CHEAT MOUNTAIN CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER VI.

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

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

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

Gen. Reynolds did not make any immediate change in the

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCOUTING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE ADVANCE AND REPULSE OF GEN. LEE.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCOUTING AGAIN.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE BATTLE OF GREENBRIAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Leisurely the troops marched to the Summit, where bivou-

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

THE ENEMY RETIRES.

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

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

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

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

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

THE BATTLE OF ALLEGHANY.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

HUNTERSVILLE.

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

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

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

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

REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

CHAPTER VII.

THIRTEENTH REGIMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

SCOUTING.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On the seventh, the regiment started on a reconnoissance

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

FOURTEENTH REGIMENT.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

twentieth was in the reconnoissance beyond Strasburgh, and on the twenty-first returned to Winchester.

The battle of Winchester was fought on the twenty-third day of March, 1862. The pickets were driven in on the evening of the twenty-second, and there was some artillery firing on each side. Gen. Shields was wounded by a piece of shell on the evening of the twenty-second. During the night the Federal troops were put in position, and the advance of the enemy fell back two miles. The Fourteenth slept on their arms during the night expecting the battle to open early next morning. The battle did not open until nearly noon, and then for several hours there was only artillery firing and skirmishing. Col. Tyler's brigade opened the infantry fighting about three o'clock, P. M. The Fourteenth was soon ordered to support him. They went into the battle at a point where the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania had just been repulsed with heavy loss. It was an unfavorable time for troops who had never been in a heavy infantry battle. Many of the wounded were running back through their ranks, some were writhing in the agonies of death, and others were dead. The frightened of other regiments rushed pell mell through their ranks. The enemy were intrenched behind stonewalls, and other cover, and it seemed like rushing into the jaws of death to charge them. When the Fourteenth come upon the line, all gave a "Hoosier Yell," and charged the enemy with the bayonet. The celebrated Stonewall Brigade—Jackson's Brigade—was in their front, but they faltered and fell back in disorder, while many of them fell with their backs to their enemy. The impression was that the whole force was in retreat. The Union troops rapidly followed, until they unexpectedly encountered Loring's brigade under cover of a hill and stonewall. Here the fighting was desperate. The superior number of the enemy would have repulsed the Fourteenth and the remnant of Tyler's brigade, had not the Thirteenth Indiana came gallantly to their support at the right time. After the Thirteenth came up, a volley and a charge along the whole line completely routed the enemy. Darkness put an end to the conflict. The loss of the Fourteenth was four killed and fifty wounded, among whom was

Capt. Kelley, who was mortally wounded. At the last charge the Fourteenth captured one piece of artillery, which was presented to the regiment by Major General Banks for their gallantry, but it was never taken from Winchester, owing to the active campaign that followed its capture. Colonel, now General, Tyler said if the Fourteenth Indiana had not given that yell, his men could not have held their line five minutes longer; that "that one shout was worth more to him than one thousand men." Gen. Banks arrived at night after the battle, and on the twenty-fourth followed up the retreating rebels. There was some skirmishing daily for over a month, but no general engagement.

On the second of April, Dr. Geo. W. Clippenger resigned, and on the twenty-first Dr. Anson Hurd was appointed Surgeon. In May Colonel Kimball was promoted to Brigadier General, Major Foote resigned, and Lieut. Col. Harrow was promoted to Colonel, Capt. P. R. Owen promoted to Lieut. Colonel, and Capt. J. H. Martin promoted to Major.

The Fourteenth remained in the Shenandoah Valley until the twelfth day of May, when Gen. Shields' division took up their line of march over the Blue Ridge, via Luray, Warrenton, and Catlett's Station to Fredericksburgh. All expected to go with Gen. McDowell to Richmond, but immediately upon their arrival at Fredericksburgh, they learned that Jackson was in the Shenandoah Valley, and that Gen. Banks' army had been compelled to fall back on the line of the Potomac. They were ordered back to the Valley via Catlett's Station and Manassas Junction. On their march from the Shenandoah Valley to Fredericksburgh and back again, they marched from sixteen to twenty miles each day.

On the night of the twenty-ninth of May, Kimball's brigade started from Rectortown on an expedition to Front Royal, which place was then held by the enemy. They marched into Manassas Gap, within eleven miles of Front Royal, and rested until daylight on the thirtieth, when they resumed their route. The enemy were evacuating the place when they arrived in sight, and the cavalry had a severe skirmish. The Fourteenth captured between fifty and sixty prisoners, and one piece of artillery, with four mules and harness. The

enemy on this occasion made no resistance, but abandoned everything and dispersed through the woods. This piece of artillery was given the regiment for their gallantry. It was the intention to have sent it to Indianapolis, but it afterwards exploded at Alexandria in firing at a target.

The greater portion of June was spent in marching and countermarching over the road between Front Royal and Columbia bridge, above Luray. A large portion of this road was marched over four times during the month, many of the men willingly making the march with bare feet, over a stone pike, with blood dropping from their feet at every step. They confidently expected to capture Jackson and his army. They were in hearing of the enemy's guns while Fremont was pushing Jackson up the Valley, and at one time a march of eleven miles would have enabled Shields' division to attack Jackson's rear, while Fremont was in his front. The soldiers were all anxious to make it, because such a march gave promise of success and victory.

It was in this month, so replete with military blunders, that the Port Republic affair came off. While that battle was being fought, Kimball's brigade was on a forced march to assist them, but, notwithstanding their efforts, did not reach them until that gallant little army of two brigades was in full retreat. It was here the Seventh Indiana won immortal glory. Kimball's brigade met the retreating brigades at a point near Conrad's Store, and awaited the approach of the enemy several hours, but no enemy appeared. They then covered the retreat to Luray.

On the thirtieth of June, the Fourteenth embarked at Alexandria for the army of the Potomac. They thought that "onward to Richmond" had emerged from the ideal to the real, but were soon doomed to a greater disappointment than ever. Disembarked at Harrison's Landing on the evening of the second of July, and went immediately to the front. On the third had a heavy skirmish, with considerable artillery firing, and drove the enemy. On the fourth were engaged in a light skirmish all day, the enemy trying to advance their lines. On the fifth had some picket skirmishing, after which everything remained quiet on their line while they were on

the Peninsula. The brigade was attached to Sumner's corps, (second army corps,) and has, since that time, remained with it. On the eleventh of August Lt. Col. P. R. Owen and Major J. H. Martin resigned, and Capt. John Coons was promoted to Lt. Colonel, and Capt. E. H. C. Cavins was promoted to Major.

Sumner's corps covered the retreat from Harrison's Landing. The regiment left the old camp on the sixteenth of August, and marched to Newport News, via Williamsburgh and Yorktown. On the twenty-sixth embarked at Newport News, and on the twenty-ninth disembarked at Alexandria. On the thirtieth marched to Arlington, and on the thirty-first to Centreville, but did not arrive until after the battles under Pope were over. On the second of September the army fell back under the defenses around Washington, the Fourteenth being a part of the rear guard. The enemy hung upon their rear and flanks, throwing an occasional shell towards and among them, until dark.

On the sixth of August the third division of the second corps was formed, and Gen. French assigned to its command. The Fourteenth was engaged in the battle of Antietam on the seventeenth of September. At that battle the line formed by Kimball's brigade moved into action very handsomely, and was the only part of the line that did not, at some time during the engagement, give way. Line upon line of the enemy was hurled against it, but each time repulsed with great slaughter. The battle flags of seven of the enemy's regiments were borne in rifle range of the Fourteenth, and each bearer was shot, while the colors of the Fourteenth floated triumphantly and defiantly throughout the engagement. The last effort made by the enemy, was by sending a column on their right flank, when the Fourteenth Indiana and Eighth Ohio changed front and drove him from the field. For their gallantry and obstinate fighting on that day, Gen. French named the brigade "The Gibraltar Brigade." The Fourteenth fought for over an hour within sixty yards from the enemy's line. For four hours they fought on one line, and shot their sixty rounds of cartridges. The officers gathered cartridges from the boxes of the dead and wounded, and distrib-

uted them to the men in the thickest of the fight. The loss of the regiment in killed and wounded, was fifty-seven per cent. of the number engaged. The regiment was commanded by Col. Harrow. After the battle the enemy's dead were found in heaps all along their front.

After the battle of Antietam, the army of the Potomac settled down to its characteristic quiet. A reconnoissance to Leesburgh, under Gen. Kimball, by his brigade and a regiment of cavalry, on the first of October, was the only episode to relieve the regular routine of picket and camp duty, during that month. They moved out from Harper's Ferry to Leesburgh, captured one hundred and fifty prisoners without any fighting, and on the following day marched back to camp. It was a hard march and came very nearly resulting in their capture, the rebel cavalry, in large force, having been only one hour too late.

On the first of November the second corps took up its line of march from Harper's Ferry, along the valley east of the Blue Ridge towards Warrenton. The advance guard were skirmishing with parties of the enemy every day, but they gave way without making any decided stand. The Fourteenth had a skirmish on the second of November, and drove the enemy out of Rockford Pass, and held it for twenty-four hours until relieved. The enemy made several demonstrations towards retaking the pass, and were driven back. The second corps arrived at Falmouth on the seventeenth day of November, and the regiment was immediately sent up the river on picket. On the eighteenth the enemy's cavalry captured a foraging train, near and outside of the picket line. The alarm was soon given, and the reserves of six companies were hastened to the rescue. They recaptured the train with a loss of only two horses. The rebel leader was wounded while charging in advance of his command. During the time the army of the Potomac remained on the Rappahannock, nothing outside of the usual routine of camp life occurred, in which the Fourteenth took part, except the battles of Fredericksburgh and Chancellorsville.

The battle of Fredericksburgh commenced on the thirteenth of December, 1862. The regiment was under com-

mand of Major Cavins, Col. Harrow being sick, and Lieut. Col. Coons being absent on account of wounds. Kimball's brigade, the Fourteenth being on the left, was the first to assault the works. The troops moved out of the city by a flank movement, under a heavy, well directed and destructive fire from the enemy's artillery. One shell exploded in the ranks of the Fourteenth, killing four, and wounding eleven men. Many others cut great openings in their ranks, but each time they were promptly and fearlessly closed up. Under a front and enfilading fire, it formed in line of battle, and advanced so far as it was possible for a single line to advance, receiving the enemy's fire from the front, and from their left flank.

For nearly an hour, the Fourteenth, unsupported, kept up this unequal contest. The first support that came up in less than five minutes broke and gave way in confusion. When entreated not to fall back, they answered that the whole line had given way, and the rebels were in the town. Then the question was asked, "What shall we do?" The commanding officer said, "Remember Antietam, the Fourteenth never runs from the enemy, we will hold this hill till our ammunition is exhausted, and then hold it with the bayonet." Soon the smoke cleared up, and on the right the Fourteenth saw that the "Gibraltar Brigade" still stood firm, and soon after they were supported by troops who stood. After expending all their ammunition, they fixed bayonets, and awaited an expected charge from the enemy; but the charge was not made. Eleven brigades were sent in after Kimball's, none of which advanced the line beyond the point taken by his brigade. The regiment remained on the field two hours after the brigade had been ordered off. The order was not received until the battle was nearly over. It was very difficult to convey an order to the regiment. The loss of the regiment in this action, in killed and wounded, was thirty-four per cent of the number engaged. The dead of the Fourteenth, and of Kimball's brigade, were found nearer the enemy's intrenchments than the dead of any other regiment.

While the dead were being buried, under a flag of truce, Gen. Stewart asked one of the men what brigade made the

first charge, and said it was the most desperate charge ever made by any troops. Gen. Sumner said, before the committee to investigate the causes of the failure at Fredericksburgh, that he selected Gens. French and Hancock's divisions to make the attack, because their troops had never turned their backs to the enemy in battle.

On the first of January, 1863, Dr. Anson Hurd resigned, and Assistant Surgeon Geo. W. McCune was promoted to Surgeon, and Dr. E. H. Sabin appointed First Assistant Surgeon. In January Col. Wm. Harrow resigned, and was subsequently appointed Brigadier General. On the twenty-first of January, Lieut. Col. Coons was promoted to Colonel, and Major Cavins promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. On the twelfth of February, Capt. William Houghton was promoted to Major. On the twenty-third of January, 1863, Maj. Gen. French presented to the color guard of the Fourteenth a fine breech loading rifle, as an evidence of his appreciation of the regiment in the battles fought under his command.

The Fourteenth participated in the battle of Chancellorsville, fought on the first, second and third of May. On the third of May the Gibraltar brigade, then commanded by Col. Carroll, was in line with Sykes' division on the left, and Hancock's on the right. At seven o'clock, A. M., the line advanced. The enemy was encountered after passing about seventy-five yards into the woods. After the third volley, they broke and fled, closely pressed by the Gibraltar brigade. An advance of two hundred yards further, disclosed a considerable force on the right of the brigade, while the Fourteenth, changing front, soon drove them out of their position, and across the Gordonsvillle plank road. On arriving at the plank road, the enemy was discovered again massed in force, with artillery so placed as to enfilade the line. The regiment fell back to the woods, and held the position there until relieved by fresh troops. They captured two pieces of artillery, but were unable to bring them off the field. They sent eighty-five prisoners to the rear. Later in the day, the brigade was moved further to the left, and took ground between the Eleventh corps and Hancock's division, where they constructed breast works. Here they were exposed to a

heavy artillery fire. On the fourth, the portion of the works held by the regiment, was shelled by the enemy. On the fifth there was a spirited skirmish in front, but no further general engagement; and on the sixth the brigade returned to camp at Falmouth. The loss of the regiment, in the several days fight, was seven killed, forty-nine wounded, and eight missing.

At this battle the enemy evidently thought that Carroll's brigade (Kimball's old brigade) was a part of their forces, and Carroll's men at first thought the enemy was another line of Union troops. After the first volley, the Fourteenth gave a Hoosier yell, and each volley was followed by a yell which told their friends in the rear they were driving the enemy. This little brigade, with less than one thousand men, unsupported on either flank, drove the enemy over the same ground over which they had driven line upon line of other Union troops. It can not be accounted for on any principle, except that they were seized with a panic. Many officers tried to rally them; but a yell and a charge by the old brigade would cause five times their number to recoil and break. Prisoners since taken, say that Jackson's men were never before known to be in such panic and confusion. While this brigade drove the enemy, Gen. Meade entreated Gen. Hooker to let him support Gen. French with his corps, but no support was sent. Many military men say if ten thousand troops had followed up that charge, it would have resulted in a signal victory to the Union army Col. Carroll was complimented on the field by Gens. Hooker, Meade, Hancock, French and others, for the gallantry of his brigade on that occasion.

On the morning of the fifteenth of June the second corps left Falmouth, the other corps having left some days before. They had a hard and tiresome march, via Dumfries, Centreville, Gainesville, Edward's Ferry and Frederick City to Pennsylvania. They marched by day and night, under the burning sun and in torrents of rain, arriving at Gettysburgh on the evening of the first of July.

The battle of Gettysburgh was fought on the first, second and third days of July. The Fourteenth was supporting Woodruff's battery near the center of the Federal line, and

participated in the famous charge which drove the rebels with terrible slaughter from Cemetery Hill. With the Fourteenth it was a night fight. The moon had not yet risen, and the darkness was made more impenetrable by the dense smoke of powder. When they moved up to support the battery on Cemetery Hill, the cannoneers were engaged in a hand to hand conflict with the enemy. The deep booming of artillery, the heavy rattle of musketry, the bursting of shell, the missiles of destruction which filled the air, the darkness of the night, and the lines of flashing guns, together with the great importance of holding this key to the whole position, made the scene one of thrilling interest. It was a headlong dash in the dark—a yell—and a few rounds aimed at the flash of the enemy's guns, and all was over for the night. When the moon arose and shed her sickly light over the field, none of the enemy could be seen, except their dead and severely wounded. The enemy seem to have realized the importance of taking this hill. Their correspondents poured out their vituperation on Gen. Anderson for what they conceived to be his fault in not taking it on the night of the second. A heavy mass of infantry formed in front of this hill on the evening of the third for the purpose of assaulting it, but when their masses on their right were repulsed with such great slaughter they gave up the assault on Cemetery Hill. Had they carried that hill—as they would have done had not reinforcements arrived just at the time they did—Gen. Meade would have been completely defeated, for this hill commanded his whole line. The loss of the Fourteenth was six killed and twenty-six wounded.

The Fourteenth, with the exception of the right and left companies, was originally armed with smooth bore muskets. Whenever a capture of Enfield or Springfield rifle was made, they were retained, and the smooth bores turned over. After the battle of Antietam, it was found that the entire command had the improved arm without having made a requisition upon the ordnance department for them.

We leave this gallant regiment in front in the Army of the Potomac. Its toils and marches, and daring feats may furnish another chapter at some future period.

ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

CHAPTER VIII.

On the twenty-second of July, 1861, Gen. McClellan was called to Washington, and at once proceeded to reorganize the army. The disaster at Manassas was followed by a season of extraordinary activity in raising troops. The States responded with alacrity to the calls of the General Government. Men volunteered for the three years service, faster than arms and equipments could be furnished. Gen. McClellan's great ability was demonstrated by the rapidity with which he brought order out of confusion.

On the seventeenth of August he was assigned to the command of the army of the Potomac, comprising the troops serving in the departments of Washington and north-eastern Virginia, in the valley of the Shenandoah, and in the States of Maryland and Delaware. It was an army formidable in numbers and magnificently appointed. The lines extended from Williamsport, on the upper, to Port Tobacco on the lower Potomac. The enemy had blockaded the Potomac by erecting batteries at Mathias Point, and their line extended from Aquia Creek to Leesburgh. They had formidable fortifications at Manassas, at Centreville, and at Leesburgh. There was a long season of quiet along this line, broken only by a few skirmishes. On the eleventh of September, Gen. Smith, commanding the advance brigade on the south side of the Potomac, near Chain Bridge, was directed to make a topographical reconnoissance in the direction of Lewinsville.

Battalions from the Seventy-Ninth New York, the Third Vermont, and the Nineteenth Indiana, with four pieces of Griffin's battery, and two companies of cavalry, were detailed for the purpose, and placed under the command of Gen. Stevens. The column proceeded to Lewinsville, a distance of four or five miles, reaching there at ten o'clock, in the morning, and driving out a cavalry picket of fifty men. Cavalry and infantry pickets were thrown out on the diverging roads, to watch the enemy, and Lieut. Poe of the engineers and his assistants commenced his surveys and proceeded over an area of four miles square. At half past two o'clock, the reconnoissance was completed and the pickets called in. They all responded to the recall except a party from the Third Vermont, and one from the Nineteenth Indiana. They sent word they were watching the movements of a heavy column of cavalry, infantry, and artillery, who were coming from the direction of Fall's Church. No attention was paid to this report, and the column was formed for its return march, when the enemy, three quarters of a mile distant, opened a rapid cannonade upon them. The firing was continued for ten minutes, when two ten-pounder rifled guns of Griffin's battery were unlimbered, placed in position and replied. A rapid fire of musketry was also opened by the enemy, from behind trees and other places of concealment, but without effect. Our infantry did not waste their ammunition upon a concealed enemy, but quietly supported the battery. The enemy's infantry did not emerge from the shelter of the timber, and after an artillery duel of an hour, our forces retired. The rebel cavalry made a demonstration as if to charge the rear of our column, but a few shells from Griffin's rifled guns induced them to desist, and shift their ground out of range. Our troops on this occasion behaved with great steadiness, and were highly complimented by the commanding general. The rebel force was commanded by Col. J. E. B. Stuart, afterwards so distinguished as the leader of the cavalry force of the Confederate army of the Potomac. The expedition accomplished its object, with but little loss. Lieut. Hancock, of the Nineteenth Indiana, was taken prisoner, and remained several months in Southern prisons before he was exchanged.

BATTLE OF BALL'S BLUFF.

The disastrous battle of Ball's Bluff, which for a period plunged the nation in gloom, grew out of one of those reconnoissances, so essential before any plan of attack upon an enemy's line should be determined. Gen. McCall was ordered to make a reconnoissance in force in the direction of Dranesville, and Gen. Stone, who commanded a portion of Gen. Banks' division, was ordered to send a small force in the direction of Leesburgh to distract the attention of the enemy while the column of McCall should make their observations. Our army on that part of the line was encamped on the Maryland shore. The Potomac opposite Leesburgh is crossed by two ferries, one called Conrad's, a little below Leesburgh, and the other Edward's, five miles above. Between the two ferries stretches a long narrow strip of land called Harrison's Island. Col. Devens was in command at that point and was ordered to send a few men across to reconnoiter, and hold the remainder in readiness to move at a moments notice. The scouts who had crossed returned, and reported a small encampment of the enemy about a mile from the river. Col. Devens, with three hundred men of his regiment, the Fifteenth Massachusetts, crossed over to attack it. He had only three small boats, each capable of carrying ten men. It was nearly four o'clock when all were transferred to the Virginia shore. They ascended the bank known as Ball's Bluff, by a path discovered by the scouts, where they found an open field surrounded by woods, upon which they encamped, and were there joined by Col. Lee with one hundred of the Twentieth Massachusetts. Early on the morning of the twenty-first of October this little force pushed forward to the spot supposed to be the rebel encampment, and found that the scouts had been deceived by a row of trees on the brow of a slope, the uncertain light through which resembled a line of tents. Col. Devens left his command concealed in the woods, and with two or three officers and men, ascended the slope and obtained a view of Leesburgh and the country around. Observing but few tents, he determined to hold his position and send back for reinforcements.

Gen. Stone, in the meantime, had made a feint of crossing a considerable force at Edward's Ferry, to favor the movement of Gen. McCall in the direction of Dranesville. The ruse was successful. Gen. McCall accomplished the purpose of his march and returned. The messenger from Col. Devens informed Gen. Stone of the supposed condition of affairs, and word was sent him to hold his position, and reinforcements would be forwarded to enable him to make a valuable reconnoissance. Col. Baker, of the First California regiment, was directed to move to Conrad's Ferry with his brigade at sunrise on the morning of the twenty-first. Gen. Gorman's brigade was sent to Edward's Ferry to make a demonstration on the Leesburgh road, and other movements were ordered to assist the force that had advanced from the bluff. To Col. Baker was given the direction of the force which was to cross the river to the aid of Col. Devens. He proceeded to the island and followed the same track at Ball's Bluff which the first detachments had taken.

As early as seven o'clock on the morning of the twenty-first, skirmishing commenced at the advanced position held by the Massachusetts men, and continued with varied success, the enemy advancing and retiring in turn till two o'clock. At this time the enemy appeared in force, and Col. Devens fell back to a position occupied by the First California regiment, which had crossed, and the line was formed by Col. Baker, who now assumed command. The attack was made with great vigor by the enemy, who rushed from the timber with a yell. They were met by a withering fire—wavered and fell back. They again advanced, and again a steady line of fire greeted them. Col. Coggswell, with the Tammany regiment, reached the field, and his men joined the line with a defiant shout. One piece of the Bunting battery, and two howitzers, came up, and poured a well directed fire into the rebel columns. But the rebels were reinforced, and again advanced with a shout. Their fire was destructive. The gunners fell, and the cannon was drawn to the rear. With terrible earnestness, the fight continued for an hour, when Col. Baker fell, pierced through the brain with a bullet. The enemy were pressing closely, and Col. Coggswell, who had

succeeded to the command, made his dispositions to fall back to the river. The retreat was rapid, but orderly. The line was again formed near the river, and a hopeless contest kept up for nearly an hour longer, while efforts were being made to remove the wounded to the island. But, alas! no arrangements had been made for a defeat. There was but one boat—a scow—to ferry all that worn and weary crowd to the island. Our brave but unfortunate soldiers had to swim, surrender or die. The enemy, flushed with victory, continued to press them down the bluff. The men plunged into the stream. Many were shot while swimming. Some escaped along the bluff bank, and reached the Union camps after several days; and others succeeded in escaping the shots which rained around them while struggling in the water. The scow, overloaded with wounded, left the Virginia shore. In their desperation, men clung to it. In the middle of the stream, it sunk with its precious freight of maimed and bleeding heroes. The scene was one to appall the stoutest heart. Still struggling on the bluff, were officers and soldiers fighting hopelessly against fearful odds to cover the escape of those who were struggling in the water, until they were shot down. "Fewer of the officers and men would have been killed," say the rebel accounts, "if they had not been too proud to surrender."

Our loss in this disastrous affair, in killed, captured and wounded, amounted to nine hundred. The rebels acknowledge a loss of three hundred.

Col. Baker, who fell, bravely fighting at the head of his command, was, at the time of his death, a member of the United States Senate from the State of Oregon. He was a chivalrous soldier, an accomplished gentleman, an able and eloquent speaker. When war was declared to exist against Mexico, he held a seat in Congress from the State of Illinois. He resigned, raised a regiment in his adopted State, and led it to the seat of war. At Cerro Gordo, he commanded a brigade after the fall of Gen. Shields, and fought it in such a manner as to draw an especial compliment from Gen. Twiggs, his division commander. He was wounded on the Rio Grande. Returning home, he was again elected to Congress. Later in life, he emigrated to California, and from

thence to Oregon, where his popular manners and surpassing eloquence soon gave him prominence, and he was elected a Senator in Congress. When the rebellion broke out, he raised a regiment, composed largely of returned Californians; refusing a Major General's commission, he led it to the field, and, "foremost fighting, fell."

On the thirty-first of October, Gen. Scott addressed a letter to the Secretary of War, asking to be placed upon the retired list, in consequence of age and increasing infirmities. The letter was placed before the President, and the request of the veteran soldier granted in full Cabinet council. Gen McClellan was named as his successor in command of the army.

BATTLE OF DRANESVILLE.

The Pennsylvania reserve division, under command of Gen. McCall, was encamped beyond Langley's Church, the line of encampment stretching towards Lewinsville. The position held was the last point abandoned by the enemy, when they fell back from Munson's Hill and Fall's Church before the massive columns of the Union army, which had gathered along the line of the Potomac after the battle of Manassas. Between their picket lines, and those of the enemy, there was an open country not occupied by any military force. In this space, the village of Dranesville is situated. On the twentieth of December, Gen. McCall ordered Gen. Ord to march his brigade, as a foraging party, to seize a lot of forage known to be in the vicinity of the little town. The brigade consisted of the Sixth, Ninth, Tenth and Twelfth Pennsylvania regiments, the "Bucktails," a rifle regiment from the same State, a battery of Campbell's artillery, and a squadron of Bayard's cavalry.

It happened that a foraging party had been sent out by Gen. Stuart from Centreville on the same day. The forces were about equal in numbers. The rebels had four regiments of infantry, one battery of artillery, and a squadron of cavalry.

Gen. Ord left camp in the early morning. The march was slow and monotonous. The long line of wagons had to be

flanked on the narrow and winding road by strong bodies of infantry; and it was essential to scout the woods in advance, to guard against an ambush. The column crossed Difficult Creek by a stone bridge about noon, and halted for dinner. The advance companies, approaching Dranesville, reported that a large body of rebels could be seen from a neighboring hill. Shots about the same time were exchanged by some of our flanking companies with the enemy's scouts. Gen. Ord immediately formed his line of battle. The enemy occupied the Centreville road. Their battery was in position to sweep it. The battery was flanked by infantry, and supported by infantry and cavalry. Their front line was in and near a house in a field in advance of and to the right of their position. Gen. Ord planted his battery on an elevation directly in front of the rebel guns, and opened fire, advancing his infantry at the same time. The first half hour was what is termed an artillery duel. The rebels overshot our infantry line, and did but little damage. The practice of our gunners was perfect, and the rebel battery was soon obliged to change position, the most of their horses being killed by the unerring aim of our gunners. In the meantime, they tried a flank movement, with their infantry to the right of our line, advancing through the timber, and were driven back with great loss. The Buck-tails pursued them to the woods, and drove the scattering regiments to the shelter of their guns, which had been put in position again. The entire line was now ordered to advance, Gen. Ord leading. The command to advance was received with a cheer. Steadily they pressed forward into the timber, over gullies and ravines, tangled with thickets, the enemy's shell whistling above them. They passed the belt of timber, and entered upon an open field, to find the enemy in rapid retreat, his battery being drawn off by hand. Gen. Ord did not deem it prudent to pursue, as the enemy might have easily been reinforced from either Centreville or Leesburgh; and the topography of the country beyond was unknown to us. The enemy left their dead and wounded on the field. Gen. McCall arrived as the battle closed, and ordered an immediate return to camp. We lost but seven killed and sixty wounded in the battle, while the enemy acknowledged

a loss of forty-three killed, one hundred and forty-three wounded, and forty-four missing, making a total of two hundred and eighty.

ADVANCE ON MANASSAS.

On the twenty-seventh of January, 1862, the President's General War Order, number one, directing an advance of our armies on the twenty-second day of February, was written. The Secretaries of War and of the Navy, and their subordinates, the General in Chief and other commanders, were to be held responsible for its observance. Especially were the army at and about Fortress Monroe, the army of the Potomac, the army of Western Virginia, the army near Munfordsville, Kentucky, the army and flotilla at Cairo, and the naval forces in the Gulf of Mexico, ordered to be ready for a movement on that day.

It was the tenth of March, however, before the advance movement was made on Manassas. On the eighth, the President's General War Order, number two, was issued, dividing the army of the Potomac into four corps, to be commanded respectively by Gens. McDowell, Sumner, Heintzelman and Keyes. A fifth corps was formed of the forces on the upper Potomac, and placed under the command of Gen. Banks. Gen. Wadsworth was made Military Governor of the District of Columbia, and commanded the troops designated for the defense of Washington.

The heavy columns of the Federal army moved early on the morning of the tenth, and labored through the deep mud to Fairfax Court House. There rumors of the evacuation by the rebels, of Centreville, and even of Manassas Junction, reached them. Gen. Kearney, at the head of a portion of his brigade, pushed boldly forward and passing the deserted rebel camps,—which, like little villages, with tidy streets and neat, substantial weatherproof huts, were dotted over the hill sides,—marched into the intrenchments at Centreville. The evacuation was complete. Armament and stores were all removed. Nothing remained but their winter huts, and their long lines of intrenchments. It was evident the rebels

had wintered under comfortable shelter, and that they had been prepared to make a stubborn and vigorous defense. The advance pushed on to Manassas Junction on the morning of the eleventh. The rebel rear guard had just left it, destroying the railroad and burning bridges as they retired.

The division of Gen. Banks advanced upon Winchester about the same time, and entered the town without opposition, Gen. Jackson having retired up the valley as our army approached his stronghold.

Gen. McDowell's corps occupied the country north of the Rappahannock, recently held by the rebel army. On the fifteenth of April, Gen. Augur's brigade was advanced to Catlett's Station. On the sixteenth the trains with King's division came up, and on the seventeenth, at dawn of day, the command of Gen. Augur started for Falmouth. Lieut. Col. Kilpatrick, with the Harris light cavalry, led the column, skirmishing with the enemy's cavalry as he advanced. Several dashing charges were made. During the night Col. Kilpatrick continued to harrass the enemy, and on the morning of the eighteenth drove a strong force from a barricade across the road, and dashed into Falmouth. The enemy retired across the river, burning the bridges behind them. Augur's brigade soon came up. The rebel troops hastily evacuated Fredericksburgh, and a deputation of citizens waited upon Gen. Augur and made a formal surrender of the city.

Previous to the march on Fredericksburgh, the Army of the Potomac had been moved in transports to Fortress Monroe, where it halted for a short time.

On the fourteenth of March Gen. McClellan, then at Fairfax Court House, Va., issued the following address to his army:

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

For a long time I have kept you inactive, but not without a purpose. You were to be disciplined, armed and instructed; the formidable artillery you now have, had to be created; other armies were to move and accomplish certain results. I I have held you back that you might give the death-blow to the rebellion that has distracted our once happy country. The patience you have shown, and your confidence in your

General, are worth a dozen victories. These preliminary results are now accomplished. I feel that the patient labors of many months have produced their fruit; the Army of the Potomac is now a real army—magnificent in material, admirable in discipline and instruction, excellently equipped and armed—your commanders are all that I could wish. The moment for action has arrived, and I know that I can trust in you to save our country. As I ride through your ranks, I see in your faces the sure presage of victory; I feel that you will do whatever I ask of you. The period of inaction has passed. I will bring you now face to face with the rebels, and only pray that God may defend the right. In whatever direction you may move, however strange my actions may appear to you, ever bear in mind that my fate is linked with yours, and that all I do is to bring you, where I know you wish to be—on the decisive battle field. It is my business to place you there. I am to watch over you as a parent over his children; and you know that your General loves you from the depths of his heart. It shall be my care, as it has ever been, to gain success with the least possible loss; but I know that, if it is necessary, you will willingly follow me to our graves, for our righteous cause. God smiles upon us, victory attends us, yet I would not have you think that our aim is to be attained without a manly struggle. I will not disguise it from you; you have brave foes to encounter, foemen well worthy of the steel that you will use so well. I shall demand of you great, heroic exertions, rapid and long marches, desperate combats, privations, perhaps. We will share all these together; and when this sad war is over we will return to our homes, and feel that we can ask no higher honor than the proud consciousness that we belonged to the Army of the Potomac."

General, are worth a dozen victories. These preliminary

Engraved by J.C. Buttre, New York.

J. A. Hendricks

COL. JOHN A. HENDRICKS

22d Reg.t Indiana Vol.s

PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN.

CHAPTER IX.

MARCH TOWARDS RICHMOND.

On Friday, April fourth, 1862, the army of the Potomac commenced its march from Fortress Monroe towards Yorktown. The right was assigned to Gen. Porter's division. Near Big Bethel, the rebel pickets were encountered. After a slight skirmish they retreated. On the seventh the army arrived in front of the rebel works at Yorktown.

The march up the Peninsula was attended with difficulties and privations which would appall the stoutest heart. For two weeks after the army landed, the rain poured down in a perfect sheet of water. The roads were turned into floating mud. Teams stalled, and men waded in mud. Transportation of provisions and ammunition was almost impossible. Men built corduroy roads upon the floating mud, but the water floated their roads away. Generals bivouaced on the stumps of trees.

In the midst of this dreary scene, all nature was beautiful. Gorgeous flowers sparkled in the morning sun; birds sang their sweetest notes; the budding beauties of spring were all around. The semi-tropical beauties of the forest budded amid the deluge.

The army were without tents or shelter for two weeks, before they marched, and left at Newport News a large number of sick, many of whom, for lack of proper accommodations, died.

On the nineteenth of April a rebel fort was carried by a gallant charge of the Third and Sixth Vermont. On the twenty-seventh another fort was taken by company H, First Massachusetts. Constant skirmishing continued all the time, and batteries were rapidly erected.

There were many instances of individual daring. One rifleman, called "California," kept the rebels dancing. He had a rifle pit, to which he went before daylight every morning as regularly as he would go to a day's work. His position commanded a heavy gun of the enemy. Whenever a head appeared at that gun, down it went with a bullet in it. One day the rammer got fast. Man after man mounted the parapet to remove it, but each one fell before the deadly rifle of "California."

The rebel army evacuated Yorktown on the third of May. Upon entering the works, four hours after their evacuation, everything was found in confusion. About fifty pieces of heavy artillery, spiked, also a large amount of stores, ammunition, and camp equipage were captured.

Gen. Stoneman, with a large force of cavalry and artillery, was sent in pursuit, on the Williamsburg road. The gunboats, with Franklin's division, went up the York River to West Point, while Smith's division advanced on the left.

BATTLE OF WILLIAMSBURGH.

The defences held by the enemy at Williamsburgh consisted of nine forts. The central work was called Fort Magruder. A few hundred yards from this was a dense forest. A ravine approached the fort. In front was a level field. Along the edge of this field, by the side of a road, hid by bushes, were the rebel rifle pits.

At about eight o'clock in the morning, May sixth, Gen. Hooker gave the order to drive in the rebel pickets. The fight soon became furious. Our musketry fire was terrible. Soon the enemy began to reinforce, and our ammunition to be exhausted. At about noon the enemy made a charge with a large number of fresh troops. They pushed back our column and captured three pieces of artillery. We had about

eight thousand troops. The enemy twenty-five thousand. All through the fight the woods impeded our advance, for behind each tree was a rebel rifleman. But the woods afforded us some protection from the fire of their artillery. Hooker fought on, though the rebels were pouring like an avalanche upon him.

It was now almost one o'clock. All through this gloomy morning had Hooker's division fought the battle alone. Our ammunition was exhausted, and empty guns could not keep back an enemy. Gen. Berry, of Kearney's division, wading through the mud, came with his column to the rescue. A wild cheer went up from the army, and with an electric yell his brigade formed a line and commenced a volley which no troops on earth could withstand; then, at a double-quick, they dashed with the bayonet at the confident foe, sent them reeling to their earthworks, pursued them into their stronghold, and drove them out with cold steel. Again and again did the enemy endeavor to recover their lost ground, but each time they were repulsed with loss.

It was now four o'clock, and the gallant Kearney, with Jameson's and Birney's brigades, came steaming through the mud to the rescue of the brave Hooker. They took the front, soon our line of battle was formed, and the enemy fell back from their earthworks to the cover of the forest.

At dark our troops were in possession of the battle field and earthworks. They were ready to renew the fight on the morrow. Our men lighted their fires, cooked their coffee, and bivouaced in the rain.

The morning came, but, in the mists of the rainy night, the rebel army quietly stole away from their position, and rapidly fell back towards Richmond.

While Hooker was fighting on the left, Hancock was battling on the right. His force was about five thousand. They met the enemy and drove him back, making a gallant charge. Hooker, however, won the battle, having done all the hard fighting. The loss of our forces was three hundred killed, and six hundred wounded.

BATTLE OF WEST POINT.

About the same time with the fight at Williamsburgh, occurred the battle of West Point. Gen. Franklin's division, which had sailed up the York river, reached the junction of the Pamunkey and Mattaponey rivers, and landed on the south side of the Pamunkey, near West Point.

Upon landing, our troops camped in a large field, surrounded by a dense wood. During the night the rebel pickets annoyed our advanced line, and the next morning our forces were ordered to rouse the rebels from their hiding places.

The Thirty-Second New York led the advance on the right. The Fifth Maine on the left. Entering the woods they approached a ravine, at the bottom of which they were fired on by the rebel skirmishers. Up they charged driving the enemy from their position. Soon a second ravine appeared in view. In attempting to cross this our men received a destructive fire, but still pressed on, driving the enemy out of the tangled thickets which concealed him from view.

This invisibleness of the enemy has been to us a terrible and destructive feature in this war. They have frequently selected their own ground, and then decoyed us into it. Most of the battles have been fought in woods and ravines. Upon the sides of these ravines the enemy have had their rifle pits and batteries. Often, in the battle, volleys are heard which make the very ground quake. The bullets quickly hiss. The shells sing their murderous song through the air. Yet amid the quivering branches of the leafy trees—for the trees are always leafy in the South—naught perchance may be seen, except a little bird, singing upon a bough in the intervals of the volley. The leaves rustle in the wind, and you look for the branches to part, and a mad foe to rush forward. Look until your eye-balls strain, but no foe is visible. The groans of the wounded and dying fall upon your ear. You look and wonder, a fierce volley now comes through the waving branches, comrades fall dead and wounded around you, and the earth and heavens seem to pour forth flame and death. A battery opens on a hill. The quick hiss of

the grape shot decimates our ranks. Yet no foe can be seen. How dreadful and terrible this tramping on to almost certain death, we must learn from those who, with a prayer on their lips, have gone into these awful scenes, and have come safely out again. It is something which can not be described, and can be thought of only as a wild dream.

At a third ravine the rebels had erected a breastwork from which they opened on our men with musketry, and grape, and canister. We charged to within a few feet of this work, but were forced back.

Soon our gunboats opened fire upon the enemy. The immense guns seemed effective, for a rebel battery, that had withstood all our attacks, was soon silenced.

At four o'clock the infantry rallied for the final charge. Our artillery had damaged the rebels, and the time had come to decide the battle. The whole division advanced, the First New Jersey charging, at a double-quick, upon the rebel work in the center, our artillery, all the while, keeping up a heavy fire. Our shells burst in their works. The cheers of the troops announced the position was won. The battle was over, and the field was ours. We lost two hundred and fifty killed and wounded. Our victory opened the way to White House Landing, further up the Pamunkey.

After these battles the army proceeded steadily towards Richmond. One column marching from the White House Landing, another by the way of New Kent Court House. Unimportant skirmishes occurred, and on the twentieth of May the advance reached New Bridge, eight miles distant from Richmond, driving the rebel pickets before them.

In this connection it will be necessary to give a brief account of the capture of Norfolk, and the destruction of the rebel monster Merrimac. The blockade of the James river by this formidable vessel, prevented the army from advancing on Richmond by that route, and changed the whole course of the campaign.

CAPTURE OF NORFOLK.

The morning of the eighth of May broke brightly and

beautifully upon the quiet banks of James River as if the whole world were at peace. Not a cloud in the sky—scarcely a ripple on the waters.

Early in the morning a heavy volume of smoke was observed stealing along from Craney Island, until, just as it reached Tanner's Creek, it changed direction, and moved towards Newport News. It was soon made out to be the steam tug J. B. White, which, with its owner and crew, had run away from the rebel stronghold, and brought us important information.

At seven o'clock, the gunboats Galena, Port Royal and Aroostack, steamed up the James River, and commenced an attack on Day's Point, some miles up the river.

At twelve o'clock, the Dacotah and Monitor approached Sewell's Point, the Dacotah opening the fight. She steamed up to the enemy's batteries, pouring in shot and shell like hail. The Monitor crowded herself off the beach, firing cooly and deliberately as if it were practice. In the meantime, the Susquehanna, Seminole, San Jacinto and Naugatuck, drew near, and poured in broadsides.

It seemed as if each sand hill was a battery; for so fast as one was silenced, another opened. The enemy had one large battery, which kept up a terrible fire. On this work our fleet poured a concentrated fire for two hours. Our shot and shell tore up their breastworks, and burst among the gunners. Still they fought. Confusion was at last visible. A thick smoke soon burst out in a vivid flame. Our shells fired their barracks; yet, amid the raging fire, they clung to their artillery, while in the smoke could be seen the rebel flag.

At three o'clock, the Merrimac, in all her huge proportions, with her bomb proof roof, and her long iron prow, hove in sight. The bombardment had almost ceased. A formidable monster was in the field.

Our steamers retired in the direction of the Rip Raps, while the Monitor hugged close to Sewell's Point, at first retiring as the Merrimac approached, in hopes to get her out of the narrow channel, and from under the batteries of the enemy. But the Merrimac was cautious, creeping around like a mole, and looking like one. She came down to the Point, turned clumsily around, and put back again.

The sun went down, leaving the iron-clad monsters watching each other; and the moon looked in quiet beauty upon the day's strife. Save the smoking ruins of the rebel batteries, all was peaceful as if there were no war. The morning found the Merrimac standing picket, three miles from Sewell's Point—the grand rear guard of the retreating enemy.

At dusk the batteries on the Rip Raps opened fire, and the shells fell in the rebel works. The darkness added beauty to the scene. A quick flash, like lightning, was seen, and then a ball of fire. It was the bursting shell.

All this time the rebels had been destroying property in and around Norfolk. Fires were burning on Craney Island, and at the Gosport Navy Yard. At times the whole island was enveloped in a dark cloud, bright flame shooting from beneath.

Perhaps a grander spectacle was never witnessed. Certainly no combat ever had a group of more interested spectators. It was a theater—nature furnished the scenery, and art the performance. An audience of twenty-five thousand looked upon the drama. In each breast was a feeling of retribution, for the waters rippled at their feet, in which was buried the gallant tars of the Cumberland and Congress. Hearts swelled with exultation as each shot told on treason.

On May ninth, at midnight, Gens. Wool and Mansfield, and Gen. Max Webber, with his brigade, consisting of the Twentieth New York, Sixteenth Massachusetts, Tenth New York, Fifty-Eighth Pennsylvania, two cavalry companies, and a battery, took steamers at Fortress Monroe, and made a landing in Willoughby Bay, at a place called Ocean View.

The Twentieth New York landed first, and, deploying as skirmishers, pushed rapidly forward, starting up a rebel cavalry picket from breakfast, and following so rapidly as to occupy their barracks, and capture their dry goods. This was one mile from the landing. Our force pushed rapidly forward, until within three miles of Norfolk. At Tanner's Bridge a small force of rebels were met, with three pieces of artillery. The bridge was in flames. Part of the brigade countermarched on another road, and the rebels, seeing the movement, suddenly left. Our soldiers pushed forward, and

at eight o'clock, Saturday night, the Sixteenth Massachusetts and Twentieth New York rushed through the intrenchments, and Norfolk was ours. The enemy had abandoned the city.

There was a good road, about ten miles in length, leading from Norfolk to Ocean View—a fashionable watering place. Here the surf breaks heavily on the beach. By a singular oversight, no cannon had been placed upon this naturally strong position. The formation of the sand banks, which are a peculiarity of the sea coast, made embankments unnecessary. In fact, they are natural fortifications. They rise abruptly from twenty to fifty feet on the ocean side, and descend as abruptly on the land side.

When the rebels heard of our landing at what they supposed to be such an impossible place, their feelings of chagrin were indescribable. They telegraphed to Richmond that seventy-five thousand Yankees had landed, though there were not over five thousand. Then commenced the work of destruction and terror. For two days they were busy in destroying property. On Craney Island, they burnt buildings, machine shops, and founderies. They burnt the Gosport Navy Yard, blew up the dry dock, and destroyed the shops. They tried to burn the railroad bridge, but were prevented by the timely arrival of the Union soldiers.

On Sunday the Federal troops marched through the city of Norfolk. The men sneered at our sunburnt volunteers, and the women scowled. But what cared we? We were the victors, and could endure sneers.

At daylight, Sunday, the rebel crew of the Merrimac, learning of the surrender of their harbor, and our possession of the entire peninsula, fearing the guns in front, and dreading a visit from the Monitor, abandoned, in utter desperation, their vessel, having previously applied a slow match to the magazine, which, upon igniting, shook the earth for miles around. Thus did the Merrimac—the great terror of our navy—commit suicide.

Norfolk, with its narrow streets, and old-fashioned brick stores, resembled the lower portion of New York City. Nine-tenths of the stores were closed, and the dwelling houses seemed to lack inhabitants, though through the closed

blinds, as the martial music preceded some new force of Union soldiers, might be seen curious eyes, sometimes stern, but oftener frightened.

The scenery around the city was beautiful. A healthier location could not be found. The sea breeze cooled the air, and made the heat of the sun endurable. The river wound its way among capes and islands, its banks covered with pines, and adorned by many beautiful residences. A splendid building was the Naval Hospital. A very handsome garden surrounded it. The green lawn in front was soon covered by our troops, and Union music issued from its portico.

THE SITUATION BEFORE RICHMOND.

The line of defense against the further advance of the Union army towards Richmond, was the Chickahominy River. This river is formed by the junction of several small streams north of Richmond. Its general course is south-east. It is a sluggish stream, with swampy shores and low banks, which overflow after heavy rains. Its bed is full of stumps, and resembles our western bayous. Along both sides of the belt of wooded swamp, inclosing the Chickahominy, is a tract of level, open country, running back for a short distance on each side. Beyond, on the Richmond side, are heavy pine woods, intersected with numerous winding paths, for it is an old country, having been settled nearly two hundred years.

With this difficult stream to cross, its fords guarded by the enemy's artillery and riflemen, and its woods swarming with troops, the army necessarily moved slowly. There were bridges to build under fire of the enemy, roads to make, transportation to accompany the column; yet, by immense effort, all this was accomplished, and after a few brilliant skirmishes at Bottom Bridge, New Bridge and other points, the advance division of the army of the Potomac, under the command of Gen. Casey, crossed the Chickahominy, within six miles of Richmond, near Fair Oaks Station. There had been heavy rains the day previous, the ground on which they camped was flooded, and being of a clayey texture rendered

it impossible to move artillery. A more desolate country is seldom seen. Acres of trees had been felled to prevent the further advance of our army. Every house was in ruins. The men, to quench their thirst, had to drink slimy water.

On May thirtieth occurred a terrific thunder and rain storm which lasted all night, converting the spongy soil into a bog, and raising the waters of the Chickahominy so as to carry away two bridges Gen. Sumner had prepared for the passage of his column. The men having dug a few rifle pits, and felled timber, were exhausted by the storms of the night and the labors of the morning; and while cooking coffee and preparing dinner, the outer pickets were driven in. Thus began the battle of Fair Oaks, May thirty-first.

BATTLE OF FAIR OAKS.

It was noon, when the scattered fire of our pickets startled our camp. The One Hundred and Third Pennsylvania advanced to support the pickets. They went out quickly, and came in contact with the enemy's front line of battle before our men had loaded their guns. At once they received a full and destructive volley, which cut down one-fourth and demoralized the rest. They fell back in confusion, carrying with them discouragement to the forming columns, and were no more in the fight that day.

That surprise, while it disorganized the regiment, proved the great error which had been committed, in allowing ourselves to be surprised, and in sending out a small force with empty guns.

Gen. Casey's force hastily formed, and Col. Bailey, getting his artillery in position, opened fire as the rebel column poured through the woods in front.

The rebel army had started from Richmond in three columns; one came down the railroad on the right, another attacked the camp through the woods, directly in front, and the third came down the Charles City road, on the left, but failed on account of the high water to take part in the battle. Their object was to crush Casey's force before reinforcements should cross the Chickahominy. From the proverbial slow-

ness of our movements, they had every reason to look for the success of their plan, and failed only from the facts that their left column did not connect, and that our surprised troops fought with a desperation wholly unexpected. Perfectly informed of our position and force, they chose a point for the attack which could least endure it. They intended the blow to be desperate, and made it with their best troops. Eighteen thousand men, of high courage and discipline, of the rebel army, led by Gen. Longstreet, left Richmond that day and went out to battle. Never did courage and daring come nearer success. But they were beaten, and if our commanders had known the state of affairs, we could have followed their shattered columns into Richmond.

Gen. Casey's force, on that day, consisted of about six thousand effective men; they were broken down by sickness and hard marches, and from the effects of the surprise, fought at great disadvantage. With this feeble division Gen. Casey had but a small force to meet the combined rebel attack. But no thought of yielding entered the mind of this old soldier, scarred with the wounds of many battles and familiar with danger. His troops were at once formed, his three brigades maintaining their positions on the right, left and center.

Preparations were made to resist the attack. Spratt's battery was posted on the right, Regan's next, near the Williamsburgh road, Bates' battery on the left, and Fitch's battery in the rear.

The vigor with which the enemy pressed forward indicated the confidence of superior strength. Two rebel regiments pressed Gen. Naglee on the right; another felt Gen. Wassell on the center; and a third Gen. Palmer on the left, pouring in a fire hot and heavy, advancing with great resolution in face of a steady fire of canister and grape. The rebels had little artillery, and were evidently disposed to make good that deficiency by coming to close quarters, with their superior force, to break down by numbers the skeleton regiments of the advanced column.

Most of Gen. Casey's troops were thrown forward to the edge of the woods in front, to meet the advance of the rebels,

a few regiments having been left behind the slight rifle pits, rifle pits but in name, for they were only two feet deep, and afforded no protection to the men. Besides this, their camp was on an open field, with no protection, while the rebels, as usual, advanced through timber.

Thus a division, unused to war, was suddenly exposed, in an open field, to the heaviest fire, from a concealed enemy. Terribly the tempest raged; musket balls filled the air like hail; officer after officer fell before the deadly fire; men were cut down like grass; and the rebel column pressed on to victory. They took possession of the camp and buried their dead on the battle field.

For four hours Casey's men fought three times their number, and yielded only half a mile to the enemy. Gen. Casey showed great courage and skill. Although he lost one-fourth of his division, he held the rebels in check till Couch's division advanced.

The troops of Gen. Couch then advanced to the battle. It has often been our misfortune to put our troops forward in detached bodies, while the enemy massed his solid columns within supporting distance.

A short pause took place between the retreat of Casey's division, and the advance of Couch. The troops of the latter were so drawn up that when the enemy pressed forward his right wing became first engaged. Here the Twenty-Third Pennsylvania regiment was posted. They reserved their fire until the enemy was close upon them, and then poured in a sheet of living flame. But the increasing forces of the enemy compelled them to fall back. Rebels seemed to spring from the very earth. From each bush, and brake and tree an armed warrior sprung. The bushes shook with their rustling movement. They sprung up, as if by magic, and, with triumphant yells, their columns swept onward. Our ranks broke like glass before their terrible fire; our shattered column fell back, and left the enemy in possession of the camp, the battle field, and its trophies.

Col. Bailey, Chief of Artillery, who so gallantly opened the battle, was shot early in the afternoon. Major Van Valkenburg was also killed, with many other brave officers and men.

The rebel army camped on the ground occupied by Casey's division before the battle. All night they were burying their dead, and placing little shingle slabs, marked with the name and regiment of their fallen comrades. Sometimes they were buried singly, but oftener in clusters. Huge pits were dug in which the dead were tumbled without ceremony. For weeks after the battle the mounds raised over these pits swarmed with green carrion flies, and the sides of the mounds cracking open, exposed the decaying remains under their light covering of clay.

Sometimes, in the bushes, the dead could not be found; for the battle was fought mostly in a thick undergrowth, although it culminated on the open field where Casey camped. Strolling among these bushes, a few days after the battle, the bodies of dead soldiers could be seen. The dead lay with "their back to the field and their feet to the foe."

THE SECOND DAY.

Flushed with their victory on Saturday, the rebel army awoke with confidence on Sunday, to follow up their movements, sure of driving our column this time into, or beyond, the Chickahominy. Our army was ready to meet them.

During the night the divisions of Gens. Sedgwick and Richardson had crossed and taken position. Heintzelman was there with the fighting divisions of Hooker and Kearney. Sumner, French, Keyes, Meagher, and Howard had arrived, with part of their forces.

The rebel army occupied a piece of woods and the open field of our camp; their line extended from our extreme left, on White Oak Swamp, to the railroad near Fair Oaks Station, on our right.

On our right, on the other side of the railroad, the divisions of Gens. Sedgwick and Richardson were posted, their left resting on Hooker's right. Hooker's division occupied the center, in the wood fronting Sneed's house, on the Williamsburgh road, and Gen. Keyes the left.

About seven o'clock in the morning the fire of our pickets denoted the advance of the rebels. Heintzelman sent Hooker

to drive them from the woods, from which the head of their column was emerging. Kearney was fighting desperately on the extreme left. Our whole line advanced delivering terrific volleys. Again and again, the enemy pushed forward. They gathered in masses in the woods and dashed at our batteries, but were swept back by the murderous hurricane of grape and canister. The rebels found it impossible to break our lines and we found it difficult to shake them off.

The officers were all in their places, animating their men, who moved steadily forward, delivering their fire coolly and regularly. Thus continued the desperate struggle all day. The sun at last went down shining dismally through the sulphurous smoke of the battle. Dark night came on only to add to the horrors. The enemy still gathered in masses in the woods, occasionally making a dash at our batteries, only to be driven back. Sheets of flame issued from the woods; storms of bullets tore through the leaves and struggling men; the wild yells of the combatants drowned at times all other sounds, and it seemed as if human beings were turned into fiends. It was past eight o'clock when the battle ceased. We held our position, but the enemy held his, and was consoled for his disappointment in not driving us from ours by the spoils of Casey's and Couch's camp. The battle begun in disgrace to us, and ended with a severe repulse to the enemy.

The battle was over, but what pen can describe its scenes of agony? Friends and foes lay scattered over the field in their dying struggles. Here were deserted camps—dead and dying filled its tents--horses, wounded and mangled rushed to and fro. Here were Union soldiers; there rebels. Every wound known to the human body was seen in ghastly reality. All wanted water, those who could, crawled through mud, and drank eagerly the slimy flood. Some screamed, others moaned, and a few turned their eyes upward and breathed a silent prayer.

While lying thus, between life and death, a thousand thoughts crowd in a moment's space, upon the busy mind. The dearest scenes of life pass vividly before you. All seems quiet and pleasant. No thought of pain, or of death; but an abandonment of mind, filled with beautiful scenes dearest

to the heart. Is this death? Happy they who thus pass through the dark valley, leaning on the arm of their Saviour.

Our loss, during the fight of these two days, was eight hundred and ninety killed, three thousand six hundred and twenty-seven wounded, one thousand two hundred and twenty-two missing, most of whom were prisoners, total five thousand seven hundred and thirty-nine. The rebel loss was four thousand two hundred and thirty-three, killed, wounded and missing. The rebels claim to have taken ten pieces of artillery, six thousand stand of arms, five colors, and a large amount of camp equipage.

The rebel army retired leisurely and in good order from the battle field of Fair Oaks, finding, from the rapidity with which the Union army received reinforcements, that they could not drive them back.

Our forces did not pursue, but contented themselves with occupying the battle ground, building redoubts, and constructing rifle pits. In the meantime, the Army of the Potomac was reinforced by Wool's veterans from Norfolk, and McCall's division. Most of our army was over the Chickahominy. The Williamsburgh road was open. B. Estvan, in "War Pictures from the South," says:

"The nearer the Federal forces approached Richmond, the greater became the tumult and disorder there. The conduct of the Confederate Government on this occasion, instead of allaying, served to increase the confusion; for instead of making a decisive effort with the forces then at Richmond, they ordered all the public officials to pack up their effects, and hand them over to the charge of the ordnance department, and directed the magazines to be cleared, and their contents carried away farther South. President Davis himself showed the white feather, for he hurried off with his wife and family to North Carolina; and, as may be supposed, that did not serve to allay the alarm of the people. In short, dismay and confusion reached their highest pitch. Gen. Winder's secret police lost all power of acting. The civic authorities of Richmond were anxious to do something, but were too bewildered to grapple with the mischief. A small number of desperate fellows from Baltimore took advantage

of these circumstances, and, at a public meeting, which they convened, actually passed a resolution for burning down Richmond the moment the enemy should attack the town. The sick and wounded were conveyed into the interior; many public buildings, as well as private houses, were made ready to be set fire to; and the distracted city was apparently on the eve of a great catastrophe."

This statement, if true, confirms what has frequently been asserted, that after the battle of Fair Oaks, our army could have easily taken Richmond.

From the second of June until the thirteenth, our army was busy digging, and felling timber, to prevent the rebels from taking us, while in the rebel capital all was confusion and terror, and its chief was sending messengers to every portion of the Confederacy to send to Richmond every regiment; to sacrifice all for the preservation of the threatened capital. Soon they were joined by a portion of Beauregard's army, which had slipped through Halleck's fingers at Corinth. While we were digging, and countermarching, and losing valuable time, the enemy were massing troops to overwhelm us. The series of battles came, alas! too soon. Gen. McClellan deemed it advisable to withdraw his army to the shelter of the gunboats on the James River.

Every few days, from the third until the twelfth of June, there was skirmishing along our line in front of Richmond. Occasionally a regiment was sent through the woods or swamps in front, to discover the position of the enemy, but were generally driven back with loss, after penetrating a short distance within the enemy's lines.

The enemy seemed to be sleepless, and every night our entire front line was aroused by heavy picket firing. Falling in behind their rifle pits, the Federals waited sometimes all day for an attack. The Union soldiers were ordered out every night to construct rifle pits. Some, weary and sick, continued to dig, until death relieved them from fatigue.

Thus dragged along the movements in front of Richmond, until June the thirteenth, when our sluggishness was startled by a bold and dashing movement of Gen. Stuart's rebel cavalry on our rear. This feat was so daring that a detailed account will be interesting.

STUART'S CAVALRY RAID.

The rebel force consisted of about twelve hundred cavalry, and a section of flying artillery, under command of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart. It quietly met beyond the Chickahominy, near Kilby's station, on the Richmond, Fredericksburgh and Potomac Railroad, and moved thence parallel to, and to the left of, the road. It proceeded by the way of Hanover Court House, where it encountered the pickets of McDowell; but they fell back towards Fredericksburgh, thus opening a gap in our lines. So soon as Gen. Stuart was informed of this overcaution of McDowell's pickets, he expressed great satisfaction, and dashed rapidly forward. The column proceeded by the way of Eden Church, and Haw's Shop. Between these places, they were encountered by the Fifth United States cavalry, and a spirited fight ensued, resulting in driving our men back. They then proceeded to Tunstall's Station, on the York River Railroad, on their route capturing wagons, and destroying property. One part of the force was detached to the Pamunkey River, where they destroyed two transports, and a large amount of stores. The railroad bridge over Black Creek was burned, thus cutting off the Army of the Potomac from its supplies. They then proceeded to New Kent Court House, and destroyed more stores. At a little before dawn, on Sunday, June the sixteenth, they arrived upon the banks of the Chickahominy, near Forge Bridge. The bridge had been destroyed. This was near Charles City Road, and under the fire of the Union gunboats on the James River. The stream was not fordable. What was to be done? The Union forces were in rapid pursuit. Thousands were filling the woods and pushing on to capture their daring foe. First one horseman, then another, plunged into the flood—too deep; no ford to be discovered; no bridge. At last they thought of the old bridge at Jones' Ford; that could be repaired. At it they went, and soon accomplished the task. Then the daring band galloped up the Charles City Road, and entered the rebel lines.

THE SITUATION.

For nearly three weeks the opposing armies had looked upon each other without any decisive combat. But there was very little rest, for every night our pickets were attacked. Every day we had a hot sun or a drenching rain. The men were exhausted with work in the rifle pits. The immense labor imposed on the soldiers, with its constant alarms, reduced our effective force nearly one-fourth. The left wing, which was on the right bank of the Chickahominy, had intrenchments along its entire front, for it was exposed at any time to an attack from the whole rebel army. The right wing was on the left bank of the river, and reached to Mechanicsville. Thus the army laid in the shape of a V after the battle of Fair Oaks, and until the grand attack of the rebel army on the twenty-sixth of June.

The right wing, consisting of McCall's, Morrell's and Sykes' divisions, about twenty-five thousand strong, was posted from Beaver Dam to New Bridge. The center, comprising Smith's, Sedgwick's and Richardson's divisions, reached from New Bridge to the York River railroad. The left wing, consisting of Hooker's, Kearney's and Couch's divisions covered the front from the railroad to the edge of White Oak Swamp. It was seventeen miles to the James river, and twenty-five miles to the Pamunkey, where our base was at the White House. White Oak Swamp covered our left, although several roads, between it and the James river, would have enabled the enemy to cut off any communication in that direction, provided they moved in time. The effective force of our army was about ninety-five thousand men.

In front of Kearney's lines was an open space, partly swamp and partly felled timber, forming an abattis. In front of Hooker was a series of open fields and swamps; at their further edge thick woods.

On the twenty-fifth of June, early in the morning, Heintzelman's corps was ordered to advance and drive the enemy from cover. Pushing rapidly forward, Hooker's division drove the enemy from their rifle pits, and into the woods

at their rear. The fight raged fiercely for a time, but the enemy, finding themselves in danger of being flanked on their right, by Gen. Kearney, fell back, and Hooker held his position.

Gen. Kearney meanwhile had advanced through swamp and slashed timber a mile in front of his rifle pits. So soon as his force entered the woods skirmishing commenced, but the enemy was steadily pressed back, until his left came suddenly in contact with a log house filled with rebels. A volley was poured into our advancing column, killing and wounding several men, but the line pushed rapidly forward and the rebels fled, leaving behind their haversacks and blankets.

This log house had once been a school house. Near it was an abandoned dwelling surrounded by an orchard. To the right was a wheat field. To the left a meadow. Beyond heavy woods.

Our advanced line took position along a fence in the wheat field, orchard and meadow, while the reserve lay down in the woods. Soon a shell burst in the road close to the house, and then a shower of grape hissed through the branches of the apple trees over the heads of our troops. We then discovered the enemy had batteries commanding the position. Presently a shell whizzed at right angles over our heads. The enemy had a cross-fire on our troops. Gen. Kearney quickly got a section of a battery in position and replied, and succeeded in setting fire to a house in which their sharpshooters were posted, and had a lively skirmish. The fire of our battery brought on a battle.

BATTLE OF ORCHARDS.

It was now about six o'clock. The reserve was resting in the woods, listening to the shells flying through the branches of the trees. It seemed too late for a general battle. An orderly ran up to Gen. Robinson, with information that the enemy were advancing in force across the wheat field. The Eighty-Seventh New York was in front, and its Colonel had sent the message to Gen. Robinson asking for support.

Col. Brown, of the Twentieth Indiana, whose regiment

was lying in column of division, at once ordered his men to deploy, and they at once advanced. The fire grew fierce in front. The Twentieth, so soon as they reached the crest of a hill in the woods, were assailed with a heavy fire; with a yell and a cheer they gallantly charged the enemy. They were provided with patent water proof cartridges, which required no biting. Charging down the hill they met the enemy at a fence in the wheat field. Then roared forth their fire. The battle raged furiously. The Twentieth, eager and enthusiastic, rushed like wild wolves upon the First Louisiana, Third and Fourth Georgia, and a North Carolina regiment, driving them like frightened sheep. In front of them was a rebel battery. Capt. Lytle seeing it waved his sword and ordered his men to take it. Just then the gallant Captain fell mortally wounded. Still our line pushed forward, the enemy giving way, when suddenly, from the sedgy pines on the right, a destructive fire enfiladed our line. The men hesitated. They could not fight an unseen foe. A fire now opened from concealed forces on the left. Rising from behind a fence in front, swarms of grey-backs appeared. The regiment fell back, losing one hundred and ninety-two in killed and wounded. The rebels reported their loss six hundred and fifty in killed and wounded.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The dark night came on, and, although reinforcements arrived, it was too late to renew the fight. The forces slept that night in the woods and swamps, under the heavy fogs of June. The quiet of the night was occasionally broken by the fire of frightened pickets. The battle field was between the contending forces. All night long could be heard the groans of the wounded. From ditches and swamps came up their doleful cries, causing even the hardest hearts to weep. Their sufferings could not be relieved, for when efforts were made to remove the wounded, the rebel pickets fired on our details. A few of the most daring of the Twentieth, succeeded in rescuing the gallant Capt. Lytle, who afterwards died in hospital at Washington.

In the darkness some of our pickets killed their own comrades. The dreary hours dragged along till the gray dawn stole slowly in, and found our men waiting anxiously for the events of the day.

The sun arose, baking the fields into clay, its fierce rays scorching the wounded, who were dying for lack of water. The order came to fall back.

INCIDENTS.

In the rear of the column, at a turn in the road, behind a wood pile, lay two "blue coats" apparently sleeping. All was now quiet in the woods, the insects were chirping, and the birds singing their morning songs. The dewy leaves fluttered softly in the gentle breeze. The sun, where it penetrated the leafy coverts, sparkled upon the glittering drops of water the dew had left upon the leaves. All nature was hushed, as if it were a Sabbath of quiet. No sounds of strife; no noise of tumult. The men were quietly sleeping. One lay close to the wood pile; the other a little further off. Quietly approaching, a Union officer gently laid his hand on the shoulder of one and bade him wake up; but he could not be waked. His pantaloons were tucked into his socks, his rifle was clasped in his hands; his overcoat was on; he was full rigged as a soldier, and yet he slept. Stooping down the officer looked into his face, and observed a bullet hole in his left temple. He slept his last sleep. He went to the other sleeper; alas! he also slept the sleep of death. Quietly as little children, they slumbered upon the green moss of the woods in front of Richmond. No friends will ever know where they lie. No happy family on earth, will ever greet their return. A rifle, taken from one of them, had on the belt, "F. McCullouch, company F." Thus do our braves lie unknown among the swamps of the Chickahominy. But the sacrifice will not be in vain. They need no monument to perpetuate their memory, for their deeds will live in the hearts of a grateful people. Their little fatherless children, now too young to realize their loss, may pronounce the simple and beautiful eulogy upon them, "My father fought and died for his country."

FURTHER MOVEMENTS.

On the morning of June twenty-sixth, Heintzelman's corps, composed of the divisions of Hooker and Kearney, fell back from their advanced position to their rifle pits, redans and fortifications on the Fair Oaks battle field. Here they rested for the day. At ten o'clock the rebels sent up a balloon from which a view of our position was taken.

At twelve o'clock there was heavy firing on the right. The troops of Gen. Hill had crossed the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, and attacked McCall, the advance of our right on the left bank. The fight was severe; but our troops held a strong position at Beaver Dam. There McCall had cut an abattis and thrown up earthworks, which held the enemy till dark. This vigorous resistance compelled the enemy to throw numerous reinforcements across the river. During the night our troops fell back and took position at Gaines' Mills.

In the meantime Gen. Jackson had crossed at Mechanicsville Bridge, and, bearing in the direction of Coal Harbor, threatened our communications with the White House. Gen. D. H. Hill was crossing at New Bridge. So soon as Jackson arrived at Coal Harbor, Gens. Lee and Longstreet took command of the three columns, and approached Gaines' Mills.

One portion of our army was on the south side of the Chickahominy, fronting Richmond, and confronted by Gen. Magruder. The other portion, on the north side, had fallen back to a new line, and were confronted by the united forces of Jackson, Hill and Longstreet.

As the rebels, who had advantage of position, greatly outnumbered the Federal forces, Gen. McClellan,—not having received the expected reinforcements,—made preparations for retreating to the James River, across White Oak Swamp, to Harrison's Landing, a distance of about seventeen miles. The battles which ensued, were fought to cover the retreat of the army and save its immense trains. There was but one narrow road to pursue. Its course was due south from the Williamsburgh road, through White Oak Swamp, to the Charles City Road, about eight miles from the James River,

near Turkey Bend. Thence it took a south-westerly course to Malvern Hills, which was our last line of defense.

The night of the twenty-seventh, the whole of the long train connected with the right wing of the army, crossed the Chickahominy by different bridges, and joined the long train which took its winding way towards the James River. Orders were given to destroy all the stores and magazines along the railway to the White House, and evacuate that position.

BATTLE OF GAINES' MILLS.

This battle was fought in a rolling country, heavily wooded, at intervals open, with a few cleared fields. There is an unbroken succession of undulating hills two miles round the battle field. The whole country, as seen from the north door of Gaines' house, is unbroken, open, undulating, and table land. The right of this table land descends from Gaines' house to the creek. To the left there are ravines, with dense timber further to the left; the front being mostly table land. To the southeast, there is a large tract of timber commanding all advances upon the main road, in which were posted our troops and batteries.

At three, P. M., the enemy advanced, under Gen. Prior, and made an onslaught on our skirmishers posted in the woods, who fell back to the main column. Meanwhile, our batteries, from the high grounds, swept the whole face of the country. All that saved the rebel columns from utter destruction, was the gulleys and dips in which they screened their men.

Suddenly, in front, appeared a large force of the enemy, who rushed down into a wide gulley, crossed it, climbed over the felled timber, under a fierce fire, and began to ascend the hill on which our batteries were posted. An incessant discharge of grape and canister swept their ranks. Twenty-six pieces of artillery thundered a leaden storm through their line. Yet on they came, with guns at right-shoulder-shift, ready for the charge. They had nearly reached our guns, when, springing from the low timber, which had concealed them, several regiments poured a deadly fire in their faces.

This, they could not stand, and fell back in terror and dismay. Generals and Colonels had to march on foot, their horses having been shot. Regiments were commanded by Captains, and companies by Sergeants.

Receiving new supports, they again, with savage yells and colors flying, advanced. A perfect hurricane of fire met them, yet on they came. Swarming from the woods—springing from the solid ground—one interminable mass of foemen rushed upon us only to be driven back again with immense slaughter. Our infantry, from the woods, thinned their ranks, while our artillery, from the knobs, swept them from the ground.

Finding they could not force our center, they massed their troops on our left, but were met by a gallant resistance. Suddenly the roar of musketry increased in volume towards the extreme left. Jackson had got to our flank and rear, and was pouring in his fresh troops.

It was now past six o'clock. The ringing volleys of musketry sounded like the reverberating thunder, while the louder roar of artillery was the thunder itself, followed by its vivid flashes, lighting up the heavens. For two hours our left withstood this terrible shock of battle. The columns surged back and forth. First one yielding, then another. Our reserves were exhausted. The enemy still poured in masses of fresh troops. At last our line gave way, and swept back over the river. We had about thirty-five thousand men engaged. The rebel force was estimated at sixty thousand. The loss was very heavy on both sides. At night our forces crossed the grape vine bridge, and moved down the Williamsburgh road toward White Oak Swamp.

THE LEFT.

While this fight raged on the right, all was calm and peaceful on the left. They thought they were going into Richmond. They had heard nothing of defeat or disaster, and when at night the flashes of artillery, and the continued roar, told of the battle, they listened anxiously for the result, and, when the battle ceased, they anxiously looked for a messenger

with good news. The first thing they heard was a band playing in front. A report rapidly spread that our right had gained a hill near Richmond, and were about to shell the city. The men fell into line, and gave long and continued cheers; and, for the first time, music poured forth its cheering and stirring notes amid the swamps of the Chickahominy. Out came the veterans from their tents, and cheered. Cheered till they were hoarse, and, turning in, went to sleep again, to wake up and find all delusion, and the whole Union army in rapid retreat.

THE RETREAT.

On the morning of June twenty-eighth, the left wing of the army, which had been eagerly waiting to receive the order of "forward march," was startled at the strange movement of our columns. All night long the rumbling of artillery had been heard, and the white tops of our wagons been seen disappearing through the woods and swamps down the Williamsburgh road. Fatigue parties, too, were working at a second line of defenses, a mile in the rear of our first line, covering a turn in the Williamsburgh road. This did not look like "onward to Richmond."

Then came an order to draw six day's rations; pack up everything the wagons could hold; burn and destroy what we could not carry. Each man in Heintzelman's corps drew one hundred and fifty rounds of cartridges. The fighting division of the knightly Kearney was assigned as the rear guard of the Army of the Potomac.

From early daylight immense trains of artillery, intermingled with infantry, and cavalry, stragglers, cooks, sick and wounded, and droves of cattle passed our camp at Fair Oaks and poured down the narrow road in our rear. At the station huge piles of army stores were burned, the smoke of which curled dismally upwards. The rising sun, shining through the dismal curtain of smoke, appeared to be stained with blood. The sick, who could walk, were ordered to a hospital in White Oak Swamp. One of the most heart sickening features of this retreat was to see those pallid, dying

heroes, wandering helplessly and almost hopelessly along to some haven of rest. The government had not furnished our Chief with sufficient means for attending to the wants of our wounded, for there were at that time only a few two-wheeled ambulances attached to each brigade. These rude vehicles jolted so painfully that it was enough to kill a wounded man to ride in them.

But the most awful feature was the fact, which soon became apparent, that our wounded and mangled heroes who lay in the hospitals moaning in agony, would have to be deserted and left to the enemy. How could men fight, when they knew this would be their inevitable fate, if wounded. Yet they did fight, and like a band of knightly heroes, hurled the enemy back from every position they occupied in defense, until worn out and almost dead with fighting and fatigue, they plunged down in the muddy flat of the James river, at the end of the Seven Day's Battles. Some reached there only to lie down and die. Numerous graves dot the plain where our weary army rested.

The right wing of our army, after crossing the Chickahominy on Friday night, moved down the Williamsburgh road toward White Oak Swamp. On Saturday a force of the enemy attacked a position on Garnett's farm, near New Bridge. They were repulsed with heavy loss, and our forces fell back to Savage Station about six miles from Richmond, on the York River railroad. In the meantime, Jackson, moving between the Chickahominy and Pamunkey, captured the most of the Fourth New Jersey and Eleventh Pennsylvania regiments.

At daylight on the twenty-eighth our whole line on the left were drawn up in line of battle, having left our intrenchments in front, and fallen back to a position about a mile in the rear. Here small earthworks were thrown up, batteries masked in the woods, and infantry placed in the rifle pits. Before us were deserted camps. The thick smoke from the burning stores notified the enemy that we had undertaken some important movement. Behind us were the struggling masses of wagons, artillery, infantry, cavalry, sutler's carts, sick and wounded. In short, the paraphernalia of a large army.

It was a melancholy and desolate scene. As the banners waved, and the smoke ascended, and the long lines of men were drawn up to cover the retreat, a feeling of desolation spread over the hearts of the Union soldiery.

The enemy had thrown forces between our army and the Pamunkey to cut off retreat in that direction, and now they came pouring out from Richmond to complete their programme.

BATTLE OF PEACH ORCHARD.

At daylight, June twenty-ninth, one column came down the railroad from Richmond, and another down the Williamsburgh road. They had with them a railroad battery, mounted on a platform car. The Federal forces took position near the old battle ground of Fair Oaks, designated as Peach Orchard Station. The enemy opened with two batteries on our left, but their fire was ineffective. The rebel columns were permitted to come within three hundred yards of the Federal lines, when the whole terrible fire of our column burst upon them. They staggered, and before they could close up their broken ranks, our pieces again belched forth destructive fire. The enemy were fearfully cut up. For half an hour the fire was so rapid that it seemed the echo of one continued roar. They replied feebly, but were repulsed at every point with heavy loss.

They tried to flank us on the left, but our lines were extended to a creek about a mile in the rear of Savage Station. Our line of retreat was covered on the Williamsburgh road, and the enemy beaten back every time he made a new charge. To us it was a decisive victory, for it gave us time, and time was everything at this eventful crisis. The fight lasted from eight, A. M., till noon. Our forces fell back to Savage Station.

THE BATTLE OF SAVAGE STATION.

At Savage Station there is, on the right of the railroad facing Richmond, an open field of several hundred acres.

It was surrounded on three sides by timber, with the road from Smith's old camp debouching from the woods into the field at the west end.

Smith's division took position on the north side, in the edge of the woods, and Sedgwick's division on the east side, in the woods. At the open side, towards the railroad, two guns were planted, while in front twelve brass Napoleons, hidden by bushes, were ready to pour grape and canister into the advancing foe.

The enemy advanced rapidly, his skirmishers in advance of his main line. As they emerged from the woods into the open field, they caught sight of our two guns, purposely exposed, and having a mania for charging batteries, they at once advanced with great confidence and terrific yells.

Their onset was met and repulsed. Like wild beasts they charged and poured in their fire. With cool, calm courage our veterans hurled in their faces a fire so terrible that their columns recoiled in confusion. Our Napoleons thundered through their ranks, while a whole division poured in a fire of musketry.

In the meantime a rebel brigade was observed stealing down to the right, apparently with the design of flanking our troops by reaching a point on the Williamsburgh road. Two guns were quickly planted on the railroad, and swept with grape and canister their column, till it broke in confusion and fled to the woods.

Heavy infantry fighting then ensued, in which parts of Sedgwick's, Hooker's, Kearney's and Smith's divisions were engaged. The enemy advanced with great confidence; but they were as confidently met by our cool soldiers. Their steady columns melted before the fire of four thousand muskets and the deadly hail of our batteries.

Night came on, but put no end to the carnage. The steady roar of cannon, and the sharp, quick ring of musketry, now rolling in volleys, and anon reverberating as our men fired by file, proved that the bold rear guard was doing its whole duty. The dark night was lit up by the glare. The woods caught fire from bursting shells, and painted ruthless war upon the sky. The battle commenced about five, P. M., and

lasted till eleven at night. It was one of the desperate battles of the war. Our loss in killed and wounded was about one thousand. The enemy were repulsed, our trains saved, and at midnight our weary but resolute soldiers fell back to White Oak Swamp.

All through Sunday night our flank guard marched to the left, with the enemy following and evincing a disposition to harrass them. But the Union forces moved in good order down the single road which crossed the White Oak Swamp. Reaching the bridge, the column crossed, and, planting artillery on the hills, destroyed the bridge, and waited the approach of the enemy.

A deep creek crosses White Oak Swamp, emptying into the Chickahominy. It was six feet deep at the point where our men built the bridge. As it is approached from Richmond, the road, skirted with woods, descends abruptly. On the opposite side, it winds around hills, shaped like bee-hives. This was our strong position of defense. The swamp could not be crossed, save by this road. Jackson was sweeping down on the left bank of the Chickahominy, threatening our line of retreat by the Charles City Road, and Magruder was pouring his veterans down the New Market road from Richmond. McClellan relied on our gunboats, and delay, to outgeneral Jackson, and knew that Heintzelman, Hooker, and Kearney, would attend to Magruder. How they accomplished their task, the battle of Frazier's Farm, or Charles City Cross Roads, will testify.

Each bee-hive hill was planted with artillery, the light field pieces in front, the long range Parrotts in the rear. The infantry lay in front in rifle pits, supporting the batteries, while reserves were concealed by the woods. The Federals thus waited, on the quiet Sunday, for their eager foe.

All this time the vanguard of the Union army was pushing forward to the James River. As the head of the column emerged from the woods, a body of rebel cavalry suddenly charged upon it. McClellan expected annoyance in his front, and had masked artillery behind bushes. As the grey coats yelled in anticipation of triumph, our cavalry fell back till they were in short range. Then, from out their hiding places,

belched death, like lightning, killing their Colonel and forty men, and utterly disorganizing the force, which, like wolves, fled through the forest, troubling us no more.

THE ROUTE.

After crossing White Oak Swamp Bridge, new roads were found through the forest, and the column pushed silently on.

"One path was an old road for planters' use, overhung with trees, and cut up by time and rains. Darkness came soon within its shades; and from the moment it grew dark, the immense line of wagons and troops began to hitch and halt. All night long these stoppages and delays occurred; and as often as they took place, the foot-falls of stragglers, upon the dried branches of the woods on either side, could be heard; and when forced to the road, their stealthy march could be seen flitting by in the faint starlight, which stole through the tree-tops.

"Halting and marching, waiting and moving, silent and listening, the great corps d'armee crept through the dark woods. To light a match, to fire the tobacco in a pipe, was a crime. Conversation, save in whispers, was interdicted. The armed thousands, and the batteries of cannon, and the immense trains of wagons, moved in darkness and silence over the sandy and tree-capped road.

"Listening for musketry in the rear; listening for cavalry on our flanks; halting and marching, sleeping and waiting—silent as if in funeral procession, we walked and walked, till a hill-top reached, and a clearing in the east, enabled us to see the coming day. With the sunrise the progress was steady. At half-past seven in the morning of June thirtieth, the column came out of the forest upon the wheat and clover fields of the Haxall estate; and, from the high ground which skirted it, the James River could be seen, and the masts of our iron-clad gunboats on its waters."

But we must leave the right on the banks of the James River, at Malvern Hill, watching the roads debouching from Richmond, while we go back to the gallant band of heroes to the left and rear, who were the salvation of the army.

Sunday passed without a fight; our tired men retreating; the enemy following, shelling the woods as he advanced. Near White Oak Swamp was a general hospital, where all the Union sick and wounded, able to walk, had been sent previous to the retreat. The men had stretched a few tents, and were comfortable as circumstances would permit. But the enemy were upon them, and their tents had to be abandoned. Some could not walk. They were worn out and dying; and although despair lent energy to many, yet all through the terrible battle of White Oak Swamp the fire of both armies tore through the woods, where they lay helpless. The pursuit and retreat were too rapid to allow of rest, or to remove our sick and wounded from the hospital in the woods. They fell into the hands of the enemy.

White Oak Creek runs through a belt of swamp timber, precisely as the Chickahominy flows through its encompassing morass. The creek is about six feet deep, and was bridged by our engineers. A strip of bottom land lies on both sides of the swamp, and on the north side a steep hill, crowned with a farm house. This was encircled by a line of rifle pits. An abattis stretched across the bottom land. Beyond the stream the country was undulating. Near the stream was a farm house; beyond which, ran a small creek, covered by thick woods. This was the right of our position.

The house on the steep hill was the headquarters, for a time, of our Generals. Around its paling fence, on that Sunday night, many a weary soldier slept. One officer, severely wounded, lay on the grass in the door-yard. A woman bathed his wounds. Orderlies were flying to and fro. Artillery was taking position. Masses of infantry were filing through the woods. Cavalry were scouting, and soldiers building their camp-fires. Across the swamp could be heard the sound of the enemy's artillery following our columns. The rear guard lay down to rest on that dismal Sunday night in doubt and uncertainty; for they had not yet reached the James River, and knew not that our advance was there. The army, save the pickets and sentinels, slept. The gray dawn of the next day ushered in another battle.

BATTLE OF WHITE OAK SWAMP.

At daylight, Monday, June thirtieth, the head of the enemy's column, emerging from the woods, opened fire on our skirmishers. Under cover of a hill on the left bank of White Oak Creek, they threw artillery forward and opened a storm of fire from twenty-six cannon in seven batteries. Their fire was very damaging, blowing up several caissons, and creating much disorder among the troops and trains. Soon recovering, our batteries vigorously responded. An artillery duel took place. The enemy attempted to cross the stream, but were met and repulsed. Suddenly our long range Parrott guns opened fire, and the enemy recoiled. He attempted to gain the broken bridge, but so terrible was the fire of artillery and musketry that the head of their column melted away. Finding it impossible to cross, they sent a powerful force to our left, on the Charles City Cross Roads. While the battle raged on the right, the thunders of artillery and musketry rolled up from the left, reverberating from the waters of the Swamp, as if the Federal forces were surrounded by a line of fire. This battle has been called by the various names of Frazier's Farm, Glendale, and Charles City Cross Roads. It was a continuation of the battle of White Oak Swamp. The artillery still poured forth its terrible fire, from the hills on which opposing batteries were placed. Louder crashes opened the battle of Glendale.

BATTLE OF GLENDALE.

The battle was fought on a plane of sedgy pines, under cover of which our forces were disposed and our batteries skillfully masked. At about four o'clock, a heavy force of the enemy, under Gen. A. P. Hill, comprising eight brigades, were observed quietly working their way down the New Market road, in order to get between McClellan's trains and his army, to cut him off from the James River.

Heintzelman's corps, consisting of the divisions of Hooker and Kearney, were in position and met the advance of the enemy with a terrible fire. Orders were sent to our advance

to countermarch up the Charles City road, and Porter, Sumner, and Keyes hastened to the rescue.

Meanwhile the enemy hurled immense masses against our lines. McCall's division was routed, and broke in disorder. Following closely upon their footsteps came the howling masses of the enemy, pressing our columns into the woods. They were met by a front fire from the Sixteenth Massachusetts, and a diagonal fire from the Sixty-Ninth Pennsylvania, which broke their advance and caused them to fall back. The firing from musketry and field batteries was now incessant. The enemy did fearful execution in our ranks. Some of our most valuable officers fell. Painfully the battle went on. The roar of artillery and musketry was so familiar to the soldiers, that to them it seemed to be the natural condition of things that men should fight.

The fresh troops of the enemy pressed forward with great exultation. Column after column uncovered from the woods and poured terrible volleys into our lines. The bushes rustled with their thronging footsteps, and the sunlight gleamed from their almost countless muskets. Human nature could endure no more. Our line fell back, and the battle seemed to be lost. It was now five o'clock. The fate of the army was trembling in the balance, when a louder roar on our left spoke of a new ally. The gunboats had come to our rescue, and the battle was saved.

When the gunboats opened their loud fire, the previous roar of field artillery seemed faint as the rattle of musketry. Their colossal shells shook the solid earth, and completely drowned the feeble chorus of battle. As the shells descended among the thronging masses of the enemy, whole ranks were scattered. Confusion and terror took place of confidence. The Galena poured whole broadsides of fire, her shells flew through the forests carrying death and destruction in their track. The Jacob Bell and Aroostock poured in their fire, the moral effect was most encouraging for the Union army. A saviour had come, and the army gathered new life.

It was almost dark. The battle must soon be decided. The foe was gathering new force in front. Heintzelman collected his forces, and, with Kearney and Hooker, prepared to end

the combat. The enemy advanced. As if lightning had burst from the earth, a sheet of fire met them. They stood a little while. But Kearney, Grover and Sickles, rushed forward with their veterans. The enemy's lines gave way, and could not be rallied. Of fourteen thousand men that left Richmond, it is said only eight thousand marched back. Our loss was three thousand five hundred. This battle saved the army.

All that night the torches of the enemy could be seen in our front. They were gathering up the wounded. The cries of the wounded sounded most piteously from the deadly swamps, and the light of the lanterns cast a sickly glare where so many dead and dying lay. The unbroken, mournful wail of human suffering was all that was heard from Glendale during that long and dismal night.

During the night our army fell back, down the Quaker road toward Malvern Hill, about half a mile within the intersection of the New Market or River road, and the Quaker road, and two miles from the gunboats on the James River. Here the Union forces took position. This was where our army were to make the last desperate stand, and this was where the grandest battle of this campaign was fought on Tuesday, July first, 1862, known as the battle of Malvern Hill.

Before describing it, it will be necessary to show the plans of the Confederate leaders.

THE SITUATION.

If you take a map of Virginia, and run your eye along the line of the Virginia Central railroad, until it crosses the Chickahominy at Meadow Bridge, you will be in the vicinity of the position occupied by the Union army on the twenty-fifth of June, 1862.

Tracing from this position a semi-circular line, which crosses the Chickahominy in the neighborhood of the New Bridge, and the York River railroad, you arrive at a point southeast of Richmond, a short distance from the James River, where rested the Union right. This was near White Oak Swamp.

To give a familiar simile. Spread your fingers so that their tips will form as near as possible the arc of a circle. Suppose Richmond situated on your wrist; the outer edge of the thumb the Central railroad; the inner edge the Mechanicsville turnpike; the first finger the Nine Mile or New Bridge road; the second the Williamsburgh turnpike, running nearly parallel with the York River railroad; the third the Charles City turnpike, which runs to the southward of White Oak Swamp; and the fourth the Darbytown road. Commanding these several avenues were the forces of the Union army. The enemy's troops, with the exception of Jackson's corps, occupied a smaller, but similar circle, immediately around Richmond; the heaviest body being in the center, south of the York River railroad.

Such was the situation previous to Jackson's attack on our right. The plan of battle then developed was, first, to make a vigorous flank movement upon the extreme right of the Union army, which was near the Central railroad; secondly, so soon as we fell back to the next road, the enemy's divisions were to advance across the Chickahominy, change front, and, in co-operation with Jackson, who was to make a detour, and attack the Union army in flank and rear, drive us still further on, and, finally, when our army reached a certain point, known as "the triangle," embraced between the Charles City, New Market, and Quaker roads, all of which intersect, these several roads were to be possessed by the rebel forces. Our army would thus be hemmed in, and compelled either to starve, capitulate, or fight. How so excellent a plan failed, can only be attributed to the splendid generalship of McClellan.

The enemy, on Sunday, June twenty-ninth, learned the prompt and successful movements of Gen. McClellan. Then it was they first realized that he had stolen a march of twelve hours on Gen. Huger—who had been placed in position on his flanks to watch his movements—and had foiled their strategic plans, massed his entire force on the Richmond side of the Chickahominy, and was falling back on the James River.

The Union army was now entering the triangle formed by the Quaker road, the New Market or Long Bridge road, and

the Charles City road. Here, the plans of the rebel Generals were to culminate, and our army to be destroyed or compelled to surrender. Jackson was coming up the Charles City road on our right. Longstreet, Hill and Magruder were pouring down the Long Bridge road on our flank, and D. H. Hill, Whiting and Ewell were coming down the Quaker road from the direction of White Oak Swamp.

The road to Malvern Hill winds along through a low flat, and then ascends a hill as it approaches the river. Winding down the side of this hill through a corn field, it debouches on an elevated plateau of about twelve hundred yards in length and three hundred and fifty in width, surrounded by a skirt of dense, dark woods. This plateau, when our army reached it, was covered with shocks of wheat. On our left, Turkey creek penetrated the country for a short distance, forming an almost impassible barrier. On our right was a swamp and heavy timber. Upon the crest of the hill a dwelling, known as "Crew's house," was the center of our position. This hill we had lined with batteries, covering every square yard of approach.

This house at Malvern Hill is a quaint structure of the last century, built of red brick, and stands about one thousand yards from the James river, whose windings could be seen for several miles from its commanding position. Our gunboats, too, could be seen moving restlessly to and fro, ready to take part in the coming fight. Just below Malvern Hill was a small landing, where tents were pitched to shelter our wounded, but thousands sought cover in the woods, and thousands more plunged into the waters of James river to refresh their tired frames.

It was harvest time, when our weary columns poured down the Quaker road, and through the forest, upon the plateau of Malvern Hill. Here they inhaled the fresh breeze from the James river, and breathed new life. The wheat was cut and standing in shocks. Each artilleryman carried off a bundle to feed his horses, or to rest upon. Presently the infantry arrived. Each soldier had a bed of wheat. They rubbed the heads of the stalks between their hands, and eagerly devoured the raw grain. Our army here prepared for a new

battle. Our wounded and sick heroes were sent to the river; our artillery placed in position; our infantry covered; when the enemy's advance appeared and opened the battle of Malvern Hill.

BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

About four o'clock in the afternoon, the skirmishers of the enemy, coming out from the woods in our front, were met and driven back by our fire. Two batteries of their artillery immediately took position, and opened fire, while their infantry gathered, under cover of the woods, to charge at the proper moment. Their batteries were soon silenced by our concentric fire, and the men supporting them thrown into hopeless confusion.. As the battle progressed, and the enemy advanced, the roar of our guns and heavy artillery was terrific. The concussion shook the solid earth, and reverberated in crashes over the waters and along the hills. The determined manner in which the enemy pressed forward showed that they intended either to capture the Union army, or drive it with great slaughter into the river.

The fearful havoc of the rapidly bursting shells, from guns ranged to sweep any advance far or near, was terrible to behold. The burning sun which, for a few days had poured down its terrible heat, was now obscured by the smoke of battle. The enemy's guns poured their fire into our ranks, but more deadly, destructive and fatal was our reply. A perfect tempest of iron broke over the field.

At about five o'clock, Gen. Magruder ordered his men to charge across the field and storm our batteries. The rebel column advanced in excellent order, and, for a few moments, our guns ceased playing. Gathering courage from the stillness, the rebels broke into a full run, charging upon our batteries. Then our batteries opened, and the consuming fire of grape and canister seemed to lick up their forms like devouring flame. Their columns fell back in disorder to the woods.

New troops were thrown forward, and again the enemy's line advanced. Their columns moved nearer and nearer,

partially lost to sight in the thick curtain of smoke which overspread the crimson battle field. Again our batteries belched forth their lightnings, and the whirlwind of death swept through the advancing masses of men. Back they rolled like a retiring wave, their cries dismally echoed through the woods, and plaintively quivered over the waters.

A third column from the enemy's center moved upon our batteries. The dark mass disappeared in the cloud of smoke which hung over their comrades, yet on they moved. No sound of drum cheered their advance; no cheer announced their approach. At every step their ranks were thinned; yet on they rushed, till they gained the slope where our batteries hurled death into their ranks, then, with a yell of anguish, and of terror they recoiled. Recoiled, never to be rallied; back they fell, in terrible confusion, to the dismal forest.

To add to the horrors of the scene, our gunboats, on the James River, which had been moving restlessly to and fro during the fight, at last, by a series of signal flags, got the proper range, and begun to throw immense projectiles into the enemy's ranks. One shell struck a gun of their batteries shattering it into fragments. By the explosion which instantly followed, seven men, standing near the piece, were killed. They fell without the movement of a muscle, stiffening at once into the stony fixedness of death; one of them grasped the lanyard of his gun; another held in his hand the ramrod with which he was driving home the load in his rifle; while a third with compressed lips, retained in his mouth the little portion of the cartridge he had just bitten off. The faces of the victims expressed in death the emotions which animated them in battle—indifference, hope, terror, rage, were there depicted, but no trace of suffering. They passed into eternity unconscious of the bolt which sent them there.

It was now dark; the attack of the enemy's infantry had ceased, yet our gunboats continued to pour forth their fire. From the dark bosom of the river burst forth lurid columns of flame, while a semi-circle of light, like the path of a rocket, marked their course, and a bursting globe of fire, over and among the green woods, showed where they accomplished their mission of death. Move back as the rebels

would, the deadly missiles followed them, plowing their way through the forest, shivering the trees in their course.

The moral effect of these floating allies was most beneficial to McClellan. The enemy could not stand before the floating monsters of the James River, and fell back into the woods. All that dismal night, the shouts of the officers rallying their men, and the groans of the wounded, mingled in horrible discord, while from the thick clouds the rain poured down its glad flood upon the dead and dying.

The last gun was fired at about ten o'clock at night, and, by general consent, both parties began to search, amid the dreadful slaughter, for their killed and wounded. Lanterns glistened over the ensanguined field. The cries of the wounded were heard amid the laughing corn, and the deep, dark woods. Friend could hardly tell friend, or brother recognize brother.

CLOSING SCENES.

It was now midnight. Down in the little glade, by the river side, were gathered thousands of our sick and wounded heroes. Some were lying on beds of dry leaves; others in barns and stables. The terrible roar of battle had sounded in their ears all the afternoon. From the receding fire they thought our forces held the hill, and they in gladness lay down to sleep. But word came that Jackson was coming up the Charles City road; that we were surrounded, and must fall back on Harrison's Landing, seven miles below. Then ensued another scene of terror. Those that were able to walk, dragged themselves wearily over hills, and waded through bayous. But, alas! many could not stir. These their weak comrades supported. Many and heart-rending were the scenes of suffering. There was one little boy, with fair, rosy cheeks, and light blue eyes, who lay exhausted. His comrades could not endure the thought that he should die or become a prisoner. So weary and wounded as they were, they tenderly carried him seven miles, through swamp and woods, till they reached the friendly transports at Harrison's Landing. He was Allen Frizzell, drummer boy of the

Twentieth Indiana. He still lives to bless his comrades for their kindness.

All through that night our army moved along the road leading to Harrison's Landing. Through woods and fields poured the scattered columns. Alas! with all the punishment we had inflicted on the enemy, we were not the victors; for, although they were beaten back, we had no adequate force with which we could successfully pursue the foe. The streams of infantry, cavalry, and artillery, waded through the rain and mud, every moment expecting an attack. At noon they reached the James river, and the disordered mass lay down in the muddy flat at Harrison's Landing.

Thus closed the terrible battle of Malvern Hill. The battle field, and the surrounding region, seemed as if blasted by the lightnings of heaven. The splintered branches of a thousand trees told of the fearful havoc of the artillery. Houses were riddled, fences utterly demolished, and the earth itself plowed up. Thick and many were the graves. On the plateau, across whose surface for hours the utmost fury of the battle raged, the remnants of tender corn, which had grown up, betrayed no sign of having ever laughed and sung in the breeze of early summer. Everything but the blue heaven above spoke of the frightful carnival of death.

Our loss in these battles, on our retreat to the James river, was, in killed and wounded, nearly as follows: Mechanicsville, one thousand; Gaines' Mills, three thousand; Peach Orchard, five hundred; Savage Station, one thousand; White Oak Swamp, three thousand five hundred; Glendale, four hundred; Malvern Hill, two thousand. A total of eleven thousand four hundred. This does not include the missing, most of whom were taken prisoners. The rebel loss is supposed to have been about sixteen thousand.

AFTER THE BATTLE.

The lowering clouds gathered in the sky, while the battle raged at Malvern Hill. Night came on, and our weary men rested. The rain fell in torrents, refreshing the wounded, and washing the clammy faces of the dead.

Our men slept in the rain. Sleep they would, though a thousand batteries roared in their ears. Sleep standing; sleep on horseback; sleep anywhere; sleep everywhere. For battle fatigues, and fatigue induces sleep. Tired nature must have rest. It was midnight, when along the line passed the whisper, "Wake, men! Wake! The enemy are in our rear." It was difficult to wake them. Each man had to be shaken to rouse him from his deathlike slumber. But they must wake, and wake they did.

The early, dismal dawn found our columns pouring down the road to Harrison's Landing. Cavalry were stationed at the crossing to show us where to go. Men streamed along in lines, cavalry went by in squads, artillery filed along by sections. Ours was an exhausted and tired army when it lay down to rest on the muddy plain at Harrison's Landing.

When the army reached their camp that night, and in their weariness lay down to rest, their eyes met a body of veterans marching up the river bank. Who were these new troops that had come to us in our hour of great trial? From their swinging tramp, we knew they were veterans. Each man had a sheaf of wheat on his back for a bed. Away they went, with shouts and cheers. "Who are you?" was the cry that went along our line. "We are Western boys—troops from Shields' division"—was the answer. There were Gen. Kimball, of the Fourteenth, and Col. Foster, of the Thirteenth Indiana. Six thousand men were marching to the front to take position. They swept past our camp, plunged through the muddy stream, climbed the hills, and took post for the night.

This was July third. The reinforcements moved across Herron Creek on the extreme right. Soon after passing a swamp on the Charles City road, the skirmishers reported the enemy in front, who fired from the bushes upon our men. The enemy was posted in the woods on the right and left of the road, with four field pieces in position, in an open field commanding our advance. The brigade at once pushed forward, the Fourth Ohio on the right of the road, and the Fourteenth Indiana on the left; the Seventh Virginia, and the Eighth Ohio, in reserve, with orders to take the guns;

but, before the guns were reached, a halt was ordered by Gen. Ferry, commanding the division; and the enemy at once withdrew their pieces to a commanding position about half a mile to the rear, and commenced shelling our brigade and the mass of the army lying in the flat at Harrison's Landing. At this juncture, Tidbald's battery came forward, and, taking a position on the left of the woods, soon silenced the enemy's guns.

About noon of the fourth of July, the enemy threw forward three regiments of Jackson's corps, who attacked our lines; but, after a short skirmish, he was driven back with loss. There was no further attack from the front while our army rested at Harrison's Landing.

CAMP AT HARRISON'S LANDING.

The ground our army occupied was once the farm of the father of Wm. Henry Harrison. Near the family burying ground, shaded by a grove of locust trees, stood the mansion. It was an old fashioned two story house—built of colored brick—with a hall in the center, the walls ornamented with choice paintings, and the floors covered with rich carpets, the chimneys heavily corniced. The garden around the mansion was surrounded by a row of thriving Swamp Elms.

This described the farm as the army found it. Soon all except the lovely scenery was changed. A blacksmith's shop was put in full blast at one end of the grave yard, and a tent filled with sick soldiers occupied one of its corners. Mules and horses were munching oats around the fence, and a commissary dealt out food at the main gate. The rich carpets disappeared beneath a coat of mud, and the chimneys were crowned with signal stations. Out of the windows hung blankets, and out of the doors looked sick and wounded soldiers. The house was a hospital, and its traitor owner in the rebel army.

For miles, when the column marched in, a broad field of corn stretched along the river bank, which became in wet weather a muddy flat, in dry, a dusty, or baked, clay field. The quiet river, too, seemed changed; for, so far as the eye

could reach, vessels of all sizes and kinds floated upon its waters.

The river, at this point, bends in a curve much like a horse shoe, the open end being inland. This gave a large water front. On the hills surrounding this natural amphitheater the army was encamped. The hills stretched from water to water, in a semi-circle. Thus both flanks rested upon the river, covered by gunboats.

The scenery upon the river bank is one of beauty. Woody promontories project into the water, and bushy islands lie scattered on its sparkling surface. Here a white sail nestled among the green islands, and there a gunboat floated like a grim sentinel upon the glassy river. Upon the land all was life. There was an interminable train of wagons, for they reached from the river bank to where the road disappeared in the woods. Tents covered the plain. Cavalry rode to and fro, and large droves of cattle moved towards the hills. The air was also filled with life. For look! There goes the balloon "Intrepid." Earth, air, fire and water, all united to carry on the war.

The camps were chiefly in the pine forests, that they might be shaded from the scorching rays of the sun. At night the whippowill sung his notes so regularly, and human-like, that it sounded like the signals of a scout, and the soldiers listened in their bushy houses till sleep turned the notes into a dream. At early dawn the air was vocal with music. The bugle no sooner sounded than the birds joined in the notes; then there was melody in the forest.

On a bold promontory about six miles up the river, on the opposite shore, was City Point—a collection of shattered houses—above which Malvern Hill towers up from the edge of the river. Still further up was the strange and mysterious Fort Darling, which bade defiance to our gunboats.

The north bank of the river, on which was our supply depot, was covered with the tents of the quartermasters and other officials. The banks were about twenty feet in hight, and very abrupt. Roads, which teams could travel, ran through these banks to the beach.

The weather was sultry and sickly, the water bad. There

were fine bathing places, however, within our lines, these our soldiers regarded as luxuries. The flies swarmed.

For about a month the army remained quiet, at Harrison's Landing. On the night of July thirty-first, the rebels opened a heavy cannonade from a bluff on the south side of the river upon our camps and transports. Six of our men were killed and nine wounded. Our transports were scarcely injured. Our batteries soon silenced theirs, and, the next day our forces occupied the position.

On the fifth of August, a small part of our force made a rapid movement and took position at Malvern Hill. It was held for one day, our forces retiring the next.

W. W. Brown

COL. WILLIAM L. BROWN.
20th Indiana Regt

GEN. POPE'S CAMPAIGN IN VIRGINIA.

CHAPTER X.

While the Army of the Potomac was resting at Harrison's Landing, important events were transpiring in the valley of Virginia, which, connected as they afterwards were, with the history of that army, had an important bearing on its subsequent movements.

Major General John Pope, on the twenty-sixth day of June, 1862, by special order of the President, was assigned to the command of the Army of Virginia. His command embraced the first corps, under Major General Sigel; second corps, Major General Banks; third corps, Major General McDowell. Also a small force under Brig. Gen. Sturgis, besides the forces in the intrenchments around Washington, making an active force of about forty thousand men.

These forces were soon placed in position to cover the Rappahannock from Fredericksburgh to Sperryville. Sigel on the right, Banks and McDowell in the center, and King's division on the extreme left, at Fredericksburgh. No important movement occurred until the middle of July, when Gen. Hatch, of Gen. Banks' command, moved from Culpepper—where he had taken position—in the direction of Gordonsville, but, in consequence of bad roads, only succeeded in reaching Madison Court House, fifteen miles from Gordonsville. Meanwhile the advance of Jackson's forces, under the rebel General Ewell, had reached Gordonsville, and defeated the proposed movement.

On the seventh of August, a large portion of the infantry and artillery of the army of Virginia—the name by which Gen. Pope's command was designated—were assembled along the turnpike from Sperryville to Culpepper. King's division still remained opposite Fredericksburgh.

The cavalry forces were covering the front of the army. They were posted as follows: Gen. Buford, with five regiments, was at Madison Court House, with his pickets along the Rapidan river, from Burnett's Ford to the Blue Ridge. Gen. Sigel had a battery of artillery and a brigade of infantry supporting Gen. Buford, at a point where the road from Madison Court House to Sperryville crosses Robertson's river. Gen. Bayard, with four regiments of cavalry, was in position near Rapidan Station, where the Orange and Alexandria railroad crosses the Rapidan river, with his pickets extending to Raccoon Ford, east, and connecting with those of Gen. Buford on the West. From Raccoon Ford to the forks of the Rappahannock, above Falmouth, the Rapidan was lined with cavalry pickets.

On the eighth of August, Crawford's brigade, of Gen. Banks' corps, were occupying Culpepper Court House, and Rickett's division, of McDowell's corps, had reached there from Waterloo, a small town in the Blue Ridge mountains, about six miles west of Warrenton. In the meantime Gen. Bayard was skirmishing with the advance of the rebel column, and falling slowly back from Rapidan Station in the direction of Culpepper, the enemy advancing in heavy force on Madison Court House, from Gordonsville.

At the beginning of the campaign, Gen. Pope had issued an order requiring the troops to subsist off the country. The corn was in ear; the harvest waved over the plains in the beautiful valley of Virginia, and the hungry soldiers were not long in obeying the order. But, like all such orders, it soon spread into indiscriminate plunder. Everything was taken. The last cow, the last beehive, the last loaf of bread. Orchards were stripped, and property destroyed. The men helped themselves, and turned every citizen into an active enemy.

Such was the situation previous to the battle of Cedar

Mountain. Our troops had swept the country above the Rappahannock, and confiscated all food for man or beast. We secured the hatred of every man, woman and child, whom we had robbed. This may be one reason why the enemy were kept so well informed of all our movements.

Early on the morning of the ninth of August, Gen. Banks' corps moved forward from Culpepper towards Cedar Mountain, or, as the rebels call it, Slaughter's Mountain. It is a sugar-loaf mountain, about eight miles from Culpepper, and two miles west of Mitchell's station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Our column advanced on low ground. In the rear, was Cedar river; behind which was a small wooded ridge. At eleven, A. M., a dash was made upon the enemy, stationed on a knoll, from which they were driven, and a small number of prisoners taken. This opened the battle of Cedar Mountain.

THE BATTLE OF CEDAR MOUNTAIN.

The column of Gen. Banks, in the hot sun and dust, moved steadily forward through a small piece of woods into a meadow, and formed in line below the mountain. The division of Gen. Williams was on the right; Gen. Auger on the left and center; Gen. Green on the extreme left. Gens. Prince, Geary, Gordon and Crawford, occupied positions next to Gen. Green.

In a few moments a line of fire opened from the enemy's batteries, concealed in the woods, in the mountain, extending along our whole line. Our line at once advanced. A desperate effort was made to drive the enemy from position, and capture his guns. But we failed. From behind fallen timber, from ravines and bushes, a heavy infantry and artillery fire swept the open meadow, thinned the ranks of our advancing columns, and compelled our forces to fall back, with great loss.

Another column advanced. Upon emerging from the woods, across a new mown wheat field, they were met by a destructive cross-fire; but they pushed on, in the face of concealed batteries, until driven back by the murderous volleys and overpowering force of the enemy.

It was now six o'clock; the battle had been going on, with slight cessation, since mid-day. Several divisions of infantry now made some most desperate bayonet charges upon the rebel artillery. They everywhere met a heavy infantry fire, slaughtering them fearfully. It was death to gain that hill, from the slopes of which the enemy poured forth his deadly fire.

Our line again pressed forward through the dense woods up to the rebel batteries. The enemy fell back. The leaden hail poured through our devoted columns. Yet on they pressed till the slope was gained, when, from out its deep recesses, came a living sheet of flame. Cannon poured forth grape; musketry flashed in the very teeth of our men. The woods swarmed with the concealed foe. Our Generals were wounded; our field officers disabled; yet on our column pressed, till the cartridge boxes were empty. Then, slowly retreating, we fell back to our first position steady as veterans, though we had lost the battle.

The battle was over, with great loss to the Union army. The enemy's loss was severe, but not so heavy as ours. McDowell's corps had arrived to reinforce our tired men. But Hill's forces arrived at the same time to strengthen the enemy.

Our tired troops fell back under cover of the woods to rest. It was night; the moon was full—not a cloud in the sky. Presently the wagoners commenced building fires to cook their coffee. These were so many beacon lights for the enemy, who at once opened from several batteries upon our camps. This created some confusion, and caused our troops to change position.

Suddenly, from out the dark woods, rushed a body of rebel cavalry, charging the staff of the commanding General. Our infantry replied. The General was placed between two fires, but fortunately escaped.

Our killed, wounded, and prisoners, amounted to about eighteen hundred men. The enemy lost about nine hundred killed and wounded.

The battle was a military blunder, and accomplished nothing. The hill, which was the strength of the position, had

been passed by our scouts several days previous, and could have been in our possession without a fight. But the unaccountable delays, which have cursed everything near Washington, lost us not only the lives of many brave men, but the battle also.

On the fourteenth of August, Gen. Reno, with eight thousand men, of the forces which had arrived at Aquia Creek, under Gen. Burnside, joined the army of Virginia. The whole force was at once pushed forward in the direction of the Rapidan, with the right, under Gen. Sigel, resting on Robertson's river, where the road from Cedar Mountain to Orange Court House crosses the river; the center, under Gen. McDowell, occupying both flanks of Cedar Mountain; the left, under Gen. Reno, taking position near Raccoon Ford, and covering the road from that place to Culpepper.

On the sixteenth of August our cavalry captured the Adjutant General of Gen. Stuart, and found upon his person papers showing that it was the intention of Gen. Lee to overwhelm the Army of Virginia, before it could be joined by the Army of the Potomac.

Just after the battle, in a skirmish which took place, Sergeant Thomas Harter—of Sharra's Indiana cavalry, which composed part of Sigel's body guard—suddenly appeared within our lines, bringing the important information that General Lee intended to make a move on our rear, and cut off Pope's army. The Sergeant left the company in the latter part of June, on secret service within the enemy's lines. He was arrested by the enemy shortly after penetrating their lines, and he was at once conveyed to Richmond and imprisoned. Being acquainted in the country, he was released on parole, and the better to disarm suspicion he enlisted in the rebel army. Here he gained the important information which saved our army from annihilation, and, deserting from rebel ranks, brought the news at the risk of his life to our General.

Previous to this, however, Gen. Halleck had became convinced of such a movement on the part of the rebel General, and had accordingly ordered Gen. McClellan, on the fifth of August, to evacuate Harrison's Landing, and join the forces

under Gen. Pope, via Aquia creek and Alexandria. The march of the Army of the Potomac did not commence until August fifteenth. It was August twentieth when Kearney's division, the advance of the Army of the Potomac, reached Alexandria. Gen. Burnside, in the meantime, had removed his forces from Newport News to Aquia creek. It will thus be seen that the Army of the Potomac, Gen. Burnside's forces, and the Army of Virginia were now consolidated under command of Gen. Pope.

On the eighteenth of August Gen. Pope became convinced that with his small force he could no longer hold his advanced position. He accordingly withdrew to the north side of the Rappahannock. Gen. Reno sent over his trains and took post on the bank of the river, leaving his cavalry at Raccoon ford. Gen. Banks crossed at Rappahannock Station on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Gen. McDowell crossed at the same place. Gen. Sigel crossed near Warrenton.

The topographical features of the country, at the head waters of the Rappahannock, gave the opposing enemy's force great advantages. The river was fordable at several points. The Blue Ridge mountains skirt the sources of the river, and, having several gaps, gave to the enemy who was well acquainted with the country, great advantages.

Thus, while our forces were watching the line of the Rappahannock from Fredericksburgh to Waterloo, on the twenty-fifth of August, a large force of the enemy suddenly appeared at the junction of Carter's creek and Hageman's river, and, driving our pickets before them, crossed with cavalry, artillery and infantry.

Starting from Jefferson, Culpepper county, the whole of Jackson's force, about eighteen thousand, with cavalry and artillery, while our forces were fighting at Rappahannock Station with Lee's main army, made a detour, and marching through Amosville, in Rappahannock county, crossed the Rappahannock river, within ten miles of the Blue Ridge mountains, and pushed rapidly north, Gen. Longstreet following. At Waterloo the enemy had a fight with Gen. Milroy's troops, but although Milroy beat them back from the bridge, the column that had crossed kept rapidly on to the north.

Over unfrequented country paths, and across open fields, the enemy's column marched forty-five miles in forty-eight hours, and pouring through Thoroughfare Gap pounced upon our unprotected rear.

On the night of August twenty-second, a small cavalry force of the enemy, that had crossed at Waterloo bridge, and been lying concealed in the woods near Warrenton, suddenly appeared at Catlett's Station, and driving away the baggage guards, and scattering the green cavalry, destroyed the head-quarter baggage of General Pope. They disappeared suddenly as they came, but created much panic at the time.

In the meantime Kearney's veterans of the Army of the Potomac were pouring down the Orange and Alexandria railroad, to the relief of Pope's army. They were approaching on the cars when the raid took place at Catlett's Station. There were many trains on the road, filled with wounded from the battle of Cedar Mountain.

Gen. Pope attempted to hold the whole line of the Rappahannock. He had already been flanked on his right by Jackson, and despatched the news to Washington; but was ordered to keep up his line to Fredericksburgh, happen what would. He was told that if he could hold his line till the twenty-third of August, he would be reinforced sufficiently to resume offensive operations. On the twenty-fifth of August two thousand five hundred men, under Gen. Reynolds, joined him, and the division of Gen. Kearney, four thousand five hundred strong, reached Warrenton Junction.

Finding that the enemy still continued to move on his right, while heavy masses confronted him at Rappahannock Station, Gen. Pope massed his force, on the twenty-third of August, on the north side of the Rappahannock, and disposed it to meet the enemy.

On the twenty-fifth of August the Army of the Potomac had arrived in the valley of Virginia. Masses of men swarmed at Aquia creek. Column after column poured through the streets of Alexandria. Every crooked road and by-path which led over Stafford Hills was crowded with troops. They swarmed in the woods and fields, and bivouaced in the sedgy pines. Their lines were interminable.

The columns of the Union army marched on. Gen. Pope said "he wanted nothing but men and guns," and he got them; but what use they were to him remains to be seen. Foragers scoured the country; stragglers eat up the green corn and stole the poultry; cavalrymen confiscated everything a horse could eat. Masses of men choked up the roads, and trains of wagons got into the most convenient places for capture by rebel guerrillas. Still the columns poured on, few knowing what the plans were, and fewer seeming to care.

While the tired and dusty heroes of the Army of the Potomac were pursuing their devious way among the hills of Stafford; winding through sedgy pines; climbing hills; picketing on railroads; sleeping in woods, and hunting up a fight, events of great importance were culminating. It will be necessary here to relate how the Army of the Potomac joined the Army of Virginia. How, in avoiding the rocks of Scylla they plunged into the whirlpool of Charybdis.

MARCH ACROSS THE PENINSULA.

For several days previous to the fifteenth of August, there were mysterious movements in the Army of the Potomac, at Harrison's Landing. The rumbling of artillery wheels was heard all night. At the Landing transports were loaded to their fullest capacity.

At daylight, August fifteenth, Heintzelman's corps moved outside the breastworks down the Charles City Road. The main body of the army marched directly along the bank of the James river, by the Charles City road, and crossed on a pontoon bridge at the mouth of the Chickahominy. This bridge was six hundred and sixty yards long. Thirty miles of trains and sixty thousand men passed over it. It was built by Capt. James C. Duane, U. S. A. The march of the main body was of course unmolested, for one flank was covered by the gunboats, the other by Heintzelman's veterans; their front by cavalry, and their rear by Pleasanton.

Of course they foraged. The corn was in roasting condition, and was stripped for miles. Every farm house was patronized by soldiers. Eggs and chickens, pigs and calves,

rapidly disappeared. Horses and mules were confiscated. In every kitchen there were soldier cooks.

The sick had been sent away in steamers; everything of value had been placed upon boats and transported down the James river, and nothing was left for the enemy. Even to their bush houses the soldiers applied the torch, and the last glimpse they caught of their old camp, it was crowned by a column of smoke. They left Harrison's Landing, with its suffocating dust and myriads of tormenting flies.

The main column moved on down the Charles City Court House road. Soon the old county seat was reached, where a short time was spent in cooking coffee. This village consisted of a court house, a dilapidated tavern, and a jail. The tavern was a residence for owls and bats; the court house for straggling soldiers; the jail, with its iron cage, was empty.

Early daylight revealed the James river to the right, and the Chickahominy in front, with gunboats to protect the pontoon bridge. The army halted at night in a field on the north bank of the Chickahominy, and at daylight took up its march, by the way of Williamsburgh, to Yorktown. Reaching there, without any incident worthy of note, on the eighteenth of August, some portions of it marched down the peninsula to Fortress Monroe, while other portions went to Newport News, where they took steamers for Alexandria and Aquia Creek.

Meantime Heintzelman's corps was marching inland, to protect the flank of the grand army, passing down the James river. Its march was a tour of romance, and its history is worthy of special note. Upon reaching Charles City Court House, it debouched from the main army and filed left until it reached Jones' bridge, where it took position, threw out pickets and halted for the night.

All the night long the white tops of our wagons glistened in the moonlight; now winding up some hill, now disappearing beneath the overhanging branches of the woods, looking like a fleet of land ships, carrying the food for the veterans guarding them.

They halted at Christian's Mill, about seven miles from the Charles City Court House, up the Chickahominy. Here was

a ford, called Jones' or Providence ford, and here Stuart's cavalry crossed, on their return to Richmond, after their celebrated raid, June fifteenth. Here stood an old mill, and a small bridge. To the right a mill pond; crossing this bridge was a road which wound along the pond, and penetrated the open country beyond. To the right was an old brick house, on the summit of a hill. The line stretched along the river, reaching to the ford at which the teams were crossing, three miles on the left; the right was covered by the mill pond; in front, where the road emerged from the woods, a battery of artillery was masked; the center stretched from the mansion once occupied by the Christian family, to the old brick house on the hill.

The door yard of this old Virginia mansion was shaded by locusts. Here two companies stacked arms as a reserve. The men helped themselves from corn fields; the negroes baked corn bread; the clear stream furnished water; the sun went down, and the full moon came up, shining upon the glistening bayonets; looking upon the reclining forms on the green sward beneath the locusts; sparkling upon the water; while the hum of the summer insects, and the curious sounds of the denizens of the swamp, lulled the men to repose. This was the very romance of war.

The old soldier has a sense of perfect security in the enemy's country. Marching all day, though surrounded by hostile bands, he no sooner halts, than the camp fire is built, the coffee cooked, his shelter tent up, and down he lies, in blissful unconsciousness of danger, as though in his quiet home, far from the field of battle.

Our forces were not attacked at Christian's Mill. They waited the greater part of the day; and in the shades of evening, took up their line of march towards the New Kent Court House road, reaching Burnt Ordinary at midnight. Here the column halted.

The next day they marched through the streets of Williamsburgh, with bands playing and colors flying. Soon York river was reached, and our tired and dusty soldiers plunged into its refreshing waters.

Upon arriving here, they learned that the main body of our

army had preceded them down the Peninsula. Camping for the night, the next morning, August twentieth, Heintzelman's corps took steamers for Yorktown, where they arrived August twenty-second.

The Army of the Potomac, on the twenty-third of August, had arrived at various points in Eastern Virginia to reinforce Gen. Pope's army. They numbered about ninety-one thousand veterans, but were scattered at widely different points.

When the Twentieth Indiana was marching up the Orange and Alexandria railroad, from picket at Rappahannock Station, under orders to join their brigade in Kearney's division, to help Gen. Hooker in his desperate fight at Kettle Run, August twenty-seventh, having marched fourteen miles, they were greatly surprised to see a large number of troops quietly in camp, while the artillery of a terrible battle was sounding in their ears. Such an unusual scene at such a time caused inquiry.

Stepping out from the ranks, an officer went into one of the tents, and asked, "What troops are these?" "We are Sykes' division, of Gen. Porter's corps." "Why don't you go into battle?" "We have no orders. We march ten miles a day, and then camp." This was at four o'clock in the afternoon of August twenty-seventh, while Heintzelman's corps were battling for life at Kettle Run and Bristow Station. The Twentieth rushed onward, some of its weary men falling exhausted by the way.

From August twenty-first till August twenty-fifth, there was constant skirmishing along the line of the Rappahannock, from Rappahannock Station to Waterloo.

Gen. Pope constantly watched this line, and reported to Gen. Halleck, that heavy columns threatened him at Rappahannock Station. Yet the Twentieth Indiana, which was on picket at that station, on August twenty-sixth, saw no force of the enemy in front. Co. G, of that regiment, under command of Capt. W. C. L. Taylor, who was left behind on the morning of the twenty-seventh, in consequence of our rapidly moving up the railroad to drive Jackson from Manassas Junction, saw no enemy in front, when they withdrew from their picket line.

It is evident Gen. Pope's lines were too extended, or he had a larger force under his command than he was capable of handling. For, on the twenty-fourth, he says, "he was satisfied that no force of the enemy was on the north side of the Rappahannock," and just before that he reported as follows:

"During the day of the twenty-fourth, a large detachment of the enemy, numbering thirty-six regiments of infantry, with the usual number of batteries of artillery, and a considerable cavalry force, marched rapidly north in the direction of Rectortown. They could be plainly seen from our signal-station, established at high points along the Rappahannock."

Rectortown is on the Manassas and Strasburgh railroad, an important point; and a force of the enemy reaching there, would cut off our communications with Washington at Manassas, and threaten our rear. Gen. Pope was deceived. Although he fought his best, Jackson out-generaled him; and Gens. Longstreet and Lee, following rapidly on, beat him in the series of battles which followed.

Manassas Plains covers an area of perhaps sixty miles in extent. It is a series of hills and woodlands, dotted here and there with small villages, intersected by small streams, and abounding in clear springs. From its hills a battle can be seen in the distance, when you can not even hear the report of artillery.

On these undulating plains have the principal battles in the valley of Virginia been fought. Bull Run is a small stream intersecting this valley, crossing the Centreville road. Cub Run is a branch of Bull Run. Several other creeks empty into it. The various battles in August were fought at Groveton, New Market, Gainesville, Hay Market, Kettle Run, and on the old Manassas Gap railroad, and should have the general name of the Battles of Manassas Plains, and not that of Bull Run, as there was but little fighting done on that fatal battle ground.

The cavalry force of the enemy that made the raid upon Catlett's Station, on the night of August twenty-second, was but a foretaste of what followed. Our General did not seem to note the danger. When Heintzelman's corps came down

the railroad that night, instead of posting his veteran force at Manassas, where the depot of our valuable stores and main supply was, he ordered the various regiments composing the command, to stretch along the line of the Orange and Alexandria railroad, from Warrenton Junction to the Rappahannock river, a distance of at least fourteen miles. In fact, none of these scattered regiments were within supporting distance.

Such was the situation, when, on the night of August twenty-sixth, Jackson's force, pouring through Thoroughfare Gap, captured Manassas, and cut the railroad at Kettle Run.

Then Gen. Pope suddenly realized his danger, and at once determined to abandon the line of the Rappahannock, and throw his whole force in the direction of Gainesville and Manassas Junction, in hopes to crush that portion of the army of the daring foe, which had passed through Thoroughfare Gap, before it could be joined by Gen. Lee.

The column of the rebel Gen. Jackson, eighteen thousand strong, consisting of A. P. Hill's, Ewell's and the Stonewall divisions, with no opposition, moved rapidly through White Plains, Hay Market, Thoroughfare Gap, and Gainesville, to Bristow Station. At Bristow Station they captured several detached companies of Union soldiers; burned two or three railway trains, and Ewell's division took position on the railroad to capture any isolated regiment that might approach. Hill's division moved on Manassas Junction, driving away the cavalry stationed there, and capturing six pieces of artillery, three trains of cars loaded with Quartermasters' stores, and an immense stock of Sutlers' goods.

Our cavalry had used their swift feet well; for they brought the news to Alexandria in advance of the telegraph. The First New Jersey brigade at once started to meet the enemy. Upon crossing Bull Run bridge, they were met by a heavy artillery fire, and compelled to fall back, losing many killed, wounded and prisoners. Here they were reinforced by the Eleventh and Twelfth Ohio, which held the enemy in check.

Meantime, a fight was going on four miles west of Bristow Station. Ewell's forces, sweeping down the railroad, picking up detached companies of guards, suddenly came in contact

with the head of the column of Gen. Hooker, who had collected his troops at the first alarm. The fight began about noon, and lasted till dark, Ewell having been driven back along the railroad, in the direction of Manassas Junction. At night both parties rested near the field of battle. The loss on each side was about three hundred killed and wounded.

The enemy, that night and the next day, held a grand jubilee at Manassas Junction. Their ragged and famished men helped themselves to every article of luxury or necessity. They had no wagons; they could carry nothing away. So they marched up, and ate, and filled their haversacks. Here was a starving man eating lobster salad, and drinking Rhine wine; there a man in tatters luxuriating on canned oysters and rare fruits. It was a magnificent feast at our expense. At nightfall, the long trains, loaded with valuable goods, were fired. As the costly conflagration lit up the heavens, the rebel forces moved away. One division went towards the old battle field of Bull Run; two divisions towards Centreville.

Orders flew thick and fast. Gen. Pope seemed to think that the whole corps could move at once, however much the troops were scattered. Thus, Kearney was ordered to move his division at daylight, when, under previous orders, his command was stretched for fourteen miles—from Warrenton Junction to the Rappahannock river. Gen. Pope was great on orders, but still greater on dispatches. When the army was falling back upon Washington, we received newspapers containing official dispatches "that we had whipped the enemy at Bull Run, and killed, wounded and captured sixteen thousand of his men." The following is the official dispatch of Gen. Pope:

"*To Maj. Gen. Halleck, Commander in Chief:*

"We fought a terrific battle here yesterday with the combined forces of the enemy, which lasted with continued fury from daylight until after dark, by which time the enemy was driven from the field, which we now occupy.

"Our troops are too much exhausted to push matters; but I shall do so in the course of the morning, as soon as Fitz-

John Porter's corps comes up from Manassas. The enemy is still in our front, but badly used up.

"We have lost not less than eight thousand men killed and wounded; and from the appearance of the battle field, the enemy has lost at least two to our one. He stood strictly on the defensive, and every assault was made by ourselves. Our troops have behaved splendidly.

"The battle was fought on the identical battle field of Bull Run, which greatly increases the enthusiasm of our men.

"The news just reaches me from the front that the enemy is retreating towards the mountain. I go forward at once to see

"We have made great captures, but I am not yet able to form an idea of their extent."

Gen. McDowell was ordered to push forward at daylight, August twenty-eighth, from Gainesville toward Manassas Junction, resting his right on the Manassas Gap railroad, and throwing his left well to the east. Gen. Reno was to march at the same time from Greenwich direct upon Manassas Junction, and Gen. Kearney, at the same hour, upon Bristow Station.

Thus our army moved in three columns upon Manassas Junction; halting occasionally, to give the enemy time to burn and destroy. The column moved deliberately on in pursuit of a flying enemy; taking care, however, not to catch him. At length word was received that Jackson had left Manassas, then the column pushed rapidly forward and captured the position.

This was about noon, August twenty-eighth. The enemy retreated through Centreville. We immediately pursued. When Jackson reached Centreville he turned off to the left, on the Warrenton pike, towards Gainesville. By marching on the Manassas railroad, or, upon reaching New Market, turning to the left, we might have intercepted Jackson at Groveton or Gainesville. We did neither, but, slowly following his circuitous course, attacked him only when he took position.

As the pursuing column was marching over the Bull Run

battle ground, and winding among the hills approaching Centreville, towards sunset, away off to the left they saw the smoke of artillery, and evidences of a battle. It was King's division of McDowell's corps, fighting with Jackson's advance, which was retreating towards Thoroughfare Gap.

Darkness ended the fight. Each party maintained its ground. There was no escape now for Jackson, provided McDowell and Sigel maintained their position between him and Thoroughfare Gap. But this they did not do.

Gen. Pope says, "that he sent orders to Gens. McDowell and King, several times during the night of the twentieth, to hold their ground at all hazard."

Gen. Sigel says, "that just as he was in position to fight the enemy near Buckland Mills, a short distance from Haymarket, he received orders to march to Manassas Junction, away from the enemy; and he reluctantly obeyed the order."

Thus, amid the conflict of orders, Jackson held his position until Longstreet was enabled to reinforce him on the second day of the series of great battles.

BATTLE OF GROVETON.

Gen. Sigel pushing rapidly forward, on the morning of August twenty-ninth, found the enemy posted beyond Young's branch, near Haymarket. His left wing rested on Catharpin creek; his front towards Centreville; with his center he occupied a long stretch of woods parallel with the Sudley Spring New Market road; his right was posted on the hills on both sides of the Centreville-Gainesville road.

Gen. Schurz had the right; Gen. Milroy the center, and Gen. Schenck the left, and planted their batteries on hills in range of the enemy's position. The whole line advanced from point to point until involved in a desperate artillery and infantry contest. This fight was to prevent Longstreet from reinforcing Jackson. While the forces of Sigel were fighting Jackson's advance, those of Hooker, Kearney and Reno were closing on his rear.

The enemy's forces fell back several miles under the fierce attack of Sigel, but were so closely pressed that they were

compelled to stand and make the best defense they could. Accordingly they took position with their left near Sudley Springs, their right a little south of the Warrenton turnpike, and their front covered by an old railroad grade, leading from Gainesville in the direction of Leesburgh. Their batteries were numerous and well posted; some of them were of heavy calibre. The mass of their troops were sheltered in dense woods behind the old railroad embankment.

The left of the Union army fought with varied success from early dawn till ten o'clock in the morning, when the pursuing columns of the right got into battle, and then commenced the deadliest conflict.

The battle raged furiously, commencing on the left it extended along the whole line in front to the right. Gens. Sigel, Milroy, Schurz, and Schenck were battling terribly. About five o'clock, a brigade that held position along the line of an old railroad grade, which formed a natural breastwork, was startled by a heavy enfilading fire of the enemy on their left flank, sweeping the breastwork, and causing the whole brigade to break in confusion through the woods.

Then Kearney came to the rescue. His division moved rapidly forward, to cover their retreat. But no enemy could be seen. The green leaves of the forest moved in the gentle breeze, eager eyes could not pierce their leafy cover. A moment before, the very echoes quivered with the roar of battle; now all was still, except the murmuring winds. The silence was thrilling as the roar of battle had been terrible. The division filed into a road running alongside of the railroad grade. This had been the battle ground of the morning, the killed and wounded lay thickly around. The grade varied in hight from three to six feet, and was a splendid natural breastwork, provided the enemy appeared in front.

The troops were filing behind this breastwork, by the left flank, in column, when a fire from the enemy, fierce, terrible, and destructive, swept the inside of the breastwork, from the left, enfilading the whole line, throwing several regiments into confusion. Gen. Kearney at once ordered the line to change front to the left, and swept over the railroad grade at right angles. The line advanced, driving the enemy before

them, but our forces were too light, and could not hold the ground. The enemy rapidly brought up heavy reserves, and our line was driven back. Gen. Stevens came to the support but did not have enough men to retard the advance of the foe.

The enemy had sharp shooters posted in trees, to pick off officers. Owing to the thick foliage they could not be seen, nor could the sound of their shots be distinguished amid the roar of musketry.

The firing grew fiercer; bullets seemed to fly thick as hail. The men lay down to avoid the fire, suddenly through a gap in the woods, a rebel battery, on a hill side on our right, opened fire, enfilading the line, and a storm of grape swept through the ranks, making a noise like the rushing wind. We were flanked on both wings, and fell back over the railroad grade, the surface of which was swept by the flanking fire of the enemy.

The rebels seeing this retrograde movement, rushed forward with hideous yells, thinking our destruction certain. They pursued our forces through the woods, and, catching sight of our covering batteries on the hills beyond, charged upon them with great fury. But a storm of death met them from the mouths of our cannon, which hurled them back in disordered fragments.

Again they formed, under cover of the woods, and advanced upon our batteries on the brow of the hills, only again to have their shattered columns driven back. A third time they appeared, in larger force, and advancing rapidly, approached within six hundred yards of our guns, when a perfect storm of grape and shell tore through their ranks, from a double row of batteries, and sent them shrieking to the woods. Yells and groans filled the air, and mangled limbs and bodies covered the hill side.

Fresh troops now advancing rushed upon the enemy, completing the discomfiture our batteries had begun. The enemy were driven from the woods, the railroad bank was repossessed, and the victory, for that day, was ours. Night closed upon the scene, and the weary combatants sunk to rest.

The scene that night, when viewed from the hill top, com-

manding the principal portion of the battle field, was beautiful. A thousand camp fires glistened in the woods and shone out in the cleared fields and upon the slopes of hills.

Dusky forms flitted to and fro. Away to the south a brisk skirmish was going on; jets of flame, in long lines, told of volleys of musketry; occasionally a larger, brighter glare, spoke of artillery. These bright lines of fire looked very spiteful to soldiers who knew how deadly were their missiles.

In melancholy contrast to this scene were our field hospitals. Here death waited for his victims. Under bushes, on the grass, in every conceivable place, our wounded and mangled heroes lay. Surgeons were busy all night, but so numerous were the sufferers that proper attention could not be paid to all. Some lay quietly down on the green sward and died peacefully, as if going to sleep. Others moaned and writhed in agony. Thus the mournful night slowly dragged away. Our loss was about six thousand, in killed, wounded and missing; that of the enemy about five thousand.

Day broke to see the gathering anew of armed hosts, and to witness a more furious battle than that of the day before.

SECOND DAY.

The heavy atmosphere and gray clouds in the east denoted rain. The dead of the previous day were on the field of battle. All our wounded had not been removed. There was little firing in the morning, occasionally a battery in our front sent a stray shot towards the enemy. There was no reply. The silence was ominous.

Directly in our front, and apparently in front of the center of the enemy's position, on the top of a hill was a stone church, partially hid by an orchard and forest. To the right the hill descends in gentle slopes; to the left it winds away among other hills, till lost in the forests.

As part of our army stood in position, dense columns of Federal troops were seen marching and countermarching, while clouds of dust in the distance, showed that new columns were approaching. A heavy force of infantry took

position in column of division, just beneath the brow of the hill, in front of the stone church.

Along the brow of this hill, at two o'clock, in the afternoon, the battle began. Stationed upon the ridge of the hill was our artillery. From fifty batteries great volumes of smoke leaped from heated guns. The air was filled with the fantastic white shapes which floated from the bursting shells. Men were leaping to and fro, loading, firing, handling the artillery. Occasionally a cry reached the ear, which spoke of disaster or death by some well aimed ball. The men gathered in little groups around their pieces, till the signal was given for firing. Then they scattered, leaving only the gunner, grasping the lanyard of his gun. The piece belched forth its smoke and fire and deadly missile; and then the little group gathered again, appearing in the distance like pigmies, while far off the white puff of the enemy's batteries showed an answering fire.

Heavier grew the fire. Deadlier the shock of battle. The air was filled with cheers and yells, and cries of struggling men. Above all rose a dismal canopy of smoke, through which the sun shone like a ball of blood.

Down in the green woods men were dying; along the banks of quiet streams soldiers lay dead. Shot and shell and death were everywhere; still the battle went on.

A rebel brigade crossed the field. Suddenly a shell fell among them, another, and then another, until the thousands scattered like a swarm of flies, and disappeared in the woods.

The fight was fearful, from two until five o'clock in the afternoon. Suddenly the storm burst with ten-fold fury upon our center. Battery after battery took position, only to be met by new batteries of the enemy. The storm of shot and shell filled the air with iron fragments. The roar of artillery eclipsed the thunders of heaven. The sulphurous smoke of the gunpowder, like a dismal cloud, obscured the sun. On the hill sides, in the woods and valleys, the long rolling crash of musketry filled up pauses in the deafening roar, and showed that the enemy was making his crowning effort.

Suddenly there was a lull; the artillery ceased its thunders;

at intervals a single musket shot was heard; the smoke of battle curled upwards and mingled with the clouds. A strange hum buzzed over the battle field, lately so noisy, now fearful in its silence.

A single cannon shot upon our left, then a terrible roar of musketry, mingled with cheers, announced that to be the main point of the enemy's attack. Swarming from out the woods the rebel hosts appeared in countless thousands. They captured our batteries, and poured a destructive fire into our supporting infantry. Our line gave way on the left at their fierce charge. Two brigades broke and could not be rallied. Soon the whole left wing of our army gave way. At first with great disorder. This was soon remedied. Then our forces fell back deliberately.

The enemy pushed heavy masses of infantry after our retreating columns, and, planting his batteries upon hills, commanded the whole battle field. We were outflanked and beaten, partially by concentrated forces, but chiefly by superior generalship. The loss on both sides was very heavy.

During the night our army fell back on Centreville, Gens. Kearney, Reno, and Gibson bringing up the rear. Crossing Cub Run, Slocum's division of Franklin's corps, was met advancing deliberately to the field. But they halted so soon as they met the head of our retreating column, and camped for the night. The enemy did not pursue us; but contented himself with throwing a few shot and shell into our wagon trains.

After midnight we reached Centreville. Every house and shed in it was filled with our wounded. Ambulances had been running all day, bringing them from the battle field. Wagons were rumbling through the streets; soldiers hunting their regiments; orderlies galloping to and fro. Confusion made that night dismal.

The morning of August thirty-first found the main body of our army within the intrenchments of Centreville. The scene at daylight was discouraging. It was raining, and round the camp fires were gathered crowds of hungry, tired, wet and wounded soldiers. Everything was dripping; the

mist steamed from the horses and the clothes of the men. Soldiers were trying to find their regiments; artillerymen their batteries; here could be seen the forewheels of an artillery truck—the gun being in possession of the enemy. Everywhere disaster stared in our faces. Meantime ambulances poured in along the Fairfax road from Washington, and everything having wheels was brought into use to remove our wounded. All that day there was a constant double stream of vehicles, moving in opposite directions, to and from Fairfax to Centreville.

Winding along the muddy road, long columns of reinforcements appeared in sight. They were soldiers from Sumner's and Franklin's corps; but, alas! they were too late. A day after the battle.

Gen. Pope, all that day, was engaged in getting the army in condition, resting the men, getting up supplies of provisions and ammunition. Fitz John Porter failed to assist him. Sumner and Franklin's corps had been delayed. Pope, sick at heart, applied for leave to fall back on Washington.

The enemy's advance appeared in force at Cub Run, on the morning of August thirty-first, fired a few shots from their artillery, but made no attempt to cross. Subsequent events showed they were making a bold movement on our right.

The army remained at Centreville all day, covering the movement of our army trains and ambulances. The New Jersey brigade was posted about two miles west of Fairfax Court House. About sundown a body of rebel cavalry appeared on a cross road near Fairfax, with two pieces of artillery, and captured a few wagons. They were soon driven off by the Jerseymen.

While we were waiting at Centreville for the enemy to attack us in the fortifications, they were moving slowly along the Little River pike to our right. They knew the strength of our position too well to attack us at Centreville. A reconnoissance developed this fact, and troops were at once pushed forward to Fairfax Court House, Chantilly, and Germantown. Just before sunset, September first, the enemy attacked us on our right, as our column was moving on the Centreville road.

General Reno occupied the right; General Stevens commanding the second division on the left, immediately moved against the enemy, leading his troops in person. While doing this he was shot dead by a bullet through the head, and the troops fell back in disorder. The movement of Gen. Stevens had been intended to cover the right of Reno's other division, which was in danger of being flanked. When the brave Stevens was killed, and his troops driven back, there was danger that our right wing would be turned, and the whole force destroyed. Unable to send forward regiments to occupy Stevens' position, Reno himself was falling back, and the whole line seemed likely to be lost.

At this critical moment the fighting division of Kearney appeared upon the field, and at once rushed into the battle. Gen. Kearney, penetrating too far in the enemy's lines, was instantly killed. Gen. Birney then took command, and ordered his own brigade to charge. This was done gallantly, and decided the contest. The rebels broke and run, making no effort to renew the fight. The field was held by our men for the night.

A terrific thunder storm raged while the battle was going on, the crashes of thunder drowning the roar of artillery and musketry.

Thus was fought the battle of Chantilly. In it we lost two valuable officers. Gen. Philip Kearney, the knightly hero, who had cheered his division through the bloody battles of the Peninsula, and who was a meteor in every fight, and defied death in every encounter. General Stevens, too, fell. He had been with Burnside in his battles, and was a brave and gallant soldier.

On the second of September the whole army fell back to the intrenchments in front of Washington. Part of the column proceeded on the Washington road, and part on the Alexandria road. The enemy moved north towards Leesburgh, and made no pursuit. Halting in front of Washington, the army was reorganized and Gen. McClellan again appointed Commander in Chief.

Gen. Kearney's old division went into camp at Arlington Heights. It was the first time in four months they had slept under tents. They rested there for one month. It seemed but a few days—so welcome was REST. It was a great blessing to the tired soldier, and only next to HOME. It meant new health, energy, life and joy. Only those who have been in battle, know the terrible drain upon the mental and physical energy of man. The soldiers were resting, therefore happy. During the long Indian summer days they lay under their shelter tents, smoking the soldier's pipe of enjoyment. Ah! those were happy days for the veterans.

When Gen. Pope took command of the Army of Virginia he issued the following address, which caused much feeling in the army of the Potomac, as it was regarded as a reflection upon the conduct of Gen. McClellan in his campaign before Richmond:

"*To the Officers and Soldiers of the Army of Virginia:*

"By special assignment of the President of the United States, I have assumed command of this army. I have spent two weeks in learning your whereabouts, your condition, and your wants; in preparing you for active operations, and in placing you in positions from which you can act promptly and to the purpose.

"I have come to you from the West, where we have always seen the backs of our enemies—from an army whose business it has been to seek the adversary, and to beat him when found, whose policy has been attack and not defense.

"In but one instance has the enemy been able to place our Western army in a defensive attitude. I presume that I have been called here to pursue the same system, and to lead you against the enemy. It is my purpose to do so, and that speedily.

"I am sure you long for an opportunity to win the distinction you are capable of achieving—that opportunity I shall endeavor to give you.

"Meantime I desire you to dismiss from your minds certain phrases which I am sorry to find much in vogue amongst you.

"I hear constantly of taking strong positions and holding them—of lines of retreat and bases of supplies. Let us discard such ideas.

"The strongest position a soldier should desire to occupy is one from which he can most easily advance against the enemy.

"Let us study the probable lines of retreat of our opponents, and leave our own to take care of themselves. Let us look before us and not behind. Success and glory are in the advance. Disaster and shame lurk in the rear.

"Let us act on this understanding, and it is safe to predict that your banners shall be inscribed with many a glorious deed, and that your names will be dear to your countrymen forever."

Here Gen. Pope's campaign in Virginia ends. Next follows the fortunes of the favorite commander of the Army of the Potomac, Gen. George B. McClellan.

The people of the loyal States were thrilled with pain on account of the disaster of the Union army at the second battle of Manassas Plains; but gathering new energy from misfortune, prepared to meet the shock of battle upon the soil of Maryland. The North freely poured forth her men and treasure. The President's call for new troops was promptly answered. With an elasticity which nothing could subdue, the Union army marched forward to meet the invaders. The rebel leaders had made their boast that they would dictate terms of peace to the loyal North on their own soil. That threat they fondly hoped to execute. Their victorious army had unresisted crossed the Potomac, and were rapidly marching on the Capital. But a new power was in the field. They were at last to feel the vengeance of a free people. With all their skill, daring and strategy they, with great loss, were hurled back into the desolated war fields of Virginia.

The army gathered new life after crossing the Potomac. The pure air of the North invigorated the men. The pleasant country roads, neat farm houses, shady lanes and rural scenes, brought to the memory of many a veteran the dear

home he had left to fight the battles of his country. From the gently rolling slopes and crowning hills of Maryland our men looked upon a scene of peaceful beauty. Industry was unharmed. The locomotive sped on its way unassailed, no secession, no guerrillas, no ruin here. The night closed in quiet. The morning broke with no wild alarm. The chiming bells of Sabbath sounded musically upon the ear, indicative of that peace and rest which all need. From out the doors of cottages and farm houses, poured gray haired men, lovely maidens, and little children—all eager to bless the sun-burnt veterans of the Union army. It was a march of triumph. Garlands of roses decorated the bayonets of our men. Wreaths of flowers hung upon the necks of the horses. The people laughed and wept for very gladness. Thus the column moved on, till battle and misery changed the lovely scene and filled the land with mourning.