1890; Insignia No. 5674. Ft. Douglas, Utah.
- OLMSTED, WILLIAM A.**—Brevet Brigadier-General United States Volunteers. Private Second New York Infantry, April 17, 1861; Captain, July 27, 1861; Lieutenant Colonel, January 26, 1863; Colonel Fifty-ninth New York Veteran Volunteers, October 1, 1864; mustered out July 12, 1865, as Brigadier General by Brevet; several times breveted for gallant and meritorious conduct; twice wounded. Elected April 1, 1868, through the Commandery of Pennsylvania; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 20, 1897; Insignia No. 708.
- OSTRANDER, JAMES S.**—Brevet Major, U. S. A. Private three months' service, August, 1861; Private Eighteenth U. S. Infantry, October, 1861; Sergeant Second Lieutenant, February, 1862; First Lieutenant, October, 1863; Brevet Major, U. S. A., September, 1864; resigned, September 30, 1864. Elected through the Commandery of Ohio, August 6, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888. Insignia No. 3379. Member of Commandery-in-Chief. Richmond.

- OWEN, ALFRED D.**—Colonel Eightieth Indiana Infantry. Sergeant Fifteenth Indiana Infantry, June 14, 1861; discharged on account of disability, October 25, 1861; First Lieutenant Sixtieth Indiana Infantry, November 18, 1861; First Lieutenant and Adjutant Eightieth Indiana Infantry, September 4, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, October 14, 1863; Colonel, January 4, 1864; mustered out, June 22, 1865. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9012. Mt. Vernon.
- PALMER, JOHN J.**—Brevet Major, U. S. V. Quartermaster Sixtieth Indiana Infantry, February, 1862; Captain and Commissary of Subsistence, U. S. V., September 4, 1863; Brevet Major, March 3, 1864; mustered out May 19, 1866. Elected April 18, 1890; transferred to Illinois Commandery December 19, 1892; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 30, 1895; Insignia No. 7818. Died July 21, 1896.
- PARKER, GEORGE W.**—Lieutenant Colonel Seventy-ninth Indiana Infantry. Private Seventy-ninth Indiana Infantry, August 2, 1862; Captain, August 22, 1862; Major, November 20, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel, March 13, 1864; mustered out June 11, 1865; twice wounded. Elected March 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6901. Pendleton.
- PARSONS, BYRON**—Major Ninety-fourth New York Infantry. Second Lieutenant New York Infantry, February 14, 1862; First Lieutenant, September 16, 1862; Captain, January 6, 1863; Major, April 26, 1863; mustered out July 18, 1865; wounded. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11319. Evansville.
- PARVIN, JAMES D.**—Captain One Hundred Thirty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Private Sixty-fifth Indiana Infantry, September 1, 1862; discharged for disability, 1863; Second Lieutenant One Hundred Thirty-seventh Indiana Infantry, May 25, 1864; Captain, February 22, 1865; mustered out September 27, 1865. Elected October 12, 1894; Insignia No. 10673. Evansville.
- PATTON, DAVID H.**—Colonel Thirty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Thirty-eighth Indiana Infantry, August 27, 1861; Corporal, September 18, 1861; Sergeant, December 1, 1862; Sergeant Major, August 1, 1863; First Lieutenant, June 5, 1864; Captain, July 21, 1864; Colonel, May 30, 1865; mustered out, July 20, 1865; wounded. Elected April 9, 1892; Insignia No. 9464. Woodward, Okla.
- PAVER, JOHN M.**—First Lieutenant and R. Q. M. Fifth Ohio Infantry. Second Lieutenant Fifth Ohio Infantry, April 19, 1861, three months; Second Lieutenant Fifth Ohio Infantry, June 19, 1861; First Lieutenant, April, 1862; Regimental Quartermaster, June 23, 1863; mustered out July 1, 1864. Elected April 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7817. Indianapolis.

- PEARSON, CHARLES D.**—Surgeon Forty-ninth Indiana Infantry. Surgeon Forty-ninth Indiana Infantry, November 19, 1861; Medical Director, November 21, 1861; resigned on account of disability, February 7, 1862; Assistant Surgeon Eighty-second Indiana Infantry, August 14, 1862; Surgeon, November 21, 1862; resigned May 14, 1863, on account of disability. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6605. Died at Indianapolis, February 14, 1890.
- PECK, BENJAMIN B.**—First Lieutenant and Adjutant Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Infantry. Private Twenty-seventh Massachusetts Infantry, June 8, 1863; Quartermaster Sergeant, October, 1863; First Lieutenant, January 14, 1865; appointed Adjutant, March, 1865; mustered out June, 1865. Elected through the Ohio Commandery December 5, 1883; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 3058; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Indianapolis.
- PEDEN, MILTON**—Colonel One Hundred Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry, September 16, 1861; Captain, April, 1862; mustered out September 21, 1864; Colonel One Hundred Forty-Seventh Indiana Infantry, March 11, 1865; mustered out August 4, 1865; wounded. Elected December 19, 1894; Insignia No. 10800. Knightstown.
- PEDIGO, JOSEPH O.**—Captain Twenty-eighth U. S. C. T. Private Seventy-ninth Indiana Infantry, August 13, 1862; Captain Twenty-eighth United States Colored Troops, April 20, 1864; mustered out January 8, 1866. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7272. Lebanon.
- PEELLE, STANTON J.**—Second Lieutenant Fifty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Corporal Eighth Indiana Infantry, September 5, 1861; Second Lieutenant Fifty-seventh Indiana Infantry, December 11, 1862; mustered out July 30, 1863; wounded. Elected through Commandery of District of Columbia May 7, 1884; transferred to Ohio Commandery December 31, 1885; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 3321; transferred to Commandery District of Columbia February 20, 1894.
- PEIRCE, ROBERT B. F.**—Second Lieutenant One Hundred Thirty-fifth Indiana Infantry. Private One Hundred Thirty-fifth Indiana Infantry, May 10, 1864; Second Lieutenant, May 18, 1864; mustered out September 29, 1864. Elected May 8, 1896; Insignia No. 11518. Indianapolis.
- PENCE, JOHN B.**—Captain Fortieth Indiana Infantry. Private Fortieth Indiana Infantry, October 16, 1861; Captain, December 31, 1861; resigned on account of disability, August 12, 1862. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6606. Crawfordsville.

- PERKINS, CHARLES G.—Acting Volunteer Lieutenant U. S. Navy. Third Master United States Navy. November, 1861; Acting Volunteer Lieutenant, October 1, 1861; resigned, April 25, 1865. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9013. Henderson, Ky.
- PERRY, ORAN—Brevet Colonel U. S. V. Private Sixteenth Indiana Infantry, April 19, 1861; Sergeant Major, May 14, 1861; First Lieutenant and Adjutant Sixty-ninth Indiana Infantry, July 26, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, March 12, 1863; commissioned Colonel but not mustered, April 13, 1863; mustered out July 5, 1865; Brevet Colonel U. S. V., March 26, 1865; wounded. Elected through Commandery District of Columbia June 6, 1883; transferred to Ohio Commandery March 16, 1885; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 2850; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Indianapolis.
- POPE, JOSEPH P.—Brevet Major U. S. V. Quartermaster Eleventh Indiana Infantry, August 13, 1861; Captain and Commissary of Subsistence U. S. V., February 27, 1863; Brevet Major U. S. V., July 31, 1865; resigned December 15, 1865. Elected December 17, 1891; Insignia No. 9208. Indianapolis.
- PUSTER, LOUIS—Captain Twenty-first Missouri Infantry. Private Twenty-first Missouri Infantry, February 5, 1862; First Sergeant, February 5, 1862; Captain, March 6, 1863; mustered out April 19, 1866; wounded. Elected December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11320. Evansville.
- REEVE, JOHN B.—Captain Thirty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Second Lieutenant Thirty-seventh Indiana Infantry, September 18, 1861; First Lieutenant, January 1, 1863; Captain, October 29, 1863; mustered out October 28, 1864. Elected May 16, 1889; Insignia No. 7158. Rushville.
- REEVES, JAMES F.—Assistant Paymaster U. S. Navy. Acting Assistant Paymaster United States Navy, December, 1864; discharged September, 1865. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9014. Richmond.
- REXFORD, WILLIAM H.—Captain Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry. First Lieutenant Twenty-fourth Michigan Infantry, August 13, 1862; Captain, December 20, 1862; mustered out on account of disability November 21, 1863; wounded. Elected December 19, 1888; transferred to New York Commandery December 11, 1891; Insignia No. 6607.
- RICE, ALEXANDER A.—Captain and Assistant Adjutant General U. S. V. Captain Fifteenth Indiana Infantry, April 27, 1861; resigned December 31, 1861; First Lieutenant and Adjutant Seventy-second Indiana Infantry, July 23, 1862; Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, March 13, 1863; resigned March 18, 1864. Elected March 15, 1890; Insignia No. 7745. LaFayette.

- RICE, WELCOME**—Captain Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Ninth Indiana Infantry, three months' service; First Lieutenant Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry, November 25, 1861; Captain, July 10, 1862; commissioned Major, July 13, 1863, but not mustered; resigned August 12, 1864. Elected March 10, 1895; Insignia No. 11055. Indianapolis.
- RICHARDS, WILLIAM J.**—Major Eighty-first Indiana Infantry. Private Thirty-eighth Indiana Infantry, August, 1861; Second Lieutenant Eighty-first Indiana Infantry, December 12, 1862; First Lieutenant, January 18, 1863; Captain, February, 1863; Major, October 12, 1863; resigned on account of disability August, 1864; wounded. Elected April 18, 1889; Insignia No. 7042. Indianapolis.
- ROBBINS, IRVIN**—Major One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry. Private Seventh Indiana Infantry, three months, April 24, 1861; Adjutant Seventy-sixth Indiana Infantry, thirty days, July 21, 1862; Captain One Hundred Fourth, minute men, July, 1863; Captain One Hundred Twenty-third Infantry, November 18, 1863; Major, July 1, 1864; mustered out August 26, 1865. Elected April 18, 1889; Insignia No. 7043. Indianapolis.
- ROBERTSON, ROBERT S.**—Brevet Captain U. S. V. Private Ninety-third New York Infantry, October 22, 1861; First Sergeant, July 24, 1862; Second Lieutenant, April 15, 1862; First Lieutenant, February 23, 1863; Brevet Captain U. S. V., March 13, 1865; discharged for disability September 3, 1864; Brevet Colonel of New York Vol., March 23, 1865; thrice wounded. Elected through Ohio Commandery February 6, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 3059; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Ft. Wayne.
- ROBINSON, AUGUSTUS G.**—Colonel and Assistant Quartermaster U. S. A. Brevet Second Lieutenant Fourth U. S. Artillery, Captain and Assistant Quartermaster, February 19, 1863; Colonel and Assistant Quartermaster U. S. A. Elected through Massachusetts Commandery; transferred to Indiana Commandery November, 1895; transferred to Massachusetts Commandery December, 1897.
- ROMEYN, HENRY**—Brevet Major U. S. A. Private One Hundred Fifth Illinois Infantry, August 15, 1862; Corporal; Sergeant; Captain Fourteenth U. S. Colored Troops, March 15, 1863; mustered out March 26, 1866; First Lieutenant Thirty-seventh Infantry U. S. A., January 22, 1867; Brevet Major, March 13, 1865; Brevet Captain, March 2, 1867; wounded. Elected through Commandery District of Columbia July 1, 1885; transferred to Indiana Commandery March 9, 1889; Insignia No. 4231.

- ROSS, FRED A.—Captain One Hundred Thirty-third Indiana Infantry. Private One Hundred Thirty-third Indiana Infantry, May 4, 1864; Captain, May 7, 1864; mustered out September 7, 1864. Elected February 12, 1897; Insignia No. 11804. Terre Haute.
- ROSS, JAMES R.—Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V. Sergeant Eleventh Indiana Infantry, three months, April 17, 1861; First Lieutenant, same regiment three years' service, August 31, 1861; Captain, October 28, 1863; Major and A. D. C., April 21, 1864; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, July 10, 1865; mustered out August 10, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6608. Indianapolis.
- ROYSE, ISAAC H. C.—Second Lieutenant One Hundred Fifteenth Illinois Infantry. Private One Hundred Fifteenth Illinois Infantry, August 11, 1862; Sergeant April 17, 1863; Second Lieutenant, June 11, 1863; mustered out June 27, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6609. Terre Haute.
- RUCKLE, NICHOLAS R.—Colonel One Hundred Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Sergeant and Second Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Infantry, three months' service, April, 1861; Captain Eleventh Indiana Infantry, three years, December 4, 1861; Colonel One Hundred Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry, March 3, 1865; mustered out September 5, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6610. Indianapolis.
- RUNYAN, JOHN N.—First Lieutenant Seventy-Fourth Indiana Infantry. Private Twelfth Indiana Infantry, October 23, 1861; Sergeant Seventy-fourth Indiana Infantry, July 17, 1862; Second Lieutenant, March 25, 1863; First Lieutenant, December 17, 1863; mustered out on account of disability November 1, 1864; wounded. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6611. Warsaw.
- RYAN, JOHN W.—First Lieutenant Thirty-fourth Indiana Infantry. Private Seventeenth Indiana Infantry, May 13, 1861; Sergeant, August, 1861; Second Lieutenant, January 16, 1862; First Lieutenant and Adjutant Thirty-fourth Indiana Infantry, March 10, 1863; resigned June 12, 1863. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6612. Muncie.
- SAFFORD, JAMES B.—First Lieutenant Tenth Indiana Cavalry. Private Fifty-fourth Indiana Infantry, three months; Commissary Sergeant, May 29, 1862; Private Tenth Indiana Cavalry, December 25, 1863; Sergeant, August 1, 1864; Sergeant Major, June 15, 1865; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, July 11, 1865; mustered out August 31, 1865. Elected March 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6903. Crafton, Pa.

- SAMPSON, WILLIAM A.**—Captain Sixty-sixth Ohio Infantry. Second Lieutenant Sixty-sixth Ohio Infantry, October 1, 1861; First Lieutenant, May 20, 1862; Captain, January 27, 1863; mustered out on account of disability January 15, 1865. Elected December 11, 1896; Insignia No. 11646. Muncie.
- SAYLER, HENRY B.**—Major One Hundred Eighteenth Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant One Hundred Eighteenth Indiana Infantry, July 13, 1863; Captain, July 20, 1863; Major, September 3, 1863; mustered out March 10, 1864. Elected February 11, 1890; Insignia No. 7094. Huntington.
- SCOTT, ALEXANDER M.**—First Lieutenant Forty-third Indiana Infantry. Private Forty-third Indiana Infantry, September 10, 1861; Sergeant, First Lieutenant, May 13, 1862; resigned by reason of disability April 1, 1864. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8144. Ladoga.
- SCRIBNER, BENJAMIN F.**—Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V. Private, Corporal, Sergeant Second Indiana Infantry Mexican war; Colonel Thirty-eighth Indiana Infantry, August 17, 1861; Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V., March, 1864; resigned on account of health, 1864. Elected December 19, 1890; Insignia No. 8395. New Albany.
- SEVERENCE, LA GRANGE**—Second Lieutenant Twelfth Maine Infantry. Private Twelfth Maine Infantry, November 15, 1861; Sergeant; First Sergeant, March, 1863; Second Lieutenant, April, 1863; Regimental Adjutant, February, 1864; mustered out December 7, 1864; twice wounded. Elected February 11, 1890; Insignia No. 7695. Died at Huntington, Ind., January 26, 1893.
- SEXTON, MARSHALL**—Surgeon Fifty-second Indiana Infantry. Surgeon Fifty-second Indiana Infantry, October 21, 1861; resigned on account of ill health April 30, 1862. Elected May 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7931. Died at Rushville, Ind., January 9, 1892.
- SHELLEY, WILLIAM F.**—Captain One Hundred Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Private in Fremont's Body Guard, October 4, 1861; discharged June 8, 1862; Private Nineteenth Indiana Infantry, February 20, 1862; discharged on Surgeon's certificate of disability May, 1863; First Lieutenant One Hundred Thirty-ninth Indiana Infantry, April 15, 1864; Captain One Hundred Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry, March 11, 1865; mustered out August 4, 1865. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7273. New Castle.

- SHERWOOD, ISAAC R.—Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V. Private Fourteenth Ohio Infantry, April 15, 1861; Lieutenant and Adjutant One Hundred Eleventh Ohio Infantry, September 6, 1862; Major, February 3, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel, June 1, 1864; Colonel, September 8, 1864; mustered out June 27, 1865; assigned to One Hundred Eighty-third Ohio Infantry and to the command of State of Florida; mustered out October 8, 1865; Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V., February 27, 1865. Elected through Ohio Commandery October 1, 1890; transferred to Indiana Commandery January 6, 1896. Insignia No. 8175.
- SLOAN, GEORGE W.—First Lieutenant One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry, May 20, 1864; discharged September 5, 1864. Elected May 12, 1893; Insignia No. 10205. Indianapolis.
- SMITH, BEN L.—Captain Sixty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Second Lieutenant Sixty-seventh Indiana Infantry, August 19, 1862; First Lieutenant, September 6, 1862; Captain, July 1, 1864; mustered out December 20, 1864. Elected March 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6902. Rushville.
- SMITH, CHARLES W.—First Lieutenant One Hundred Ninth U. S. C. T. Private One Hundred Thirty-third Indiana Infantry, May 6, 1864; Sergeant Major One Hundred Ninth United States Colored Troops, 1864; Second Lieutenant, December, 1864; First Lieutenant, 1865; resigned October, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6613. Indianapolis.
- SMITH, JOHN W.—Second Lieutenant Second Ohio Heavy Artillery. Private Eighty-fourth Ohio Infantry, January 12, 1862; discharged October, 1862; Private Second Ohio Heavy Artillery, August 12, 1863; First Sergeant; Second Lieutenant, September 26, 1864; discharged August, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6614. Indianapolis.
- SMITH OSKALOOSA M.—Major and C. S. U. S. A. Private Thirteenth Indiana Infantry, December 1, 1861; Quartermaster Sergeant, June 19, 1864; First Lieutenant and Adjutant One Hundred Fifty-fifth Indiana Infantry, April 25, 1865; mustered out August 4, 1865; Second Lieutenant Thirty-first U. S. Infantry, June 18, 1867; First Lieutenant Twenty-second U. S. Infantry, May 15, 1869; Captain and C. S. U. S. A., Major and C. S. U. S. A. Elected through Commandery of Ohio October 7, 1885; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 31, 1888; transferred to Commandery District of Columbia March 13, 1891; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 19, 1892; Insignia No. 4215. Chicago, Ill.

- SMITH, ZEMRO A.**—Brevet Colonel U. S. V. Captain Eighteenth Maine Infantry, afterward First Maine Heavy Artillery, August 21, 1862; Major, September 17, 1864; Lieutenant Colonel, January 16, 1865; Brevet Colonel United States Volunteers, March 29, 1865; mustered out at close of war; wounded. Elected through Commandery of Massachusetts January 2, 1884; transferred to Kansas Commandery November 2, 1887; transferred to Missouri Commandery October 1, 1889; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 26, 1889; Insignia No. 3055; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Indianapolis.
- SNIDER, WILLIAM H.**—Major Ninety-fourth Ohio Infantry. Private Ninety-fourth Ohio Infantry, July 22, 1862; First Lieutenant, July 26, 1862; Captain, January 23, 1863; Major, January 24, 1865; mustered out at close of war. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8145. Logansport.
- SPAIN, DAVID F.**—Captain Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry, October 19, 1861; First Lieutenant, November 25, 1861; Captain, July 5, 1862; resigned because of injuries received in battle December 3, 1862; subsequently Captain in the Veteran Reserve Corps; resigned July 26, 1864. Elected October 5, 1897; Insignia No. 11964. South Bend.
- SPURIER, JOHN H.**—Surgeon One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry. Assistant Surgeon Sixteenth Indiana Infantry, August 19, 1862; resigned on account of disability; Surgeon One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, March 1, 1864; Chief Surgeon, March 9, 1864; mustered out August 25, 1865. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8146. Rushville.
- STANFIELD, EDWARD P.**—First Lieutenant and Adjutant Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant and Adjutant Forty-eighth Indiana Infantry, November 18, 1861; mustered out December 20, 1864. Elected October 14, 1896; Insignia No. 11576. South Bend.
- STANHOPE, PHILIP M.**—Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U. S. A. Captain Twelfth U. S. Infantry, March 14, 1861; Major, December 10, 1873; Brevet Lieutenant Colonel, October 2, 1864; retired May 27, 1879; wounded. Elected through the Commandery of Illinois June 15, 1893; transferred to Indiana Commandery May 2, 1895; Insignia No. 10220. Died at Indianapolis June 24, 1895.
- STARR, WILLIAM C.**—Lieutenant Colonel Ninth Virginia Infantry. Commissioned Lieutenant Colonel, November 1, 1861; mustered out at expiration of term of service, October 31, 1864. Elected through Commandery of Ohio November 2, 1887; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 12, 1888; Insignia No. 5815; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Died at Richmond May 17, 1897.

- STEELE, GEORGE W.**—Major One Hundred First Indiana Infantry. Private Eighth Indiana Infantry, April 22, 1861; First Lieutenant Twelfth Indiana Infantry, July 20, 1861; mustered out May 19, 1862; First Lieutenant One Hundred First Indiana Infantry, September 6, 1862; Captain, September 6, 1862; Major, January 27, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel, not mustered, June 1, 1863; mustered out June 24, 1865; First Lieutenant Fourteenth U. S. Infantry, February 23, 1866; resigned February 1, 1876. Elected through Commandery of District of Columbia June 7, 1882; transferred to Indiana Commandery January 16, 1890; Insignia No. 2629. Marion.
- STITT, WILLIAM S.**—First Lieutenant Seventy-fifth Indiana Infantry. Private Seventy-fifth Indiana Infantry, August 20, 1862; Second Lieutenant, February 9, 1864; First Lieutenant, April 26, 1864; mustered out June 8, 1865; wounded. Elected May 20, 1892; Insignia No. 9632. Wabash.
- STORY, JOSEPH M.**—Captain Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Private Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry, August 31, 1861; First Sergeant, July 27, 1862; First Lieutenant, February 28, 1863; Captain, July 20, 1865; mustered out January 15, 1866. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7274. Franklin.
- TALLEY, J. SMITH**—Second Lieutenant First Delaware Battery. Private First Delaware Battery, Light Artillery, October 5, 1862; Sergeant, Second Lieutenant, February 1, 1865; mustered out July 5, 1865. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9015. Terre Haute.
- TARKINGTON, JOHN S.**—Captain One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry. Entered service as Captain One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry, May 18, 1864; mustered out September 7, 1864. Elected May 11, 1894; Insignia No. 10577. Indianapolis.
- TAYLOR, JAMES E.**—Captain Fifth Ohio Cavalry. Private Fifth Ohio Cavalry, October 16, 1861; First Sergeant; First Lieutenant, July 29, 1864; Captain, April 21, 1865; mustered out October 30, 1865. Elected October 9, 1891; Insignia No. 9016. Richmond.
- THOMAS, CHARLES L.**—Surgeon Twenty-fifth Indiana Infantry. Assistant Surgeon Twenty-fifth Indiana Infantry, July 9, 1862; Surgeon, October 20, 1862; mustered out July 17, 1865. Elected April 18, 1889; Insignia No. 7044. Crawfordsville.
- THOMSON, CHESTER G.**—Lieutenant Colonel Seventy-second Indiana Infantry. Private Seventy-second Indiana Infantry, July 30, 1862; First Lieutenant, August 2, 1862; Captain, December 19, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, September 27, 1864. Elected March 11, 1892; Insignia No. 9462. Lafayette.

- THOMPSON, JAMES L.**—Surgeon Second Tennessee Heavy Artillery. Acting Assistant Surgeon U. S. Army, June 8, 1863, and Sixteenth A. C., October 24, 1863; Surgeon Second Tennessee Heavy Artillery, February 5, 1864; mustered out on Surgeon's certificate of disability October 1, 1865. Elected February 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6826. Indianapolis.
- VAN NATTA, JOB H.**—Lieutenant Colonel Tenth Indiana Infantry. Private Tenth Indiana Infantry, September 6, 1861; mustered in September 19, 1861; commissioned First Lieutenant, September 20, 1861; Captain, March 20, 1862; Major, November 18, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel, September 20, 1863; mustered out September 20, 1864; wounded. Elected February, 1895; Insignia No. ——. LaFayette.
- VARNEY, ALMON L.**—Major Ordnance U. S. A. First Lieutenant Thirteenth Maine Infantry, December 9, 1861; Captain, August 14, 1862; mustered out January 6, 1865; Second Lieutenant Ord. U. S. A., February, 1865; First Lieutenant, June, 1874; Captain, October, 1874; Major, November 30, 1891. Elected through Commandery of Massachusetts March 5, 1890; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 19, 1892; Insignia No. 7774. Indianapolis.
- VOORHEES, JACOB E.**—Captain Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Second Lieutenant Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry, October 13, 1861; First Lieutenant, May 31, 1862; Captain, June 2, 1863; mustered out November 11, 1864. Elected December 11, 1896; Insignia No. 11805.
- VORIS, ARCHIBALD C.**—Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V. Captain and C. S. United States Volunteers, July 16, 1862; Brevet Major, October 14, 1865; Lieutenant Colonel, March 13, 1865; resigned May 11, 1865. Elected October 20, 1893; Insignia No. 10288. Bedford.
- VOUGHT, JOHN E.**—First Lieutenant One Hundred Third Ohio Infantry. Private One Hundred Third Ohio Infantry, August 21, 1862; First Sergeant, March 5, 1863; First Lieutenant, May 18, 1865; mustered out June 12, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6615. Indianapolis.
- WALES, SIGOURNEY**—Major Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry, C. T. Private Fourth Battalion Rifles, U. S. V., May, 1861; Sergeant, May 11, 1861; Sergeant Thirteenth Massachusetts Infantry, July 17, 1861; Second Lieutenant, February 3, 1863; Captain Fifty-fifth Massachusetts Infantry C. T., May 13, 1863; Major, December 1, 1863; resigned November 18, 1864. Elected through Commandery of Massachusetts January 2, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 3120. Died September, 1895.

- WAGNER, JOHN B.—Captain One Hundred Thirty-fifth Indiana Infantry. Private Eighth Illinois Infantry, May, 1861; mustered out September, 1861; Captain One Hundred Thirty-fifth Indiana Infantry, April 26, 1864; discharged September 21, 1864. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8141. Lafayette.
- WALKER, IVAN W.—Colonel Seventy-third Indiana Infantry. Second Lieutenant Seventy-third Indiana Infantry, July 15, 1862; Captain, August 5, 1862; Major, February 14, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel, March 30, 1863; Colonel, May 20, 1864 (not mustered); resigned on account of disability July 4, 1864. Elected August 30, 1893; Insignia No. 10245. Indianapolis.
- WALLACE, LEW—Major General U. S. V. Second Lieutenant First Regiment Indiana Volunteers Mexican War; Colonel Eleventh Indiana Infantry, April, 1861, three months; reorganized regiment and mustered in as Colonel, August, 1861; Brigadier General, February, 1862; Major General, March 21, 1862. Elected through Commandery of Ohio March 3, 1886; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 5194; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Crawfordsville.
- WALLACE, WILSON DEWITT—Captain Fortieth Indiana Infantry. Private Fortieth Indiana Infantry, 1861; Second Lieutenant, December 16, 1861; Captain, June 9, 1862; resigned on account of wounds April 21, 1863; Elected May 8, 1891; Insignia No. 8771. LaFayette.
- WALLINGFORD, JOHN N.—Lieutenant Colonel Thirty-ninth Kentucky Militia. Private Tenth Kentucky Cavalry, August 8, 1862; Second Lieutenant, August 22, 1862; First Lieutenant and Adjutant, June 29, 1863; mustered out September 17, 1863; Lieutenant Colonel Thirty-ninth Kentucky Militia, January 6, 1864; mustered out at close of war. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8147. Greensburg.
- WAPPENHANS, CHARLES F. R.—Acting Master United States Navy. Master's Mate U. S. Navy, December 22, 1862; Ensign, January 8, 1863; Acting Master, May 3, 1865; discharged October 8, 1868. Elected April 9, 1891; Insignia No. 8727. Indianapolis.
- WARD, WILLIAM D.—Lieutenant Colonel Thirty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Captain Thirty-seventh Indiana Infantry, September 18, 1861; Major, April 26, 1862; Lieutenant Colonel August 14, 1862; mustered out October 27, 1864; wounded. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8148. Vevay.
- WEBSTER, JOHN C.—Second Lieutenant Fortieth Indiana Infantry. Private Fortieth Indiana Infantry, October 16, 1861; Second Sergeant, December 10, 1861; Second Lieutenant, May 1, 1863; mustered out October 14, 1864; wounded. Elected March 10, 1890; Insignia No. 7743. Lafayette.

- WEIST, JACOB R.**—Surgeon First United States Colored Troops. Assistant Surgeon Sixty-fifth Ohio Infantry, March 1, 1862; Surgeon First U. S. C. T., September 11, 1863; mustered out September 29, 1865. Elected through the Commandery of Ohio August 6, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 3390. Richmond.
- WHITE, JAMES E.**—Captain Twelfth Indiana Battery. Private Twelfth Indiana Battery, December 19, 1861; Quartermaster Sergeant; Captain, April 30, 1862; mustered out January 5, 1865. Elected November 13, 1891; Insignia No. 9093. Indianapolis.
- WHITE, JOHN I.**—First Lieutenant One Hundred Fifth New York Infantry. Private One Hundred Fifth New York Infantry, December 14, 1861; Second Lieutenant, March 11, 1862; First Lieutenant, October 6, 1862; mustered out March 19, 1863; wounded. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7277. Ft. Wayne.
- WHITSIT, COURTLAND E.**—Captain Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Private Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry, July 28, 1861; Captain, August 30, 1861; resigned February 2, 1864. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6616. Died at Indianapolis July 26, 1889.
- WHITSET, JOHN A.**—First Lieutenant Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Private Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry, July 28, 1861; Second Lieutenant, August 30, 1861; First Lieutenant, June 30, 1864; Captain (not mustered), June 1, 1865; mustered out January 15, 1866. Elected May 16, 1889; Insignia No. 7159. Died October 27, 1893.
- WILDMAN, JOHN F.**—Major One Hundred Fifty-third Indiana Infantry. Private Third Indiana Cavalry, May, 1861; Adjutant One Hundred Thirtieth Indiana Infantry, May 5, 1863; Major One Hundred Fifty-third Indiana Infantry, March 9, 1865; mustered out at close of war. Elected December 11, 1896; Insignia No. 11647. Muncie.
- WILES, WILLIAM D.**—Captain Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Captain Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry, August 24, 1861; discharged on Surgeon's certificate of disability January, 1862. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6617. Died at Indianapolis January 26, 1895.
- WILLIAMS, HENRY M.**—First Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Battery. Second Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Battery Light Artillery, February 17, 1862; First Lieutenant, August 10, 1863; mustered out November, 1863; wounded. Elected through Commandery of Ohio; transferred to Indiana Commandery May 1, 1895; Insignia No. 5814. Ft. Wayne.

- WILLOUGHBY, AURELIUS M.—First Lieutenant Eighth Indiana Cavalry. Private Thirty-ninth Indiana Infantry, August 28, 1861; Quartermaster Sergeant, June 18, 1863; First Lieutenant and Regimental Quartermaster Eighth Indiana Cavalry, November 1, 1864; mustered out August 10, 1865. Elected May 17, 1893; Insignia No. 10206. Vincennes.
- WILSON, CHARLES L.—Surgeon One Hundred Forty-first Ohio Infantry. Assistant Surgeon Seventy-ninth Ohio Infantry, September, 1861; Assistant Surgeon Seventy-fifth Ohio Infantry; Surgeon, May 15, 1863; resigned on Surgeon's certificate of disability October 2, 1863; Surgeon One Hundred Forty-first Ohio Infantry, May, 1864; mustered out September 3, 1864. Elected through Commandery of Ohio December 2, 1885; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 17, 1888; Insignia No. 4352. Indianapolis.
- WILSON, DAVID—Captain Eleventh Indiana Infantry. Private Eleventh Indiana Infantry, July 23, 1861; Corporal, Sergeant, August 3, 1861; Second Lieutenant, 1861; First Lieutenant, August 1, 1862; Captain, May 13, 1865; mustered out August 30, 1865. Elected March 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6904. Died August 8, 1896.
- WILSON, WILLIAM C.—Colonel One Hundred Thirty-fifth Indiana Infantry. Captain Tenth Indiana Infantry, April 19, 1861; Major, May 10, 1861; Colonel Fortieth Indiana Infantry, September 23, 1861; resigned March 27, 1862; Colonel One Hundred Eighth Indiana Infantry; Colonel One Hundred Thirty-fifth Indiana Infantry, May 24, 1864; mustered out September 29, 1864; wounded. Elected through Ohio Commandery January 2, 1884; transferred to Indiana Commandery December 7, 1888; Insignia No. 3080. Died at Lafayette, Ind., September 25, 1891.
- WOOD, ANDREW G.—First Lieutenant One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry. First Lieutenant One Hundred Twenty-third Indiana Infantry, February 10, 1864; mustered out October 28, 1865. Elected December 17, 1892; Insignia No. 9909. Warsaw.
- WOOD, THOMAS B.—First Lieutenant Eleventh Indiana Infantry. Private Eleventh Indiana, April 13, 1861; re-enlisted Sergeant; Second Lieutenant; First Lieutenant, August, 1862; mustered out January 27, 1865, because of wounds. Elected December 19, 1888. Insignia No. —.
- WOOLLEN, GREEN V.—Assistant Surgeon Twenty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Resident Physician in Camp Morton, April, 1861; Assistant Surgeon Twenty-seventh Indiana Infantry, September 7, 1861; mustered out September, 1864. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7275. Indianapolis.

- YARYAN, JOHN L.**—First Lieutenant Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry. Private Nineteenth Indiana Infantry, May, 1861; First Lieutenant, July, 1861; First Lieutenant and Adjutant Fifty-eighth Indiana Infantry, January, 1862; resigned March, 1864. Elected February 14, 1889; Insignia No. 6827. Died at Richmond, Ind., April 2, 1897.
- YOUNG, STEPHEN J.**—Surgeon Seventy-ninth Illinois Infantry. Assistant Surgeon U. S. V., October 19, 1861; First Assistant Surgeon Forty-eighth Illinois Infantry, November, 1861; Surgeon Seventy-ninth Illinois Infantry, January 1, 1863; mustered out February 19, 1865. Elected October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7276; member of Commandery-in-Chief. Terre Haute.
- ZOLLINGER, CHARLES A.**—Colonel One Hundred Twenty-ninth Indiana Infantry. Private Ninth Indiana Infantry, April 16, 1861; First Lieutenant Thirtieth Indiana Infantry, September 24, 1861; resigned on account of disability February 1, 1863; Captain One Hundred Twenty-ninth Indiana Infantry, January 25, 1864; Lieutenant Colonel, March 21, 1864; Colonel, June 15, 1864; mustered out August 29, 1865. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6619. Died December 27, 1893.

FIRST CLASS BY INHERITANCE.

Members of the first class by inheritance are eldest sons or next of kin of deceased Companions and other officers.

ANKENY, CHARLES H.—Eligibility derived from his brother, Franklin C. Ankeny, Lieutenant, Company C, Sixtieth Ohio Volunteers. He was a private in the Sixtieth Ohio Volunteers. Elected February, 1894, through Ohio Commandery; transferred to Indiana Commandery, December 3, 1897; Insignia No. 10464. LaFayette.

BOICE, PARKER J.—Eldest direct male lineal descendant of William P. Johnson, Surgeon, Eighteenth Ohio Infantry; deceased. Elected Companion first class by inheritance, December 19, 1895; Insignia No. 11324. Indianapolis.

BRADSHAW, WALTER J.—Eldest son of James M. Bradshaw, Captain and Assistant Quartermaster U. S. Volunteers. Elected second class, February 11, 1890; Insignia No. 7696. First class in succession. Helena, Mont.

COMPTON, SAMUEL M.—Only living male descendant of Samuel S. Mickle, Major Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry; Private First Indiana Heavy Artillery, November, 1862; mustered out January 10, 1866. Elected first class by inheritance, October 23, 1895; Insignia No. 11184. Quartermaster General of Indiana, 1893-97. Indianapolis.

CONKLIN, ROSCOE—Eldest son of Anthony M. Conklin. First Lieutenant Seventy-fifth Indiana Infantry. Elected October 14, 1896; Insignia No. 11577. Indianapolis.

EVANS, HENRY L.—Elected first class by inheritance through the Pennsylvania Commandery, October 19, 1887; transferred to Indiana Commandery, December 3, 1888; Insignia No. 5743. New York.

FINCH, JOHN A.—Eldest brother and heir of H. B. Finch. First Lieutenant Thirty-third Indiana Infantry; died October, 1867. John A. Finch served as private in One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry. Elected first class by inheritance, May 8, 1896; Insignia No. 11520. Indianapolis.

FLETCHER, ROBERT M.—Eldest son of Stephen K. Fletcher, First Lieutenant One Hundred and Fifteenth Indiana Infantry. Elected first class by inheritance, October 5, 1897, through Indiana Commandery; Insignia No. 11965. Indianapolis.

GALL, ALBERT—Eldest son of Alois D. Gall. Surgeon Thirtieth Indiana Infantry; died February 11, 1867. Elected member of first class by inheritance, May 16, 1889; Insignia No. 7161. Indianapolis.

- GAVITT, WILLIAM**—Eldest son of John Smith Gavitt, Major First Indiana Cavalry, who was killed by Jeff Thompson's command at Frederickstown, Missouri, October 21, 1861. Elected December 14, 1897; Insignia No. ——. Evansville.
- GRESHAM, OTTO**—Eldest son of Walter Q. Gresham; inheritance. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6622; transferred to Commandery of Illinois.
- HAINES, MATTHIAS L.**—Eldest son of Abram B. Haines, Surgeon Nineteenth and One Hundred Forty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Elected member of first class by descent, October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7278; elected Chaplain May 9, 1890; re-elected May 8, 1891. Indianapolis.
- HAWKINS, ROSCOE O.**—Eldest son of Gaylord B. Hawkins, Chaplain Second Ohio Cavalry, who died in the service at Fort Scott, Kansas, September 2, 1862. Elected member first class by descent, December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6620. Indianapolis.
- HENDRICKS, ALLAN W.**—Eldest son of Abram W. Hendricks, Major and Paymaster U. S. V., who died November 25, 1887. Elected member of first class by descent, October 8, 1889; Insignia No. 7279. Indianapolis.
- HUDSON, MORTON S.**—Eldest son of Robert N. Hudson, Colonel One Hundred Thirty-third Indiana Infantry; died August 30, 1889. Elected member first class by inheritance. December 17, 1892; Insignia No. 9910. Terre Haute.
- JESSUP, ROBERT B. JR.**—Eldest son of Robert B. Jessup, Surgeon Twenty-Fourth Indiana Infantry; died November 9, 1893. Elected Companion of first class by inheritance February 12, 1894; Insignia No. 10457. Vincennes.
- LANDIS, WALTER K.**—Eldest son of Abraham H. Landis, Assistant Surgeon Thirty-fifth Ohio Infantry. Elected February 23, 1891; Insignia No. 8583. First class by inheritance on death of father. Marion.
- M'GREGOR, JAMES C.**—Only son of the eldest brother of Charles McGregor, Commander United States Navy. Elected February 22, 1893; first class by inheritance; Insignia No. 10038; transferred to New York Commandery, January 1, 1895.
- MARTIN, WILLIAM H.**—Eldest son of Roger Martin, Colonel Sixty-sixth Indiana Infantry, who died January 17, 1893. Elected first class by inheritance, May 8, 1896; Insignia No. 11521. Bedford.
- MEGREW, HAROLD C.**—Son of Willis H. Megrew, Captain Fifty-eighth U. S. Infantry C. T.; died at Richmond, Virginia, Sept. 6, 1866. Elected member of first class by inheritance, May 10, 1895; Insignia No. 11056. Indianapolis.

- MILLARD, CHARLES S.**—Only son of Charles S. Millard, First Lieutenant and Adjutant One Hundred Seventeenth New York Infantry; died April 8, 1894. Elected companion first class by inheritance, February 12, 1895; Insignia No. 10910. Indianapolis.
- MILLER, DAVID H.**—Eldest and only son of Scott Miller, Captain Company I, Seventh Indiana Infantry, who died at Paris, Texas, August, 1879; Private Company I, Seventh Indiana Infantry, September 13, 1861; discharged January 17, 1863, on account of disability. Elected December 14, 1897; Insignia No. ———.
- NICHOLSON, MEREDITH**—Eldest son of Edward W. Nicholson, Captain Twenty-seventh Indiana Battery; deceased. Elected October 13, 1890; Insignia No. 8149. First class by inheritance, August, 1894. Indianapolis.
- OGLE, ALFRED M.**—Eldest nephew of Samuel N. Yeoman, Colonel Ninetieth Ohio Infantry, and Companion of Ohio Commandery, who died July 18, 1890. Elected companion of first class by inheritance, February 22, 1893; Insignia No. 10037. Indianapolis.
- PALMER, HARRY B.**—Eldest son of John J. Palmer, Brevet Major U. S. V.; died July 21, 1896. Elected Companion of first class by inheritance, October 14, 1896; Insignia No. 11578. Helena, Mont.
- PEARSON, CHARLES D.**—Eldest son Charles D. Pearson, Major and Surgeon Forty-ninth Indiana Infantry; died July 14, 1890. Elected Companion first class by inheritance December 19, 1890; Insignia No. 8396. Indianapolis.
- SIVER, EMETT L.**—Eldest son of Harvey Siver, Second Lieutenant One Hundred Forty-ninth New York Infantry; died August 9, 1867. Elected Companion first class through inheritance, December 17, 1892; Insignia No. 9911 Ft. Wayne.
- SLACK, JAMES R.**—Eldest son of James R. Slack, Brigadier General U. S. V.; died July 28, 1881. Elected Companion of first class by inheritance, May 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7932. Huntington.
- STEWART, ALEXANDER M.**—Eldest son of Robert R. Stewart, Colonel Eleventh Indiana Cavalry; deceased. Elected Companion of first class by inheritance, February 23, 1891; Insignia No. 8582. Indianapolis.
- TAYLOR, BUSHROD W.**—Only son of Bushrod B. Taylor, Captain United States Navy; died April 14, 1883. Elected Companion of first class, by descent, May 16, 1889; Insignia No. 7160. Louisville, Ky.

- TERRELL, EDWIN H.**—Brother of Thomas C. Terrell, Lieutenant U. S. Navy, who died while on duty as an officer of the navy at Pensacola, Florida. Elected Companion of first class by inheritance, through the Commandery of Nebraska, December 4, 1889; transferred to Indiana Commandery, August 1, 1894; Insignia No. 7551. San Antonio, Texas.
- THOMPSON, CHARLES B.**—Brother of Brevet Major Lewis Thompson, died on Yellow Stone river, Montana, July 19, 1876. Elected Companion of first class by inheritance, through the Comandery of California, February 16, 1887; transferred to Indiana Commandery October 25, 1890; transferred to Kansas Commandery March 24, 1891; Insignia No. 5331.
- WALKER, GEORGE B.**—Son of John T. Walker, Major Twenty-fifth Indiana Infantry, who died at Evansville, Indiana, February 8, 1865. Elected Companion of first class by inheritance, through the Commandery of California, November 11, 1885; transferred to Indiana Commandery, December 31, 1890; Insignia No. 4101; Captain U. S. A., Ft. Thomas, Ky.
- WILLARD, CHARLES A.**—Brother of George A. Willard, Lieutenant Thirty-sixth Indiana Infantry; killed at siege of Atlanta, August 8, 1864. Charles A. Willard, Sergeant One Hundred Thirty-seventh Ohio Infantry; May 1, 1864; mustered out August, 1864. Elected March 11, 1892; Insignia No. 9463. Muncie.
- WINANS, HENRY M.**—Eldest son of Henry C. Winans, Surgeon Twenty-fifth Illinois Infantry; died October 16, 1884. Elected Companion of the first class by inheritance December 19, 1892. Insignia No. 9913. Muncie.
- WILKINSON, ALLEN A.**—Eldest son of Joseph Wilkinson, Second Lieutenant One Hundred Twentieth New York Infantry; died March 31, 1892. Elected first class by inheritance December 17, 1892; Insignia No. 9912. Indianapolis.

MEMBERS OF THE SECOND CLASS.

Members of the Second Class are the eldest sons of living Companions.

- ADAMS, BERTRAND B.**—Eldest son of Henry C. Adams, Lieutenant Company I, Twenty-sixth Indiana Infantry. Elected Companion of second class December 19, 1890; Insignia No. 8397. Indianapolis.
- BATES, HERVEY, JR.**—Eldest son of Hervey Bates, Major One Hundred Thirty-second Indiana Infantry. Elected November 13, 1891; Insignia No. 9094. Indianapolis.
- BROWN, GEORGE, JR.**—Eldest son of George Brown, Rear Admiral United States Navy. Elected October 14, 1896; Insignia No. 11579. Indianapolis.
- COCKRUM, JOHN B.**—Eldest son of William M. Cockrum, Lieutenant Colonel Forty-second Indiana Infantry. Elected December 11, 1896; Insignia No. 11321. Indianapolis.
- COMSTOCK, PAUL**—Eldest son Daniel W. Comstock, Captain Ninth Indiana Cavalry. Elected May 13, 1897; Insignia No. 11898. Richmond.
- ENSLEY, OLIVER PERRY**—Eldest son of Nicholas Ensley, Second Lieutenant Forty-fourth Indiana Infantry. Elected October 5, 1897, through the Commandery of Indiana; Insignia No. 11966. Indianapolis.
- FOSTER, CLARENCE M.**—Eldest son of Robert S. Foster, Major General U. S. V. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6621. Indianapolis.
- HARRISON, RUSSELL B.**—Eldest son of Benjamin Harrison, Brevet Brigadier General U. S. V. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6623. Terre Haute.
- HENLEY, CLARENCE L.**—Eldest son of William M. Henley, Captain Forty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Elected February 1, 1897; Insignia No. 11644. Wabash.
- KAEMMERLING, GUSTAV**—Eldest son of Gustav Kaemmerling, Colonel Ninth Ohio Infantry; Insignia No. 11897. Elected October 5, 1897; Insignia No. 11967. Tell City.
- LILLY, JOSIAH K.**—Eldest son of Eli Lilly, Colonel Ninth Indiana Cavalry. Elected December 10, 1889; Insignia No. 7508. Indianapolis.
- MARTIN, FRANK**—Eldest son of Thomas H. Martin, Captain One Hundred and Twenty-third Indiana Infantry. Elected October 5, 1897; Insignia No. 11968. Lebanon.
- MILLER, C. WHEELOCK**—Eldest son of Harvey H. Miller, First Lieutenant Twentieth Indiana Infantry. Elected May 9, 1890; Insignia No. 7933. Huntington.

- POLAND, WILLIAM B.—Eldest son of John S. Poland, Colonel U. S. A. Elected October 14, 1896; Insignia No. 11580. Indianapolis.
- ROSS, FRED T.—Eldest son of James R. Ross, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V. Elected October 23, 1895; Insignia No. 11185. Indianapolis.
- SAYLER, SAMUEL M.—Eldest son of Henry B. Sayler, Major One Hundred Eighteenth Indiana Infantry. Elected March 15, 1890; Insignia No. 7746. Huntington.
- SMITH, ALBERT P.—Eldest son of Charles W. Smith, First Lieutenant One Hundred Ninth United States Colored Troops. Elected February 12, 1896; Insignia No. 11408. Indianapolis.
- SMITH, DONALD L.—Eldest son of Ben L. Smith, Captain Sixty-seventh Indiana Infantry. Elected March 13, 1897; Insignia No. 6902. Rushville.
- STITT, THOMAS L.—Eldest son of William S. Stitt, First Lieutenant Seventy-fifth Indiana Infantry. Elected December 19, 1893; Insignia No. 10369. Wabash.
- THOMPSON, DANIEL A.—Eldest son of J. L. Thompson, Surgeon Second Tennessee Heavy Artillery. Elected April 18, 1889; Insignia No. 6905. Indianapolis.
- VORIS, JOSEPH R.—Eldest son of Archibald C. Voris, Brevet Lieutenant Colonel U. S. V. Elected May 8, 1896; Insignia No. 10288. Bedford.
- WALLACE, HENRY L.—Eldest son of Lew Wallace, Major General U. S. V. Elected August 30, 1893; Insignia No. 10246. Indianapolis.
- WEIST, HARRY H.—Eldest son Jacob R. Weist, Surgeon First U. S. C. T. Elected May 8, 1891; Insignia No. 8772. Richmond.
- WILSON, CHARLES A.—Eldest son of Charles L. Wilson, Surgeon One Hundred Forty-first Ohio Infantry. Elected December 19, 1888; Insignia No. 6624. Indianapolis.

MEMBERS OF THE THIRD CLASS.

Members of the Third Class are men who rendered the Union cause valuable service as civilians. None have been admitted since 1890.

- M'KEEN, WILLIAM R.—Elected as a tribute to his conspicuous service to the country as one of the able and patriotic assistants of Governor Oliver P. Morton. Elected April 18, 1889; Insignia No. 6906. Terre Haute.









