



## EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT.

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### CHAPTER I.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### MATERIELS OF WAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

He at once commenced the erection of suitable buildings

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### ORGANIZATION OF TROOPS.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### CARE OF SOLDIERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

#### CITY HOSPITAL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## WESTERN VIRGINIA CAMPAIGN.

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### CHAPTER II.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

## PHILIPPI.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### LAUREL HILL.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## RICH MOUNTAIN.

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



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

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

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

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

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

Gen. McClellan immediately moved his column to Beverly,

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

#### CARRICK'S FORD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### GENERAL GARNETT.

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

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

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

## THE CAMPAIGN ENDS.

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

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

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

*"Soldiers of the Army of the West:*

"I am more than satisfied with you.

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*“To the Officers and Soldiers of the Brigade :*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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Engraved by J.C. Buttre, New York

*W. J. Win*

LIEUT. COL. WILLIAM JOWIN, U.S.N.





# HISTORY OF REGIMENTS.

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## CHAPTER III.

### THREE MONTHS' SERVICE.—SIXTH REGIMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

#### SEVENTH REGIMENT.

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

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

The following is the roster:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### FOURTH OF JULY IN CAMP.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

This imaginary battle having been fought and won, the



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

## EIGHTH REGIMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### NINTH REGIMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### TENTH REGIMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



## ELEVENTH REGIMENT.

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

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

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

The following is the roster:

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### AT EVANSVILLE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“WASHINGTON, June 6, 1861.

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

WINFIELD SCOTT.”

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### M'LAUGHLIN'S DEFEAT.

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

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

#### THE FIGHT AT KELLEY'S ISLAND.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

It took but a moment to unslung their rifles.



"Are you ready?" asked Hay.

"All ready," they replied.

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

With the last word they were off.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"Yes, and recollect Buena Vista," said Hollowell.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MAJOR GEN. PATTERSON.

J. F. PORTER, Assistant Adjutant General.

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

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

"GRAFTON, VA., June 28.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### HOW THE ZOUAVES CONQUERED A MASSACHUSETTS REGIMENT.

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

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

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

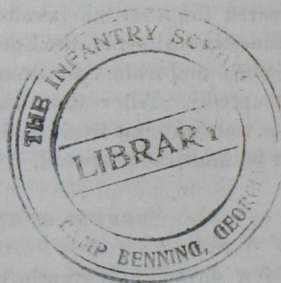
#### THE END OF THE TERM.

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

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

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

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



# FIRST POTOMAC CAMPAIGN.

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## CHAPTER IV.

### EARLY OPERATIONS ON THE POTOMAC.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### THE BATTLE OF BETHEL.

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

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



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

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

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

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

#### THE AMBUSCADE AT VIENNA.

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

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

#### GENERAL PATTERSON'S CORPS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### THE BATTLE OF BULL RUN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### THE BATTLE OF MANASSAS.

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

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



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

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

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

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

#### THE RETREAT

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

## KANAWHA CAMPAIGN.

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### CHAPTER V.

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

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

#### THE KANAWHA.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

#### THE POLICY WITH PRISONERS.

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

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

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

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

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

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

*"To the Loyal Inhabitants of Western Virginia:*

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

#### THE GAULEY.

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

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

## CROSS LANES.

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

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

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

#### THE MARCH TO THE GAULEY.

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

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

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

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

#### CARNIFAX FERRY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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







1850

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... follow his  
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Engraved by J.C. Burt, New York

S. S. Bass

COL. SIMON S. BASS.

20<sup>th</sup> Indiana Reg.

