

## CAMPAIGN IN MARYLAND.

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### CHAPTER XI.

On the second of September, Gen. McClellan was placed in command of the fortifications of Washington, and of all the troops for the defense of the Capital. The various garrisons were at once strengthened, and the troops disposed to cover all approaches to the city.

Meantime, the enemy had crossed the Potomac near Leesburgh, and threatened to invade Pennsylvania, or capture Baltimore. His forces had already occupied Frederick, Md., and Washington was in danger. New troops had been called for by the President, and thousands were rushing to defend the Capital.

The First and Ninth corps, under Gens. Reno and Hooker, forming the right wing under Gen. Burnside, were ordered to move on the fifth of September. The First corps was to move by the way of Brookville, Cooksville and Ridgeville, to Frederick; the Ninth corps by Damascus, on New Market and Frederick. The Seventh and Eleventh corps, under Gens. Sumner and Williams, on the sixth, moved from Tenallytown to Rockville; thence by Middleburgh and Urbana, to Frederick; the Eleventh corps moving by a lateral road between Urbana and New Market; thus maintaining the communication between the center and right wing, and covering the direct route from Frederick to Washington. The Sixth corps, under Gen. Franklin, moved to Darnestown on the sixth; thence by Dawsonville and Barnsville on Buckeys-

town, being in position to support the center. Couch's division moved forward to Poolsville. The troops were thus in position to cover Baltimore and Washington; our line extending from the Potomac river, near Poolsville, to New Market, near the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, our front facing northwest.

Through every country road in Maryland, in the direction of Frederick, our columns pushed. The veterans were greeted with a hearty welcome as they toiled along the dusty roads. At many a farm house gate were gathered loyal citizens, cheering, waving handkerchiefs, and furnishing our soldiers with food and water. This was so entirely different from the sullen manner we had been received in Virginia, that it tended much to cheer the spirits of the troops.

On the twelfth a part of our right wing entered Frederick, after a brisk skirmish at the outskirts of the city. The next day the main body of the right and center passed through the town. The entrance of the Union army into Frederick was a perfect ovation. The people were wild with joy. They showered flowers upon the bayonets of our heroes. Every house opened its doors and received our troops with enthusiastic welcome.

On September thirteenth, our advance, consisting of Pleasanton's cavalry and horse artillery, after skirmishing, cleared the main passage over the Catoctin Hills, leaving no serious obstruction to the movement of the main body until the base of the South Mountain range was reached.

#### BATTLE OF SOUTH MOUNTAIN.

The enemy occupied the sides and summit of the spur of the Blue Ridge Mountains, called the South Mountain. The range, near Turner's Pass, averages in height one thousand feet, and forms a strong, natural military barrier. Through this Pass lies the turnpike which leads from Middletown to Hagerstown. The passes through this range of mountains are not numerous, and are easily defended. Turner's Pass, through which lies the National road, is the most prominent, and therefore was chosen as the route for the main body of

our army. The mountains in the immediate vicinity are steep, and on account of loose rocks, difficult of ascent. They are covered with thick woods, affording good hiding places for an enemy.

Early on the morning of the fourteenth, Gen. Pleasanton, with a cavalry force, reconnoitered the position of the enemy, whom he discovered to occupy the crests of commanding hills on each side of the National road, and upon commanding ground in the center, with artillery bearing upon all approaches to their position. The enemy's force was supposed to amount to forty thousand men, with twelve pieces of artillery, under command of Gens. Longstreet and D. H. Hill.

The broad road, winding up through the Pass, appeared to be peaceful and safe. No enemy was to be seen. The beautiful woods glistened in the sunshine of a September sun. Over the green fields flitted the shadow of a passing cloud. Our column pushed on. So steep was the ascent, that field officers dismounted and led their horses. The infantry, with bodies inclined at an angle of forty-five degrees, breasted the hill, and climbed its rugged face.

Suddenly, a puff of smoke from the dark green woods shows that the wily enemy is not sleeping. Another, and a succession of puffs, and his batteries rain shot and shell over and around our advancing columns. Our men cheer and press onward.

Cox's division, of Reno's corps, first entered the battle. So soon as the head of the column was within range, the enemy opened a heavy artillery fire. Robertson's battery replied, while our troops filed right and left into the fields, and the two columns—Scammon's and Cook's brigades—stormed the crest in front, giving us an important position for further operations. The enemy threw forward fresh troops, pressing Cox. Gen. Willcox's division, of Reno's corps, arrived to support our column. At one o'clock, Sturgis' division was sent forward by Gen. Burnside. The fight raged desperately. Several times the enemy was compelled to change the position of his batteries.

At two o'clock, the head of Gen. Hooker's column

appeared, winding along the road. Our men cheered the old veterans. Gen. Meade rushed forward, and, with his Pennsylvania regiments, carried an eminence. Hatch's division plunged into the dark woods, which swarmed with concealed foes. Doubleday and Phelps rushed to the support. The crest was carried, and our forces pushed forward. Here the bravery of the Indiana and Wisconsin soldiers was conspicuous. Hatch's brigade fought desperately at a fence near the skirt of the woods. The enemy pressed onward with confidence, sweeping over an open space in front, but were met with a sheet of fire. For an hour their columns rushed against this band of heroes only to be hurled back in disorder.

Rickett's division took part in the fight. Then Gibbon's brigade arrived, and drove the enemy before them. Deploying his brigade, Gibbon engaged a superior force of the enemy, and steadily pressed them back until dark, holding the field.

Twilight came on; objects looked indistinct; yet from out the woods flashed forth the enemy's musketry. At intervals there was a lull, a straggling volley, and then a bright sheet of flame flashed in the face of our soldiers. Soon it was so dark that our men fired at the flashes of the enemy's musketry. The enemy sullenly retired. Occasionally a single piece of artillery flashed, and a single musket shot was heard. But the Union army won the battle, and slept upon the field.

We lost a noble General—Reno—who was killed while observing the enemy's movements. Our loss was three hundred and twenty-eight killed, one thousand four hundred and sixty-three wounded and missing. That of the enemy about two thousand.

#### BATTLE OF CRAMPTON'S GAP.

This battle was fought by the famous corps of Gen. Franklin. He had followed the shores of the Potomac, on his march towards the enemy. On the thirteenth of September he reached Sugar Loaf Mountain, surrounded it with cavalry, cleared it of the enemy, and established on its summit a lookout for the Union signal corps. Leaving the mountain on

the fourteenth, he passed through Burketsville, and advanced but a short distance, when he came in contact with the enemy's pickets at the top of the South Mountain range, near Crampton's Gap. The enemy was strongly intrenched at the base, on the sides, and in strong force in infantry behind the mountain. Eight pieces of artillery, planted on the slope of the mountain, at once opened on our advance. Gen. Slocum's division then formed in line of battle, and moved on the enemy's batteries. The brigades of Gens. Bartlett and Torbitt had moved but a short distance, when they received a fire from the enemy concealed behind a high stone wall running along the base of the Gap. Here a desperate fight occurred. In one hour the enemy was flying before the fierce charge made by the New Jersey brigade of Gen. Torbitt, and the brigade of Gen. Bartlett.

The rebels made a stand when they gained the crest of the mountain. Up the steep mountain rushed the gallant troops of New Jersey, New York and Pennsylvania. The top gained, another fierce struggle ensued. The enemy finally gave way, and fled in disorder down into the valley beyond, leaving in our possession four hundred prisoners, two pieces of artillery, and three thousand Springfield rifles. Our loss was one hundred and five killed, four hundred and forty-eight wounded. The enemy lost, in killed and wounded, about one thousand. The position was an important one, as it threatened the enemy's rear.

The enemy fled in much disorder, and fell back on Antietam creek, abandoning the mountain, our cavalry in rapid pursuit.

The corps of Hooker, Sumner, and Mansfield, pursued the enemy by the way of Boonsboro; Burnside and Porter advanced on the old Sharpsburgh road; and Franklin moved into Pleasant Valley, in hopes to relieve Harper's Ferry, then invested by the enemy. Franklin moved forward to Brownsville, and found a force of the enemy, greatly superior to ours, drawn up to receive him. The total cessation of firing in the direction of Harper's Ferry, about this time, indicated the surrender of that position.

## SURRENDER OF HARPER'S FERRY.

On the fifth of September, Col. Thomas H. Ford, Thirty-Second Ohio, took command of the forces on Maryland Heights. They were placed at Sandy Hook and Solomon's Gap. Those at Sandy Hook, under Col. Maltby, retired by Col. Miles' order, to the eastern slope of Maryland Heights, two or three days previous to their evacuation by Col. Ford.

On the eleventh of September the force at Solomon's Gap were driven in by the enemy. Col. Ford called upon Col. Miles for reinforcements. The One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth and Thirty-Ninth New York regiments were sent him on the twelfth; and on the morning of the thirteenth, he was further reinforced by the One Hundred and Fifteenth New York.

Col. Ford made unsuccessful requisitions for axes and spades, to enable him to construct defenses on Maryland Heights. With a few borrowed axes, he cut down trees, and formed a slight breastwork in front of his position.

Early on the morning of the thirteenth the enemy made an attack on the crest of the hill, and, after some fighting, our troops fell back in confusion to the breastwork, where they rallied. About nine o'clock they made a second attack, which the troops at the breastwork resisted until Col. Sherrill, of the One Hundred and Twenty-Sixth New York, was wounded and carried from the field. Then the most of that regiment fled in confusion, notwithstanding the efforts of Col. Ford and others to rally them. Soon afterwards, the rest of our forces, under a misapprehension of orders, fell back. Then Maryland Heights were abandoned, by order of Col. Ford.

On the fourteenth the enemy attacked the extreme left of our line on Bolivar Heights. After a sharp engagement, they were repulsed by our troops, under command of Gen. White. On the same day the battle of South Mountain was fought. The distance is about seven miles, and each party could hear the artillery of the other.

That night, two thousand cavalry, under command of Col. Davis, of the Twelfth Illinois cavalry, made their escape from

Harper's Ferry, and reached Greencastle next morning, capturing on their route an ammunition train belonging to Gen. Longstreet, consisting of fifty wagons.

At daylight, on the morning of the fifteenth, the enemy opened their batteries from seven different positions, directing their attack principally upon our batteries on the left of Bolivar Heights. About seven o'clock in the morning, not having fought two hours, Col. Miles concluded to surrender, as the ammunition for his artillery was exhausted. He then hoisted the white flag. The enemy, not observing it, kept up a constant fire for half an hour, mortally wounding Col. Miles. At eight o'clock they perceived the flag, when the post was surrendered unconditionally.

So soon as the place was surrendered, Gens. A. P. Hill and Jackson, with their staff and some of their troops, rode into town. We then ascertained that their forces numbered nearly seventy thousand men. The Union loss, by this surrender, was eleven thousand five hundred and eighty-three prisoners, fifty pieces of artillery of various calibre, and six days' rations for twelve thousand men. The loss, in killed and wounded, on both sides, was very small.

#### BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.

On the sixteenth of September our advance came upon the enemy posted upon the heights on the west side of Antietam creek; their left and center being upon, and in front of, the road from Sharpsburgh to Hagerstown, and protected by woods and irregularities of the ground. Their extreme left rested upon a wooded eminence near the cross-roads, to the north of G. Miller's farm; their right rested on the hills to the right of Sharpsburgh, covering the crossing of Antietam creek, and the approaches to Sharpsburgh from the south-east. Broken and wooded ground behind the hills concealed the mass of the enemy's forces. The ground in the enemy's front was undulating. Hills intervened, whose crests are commanded by the crests of others in their rear. On all favorable points their artillery was posted. Their line formed a semi-circle on a range of hills, its concave side towards us.

The rebel Gen. Jackson commanded their left, Gen. Longstreet their center, and Gen. A. P. Hill their right. All under command of Gen. Lee. Their force was supposed to be about seventy thousand strong.

Under the base of these hills, runs the deep stream called Antietam creek, fordable only at distant points. Three bridges cross it—one on the Hagerstown road; another on the Sharpsburgh pike; the third to the left in a deep recess of abrupt hills. It was evident, from the force of the enemy, and the strength of their position, that desperate fighting alone could drive them from their chosen ground. All felt that a terrible battle was on hand.

The plan of attack of Gen. McClellan was nearly as follows: Gen. Hooker was to cross Antietam creek on the right, establish himself on the enemy's left if possible, flanking the position of the enemy, and opening the battle. Sumner, Franklin and Mansfield were to send their troops also to the right, acting with Hooker's attack, while advancing nearer the center. The heavy work in the center was left principally to the batteries, Porter massing his infantry supports in the hollows. On the left, Burnside was intrusted with the difficult task of carrying the bridge across the Antietam, near Rohrback's farm, and of assailing the enemy's right.

Gen. Hooker moved with his corps across the creek at a ford to the right of Keedysville, without opposition. Fronting south-west his line advanced threatening the enemy's flank. Cavalry skirmishers were sent into the woods and over the fields beyond. Presently they were met by a sharp fire from a concealed battery. They at once fell back on the main column.

Infantry skirmishers then advanced to an open field inclosed on two sides with woods, protected on the right by a hill, and having a corn field in the rear. Penetrating these woods they were met by a sharp fire. Receiving support they rapidly advanced and cleared the timber of the enemy.

Gen. Hooker at once formed his line. Rickett's division went into the woods on the left. Meade, with the Pennsylvania Reserves, formed the center. Doubleday was sent on



the right, and planting his guns on a hill opened at once on a rebel battery that commenced to enfilade our central line. Meade's troops had a sharp contest and held their own. It was now dark. The enemy's position could only be discovered by the flashes of their guns. They pushed boldly forward on the right, and attempted to recover lost ground, but did not succeed. The fight flashed, glimmered, and ceased with the dark night.

With the first break of daylight the battle began. Morning found both armies as they had lain down the night before, looking almost in each other's eyes. Hooker attacked, but masses of the enemy soon checked his advance. Mansfield brought his corps to the support of Hooker. The fire now became fearful and incessant. What at first were distant notes, clear and consecutive, soon merged into a tumultuous chorus which made the earth tremble. By the help of Mansfield the enemy were driven back; but the good and gallant Mansfield lost his life in the effort.

Our lines pushed forward with cheers. Through the corn field, and into the dark woods, went the retreating enemy. Meade's division followed close after them, and endeavored to penetrate the woods. Out of its dark recesses came terrible volleys which checked their further progress. Closing up their shattered lines, our troops fell back. The enemy's column quickly pursued, with exulting yells, and deadly volleys of musketry. Gen. Hooker sent his nearest brigades to check them; but they surged back before the savage masses of the enemy. At last Doubleday sent in his best brigade. They went forward at a run. Through the woods, and storm of shot and shell from the enemy's batteries; over the open field, into the corn field, passing their retreating comrades, firing in volleys and then at will, they pushed rapidly forward. They reached the ridge of the hill, and held it. There were gaps in their line, but they closed up and kept an unyielding front. These were Gen. Hartsuff's troops, consisting of the Twelfth and Thirteenth Massachusetts regiments. For two hours the tide of battle ebbcd and flowed; now in our favor; then against us. Whole companies were swept away before the iron storm; the ground was strewn

with wounded and dead. Eight batteries were in full play. The din of heavy guns, the whistling and bursting of shells, and roar of musketry, were almost deafening.

To the right of the corn field and beyond it was a point of woods. Once carried and held it was the key of the position. Hooker determined to take it. Reconnoitering the enemy's position he was wounded by a bullet passing through his foot. He at once ordered Crawford and Gordon to advance and carry the woods and hold them, saying if they did this, "It is our fight." And so it was. His part of the battle was won, for this was the battle on the rebel left. The severity of Hooker's wound compelled him to leave the field at this critical moment.

It was now ten o'clock. The fight had been raging four hours. Gen. Sumner arrived and took command just as Hooker left. Crawford and Gordon were fighting in the woods, and holding them. Sedgwick advanced to their support. Gen. Sumner sent forward Richardson and French to the left. The enemy's reinforcements were approaching also, and the struggle for the position was again renewed. In attempting to extend his front, one of Sedgwick's regiments broke, under a terrible fire. The enemy came in force on that flank. Crawford was compelled to give way on the right, and his troops, pouring through the ranks of Sedgwick's advance brigade, threw it into confusion, and back on our second line. The enemy rapidly advanced, their fire increasing in intensity.

It was now one o'clock. Franklin came up with fresh troops and formed on the left. Slocum, with one division, was sent forward along the slopes lying under the first range of the hills which the enemy held. Smith with the other division, was ordered to retake the corn fields and woods, which all day had been so hotly contested. This was gallantly done. His division went forward on a run, and cheering as they advanced, swept like a rushing wind through the corn-fields, pierced the woods, cleared them of the foe, and held them. The key of the enemy's position was won.

It was now two o'clock. The plan of battle made it necessary for success that the attack of the separate columns

should be simultaneous. Unless this was done, the enemy, from his interior lines, could throw the greater portion of his force upon one column of our attack. The fight along the center was chiefly with artillery; batteries were vigorously worked. But all was quiet on the left. Where was Burnside? Why was not the bridge carried, and the enemy's retreat threatened?

The valley of the Antietam at the bridge, near Rohrback's farm, is narrow, with high banks. On the right of the stream the bank is wooded, and commands the approaches to the bridge and ford. The steep slopes of the banks were lined with rifle pits and breastworks of rails and stones. These and the woods, were filled with the enemy's infantry, while their batteries commanded and enfiladed the bridge and ford.

At three o'clock, Burnside had made little progress. He had carried the bridge; but could not advance further. There are two hills on the left of the road; the enemy had batteries on both. At four o'clock, Burnside was ordered to storm these positions.

The day had been clear and bright, and now the scene shone with the splendor of a September sun. Four miles of battle visible; its glory seen; its horrors hidden; the fate of the nation hanging on its issue; could any one be insensible to its grandeur?

Gen. McClellan had signal stations on the Blue Ridge, commanding a view of every movement of the enemy. They could not make a maneuver which was not instantly seen by our keen look-outs, and as promptly communicated; and from our batteries, shot and shell met their strategic moves. It was the information, conveyed by the little flags upon the mountain tops, that enabled our troops and batteries to successfully meet the concentration of the forces of the enemy at any given point.

At four o'clock, Gen. McClellan sent simultaneous orders to Burnside and Franklin to advance. Franklin held his own; his movement was a success. The movement of Burnside now became the turning point of the battle. Had he pushed forward as ordered, at ten in the morning, he would have co-operated with Hooker, and had he succeeded in

reaching the Sharpsburgh road, would have been in the enemy's rear.

Burnside moved rapidly forward; he took the first hill; planted his batteries, and silenced the opposing battery on the next hill; the infantry then advanced rapidly and steadily; their long, dark lines were plainly visible as they moved over the green hill. The next moment the road was filled with clouds of dust. The hill was carried. New columns of the enemy appeared; his guns sent shot and shell among Burnside's column. In a short time a line of battle of the enemy appeared on the brow of a ridge above our men, and moved swiftly down in perfect order, and, though met by volleys of musketry, did not fire a gun. More columns of the enemy appeared, splendidly handled, they swept on like an overwhelming wave. Backward, forward, surging and swaying like a ship in a storm, the struggle went on. It was folly to contend against such an overwhelming force. Burnside was flanked and driven from the hill he took so bravely. He sent to McClellan for reinforcements. None were received. Burnside slowly fell back, and held the hill he first captured. The enemy did not push their advantage. Their fire gradually ceased. Before it was quite dark the battle was over.

Antietam was a drawn battle. The enemy could not be forced from his position, and fell back deliberately the day after. His loss was about six thousand, killed and wounded.

The Union army captured thirteen guns, thirty-nine colors, fifteen thousand stand of small arms, and six thousand prisoners. Our loss in killed and wounded, was about six thousand.

This was indeed a memorable battle, although productive of no decisive result. For fourteen hours nearly two hundred thousand men had been engaged in combat. The enemy fought with a bravery worthy of a better cause.

Long before daylight, on the morning of September eighteenth, our men were awake and ready to renew the battle. The silence of death brooded over the enemy's front; we could not penetrate their dark lines. Their pickets were heavy in our front, and with exultant feelings, the Union

army awaited the word of command, fully confident of being able to drive the enemy into the Potomac, or disperse his army. Morning came, hours slipped by, yet no order to advance was received by our eager troops. No attack was made by the enemy, and the day passed in waiting and hoping. Alas! delay let the prize slip through our fingers.

Gen. McClellan, with that caution which is part of his being, unwilling to risk all on the decisive result, awaited the arrival of reinforcements. The next day the order was given to advance, but the wily foe had disappeared over the Potomac. His movement was very quiet, and our advance captured only a few stragglers.

The retreat of an army so large as that of the enemy, across a river, carrying with him all his artillery and baggage, was certainly creditable to the commander. They passed away like the mist before the morning breeze.

A reconnoissance was made across the river on the nineteenth, which resulted in finding the enemy there, and capturing a few guns. On the twentieth, another reconnoissance found the enemy in force; our men were drawn into ambush and driven back with severe loss. This was near Shepherdstown, Va. The One Hundred and Eighteenth Pennsylvania proceeded to ford the Potomac, as the advance of Sykes' division. When they crossed they were ordered to climb a bluff. This bluff was very steep, rugged and rocky, and had to be ascended through ravines. When the regiment reached the brow of the bluff, they were confronted by an overpowering body of the enemy, who poured a destructive fire into their ranks. The rest of the brigade retired over the river; but the One Hundred and Eighteenth did not receive the order, and staid there to be murdered. At last its gallant colonel, Charles M. Prevost, having been wounded while holding the colors, concluded he could not fight the whole rebel army, and ordered his men to recross the river, which they did with a loss of forty-five killed, one hundred and twenty-one wounded, and one hundred and twelve missing.

Then came a season of rest. All was "quiet in the Army of the Potomac." Occasionally Stuart, with an impertinence wholly incompatible with our dignity, made a dash into our

lines; but he was driven back. It was necessary that the army should be clothed; the men must have shoes; the officers wall tents; red tape at Washington was slow. The army must travel with a caravan, and the men must carry enormous knapsacks, only to throw them away in the first fight, and have them charged by the paymaster to the poor soldiers who drew only thirteen dollars per month.

The beautiful days of September glided away. The roads were in splendid condition; the Potomac low and easy fordable. Yet the army waited and halted at Sharpsburgh; gazed upon the bluffs on the Virginia shore, while dispatches flew along the wires, telling this, that, and everything, but nothing was done. At length the enemy wakened us from our dream by one of his bold exploits.

#### STUART'S CAVALRY RAID.

A cavalry force of eighteen hundred men, and four pieces of flying artillery, under command of Gen. J. E. B. Stuart, crossed the Potomac between Williamsport and Hancock on the tenth of October, at daylight, capturing our pickets, and pushing northward towards Pennsylvania. Reaching the National road, between Hagerstown and Hancock, they nearly ran against Gen. Cox's command, consisting of six regiments and two batteries, which had passed an hour previous. Pushing on, they entered Mercersburgh, Pa., about noon. Here they confiscated a few horses. Passing through the town, they took the route to Chambersburgh, arriving there after dark, in a heavy rain. Planting a battery on a hill, they demanded the surrender of the town, which was instantly acceded to. They entered the town in force, and a general plunder was commenced among the Government stores. The streets of Chambersburgh were converted into a vast dressing room. On every porch, and on every corner, rebels were to be seen putting on the new uniforms they had captured from the Union warehouses. The rebels donned blue attire, and the citizens were blue at the joke perpetrated at their expense. During the night a detachment scoured the country for horses, and brought in about six hundred.

Those that remained ranged their horses along the streets, facing the sidewalks, and lay on the sidewalks themselves. They did not enter any private houses. The officials all fled from the town at the approach of the rebel cavalry. No one could be found who admitted he held an office in the place. Combustibles were placed in the railroad depot, the Government warehouses, and the machine shop. A train was laid to the powder magazine. Three locomotives and cars, and the buildings mentioned, were consumed. About five thousand muskets were also destroyed.

From Chambersburgh the enemy's cavalry started towards Gettysburgh; but having passed the Blue Ridge, turned back towards Hagerstown, and then crossed to Maryland by Emmettsburgh. They continued their march through the night by the way of Liberty, New Market and Monrovia. Reaching Hyattstown at daylight, they captured a few army wagons. They then pushed for Barnsville, and thence to White's Ford, near Poolesville.

Meanwhile, the telegraph had flashed the news to Washington of the daring feat of this body of cavalry, and the whole line of the Potomac swarmed with soldiers to capture the bold adventurers. Stoneman had four thousand troops at Poolesville guarding the fords. Birney was after them; so was Berry; and Robinson's brigade, then at Arlington Heights, was sent flying to catch them.

It may be well to give a sketch of the march of Gen. Robinson's brigade, as it serves to show the manner in which military affairs were conducted in the Army of the Potomac.

On the night of October tenth, the brigade was ordered to march instanter for Poolsville. Everything was ready in half an hour. The men waited in a drizzling rain until daylight. Then the brigade left Arlington Heights to intercept Stuart's cavalry at Conrad's Ford, a distance of forty miles. As the cavalry had a day the start of the infantry brigade, it did not seem possible to unmilitary minds to catch them. The brigade passed over the Georgetown bridge and entered Maryland.

At dark it reached Rockville, and camped in a handsome fair ground near that village. At four o'clock the next

morning the brigade started for Conrad's ford, or wherever the rebels might try to cross. There were three new regiments in the brigade, and before it marched sixteen miles, the men were strung along the road from sheer exhaustion. There were no proper rests; no time given for meals; the men had to snatch what they could from their haversacks during brief pauses. Two men died from fatigue. One hundred and fifty gave out. But there was no stop; no rest. The brigade arrived in Poolsville at dark. It was then said the rebels were crossing at Conrad's ford. A scout might have found out whether this was true. But the whole brigade was rushed through mud and rain four miles further, only to find the river not fordable, and the rebels safe on the other side of the Potomac.

The rebel cavalry crossed at White's ford, without the loss of a man, having made a circuit round our lines, destroyed an immense quantity of stores, and obtained valuable information regarding the topography of the country and distribution of our forces.

After the flurry caused by this foray had subsided, the Army of the Potomac again lay down to peaceful slumber. The usual despatches passed to and from Washington. The usual bold moves were promised. But the rebel General Lee was not yet ready to move, and it would not do to hurry him.

All this time, stretched at ease along the banks of the river, slept and rested the grand army of the Potomac. Each man had plenty to eat, and little to do. A regiment of cavalry occasionally crossed the river; but always returned when they found the enemy in force. At last it was ascertained that Gen. Lee was falling back towards Richmond. The rebel General having a good start, it was thought safe to follow him. Accordingly, on October twenty-eighth, the Army of the Potomac received marching orders.



## BURNSIDE'S CAMPAIGN.

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### CHAPTER XII.

The Army of the Potomac crossed at Harper's Ferry, Berlin, and other points, and moved leisurely through the Loudon Valley, between the Blue Ridge and Bull Run mountains. Several cavalry skirmishes occurred, but no where was the enemy to be found in force.

Burnside's corps crossed at Conrad's Ford, climbing the abrupt bank on the Virginia shore. The country for a short distance is a succession of rolling fields, then comes bold hills and heavy timber, and soon the outlines of a range of mountains appear in the horizon. The first is the Kittoctan mountains, a continuation of the Bull Run Range. In the distance they appear like a blue cloud. This valley is good farming land.

The column wound its way through a scene of rural beauty. War had not desolated this portion of Virginia. The road wound along the edge of a hill, springs gushing from its base and rippling over the road. The wheat was springing up, and cattle grazing in the meadows. The men were in joyous spirits. Soldiers love activity. The column moved along the base of the mountains, through Salem and Warrenton.

On the fifth of November Gen. McClellan was removed from the command of the army and Gen. Burnside appointed. Meantime the army halted for a few days near Warrenton.

The removal of Gen. McClellan while the army was marching, was unfortunate, it caused a delay in the transfer of com-

mands. In other words it brought the army to a halt, and enabled the enemy to concentrate a force at Fredericksburgh.

November seventeenth the Union army left Warrenton for Fredericksburgh, the advance arriving opposite that place on the nineteenth. Gen. Sumner at once demanded its surrender. Gen. Longstreet declined his request. The result was that the army went into camp among the hills of Stafford; and the enemy begun a series of formidable earthworks on the hills back of Fredericksburgh. Thus the two armies gazed upon each other until the morning of December eleventh, when that terrible disaster to the Union army took place, called the battle of Fredericksburgh.

While the long columns were filing through the valley of Virginia, resting in woods, bivouacing on plains, and halting for orders, a brilliant episode in the war was performed by Gen. Sigel's body guard, under command of Capt. Dahlgren, of Gen. Sigel's staff, composed of portions of Bracken's and Stuart's Indiana cavalry.

On a very pleasant day in November, about the twelfth, the squadron reached the bluffs on the Rappahannock above Falmouth. They had with them a scout who was a resident of Fredericksburgh. He crossed, and returned with the information that none but stragglers were in town. Crossing the difficult ford above Falmouth, over the rocky bed of the river, the troops wound along the river road and charged suddenly into the town on Sunday morning; the bells were ringing for church as their horses hoofs clattered on the streets. They reached the railroad depot; there four hundred rebel cavalry were drawn up in line, ready for a charge. Not halting an instant, this gallant band of fifty-seven men, led by Lieut. Carr, of Bracken's cavalry, with whoops and yells, charged through the enemy's line, capturing forty men and putting the rest to flight. Pursuing the fugitives, they came upon another line of the enemy on the right, which they instantly charged and broke. Turning, they charged a body of cavalry in the rear. The citizens took part in the fight, firing on our men from houses. Our cavalry captured more prisoners than their own number, destroyed fifty thousand dollars' worth of property, and held the town of Fredericks-

burgh for an hour, with the loss of one killed, Robert Gapen, of Terre Haute, who had followed the company as a volunteer, and one wounded, Serg't Warren, of Stuart's cavalry, and four prisoners. The rebels lost about sixty killed and wounded.

Lieut. Garner, of Bracken's cavalry, was at Falmouth, with the reserve. When he heard of the fight, he desired at once to cross the river and hold the town; but the Major of the Sixth Ohio cavalry, would not permit his men to cross. Our gallant band returned, with the loss above stated, having, with their small number, surprised and held a town of four thousand inhabitants. Capt. Sharra, and Lieuts. Miller and Carr, were complimented by Gen. Sigel. A single division of our army could have promptly followed up this movement, and held the town, thus avoiding the unfruitful battle which afterwards took place.

For twenty-two days the Army of the Potomac camped on the north bank of the Rappahannock, opposite Fredericksburgh. For the first time in the history of that army, the opposing pickets gazed upon each other without firing a shot. The strange spectacle was presented of two immense opposing armies quietly watching each other, peaceful as if all were a holiday pageant. From the heights of Stafford our army could see the enemy throwing up earthworks, digging rifle pits, building forts, making every preparation for a desperate defense. Their pickets lounged along the opposite shore, or gathered in groups under the shade of some building, scarcely one hundred and fifty yards from our pickets. Sometimes friendly conversation and trading took place between each side. On the hills, back of Fredericksburgh, details of the enemy's fatigue parties were seen busy at work. In the streets of Fredericksburgh, rebel soldiers strolled about, mostly without arms. Occasionally a gaily dressed staff officer galloped through the streets. On the distant hills tents sprung up like magic, and signal men, with their little flags, could be seen talking to other little flags on the blue horizon.

The golden sun of Indian summer shone upon the troops. Every natural advantage urged a prompt movement. But with that delay which has always characterized the move-

ment of large bodies of troops in the present war, the army waited until the enemy had finished his last earthwork, dug his last rifle pit, planted all his artillery; and then, having no further excuse for delay, the army was ordered to storm the position in front.

The sick were ordered from the comfortable log huts they had built in their respective camps, to report to the division hospitals. These hospitals were myths. A bare hill was selected for each hospital, the sick and dying soldiers—about seven thousand in number—were ordered out one rainy night in December, to said hospitals. They went staggering through the mud to lie down and die in the rain on the hill top. There were no tents, and but few surgeons. All was confusion; the moving army had no time to look after its sick men. Many a brave soldier, far removed from those he loved, died from the exposure of that dismal night.

#### THE SITUATION.

The Rappahannock river, in its course from west to east, is skirted, at the point where Fredericksburgh stands on its southern bank, by low crests of hills, which, on the northern bank, run parallel and close to the river, and on the southern bank trend backward from the stream, and leave a semi-circular plain six miles in length, and two or three in depth, inclosed within their circumference before they again approach the river in the neighborhood of Massaponax creek. Immediately above the town, and on the left of the enemy's position, the bluffs are bold and bare of trees; but as the hills, in their eastward course, recede from the river, they become lower, and are densely wooded, while low spurs, covered with copsewood, run down at right angles to the range of hills into the plain, behind and between which spurs, the center and right of the rebel army was posted, stretching for a distance of six miles from the extreme left, and ending near Massaponax creek, five miles below Fredericksburgh.

It will be apparent to the reader, that the left of the rebel army occupied a stronger position than the center and right. There was not sufficient room for the Union troops to deploy

and form, except under deadly fire from the enemy's batteries and infantry. On the center and right, there were fewer disadvantages; but the crest of every hill was crowned with a rebel redoubt, which, with its guns, swept the open plain. Even in its weakest point, the enemy's line possessed great advantages. No wonder Gen. Lee was elated at the prospect of a coming battle in his chosen position; for he felt confident of the defeat of the Union army.

The enemy's troops were divided into two large corps; Gen. Longstreet's corps was on the left, and Gen. Jackson's on the right; the whole under the immediate command of Gen. Lee.

The Union troops were divided into three grand divisions. Gen. Sumner commanded the right, Gen. Hooker the center, and Gen. Franklin the left; all under the command of Gen. Burnside.

It is estimated that the enemy's forces consisted of seventy thousand men, while the Union troops numbered about one hundred and twenty thousand.

The dark night came on as the Union columns moved; the solemnity of the approaching battle cast its shadows over the faces of the men; earnestness was seen in every eye. The columns disappeared in the deep ravines and among the thick woods on Stafford Hills; and the heavy rumble of artillery trains, or quick clatter of horses feet, was all that broke the silence of the night that was to witness the opening of the terrible battle.

On the river bank all was silence. A heavy fog hung over the water; and although a distant sound occasionally gave evidence of life upon the south bank, yet nothing could be seen, and our men halted and waited for the pontoons to be stretched across the river.

#### THE BATTLE OF FREDERICKSBURGH.

It was a clear, cold night, for after midnight the rain had ceased, and the ground was thinly sprinkled with snow, as, on the eleventh of December, the advance of our army descended from Stafford Heights into the valley of the Rap-

pahannock. Dense clouds of fog hung over the bed of the river, rendering it impossible to obtain a view of the opposite shore.

Directly in front of Fredericksburgh, the Union engineers were working silent as possible, laying a double pontoon bridge. Boat after boat was quickly placed in position, until the bridge was nearly completed. Then the fog was illumined by a quick succession of flashes, and a spiteful musketry fire killed several of our bridge builders, and drove the rest to the shelter of the bluffs. Two heavy guns sounded out in the night from the enemy's position, and then we knew he was fully awake and ready for the struggle. Again and again did our engineers rally on the bridge, and try to reach, with their pontoons, the opposite shore, only to be driven back by the deadly fire of the enemy's sharpshooters, who were posted along the bank, and in buildings near the shore.

The Seventh Michigan regiment, Col. Hall, then deployed along the edge of the bank, and opened fire on the enemy; but, under the protection of brick houses, cellars and rifle pits, it was found impossible to dislodge him.

One hundred and forty pieces of artillery then opened on the town. It was now daylight. The shot plowed through the buildings of the devoted city, and the shell tore up casements, or burst like snow flakes over the town. From one stone building, near the river bank, a deadly fire had poured all the morning upon our bridge builders. Suddenly, at a given signal, the fire of a dozen batteries was concentrated upon the spot. The building crumbled, and a cloud of dust marked where it stood. Our engineers again went to work to build the bridge. But, will it be believed? From out the very ruins came a deadly fire, and rebels thronged its ruined walls. Again our batteries opened, but with little effect.

Thus the struggle went on all the morning of December twelfth. Artillery could not dislodge them; infantry must. Volunteers were called for. The Seventh Michigan regiment, Lieut. Col. Baxter, (Col. Hall commanding the brigade,) volunteered to lead the forlorn hope. The men rushed to the pontoons, carried them to the water, jumped into them, and

pushed gallantly out into the stream amidst a shower of bullets from the enemy. Nothing daunted them. They reached the shore, charged gallantly through the streets of Fredericksburgh, driving the enemy from the rifle pits and buildings, and taking thirty-five prisoners. They lost five killed, and sixteen wounded. They were promptly supported by the Nineteenth and Twentieth Massachusetts, and held the position till the bridge was laid.

Gen. Nathan Kimball's fine brigade then rushed over the bridge, and, charging gallantly through the main streets, drove the enemy from the city, and took position in front, where they remained during the night.

On December thirteenth, the day of the great battle, this brigade was selected to lead the forlorn hope in the attack on the enemy's works in the rear of the town. Crossing the canal in the rear of the town, they moved rapidly up the green slope toward the silent earthworks of the enemy. All at once the rebel batteries opened. Sometimes shells burst in the ranks. The fire was murderous. Yet the brigade moved swiftly on, closing up gaps in their lines, left by their fallen comrades, and pushed forward through fences and other obstacles, until, reaching the enemy's rifle pits, it was met by a terrific fire from behind stone walls, earthworks, and under cover of a ravine, from a superior force of the enemy. One-fourth of the command had fallen on the plain they had crossed, and the whole line was exposed to a most terrific fire of grape and musketry. Gen. Kimball was severely wounded, and the brigade fell back to meet the fiery veterans of the Irish brigade, under command of Gen. Meagher, rushing to the rescue.

How well they performed the task assigned them, will be immortalized in history. Emerging from the streets of the city, they encountered the full force and fury of the enemy's fire; and unable to resist or reply, pushed gallantly forward. Bursting from the town, and forming under the withering fire of the enemy's batteries, they proceeded to storm St. Mary's Heights, towering immediately in their front. Never in the battles of the old world was more undoubted courage displayed by the sons of Erin, than during the six frantic

dashes against the almost impregnable position of the enemy. From out the very blades of grass came a sheet of fire, carrying death with it. Yet on they rushed, till their bodies lined the sloping hill in front of the enemy's batteries. Their corpses strewed the ground like autumn leaves, and gave evidence of their desperate courage. No human force could have carried the position before which they were sacrificed, defended as it then was. Their loss is the best evidence of what manner of men they were, who pressed on to death with the valor of a race which has gained glory on a thousand battle fields, and never more richly deserved it, than at the battle of Fredericksburgh. Out of one thousand two hundred men that went into battle, but two hundred and fifty escaped from the murderous repulse at St. Mary's Heights.

The history of one regiment is the history of all that tried to storm the heights during that terrible day—the thirteenth of December. At every point our brave legions struggled against the terrible combinations of the enemy's artillery and infantry, whose unremitting fire shook the earth, and filled the plain, in rear of the city, with deadly missiles of war. The struggling hosts of the Union stretched along the plain; their ranks were plowed by the merciless fire of the foe. In the stubborn, unyielding resistance of the enemy, there seemed no point likely to yield to the repeated assaults of our brave soldiers.

The enemy's batteries, from sixteen different positions, poured shot and shell upon our devoted men, in the plains below. It was a sight magnificently terrible. Every discharge of the enemy's artillery, and every explosion of his shells, were visible in the dusky twilight of the smoke-crowned hill. There his direct and enflaming batteries, with the vividness and intensity, and almost the rapidity of lightning, hurled the messengers of death into the midst of our brave ranks, which vainly struggled through the murderous fire to gain the hill and the guns of the enemy.

The Thirteenth New Hampshire, and the Twenty-Fifth New Jersey, among other regiments, tried to storm the "stone wall," from behind which the celebrated "Washington Artil-



lery," of New Orleans, Col. Lawton, hurled its murderous fire. Coming to an irregular ravine, the troops plunged in, climbed its opposite side, and advanced along the level ground toward the stone wall. Behind that wall was a sunken road. In rifle pits, on its flanks, were posted the enemy's infantry, four ranks deep, and on the hill above, lay, in ominous silence, their death dealing artillery.

While the Union troops were moving steadily forward, a startling crash, with a simultaneous sheet of fire and flame, was hurled by the enemy into our advancing lines. The powder from their musketry burned our very faces. The "leaden rain and iron hail" forced back our advancing lines to the cover of the ravine.

We had won a position near enough to the enemy's lines to find out their impenetrable strength; but thousands of brave men had been killed and wounded, and not a single battery captured from the enemy, or a single earthwork stormed. Such was the result of our disastrous attack on the enemy's center. Howard, Hancock, and French, had all been driven back; and although Sturgis held a position in the ravine, yet he could accomplish nothing.

The woods and hills of Stafford Heights were by this time filled with our wounded. They came in rapidly; some feebly struggling along on foot; some supported by comrades; some gasping in agony in ambulances. From the city to the Phillips' House, a distance of two miles, one continuous stream of ambulances filled the road; and along side a column of wounded men on foot covered the distance. This moving mass of mangled humanity was indeed sickening to witness. At least ten thousand mutilated men lay down that night in the field hospitals, or under the pine sedge of the hills.

Meanwhile, the left grand division, under Franklin, was fighting on the left. Much was expected from his attack. He had met but little opposition in crossing, and Stoneman's division had been sent to his assistance from the center. It was thought that by a bold attack, he could carry and enfilade the crest of hills, on which were the enemy's batteries, and sweeping down, by a simultaneous attack with the right and center, drive the enemy from their stronghold.

Franklin moved before sunrise, his right resting on the outskirts of the city; his center advanced a mile from the river; his left resting on the river, three miles below. Skirmishing commenced after daylight on his extreme left. A rebel battery opened on our troops, and the fire became so annoying that the Ninth New York regiment were ordered to take it. They advanced swiftly, but were driven back. Gen. Meade's division then went in, supported by Gen. Tyler's brigade, and by a rapid charge, carried the first line of the enemy's works, but were met at the edge of the woods by a destructive fire, which drove them back, and exposed Randolph's battery to capture. At this time Stoneman's division arrived. What was their surprise, after crossing the pontoons, to see whole divisions drawn up in line, with arms stacked, the battle raging a mile in front, while they were double-quickened past these halting divisions to the front. They arrived in time to meet Meade's veterans, overpowered by the enemy, falling back from the deadly woods. To save three Union batteries, Robinson's brigade, with a yell, charged, drove the rebel columns back, penetrated their first line, and were pushing on, when the order was received to halt. They held their ground, under a severe fire of the enemy for the rest of the day, and only fell back when the army re-crossed the river.

Had Gen. Franklin thrown his whole force into action, he might have carried the crest of the hill on the left, and secured us the position. Gen. Sturgis, at one time, held the advance, and met the enemy's full attack, and Gen. Ferrero, with his brigade, by a dashing charge, approached within a short distance of the enemy's works, driving them from their first line of intrenchments. But, as usual there was no support, and the gallant brigade fell back.

Night coming on, the battle was virtually ended. Our weary braves, with gratitude to God, saw the sun go down. The artillery which had thundered all day long, shaking the solid earth, and reverberating along the river, ceased to play. The angry musketry volleys were hushed. At intervals a single piece of artillery belched forth flame. This was soon silenced, and all was still, save the rumble of ambulances and army wagons.

Thus ended the bloody battle of Saturday, December thirteenth. We had fought all day, and accomplished nothing. The batteries poured their deadly missiles into our columns, until night was welcomed, and its shadows closed on the ghastly scene. The enemy were strong as ever; we were weakened by our loss. We made our main attack on the strongest point of the enemy's lines. The battle was a military blunder; a useless sacrifice of life.

The Sabbath morning dawned brightly on December fourteenth. The air was pleasant as in May; the leaves fluttered in the gentle breeze; the birds sung their sweet notes on the bluffs of the Rappahannock. Away, in the distant woods, crowning the crest of the enemy's position, rose the blue smoke of their camp fires. On a hill, commanding a view of the whole battle field, a number of large tents were seen, said to be the quarters of Gen. Lee. Along the slope of the hill were several long blue lines; they were our troops; a little in advance were posted the skirmishers. Our batteries opened on the enemy's works, but he made no reply. Occasionally there was musketry firing, but there was no general engagement.

The shrill scream of the locomotive echoed through the hills; the cars were bearing our wounded to Aquia Creek; the poor fellows swarmed by thousands round the depot; there were not cars enough to take them all away; some died on the platform. Those that had charge of the transportation, say that they carried twenty-five thousand wounded men to the transports, at Aquia Creek. Many of the wounded were wandering around among the woods and hills of Stafford, not knowing where to go.

All that lovely Sabbath day our army was drawn up in line of battle; every moment expecting orders to advance. It was a long, sad, lonely day in the field hospitals. During the afternoon the Union generals were in consultation at the Phillips House. The night came on and no general engagement took place; several times during the night there were rapid volleys of musketry.

On Monday, December fifteenth, the opposing armies were in the same positions. Our long lines of battle were yet

unbroken; our advance still clung to the edge of ravines below the crests, over which the enemy's batteries frowned. The lines of our supply wagons still crossed and recrossed the river. All our wounded were ordered across; the field hospitals on the south bank of the river were vacated. Our men regarded these preparations as preparatory to a bloody and decisive battle. It was reported Sigel had come up, with forty thousand men, and would flank the enemy on their left. There was a truce between the pickets, they met each other half way, traded coffee, tobacco, and other army luxuries. The day passed in anxious expectation.

Night came upon us; the rain fell; the winds howled through the pines like the roaring surf of the ocean. Orders came to move. Silently the men took up their line of march, and tramped drearily through the mud. They supposed they were to make a night attack. Soon they reached the river; then they knew they were retreating. The wild storm sounded in their ears like the murmur of a pursuing enemy. Silently the columns moved over the pontoons. The artillery wheels made scarcely any noise in the deep mud. The commands passed along the lines in whispers. What if the enemy should know this? Every moment they expected to have heard the volleys of his pickets, or seen the glare of his artillery flashing amid the storm. But he does not know it, for our pickets are yet in front. Towards morning, the last brigade had crossed the river. The bridges were all removed, save one for the passage of the pickets. These brave men still stood in front, amid the storm and darkness, peering anxiously into the night. An officer approached, and whispered to the officer in command of the pickets; the whisper passed along the line; they fell in, and swiftly reached the bridge; crossing rapidly they were soon on the north bank of the river. The next morning the battle field was vacant, save of the many dead who strewed its surface.

#### IN CAMP AGAIN.

The morning of December seventeenth, found the regiments composing the Army of the Potomac, marching to

their various camps. Sigel's corps was marching in. We again had the usual spectacle of a large body of fresh troops reaching us after the battle was over. The men stretched their shelter tents over the frames of logs, and prepared to make themselves comfortable for the winter. Some poor fellows, who had lost their blankets, bivouaced in the bushes in the low valleys, to escape the bitter winds which swept the hills, and were found frozen and dead in the morning.

Usually the Generals paid but little attention to the comfort of their men, in selecting camps. While they had their headquarters in some pleasant grove, shaded from the fierce sun, or bitter winds, the men were obliged to camp upon some ridge, where they were exposed to both heat and cold. The selfishness and cruelty of some of these Brigadier Generals disgusted whole brigades. It is unnecessary to particularize. It may be our Generals thought discipline required such treatment, but it crushed the hearts of our men and destroyed their confidence.

The Army of the Potomac, after the disastrous battle of Fredericksburgh, was ordered to make itself comfortable as possible. Our line extended across the narrow neck of land from the Rappahannock to the Potomac, guarding the railroad from Aquia creek to Falmouth, and protecting the stores at Aquia creek and Belle Plain. The men built neat log huts with fire places at the end, and chimneys made of clay. Over these they stretched their shelter tents, making a comfortable shelter for five or six men. Much ingenuity was displayed in the construction of some of these little buildings. Carpets were made of cedar and pine; tables of cracker boxes, and arm chairs of pork barrels. Around the open fire places soldiers sat, smoked and joked. The weather was cold and clear; drilling, road building, and picketing kept them busy enough to enjoy good health.

Stuart's rebel cavalry made a dash into Dumfries December twenty-third; captured a few sutler's wagons, killed three men, and on the advance of our force quickly fled.

The weather was pleasant; the roads were in such excellent condition, that General Burnside determined to make another move towards the enemy.

Friday, January sixteenth, the army received marching orders. There was three days delay, and it did not start until Monday. The men were in high spirits; artillery and baggage moved rapidly along the roads; everything bespoke success; but clouds gathered in the sky. About four o'clock in the afternoon it began to rain. The clothing of the men were soaked as they staggered on in the rapidly gathering mud. The roads soon became bottomless; artillery trucks sunk in the mud, and mules and horses went down to their bellies. Men staggered and struggled, and stuck fast. Yet still the rain came down.

The pontoons could not be moved. The troops halted that night in the mud; while they slept they were covered with more mud than glory.

At daybreak they moved forward. Every portion of the flat country was liquid mud. Horses and riders looked like images of clay. When the advance reached the bank of the river they saw on the other side a huge sign-board, with this inscription: "Burnside stuck in the mud."

It was impossible to move forward. The army was ordered back to its old quarters. The men, glad to return to their log huts, willingly moved, and soon were in their respective camps. Then the sun came out, and the men felt glad to think they were at rest again. They were in winter quarters, although the winter was nearly gone.

It is to be regretted that ever since the organization of the army of the Potomac a deep seated jealousy has existed among its prominent officers. Illustrative of this feeling we give the following testimony of Gen. Burnside before the Committee on the Conduct of the War:

"Gen. Burnside states that, beside the inclemency of the weather, there was another powerful reason for abandoning the movement, viz: the almost universal feeling among his general officers against it. Some of those officers freely gave vent to their feelings in the presence of their inferiors. In consequence of this, and also what had taken place during the battle of Fredericksburgh, &c., Gen. Burnside directed an order to be issued, which he styled General Order number eight. That order dismissed some officers from the service,

subject to the approval of the President, relieved others from duty with the army of the Potomac, and also pronounced sentence of death upon some deserters who had been tried and convicted. \* \* The order was duly signed and issued, and only waited publication. \* \* He (Gen. Burnside) was informed that the President declined to approve his order, number eight, but had concluded to relieve him from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and appoint Gen. Hooker in his place."

The following is the order referred to by Gen. Burnside :

GENERAL ORDERS—NUMBER EIGHT.

*First.*—Gen. Joseph E. Hooker, Major General of Volunteers and Brigadier General of the United States Army, having been guilty of unjust and unnecessary criticisms of the actions of his superior officers and of the authorities, and having, by the general tone of his conversation, endeavored to create distrust in the minds of officers who have associated with him, and having by omissions and otherwise, made reports and statements which were calculated to create incorrect impressions, and for habitually speaking in disparaging terms of other officers, is hereby dismissed the service of the United States, as a man unfit to hold an important commission during a crisis like the present, when so much patience, charity, confidence, consideration and patriotism are due from every soldier in the field.

This order is issued subject to the approval of the President of the United States.

*Second.*—Brig. Gen. W. T. H. Brooks, commanding first division, sixth army corps, for complaining of the policy of the government, and for using language tending to demoralize his command, is, subject to the approval of the President of the United States, dismissed from the military service of the United States.

*Third.*—Brig. Gen. John Newton, commanding third division, sixth army corps, and Brig. Gen. John Cochrane, commanding first brigade, third division, sixth army corps, for going to the President of the United States with criticisms

upon the plans of his commanding officer, are, subject to the approval of the President, dismissed from the military service of the United States.

*Fourth.*—It being evident that the following named officers can be of no further service to this army, they are hereby relieved from duty, and will report in person without delay to the Adjutant General of the United States Army:

Major Gen. W. B. Franklin, commanding left grand division.

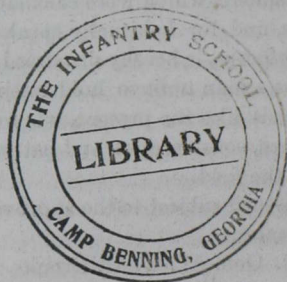
Major Gen. W. F. Smith, commanding sixth army corps.

Brig. Gen. Sam. D. Sturgis, commanding second division, ninth army corps.

Brig. Gen. Edward Ferrero, commanding second brigade, second division, ninth army corps.

Brig. Gen. John Cochrane, commanding first brigade, third division, sixth army corps.

Lieut. Col. J. H. Taylor, Acting Adjutant General right grand division.”





## REGIMENTAL HISTORY.

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### CHAPTER XIII.

#### NINETEENTH REGIMENT.

On the eleventh of June, 1861, the War Department decided to accept six additional regiments from Indiana. The martial spirit of her people was aroused, and the Nineteenth was among the first to organize and report for duty. The following were its officers:

*Field and Staff Officers.*—Colonel, Solomon Meredith, Richmond; Lieutenant Colonel, Robert A. Cameron, Valparaiso; Major, Alois O. Bachman, Madison; Adjutant, John P. Wood, Indianapolis; Regimental Quartermaster, James S. Drum, Indianapolis; Surgeon, Calvin J. Woods; Assistant Surgeon, William H. Kendricks, Indianapolis; Chaplain, Lewis Dale, Muncie.

*Company A.*—Captain, Isaac M. May, Anderson; First Lieutenant, James L. Kilgore, Chesterfield; Second Lieutenant, Alonzo J. Makepeace, Anderson.

*Company B.*—Captain, William W. Dudley, Richmond; First Lieutenant, Davis E. Castle, Richmond; Second Lieutenant, Samuel Hindman, Hagerstown.

*Company C.*—Captain, Robert W. Hamilton, Winchester; First Lieutenant, Reuben B. Farra, Winchester; Second Lieutenant, William M. Campbell, Winchester.

*Company D.*—Captain, Valentine Jacobs, Indianapolis;

First Lieutenant, Harry Vandegrift, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, Frederick R. Hale, Indianapolis.

*Company E.*—Captain, Luther B. Wilson, Muncie; First Lieutenant, George W. Green, Muncie; Second Lieutenant, John M. Russey, Muncie.

*Company F.*—Captain, John M. Lindley, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, Benjamin F. Reed, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, John A. Cottman, Indianapolis.

*Company G.*—Captain, John R. Clark; First Lieutenant, Leander Yaryan, Richmond; Second Lieutenant, Johnston D. Curl.

*Company H.*—Captain, Richard M. Kelley, Edinburgh; First Lieutenant, Theodore Hudnut, Edinburgh; Second Lieutenant, Lorenzo Fulton, Edinburgh.

*Company I.*—Captain, John H. Johnson, Spencer; First Lieutenant, John F. Baird, Spencer; Second Lieutenant, Benjamin F. Hancock, Spencer.

*Company K.*—Captain, Samuel J. Williams, Muncie; First Lieutenant, Benjamin C. Harter, Muncie; Second Lieutenant, William Orr, Muncie.

The regiment was mustered into the service at Camp Morton, Ind., by Lieut. Col. Thomas J. Wood, July twenty-ninth, 1861. On August fifth it received marching orders, and left its camp, filing through the streets of Indianapolis to the railroad depot, following the lead of its tall, brave Colonel, as determined and patriotic a band of heroes as ever faced a foe. On the ninth of August they arrived at Washington, and went into camp on Kalorama Heights, having been assigned to duty with the grand army of the Potomac, then commanded by Maj. Gen. McClellan.

Leaving the habits of civil life and assuming those of the soldier operated unfavorably upon the men, and for weeks while encamped here the sick were forty per cent. of the command. So alarmingly great had the sick list become, and of such a peculiar nature was a large portion of the cases treated, that it was supposed, by physicians and others, poison had been put into the springs which supplied the men with water. An examination, however, proved the supposition erroneous; yet the large number of sick continued, and not

until the men had become acclimated and inured to the life of the soldier, was any improvement in the health of the regiment noticed.

On the fifth of September the regiment, not yet brigaded, was assigned to duty temporarily under Brig. Gen. Smith, and participated in the advance of the right wing of the army at Chain Bridge. Many days were spent here by the army in establishing a safe position, fortifying, &c. At night the men slept on their arms in line of battle—the day saw them constantly in the trenches—until forts Marcy and Ethan Allen were completed.

On the eleventh of September the regiment was engaged, with other troops, all under command of Col. I. I. Stevens, in the affair at Lewinsville, where it displayed a courage and coolness of which veteran soldiers might well be proud, and which elicited a complimentary notice from their brigade General. In this affair one man was killed, two wounded, and three taken prisoners. On the twenty-eight of the same month Falls Church was advanced upon and occupied by our troops, in which the Nineteenth bore its part. Two days afterwards the regiment was brigaded with three Wisconsin regiments. The whole, under command of Brig. Gen. King, re-crossed the Potomac, and went into camp. Soon afterwards the brigade was ordered to occupy a position on Arlington Heights. In the rear of Fort Craig the Nineteenth put up winter quarters. The campaign for that year was over, and the men allowed to rest from the constant wearing labors of the past month. Nothing outside the usual routine of camp life—drills, picket duty, &c.—transpired until the tenth of March, 1862.

The army of the Potomac had been thoroughly schooled in the interim, in all that pertains to the education of the soldier, and high hopes were entertained by the country respecting its future achievements. At one o'clock of that morning this army commenced moving. The regiment whose history we are now tracing, left its winter houses and familiar parade grounds, filed into its appropriate place in the moving column, with a firm, soldierly tread, each ready and willing to do and dare whatever their gallant commander,

McClellan, dictated. Fairfax Court House was reached, between which point and Centreville the regiment encamped, eighteen miles from the point of starting in the morning. Manassas, the rebel stronghold, was evacuated, and no prospect of an immediate collision between the two armies remained. Soon after, the army fell back to Alexandria, Va., which distance (twenty miles) was marched by the regiment between the hours of ten, A. M., and five, P. M., of the eighteenth of March, 1862.

Here the army was divided; McClellan, with one hundred and eight thousand men, embarking upon transports; the remainder being formed into what was then, as now, known as the first army corps, and placed under command of Major General Irwin McDowell. The Nineteenth formed a part of this corps. April fifth found the regiment again on the march. Passing, the next day, the Bull Run battle ground, it encamped at Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad, eight miles from Manassas Junction. Soon after, the lines of the army being advanced, the regiment moved forward, and was stationed on Cedar Run at Catlett's, twelve miles from Bristow. When the railroad bridge at this point, which had been destroyed by the rebels, was rebuilt, the position was evacuated, and the army, leaving the line of the railroad, advanced down the Peninsula between the Potomac and Rappahannock rivers, and took a position on the latter, opposite the town of Fredericksburgh, which formally surrendered to Gen. McDowell. The position was an important one for our army to hold, in that it did away with the blockade of the Potomac which had considerably annoyed its navigation, and served as a base line of intended operations in conjunction with McClellan's army, then on the Peninsula.

On the twenty-fifth of May, McDowell crossed the Rappahannock, and marched southward a distance of eight miles. Here a halt was made, in order to repair the railroad for army uses, and the Nineteenth went into camp near Guinney's Station, on the Fredericksburgh and Richmond railroad. At the time of McDowell's advance, Gen. Jackson was throwing his force upon Banks' little army, in the valley of the She-

nandoah, forcing his precipitate retreat. McDowell was ordered into the valley, to intercept Jackson, if possible, and prevent the occupation of that fertile region by his army. At one o'clock, P. M., of a sweltering day of May, the regiment left its camp to do what soldiers invariably dislike—retrace their steps. The march partook of the character of a forced one; the roads were dry and dusty; the men were required to carry an extra outfit of clothing, and in consequence they suffered greatly; indeed, many of the discharges for disability, is attributable to this and similar marches, in which the regiment has participated. The next night found them near their old camp, at Catlett's Station, forty-three miles having been traversed in the time mentioned. From this point to Haymarket, a station on the Manassas Gap railroad, distant fifteen miles, the regiment next went, where it remained a few days, until Jackson had encountered the advance of the army at Front Royal, and been sent to the right-about. Warrenton was then advanced upon and occupied, the rebel cavalry retiring as ours rode into town. Here again came the usual halt of two or three days, when the force was again set in motion for Fredericksburgh, forty-five miles distant, where they arrived after three days of marching, and went into camp. Here the regiment camped until the August following.

In the meantime, many changes had taken place amongst the officers. Lieut. Col. Cameron had been transferred as Lieut. Col. of the Thirty-Fourth regiment Indiana volunteers; Major Bachman promoted to fill the vacancy; Capt. May, company A, advanced to the Majority; Adj. Wood resigned to accept a promotion, Lieut. Russey taking his position. The Surgeon had retired to civil life, Dr. Jacob Ebersole, of Aurora, Indiana, was commissioned in his stead; Dr. Haines resigned. An additional Assistant Surgeon being now recognized, Dr. Green was assigned to the position. Many vacancies had also occurred in the line by resignations. These were filled by the advancement of officers of inferior rank, and the appointment of non-commissioned officers. Many enlisted men had been discharged on account of disease contracted in the service; many others had died, still a

large number languished in hospitals. These causes reduced the regiment, originally ten hundred and forty-six strong, to six hundred fit for duty.

It must not be presumed that the time here was passed in idleness or inaction, nor that the experience in discipline and endurance secured by so many wearying marches, drills, parades, etc., was lost upon the men of the regiment. Lying in camp conveys to civilians the idea of a life of listless inactivity, to the soldier it conveys the idea of duties but a trifle less onerous than those of active service; at least, this idea was borne out so far as the soldiers of the department of the Rappahannock were concerned. The most rigid discipline was enforced; regimental and brigade guards were daily mounted; drills instituted; thorough inspections of men, clothing, and quarters, ordered regularly. The theoretical knowledge of the soldier's calling was faithfully instilled into their minds, thoroughly fitting them for the stern, practical duties they were so soon to be called upon to discharge, and in which they achieved for themselves great honors. The Nineteenth Indiana is in part indebted to that stern disciplinarian, and brave, though unfortunate soldier, Gen. McDowell for the reputation of bravery and soldierly qualities which it enjoys in the army, as well as State from which it comes.

On the fifth of August, at two o'clock, A. M., the regiment was in line, ready to march. A reconnoissance had been ordered, under Gen. Gibbon, and the regiment composed a portion of the forces for the purpose. At daylight the boat bridge on the Rappahannock at Fredericksburgh, was crossed, and the head of the column turned south, on the telegraph road. Eight miles were marched, when a halt was ordered, to allow the men to breakfast. An hour passed in this necessary occupation, and the column again passed on. The day was oppressively hot, the dust completely enveloped the moving mass; water scarce, and many fell out of ranks by the way side, from sheer exhaustion. At eleven o'clock, a small stream of pure water was reached, and regardless of orders a simultaneous rush was made for it. Though the column had not halted, a few minutes were given the men of

the regiment to bathe and cool their heated blood. While doing so, several reports of cannon, in quick succession, were heard. "Fall in," was the command of the Colonel, and in a few minutes the regiment was again on the march.

The advance of the expedition, composed of cavalry and artillery, had been opened upon by a masked battery of the enemy. It was deemed necessary to get the infantry in position with the least possible delay, as the number of the opposing force was not known. The regiment went forward in quick time four miles and took position behind a section of a battery, as its support. It was impossible for men to endure such a march under that broiling August sun, and be in condition to fight at its termination. Many fell in the road; others, less exhausted, sought the shade of some friendly bush or fence. Of the whole number, five hundred men, who started with the regiment that morning, less than one hundred took position behind the guns; these had marched eighteen miles by twelve o'clock, M. The enemy, so soon as our infantry was seen, had withdrawn, leaving the field clear. Pickets were then established, and the force went into camp for the night. Meantime, many of the men had come up, and the regiment began again to look like itself. Foraging by individual soldiers, was indulged in—it was permitted in those days—and each mess that night, regaled themselves on a repast of fresh potatoes, chickens, etc., almost repaying them for the hard march of the forenoon.

At sunrise, the next morning, the march again commenced, still southward, continuing for eight or ten miles without incident, save the capture of a few straggling rebels, when news of an attack on the rear, by cavalry, gained currency, and the column was turned back without a halt. Upon approaching the spot on which the regiment had quietly slept the night previous, the enemy's cavalry was descried, and it was thought a skirmish would ensue. A fiery aid rode at full speed towards the rear of the column, shouting, "We must cut our way back to Fredericksburgh; the enemy is in full force in our road!" This, however, was an error; for a single charge of the Third Indiana cavalry sent this "heavy force" flying in all directions. They had, during the day,

captured several wagons which had followed the expedition, besides thirty-five men of the regiment, who had either given out, or straggled the day before. An hour or two afterwards the regiment encamped for the night. This little episode changed the direction of the march.

In the morning, filing to the left, the column marched to Spottsylvania Court House, near which it halted. This move served to protect the rear of a force that had gone on this route to cut the Virginia Central railroad at Frederick Hall, which it accomplished. The next morning, the detached portions of the expedition being called in, the whole force started for its camps opposite Fredericksburgh, where it arrived at four, P. M., having marched a distance of seventy-five miles.

Previous to this date, the army of Virginia had been created, and placed under the command of Maj. Gen. John Pope, "headquarters in the saddle." The army of the Rappahannock had been assigned to him, and only awaited the development of his plans to form a junction with his forces near Warrenton; the advance of which was, at this date, at Culpepper. On the ninth day of August the battle of Cedar Mountain was fought, between forces under Gen. Jackson, and a portion of the army of Virginia, under Gen. Banks. On the morning of the tenth, the first division of the first corps (the other two divisions having previously joined Pope,) left its camp *en route* for that point, marching twenty-five miles that day. The regiment arrived at Ely's Ford, on the Rappahannock, where the river was waded, and the men, at ten, P. M., lay down to rest on its south bank, too tired to prepare their supper. At two o'clock the next morning, the regiment marched, reaching Stephensburgh at twelve, M., where they dined, and rested till five, P. M.; after which, they marched six miles to the position occupied by our army, near Cedar Mountain. It was expected a great battle would be fought next day. But Jackson had withdrawn his army to the south side of the Rapidan, and Pope advanced his to the late battle field. The Nineteenth laid until the nineteenth at the foot of Cedar Mountain. On that morning the army commenced its retreat.



All that long day, and far into the night, the tramping of troops, and rumbling of artillery and trains, were heard. At ten, P. M., the Nineteenth bivouaced, one mile from Rappahannock Station, on the south side of the river; the next morning crossed over and took position in line of battle, awaiting the coming of the fast following foe. At ten, A. M., the din of battle commenced. Our rear guard became engaged with their advance. Nothing, except an occasional boom of the cannon, was heard that day. The men slept quietly through the night. On the morning of the twenty-first the fog lay on the river. At about ten it lifted, and the enemy could be seen bringing their forces into position on the opposite side. Batteries lined the banks on either side, and battle, in all its terror, commenced. The regiment took a position supporting a battery. That night they slept upon their arms. During the series of battles, from the twentieth to the twenty-seventh of August, the infantry, save a small portion of the army, was not engaged. The Nineteenth suffered no loss, though for five days it was exposed to the shells of the enemy.

August twenty-fourth the first division fell back, the Nineteenth marching to Warrenton, where it remained until the morning of the twenty-sixth. Going from thence to Sulphur Springs, it supported a battery which played upon the rebels for twenty-four hours. While these events were transpiring, Jackson marched through Thoroughfare Gap, laid Manassas Junction—immediately in rear of Pope—in ashes. One division had attacked, and been routed by Hooker's corps, near Catletts. Stuart had attacked many of our wagon trains—among them the train of the Nineteenth, which was saved by the bravery of the guard and teamsters. The army was cut off from its base, and only one corps of the promised aid from McClellan had arrived.

McDowell's corps retreated on the Warrenton and Centreville pike, leaving Sulphur Springs, and marching through Warrenton on the twenty-seventh day of August. At ten, P. M., near New Baltimore, the regiment lay down to sleep. Many of these brave men, who, in the prime of life, and manly vigor, wrapped their blankets around them that night,

and "lay down to quiet slumber," were destined soon to sleep their last, long sleep. Early next morning the column again marched. Near Gainesville, perfectly unconscious of the proximity of the foe, the regiment halted, the men were supplied with fresh meat butchered on the ground, and towards sunset the regiment filed on to the pikes towards Centreville. One mile was marched, when reports of cannon gave unmistakable evidence of an attack. Two or three times during the day the column was fired upon by masked batteries. This was supposed to be but a section of flying artillery, which had annoyed the march that day. The brigade to which the Nineteenth belonged had reached a point opposite that from which this last gun had been fired, when it was opened upon by several guns at short range. The brigade was immediately put in battle order. The unearthly sound of these fearful missiles struck terror to the stoutest heart; yet cool and collected stood that line, obeying with alacrity every command, and waiting impatiently for the order to advance. The order was given; shells burst in front, above, and behind, crashed through the branches of the trees, plowed up the ground, and yelled demoniacly through the air, yet steadily forward pressed the line. Soon the cannon ceased; a dead silence prevailed. Up a gradual rise, for three or four hundred yards, at double quick, the column pressed, when, on reaching the summit of the ridge the line was halted.

The tall Colonel of the Nineteenth rode along the line—"Boys," said he, "don't forget that you are Hoosiers, and above all, remember the glorious flag of our country. If secesh tenders her currency, show them that Indiana is willing to take stock!" The determination of each to stand by the flag, was indexed in the countenance. A moment's silence ensued—a calm preceding a storm—when the crash of musketry was followed by yells from a thousand throats. The Nineteenth had received its first volley from infantry. The reply was quickly given—gun answering gun—flame flashing to flame—yell echoing to yell. Indiana was taking stock. The demoniac yells of the belligerents, the piercing screams of the wounded, and the deep groans of the dying,

could be heard above the din of battle. Men in the agonies of death and men already dead, lay thick along the line. The brave and gallant Major May, beloved by his regiment, received a mortal wound, and was carried from the field. Artillery was opened upon the line a hundred yards from the rebel right, and grape, canister and shell, whistled through and screamed above it. One hour and twenty minutes the battle raged. Twilight had deepened into darkness, and for the last half of this time the men were guided in their aim by the flash of the enemy's guns. At last, tired of the carnival of death, as if by mutual consent, the firing ceased. Each withdrew a short distance, and established pickets.

The following extracts are taken from Col. Meredith's report of this battle:

"The officers and men of my command behaved with great gallantry. When the ranks were thinned out by the deadly fire of the enemy, they were closed up with as much promptness as if on drill. The battle was fought at a range of about seventy-five yards. It was terrific from beginning to end. \* \* \* I am informed, by what I consider reliable authority, that the Nineteenth Indiana had to contend against four regiments—the celebrated Stonewall brigade. Their colors were shot down twice during the engagement.

"Of the number, four hundred and twenty-three, who went into the battle, forty-two were killed, one hundred and forty-five wounded, and thirty-three missing, an aggregate loss of two hundred and twenty.

"During the engagement my horse was shot, and fell upon me, severely injuring me for a time. The command then fell upon Lieut. Col. Bachman, until I recovered from the shock. He exhibited great courage and coolness during the whole time, riding the lines and watching every movement of the enemy. From the commencement of the battle, he rendered me important services. Major May fell early in the engagement, which left no other assistance. Major May was a brave and gallant officer; his loss is felt, and regretted by the entire regiment.

"From information received of prisoners, I ascertained that Gen. Ewell commanded, in person, the forces we were

fighting, and was wounded by a musket ball, by which he lost his leg."

At eleven o'clock, p. m., Gen. King, commanding first division, called a consultation of his brigade commanders, when it was decided to withdraw the forces which had been engaged, to a safe position, as daylight would bring on another battle, and—unless reinforcements should arrive—sure defeat. Accordingly, shortly after midnight, the shattered column was put in motion, and about sunrise reached Manassas Junction, where they rested a short time, received rations and a mail. Communication had been established by Gen. Porter's corps, which arrived the day previous, and was now lying at this point. At an early hour in the forenoon, the loud booming of cannon and the sharp rattle of musketry, announced that the battle was resumed, and at about ten o'clock, Fitz John Porter's troops commenced marching towards the battle field. After this corps passed, the first division was put in motion, also towards the field, which it reached about five, p. m. The Nineteenth supported a battery the rest of the evening.

The result of this day's fighting, the twenty-ninth, was very favorable to our arms. Gens. Pope and McDowell, both telegraphed to Washington, that the enemy was defeated, and the stain that had rested upon our arms, from the first Bull Run, was completely wiped away. It might have been had all our available forces been brought into action; but they were not. Thus we failed to destroy Jackson's army, and secure a decided triumph to our arms.

At noon, of the thirtieth, Longstreet, who had succeeded in forcing his corps through Thoroughfare Gap, precipitated his whole command upon the left wing of the army, with such fury as to threaten its entire destruction. At the beginning of this attack, the Nineteenth, with the other regiments of Gibbon's brigade, were advanced into a thick wood, near the center of the line, where it remained under a furious fire of shot, shell and musketry, until the line was flanked on the right and left. At this juncture the order was given to fall back, which was done in good order, for three-fourths of a mile; here the brigade was halted to support battery B,

Fourth U. S. artillery. The advance of the rebels was repeatedly checked by this battery. By this time, the extreme left had been completely thrown around by an overwhelming force of the rebels, thus rendering the position untenable, and the brigade was forced once more to fall back. It was evident the day was irretrievably lost, and continuing the retreat the regiment, at about eleven, p. m., reached Bull Run, and crossed over on the bridge spanning that historic stream. As they crossed the axes of the engineers were busy cutting the beams which supported the bridge, and its rear guard was scarcely over when the structure fell, thus effectually preventing pursuit.

On the morning of the thirty-first, the march was still continued towards Washington, passing on through Centreville, the nights of the thirty-first of August, and first of September, were spent between that place and Fairfax Court House. On the evening of the first of September, was fought the battle of Chantilly, where the lamented Generals Kearney and Stevens fell. This was the closing struggle of Pope's famous campaign. On the afternoon of the second the regiment was again on the march, and about dark arrived at Upton's Hill. Here they met with their old and best loved commander, Gen. McClellan, who had again been assigned to the command. Giving him three hearty cheers they went into camp, safely guarded by the guns of Fort Buffalo.

On the night of the sixth of September, the army was put in motion. The Nineteenth received marching orders, and at nine o'clock, started on the memorable first Maryland campaign. Crossing the Potomac river at the aqueduct at Georgetown, the column marched slowly through the silent streets of the capital, and turning to the left, passed out of the city on the Rockville pike. At dawn a halt was ordered; coffee was prepared, and after a brief rest, the wearied soldiers pressed on. As the day advanced the heat became almost insupportable, and the men, fatigued with their long night march, sank down in the road by files. At four, p. m., the column halted and went into camp, near Brookville.

The division, which was now commanded by Gen. Hatch, Gen. King having been wounded at Bull Run, remained here

until about noon of the ninth, when it again started on the march, and proceeded ten miles a day, until the evening of the thirteenth, when Gen. Hatch halted and camped his division on the banks of the Monocacy, in sight of Frederick City. The march of the army thus far, had partaken of the character of a triumphal procession; everywhere the men were cheered and feasted, flags were displayed, and on every hand the most unbounded enthusiasm was shown at the sight of the Union soldiers. The veterans began to forget their late hardships; demoralization disappeared; order began to appear where confusion had reigned supreme; discipline resumed its wonted sway; and once more the army felt, that, under its favorite leader, it was equal to the herculean task before it. At an early hour of the fourteenth, the division crossed the Monocacy, passed through Frederick City and Middletown. By this time the advance guard, which had been engaged with the enemy all day, at the foot of the South Mountain, had developed the fact that the passes were occupied by the enemy in force, and that it would require a general engagement to dislodge him. Gen. McClellan ordered the attack to be made immediately, assigning to the first corps the duty of carrying Turner's pass, through which the national road wound its tortuous way over the mountain, towards Hagerstown.

In the meantime the Secretary of War had relieved Gen. McDowell from the command of the first corps, and appointed Gen. Hooker to succeed him. Although the soldiers of the first corps were much grieved at the loss of their old commander, yet, recognizing Gen. Hooker as one every way worthy to wear the mantle of that stern old warrior, at once transferred to him their allegiance.

In his plan of attack, Gen. Hooker assigned to Gibbon's brigade the honorable and important duty of carrying the pass itself by a vigorous advance along the national pike. Accordingly the Seventh Wisconsin was formed in line of battle on the right of the road, its left resting on the road, supported by the Sixth Wisconsin. The Nineteenth Indiana was formed in line on the left of the road, its right resting on the road, supported by the Second Wisconsin; and a

section of battery B, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., occupied the road itself. Skirmishers were thrown forward and the line advanced. The rebel skirmishers were soon found, but as the line pressed on they fell back, taking occasion to pour an annoying fire into the line from every fence, building or bush which lay in their way. Although many were killed and wounded by this fire, still the line pressed steadily, but slowly, forward. At length, just as the shades of night were beginning to fall, a sharp and well directed volley admonished Gen. Gibbon that he had reached the rebel line. The skirmishers were called in, the regiments in reserve ordered into line, and the battle of South Mountain, so far as this gallant brigade was concerned, was begun in earnest.

Here, as at Gainesville, the Nineteenth fought after dark; volley after volley echoed through the mountain gorge, and reverberated far over the valley beneath. The Nineteenth had been placed in position to enfilade the rebel line, and soon their line, unable to withstand the fierce onset, broke in disorder, retiring with more haste than military precision. A hearty shout from the brigade, gave an unmistakable token of victory. It was then nine o'clock, P. M., and pursuit being considered dangerous, the troops lay down upon their arms, holding the battle field. Many wounded prisoners were brought in. At twelve, midnight, the brigade was relieved by fresh troops, and retired from the front. The loss in the regiment at this battle was six killed, thirty-four wounded and seven missing, making a total of forty-seven. "The boys of the Nineteenth," said Col. Meredith, in his report of the affair, "behaved most gloriously. Too much praise can not be bestowed upon them for their courage and gallantry. The officers all were active in the discharge of their duties. Lieut. Col. Bachman was very efficient on this occasion, rendering me important service."

The next morning it soon became apparent the enemy had abandoned his position and were in full retreat towards the fords of the Potomac, at Shepherdstown. Gen. McClellan at once ordered a pursuit, and Gibbon's brigade was assigned to the advance. As the troops approached Boonsboro' they were met by crowds of people, who, with joy depicted in

every lineament of their faces, gave the most graphic details of the rapid and confused flight of the rebels, and all along the way the guns, knapsacks and clothing which had been thrown away, to put space between them and the "Yanks," attested the truth of their statements. At Boonsboro' the column filed to the left and took the pike towards Sharpsburgh, and after passing through Keedysville the brigade halted in a field, where an hour before the flying columns of Lee had halted for a few moments rest. Here it became apparent the rebels were disposed to make a stand. Reconnoitering parties were sent out, while the gallant Nineteenth, suffering for lack of rest, were permitted to lie down and sleep. Soon the skirmishers, who were sent to the front, discovered that the rebels had selected an admirable position on the Antietam hills, and that our further advance would be resisted by the entire rebel army. At that moment the shriek of a shell from a rebel battery on an adjacent hill convinced us that that position was not very far off. General McClellan at once began to make his arrangements for the impending conflict.

About four, p. m., of the sixteenth, Gen. Hooker, who had been assigned to the extreme right, put his corps in motion for the purpose of taking his position. This he did not reach till nine o'clock in the evening, when, forming his corps in the darkness, and throwing out pickets, he permitted the rest of the men to lie down. During the entire march, the flankers of the corps on the left, composed of detachments from the Pennsylvania Reserves, had been sharply engaged with the enemy. As the darkness increased the firing diminished, but did not entirely cease. During the entire night the pickets kept up a lively, though comparatively harmless fire.

At length the weary night wore away, and the first gray streaks of dawn of the memorable seventeenth of September found every man at his post; feeling that that was the day, and that the place, and they the men, who were to decide the destinies of the nation. One hundred thousand heroes were there ready to die, if need be, in the defense of their homes and government. On the other hand, one hundred thousand



brave men as ever stood in line of battle were there ready to give up their lives in a mad and impious effort to overthrow a kind and beneficent government, and to fasten on themselves a heavy yoke. From this long line of veteran warriors many prayers went up to God for the success of their arms and for their own safety. Many tears were shed as they thought of the loved ones at home. But much time was not given for reflection. The fiery and impetuous Hooker ordered the first corps to advance; soon the din of battle made the old hills of Maryland quake to their very foundation.

The Nineteenth, about five o'clock, A. M., was ordered to advance in column by division, across a field and take position in a wood, where it was to support another regiment which was in line.

Col. Meredith, who, notwithstanding his injuries received at Gainesville, continued with his regiment during the campaign, and commanded it with signal ability at South Mountain, found himself after that battle, unable to keep the field, and was compelled, notwithstanding his determination to the contrary, to remain in the rear. The command of the regiment then devolved on Lieut. Col. Bachman. After remaining in the woods a short time, as a support, the Nineteenth advanced through woods into an orchard, and on to a corn field, near straw stacks, where Gen. Doubleday, who was commanding the first division, afterwards sat and watched the fierce struggle of the division. Here the rebels began to pour down their battalions from their extreme left, threatening to turn our flank. At this critical juncture the Nineteenth Indiana and Seventh Wisconsin were ordered to cross the pike and occupy a position on the right of the pike, and prevent or defeat, if possible, the threatened attack on the flank. This was done, the Nineteenth deploying on the right of the Seventh. Shortly after Gen. Patrick's brigade came up as a support, and the advancing rebel line halted and was driven quickly back, with considerable loss.

During this time the right of Gibbon's brigade, the Second and Sixth Wisconsin, were hotly engaged with a large force of rebels, who were striving to capture battery B, Fourth Artillery, U. S. A., which was stationed near the pike and

not far from the stacks previously mentioned. At length this rebel line, unable longer to stand the terrible fire to which they were subjected, broke and began to retire with considerable speed. At this moment, the Nineteenth, having completely silenced the enemy in front, changed front and double quicked forward a hundred yards, thus getting range on the flying rebels, and pouring a volley into their ranks which quickened their pace into a run. Col. Bachman, believing that a quick movement would secure a large number of prisoners, ordered a charge. To this order the Nineteenth quickly responded, and in an incredible short space of time, gained the road along which the rebels retreated and captured many prisoners.

To the left of the road, and immediately in front of the regiment, was a small hill, over which the flying rebels had retreated. On the brow of this hill were to be seen two pieces of artillery, which they had been forced to abandon in their rapid flight. Col. Bachman, glancing to the rear to see that his supports were close, ordered another charge to take the pieces. As the regiment gained the top of the hill they were greeted by a terrible volley of musketry from a full brigade of rebel infantry. For a moment the line staggered. The clarion voice of Bachman was heard urging his men to hold the hill until reinforcements could come up. The men rallying to his call began to fire into the dense mass of rebels in front; for five minutes they held the hill. Gen. Patrick, who was hurrying forward as rapidly as possible, was two hundred yards behind. In those five minutes, one-third of the line had fallen. Still Bachman cheered on his men. A rebel bullet struck him, and he fell to rise no more. Capt. Dudley, who succeeded to the command, seeing that the effort to hold the hill could not be successful, save at the sacrifice of the entire regiment, reluctantly gave the order to fall back, which was done in good order.

Another rebel line on the right of the road advanced in a line at right angles with the road, to short range, and began pouring a destructive fire into the regiment from the flank. Gen. Patrick reached the road with his brigade; and, immediately forming a line at right angles with it, poured a fire

into the rebels, which effectually checked them, and sent them to the right-about. The Nineteenth lost fully one-half its men; and not being in condition to do much further effective service, was withdrawn from the front, and supported a battery during the remainder of the day. The regiment went into this battle with about two hundred men. Of the many gallant heroes who were that day numbered with the dead, there was none of nobler presence, or more undaunted courage, than Alois O. Bachman.

For many days after the battle, the regiment lay encamped upon the heights overlooking the Potomac, near Sharpsburgh. The army was fearfully shattered in its struggle at Antietam. Regiments, which before had perfect organization, and admirable discipline, lost their commanders in the fierce onset. Company officers were killed. Indulgences were granted men in consideration of their bravery and sufferings. These things tended to destroy discipline. Reorganization was necessary to make the regiments effective.

Col. Meredith received a Brigadier General's commission. Capt. Samuel J. Williams was promoted to the Colonelcy—a better choice than which could not have been made. The men were now veterans, and desired a leader in whom they could trust. Such a leader they found in Col. Williams. Cool, cautious and brave, he was respected and obeyed. He promoted the discipline and efficiency of the regiment, which had been so nearly destroyed in the late fearful struggles in which it had been engaged. Capt. William W. Dudley was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel. Drilling was again the order of the day; and the ground over which the fierce combatants had so lately surged in dread array, now resounded only to the sharp, quick command of the drill master.

About the middle of October the regiment moved to Bakersville, where it remained but a few days. On Sunday, the twenty-fifth of October, while the rain was pouring down in torrents, the regiment marched, passing through Keedysville after dark, and encamped a few miles further on. The next morning, at an early hour, the column was again on the march, stopping that night near Crampton's Gap, of the South Mountain range—through which it passed next morn-

ing. In the Middletown valley, near Berlin, the brigade encamped a day or two, waiting the completion of the pontoon bridge over the Potomac.

On the morning of the thirtieth of October the column passed into Virginia. Lee's threat of transferring the war to Northern soil proved but an empty boast, and the Army of the Potomac again stood upon the sacred soil of the Old Dominion. A few days afterwards found the regiment at Warrenton, where, on the tenth of November, the army was drawn up in line to take leave of Gen. McClellan. He had been removed from the army, Gen. Burnside assuming command. Soon after, the line of march towards Fredericksburgh was taken up. Stopping several days at every remove, sometime elapsed before the army was opposite that well known place. They did not arrive there until the rebel General had firmly located his troops on the heights in the rear of, and commanding it. The regiment went into camp at Brooks' Station, on the railroad between Falmouth and Aquia Creek. Cold weather had made its appearance; snow had fallen; the shelter tents were poor protection against the cutting winds and drifting snow. Huts were built to guard against these inconveniences. On the morning of the ninth of December the order to march was given and responded to. Gen. Sol. Meredith, recovering from his injuries and illness, had returned to the field, and been assigned to the command of the brigade, Gen. Gibbon having been transferred to the command of a division. Another regiment—the Twenty-Fourth Michigan—had been added to the brigade, and it was again prepared to make its mark upon the battle field. It was soon to have an opportunity to do so. The Nineteenth lay down that night on ground covered with snow. The morning of the eleventh of December, at four o'clock, the troops were aroused from their slumbers by the heavy boom of cannon in the direction of Fredericksburgh. All day the bombardment continued, and the Nineteenth bivouaced near the river bank the night of the eleventh.

On the morning of the twelfth, under cover of the heavy fog, which had settled over the valley, the passage of the river was commenced, the Nineteenth crossing at eleven, A.

M. About noon the fog moved slowly away, and the rebels opened their first fire, their guns having remained provokingly silent during the cannonading the day previous. Only a few shots were exchanged. The remainder of the day was occupied in putting the army in position.

The battle commenced in earnest on the morning of the thirteenth. Meredith's brigade was formed on the extreme left of the army, resting on the river, two miles below the point of crossing. Moving down the river bank, it was found necessary, in furtherance of general operations, to dislodge the enemy from a grove of timber, in which he had posted a battery, sweeping the river southward. The brigade was chosen for this duty. After the woods had been shelled, a charge was ordered and executed. Forward went the regiments, through an open field, sweeping into the woods, and out again into the enemy's immediate front, capturing many prisoners, horses, etc. The movement was a moment too late, however. Just as the brigade emerged from the woods, the last caisson of the battery, which had been there, was seen passing within their lines. Back and forth over the plain beyond this grove, the regiments maneuvered all day. No infantry fighting took place on this part of the field. A spirited artillery engagement was kept up all day, at sunset approaching to a close combat with grape and canister, and continuing till eight, P. M., when the firing ceased, and the men stretched themselves on the ground, without fires, and many without blankets, to rest. An occasional report of fire-arms from the picket line, the contiguity of the enemy, and the chill night air, kept them wakeful. Had an alarm occurred, one minute would have been sufficient to put the men in readiness for the emergency.

No alarm however took place, and Sunday morning the fourteenth, dawned upon the battle field, bright and glorious. The Nineteenth supported a battery all day, the other regiments, being partly on similar duty, and partly in reserve. The army had been engaged on the right, but not on the left. Another night was passed, as before. The two armies lay quietly facing each other all day of Monday. The calm was improved by removing all the wounded to the opposite side

of the river, the dead were buried, and the intrenching tools scattered over the field, were carefully collected and removed. At dusk the Nineteenth regiment was placed on picket; the usual provision for alarms, signals, etc., was made, and again silence reigned, save the subdued hum of human voices. Strict orders were given to the officers of the pickets, to keep the line quiet, and allow no firing, unless attacked.

At eight, P. M., the army commenced evacuating the position it had maintained, crossing the river on the bridges over which the advance had been accomplished. To insure safety to the army during this retrograde movement a perfect quiet had to be preserved on the outposts. No communication between the pickets and the army was permitted, and though only a few rods intervened, between the points occupied that evening by each, nothing of the movement was known on the line, until the order relieving it was received. It was first thought necessary to sacrifice the outposts to save the army, and Gen. Burnside so determined. But the withdrawal of the army, had occupied less time than was anticipated, and an order to call them in, was issued about four, A. M. The line picketed that night, by the Nineteenth, rested on the Rappahannock, three miles below the bridge, thence running nearly west for three-fourths of a mile, protecting the left flank of the army, there being joined by the line of other divisions, running in a northerly direction, accommodating itself to the conformation of the rebel fortifications and breastworks, being immediately in front, less than three-fourths of a mile distant from the bridge. As the moon arose, the last post was relieved, and the men were ordered to fall back quickly to the bridge. By daylight all, save a few stragglers, were safely on the east bank of the river. As the outposts had not been formed with the portion of the regiment which had been on the reserve, immediately on being relieved, but had retired, each man to care for himself, some time was necessary to collect them. This being done, the regiment soon after moved to Belle Plain Landing, on the Potomac, where it went into camp.

Col. Cutler, of the Sixth Wisconsin volunteers, being temporarily in command of the brigade, in his official report of the affair, says:

\* \* "Before leaving, I sent an order to Col. Williams of the Nineteenth Indiana, who was doing picket duty that night, to call in his pickets at four and a half o'clock, A. M., and to follow the brigade in silence to a new position up the river, without intimating to him that they were to recross the river. He obeyed the order to the letter, and when day dawned, found himself and his regiment following the army across the Rappahannock. Our position being on the extreme left, he had at least three miles to march to reach the bridge, and was the last of that vast army to cross. The enemy's sharpshooters and cavalry were close on his rear when he reached the bridge, and some of his men were obliged to cross in skiffs, the pontoon bridge having been cut away before his rear guard arrived. I am under great obligations to all the officers and men, for their cordial co-operation, during the brief period I was in command; but most especially to Col. Williams, for the coolness and good judgment which he exercised in obeying my orders, and which resulted in saving one of the best regiments in the service."

Not many days were the troops allowed to rest here. On the twentieth of January, 1863, another move was inaugurated. Gen. Burnside issued a general order telling the army that "they were about to meet the enemy once more, and that under the Providence of God, the army of the Potomac, striking a great and mortal blow at the rebellion, and gaining that decisive victory over the enemy on the Rappahanock due to the country, will have taken the great step toward restoring peace to the country and the government to its rightful authority." At twelve, M., of this date, the regiment left its encampment, marching towards Falmouth, near which place it encamped for the night. Rain had commenced falling at seven, P. M., and the march of the next day was greatly retarded by the muddy condition of the roads, and grounds, over which the troops went. At one o'clock, of the twenty-first, a halt was ordered. The roads had become impassable, subsistence trains could not reach their commands, and mud alone prevented the culmination of this grand advance. Lying until the twenty-third, the regiment received orders to return to its old encampment at Belle Plain, and at eight, A. M., fell

into line and moved off, arriving at their old quarters at six, P. M. Those who, the winter before, had so persistently urged that Gen. McClellan should "move the army," now became convinced that a winter campaign in Virginia was impracticable, and were willing to wait the advent of a season which would give settled weather and a solid earth—two conditions necessary to successful military operations.

Another change took place in the commander of the army. Hooker succeeded Burnside. Major Gen. John F. Reynolds now commanded the first corps. Steps were at once taken to reclaim the army from the effects of demoralization, consequent upon the battle of Fredericksburgh, and the abortive advance of the twentieth of January. The time, when the weather permitted, was spent in drills, parades and reviews, until the approach of settled weather in the spring.

On the twenty-eighth of April the army commenced moving, the first corps marching to near Fitzhugh House, four or five miles below Fredericksburgh, and exactly opposite the point from which the regiment had withdrawn on the morning of the sixteenth of December previous. It had been determined to cross troops at this point, afterwards known as Fitzhugh crossing, to deceive the enemy as to the true point of attack, while the main army crossed at the United States ford, a few miles up the river, and near Chancellorsville. Meredith's brigade was chosen to lead this storming party. At daylight, the twenty-ninth, the brigade was formed in a slight depression of the ground on the east bank of the river, and within easy range of the enemy's sharpshooters on the opposite shore. It had been planned to approach the river before daylight, cross in pontoon boats, surprise, and, if possible, capture the picket line, and establish a force on the opposite bank, before it should get light enough for the enemy to execute any counter movements. But the pontoons did not arrive in time, and when at sunrise the heavy fog cleared away, the movement was exposed to the enemy, and a surprise then was of course out of the question. Skirmishers were thrown forward on the bank of the river, to engage those of the rebels, while the pontoons were being unloaded near the water's edge, and everything being in readiness the brigade



was ordered to advance, and starting forward with a yell, the men seized the cumbrous boats, launched them, and jumping into them, they were quickly on the opposite side, and clambered up the bluff bank, in the very face of the opposing force, under a deadly fire.

Men of the Sixth Wisconsin volunteers first reached the opposite shore, and planted their banner on the heights. The other regiments closely followed. In this charge, the Nineteenth lost one man killed, and three wounded. The rebel skirmishers, numbering two hundred and seven, were captured. Twenty-five rebels lay dead upon the opposite bank. Only a few of their wounded were captured, they having carried all, except those wounded in the charge, across the river, to the rear. Soon as reaching the summit, the regiments formed again, and lay in line of battle, until the bridge was repaired, when the remainder of the division also crossed. The line extended up and down the river, the Nineteenth occupying a position in the same field, over which it fought on the thirteenth of December, 1862. The rebels had moved down one gun, and opened upon the line, during the construction of the bridge, but did no damage; this was the only move of an offensive nature during the remainder of that day.

On the thirtieth, towards evening, the rebels opened upon the line, and continued pouring shot and shell upon it for two hours, only occasionally receiving a reply from Gen. Reynolds' guns. Under this fierce fire, the Nineteenth was mustered for pay, by Col. Williams and Major John M. Lindley—rather a cool proceeding under the circumstances. The night was spent in throwing up breastworks, small redans also being constructed for artillery, and next morning a line of fortifications two miles in length, and of sufficient thickness to resist cannon, greeted the sight of the enemy. The troops lay all day behind their breastworks, no move taking place, and not a gun fired from either side.

The army proper had by this time effected a crossing; and the object of the crossing at this point being accomplished, the order to withdraw was given; and about ten, A. M., May second, the movement commenced. This was a signal for

the opening of the enemy's guns. Firing continued during the time the troops were recrossing the river; which movement was somewhat retarded by one of the boats of the bridges being struck by a solid shot from the rebel battery, requiring a suspension of the movement, and the removal of the boat. After the division had reached the east bank, the firing ceased, and the corps took up its line of march towards Chancellorsville. At ten, P. M., the regiment stopped near United States ford, crossing the pontoon at four, A. M., of the third, and took position in line of battle, to the right of the Chancellorsville House, and a few rods in rear of the front breastworks, composing a portion of the second line of battle. The regiment remained here until the morning of the sixth, not being engaged, one person was wounded while temporarily away from the command.

Sunday, May third, was fought the main battle. It commenced by an attack by the rebels at daylight, continuing until after ten o'clock. Both armies lay quiet the rest of Monday. But little skirmishing took place on Tuesday. That night the army commenced its retreat. At daylight, next morning, the Nineteenth moved from its position to the rear, crossing the Rappahannock at ten o'clock. Marching that day to Falmouth, it bivouaced for the night on familiar ground. The next day, moving to Fitzhugh House, it went into camp. The regiment suffered less in this affair, than in any previous engagement in which it had taken part. It had been kept well in hand, and required but little time to be placed again in fighting trim.

An expedition, consisting of four regiments—the Nineteenth being one of the number—of the brigade, under Col. Morrow, of the Twenty-Fourth Michigan, set out from Fitzhugh House, on the twenty-first of May, to assist the return of a cavalry force, which had advanced down the Peninsula, between the Rappahannock and Potomac rivers, and which had been cut off by the burning of Mattox creek bridge by the rebels. This expedition was to rebuild the bridge, and hold possession until the cavalry returned and crossed. Leaving their camps at daylight, the column marched thirty miles, and bivouaced for the night, without any incident

worthy of note. The next day Mattox creek was reached, and a temporary bridge thrown across. Here the original plan of the expedition was changed; and leaving a small guard to protect the bridge, the column marched in a zigzag manner, apparently with no definite end in view, until at last, toward sunset, it reached a point on the Rappahannock, known as Leeds. A ferry here afforded the rebels a fine opportunity for the passage of the river; and as the Peninsula is but a few miles in breadth, the country wild, and the Potomac easy of passage for small boats, smugglers drove a thriving trade, furnishing the rebels with many delicacies and necessaries; the legitimate trade in which had been cut off by non-intercourse with rebellious States. It was thought, by making a dash upon this point, some of these illegitimate traders might be captured. The dash was made by the mounted officers of the force, along the river bank for three or four miles, but resulted in no captures. Next morning, however, going over the same ground, the Colonel of the Fifteenth Virginia cavalry was captured while trying to make his way to the river, where he had a boat to convey him across. From this point the column marched to Westmoreland Court House, where it met the cavalry which it went to succor. The next morning, with the head of the column turned campward, the column marched. The object of the expedition had been accomplished, and nothing remained but to return. This it accomplished by twelve, m., of the next day; having in the six days of its absence marched one hundred and five miles—an average of seventeen and half miles per day.

On the morning of June twelfth, 1863, the regiment left its camp at Fitzhugh House, crossing the Falmouth and Catlett road, over which it had so many times marched, and took the road leading to Bealton Station, twenty miles southwest of Manassas Junction; near which point it camped the second night after starting; marching from thence to Manassas Junction, which place was reached at seven o'clock on the morning of the fifteenth, having marched all the night before. After getting breakfast, and taking a short sleep, the column pushed on, and reached Centreville at three, p. m., and camped

within the walls of that once famous rebel stronghold. On the morning of the seventeenth, reveille was sounded at two o'clock and forty-five minutes, A. M., and at five o'clock the march began. The regiment went into camp at Herndon, on the Alexandria, Hampshire and Loudon railroad, at two, P. M.; in which vicinity it remained until the twenty-fifth, when it again moved; and at one, P. M., of that day, crossed the Potomac at Edward's Ferry, and was once more in Maryland.

This time it was evident that the rebel General was not satisfied with his campaign of September, 1862, into Maryland, and that he was about to make another desperate effort to transfer the war to Northern soil. That night the regiment encamped at Barnesville; and, pushing on by rapid marches, reached Middletown, bivouacing for the night near the field of one of its most magnificent triumphs—South Mountain. On the twenty-eighth the long roll sounded—tents were struck, and the column was soon moving towards Frederick City, remaining here over night, and marching next day through a drenching rain to Emmetsburgh, a small town near the line between Pennsylvania and Maryland. On the morning of the thirtieth the column again moved—crossed the line, and for once the Army of the Potomac was in Pennsylvania. This day the Nineteenth was in front, and, after a short march, reached Marsh creek. Here the troops camped, the Nineteenth crossing the creek for the purpose of picketing the advance line, companies A, B, C, and E being placed on the outposts, the remaining companies being held as reserve at a little hamlet called Green Mount, near Marsh creek.

As during the first campaign north of the Potomac, so in this—the good people of Maryland seemed to vie with each other in attention and kindness to the Union soldiers, and everywhere manifested the most uncompromising loyalty to the Government, and the veterans now found the people of Pennsylvania to be not a whit behind their Maryland neighbors, either in devotion to the cause, or in their exhibition of it.

The Nineteenth was, on this occasion, so fortunate as to

have the advance—a circumstance from which they did not fail to profit, as their well filled haversacks of turkey, chicken, fresh bread and pie, bore abundant testimony—the result, not of foraging, but of the unbounded hospitality of the good people of Green Mount and vicinity.

It was here rumored that the rebels were posted in some force near Gettysburgh, on the Cashtown road, and the men began to think that perhaps once more they were to have an opportunity of settling an old account with the Confederates, which had been running since the first Bull Run.

In the meantime, Gen. Hooker had been relieved from the command of the army, and Gen. Geo. G. Meade assigned to it—a worthy and gallant officer, with whom the first corps were intimately acquainted, as he had commanded it after Hooker was wounded at Antietam.

On the morning of the first of July, Col. Williams was early notified that the division was to move at eight, A. M., towards Gettysburgh, and that the regiment should fall into its proper place in the column as it came marching by. Shortly after starting out, the sound of distant cannon announced that the skirmishers of the two armies had met. The column pressed on now more rapidly than before; and reaching a little hill which commanded a fine view of Gettysburgh and the country beyond, the position of the batteries engaged were disclosed to plain view. As the Nineteenth raised the hill, a shell, thrown from a rebel gun, burst high in the air, and was greeted by the men with a hearty cheer. Word was now passed along the line, from one officer to another, that the rebel cavalry were pressing Gen. Buford, of the cavalry corps, who was in the advance; and that if the infantry did not hurry up, he would lose some of his guns. So the ranks were closed, and the speed of the march very much accelerated, until at last, about eleven, A. M., the shriek of a shell, directly overhead, proved conclusively to the veterans, that the march for the present was over, and that the fighting was about to commence.

It had been the supposition that the rebel force consisted entirely of cavalry; but Gen. Reynolds, who had been close to the front, reconnoitering the position in person, sent an

aid hurrying back to Gen. Wadsworth, with the information that a line of rebel infantry were close to, and threatening the battery of Gen. Buford, and with orders to deploy his division, charge, and drive back the rebel line. The column immediately faced to the left, thus forming a line of battle directly in front of the foe, and giving a good hearty western yell, dashed forward on the run. To gain the summit of a little hill, behind which the rebels were in part sheltered, was the work of but a few minutes, and there at the foot of the hill, about fifty yards distant, waving their tantalizing battle flag, lay Archer's rebel brigade. The men did not stand upon the order of their firing, but fired at once into the rebel ranks. For a time Archer tried to hold his ground, but to no avail; the fire of the western "Yanks" was too hot and heavy for the chivalry to stand; turning their backs towards the Nineteenth, they made an earnest effort to terminate an interview that was becoming decidedly unpleasant; but it was too late even for this, the Hoosiers and the Badgers were upon them, and the result was the entire brigade was captured and sent to the rear.

This engagement, which was fought exclusively by the first division, developed the fact that the corps of Hill and Longstreet were in front, that Gen. Ewell was on the march, and that in all probability Gen. Lee intended to risk the success of his second great invasion of the north, on a great battle at Gettysburgh. In the meantime the second and third divisions of the first corps, and the eleventh corps had arrived on the ground, and were placed in position for the purpose of holding the rebels at bay until the main army should come up. The position now occupied by these troops, was the same as that held by the rebels in the morning. The firing now slackened to a mere skirmish fire, with an occasional shot from the batteries. At three o'clock, P. M., upon the arrival of Ewell's corps, the rebels formed their lines of attack, with the view of annihilating the first and eleventh corps, before Gen. Meade could give them any assistance, and thus, by attacking in detail, render a victory over the Army of the Potomac absolutely certain.

Having made his preparations, the foe advanced in three

lines of battle, so formed as to outflank the little army opposed to them, on both flanks. At an early hour in the day, the gallant and heroic Reynolds had fallen, and Gen. Doubleday assumed command. For want of men he was obliged to dispose his troops in a single battle line; two divisions of the eleventh corps were formed on his right, one division of that corps being held as a reserve, on Cemetery hill, at the south east boundary of the town and nearly two miles to the rear of the line of battle. So assured were the rebels of the inability of the line to resist their advance, that their men were ordered not to fire until fired upon, but to charge right on, sweeping round on the flanks, and holding back in the center, thus hoping to capture the greater portion of both corps. The men saw the immense host bearing down upon them; they looked along their own thin line, and felt that, though they had been often tried in battle, and had won high honors for their bravery before the foe, anything they had ever done, was nothing, compared to the work now before them.

The Nineteenth was on the extreme left of the line, and consequently the most exposed, as it was subject to a fire from the front, and also an enfilading fire from the flank. "Boys," said Col. Williams, "we must hold our colors on this line, or lie here under them." On came the rebel line, their flanks sweeping round without difficulty, there being nothing to oppose them. As they came within range they were opened upon from the whole length of the line, the fire being immediately returned. But all in vain; our single line stubbornly resisted their advance, their first line melted away and the second came up. The eleventh corps had given way, the right of the line having been first attacked, and it became evident that to remain longer on this line would but insure the capture of the entire force, so the order was reluctantly given to retire slowly, holding the enemy in check as much as possible, which was done in splendid style, the line repeatedly halting, re-forming, and firing into the advancing mass of rebels with deadly effect.

Some distance in rear of the first line, Wadsworth's, was formed two regiments under Col. Dana, of the third division.

This small force, however, availed nothing against the overwhelming number of the attacking force, and the rebel line, not even checked for a moment, pushed steadily forward, forcing the valiant, but now shattered line, slowly back to the seminary building, near town, where, taking advantage of a barricade of rails, Wadsworth made a final desperate effort to hold the advancing masses of Lee. Here he re-formed the regiments of his division, and once more the rebels were halted, and compelled to fall back and reform their lines, which having been done, on they came to within thirty yards of the barricade. Great gaps in their lines told of the severity of the fire they sustained, and notwithstanding the frantic efforts of their officers, they could not advance another pace; still they were held to their work, and it has been asserted by eye witnesses, that not one man of all that long line, which came up with flaunting banners and derisive yells, was left—all, all lay on that bloody field. In all history there is no parallel to that heroic charge, so desperately made, so determinedly met, and so tragically ended.

Though the rebel line in front was now annihilated, yet their flank, on Wadsworth's left, far overlapping him, was sweeping round seriously threatening his rear. On the right, the eleventh corps which was rapidly falling back before the overwhelming forces of Ewell, and Wadsworth was once more obliged to retire, to save his men from capture. This was done in tolerable order, and his division again reformed on Cemetery hill—the position occupied by the reserve of the eleventh corps. The rebels followed up into town, of which they took possession, but made no further demonstration on the line that night.

Shortly after dark the twelfth corps came up and went into position, closely followed by the other corps. Gen. Meade himself arrived and began his preparations for the great and decisive battle.

During this day's desperate fighting, the loss of the first and eleventh corps may be stated at six thousand. The Nineteenth lost many gallant men, who fell gloriously, their faces to the foe, the old flag waving above them. But their memories shall live. The Nineteenth will never forget Lieut.



Richard Jones, company B, Lieut. Crocket T. East, company K, Asa W. Blanchard, Sergt. Major, Sergts. Furgason and Beshears, company H, Winsett and Dougherty, company K, Michner of company E, Ogborn, company B, and many others of less rank, but whose courage was as undaunted, and whose hearts as true, as any of the fabled knights of old. Green be the grass and light the sod over their graves.

Many others, also, were left upon the field, still living, but badly wounded—among these Lieut. Col. William W. Dudley. This gallant young officer had fought in the front rank at Gainesville, second Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburgh, unharmed. Here he lost his right leg. Major John M. Lindley, than whom a braver man never lived, was also severely wounded in the hand. Capts. Shafer, Holloway and Ives, and Lieuts. Schlagle, Branson, Wilson, Patrick and Campbell, were also severely wounded. The loss of the regiment was two hundred and ten out of two hundred and eighty-eight that went into the battle!

The telegraph wires had flashed to every city and hamlet in the land the news of the terrible fight of the first; of the unrivaled gallantry and almost total annihilation of the first corps; it told of the concentration of both armies at Gettysburgh, and now the whole country stood as anxious spectators of the impending conflict. On the one hand Lee, with his army of veterans ninety thousand strong, flushed with their victory at Chancellorsville, and haughtily vaunting themselves as invincible. On the other hand that gallant old army of the Potomac, reduced by the casualties of the terrible battles through which it had already passed, to sixty-five thousand men. Oh! how anxiously the country watched that contest. If Lee was victorious the last barrier which stood between him and the great cities of the North was broken down, and Pennsylvania, New York and New England lay helpless at his feet; on the contrary, if he was defeated, his retreat to Virginia would necessarily follow, the rebellion receive a heavy blow indeed, and the threatened North would again be safe.

The morning of the second of July was spent by both Generals in placing their armies for the battle. Shortly after

noon, Longstreet opened the attack by a determined charge upon Meade's left; this being met in the same spirit in which it was made, and Longstreet was driven back, defeated. The wily Lee having failed in his attack on the left, now directed all his energies to one earnest effort to turn the right. The picked corps of Ewell moved to the attack of the position held by the twelfth corps under Slocum. This attack was suspended by the darkness, only to be renewed at early dawn on the third. For six hours and forty minutes the hitherto invincible soldiers of Ewell (Jackson's old corps) dashed themselves madly against the living wall of Slocum; but to no avail. Slocum stood firm, and at eleven, A. M., Lee withdrew the remnant of his once proud corps from the hopeless contest. Repulsed in both their attacks, the rebels now gathered up all their energies for one final desperate effort.

At half past one o'clock, P. M., the fight opened by one of the most terrific artillery duels of modern times. For two hours four hundred pieces of artillery shook the earth, and under cover of this fire, Lee once more moved his column forward to the charge, with a resolution only equaled by that with which it was met. But as before, he was doomed to defeat. Notwithstanding his frantic efforts, he was unable to break Meade's line, and shortly before sunset withdrew his defeated army, leaving the gallant Meade the undisputed victor of the bloodiest field of the war. The results of this victory were all that could reasonably have been anticipated. Lee retired slowly toward the Potomac river, constantly harassed by Meade's cavalry, and on the night of the thirteenth of July, favored by the darkness, succeeded in crossing the river in safety.

At Gettysburgh the Nineteenth was not actively engaged after the first day. On the second and third it occupied a position on Cemetery Hill, and although the shells shrieked fiercely overhead, and the minnie balls from the sharpshooters whistled uncomfortably close, the regiment suffered no loss, save the wounding of Lieut. Macy, Co. C, slightly, and of Sergt. Reeves, Co. H, a man universally respected, mortally.

On the morning of the eighteenth of July the first corps crossed the Potomac at Berlin, and camped that night at

Waterford, in Loudon Co., Va., which proved to be a village of loyal people, who gladly welcomed back the old flag and opened their houses cheerfully to the heroes of Gettysburgh. On the next day the march was resumed towards the Rappahannock river. Lee was in the mountains retiring on the west side of the Blue Ridge towards Culpepper. At length, after a succession of sharp skirmishes and rapid marches, both Generals seemed to conclude to give their wearied soldiers a little rest, and so went into camp. Gen. Meade on the north side of the Rappahannock, and Gen. Lee on the south side of that historic river. The Nineteenth pitched its tents near Rappahannock Station, August first, 1863, just two years and two days from the date of its muster into the service of the United States.

Here we leave this gallant regiment. The record of its battles is the proudest monument of its fame. Of the two hundred and eighty-eight men who went into the famous battle of Gettysburgh, only seventy-eight returned. The rest were numbered with the killed, wounded and missing.

#### LIEUTENANT COLONEL ALOIS OCTAVIUS BACHMAN

Was born at Madison, Indiana, May seventeenth, 1839. His parents were Swiss, and were among the early settlers of Indiana. At the outbreak of the rebellion, our country had few men of more promise. Young, rich, educated, with a physical presence rarely equaled, he certainly had prospects of a brilliant future.

He entered Hanover College in 1856. He remained at this institution two years, during which time he displayed superior abilities as a debater and declaimer. He had determined upon the profession of law. He believed that the Republic depended for its perpetuity upon the virtue and courage of its citizens; and that every one became a better citizen as he became better able to defend his country in time of peril. Entertaining such sentiments, he entered the Kentucky Military Institute, near Frankfort, Ky., where he remained two years and a half, rapidly and thoroughly acquiring those qualifications, which his country so soon would sorely need,

and which he so willingly offered. During his summer vacations, he organized a company, called the "Madison City Greys," whose drill and general efficiency, in a short time, attested the ability of the Captain, and won the admiration of all who saw it maneuver. In that company were schooled many of our now efficient line and staff officers.

It was on that April Sunday—which all remember so well—the thrilling news came from the now historic Sumter. On Monday morning Capt. Bachman's office was open—his country's flag waving conspicuously on the house-top—his drums out beating up recruits. During the early part of that week, his company—the "Madison City Greys"—then on a war footing, and beyond the maximum number, reported at Camp Morton for duty. In the organization of regiments, his company was assigned to the Sixth Indiana. He led his company with credit through the three months' campaign in Western Virginia, under McClellan. On his return, Gov. Morton commissioned him Major of the Nineteenth Indiana regiment; which, being already organized and equipped, started immediately for Washington City, then seriously threatened. Here he did garrison duty under McClellan, until that General moved to the Peninsula, when he was assigned to McDowell's corps, which was doomed to inactivity for a time. Here Lieut. Col. Bachman (he had now been promoted) fretted like a restless charger, that he should be compelled for weeks to look down the empty Shenandoah, while others were achieving and enduring so much around Richmond. At last came the evacuation, and then Pope's short and active campaign, Lieut. Col. Bachman participating in all its battles—oftentimes as regimental commander. The official reports of his superiors always commend him for his skill and courage. After Manassas, he followed McClellan in his Maryland campaign. In his element at last—fighting, fighting, fighting. His horse was killed under him at Sharpsburgh. During the day at Antietam a rebel battery played with terrible effect upon our men. The General said it must be taken, and ordered Lieut. Col. Bachman to do it, assigning to his command, besides his own regiment, one from Wisconsin. He and his troops moved forward gallantly to

the charge. Under the galling fire of the battery, and its infantry support, his ranks were fearfully thinned; and his own good right arm, which had gallantly struck his country's foes on many a bloody field, fell shattered at his side; but yet another arm remains to wave defiance to his foes, and with this he still moves forward; and when at the very mouths of the rebel guns, they belch forth a terrible discharge of grape and canister, Lieutenant Colonel Bachman's body is pierced by three grape shot. He was carried to the rear, and placed under a tree, in hearing of the guns. Knowing his end had come, he sent a verbal message to the dear ones at home, and then became unconscious—talking incoherently of the strife raging around him—anxiously inquiring if the battery had been taken; in attempting which he had given his life. And thus, on the battle field, September seventeenth, 1862, in the twenty-third year of his age, died Lieut. Col. Bachman—than whom our country had no more devoted defender—nor braver or more accomplished officer.

His remains were conveyed home, and there interred; and there, neath his native sod, rests one whose friends were as numerous as his acquaintances, and whose brilliant career and glorious end reminds us of that true Roman—the young Marcellus. Old Anchises' words are not inappropriate:

Nimium vobis Romana propago  
 Visa potens, Superi, propria hæc si dona fuissent \* \*  
 \* \* Heu pietas, Heu prisca fides! invicta que bello  
 Dexterâ! \* \* \* \* \*  
 Manibus date lilia plenis:  
 Purpureos spargam flores!

CAPTAIN JAMES S. DRUM

Was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, in January, 1833, and removed with his parents to Indianapolis while yet a boy. After receiving a liberal education, he engaged in mercantile pursuits. His military tastes were early developed. For several years he was one of the number of generous and high spirited young men at the Capital, who kept up, at great expense to themselves, the volunteer military companies of the city. It

was at a period when such associations were regarded with but little favor by a large portion of the community. The difficulties under which their supporters labored, and which they bravely surmounted, are known only to those who were familiar with the inner life of our armories in those peaceful days. He was a member of the National Guards—an organization which has given to the country a large number of accomplished officers. That association, kept alive by the indomitable will and untiring energy of a few young men—conspicuous among whom was James S. Drum—was able, when the country became involved in war, to furnish the Government with a number of trained soldiers, possessing the ability to instruct others.

When the war broke out, Capt. Drum left the peaceful pursuits of commerce, and gave himself at once to his country. He only asked to be placed where his services were most needed. His first appointment was under the State—as Commissary at Camp Morton. While the first regiments were being raised and organized, he labored with them faithfully and acceptably. When the Nineteenth regiment was formed, he was appointed its Quartermaster, and went with it to the field. He accompanied it during all its trials, marches and battles. How well he performed his difficult and laborious duties, the records of the departments, and of the regiment, will show. He was the same gallant, unselfish gentleman in the field, that he was at home, and won the love of all with whom he associated. His faithfulness to his trusts was rewarded by promotion to the rank of Captain in the Commissary Department, U. S. A.

In March, 1863, Capt. Drum was ordered to report to Gen. Burnside for duty in the West. He was placed in charge of the depot of supplies at Nicholasville, Ky., and proceeded with his wonted energy in systematising the business at that post. He had been but a short time there, when he was suddenly stricken down with disease, and died, after a few days illness, on the eighteenth of April, 1863. He escaped the perils through which his regiment passed; but the exposures and labors of the campaigns on the Potomac sowed the seeds of death in his system.

Among the many, very many, noble spirits who have given up their lives to their country, none deserve a more grateful remembrance, than Capt. Drum. No one labored more faithfully and devotedly, and no one entered the service with a more sincere conviction of duty. He had all the noble qualities of a soldier. He was proud of his profession, and labored constantly and earnestly in the discharge of duty.

## TWENTIETH REGIMENT.

Was organized at Lafayette by Col. Wm. L. Brown. The following is the roster:

*Field and Staff Officers.*—Colonel, William L. Brown, Logansport; Lieutenant Colonel, Charles D. Murray, Kokomo; Major, Benjamin H. Smith, Logansport; Adjutant, Israel N. Stiles, Lafayette; Regimental Quartermaster, Isaac W. Hart, Attica; Surgeon, Orpheus Everts, Laporte; Assistant Surgeon, A. Hurd, Oxford; Chaplain, William C. Porter, Plymouth.

*Company A.*—Captain, John Van Valkenburg, Peru; First Lieutenant, William B. Reyburn, Peru; Second Lieutenant, Jonas Hoover, Peru.

*Company B.*—Captain, John Wheeler, Crown Point; First Lieutenant, Chas. Alex. Bell, Corydon; Second Lieutenant, Michael Sheehan, Crown Point.

*Company C.*—Captain, Oliver H. P. Bailey, Plymouth; First Lieutenant, William C. Cassleman, Plymouth; Second Lieutenant, Joseph Lynch, Plymouth.

*Company D.*—Captain, George F. Dick, Attica; First Lieutenant, Charles Reese, Attica; Second Lieutenant, James A. Wilson, Attica.

*Company E.*—Captain, James H. Shannon, Laporte; First Lieutenant, John W. Andrew, Laporte; Second Lieutenant, John E. Sweet, Laporte.

*Company F.*—Captain, John Kisler, Danville; First Lieutenant, Thomas H. Logan, Logansport; Second Lieutenant, Edward C. Sutherland, Logansport.

*Company G.*—Captain, Nathaniel Herron, Lafayette; First

Lieutenant, William C. L. Taylor, Lafayette; Second Lieutenant, William B. Brittingham, Lafayette.

*Company H.*—Captain, George W. Geisendorff, Indianapolis; First Lieutenant, George W. Meikel, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, William O. Sherwood, Indianapolis.

*Company I.*—Captain, James M. Lytle, Valparaiso; First Lieutenant, Erasmus C. Gilbreath, Valparaiso; Second Lieutenant, William T. Carr, Valparaiso.

*Company K.*—Captain, Alfred Reed, Monticello; First Lieutenant, John T. Richardson, Monticello; Second Lieutenant, Daniel D. Dale, Monticello.

The regiment left Lafayette in July, and drawing arms and accoutrements at Indianapolis, left for Cockeysville, Md., on the second of August, where it performed guard duty on the Northern Pennsylvania railroad, and perfected itself in regimental drill, and the duties of camp. September twenty-fourth the regiment left for the seat of war. Arriving at Baltimore, it took steamer for Fortress Monroe, camped there one day, and took steamer for Hatteras Inlet.

On the twenty-seventh of September, arrived at Hatteras Inlet. A heavy gale blowing, and the breakers running high, rendered landing very dangerous; but the pilot was skillful in his profession and took his gallant ship through the stormy breakers, and safely anchored her in the inlet, off Fort Hatteras.

The next day the regiment was transferred to small steamers of light draft, and started for Pamlico Sound. Traveling steadily all the afternoon, much of the time seeing nothing but sky and water; at sunset the Colonel's steamer ran under the lea of a forest, and signaled a halt. Going ashore in a small boat, the Colonel found flags of truce flying from the few houses on the beach, and the settlement was named Chickamacomico. It was a wild spot, and, notwithstanding the white sand which covers the surface, was luxuriant with vegetation, and a heavy growth of small timber. The trees were loaded with wild grapes, and yellow persimmons glistened like gold in the sun. The pine tree and live oak compose the groves, and the mocking bird sings among their leafy branches. The inhabitants are fishermen; most of



them were born here and know no other spot. One small windmill ground corn for the settlement. It was daylight, Sunday morning when the regiment landed, and selecting a pine grove on the Pamlico beach, went into camp. At once a lively traffic arose with the fishermen, and the price of fish advanced.

Four days passed pleasantly in this semi-tropical life. The men roamed over the island, gathering grapes, or wandering upon the beach picking up shells. Save a few fishing skiffs, not a sail dotted the smooth waters of Pamlico Sound. During the night the camp fires glistened among the dark woods, while the roar of old ocean, and the sighing wind through the fibre leaves of the pine, lulled the soldiers to sweet slumber. This was the poetry of war; the reality soon came, and when it did come was terrible.

The second of October was an eventful day. Supplies had become short, and as they must come by Pamlico Sound, its horizon was watched for a steamer. In the afternoon the propeller *Fanny* arrived within two miles of shore and ran aground, heavily laden with provisions, ammunition and baggage. Major Smith, Sergeant Evans and E. M. B. Hooker boarded her in a skiff, and having received in a batteau enough provision for supper, put rapidly for shore. Shortly after a steamer loomed up in the distance, followed by two others. This rebel fleet opened a heavy fire on the *Fanny*. Soon as the attack was made the Captain and crew abandoned the *Fanny*, and jumping into a small boat rowed rapidly to the shore, leaving Lieut. Hart, Quartermaster of the Twentieth, to do battle as a naval officer. He ordered the artillerist to fight the boat till she sunk. But the loyalty of the Captain of the gun was suspected; after firing a shot or two he disabled his gun and the *Fanny* was taken.

It was an exciting and a mortifying scene. The regiment, ready and eager for battle, had nothing but a few fishing skiffs to fight three swift armed rebel steamers. They had to stand and see their boat, provisions and men captured, without the least hope of resistance or rescue. The regiment lost thirty men captured on the *Fanny*, besides Lieut. Hart. Dark night came on; when morning broke no vessel was in

sight. October third two small steamers came from Hatteras Inlet with a few days provisions, which were safely landed.

On the morning of October fourth, at eight o'clock a fleet of vessels hove in sight on Pamlico Sound. A few officers and soldiers gathered round the small fishing houses on the beach, watching their approach. The fleet consisted of seven steamers, two schooners, and one floating battery. Each vessel was alive with troops. Upon near approach it was evident they were rebels. The regiment had no artillery and could not make an effective resistance. The fleet of the enemy drew near, and opened a fierce cannonade upon the camp and regiment drawn up in line of battle upon the beach. While the shelling was in progress, part of the fleet sailed off in a southerly direction, intending to land twenty miles south, near Hatteras Light House, where the beach was about three hundred yards wide, and thus cut off the regiment from all hope of reinforcement. The Twentieth, however, prepared to make the best resistance possible, when Col. Brown received an order from Col. Hawkins to retreat to the Light House. With sorrowful hearts the men obeyed the order.

It was a terrible march. The sun baked the white sand. No water was to be had for the first ten miles. The sand gave way at every step, and, as the column moved on, man after man staggered and fell back exhausted, to be taken prisoner by the enemy. The regiment still toiled on, without canteens or haversacks. Hunger was nothing in comparison with thirst. That was exhausting, this was maddening. In every clump of bushes were men utterly exhausted. All this time the vessels of the enemy steamed down the Sound to cut off reinforcements. He had previously landed a force which was rapidly coming up.

But the most sorrowful sight was the Islanders leaving their homes from fear of the foe. They could be seen in groups, sometimes with a little cart carrying provisions, fleeing for dear life. Mothers carrying their babes, fathers leading little boys, grandfathers and grandmothers leaving homes they had never left before. There was an air of sadness and desolation about these poor people truly heart-rending.

About sunset the regiment reached a narrow part of the beach about five miles north of Hatteras Light House. The fleet of the enemy was already drawn up in line, with guns bearing to sweep the beach. The clouds in the west reflected the bright tints of the sun, and showed the black hulks of the gunboats. In the east heavy gray clouds lowered, and the twilight hid the regiment from view as it quietly passed along; the dashing of the ocean surf tendering a welcome aid to drown their footsteps. At midnight they reached Hatteras Light House, having made a march of twenty-eight miles. Here water was found and the tired soldiers lay down to rest. The next day the regiment reached Hatteras Inlet. Forty-five men were captured on this march, who spent seven months in rebel prisons.

The regiment camped, that is lay down on the white sand at Hatteras Inlet, with the vault of heaven for a canopy. The beauties of this delightful place are worthy description. The sea bounds the view on one side and Pamlico Sound on the other. When it storms, fine particles of sand fill eyes, ears and mouth with judicious impartiality. When it does not storm, the sun scorches indiscriminately. There are two forts—Clark and Hatteras. Fort Clark is built of sand piled up, covered up with turf to keep it from blowing away. Fort Hatteras is a little more sand, more turf, and a few more guns. The rest of the landscape is white sand.

At four o'clock on the morning of the first of November, the cry went through camp, "Wake, wake, for your lives—the sea is coming on us!" The sea was running like a mill race through the avenues between the tents. Towards the Inlet nothing was visible but stormy breakers and angry waters—no hope there. At the north the sea had formed a bayou across the beach, and no land was to be seen. To the east the breakers of the Atlantic roared and hissed like a million serpents. In the west the Sound, covered with fog, stretched forth its waters. Nothing remained for safety but the enclosure of the fort, rising a few feet above the beach. Here the men clustered, watching the rapidly gathering waters—watching for a glimpse of daylight; hoping the dawn of day would bring relief. The gray dawn came at

last, to show through fog and driving spray the utter destruction of the camp, and the loss of a great part of the clothing and provision a steamer had brought the night before. The tide, too, ceased to rise, but the fleeting spray and drifting rain, cutting like a knife, rendered it dangerous to move. At last the tide went down, and the half drowned regiment moved to high sand hills seven miles up the beach.

The day after the deluge six rebel steamers came down the Sound, evidently expecting to find the force drowned; but it was destined to another fate. On the ninth of November the regiment left Hatteras Inlet, and on the tenth arrived at Fortress Monroe.

The regiment lay at Camp Hamilton, near Fortress Monroe, until March, 1862, when it moved to Newport News, at the mouth of the James river. Here it witnessed the great naval battle between the Merrimac and Monitor. All the time, at both these camps, was profitably employed in field maneuvers.

On the tenth of May the regiment moved to Norfolk, Va., and participated in the capture of that stronghold of rebellion. At daylight, as it was bivouacing upon the beach, near Sewell's Point, the Merrimac was blown up, shaking the earth for miles around. The regiment camped near Norfolk for a few days, then it moved across the river to Portsmouth, and on June sixth, 1862, left for the Army of the Potomac, engaged in front of Richmond, where it arrived June eighth, and was assigned to Jamieson's brigade, Kearney's division, Heintzelman's corps, and took position on the Fair Oaks battle ground.

The fights in front of Richmond, after the battle of Fair Oaks, May thirty-first, consisted in a series of reconnoissances and skirmishes, until the battle of Gaines' Mill, June twenty-sixth, when a combined movement was made by the whole rebel army, upon the right and rear of our lines, resulting in the seven days' battles, and the retreat of the Army of the Potomac to Harrison's Landing, on the James river.

The movements of the regiment are interesting in this connection, as it was the only Indiana regiment that took part in these battles, and composed part of the rear guard of the

army. In fact it was the last regiment to leave the intrenchments in front of Richmond.

On the eighteenth of June, the regiment had a brisk picket skirmish, losing three men wounded, and holding in check the enemy.

#### BATTLE OF THE ORCHARDS.

On the twenty-fifth of June, a battle took place on the left of the Army of the Potomac, in which the regiment took an important part. The enemy's line was driven back a mile, when it was heavily reinforced, and the regiment retired to the woods, still holding part of the ground they had gained. While it lasted, this was a desperate battle. It was named the "Battle of the Orchards," and was in the vicinity of the Charles City road, leading to Richmond. The battle field is five miles from that city. The fight occurred partially in timber, ending in a wheat field. The struggle was terrible; in less than twenty minutes, the regiment lost one hundred and ninety-two men, killed, wounded and missing. The rebels charged upon our battery, and were repulsed with great loss. The rebel papers report the loss of the First Louisiana regiment in this engagement, to be fourteen officers and two hundred men, killed and wounded. The Third, Fourth, and Twenty-Second Georgia regiments, were also engaged, and lost heavily. On the Union side two regiments were engaged, with these four rebel regiments. Here fell Capt. Lytle, while waving his sword and cheering his men to charge a rebel battery. Other brave men fell by his side; their names will be found in the Roll of Honor. Night coming on, the regiment retired to the woods, and the next day took position in the intrenchments.

On June twenty-seventh, when all were expecting orders to advance on Richmond, it was whispered around camp that Jackson had turned our right, and was threatening our rear and supply depot at the White House. Then came an order to destroy all stores that could not be carried. Gen. Kearney's division was detailed to cover the retreat. For nearly two days the regiment remained in the second line of rifle

pits, seeing the mass of the army file past in retreat. It was a sorrowful sight to abandon our redoubts and rifle pits without firing a gun. Still more heart-rending to witness the immense destruction of property, and to see the sick and wounded tottering along; for no ambulance corps existed then in the Army of the Potomac. The column of glittering bayonets filed past; artillery and cavalry disappeared in the woods. Abandoned works, burning stores and desolation were all that met the view of the forlorn hope of the Twentieth Indiana.

Presently a rustling was heard in the woods; a rebel battery, supported by large bodies of infantry and cavalry, suddenly appeared, unlimbered and opened on the Union force. There being no artillery with the regiment it fell back. The rebels seemed to know the windings of the road, for several men were killed while filing through it, although the column was hidden by the woods. Moving half a mile a cavalry attack was made in the rear, but it was quickly repulsed. At dark Kearney's division was reached, when it camped for the night.

#### BATTLE OF FRAZIER'S FARM.

On June twenty-ninth, Gen. Kearney selected a position to fight the enemy. The division formed in the edge of timber, an open field in front, our right and center supported by heavy batteries; our left resting on a swamp. The line of battle being about four miles long. At two o'clock the enemy appeared in force, and opened with artillery, which was promptly silenced by our batteries. At three o'clock their infantry moved in column, and, deploying, charged along our whole line, howling like fiends. Our artillery swept them from view, as the wind licks the dust from the earth. Fresh columns were pushed forward, and the rebels seemed to deem no sacrifice too great to drive us from our position. The conflict was terrible; missiles of death filled the air; each moment had its sound of terror; every spot its scene of horror. Again the rebels charged, and again were repulsed; dark night came on and the battle ceased.

The force attacking our line consisted of the divisions of Gens. Hill and Longstreet, each containing six brigades. Opposed to them were the divisions of Gens. Kearney and Hooker, each containing five brigades.

A rebel history of the war (Pollard's) says in regard to this battle: "It was now about half past nine o'clock, and very dark. Suddenly, as if it had burst from the heavens, a sheet of fire enveloped the front of our advance. The enemy had made another stand to receive us, and, from the black masses of his forces, it was evident that he had been heavily reinforced, and that another whole *corps d'armee* had been brought up to contest the fortunes of the night. Line after line of battle was formed. It was evident that his heaviest columns were now being thrown against our small command, and it might have been supposed that he would only be satisfied with its annihilation. The loss here on our side was terrible.

"The situation being evidently hopeless for any further pursuit of the fugitive enemy, who had now brought up such overwhelming forces, our troops retired slowly."

In this battle Lieut. Andrew was killed. He fell like a hero, cheering on his men. Other comrades fell with him. At midnight our lines withdrew, and took position upon Malvern Hill.

#### BATTLE OF MALVERN HILL.

The battle of Malvern Hill has been rendered memorable by its monument of carnage, and the desperate tenacity with which it was fought. It was the last struggle of the enemy to keep us from safety on the banks of the James river. Harrison's Bar, the depot of our supplies, is seven miles from Malvern Hill. The rebel Generals knew they must pierce our lines and whip us, or all hopes of our capture were gone. While attacking us in front, they sent a column, under Jackson, to cut off our rear, by way of Jones' ford, on the Chickahominy, and the Charles City Court House road; but that column arrived one day too late, and the army was saved.

During the night, and early in the morning, the succession of elevations, known by the general name of Malvern Hill,

was planted with artillery, rising tier above tier, until three hundred pieces were in position. Our right rested upon an impassible swamp, and our left on the James river, covered by the fire of our gunboats.

At nine o'clock the rebels opened with a heavy fire of artillery, which was responded to by our batteries. The day was clear and cloudless; a fine breeze refreshed the tired troops; while the James river—our haven of rest—sparkled in the sun.

At about five o'clock, the enemy, under Gen. Magruder, made their first charge. They approached in solid columns on a run. From our line of batteries a murderous storm of grape and canister met them, and hurled their shattered columns to the earth. Officers and men went down by hundreds, but yet, undaunted, they formed and dashed nearer. Here the carnage was dreadful. They broke and ran. No effort of their officers could rally them. Night ended the battle; and at midnight the army fell back to Harrison's Landing, the enemy being in no condition to pursue.

Here the weary veterans rested until the fifteenth of August, doing picket duty occasionally, but not being engaged in any action. The regiment formed a portion of the flank guard of the Army of the Potomac during its march across the Peninsula to Yorktown. Taking steamers there, it proceeded to Alexandria, and from thence moved to the Rappahannock river, where it was on picket when Jackson made his famous raid on Manassas Junction. Immediately marching to meet the enemy, it reached Bristow Station after the battle of Kettle Run, where Hooker defeated Ewell's division, of Jackson's corps.

On the twenty-seventh of August the regiment moved with the army on Manassas, and from thence pursued the enemy to Centreville, and thence to Manassas Plains.

On the twenty-ninth it took part in the battles, and its Colonel, William L. Brown, fell early in the engagement. The second day it acted as a support to a battery, and composed part of the rear guard when Pope's army fell back upon Centreville.

On the first of September, amid a terrific thunder storm, it



took part in the battle of Chantilly, where the brave Phil. Kearney fell—the gallant leader of a division to which it had so long been attached. In respect to his memory, his brave veterans now wear the Kearney cross—a badge of honor.

About the sixth of September the regiment reached Alexandria, where it remained in camp six weeks.

On the eleventh of October the regiment left its camp on Arlington Heights, crossed the Georgetown bridge, and entered Maryland. Stuart's cavalry were making a raid in Pennsylvania, and our column moved rapidly, in hopes of intercepting the rebel force near Conrad's ford. A beautiful country met our eyes along the route. Tired with gazing on the never changing green Virginia pines, the men looked with delight on the huge chesnut trees, towering oaks and black walnuts. The contrast, too, between the ruined tenements and war desolated fields of Virginia, and the thrift of Maryland, told the men they were in a State not yet desolated by the ravages of war. The column reached Rockville at dark.

At four o'clock the next morning started for Poolesville; and after marching rapidly all day, passing through Poolesville at dusk, reached Conrad's ford at midnight, ten hours after Stuart's cavalry had crossed. The river being too deep for infantry to ford, the regiment returned to camp near Poolesville.

On the twenty-ninth the regiment crossed the Potomac at Conrad's ford. The water was running swiftly, the ford deep, but the men, eager for a forward move, plunged in with cheers, although it was quite chilling to blood and patriotism. Climbing the abrupt bank, on the Virginia shore, the regiment moved rapidly towards Leesburgh.

About this time there was a general forward movement of the Army of the Potomac. The right was crossing at Harper's Ferry, Williamsport and other points, and moving up the Loudon Valley, along the eastern side of the Blue Ridge; while the left, crossing at Conrad's ford, Edward's ferry and other points, moved along the Kittoctan and Bull Run mountains. Meanwhile, the rebel army was leisurely retiring up the Shenandoah Valley, their flanking parties holding all the gaps.

For a few days the regiment camped near Leesburgh. Early in November moved over the Kittoctan mountain, and proceeded up the Loudon Valley. This portion of Virginia had not been desolated by war. The column wound through a well cultivated country. At one halt the people turned out and welcomed the Union army. In one neat town, called Quaker Church, every hospitality was offered. There were many really handsome residences and gardens; and the Quakers, proverbial for their industry and frugality, had made the wilderness blossom. The Quakers were all Union men, and one old patriarch guided the column through by-paths across the country. Along well graded pikes, through fields, across rapid streams; now passing orchards filled with fruit, and then climbing mountain paths, where no team could penetrate, the force pressed on. At Goose creek a few stragglers from the rebel army were captured, but no enemy was to be seen in force, although from the gaps, lying west, artillery firing could be heard.

At Waterloo the regiment had a skirmish with the enemy. On November seventh camped near Warrenton. While the Twentieth were marching and halting, guarding the fords of the Rappahannock, the main army was swinging through Manassas Gap, and marching towards Fredericksburgh. Gen. McClellan was removed about this time, and Gen. Burnside appointed to the command. It was an unfortunate removal, as it necessitated a halt of the whole army, and lost several days in the onward movement.

On the nineteenth of November the regiment saw the church steeples of Fredericksburgh. The city had been abandoned by its inhabitants, and Gen. Longstreet, with his division, held the heights in its rear. The advance of our army was too late to occupy this important position.

After demanding the surrender of the city, and being refused, the Union army quietly went into camp upon the hills of Stafford. For weeks the two armies were quiet, the enemy all the time strengthening his position.

On the eleventh of December the regiment left camp; and, marching down the river, crossed on a pontoon bridge, and took part in the battle on the left, with Franklin's corps.

The brigade to which they were attached arrived in time to save three Union batteries from being captured by the enemy.

The Pennsylvania Reserves, by a bold charge, succeeded in driving the enemy from their first line of rifle pits, and were following up their success rapidly, when out of the woods, in their front, the enemy swarmed in overwhelming numbers, and hurled them back. Pushing on, in pursuit of the disordered brigade, the rebels caught sight of our batteries, and charged with a yell. Capt. Randolph, Chief of artillery, was in despair. The supports had fled. The rebels were within fifty yards of his guns. Just then he caught sight of the Twentieth coming up the hill at a double-quick. He knew their bronzed faces. His countenance lightened with gladness. Swinging his sword over his head, he shouted to his heroes of the Peninsula, "Forward, boys, and save my battery!"

Like a drove of wolves, on rushed the rebel hordes. They thought the battery theirs; their wild yells filled the air, and their matted locks waved in the breeze; but a glistening line of bayonets met them in their mad career. They saw familiar faces before them; they had seen these Hoosiers in front of Richmond, and knew their fighting qualities; they had fought with them, for it was the old Georgia foe charging upon our batteries. Halting, hesitating, they gave a wild cry, as our steady line swept on; then broke in confusion, and fell back to the woods. It was a bayonet charge; not a shot was fired by the regiment. The moral strength of the line of bayonets saved our batteries.

For two days and nights the regiment lay along the crest of a hill, exposed to the fire of the rebel sharpshooters, and annoyed by the constant excitement of watching their artillery, which opened on our lines at every opportunity. Their batteries, however, were quickly silenced by ours, whenever they opened.

The regiment waited and watched, until the order was given to recross the river. Burnside's army fell back to their camps, amid the pines of Stafford hills, after losing many men, and accomplishing nothing. The loss of the regiment was small.

About the middle of January, 1863, occurred the famous mud march of Burnside's army. The weather was very pleasant when the march began, but on the twentieth it began to rain, and soon turned into a cold driving storm. In a short time the roads became almost impassable, on account of mud. The regiment was detailed to bring along the pontoon train; mules and horses having given out in the deep mud of the ruts and gorges along the base of Stafford hills. It seemed a task almost impossible, but the men of the Twentieth never gave up without an effort, and wading through mud and mire, with the pitiless storm beating in their faces, they succeeded in bringing horses and pontoons to the banks of the Rappahannock. The labor of the men on that day, was pronounced by all who witnessed it, to have surpassed any they had ever seen.

The storm, however, defeated the proposed movement, and Gen. Burnside having been relieved, his plan was abandoned, and the forces returned to their respective camps, under command of Gen. Hooker. The regiment remained in camp until the battle of Chancellorsville.

#### BATTLE OF CHANCELLORSVILLE.

In the latter part of April, the army took the field. The cavalry, with several divisions of infantry, moved up the Rappahannock, and prepared to cross. The second, fifth, eleventh, and twelfth corps moved up the river, while the first, third and sixth moved down to Franklin's old crossing, at the battle of Fredericksburgh. Meanwhile, after hard fighting, the cavalry crossed, and moved rapidly south, intending to destroy the railroads, and cut off the enemy's supplies. The fifth corps moved south-east, towards Chancellorsville. On the thirtieth the third corps joined the main army, and at noon, of the first of May, the whole army, with the exception of the first and sixth corps, were on the south bank of the Rappahannock, at and near Chancellorsville. That afternoon a fierce attack was made upon our advance.

The country occupied by the army, was a perfect wilderness, broken by ravines, and intersected by numerous creeks,

running in a northerly direction. Our army quickly took position, and on the second was ready for battle. The right faced west of south; the center formed on the plank road running from Fredericksburg to Culpepper; the left faced nearly east. No attack had as yet been made on our right. The assault on the day previous had been on our center, on the plank road, from the direction of Fredericksburgh.

The third corps was in the center, along the north bank of a small stream, called Mott's run, which was a little south of the plank road and nearly parallel to it. The rebels were found in force. The Twentieth was detached, and sent on picket on the banks of this stream. During the night the regiment threw up a rail breastwork. The next day, at daylight, the enemy was seen moving rapidly in the direction of Gordonsville, and the impression was that he was retreating. Stoneman, however, had destroyed the railroad, and the Union army were in possession of the only wagon road by which they could obtain supplies.

About eight o'clock in the morning, a wagon train was seen winding its way among the hills, south of Mott's run. Soon after, Gen. Birney determined to take the south bank of the stream. Deploying one company as skirmishers, the Twentieth moved up the hill.

When the third corps moved forward, the troops on its right, consisting of the eleventh corps, moved also to accommodate themselves to the new line. During the night, the eleventh corps was attacked by Jackson's rebel corps, with great fury, and in a few minutes fell back in great disorder; leaving the center of the army broken. By the exertions of Gens. Sickles and Pleasanton, and the obstinate bravery of a few scattered regiments, the enemy's advance was checked.

It was now dark; the second and third divisions of the third corps, were getting into position on the plank road, facing west. The first division was falling back from its advanced position, as quietly and rapidly as possible. The Twentieth was the last regiment to move back, getting to the main body at about eleven at night. Upon reaching their breastworks, the Union forces took position on the reverse side, facing to what had been their rear.

Next morning our forces commenced falling back. Upon seeing this, the rebels made a furious assault, and the battle raged with great fury until one o'clock, when all the Union troops south of the plank road were withdrawn, and a new line formed, shaped like a V, with its apex pointing southward, its flanks resting on the river. This position the army held for two days, defying every attempt of the enemy to force it. On the sixth of May, the whole Union army had recrossed the Rappahannock, and thus ended the battle of Chancellorsville.

This battle was fought on the first, second and third of May. Perhaps few regiments had so many compliments showered upon them, as was bestowed upon the Twentieth, during this terrible battle. From the very first, in the extreme front, its gallantry was so marked, its courage so undaunted as to bring forth expressions of delight from the commanding Generals. At one time, while skirmishing, the regiment captured the whole of the Twenty-Third Georgia, numbering more than their own men. When the eleventh corps broke, and thus enabled the enemy to turn our right, and cut off the third corps from the main army, rendering a midnight attack necessary, the regiment was withdrawn from the front, and facing to the rear, prepared to cut their way through. Advancing quietly, in line with the rest of the division, the charge was made with the bayonet, the enemy driven back and communication established. After the battle, when Gen. Ward called for a report of the regiment, Col. Wheeler reported it gay. "Yes," said Gen. Hooker, "that regiment is gay."

The army rested for about a month after the battle of Chancellorsville. Lee, in the meantime, had moved his force on our right, penetrated Maryland and invaded Pennsylvania. The army of the Potomac followed, and covered Washington. On the first of July the armies faced each other at Gettysburgh.

#### BATTLE OF GETTYSBURGH.

On the second the terrible battle on the left of the army

of the Potomac, at Gettysburgh, was fought. The regiment was posted on a rocky hill called Round Top, in front of which the enemy made his fiercest attack. Column after column of rebel troops were hurled upon this part of our line. The enemy seemed determined to lose no effort to carry our position. Fortunately for the Union army, the "Iron Third," commanded by the gallant Sickles, was there to meet them. How well it performed its duty, the four thousand braves of that corps, who fell killed and wounded that day, speak in mute eloquence.

On the morning of the second of July the first, second and eleventh corps were in line, and the rest of the army in reserve. The second faced west; the first and eleventh north and north-east; all occupying a semi-circular ridge, with a high hill at each end, the center projecting towards the enemy. Soon after daylight the enemy threatened our left, and the third corps was placed at the left of the second. Heavy skirmishing was carried on all the forenoon. About one, P. M., a heavy force of the enemy was seen advancing up the west side of the ridge, along which runs the Emmettsburgh pike.

The second brigade of the first division, in which was the Twentieth, was now on the extreme left of the army. It was posted on a low ridge, overlooking a wooded hollow, through which ran a small stream. On the opposite side of this stream was the ridge on which runs the pike. The rebel forces moved rapidly up its western slope, planted their batteries upon the crest, while their infantry swarmed in the hollows. Their right extended far beyond our left.

The third corps had but one line, and there were several gaps in it. Soon the skirmishers came in contact, and shot and shell from opposing batteries filled the air. A heavy column of rebels crossed the stream and charged up the hill upon our batteries. At one time one of them was in their possession, but they were soon driven off. In a short time, and with hard fighting, the enemy were forced back to the bottom of the hollow; our troops closing after them. In front of the Twentieth was a stone wall and scattered rocks. Behind these the rebels took shelter. The Twentieth were exposed,

yet for two hours they faced the concealed foe, firing at the rebels whenever they exposed themselves. Here the regiment met its heaviest loss. Col. Wheeler was killed by a ball which passed through his throat. Lieut. Robbins was shot through the heart. Capt. Reese shot in the eye, and almost half the regiment killed and wounded.

The regiment had a sheltered position in small timber, but gallantly pushing forward drove the enemy before them. Then the enemy gathered new numbers, and poured in terrible volleys. Not a step backward moved the Twentieth. They deployed as skirmishers and quietly lay down. Heavy lines of the enemy advanced against them. They melted before the single line of fire poured from the "Iron Third." Not a man flinched, each tried to excel the other in personal daring. This was the second time this regiment had a gallant Colonel fall at the head of its stubborn column. Its colors were riddled with shot and shell. The color Sergeant, and six of the eight of the color guard, were killed or wounded. One hundred and fifty-three of that gallant band were left on the field. Every man proved himself a hero. Each man had made up his mind that that battle must be won. It was one of the most savage fights of the war.

Next day the enemy attempted to break through our center. After a terrific cannonade of an hour's duration, Longstreet's veterans, confident of success, untutored to defeat, charged, with savage yells, upon our position. With guns at a "right-shoulder-shift," on they came, at a double-quick, right into our line of fire. On and still on, until they almost reached the mouths of our cannon. Great gaps were made in their lines, by the fire of our artillery. Yet, closing up, solid as a stone wall, they rushed into the jaws of death.

But a more terrible foe was to meet them. The "Iron Third" corps again advanced, the Twentieth in the first line. Then a vivid flame like lightning flashed along the ranks, and swept the hitherto unconquered corps, like grass before the scythe. With disordered ranks they fell back. Few indeed of that brave enemy rejoined their comrades. Thirty-eight stand of rebel colors were among the trophies of the Union army.



On the fourth the regiment was again thrown forward as skirmishers, and had a severe fight, losing one officer and several men. Then followed the pursuit of the retreating enemy.

Tired, shoeless, ragged, with empty haversacks and bleeding feet, day after day, the Union army followed the rebel forces, until they crossed the Potomac at Williamsport, Md. Our weary troops could not bring the enemy to battle. Neither, in their exhausted condition, could they overtake him.

The brigade to which the regiment was attached crossed the Potomac at Harper's Ferry, and moving along the base of the Blue Ridge, in pursuit of the retreating army of Lee, after passing Snicker's and Ashby's Gaps, came upon the rear guard at Manassas Gap. Here a brilliant engagement took place between the third corps and the rear guard of the rebel army. The Twentieth was in the advance as skirmishers. The enemy was defeated. Here ends their battles for the present.

By order of the War Department the regiment was sent to New York City, in July, to protect public property and quell a riot. Col. Taylor had command of a portion of the regiment at Fort Schuyler. Lt. Col. Meikle of the remainder at David's Island. Here the regiment passed several weeks, doing provost duty, and guarding rebel prisoners. In October the regiment was again ordered to the front.

Here we leave it. Its ranks are decimated. Brother mourns for brother; comrade looks around for comrade. Many a file leader has stepped from its ranks into eternity. Alas! there is many a gap to fill in many a happy home. But its breast is still bared to the storm. Onward, still onward, is and shall be its motto, until the Union is saved, and the rebellion crushed.

#### A GALLANT INDIANIAN.

While the Army of the Potomac was lying at Harrison's Landing, all the wounded, and most of the sick, were sent

north. It was truly a lamentable sight to see steamers filled with crippled patriots. The scene described took place on one of them :

“While among the wounded on the State of Maine, yesterday, we stopped by the stretcher of a fine looking fellow, and inquired about his wounds. “Shot through the shoulder, sir, bones broken, but am getting along well. Do you think they will put me ashore here?” I replied that, as his wound was so severe, I thought he would be sent north, and probably he might be so disabled as to require a discharge. “Oh! no, sir! I don’t want a discharge; I want to go back to my regiment as soon as I can; I want to have another chance at the rebels.” “What regiment do you belong to?” “Twenty-second Indiana,” he replied, “but you have not heard of us among so many other regiments. We were the only ‘Hoosier’ regiment in the week’s battle before Richmond, but we did our work in the rear guard, and whipped the rebels every time they attacked us.” Said I, “Your State is raising eleven new regiments and six batteries more for the war.” “Is she? I knew it! I knew it! God bless the Hoosier State!” he exclaimed, while his eye lighted up with fresh fire, and his wan emaciated face flushed with blood quickened into action. “I knew it, sir; there will never be any need of drafting in Indiana. We went into this war to save the Union, and every man in our State will volunteer to uphold the old stars and stripes and crush out this rebellion.”

“Finding that he was becoming too earnest for his welfare, and perceiving that he was nearly exhausted by excitement, I grasped his hand and bid good bye. He was a true type of the noble men from the West.”

#### BRAVE PHIL. KEARNEY.

On Monday night, September first, 1862, at the battle of Chantilly, the brave and brilliant General Philip Kearney fell.

Gen. Kearney was a native of New York, and was about forty-eight years of age. His family have resided in New Jersey since 1816. He was appointed in 1837 an officer of dragoons in the United States army. During the Mexican

war he was sent abroad to inspect the armies of Europe. Kearney's cavalry was the pride of the service in the Mexican war, and Kearney was named "Our Murat." At the gates of the city of Mexico his left arm was carried away by a cannon ball. After the war, he resigned his commission in the regular army, and traveled extensively abroad. He took an important position in the Algerine war, and was aid-de-camp to a French Marshal at Solferino.

When intelligence of the present war reached him in France, he returned at once, and offered his services to his country. He was appointed Brigadier General May seventeenth, 1862. He was made Major General a few weeks after, having fairly won it on the bloody fields of Williamsburgh, Fair Oaks, Orchards, White Oak Swamp, Cross Roads and Malvern Hill.

On the Peninsula his splendid division was in almost every fight, and everywhere the fighting Phil. Kearney, with his single arm, was a terror to the foe. He ordered his division to wear a patch of red flannel on their caps, so that they might be known, and that he might know them. Hence, this red patch has become a badge of honor; and whenever the rebels find our dead, with this mark, they bury them with the honors of war. He always led his men in person, and never allowed the front of battle to get ahead of him. It was a familiar sight to see him, on his white steed, sweep along the front, between opposing volleys, as if he courted death. Many stories are told of his bravery. His voice rang out in the roar of battle, and he always sought the thickest of the fray. Rebel prisoners always desired to see him, for in the roar of battle he had often passed so swiftly before their astonished eyes, and had so often defied the shots of their best men, that he seemed invulnerable.

A splendid officer, a fighting General, a brave soldier, a patriotic citizen—all these qualities united in Philip Kearney, who has set the seal of his life as his attestation of the inestimable value of the cause for which he struggled and fell.

In such respect was he held by the enemy, that, upon his death, Gen. Lee sent, under a flag of truce, his body, sword, horse and equipments, through our lines, with a testimonial to his bravery.

## COLONEL WILLIAM L. BROWN.

Through the untiring energy of this earnest man, the Twentieth Indiana was organized. At the time he proposed forming the regiment, the Government had refused to receive any more troops. But his importunity overcame all obstacles, and he was authorized to raise a regiment. In less than one month it was raised, equipped, and in the field.

Col. Brown was a strict disciplinarian. In military matters he ruled with an iron hand, and none could say nay against his orders. In his regiment he took a personal pride. It was his, and he meant to make it, and did make it, one of the most effective in the service. The officers who neglected their duties received from him little mercy. He was an enthusiast in the cause. He believed that his life, and that of his men, belonged to his country; that nothing should be thought of, nothing done, inconsistent with his country's good. Fearless, no danger daunted him; persevering, no disappointment checked his hopes. At Hatteras, when he was told there were no vessels to convey his troops, he said, "Give me wood and iron, and I will make ships." As the column marched along, through the valley of Virginia, the form of the Colonel could always be seen in advance. Sometimes, in the moonlight, winding through dark woods, the moon breaking through the trees, the Colonel, on his black horse, "Lincoln," could be seen, like an adventurous knight of old, leading on the column. He knew the ground ahead of him. His slim figure at times disappeared in the distance, and again appearing, he rode along the line to see that all was right. The regiment felt, that, under him, a surprise was impossible, and the men followed his lead with perfect confidence. He was watchful of the comfort of his men. His rule was, they should have every thing they were entitled to. Hence, the regiment was well fed and clothed, whenever possible.

Thus through the storms of Hatteras, on its desolate sands; through the campaign of the Peninsula, amid the swamps and malaria of the Chickahominy; during the march across to Yorktown, and the picketing on the Rappahannock. did

Col. Brown lead his gallant band, until at the battle of Bull Run, August 29, 1862, he yielded up his life to the cause he loved and fought for so well. He was instantly killed by a shot in the left temple. Thus, in the prime of life, was cut off all his earthly ambition and hope. Wm. Lyons Brown was born at St. Clairsville, O., the nineteenth of November, 1817.

COL. JOHN WHEELER,

Was born in Connecticut, on the sixth of February, 1825. At an early age his parents moved to Ohio; thence to Indiana, in 1847. He enlisted as a private in company B, Twentieth Indiana, on the twentieth of June, 1861; shortly afterwards he was elected Captain of the company. This position he held for seven months, when he was promoted to Major. After serving as Major seven months, he was promoted to the Lieutenant Colonelcy. At the end of seven months he received a Colonel's commission.

All the men of company B, loved John Wheeler as a Captain. He was a father to them. Often, after the duties of the day were over, did they collect around his tent to consult him about their friends at home. His pleasant manners, genial disposition, cordial smile, and kindness of heart secured for him the confidence and esteem of the regiment. Upon the resignation of Major Smith, he was promoted to the vacancy. This position he filled with marked ability. He was, during the seven day's fight in front of Richmond, always at the post of duty, and, upon the death of Col. Brown, at the Battle of Bull Run, took command of the regiment.

When the Twentieth went into camp upon Arlington Heights, after seven months' fighting and marching, Lieut. Col. Wheeler let the men rest to their heart's content.

Just before the battle of Chancellorsville, John Wheeler was commissioned Colonel. He went through that bloody fight, accompanied the regiment in its pursuit of Lee to Pennsylvania, and in the famous battle of Gettysburgh, sealed with his life, his devotion to the cause he loved. Those who knew him best, loved him most.

LIEUT. JOHN W. ANDREW,

Was born in Hamilton, Ohio, on the seventh of January, 1831. His father, Daniel Andrew, was the son of Dr. John Andrew, a surgeon in the army of the revolution. Descended from such a patriot, it was but natural that he should be one of the first to buckle on the armor in defense of his beloved country. His parents died when he was quite young, and he sought a home in the family of his uncle. As a boy he was gentle and kind, a universal favorite, yet intimate with few. After completing his studies in the Miami University, he settled in Laporte. The gentle boy grew into a brave man. When the rebellion broke out, his character seemed to have undergone a complete change; the timid, peaceful citizen was transformed into an avenger of his country's honor, and by voice and example, he called upon his comrades to rally for their country and their flag. Never before had he shown such earnestness. His most intimate friends gazed in wonder as he evinced his fiery zeal and courageous patriotism.

He enlisted as a private, in company E, Twentieth Indiana. Upon its organization he was chosen First Lieutenant, and entered camp on the second of July, 1861. He was with the regiment in all its sufferings at Hatteras, and upon all occasions cheerfully performed every duty.

The protracted stay of the regiment at Fortress Monroe and Newport News, while the Army of the Potomac was marching up the Peninsula, was impatiently endured by the Twentieth, and by none more than by Lieut. Andrew. At length, to his great joy, it was ordered to Norfolk, which was captured without resistance, and his company was one of the first to land at the wharf of that stronghold of rebellion, and march in triumph through its streets.

Remaining there about a month, the regiment left for the front of Richmond. Here Lieut. Andrew was placed in command of the sharpshooters, who were employed in various important duties. On the eighteenth of June the regiment took part in a skirmish. On the twenty-fifth it lost a large number of men in the battle of Orchards. In this battle

Lieut. Andrew was conspicuous in rallying his men, and cheering them on to the charge.

On the twenty-sixth the army commenced its retreat to the James river. Kearney's division, to which the Twentieth was attached, was the rear guard. In the terrible battle of Glendale, on the thirtieth, just before dark, while directing his men to fire a little more to the left, a bullet pierced Lieut. Andrew's head, over the right eye, and he fell dead not five paces from the front.

The chaparal and timber in front, swarmed with the foe. They were pressing on in countless thousands; yet the position was held till midnight, and then the command fell back; but, alas! the body of the brave Lieut. Andrew was left upon the field. It could not be removed. And he sleeps with other heroes, beneath the evergreen pines of the Peninsula.

#### THIRD INDIANA CAVALRY.

The following was the roster of the regiment, when fully organized:

*Field and Staff Officers.*—Colonel, Scott Carter, Vevay; Lieutenant Colonel, Jacob S. Buchanan, Vevay; Major, Geo. H. Chapman, Indianapolis; Major, Charles Case, Fort Wayne; Adjutant, Geo. H. Thompson, Madison; Regimental Quartermaster, John Patton, Vevay; Surgeon, Elias W. H. Beck, Delphi; Assistant Surgeon, Luther Brusie, Laporte.

*Company A.*—Captain, Jacob S. Buchanan, Vevay; First Lieutenant, William Patton, Vevay; Second Lieutenant, Robert P. Porter, Vevay.

*Company B.*—Captain, James D. Irvin, Corydon; First Lieutenant, Benjamin Q. A. Gresham, Corydon; Second Lieutenant, Marshall Lahue, Corydon.

*Company C.*—Captain, Theophile M. Dangle, Vevay; First Lieutenant, Charles Lemmon, Vevay; Second Lieutenant, Paul Clark, Vevay.

*Company D.*—Captain, Daniel B. Keister, Aurora; First Lieutenant, Matthew B. Mason, Aurora; Second Lieutenant, Henry F. Wright, Aurora.

*Company E.*—Captain, William S. McClure, Madison;

First Lieutenant, George W. Thompson, Madison; Second Lieutenant, Abner L. Shannon, Madison.

*Company F.*—Captain, Patrick Carland, Connersville; First Lieutenant, Oliver M. Powers, Connersville; Second Lieutenant, Thomas W. Moffett, Connersville.

*Company G.*—Captain, Felix W. Graham, Johnson county; First Lieutenant, Geo. F. Herriott, Johnson county; Second Lieutenant, John S. Kephart, Johnson county.

*Company H.*—Captain, Alfred Gaddis, Frankfort; First Lieutenant, Joseph M. Douglass, Frankfort; Second Lieutenant, Uriah Young, Frankfort.

*Company I.*—Captain Will. C. Moreau, Knightstown; First Lieutenant, Tighlman Fish, Knightstown; Second Lieutenant, Oliver Childs, Knightstown.

*Company K.*—Captain, Robert Klein, Switzerland county; First Lieutenant, Christopher Roll, Switzerland county; Second Lieutenant, George Klein, Switzerland county.

*Company L.*—Captain, Oliver M. Powers, Connersville; First Lieutenant, George J. Langsdale, Indianapolis; Second Lieutenant, Simeon J. Mitchell, Indianapolis.

*Company M.*—Captain, Charles U. Patton; First Lieutenant, James W. Haymond, Greensburgh; Second Lieutenant, James W. Stephens, Corydon.

The Third regiment of Indiana cavalry (Forty-Fifth of volunteers) was formed in October, 1861, by a transfer of six companies of the First Indiana cavalry, (A, B, C, D, E, and F) then in Hooker's division of the Army of the Potomac, under command of Lieut. Col. Scott Carter. Lieut. Col. Carter was promoted to the Coloneley of the regiment, and Geo. H. Chapman, of Indianapolis, who was then holding a position in the clerk's office of the lower house of Congress, was appointed Major, and joined that portion of the regiment, in the Army of the Potomac, about the first of November. It was understood, from the outset, that the Lieutenant Coloneley would be most likely filled by a selection from among the Captains of the first six companies; and in the spring of 1862, Captain J. S. Buchanan, of Co. A, was promoted to that place, with commission dating from the fifteenth of December, 1861. Four new companies were



added, (G, H, I, and K) which were in Indianapolis in camp, and were hurried to Kentucky under the pressure of troops occasioned by the concentration of Johnston's army at Bowling Green, and have since remained attached to the Army of the Cumberland.

As before stated, the first six companies formed a part of Gen. Hooker's division, which was then stationed on the Maryland side of the Potomac, south of Washington, with headquarters near Budds' ferry. On the eighth of December, Major Chapman was ordered to take two companies—B, Capt. Gresham, and F, Capt. Carland—and proceed into St. Mary's county for the purpose of breaking up the contraband travel and trade, there being carried on to some extent between Baltimore and Virginia. This detachment was increased in a few days by the addition of Co. A, Capt. Buchanan, and remained on duty there about four months, until the withdrawal of the troops from that locality. While there they captured several small cargoes of contraband goods, took a number of prisoners, succeeded in effectually breaking up communication with the disloyal States by that route, and received the commendation of the General commanding for the efficient manner in which they had discharged the duty assigned them. During the same period, Co. E, Capt. McClure, was doing detached duty along the river, in the vicinity of Maryland Point and Port Tobacco, having duty assigned to it similar to that assigned the detachment under Major Chapman.

When the Army of the Potomac embarked for the Peninsula, Gen. Hooker was ordered to leave the Third Indiana behind, because of the limited means of transportation, and the small field for the operations of cavalry before Yorktown. The General expressed his regret that the regiment should be separated from his command, and the men and officers of the regiment parted with the General with much reluctance, as he was a favorite with all, and endeared to them by long association. The command remained on duty in southern Maryland until May, when orders were received to proceed to Washington, which city it reached on the twelfth, and went into camp on its northern suburbs. Vari-

ous conjectures were indulged in as to what was to become of the command; and, among others, one was quite prevalent with the men, that it was to be paid off and mustered out of the service. But it was not realized. In a day or two a part of the command—four companies—were ordered on provost duty in the city, under command of Major Chapman, and were directed to go into quarters designated. That portion of the command which was not so detailed were several times called out to quell insubordination in other commands, lying in and about the city, which they succeeded in doing in each instance without resorting to bloodshed. The men of those companies detailed on provost duty were set to work cleaning up the quarters assigned to them; but before the work was completed, there came the report of Jackson's advance down the Valley of the Shenandoah; and on the twenty-fourth day of May the command was ordered to proceed early next morning, marching light and rapidly to reinforce Gen. Geary in Thoroughfare Gap. Early next morning it was in motion, and on the morning of the twenty-sixth reached its destination. The command followed the fortunes of this officer for about three weeks, when it was ordered to report to Gen. Shields at Luray; and did so in time to join his movement back to Front Royal, and from thence, after a few days, to Bristow Station, on the Orange and Alexandria railroad. Gen. Shields was relieved in a few days afterwards, his division broken up, and otherwise assigned—a considerable portion going to the Peninsula. The Third Indiana remained at Bristow until the seventh of July, when it was ordered to report to Gen. King, at Falmouth, and marched for that point. The regiment remained at Falmouth until the evacuation of the place by Gen. Burnside on the last of August; and during that time was engaged in scouting the country to the south of Fredericksburgh, and had several skirmishes with the enemy's cavalry. On the twenty-third of July, a cavalry detachment, consisting of Co. A, Capt. Wm. Patton, and Co. B, Capt. Gresham, of the Third Indiana, under command of Major Chapman, and a part of the Harris Light cavalry—the whole under command of Lieut. Col. Kilpatrick, of the Harris Light—proceeded to

Anderson Turnout, on the Virginia Central railroad, within about twenty miles of Richmond; and, after a brief engagement, dispersed a squadron of rebel cavalry encamped at that point, destroying their tents and other property, and capturing several prisoners. It was the nearest approach made to Richmond, from the direction of Fredericksburgh, during the summer of 1862, and took the rebels somewhat by surprise. Afterwards, a squadron of the regiment—companies C and D—took part in a reconnoissance made by Gen. Gibbon to the neighborhood of Orange Court House, and won most flattering commendations from that officer.

After the evacuation of Fredericksburgh the Third Indiana proceeded by transports from Aquia creek to Washington, joined the army of the Potomac, and during the Maryland campaign, which ended with the battle of Antietam, formed a part of Gen. Pleasanton's command. The regiment was engaged in a number of cavalry skirmishes commencing with Poolesville and ending with Martinsburgh, and also in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and always so conducted itself as to win golden opinions from the General Commanding. It was during this campaign that the regiment became associated with the Eighth Illinois cavalry, which association has continued to the present writing, and throughout the army of the Potomac the "Eighth Illinois and Third Indiana" are coupled together as two of the best, if not very best, cavalry regiments in the army.

On the twenty-fifth of October, 1862, Lieut. Col. Buchanan resigned on account of ill health, and Major Chapman was promoted to fill the vacancy thus occasioned. In July Capt. Robert Klein had been commissioned as Major for the battalion in the army of the Cumberland, and during the summer two new companies (L and M) had been raised, but were retained on service in Indiana, where they still remain. There being a vacant Majority by virtue of the promotions before named, Capt. William S. McClure, of Company E, was promoted, dating from October twenty-fifth, 1862. Lieut. Geo. H. Thompson, Adjutant of the regiment, was promoted to the Captaincy of Co. E, and Sergt. Gam. S. Taylor, of Company E, appointed and commissioned Adjutant.

On the eleventh of March, 1863, Col. Carter tendered his resignation on account of physical disability. He was honorably discharged, and Lieut. Col. Chapman was promoted to fill the vacancy thus occasioned, and Major Robert Klein to the Lieut. Colóneley. Subsequently Capt. Charles Lemmon and Capt. William Patton were promoted to the rank of Major.

The regiment, or to speak with more precision, the battalion to which this account mainly refers, has formed a part of the Army of the Potomac since the commencement of the first Maryland campaign, and shared in all the movements of that army. At the battle of Fredericksburgh in December, 1862, the command, though drawn up on the heights immediately opposite the city of Fredericksburgh and ready for action during the entire engagement, was not called upon to place itself under fire, there being no field for cavalry operations. When Gen. Stoneman started out early in April, 1863, with the cavalry, for the purpose of making a "raid" in the rear of Lee's army, but one brigade of Pleasanton's division was taken, that being the first, to which the Third Indiana belonged. Heavy rains prevented the expedition from crossing the Rappahannock until the twenty-ninth of April, though several attempts were made; and after crossing, the force was divided into columns, one being under command of Gen. Averill, to which the brigade of Pleasanton's division was assigned. Gen. Stoneman accompanied the other column which crossed the Rapidan and made what is known as "Stoneman's raid." The column under Gen. Averill was also to have crossed the Rapidan higher up, and effected a junction with Gen. Stoneman below Gordonsville. He proceeded to Rapidan ford, where the enemy's cavalry were found holding the south bank of the river, and skirmished one day without accomplishing any result. The next day orders came from Gen. Hooker to return to the army, and the command entered the lines on the day succeeding the battle of Chancellorsville, and before the army had recrossed the river.

Upon Gen. Pleasanton succeeding Gen. Stoneman in command of the cavalry corps, Gen. John Buford was assigned

the command of the first division, which assignment was made only a short time previous to the second invasion of Maryland by Lee's army. The cavalry corps took up their line of march for the purpose of heading Lee's cavalry, who were preparing to start on a raid at Culpepper Court House. At Warrenton Junction the corps was divided into two columns. One under Gen. Gregg, which proceeded to Brandy Station via Kelly's ford; the other, under General Buford, crossed the Rappahannock at Beverly ford, near which crossing one of the severest cavalry battles took place that had occurred during the war, and in which the Third Indiana bore no mean part; on the contrary, it sustained nobly the already enviable reputation enjoyed by the command. On the twenty-first of June, 1863, occurred the cavalry battle at Upperville, between the cavalry corps of the army of the Potomac and "Stuart's cavalry," resulting in a complete success for the Union army. The Third Indiana bore an honorable part in that engagement, and, together with the Eighth Illinois, and a detachment of the Twelfth Illinois, met a rebel brigade at close quarters, and drove them back with heavy loss. A few days afterwards the army crossed the Potomac in pursuit of Lee, and Gen. Buford's division of cavalry was ordered to proceed along the South and North Mountain as far as Gettysburgh.

On the morning of the thirtieth of July his division entered Gettysburgh as the advance of the army of the Potomac, and passing through the town, the first brigade, of which the Third Indiana formed a part, encamped about a mile out of town on the Chambersburgh pike. The next morning, July first, about half past seven o'clock, our pickets reported the enemy advancing in force. Dispositions were soon made to meet them, and for two hours, until the arrival of the advance of the first army corps, the cavalry held the enemy in check. Thus opened the first days fight of the battle of Gettysburgh. So soon as the infantry came up the cavalry were withdrawn from the immediate front, but still remained on the field. About the close of the first days fighting, and whilst our troops were falling back through the town, hard pressed by the enemy, the Third Indiana and Eighth New York cavalry

were sent forward to check a heavy flanking force of rebel infantry, until our troops could get into position on the hills behind the town. The position was a hazardous one for cavalry, but the regiments went to the work with alacrity, and succeeded in checking the rebels until our infantry had retired through the town. It was here Major Lemmon fell mortally wounded, while gallantly urging the men to hold their position against the advancing foe. Major Lemmon had risen from the rank of First Lieutenant to that of Major, and was a most efficient and zealous officer, and his loss was deeply felt and sincerely mourned. He was extensively known throughout the army as an excellent cavalry officer—one who had but few equals.

It would hardly be possible, within reasonable limits, to mention in detail each engagement and skirmish, in which the Third Indiana has taken part, but it has been of the advance of almost every move of the Army of the Potomac, and has achieved a reputation for gallantry and bravery of which it is justly proud. Up till the present time, it has been in over forty engagements with the enemy, and has won the confidence of its commanding officers and been mentioned by them in most flattering terms.

The battallion has participated in the following engagements and skirmishes, up till August fourth, 1863: Four picket fights, sixteen cavalry fights, and twenty-two skirmishes. It is yet in the Army of the Potomac, and always in the front, under Col. Chapman.

Skirmish, companies A and B, Anderson Turnout, Virginia Central railroad, July twenty-three, 1862.

Skirmish, Matta river, August fifth and sixth, 1862.

Engagement, Cos. A and B, Poolsville, Sept. eighth, 1862.

Skirmish, Barnsville, September ninth, 1862.

Engagement, Kittoetan Mountain, Sept. thirteenth, 1862.

Engagement, Middleburgh, September thirteenth, 1862.

Skirmish, South Mountain, September thirteenth, 1862.

Engagement, South Mountain, September fourteenth, 1862.

Engagement, Antietam, September seventeenth, 1862.

Skirmish, Shepherdstown ford, September nineteenth, 1862.

Skirmish, Shepherdstown ford, September twentieth, 1862.

- Skirmish, Shepherdstown ford, Sept. twenty-eighth, 1862.  
Skirmish, Shepherdstown ford, Sept. twenty-ninth, 1862.  
Engagement, Martinsburgh, October first, 1862.  
Skirmish, mouth of Monocacy, October twelfth, 1862.  
Reconnoissance, Charlestown, Va., Oct. seventeenth, 1862.  
Skirmish, Philemont, November first, 1862.  
Engagement, Union, November second, 1862.  
Engagement, Upperville, November third, 1862.  
Engagement, Barber's Cross Roads, November fifth, 1862.  
Engagement, Little Washington, November eighth, 1862.  
Skirmish, companies A and B, Jefferson, Nov. tenth, 1862.  
Skirmish, Cos. A and B, Jefferson, Nov. eleventh, 1862.  
Skirmish, Cos. A and B, Jefferson, Nov. thirteenth, 1862.  
Engagement, Corbin's Cross Roads, Nov. eleventh, 1862.  
Engagement, Fredericksburgh, December thirteenth, 1862.  
Skirmish, Beverly Ford, April fifteenth, 1863.  
Skirmish, Kelly's Ford, April twenty-ninth, 1863.  
Skirmish, Rapidan Ford, May first, 1863.  
Engagement, Beverly Ford, June ninth, 1863.  
Skirmish, Philemont, June eighteenth, 1863.  
Engagement, Upperville, June twenty-first, 1863.  
Engagement, Gettysburgh, July first, 1863.  
Engagement, Williamsport, July sixth, 1863.  
Engagement, Boonsborough, July eighth, 1863.  
Skirmish, Beaver Creek, July ninth, 1863.  
Engagement, Funkstown, July tenth, 1863.  
Skirmish, Falling Waters, July fourteenth, 1863.  
Skirmish, Chester Gap, July twenty-first, 1863.  
Skirmish, Chester Gap, July twenty-second, 1863.  
Engagement, Brandy Station, August first, 1863.  
Skirmish, Rappahannock, August fourth, 1863.

## SIXTEENTH BATTERY.

Formerly called Meigs', now known as Deming's, was organized at Indianapolis on the eighth of February, 1862, under the superintendence of Capt. Charles A. Naylor, with the following officers:

Captain, Charles A. Naylor, Lafayette; First Lieutenant,

Henry F. Jennings; First Lieutenant, Charles R. Deming; Second Lieutenant, Claudius Dutiel; Second Lieutenant, Frederick Sturm.

Being the only Indiana battery with the Army of the Potomac, much interest attaches to its history. It left for Washington on the first of June, and went into camp on Capitol Hill. On the twenty-sixth it was attached to the second division of Banks' corps, Army of Virginia, then under command of Gen. Pope, and took part in the series of battles which ensued. It took part in the battle of Slaughter Mountain, on the ninth of August, performing its duty gallantly.

Immediately after followed the battles along the line of the Rappahannock river. Each ford had to be defended against the threatened advance of the enemy, and as the fighting was chiefly with artillery, the various batteries in the Army of Virginia were kept busy, night and day, in hopes to check the enemy long enough to enable the army of the Potomac to form a junction with Pope's command. The fighting lasted from August twenty-second, until September first, ending with the battle of Chantilly, when the entire army fell back on Washington.

A short sketch of the part this battery took in the numerous artillery fights, which followed each other so rapidly, will be of interest.

At daylight, on the twenty-second, a shell from the section of the battery, commanded by Lieut. Deming, upon the left, announced the battle begun. For two days and nights the thunder of a hundred cannon reverberated along the banks of the river. The firing was almost incessant, mingled occasionally with musketry, as our skirmishers became engaged. During the first day's fight two guns were dismounted by the enemy's fire, and eleven horses killed. At midnight the battery was ordered to advance and take position within six hundred yards of the enemy. The enemy had batteries numbering sixteen guns, bearing on our position; yet our men had brave hearts, and with ready will they began their dangerous advance. So quietly and admirably was the move-



ment executed, that a good position was secured without attracting the attention of the enemy.

The battle of August twenty-third was opened at daylight by Lieut. Deming's two guns, who occupied the center. Lieuts. Dutiel and Sturm quickly followed, and soon the entire front line of batteries was engaged. The battery had only four effective guns, yet for nine hours it withstood the concentric fire of sixteen guns from the enemy. It was stationed in a small clump of pine trees. So savage was the enemy's fire, so terrible the showers of grape, canister and shell, which swept like a simoon through the trees, that the little clump of pines was entirely stript of its fibre-leaves, and the tops clipped off as if by a scythe. At four, P. M., the rebel batteries were silenced and withdrawn from the fight, leaving on the field two disabled guns, the remnants of three caissons, several of their dead and a number of horses killed. The battery was supported by the Fourteenth New York regiment, which lost thirteen killed and many wounded. These two days fighting was very trying on the men; yet they endured all hardships without a murmur. Gen. Hatch, commanding the division, complimented them for their bravery and endurance.

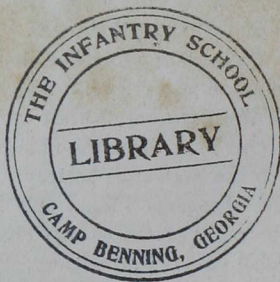
On the morning of the twenty-sixth the whole army fell back from the line of the Rappahannock. A skirmish took place near Sulphur Springs, in which the enemy were handled so roughly as to abandon two guns, after having loaded them to the muzzle, with the expectation that they would explode when discharged. Our men drew the charges, however, and attached the guns to the Sixteenth battery.

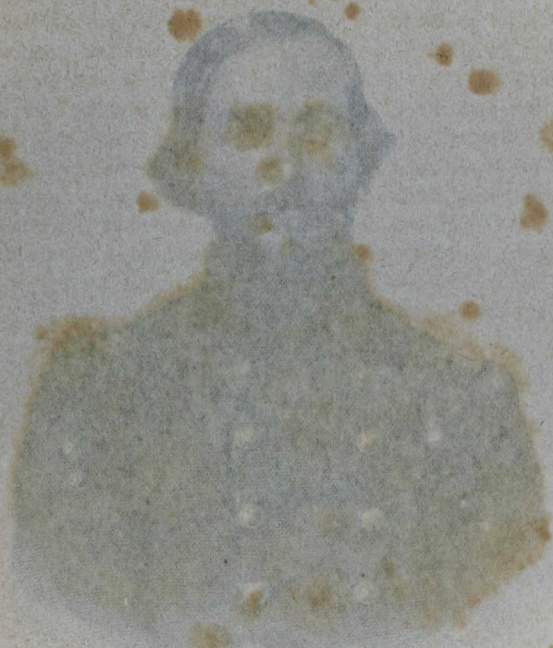
In the battles of Manassas Plains this battery took an active part. On the night of the twenty-eighth, at the battle of Groveton, the rebel twelve gun battery, styled the "Washington Light Artillery," attacked the Union lines upon the right, capturing the guns of two Pennsylvania batteries. The Sixteenth battery was immediately thrown forward, and by their courage and determination saved two regiments of Union troops from annihilation. The gallant conduct of the men on this occasion was commended by the commanding General.

The battery was with Gen. McClellan at South Mountain and Antietam, and shortly after, Lieut. Deming was appointed Chief of Artillery, second division.

In October, 1862, Lieut. Deming proceeded to Washington and drew two sections of three inch guns complete, in charge of which he left for Warrenton, Va., by the way of Harper's Ferry, Leesburgh, and Snicker's Gap, for the purpose of joining the corps of Gen. Reynolds. Near Snicker's Gap, on the eleventh of November, he was attacked by about three hundred of Mosby's and White's rebel cavalry. Having no cannoneers, and nothing but drivers, he was compelled to retire, managing the guns himself, and after a fighting retreat of twenty-eight miles, crossed the Potomac at Berlin, saving his guns, and losing four men killed and three wounded.

This battery has been pronounced equal to any regular battery in the service.





A. H. Abbott

The battery was sent to South Mountain and during the battle Gen. Denning was appointed Chief of Artillery.

On the 11th of November, 1862, he proceeded to Washington and on the 12th he was ordered to proceed to the front in charge of the 1st Maryland Artillery, being in the way of Harper's Ferry, Loudoun, and Snicker's Gap, for the purpose of joining the corps of Gen. Reynolds. Near Snicker's Gap, on the eleventh of November, he was attacked by about three hundred of Mosby's and White's rebel cavalry. Having no cannoniers, and nothing but drivers, he was compelled to retire, managing the guns himself, and after a fighting retreat of twenty-eight miles, crossed the Potomac at Berlin, saving his guns, and losing four men killed and three wounded.

This battery has been pronounced equal to any regular battery in the service.





Engraved by J.C. Butler, New York

*A. H. Abbett*

MAJ. AUGUSTUS H. ABBETT

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



## SHENANDOAH VALLEY.

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### CHAPTER XIV.

Early in January, 1862, Gen. Lander, well known as one of the brave veterans of the Western Virginia campaign, took command of a force to protect the Baltimore and Ohio railroad from the inroads of the enemy.

As the history of the operations in the Shenandoah Valley is intimately connected with the subsequent movements of the army of the Potomac, it will be necessary to enter into a detail of the various battles and maneuvers which had so great a bearing on the future action of that army, and of the Union cause.

Gen. Lander inaugurated his campaign by a series of rapid movements against the redoubtable "Stonewall" Jackson, who was then infesting the valley. By a bold dash he drove Jackson from Bloomery Gap, and kept the enemy constantly watching him. He also occupied Romney, and upon the advance of Jackson, with an overwhelming force, fell back, leaving nothing but a naked, frozen country, for the enemy to subsist upon. For his vigilance and energy he was publicly thanked by Secretary of War Stanton. His gallant campaign was brief, for he died on the second of March from wounds received in October, while engaged in a skirmish.

On the ninth of March Gen. Shields took command, and with that impetuosity which always characterized his movements, commenced a series of reconnoissances down the valley. Moving towards Strasburgh he encountered the

enemy, who retreated before his advance. During the night of March twenty-second the enemy attacked his column, but was repulsed. Gen. Shields had his arm fractured by a shell. This bold movement of Gen. Shields brought on the battle of Winchester. The forces at this battle were under command of Col. Nathan Kimball of the Fourteenth Indiana, Gen. Shields being too severely wounded to be on the field.

Winchester is approached from the south by three roads; the Cedar creek road, the Valley turnpike, and the Front Royal road. On the Valley turnpike, about three miles from Winchester, is a small village called Kernstown. About half a mile north of this village is a ridge of high hills, commanding the approach by the road and part of the country in the immediate vicinity. This ridge was the key point of our position; here Col. Kimball took his station. Along this ridge three Union batteries, supported by infantry, were posted.

The main body of the enemy was in order of battle about half a mile beyond Kernstown; his line extended about two miles, from the Cedar creek road on his left to a ravine near the Front Royal road on his right. He had so skillfully selected his ground that, while it gave him facilities for manuevering, he was completely masked by wooded grounds in front.

#### BATTLE OF WINCHESTER.

At an early hour on March twenty-third Gen. Jackson's forces appeared in our front, and opened the battle. It commenced with artillery, the enemy occupying the heights on the Kernstown road, along which they advanced. The Eighth Ohio, Col. Carroll, was thrown forward to meet him. At first he attempted to turn our left, but was soon repulsed. His attack on the left was only a feint to draw our forces from the right. Col. Kimball anticipated this movement and reinforced his right with all his available force. Meanwhile the enemy was heavily reinforced, and moved with his left wing on our right. The third brigade, under Col. E. B. Tyler of the Seventh Ohio, consisting of the Seventh and



Twenty-Ninth Ohio, Seventh Indiana, First Virginia, and One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania, were sent to support our right. They fought the overwhelming numbers of the enemy at short musketry range. The fire was terrible and deadly. The Eighth Ohio and Forty-Eighth Pennsylvania came to their support. The second brigade, commanded by Col. Sullivan, of the Thirteenth Indiana, consisting of the Thirteenth Indiana, Fifth Ohio, Sixty-Second Ohio, and Thirty-Seventh Illinois, which had supported Davis' and Robinson's batteries on our left, and did good service, were sent forward to support Tyler's brigade. Each brigade moved forward gallantly, sustaining a heavy fire from the enemy. Soon all the regiments were sharply engaged. The fire was destructive. Our line wavered. The Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana came up to decide the battle. These two brave regiments fought most gallantly. Four times during that bloody charge their colors went down, only to rise again. Lieut. Col. Foster led the Thirteenth and Lieut. Col. Harrow the Fourteenth. As they gained the crest of the hill they gave a Hoosier yell, then poured forth a terrible volley, and charged boldly upon the swarming masses of the rebels, who then broke and fled. The enemy were posted in woods, to reach which the Thirteenth Indiana had to pass through an open field, exposed to a sharp fire; but they met the scathing fire, charged gallantly across the field and drove the enemy from the woods. The column still pressed forward, and amid a shower of grape and canister from the enemy's batteries drove them from every new position.

Col. Kimball's forces numbered five thousand seven hundred and fifty men. Gen. Jackson had nine thousand six hundred. It was a glorious victory for the Union army, and reflects great credit upon Col. Kimball and the gallant men under his command. The headlong, impetuous charge of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Indiana broke the enemy's line and routed him.

The gallant Col. Murray, of the Eighty-Fourth Pennsylvania regiment, fell while leading forward his men amid a fearful storm of shot and shell. Col. Tyler was active and brave, and Carroll, Harrow, Foster, Voris, Patrick and Sulli-

van all fought bravely. The Fifth Ohio, Sixty-Second Ohio and Thirty-Ninth Illinois, were on the left supporting Carroll's skirmishers, and Davis' and Robinson's batteries, and prevented an attempt to turn that flank. Our forces retained possession of the field of battle and bivouaced for the night. Our loss was one hundred and three killed and four hundred and forty-one wounded. That of the enemy was about twelve hundred.

The rebel army fled towards Strasburgh. Our forces rapidly pursued. Ashby, with his cavalry, and two brass howitzers, covered their retreat. The people living on the route were so frightened that they fled to the woods, carrying with them much of their household effects. Gen. Banks, the day after the battle, took command of the forces, and the pursuit was continued to Mt. Jackson. Part of our forces advanced up the valley to New Market, the enemy, all the time, obstructing their progress.

The Thirteenth Indiana regiment, Col. Foster, made a reconnoissance towards Somerville, and, on the seventh of May, had a sharp fight with three rebel regiments of infantry and three companies of cavalry, losing twenty-nine men killed, wounded and missing.

About this time Garfield's division, formerly Gen. Shields', was ordered to join the command of Gen. McDowell, then stationed near Fredericksburgh, in order to join Gen. McClellan in his advance upon Richmond. They performed the long march, but only arrived in time to find that the movement had been abandoned on account of the daring raid of "Stonewall" Jackson upon the weak forces of Gen. Banks. Then followed the battle of Front Royal, and retreat of Gen. Banks down the Shenandoah Valley.

#### BATTLE OF FRONT ROYAL.

The First Maryland regiment, Col. J. K. Kenly, two companies of the Twenty-Seventh Pennsylvania, two companies of the Fifth New York cavalry, one company of Captain Mape's pioneers, and a section of Knapp's battery were stationed at Front Royal, to protect the railroad and bridges

between that town and Strasburgh. One company of the Second Massachusetts, one company of the Third Wisconsin and one company of the Twenty-Seventh Indiana were also posted along the road. These forces were under the command of Col. Kenly, when, on the twenty-third of May, the enemy, numbering about fifteen thousand, under command of Gen. Jackson, were discovered moving down the Valley of the Shenandoah, between the Massanutten mountain and the Blue Ridge, in close proximity to the town.

Front Royal is not easily defended except by a large force. Two mountain valleys debouch suddenly upon the town from the south, commanding it by almost inaccessible hills. The town is exposed to flank movements by other mountain valleys, by the way of Strasburgh on the east, and Chester Gap on the west.

The little band, eleven hundred strong, found itself instantly compelled to choose between an immediate retreat, or a contest with the enemy against overwhelming numbers. Col. Kenly was not the man to hesitate. He at once drew up his troops in the same order he had contemplated provided he was attacked by an equal number. The infantry was drawn up in line about half a mile in rear of the town. Five companies were detailed to support the artillery on the crest of a hill commanding a meadow, over which the enemy must pass to reach the bridge. The companies left to guard the town were soon driven back by the rebels. The battery on the hill opened fire on the enemy, and did much damage. The position was held for an hour, then our whole force retreated across the river, having destroyed the camp and stores. On the opposite side, our battery, Lieut. Atwell commanding, again took position, and opened fire on the enemy while fording the river; but their numbers were overwhelming, and the command was ordered to fall back on the Winchester road. It proceeded about two miles and was overtaken by the rebel cavalry, when a fearful conflict ensued, resulting in the disorganization of the whole command. Col. Kenly was wounded and taken prisoner, and the entire train and one gun captured. We lost about forty killed and wounded. Seven hundred of our men were taken prisoners.

## RETREAT OF GEN. BANKS.

Gen. Banks at once collected his forces and prepared to cover the movement of his trains. His command amounted only to five thousand. It would have been madness to fight a battle with the overpowering columns of the enemy. He determined to fall back upon Winchester. The race between the two armies was for Winchester, then supposed to be the key of the valley, and to our army a place of safety.

At nine o'clock, on the morning of the twenty-fourth, the column left Strasburgh. Col. Donelly was in front; Col. Gordon in the center, and Gen. Hatch in the rear. The column had passed Cedar Creek, about three miles from Strasburgh, when the enemy suddenly attacked the train near Middletown, directly in our front, and took possession of the road by which our column must march to reach Winchester. They had moved rapidly from Front Royal by a cross-road and cut off our retreat. The troops were sent to the head of the column, and the trains to the rear, and the command prepared to cut its way through.

The head of the column encountered the enemy near Middletown, thirteen miles from Winchester, and about four miles from Strasburgh. The Forty-Sixth Pennsylvania, Col. Knipe, penetrated the woods on our right and discovered five companies of rebel cavalry in an open field in rear of the woods. Cochran's battery opened fire on them. They soon fell back, pursued by our skirmishers. The Twenty-Eighth New York, Lieut. Col. Brown, then advanced in support, under a heavy fire of the enemy's artillery and infantry, and drove the rebels back two miles from the road. The contest lasted nearly an hour. Had the rebels attacked in force, they would have captured or demoralized the entire command. During the fight, Col. Brodhead, of the First Michigan cavalry, cut his way through to Winchester, and, coming back, reported the road unoccupied by the enemy.

The column moved on to Kernstown, five miles from Winchester. Here a halt was ordered. But the rebels were hovering on our flanks, and soon opened a fire from the dark woods on our men in the road. The column moved slowly

on to Winchester, fighting all the way, and halted for the night outside of town. At daylight all were called to arms. Col. Donnelly's brigade was on the left of the road south of Winchester. Col. Gordon's was on a ridge on the right. A little ravine was in front. On higher ground, in their rear, the artillery was posted. Here these two brigades, for three hours and a half withstood the assault of twenty-eight rebel regiments, and repulsed them. As the rebel troops, in heavy masses, were moving to flank our right, the Twenty-Seventh Indiana, Twenty-Ninth Pennsylvania, and Second Massachusetts, rushed forward with cheers, and, firing terrible volleys, checked for a while their advance. But the rebel force was too formidable, and our men fell steadily back. Winchester was entered, the enemy in hot pursuit. The command fell back in good order; the Second Massachusetts in column of companies, moving by the flank; the Third Wisconsin, in line of battle, moving to the rear. On every side, above the surrounding crest, surged the rebel fire. Sharp and withering volleys came from the enemy on the crest on our center, left, and right. The yells of a pursuing, victorious, and merciless foe, sounded above the din of battle. But the command was not dismayed. Steadily, they halted, returned the fire, reformed their ranks, covered the passage of the trains, and then pushed on.

Then came the march through Winchester. The rear guard suffered terribly from the rebel cavalry. Brig. Gen. Gordon asserts in his official report that a spirit of murder was evinced by the enemy's cavalry, who struck down and butchered, with pistol and saber, the wounded and helpless soldier, sinking from fatigue, unheeding his cries for mercy, indifferent to his rights as a prisoner of war. And Gen. Banks in his report states that "officers whose word I can not doubt, have stated as the result of their observation, that men were fired upon from private dwellings in passing through Winchester." At last our forbearance ceased. Houses were stormed, and the assassins bayoneted. We fired store houses, and blew up the powder magazine. Then the guerrilla war ended.

Still against our rear the rebel cavalry pressed; but pressed

in vain. Shot and shell could not break our defiant column, and, a few miles out of Winchester, Gen. Banks halted his men, and reformed his lines.

The column moved towards Martinsburgh, hoping there to meet with reinforcements. The troops moved in three parallel columns, each protected by a strong rear guard. The enemy pursued promptly and vigorously, but our movements were rapid, and we repulsed his successive attacks. The whistle of the locomotive, heard in the direction of Martinsburgh, inspired us with the hope of reinforcements, and stirred up the spirits of the men.

Presently two squadrons of cavalry, with wild hurrahs, came dashing down the road. They were supposed to be the advance of the expected support, and were received with deafening cheers. Hearing the firing they had hastened forward to take part in the fight. They proved to be the First Maryland cavalry, sent out by Lieut. Col. Wetseky in the morning as a train guard. Advantage was taken of this stirring incident to reorganize the column, and the men pressed on with renewed ardor.

At Martinsburgh the forces halted for about three hours, and arrived at the Potomac at sundown. It was a march of fifty-four miles, thirty-five of which was performed in one day.

A wagon train of five hundred wagons, nearly six miles long, was brought this distance, and only fifty wagons were lost. Our loss was killed thirty-eight; wounded one hundred and five; missing seven hundred and eleven.

Let us sum up the result, and see how admirably the retreat was conducted by Gen. Banks: A retreat of fifty-four miles was made by five thousand men, closely pursued by an enemy numbering fifteen thousand, with a perfect knowledge of the country, and the sympathy of the inhabitants; Gen. Banks with his advance interrupted, and the enemy pressing upon his flanks and rear, fought this overwhelming force for three hours and a half, and yet lost only thirty-eight killed, one hundred and five wounded, and seven hundred and eleven prisoners.

The scene at night, upon the lovely banks of the Potomac,

when the rear guard arrived, was beautiful beyond description. A thousand camp fires burned upon the hill sides and sparkled in the waters. Five hundred wagons crowded the banks of the river; while the splashing of horses and tramping of men, showed the eagerness of our troops to reach the opposite shore, for rest and safety.

On the twenty-sixth of May the crossing of the Potomac was effected at Williamsport, Md., by the command of Gen. Banks. The ford was deep, and there was but one ferry boat. By good management, however, all the sick and wounded, and all the teams, artillery and troops were safely conveyed across the river. Five thousand weary men lay down that night on the north bank of the Potomac, thankful that they were within reach of reinforcements. They were grateful for rest; and confident in the wisdom of the commander who had so skillfully saved his small army.

The troops hurried from all directions. The streets of Baltimore were filled with excited men. The line of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad was thronged with moving troops. Secessionists in Maryland were exultant, predicting the speedy arrival, in Baltimore, of the redoubtable "Stonewall" Jackson. Shield's veteran troops, who had joined McDowell at Fredericksburgh, tired and footsore, were ordered to retrace their steps to intercept the enemy, while the fresh troops of McDowell quietly staid behind.

Gen. Fremont, who had conducted a successful campaign in the Mountain Department and had defeated the enemy at Lewisburgh, McDowell, and elsewhere, was ordered, with his entire command, to join Gen. Banks at Williamsport, and drive Jackson out of the Valley.

The occupation of Front Royal by the enemy was brief. They captured it on the twenty-fourth of May, and were driven out of it by Gen. Kimball's brigade on the thirtieth. This movement of the enemy was the commencement of the evacuation of the Valley. Then followed the splendid retreat of Jackson, and the rapid pursuit of Fremont.

## FREMONT'S PURSUIT OF JACKSON.

Gen. Fremont was at Franklin, Va., when the order reached him to join Banks at Williamsport, Md. His troops were exhausted by previous marches to relieve Milroy and Schenck, who had been fighting in the mountains. Rapidly gathering the main body of his command, he started over the mountains. The first day the army marched fifteen miles; the next it reached Petersburg, thirty miles from Franklin. Here the roads were almost impassable for teams. About the same time Jackson left Winchester.

Knapsacks, tents and baggage were left behind, and our army marched to Moorefield. Thence it marched to Wardsen-ville, twenty miles distant.

On the thirty-first of May the last of the mountain ranges was crossed, and the western barrier of the Shenandoah Valley alone remained to be traversed. Our army was now pushing for Strasburgh. The troops marched twelve miles through the rain, halting at night at the forks of the Winchester and Strasburgh roads.

The advance moved early the next morning and encountered the advance of the enemy about five miles from Strasburgh, on the Winchester road. Col. Cluseret's brigade were the first engaged. Four companies of the Sixtieth Ohio, and two of the Eighth Virginia, advanced as skirmishers, and the contest was sharp. An effort of the enemy to flank our position was repulsed. It was soon ascertained that we were fighting the rear guard of Jackson, his main force pushing rapidly through Strasburgh, toward Woodstock, during the fight. Jackson reached Strasburgh in time to slip between McDowell's troops on one side, and Fremont's on the other. McDowell's troops entered Strasburgh twelve hours too late.

Col. Cluseret entered Strasburgh that night, June first, in the midst of a heavy thunder storm. The advance marched through the town, and when four miles beyond Strasburgh, was stopped by an ambush. It was dark, the storm was terrible, and the column halted for the night.

The next morning the pursuit of Jackson was continued. The First New Jersey cavalry, Stewart's Indiana cavalry,



and the Sixth Ohio cavalry, with Buell's and Schirmer's batteries, under command of Gen. Bayard, hurried on. The morning was clear and pleasant. The troops moved with alacrity in the pursuit. Cavalry and flying artillery pressed onward. Presently the sound of artillery told that the enemy had made another stand. Col. Pillson brought up his batteries, and soon drove the rebels from position. A second stand was made by the enemy's rear guard, but with no better success. Our cavalry and artillery forced them to give way. A third time, under Gen. Ewell, they halted and opened fire. Conspicuous among the enemy was Col. Ashby, with fifteen hundred cavalry. At every halt he brought his howitzers to bear, and made dashing charges upon our advance. But nothing could stand before our men. Our cavalry drove their rear guard before them, and our artillery silenced their batteries. The enemy fell back and our pursuit continued. By this time we had taken several hundred prisoners. The enemy passed through Woodstock without halting. Our column reached there the next day.

Through Woodstock, Mt. Jackson and New Market, our forces pressed in rapid pursuit. The enemy's rear guard made a stand at every favorable point, drove back our advance cavalry, but retired upon the approach of our artillery and infantry. Thus the pursuit continued through the Shenandoah Valley, without any striking incident, until the sixth of June, when, upon reaching Harrisonburgh the enemy was found to be in force. The entrance to the town was not disputed. Our advance cavalry passed rapidly through the main street, and, turning to the left, advanced through open fields to the summit of a hill overlooking an open valley. No enemy was in sight. The cavalry halted, and skirmishers were thrown out. They returned without having seen the enemy.

Col. Windham determined to advance. He had proceeded with his regiment, the First New Jersey cavalry, about two miles, when the enemy's cavalry were suddenly discovered in front, drawn up across the road, their line extending into the woods on either side. On the left of the road were woods; on the right, was a field of wheat. In this field was

concealed a strong body of the enemy's infantry. Col. Windham, ignorant of the force on his flank, charged up the hill. So soon as the first squadron was within the line of flanking fire, the enemy in the wheat field poured in a volley, which threw the squadron into confusion. Col. Windham's horse was shot under him, and he was taken prisoner. Gallant efforts were made, but in vain, by the other officers to rally our troops. They fell back with a loss of thirty-six killed and wounded.

As our troops were falling back, Gen. Bayard, with four companies of the Bucktail Rifles, the First Pennsylvania cavalry, and Col. Cluseret, with his brigade, comprising the Sixtieth Ohio and Eighth Virginia regiments, advanced to the rescue. A severe fight ensued. The enemy were driven back, losing a portion of their camp equipage. It was almost dark; Gen. Bayard ordered Col. Kane of the Bucktail Rifles, to penetrate the pine woods on the left. The brave band at once advanced; in proceeding through the woods they received a heavy fire from the concealed foe. They fought gallantly, but were overpowered by superior numbers, and compelled to retire, with a loss of six killed, thirty-six wounded, and ten missing. The loss among our other troops was eighteen killed, forty wounded, and thirty missing. In this fight Gen. Ashby, the fearless, dashing and gallant commander of the rebel cavalry, was killed. Under cover of night our troops were withdrawn.

#### BATTLE OF CROSS KEYS.

The next day, June eighth, our column again advanced. Upon reaching Cross Keys, seven miles from Harrisonburgh, the enemy was discovered advantageously posted in timber, and on commanding hills.

The country being hilly and heavily timbered was not favorable for open fighting. The enemy's troops were in a small circle, and formed *en masse*. Gen. Stahl, with his brigade, advanced on the left, driving the enemy's pickets through a belt of woods and over an open wheat field into a heavy piece of woods. While crossing this wheat field the

Eighth New York suffered much loss. The enemy, ambushed in the wheat, on the edge of the field, suddenly opened a terrible fire decimating the two companies in the advance. The rebels gave way as Stahl advanced. They suddenly rallied. Stahl's brigade and batteries were nearly surrounded. The enemy rushed forward with yells to capture his guns, but the brave troops of Stahl held him at bay and fell back in good order.

Gen. Milroy, who held the center, pressed steadily forward, planting his guns each time nearer and nearer the enemy's batteries, he delivered his fire with great accuracy. His infantry deployed through the woods, taking advantage of a deep gully to cross a wheat field, where they were exposed, and charged up a hill where one of the enemy's batteries was posted. The enemy withdrew their guns in time to prevent their capture. Milroy's men made the hill too hot for the enemy again to take position.

Gen. Schenck was on the right to support Milroy and Col. Cluseret,—the latter having the extreme right and the advance. Our right wing was not engaged. Col. Cluseret's brigade, however, had a sharp brush with the enemy. Steinway was in command of our reserve, supported by Bayard.

The fight ended about four o'clock. The enemy made a stand only to hold our forces in check while his trains crossed the Shenandoah at Port Republic, for he commenced crossing it during the engagement. Our loss was very heavy. Nothing but the superiority of our artillery, and the fact that Jackson's progress was threatened by Shields' advance on the south side of the river, prevented our total destruction. Our loss was about five hundred killed and wounded. That of the enemy about three hundred.

The next day the pursuit was continued; the enemy retired leisurely taking his trains and wounded with him. Jackson's force greatly outnumbered that of Fremont. Why he did not take time to crush Fremont can be accounted for only on the supposition that he feared being intercepted by McDowell's corps, or that he had something greater to accomplish in front of Richmond.

The army of Fremont reached the bridge at Port Republic

only to find its charred and smoking ruins. Jackson had safely crossed with his whole command. While Fremont's guns were thundering on his rear, his advance was fighting Col. Carroll's brigade of Shields' division, which had been sent forward, unsupported, to check the advance of a hostile column of twenty-five thousand men. This brought on another disastrous battle for the Union army.

#### BATTLE OF PORT REPUBLIC.

On the seventh of June Colonel Carroll, the advance of Shields' division, with one thousand infantry, one hundred and fifty cavalry, and one battery of six guns, left Conrad's store with orders to intercept the retreat of Jackson at Port Republic, and save the bridge at that place. Halting six miles before reaching Port Republic, Col. Carroll sent out scouts, who returned with the information that Jackson's train was parked near Port Republic, guarded by three hundred cavalry. Col. Carroll at once pushed forward with his cavalry and two guns, drove the enemy from the town and took possession of the bridge. Before he had occupied it twenty minutes, and before the remainder of his force could come up, he was attacked by three regiments of rebel infantry and a large force of cavalry, and driven at once from his position. Retiring from the town two miles, he was reinforced by Gen. Tyler's brigade, numbering about two thousand. It was deemed injudicious to make an attack at that time, and our forces bivouaced for the night.

At six o'clock in the morning the battle commenced. The enemy, with twenty pieces of artillery, opened on our advanced brigade, commanded by Carroll, consisting of the Eighth and Tenth Pennsylvania and Seventh Indiana. Meantime we replied from a section of two guns on our right, and another on our left. Col. Gavin, with the Seventh Indiana, was sent to the extreme right to support a battery. The enemy made a desperate effort to take this battery. Three rebel regiments, creeping stealthily through a wheat field until they were within two hundred yards of our line, sprung up with a yell and charged upon the battery. They were met

by a withering volley from the Seventh Indiana and held in check for half an hour, when the heavy artillery fire of the enemy compelled the regiment to fall back. The Twenty-Ninth Ohio came to their support, and the engagement became very warm. The Seventh Ohio advanced to support Clark's guns, and the Fifth Ohio to support Huntington's battery. Well did these gallant regiments do their duty. The First Virginia regiment was sent to the right, and rushed to the front with loud shouts.

The whole of Gen. Tyler's force was now in position. On his right was the Seventh Indiana, Twenty-Ninth Ohio, Seventh Ohio, Fifth Ohio, First Virginia, with sections of Capts. Clark and Huntington's batteries. On his left—the key of the position—was a company of the Fifth Ohio, and one of the Sixty-Sixth Ohio, deployed in the woods as skirmishers. The Eighty-Fourth and One Hundred and Sixteenth Pennsylvania regiments were in the woods. The Sixty-Sixth Ohio was directly in the rear of the battery, composed of three guns of Clark's, three of Huntington's, and one of Robinson's battery, under Lieut. Col. Hayward, and upon him and his gallant band rested the fate of the command at this critical moment. Their duty was well and gallantly executed. Had they given way all would have been lost. The left wing of the Sixty-Sixth Ohio was extended into the woods, and close in the rear of the battery, which position it held until ordered to fall back.

During the fight on the right the enemy threw a heavy force into the woods, and pressed down on our left, capturing one of our batteries. The Seventh and Fifth Ohio made a desperate charge upon the enemy, driving him from his position, and retaking the battery. Owing to the horses having been killed, the enemy afterwards captured two guns. For a short time the heroism of our troops rendered the conflict doubtful. The enemy had given way along his whole line. But heavy reinforcements for the enemy were seen approaching from the town, and Gen. Tyler ordered his command to fall back until they should meet the reinforcements approaching under Gens. Kimball and Ferry.

Col. Carroll covered the retreat, which was effected in good

order, the Fifth Ohio being the extreme rear guard. The column fell back until the advance of Shield's division was met, the enemy pursuing. Upon receiving reinforcements our column faced the enemy, who at once fled. Our loss was about one hundred killed, four hundred wounded, and five hundred missing. That of the enemy was about five hundred killed and wounded. It was a disastrous battle to us. The Seventh Indiana, which went into the fight with three hundred and fifty men, lost eighteen killed, one hundred and twenty-three wounded, and thirty-two missing. The Fifth Ohio lost heavily, as did also some of the other regiments.

After this engagement Gen. Jackson deliberately retreated toward Staunton, and from thence marched to Richmond, taking with him the prestige of having eluded or defeated all our forces. He afterwards participated in the terrible Seven Days Fight against McClellan's army.

The armies of McDowell, Fremont and Banks, were consolidated by the President into one command called the Army of Virginia, and the command given to Major General John Pope. Fremont's troops constituted the first army corps; Banks' the second; McDowell's the third. Gen. Fremont did not wish to serve under Gen. Pope, therefore he was allowed to withdraw by permission of the Secretary of War.

Thus ended Gen. Fremont's campaign in the Valley of the Shenandoah.

## MISSOURI CAMPAIGN.

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### CHAPTER XV.

After the startling events in Charleston harbor, the public mind at the North became uneasy in reference to the position which the border slaveholding States might assume in the inevitable contest which those events inaugurated. None of these States attracted more attention than Missouri. Her geographical position, her commercial and social relations to the seceded States, and the recognition of slavery by her laws, rendered it almost certain that many of her people would place themselves in sympathy with the secessionists. Her Governor and a majority of the legislature, with many of her influential politicians were known to favor separate State action, and it was feared the whole weight of this influence would be thrown in favor of secession.

Although the people were known to be divided on the question of secession, yet it was believed a large portion, if not a majority, of the voters of Missouri were so strongly attached to the Union, that no arguments could induce them to oppose the national government. A knowledge of this fact deterred the secession leaders from attempting to precipitate the State out of the Union. They contented themselves with efforts to gain time, and with secret preparations, until they could obtain the requisite strength and power to accomplish their designs.

The Governor, Caleb F. Jackson, answered the call of the President upon the State for four regiments of the seventy-

five thousand volunteers of three month's men, by the defiant assertion that the requisition was "illegal, unconstitutional, revolutionary, inhuman and diabolical," and could not be complied with. Other acts which plainly indicated the designs of the secessionists, followed this refusal. The United States Arsenal at Liberty, in Clay county, near the Kansas border, containing twelve hundred stand of arms, ten or twelve pieces of cannon, and a large quantity of ammunition, was attacked by a mob on the twentieth of April, and garrisoned by the insurgents.

This open resistance to the authority of the Federal government and seizure of its property, naturally created some alarm for the safety of the St. Louis arsenal, where the materials of war were abundant, and immediate steps were taken for the removal of so much of the property as could be taken away without causing unnecessary alarm. The undertaking was hazardous, for the city was full of secession spies, who kept close watch upon the arsenal, and no movement having a tendency to attract notice could be made without being reported to secession headquarters.

The perilous attempt however, was undertaken by Capt. James H. Stokes, of Chicago, formerly an officer of the regular army, in whose hands was placed the requisition of the Secretary of War in favor of the Governor of Illinois for ten thousand muskets. With the aid of Captain (afterwards General) Lyon, who commanded at the arsenal, the arms, during the night of the twenty-fourth of April, were, in the presence of a mob, placed on board a steamer and conveyed to Alton. This was accomplished by first placing a number of boxes of Kentucky flint lock muskets, which had been sent there to be altered, on a small steamer to cover the real movement. The secessionists at once seized these and carried them away amid shouts of exultation from a jubilant mob. A large portion of the outside crowd left the arsenal when this movement was executed, and those who remained behind were, at once, arrested and locked up in the guard house by Capt. Lyon. The arms called for by the requisition were placed on board the steamer City of Alton, and the arsenal was emptied of all it contained except seven thousand



muskets, which were retained for the St. Louis volunteers. The steamer then moved off up the river, passed the batteries previously erected by the secessionists, and arrived at Alton at five o'clock in the morning. From that point the arms were transferred to cars, and sent to Springfield, Illinois, the citizens of Alton turned out *en masse*, at the ringing of fire bells, to assist in removing the valuable freight.

When the Governor refused to meet the requisition of the President for troops to sustain the national flag, prominent citizens of the State replied, on their own personal responsibility, that the quota of four regiments should be raised, without either the aid or consent of the Governor. To give character and legality to their proceedings, and to guard against the power of the State rulers, Capt. Nathaniel Lyon of the U. S. Army, commanding the arsenal at Saint Louis, was directed by the Secretary of War, on the thirtieth of April, to enroll in the military service of the United States, from loyal citizens of the city and vicinity, ten thousand men, to protect the peaceable inhabitants of Missouri, and to guard against any attempt on the part of secessionists to gain military possession of the city of St. Louis. His instructions were to disband the force when the emergency ceased to exist. Recruiting offices were opened, and on the second of May four regiments were reported as organized, equipped and mustered into service. Detachments of these volunteers having been quartered in buildings outside of those belonging to the government, the Police Commissioners, who were avowed secessionists, made a formal demand of Capt. Lyon for the removal of all United States troops from all places outside the arsenal grounds, alleging that such occupancy was in derogation of the constitution and laws of the United States. Capt. Lyon declining compliance with the demand, the Commissioners made no attempt to enforce it, but contented themselves by referring the matter to the Governor and the Legislature.

On the third of May Governor Jackson communicated his message to the Legislature, then in special session. He charged the President with having committed an illegal and unconstitutional act in calling out troops to oppose the seces-

sion movement, and proceeded to defend and justify the right of secession. The interests of Missouri, he contended, were identical with those of the other slaveholding States; and the similarity of their social and political institutions, their industrial interests, and their territorial contiguity, clearly demonstrated that it was the duty of Missouri, at the proper time, to follow their example. He concluded by recommending the Legislature to make such appropriations as would enable the State authorities to place the State, at the earliest practicable moment, in a complete state of defense against the aggressions of all assailants. This message was the commencement and cause of the long series of desperate and bloody events which afterwards transpired in Missouri in connection with the rebellion.

In obedience to orders from Governor Jackson, who had directed the different military districts to go into encampment, with the view of acquiring a greater degree of proficiency in military drill, a camp of instruction, called Camp Jackson, was, on the fourth of May, formed at Lindell's Grove, on the western outskirts of St. Louis, and placed in command of General D. M. Frost, of the State militia. The main avenue of this camp had the name of "Davis," and a principal street that of "Beauregard." On the ninth of May a company organized to advance the interests of the secessionists arrived from the interior and marched into Camp Jackson, with the secession flag flying. The dress and badge, distinguishing the army of the so-called Southern Confederacy, were openly worn by many members of this newly arrived company. On the same day the steamer J. C. Swon, from New Orleans, came into port with the rebel flag hoisted, having on board in boxes marked "marble," four field pieces, two howitzers, and rifles for a regiment. These arms had been taken from the United States arsenal at Baton Rouge and shipped in accordance with an understanding between the Southern conspirators and Governor Jackson, and were taken out to Camp Jackson immediately on the arrival of the steamer.

## CAPTURE OF CAMP JACKSON.

These facts left no doubt respecting the character and ultimate object of the encampment. Capt. Lyon determined to break it up. The arsenal garrison and the United States troops in and about St. Louis, including the home guard organizations, were, accordingly, ordered to assemble quietly as possible, at noon, on the tenth of April, and, about two o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Lyon marched out from the arsenal with a force of about seven thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery. The troops marched quickly through the streets, and, on arriving at Camp Jackson, rapidly surrounded it, planting batteries upon all the heights overlooking the camp. Long files of men were stationed at various points; and a picket guard, covering an area of two hundred yards, was established. The guards, with fixed bayonets and muskets at half-cock, were instructed to allow no one to pass or repass within the limits thus occupied.

The news of the approach of the United States troops was received by General Frost with astonishment. The rumors of such a movement, which had been prevalent for a few days before, he pretended not to believe. They had become so frequent that, in order to satisfy his brother officers, he had that morning addressed a note to Captain Lyon inquiring whether he contemplated an attack upon his camp, and expressing the belief, that nothing could justify such an interference with the rights of citizens of the United States, who had assembled in camp in the lawful performance of duties devolving upon them under the constitution, in organizing and instructing the militia of the State and in obedience to her laws. He assured Capt. Lyon that no hostility was intended towards the United States, or its property or representatives, by any portion of his command.

Capt. Lyon refused to receive this communication, but forwarded to Gen. Frost about the time of the surrounding of his camp a note, stating that his (Frost's) command was regarded as hostile towards the government of the United States; that it was mostly made up of secessionists who had openly avowed their hostility to the Federal government, and

who had been plotting the seizure of its property and the overthrow of its authority; that it was in open communication with the so-called Southern Confederacy, then at war with the United States, and was receiving at Camp Jackson from said Confederacy, and under its flag, large supplies of the materials of war, most of which was known to be the property of the United States. Capt. Lyon declared that these preparations plainly indicated hostilities to the General Government and co-operation with its enemies. In view of these considerations, and the failure of the troops composing this camp to disperse in obedience to the President's proclamation, and of the eminent necessities of State policy and welfare, and the obligations imposed upon him by instructions from Washington, Capt. Lyon declared it to be his duty to demand of Gen. Frost an immediate surrender of his command, with no other conditions than that all persons surrendering should be humanely and kindly treated. Believing himself prepared to enforce this demand, half an hour's time was allowed Gen. Frost for compliance therewith.

On receiving this communication Gen. Frost held a consultation with his officers, who advised a surrender. It was made in the following singularly worded letter :

“CAMP JACKSON, Mo., May 10, 1861.

“CAPTAIN N. LYON, Commanding U. S. Troops—*Sir*:— I never for a moment having conceived the idea that so illegal and unconstitutional a demand as I have just received from you, could be made by an officer of the United States army. I am wholly unprepared to defend my command, and shall therefore be forced to comply with your demand.

“I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

“D. M. FROST,

“Brig. Gen. M. V. M.,

“Commanding Camp Jackson.”

The State troops were then made prisoners of war. An offer of release, on condition of taking an oath to support the Constitution of the United States and not to take up arms against the Government, was made and accepted by only

eight or ten; the others, about eight hundred, preferring, under the circumstances, to become prisoners, stating that they had already sworn allegiance to the United States, and to defend the Government, and to repeat it would be to admit that they had been in rebellion, which they would not concede.

The preparations for the surrender and the marching of the prisoners, under military escort, occupied nearly two hours. In the meantime, an immense crowd of people had assembled in the vicinity. Hundreds of women and children, attracted by motives of curiosity, had stationed themselves with the throng upon the surrounding hills, and, as they supposed, out of danger. About half past five the prisoners left the grove and entered the road, the escort enclosing them by a single file, stretched along each side of the line. A halt was now ordered, and the troops remained standing in the position into which they had been deployed on the road. The head of the column rested opposite a small hill on the left. The rear was on a line with the entrance to the grove. Suddenly the sharp reports of firearms were heard from the front of the column, and the spectators, who lined the adjacent hill, were seen flying in the greatest dismay and terror. Several members of one of the German companies, on being pressed by the crowd, and receiving some blows from them, turned and discharged their pieces. Fortunately no one was injured, and the soldiers who committed the act were at once placed under arrest. Hardly, however, had tranquility been restored, when volley after volley of rifle reports was heard from the extreme rear ranks, and men, women and children wildly and frantically ran away from the scene. The number killed and injured was about twenty-five. The secession rowdies, of whom there were many in the crowd, had pressed closely to the German soldiers of Boernstein's regiment, subjecting them to the most exasperating insults. Men deliberately gathered handfuls of sand, and threw them into the eyes of the soldiers, while others threw brickbats. In order to intimidate the mob, the soldiers were ordered to level their loaded rifles, with fixed bayonets, at their assailants. This had but a momentary effect. Persons in the crowd commenced firing pistols. One of these shots wounded the cap-

tain of the company most exposed. As he fell he gave his men the order to fire. It was obeyed immediately, causing death and injury to many innocent persons; for most of those exposed to this fire were citizens, who with their wives and children, were spectators of, and not participants in, the mob. The moment Capt. Lyon heard the firing, he dashed in between the company that had fired, and the people, instantly checking the firing.

No further attack was made upon the soldiers. The prisoners were promptly marched to the arsenal. The camp and its equipage, with the captured arms, were placed in charge of a strong guard of United States troops.

On the following evening, Gen. Frost's brigade was released from the arsenal. The officers were paroled, and the men took an oath not to bear arms against the Government during the present war.

The excitement in the city was most intense during the night following the scenes at Camp Jackson. The unfortunate firing upon citizens was magnified, and made the occasion for imprecations and threats against the Home Guards, and especially against the Germans. An indignation meeting was held, at which speeches were made, which were not adapted to allay the feeling. The activity of the police prevented a general riot. With the exception of a few personal encounters, and attempts to break into gunsmith shops to obtain arms, no serious demonstrations were made.

The news of the surrender of Camp Jackson created great excitement at Jefferson City. The Legislature, alarmed by the vigorous measures on the part of the Government, passed, the same afternoon, a "Military Bill," authorizing the Governor to call out, arm, and equip, the State militia, appropriating all the available funds of the State, including the School Fund, and the money belonging to the Lunatic Asylum, and levying special taxes for military purposes. In addition, authority was given the Governor to borrow five hundred thousand dollars from the State banks and individuals, and to issue bonds to the amount of one million of dollars. The bill authorizing this loan gave the Governor supreme authority in all military matters, and subjected all able bodied men

to such authority under a penalty of one hundred and fifty dollars fine. The telegraph was seized, and the bridge over the Osage river, on the Pacific railroad, was destroyed by order of Gov. Jackson, in consequence of a report that Federal troops had started for the capital, from St. Louis, to arrest the conspirators.

Another riot between the citizens and Home Guards of St. Louis occurred on the eleventh of May. A company of the latter, while marching through the streets, were first annoyed, and then fired upon by an unruly mob of citizens. The fire was returned by the exasperated Guards, who were thrown into such confusion that many of them fired down their own line, killing and wounding almost as many soldiers as citizens. The Mayor and police interfered, and the riot was soon quelled. The excitement which followed was so intense, that other scenes of bloodshed would have followed but for the arrival, that evening, of Gen. William S. Harney, of the regular army, and a citizen of St. Louis, who assumed the command of the military department, and immediately issued a proclamation, expressing deep regret at what had happened, and pledging himself to do all in his power to preserve the peace. He trusted that, with the aid of the people, and of the local authorities, he would have no occasion to resort to martial law. This proclamation had a good effect, and order once more reigned in the city.

On the fourteenth of May General Harney issued an address to the people of Missouri, reviewing the conduct of the Governor and Legislature, and calling special attention to the odious features of the Military Bill, which, he said, could only be regarded in the light of an indirect ordinance of secession. Its most material provisions were in conflict with the Constitution and laws of the United States, and to that extent were a nullity, and should not be upheld or regarded by good citizens. Missouri must share the destinies of the Union, and, in his opinion, the whole power of the Government, if necessary, would be exerted to maintain Missouri in her present position in the Union. He fully justified the seizure of Camp Jackson, and declared, that within the field and scope of his command and authority, the supreme law

of the land must and should be maintained; and that no subterfuges, whether in the forms of legislative acts or otherwise, could be permitted to harrass or oppress the good and law-abiding people of Missouri. All unlawful combinations of men, whether formed under pretext of military organization, or otherwise, would be suppressed, and the persons and property of the law-abiding protected from violations of every kind, at all hazards.

Complaints having been made of persecutions of Union men in the town of Potosi, Washington county, Gen. Lyon, who had been commissioned Brigadier General of volunteers, dispatched a force to that section, consisting of one hundred and fifty men, commanded by Capt. Cole, of the Fifth Missouri, which, after reaching Potosi, surrounded the place before day, and made all the inhabitants prisoners. From these the Union men were separated, and unconditionally released. Nine leading secessionists were taken to the military prison at St. Louis, and sixty others released on taking an oath not to bear arms against the Government. A secession lead factory was seized, and its owner, John Dean, made prisoner. The expedition, on its return, broke up a rebel militia muster at De Soto, carrying off, as a trophy, a large secession flag.

After the adjournment of the Legislature on the fifteenth of May, Gen. Sterling Price, commanding the State militia, entered into an arrangement with Gen. Harney, professedly designed to "allay excitement," and "restore peace," but which practically tied the hands of the latter officer to such an extent, that the General Government, to free Gen. Harney from his embarrassments, and release him from his obligations to Gen. Price, relieved him from the command of the department, and appointed Gen. Lyon his successor.

When Gen. Lyon assumed command, he was appealed to by Gov. Jackson and Gen. Price, to continue the arrangement, which had so embarrassed his predecessor. An interview was solicited and granted. Gov. Jackson proposed, as terms of agreement, to disband and disarm the State Guard, to allow no arms or munitions of war to be brought into the State, and to attempt no organization of the militia under



the Military Bill, provided Gen. Lyon would disband the Home Guards, and withdraw the United States troops from Missouri. The proposition was promptly rejected, and the secession leaders left for Jefferson City to prepare for immediate hostile demonstrations.

On the twelfth of June, Gen. Jackson issued an address, in which he threw off all disguises, and boldly took the side of the rebels. He called for fifty thousand volunteers, and appointed Sterling Price, Major General, and Gens. Parsons, M. L. Clark, John B. Clark, Slack, Harris, Stein, Rains, McBride and Jeff. Thompson, Brigadier Generals, to whom orders were issued to organize their forces rapidly as possible, and send them forward to Booneville and Lexington.

Gen. Lyon now determined to take active measures to arrest the operations of the conspirators. He started up the Missouri river with such force as was at his command, and reached Jefferson City on the fifteenth, to find that Gov. Jackson and his troops had fled to Booneville, taking with him the State records. Leaving Col. Boernstein and three companies to hold the capital, Gen. Lyon proceeded to the foot of an island eight miles below Booneville. Opposite the upper end of the island, the south bank of the river rises to a high bluff. Below this bluff, and opposite the lower end of the island, the hills recede, leaving a river bottom of nearly a mile and half in width. The Booneville road runs through this bottom land, and parallel to the river. The rebels had collected their forces in the vicinity of the bluff, and planted a battery thereon, commanding both the river and the road.

Leaving two companies in charge of the steamers, Gen. Lyon landed the remainder of his force below the island, and commenced the march up the river road. On reaching the foot of the bluff, the enemy was discovered well posted on one of the small hills which formed the bluff, at a point where a lane ran from the road to the river. In a brick house on the right of where the lane and road intersected, and in a grove on the left, the rebels were stationed, as they supposed, in perfect security. Gen. Price was not in command, but had left for his home at Brunswick, on account,

as was said, of severe illness, leaving the troops in command of Col. J. S. Marmaduke, a graduate of West Point.

Gen. Lyon placed himself at the head of his command, and advanced firmly upon the intrenched rebels. The battle opened with much vigor, by artillery and volleys of musketry. Two shells were thrown with great precision, by Capt. Totten's regular artillery, directly into the brick house, causing the occupants to retreat rapidly from their cover. A well directed fire of bullets, round shot and shell, was then poured into the grove. The rebels, owing to the protection afforded by the trees, were enabled to defend this point for nearly half an hour; but the fire becoming too hot for them, they fell back in confusion to the battery on the summit of the bluff, where they were again rallied and formed into line, only to be routed by an impetuous and resistless charge of the Union troops, led in person by the brave Lyon. The enemy now beat a rapid retreat, leaving Gen. Lyon in possession of their deserted camp, and its ammunition and supplies.

The troops which took part in this first battle on Missouri soil, were Lieut. Col. Schaeffer's German infantry, Capt. Totten's regular artillery, Gen. Lyon's old company of regulars, and a portion of Col. Frank P. Blair's regiment, numbering in all two thousand men. The Union loss was two killed and nine wounded, while the rebels admitted a loss of three killed and twenty-five wounded, and thirty prisoners. A rebel historian thus explains the defeat: "The Missourians [rebels] had but about eight hundred men, armed with ordinary rifles and shot guns, without a piece of artillery, and with but little ammunition. Under the impression that the forces against him were inconsiderable, Marmaduke determined to give them battle; but upon ascertaining their actual strength, after he had formed his line, he told his men they could not reasonably hope to defend the position, and ordered them to retreat. This order they refused to obey, declaring they would not leave the ground until they exchanged shots with the enemy. The men remained on the field, commanded by their captains and Lieut. Col.

Horace Brand, and fought stubbornly until overpowered by numbers, when they retreated in safety, if not in order."

The Unionists throughout the State now entered zealously upon the work of organizing themselves into home guard companies for defense, and troops were stationed by the military authorities at points along the line of the principal railroads in sufficient numbers to protect them.

After the battle of Booneville nearly three hundred of the defeated rebels took up their line of march for the southwestern portion of the State, under the direction of Governor Jackson. Gen. Lyon had taken measures to intercept their flight by placing eight hundred men at Cole Camp, under command of Capt. Cook. During the night of the eighteenth of June, however, Capt. Cook's men were surprised by a body of three hundred and fifty rebels who had marched from Warsaw. The attack was made at midnight while the Union forces were asleep. The enemy surprised and routed them, killing twenty-five, wounding fifty-two and capturing twenty-three. The rebel loss was forty-five killed and forty wounded. The greater portion of the garrison effected their escape in the darkness of the night. The rebel commander in this affair was Lieut. Col. Walter S. O'Kane, a native of Indiana, and for some years a resident of Indianapolis.

Jackson's forces, having nothing to oppose them, in the front, rapidly retreated to the south-west and were joined on the march by a column of two thousand five hundred men from Lexington, under Gen. Rains, and by Gen. Price with such followers as he could rally upon the march. On the fourth of July the rebel army of Missouri was organized near Carthage, in Jasper county, and numbered thirty-six hundred, many of whom were unarmed, while those who were armed were provided with shot guns and squirrel rifles.

Gen. Lyon left Booneville on the third of July in pursuit, with two thousand men. Before he could overtake them they had come in conflict with another portion of the Union force which had been sent out from Springfield by General Sweeney, commanding at that point. These troops were commanded by Col. Franz Sigel, of the Third Missouri volunteers, who had reached Springfield, from the North, on the

twenty-third of June. Hearing that the rebel troops under Jackson were making their way southward, through Cedar county, he proceeded with his command, numbering about twelve hundred men and two field batteries, towards Mount Vernon, for the purpose of intercepting him. Reaching Sarcoxie, twenty-two miles from Neosho, on Friday the twenty-eighth, Col. Sigel learned that a body of troops under Gen. Price, numbering eight hundred, were encamped near Pool's Prairie, six miles south of Neosho, and that Jackson's troops, commanded by Gen. Parsons, had encamped the day before fifteen miles south of Lamar. Gen. Rains' troops were reported to be only one day's march behind Jackson's. Col. Sigel at once resolved to march upon the body of rebels at Pool's Prairie, and then, turning north, to attack Parsons and Rains, and open a line of communication with Gen. Lyon, of whose approach from the north he had been advised. On the twenty-ninth news reached Sigel that the camp at Pool's Prairie had that morning been broken up. Price retreated to Elk Mills, thirty miles south of Neosho, not far distant from the south-western extremity of the State. Sigel now abandoned the idea of pursuing him, and directed his whole attention to the hostile forces north. Leaving a company in Neosho to afford protection to the Union citizens there, he moved in the direction of Carthage, and, on the evening of the fourth of July, after a march of twenty-two miles, encamped south-east of that place, near Spring river. Reliable information was here received that Jackson, Rains and Parsons, with three thousand six hundred men, were nine miles distant, marching toward Sigel's camp.

#### BATTLE OF CARTHAGE.

On the morning of the fifth, at five o'clock, a scouting party sent out by Col. Sigel, encountered, about two miles from Carthage, a picket guard of rebels, who were attacked and three taken prisoners. With all dispatch Sigel prepared to go forward expecting to meet the rebels west of Carthage. With nine companies of the Third Missouri—five hundred and fifty men—seven companies of Col. Salomon's Fifth Missouri,

numbering four hundred men, and two batteries of artillery, each consisting of four field pieces, Sigel slowly advanced upon the enemy, his skirmishers chasing before them numerous bands of mounted riflemen. The baggage train followed three miles in the rear. After passing Dry Fork Creek, six miles beyond Carthage, and advancing three miles further the enemy was found drawn up in battle array, on an elevation which rises by gradual ascents from the creek a mile and a half distant. The front of the enemy consisted of three regiments, deployed into line and stationed at proper intervals. Two of these, consisting of cavalry, formed the wings, while the center was composed of infantry, cavalry and two field pieces. Other pieces were posted at the right and left wings. The whole number of troops thus menacing the Union forces was not less than twenty-five hundred, not including a heavy reserve kept in the rear.

Col. Sigel disposed his forces by sending two cannon, with two companies of the Third Missouri as a support, to the rear guard, which was already engaged, and by placing another cannon with a company of the same regiment behind the creek so as to afford protection to the baggage and the troops in the rear against the movements of cavalry. The remainder of troops were formed in line of battle as follows: On the left, a battalion of the Third Missouri in solid column with four cannon. In the center, the Fifth Missouri, in two separate battalions. On the right, three cannon were placed supported by another battalion of the Third Missouri.

After advancing a few hundred yards the seven field pieces opened fire upon the enemy, which was promptly answered by their shots, which went over the heads of the Union troops, falling in the open prairie beyond. The two mounted rebel regiments now endeavored to execute a flank movement by describing a wide semi-circle to the right and left. In this effort a large interval of space was left between them and the center, of which Sigel took immediate advantage by ordering the whole fire of his artillery to be directed against the right center of the enemy, which had the effect, in a short time, of weakening the fire of the rebels at that point. Lines of skirmishers were then formed between the cannon, and two

pieces were brought from the right to the left wing, with the intention of gaining the high by advancing with the left wing and taking position on the right flank of the enemy's center. At this critical moment one of the battery commanders reported that he could not advance for want of ammunition. No time was to be lost, as part of the troops were already engaged with the rebel cavalry at the extreme right and left, and Col. Sigel deeming it to be a question of very doubtful expediency whether to advance with the remainder without the support of artillery, reluctantly ordered a retreat. The hostile cavalry struck terror into his rear guard, although the real danger was not great. These considerations and the threatening loss of the entire baggage train prompted him to retire. Word was sent back for the wagons to advance rapidly as possible, so that a junction with the main body could be more readily made. By keeping up the fire with the infantry, and bringing the artillery in range whenever practicable, Sigel managed to retard the progress of the enemy's cavalry, and eventually fell back to the baggage train, three miles from the scene of the first engagement. By a skillful movement, the wagons were placed in the center of the column in such manner that artillery and infantry forces were both in front and rear. The retreat was conducted without serious casualty until our forces reached Dry Fork Creek, where the road passes between bluffs on either side. Here the rebel cavalry were concentrated on the opposite side of the creek to cut off Sigel's retreat. The safety of his little army depended upon passing the creek and clearing the road to Carthage, as he could not risk being surrounded by an army of such numerical superiority by remaining where he was or by retreating. To deceive the enemy he ordered his artillery to oblique two pieces to the right and two pieces to the left, following the movement with part of his infantry. The enemy supposing it to be Sigel's intention to escape by cutting a road at their extreme sides, immediately left the road leading over the bluff and advanced to the right and left to prevent the crossing of their line. Scarcely had they advanced within four hundred yards of our troops, when our artillery suddenly wheeled round and poured a most terrific

volley of canister on the rebel cavalry from both sides. Simultaneously the Union infantry was ordered to advance, at double-quick across the bridge, and in a few minutes the whole body of rebels were flying in all directions. No resistance was made. Eighty-one horses, sixty-five double-barrel shot guns, and many revolvers fell into the hands of our troops, and forty prisoners were taken. The baggage train now crossed the creek undisturbed and ascended the hights which command Carthage from the north near Spring river.

Here the enemy again took position. His center slowly advanced, while his cavalry came upon our troops with great rapidity, designing to circumvent Sigel's two wings and gain the Springfield road. Deeming it of the utmost importance to keep open his communication with Mount Vernon, Col. Sigel ordered Lieut. Col. Wolff, with two pieces of artillery, to pass through Carthage and occupy the eastern hights on the Sarcxie road. Two more companies followed him to protect the western part of the town against any movement in that direction. The rear portion of Sigel's army then took possession of Carthage, in order to give the remainder of the troops time for rest, as they had marched twenty-two miles on the fourth, and eighteen miles more during the day, exposed to a burning sun, and almost without any food to eat or water to drink. The enemy in the meantime derived great advantage from his cavalry being able to cross Spring river at various places, and to harrass our troops almost incessantly. A retreat was, therefore, ordered towards Sarcxie, under cover of both artillery and infantry.

A position was first taken on the hights beyond Carthage, and next at the entrance of the Sarcxie road into the woods, about two and a half miles south-east of Carthage. The enemy knowing that if Sigel could get his forces into the heavy woods which bordered the Sarcxie road his cavalry could not follow, made a desperate resistance at that point, disputing Sigel's advance. The conflict was severe, the infantry on both sides were for the first time engaged. Our troops fought splendidly and the rebels stoutly resisted, but their arms were defective and their cavalry could not be used to advantage. The fight raged for two hours, and was

the most hotly contested encounter of the day. When the enemy retreated to Carthage, Col. Sigel with his troops had reached the woods where they were secure from further attack. From this point they advanced unmolested to Sarcoxie.

The Union loss during the day was thirteen killed and thirty-one wounded, while the rebels admitted a loss of fifty killed and one hundred and fifty wounded. The probability is that their loss was much greater. One of their field pieces was dismounted and another exploded.

The officers and men of Sigel's command fought with the greatest skill and bravery, and received the commendations of their able, experienced and gallant commander.

Capt. Conrad, who had been left behind at Neosho with a company of ninety-four men, was surprised by the rebels, and his whole command made prisoners.

#### BATTLE AT MONROE STATION.

On the morning of the tenth of July, Col. Robert Smith, with six hundred men of the Sixteenth Illinois volunteers, while encamped near Monroe Station, thirty miles west of Hannibal, was attacked before daylight by sixteen hundred rebels, under Gen. Harris. After a successful skirmish with the enemy, Col. Smith retired to the academy buildings for greater security. Here he was attacked by an increased force, and again succeeded in repulsing the rebels. Determined to keep them at bay, he sent messengers to Hannibal and other places for reinforcements. Three companies, with two cannon, arriving from Hannibal, Col. S. immediately assumed the offensive. Towards evening a body of cavalry, under command of Gov. Wood, of Illinois, arrived, and fell upon the rear of the enemy, who were soon routed, with a loss of thirty killed and wounded, and seventy-five prisoners. Of the Union troops four or five were wounded—none killed.

The disorganized condition of society was such in the State, that numerous bands of guerrillas were formed by secessionists, who, to an alarming extent, committed depredations



upon the persons and property of Union citizens. The rules of civilized war were disregarded, and the lives of the innocent were often at the mercy of an ignorant and lawless rabble. Skirmishes became frequent between guerrillas and home guards, and a perfect reign of terror prevailed in many neighborhoods.

Brig. Gen. John Pope was assigned to a command in Northern Missouri. He appointed Gen. S. A. Hurlbut to guard the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad. Citizens were appointed district superintendents, and when depredations were committed, the damages were assessed upon, and collected from, the people living in the districts where they occurred. Col. Ulysses S. Grant was stationed at Mexico, on the North Missouri railroad, with his Illinois regiment, and Cols. Palmer and Ross, of the Illinois volunteers, were posted at other points. The enforcement of this policy prevented further injuries to the railroads, and troops were transported, in safety, to points where they were needed.

On the twenty-third of July, Major Van Horn's command of one hundred and seventy United States reserve home guards, while on the march from Kansas City to reinforce Major Dean at Westport, who was holding that place with a small force, was attacked near Harrisonville by five hundred rebels, under Capt. Duncan. The attack was bravely met, and a severe fight, lasting four hours, ensued. Towards evening the rebels withdrew, leaving the Union troops in possession of the field. The rebel loss was fourteen killed and several wounded. Van Horn's loss was one killed.

Maj. Gen. John C. Fremont arrived at St. Louis on the twenty-fifth of July, and assumed command of the Western Department.

On the thirtieth of the same month, Gen. Sweeny's forces dispersed a band of one hundred and fifty rebels, stationed at Forsythe, near the foot of the Ozark Mountains, and took possession of the town. Five rebels were killed and several wounded. Three of the Union troops were slightly wounded. A large amount of commissary stores, blankets and clothing, valued at twenty thousand dollars, which had been collected at this point, fell into the hands of Gen. Sweeny.

The Missouri State Convention, which assembled at Jefferson City on the last day of July, issued a strong Union address, established a Provisional Government for the State, and elected Hamilton R. Gamble Governor, Willard P. Hall, Lieutenant Governor, and Mordecai Oliver, Secretary of State. On the same day the Governor and Lieutenant Governor were inaugurated, and the Convention adjourned to meet in December.

While these events were transpiring, Gen. Lyon concentrated his troops at Springfield. Believing his numbers insufficient to successfully meet the enemy, who was known to be marching against him, with more than double his force, Gen. Lyon appealed to Gen. Fremont to reinforce him. This Gen. Fremont declined to do, giving as a reason, that his best regiments had been withdrawn to Washington and Cairo, and to important points in the vicinity of St. Louis, and the district under Gen. Pope, which required to be guarded. Gen. Lyon and his brave little army were thus left to meet the fast accumulating forces of Price and McCulloch, who were bent on forcing Lyon either to an engagement, or to an abandonment of the Southwest.

#### SKIRMISH AT DUG SPRINGS.

Gen. Lyon determined to march upon the advancing foe with his small force, rather than retreat and leave a large district of country exposed to secession ravages. To meet the enemy on an open field, he marched his army south to Crane creek, ten miles below Springfield, at which point he encamped at ten o'clock on the night of the first of August. The weather was intensely hot, and the country almost destitute of water. All the streams were dried up, and the springs were nearly exhausted. The march was slow and most fatiguing. The next morning, under a burning sun, it was resumed. Slight skirmishing occurred during the day; but the shells of Capt. Totten's battery caused a hasty retreat of all opposing forces, until the army reached Dug Springs. Here the skirmishing was renewed with much animation, a brisk fire being maintained by our skirmishers against the retreating

pickets. Capt. Steele's regular infantry, supported by a company of cavalry, occupied the left; the rest of the column were in the rear. A regiment of rebel infantry soon approached from the woods with the design of cutting off the Union forces. Capt. Stanley drew up his cavalry against more than five times their number, and opened upon them with Sharpe's carbines. The rebel infantry responded, and kept up the firing for some minutes. An enthusiastic Lieutenant gave the order to "charge." Twenty-five of the cavalry rushed impetuously forward upon the enemy's lines, and, dashing aside the bayonets of the rebels, hewed down the ranks with fearful slaughter. Capt. Stanley, who was amazed at the temerity of the little band, was obliged to sustain the order; but before he could reach his comrades, they had broken the ranks of the enemy, who fell back in confusion. The ground, strewn with arms, was left in possession of the Union troops. While the men were engaged in securing the enemy's horses and mules, a large force of the enemy's cavalry suddenly appeared. Capt. Totten threw a few shells at the advancing horsemen, who immediately vanished from view. The Union loss was four killed and five wounded. That of the rebels was forty killed and nearly one hundred wounded.

Having routed the enemy, Gen. Lyon continued his march until he reached Curran, in Stone county, twenty-six miles from Springfield, where he encamped, in order to avail himself of a choice position. Here a consultation was had by Gen. Lyon with his officers, when it was determined to retire towards Springfield. The enemy, in largely superior numbers, threatened a flank movement. The necessity of keeping communication open with Springfield was apparent to all the officers. Another important consideration, which influenced them in deciding upon a retrograde movement, was that the men were exhausted with the excessive labors and privations of the campaign, and provisions had to be transported one hundred miles, the depot being at Rolla.

On the fifth of August, the army encamped near Springfield, and there awaited the movements of the enemy, fully determined to fight so long as there was any hope of successful resistance.

## OCCUPATION OF BIRD'S POINT.

About the time the last named engagement was in progress, Gen. Fremont and staff, and a fleet of eight steamers, with four regiments of infantry, and two companies of light artillery, sailed from St. Louis to Cairo, where they arrived on the third of August. The troops were immediately landed at Bird's Point, on the Missouri side of the Mississippi river, opposite Cairo, where fortifications were soon constructed, and the place put in a defensive condition. Gen. Pillow was at New Madrid with several thousand troops, with which he threatened to march northward. To check this movement, Gen. Fremont had stationed this force at Bird's Point, where they could easily keep up a blockade of the river, and, in case of emergency, move into the interior to meet any forward movement of the enemy from below.

## SKIRMISH AT ATHENS.

On the fifth of August, a skirmish took place between four hundred Union home guards, stationed at Athens, on the Desmoines river, near the Iowa line, twenty-five miles south of Keokuk, commanded by Col. Moore, and twelve hundred rebels, under Col. Martin Green, who made the attack at six o'clock in the morning. An irregular and indecisive fight followed, lasting an hour and a half, when Col. Moore led the center of his line to a charge, which routed the enemy. Col. Moore and his soldiers were left undisputed masters of the field, with a loss of ten killed and ten wounded. The rebel loss was fourteen killed, forty wounded, and eighteen prisoners.

## BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK.

On returning to Springfield, after his expedition to Curran, Gen. Lyon found himself called upon to decide whether he should, with an inferior force, give battle to the enemy, now closely pressing upon him, or attempt to retreat to Rolla, encumbered with heavy trains of baggage, and exposing

himself to an attack at any point on the route where the enemy might see fit to attack him. With a large cavalry force, they could, by celerity of movement, cut off his communication, and flank him wherever disposed. His appeals for reinforcements had not been heeded, yet he daily indulged the hope that a sufficient force would reach him to justify an offensive movement against the enemy, with a reasonable prospect of success. But this hope was not realized; and the rebels were so close upon him, that he was compelled either to retreat, and leave a large region of country unprotected, or make an attempt to expel the foe, even at the risk of sacrificing his army. On the afternoon of Friday, the ninth of August, after a consultation with his officers, it was deemed advisable to attack McCulloch's camp at Wilson's Creek, nine miles southeast of Springfield, where the enemy's tents were pitched, extending a mile east and south of the Cassville road, and two miles west and north of the same, the creek running nearly in the shape of a horizontal  $\infty$ . The plan agreed upon was to attack the enemy, simultaneously by two columns, at daybreak on the following morning, Saturday, the tenth; the first column under command of Gen. Lyon, and the second under Gen. Sigel.

Strange to say, on the same day orders were issued by Gen. McCulloch to the rebel troops to prepare to take up the line of march to Springfield by nine o'clock on that night, with the purpose of attacking Gen. Lyon at different points at daylight the next morning. But when the hour arrived to march the order was countermanded in consequence of the threatening appearance of the weather, and the want of cartridge boxes to protect the ammunition of the men. But for this change of orders, it is highly probable the two armies would have come in conflict with each other during the night, while each was marchig to surprise the other.

At half past six o'clock on Friday evening General Sigel moved southward with six pieces of artillery, the Third and Fifth Missouri, and two companies of regular cavalry. The column marched all night and arrived at daybreak within a mile of the enemy's outposts, and on the right and rear of the rebel camp.

Gen. Lyon, at the head of the main body, marched from Springfield at five o'clock in the afternoon, making a detour to the right, and at one o'clock in the morning reached a point on the right of the rebel camp, in full view of the enemy's guard-fires. Here the column halted and lay on their arms until the dawn of day, when it again moved forward. A south-easterly direction was taken, with a view to strike the extreme northern point of the enemy's camp. Reaching this position a line of battle was formed, closely followed by Totten's battery, supported by a strong reserve, and in this order the Union troops advanced, with skirmishers in front, until the first outpost of the rebels was encountered and driven in. Then the column was halted and a disposition of the forces made, by which Capt. Plummer's battalion of regular infantry, with a company of mounted home guards, were to cross Wilson's creek and move towards the front, keeping pace with the advance on the opposite bank, for the purpose of protecting the left flank against any attempt to turn it. After crossing a ravine and ascending a high ridge near the northern end of the valley, through which the creek ran, Gen. Lyon's advance came in full view of the enemy's skirmishers. Major Osterhaus' battalion of two companies of the Second Missouri volunteers, was at once deployed to the right, and two companies of the First Missouri were deployed to the left as skirmishers. The firing now became very severe. It was evident our troops were approaching the rebel stronghold, where they intended to give battle. A few shells from Totten's battery assisted the skirmishers in clearing the ground in front. The infantry regiments were now posted in front upon the crest of a small elevated plateau, with a wide ravine separating the two wings. Totten's battery was placed opposite the interval between the infantry force. The extreme right rested on a ravine which turned abruptly to the right and rear. Dubois' battery, with a strong support, was stationed eighty yards to the left and rear of Totten's guns, so as to bear upon a powerful battery of the enemy, posted to the left and front on the opposite side of Wilson's creek, to sweep the entire plateau upon which our troops were formed.

The enemy now rallied in great force near the foot of the slope, and under cover, opposite Lyon's left wing and along the slope in front, and on his right toward the crest of the main ridge, running parallel to the creek. During this time Capt. Plummer, with his four companies of infantry, moved down a ridge about five hundred yards to the left of Lyon's line of battle, and separated therefrom by a deep ravine, and reached its abrupt terminus, where he found his further progress arrested by a large body of rebel infantry, occupying a cornfield in the valley in his front. At this moment distant artillery firing was heard, indicating that Gen. Sigel had engaged the enemy to the south and rear.

Gen. Lyon's whole line now advanced with much energy upon the enemy's position. The firing, which for half an hour had been spirited, now increased to a continuous roar. Capt. Totten's battery came into action and played upon the enemy's lines with great effect. After a fierce engagement, which continued for half an hour, the enemy gave way in the utmost confusion, and left our troops in possession of the position.

Capt. Plummer, meeting with overpowering resistance from the large mass of infantry in the corn field in his front, and in the woods beyond, was compelled to fall back; but, at this moment, Dubois' battery, supported by Capt. Steele's battalion of regulars, opened upon the enemy in the corn field a fire of shell, with such marked effect as to drive him in the utmost disorder, and with great slaughter, from the field.

A momentary cessation of fire followed along nearly the whole line, except the extreme right, where the First Missouri was still engaged with a superior force of the enemy, attempting to turn the right flank, but the timely arrival of the Second Kansas to its support prevented the destruction of the Missourians by the overwhelming forces against which they were unflinchingly holding their position.

The enemy again appeared in large force along the entire front, and moved towards each flank. The engagement at once became general and exceedingly fierce; the enemy approached in three or four ranks, lying down, kneeling, and standing; the lines often approaching to within thirty or forty

yards of each other, as the enemy charged upon Totten's battery, and were driven back. Every available battalion was now brought into action, and the battle raged with unabated fury for more than an hour; the scales seeming all the time to be equally balanced, our troops sometimes gaining a little ground and again giving way a few yards to rally again.

#### DEATH OF GEN. LYON.

Early in this engagement, while Gen. Lyon was leading his horse along the line on the left of Totten's battery, and endeavoring to rally our troops, which were at this time in considerable disorder, his horse was killed, and he received a wound in the leg and another in the head. He walked slowly a few paces to the rear, and said, "I fear the day is lost." Another horse being furnished him by Major Sturgis, the General mounted, and swinging his hat in the air, called to the troops nearest him to follow. The Second Kansas gallantly rallied around him, headed by the brave Col. Mitchell. In a few moments the Colonel fell severely wounded. A fatal ball lodged in Gen. Lyon's breast, and he was carried from the field—a corpse. Thus gloriously fell a soldier, brave as ever drew a sword—a noble patriot who willingly sacrificed his life for the welfare of his country.

The death of Gen. Lyon was not generally known among the troops until the battle was ended. After his fall the command devolved on Major Samuel D. Sturgis, who gave attention at once to the disordered line on the left, which was again rallied and pressed against the enemy with great vigor and coolness. This hot encounter lasted half an hour; then the enemy fled and abandoned the field. The brave little army, which had thus far successfully resisted the rebels, was scattered and broken; a largely superior force was still in its front. The men had drunk no water since the evening before, and could hope for none nearer than Springfield. If they should go forward their own success might in the end prove their certain defeat. If they retreated, disaster stared them in the face. Their ammunition was well nigh exhausted, and



should the enemy make this discovery total discomfiture was all they could expect. No news had been received from Sigel. He might have been defeated and forced to retreat. If he were safe and could make a vigorous attack on the enemy's right flank or rear, then Sturgis could go forward with some hope of success. If he had retreated there was nothing left for the other division but to follow. In this perplexing condition, Sturgis summoned his officers together for counsel. The consultation was brought to a sudden close by the advance of a heavy column of infantry from the hill where Sigel's guns had been heard early in the morning. Thinking they were Sigel's men, a line was formed for an advance, with the hope of forming a junction with him. These troops wore a dress much resembling that of Sigel's brigade, and carried the American flag. They were, therefore, permitted to move down the hill within short range of Dubois' battery, until they reached the covered position at the foot of the ridge, on which Sturgis' men were posted, and from which they had before been fiercely assailed. Suddenly a battery was planted on the hill in front and began to pour upon our line shrapnell and canister—a species of shot not before fired by the enemy. At this moment the enemy showed his true colors, and, at once, commenced along our entire line the fiercest and most bloody engagement of the day. Dubois' battery, supported by Osterhaus' battalion and the scattered fragments of the First Missouri, soon silenced the enemy's battery on the hill, and repulsed the right wing of his infantry. Capt. Totten's battery in the center, supported by the Iowa First, and the regulars, was the main point of attack. The enemy were frequently seen within twenty feet of Totten's guns. Now, for the first time during the day, our entire line maintained its position with perfect firmness. Not the slightest disposition to waver was manifested at any point. The contending lines at one time were almost muzzle to muzzle. Capt. Gordon Granger, Assistant Adjutant General, at this critical period, rushed to the rear, quickly brought up the supports of Dubois' battery, and fell upon the enemy's right flank, pouring into it a murderous volley, killing or wounding nearly every man within sixty or

seventy yards. From this moment a complete rout took place along the rebel front, while our's on the right flank continued to pour a galling fire into their disorganized masses. The enemy then fled from the field.

The order to retreat was given soon after the enemy gave way. The whole column slowly moved to the high open prairie, about two miles from the battle ground, carrying off all the wounded. About this time news reached Major Sturgis that Sigel had been completely routed and was on his way back to Springfield. After making a short halt on the prairie, the march was continued to Springfield. The enemy made no attempt at pursuit, and the column reached its point of destination about five o'clock in the afternoon.

#### THE DISASTER TO SIGEL'S COLUMN.

During Sigel's march, early in the morning, he cut off about forty of the enemy who were coming from the camp in squads to obtain water and provisions. This prevented news reaching the rebel camp of the advance. On approaching within view of the enemy's tents four pieces of artillery were planted on a little hill, while the infantry advanced to a point where the Fayetteville road crosses Wilson's creek, and the two cavalry companies were extended to the right and left to guard the flanks. At the crossing of this road the hills on each side of the stream are about two hundred feet high, sloping gently towards the north, and abrupt towards the south side. The valley is about half a mile wide. At half past five o'clock musketry firing from the north-west was heard. This was the signal for commencing the attack. Sigel ordered the artillery to open upon the enemy's camp; the fire was so destructive that the rebels were forced to retire in haste towards the north-east end of the valley. Meanwhile the infantry quickly advanced, passed the creek, and traversing the camp, formed almost in the center of it. The enemy soon rallied in large numbers in front. The artillery was brought forward from the hill and formed, in battery, across the valley, with the infantry to the left and the cavalry to the right. After an effectual fire of half an hour, the enemy

retired in confusion into the woods and up the adjoining hills. The firing to the north-west now became more distinct, and increased until it was evident to Sigel that Lyon had engaged the enemy along the whole line. To give him all possible assistance, Sigel abandoned his position in the camp, and moved towards the north-west to attack the enemy's line of battle in the rear.

Marching forward, they soon struck the Fayetteville road; and making their way through a large number of cattle and horses, they reached an eminence known as Sharp's farm. On the route about one hundred prisoners were taken. Here rebel soldiers were met. Sigel, suspecting that the enemy would follow these stragglers, formed his troops across the road, by planting his artillery on the plateau, and the two infantry regiments on the right and left. The cavalry protected the flanks. Soon the firing, which had been heard in the direction of the northwest for an hour previous, almost entirely ceased. Sigel was now impressed with the belief that Lyon's attack had been successful, and that his troops were in pursuit of the enemy, who moved in large numbers toward the ridge of a hill, about seven hundred yards opposite Sigel's right. At half-past eight o'clock the report came in from skirmishers, that Lyon's men were coming up the road, whereupon the commanding officers of the infantry notified their regiments not to fire upon the troops coming from that direction. Sigel gave the same word of caution to the artillery. Our troops anxiously expected the approach of their friends, and were waving the flag as a signal to their supposed comrades, when suddenly two batteries, one in front, on the Fayetteville road, and the other upon the hill upon which it was supposed Lyon's forces were in pursuit of the enemy, opened their fire on the deceived men, whilst a strong column of infantry, supposed to be the Iowa regiment, advanced from the Fayetteville road, and attacked the right of Sigel's line. The consternation was indescribable, and the confusion frightful. The cry, "Lyon's men are firing against us!" was heard along the ranks; the artillerymen were now ordered to fire by Sigel himself, but could hardly be brought forward to serve their pieces; the infantry would

not level their arms upon their supposed friends, until it was too late. The enemy marched within ten paces of the muzzles of our cannon, killed the horses, turned the flanks of the infantry, and forced them, panic-stricken, to fly in all directions. The troops rushed into the bushes and by-roads, retreating to Springfield, followed by large bodies of Arkansas and Texas cavalry. In this retreat five cannon were lost. The total loss in Sigel's command amounted to fifteen killed, twenty wounded, and two hundred and thirty-five missing. The loss in the main column was two hundred and eight killed, seven hundred and one wounded, and fifty-seven missing, which, added to Sigel's loss, made the entire casualties two hundred and twenty-three killed, seven hundred and twenty-one wounded, and two hundred and ninety-two missing. The effective troops of the enemy consisted of five thousand three hundred infantry, fifteen pieces of artillery, and six thousand horsemen, armed with flint-lock muskets, rifles and shot-guns. Besides these, there were large numbers of unarmed horsemen. Gen. Price admitted the loss in his division to be one hundred and fifty-six killed, and five hundred and seventeen wounded, while Gen. McCulloch, the chief commander, stated the entire loss at two hundred and sixty-five killed, eight hundred wounded, and thirty missing.

Major Sturgis, in his official report of this battle, says:

“That three thousand seven hundred men, after a fatiguing night march, attacked the enemy, numbering twenty-three thousand, on their own ground, and, after a bloody conflict of six hours, withdrew at their leisure, to return to their provisions and their water, is the best eulogium I can pass on their conduct that day.”

The death of Gen. Lyon was deplored throughout the North and West. Countless were the tributes to his memory, and deep the sorrow when his body was borne to his home in Connecticut. The death of this true patriot was the occasion of much rejoicing by the secessionists of Missouri. The battle of Wilson's Creek, or Oak Hills, as the rebels term it, was magnified, and claimed as an important rebel victory. The loss of a Union General, and the defeat of Sigel, were spoken of incessantly; while their defeat, by Lyon's and

Sturgis' column, was seemingly forgotten by the secession agitators. In this way the rebellious spirit was increased among the people of Missouri, and thousands of recruits for the rebel army were raised in a few weeks.

#### MORE AID FOR MISSOURI.

The Government now saw the necessity for sending large numbers of troops into Missouri from the surrounding loyal States. Among the first of those to respond to the call, was Indiana. On the seventeenth of August, the Twenty-Third Indiana, Col. William L. Sanderson, left for St. Louis by the Ohio and Mississippi railroad; the same day, the Twenty-Second Indiana, Col. Jeff. C. Davis, left on the Terre Haute railroad; on the following day, the Eighteenth Indiana, Col. Thomas Pattison, departed by the way of Lafayette and Springfield; on the nineteenth, the Twenty-Fourth Indiana, Col. Alvin P. Hovey, left; and on the twenty-first, Col. Conrad Baker followed, with eight companies of the First Indiana cavalry (Twenty-Eighth regiment). The Eighth, Col. Wm. P. Benton; Twenty-Fifth, Col. James C. Veatch, and Twenty-Sixth, Col. Wm. M. Wheatley, and the First, Second and Third Indiana batteries, commanded, respectively, by Captains Martin Klauss, John W. Rabb, and Watt W. Frybarger, soon after joined these regiments at St. Louis, where they were quartered for a few days, and then sent into the interior, along the lines of the several railroads, and posted at different points, to take the places of the three months' troops, whose time had expired. Other Western States contributed their share of volunteers for the campaign in Missouri.

On the nineteenth of August, two hundred and fifty men of the Twenty-Second Illinois, under Col. Dougherty and Lieut. Col. Ransom, of the Eleventh Illinois, defeated three hundred rebels of Jeff. Thompson's army at Charleston. Twenty rebels were killed and wounded, and seventeen prisoners taken. The Union loss was one killed and six wounded.

On the twelfth of September, a skirmish occurred at Black river, twelve or fifteen miles southwest of Ironton, between

three companies of the First Indiana cavalry, under Major J. Smith Gavitt, and a body of secessionists, under Ben. Talbott, in which five of the rebels were killed, and four taken prisoners, and thirty-five horses and a quantity of arms captured. The rest scattered in all directions, and being familiar with the country, eluded capture.

#### DEFENSE OF LEXINGTON.

On the first of September, Col. James A. Mulligan, commanding the Chicago Irish battalion, of eight hundred men, received orders to march to the relief of Lexington, one hundred and twenty miles west of Jefferson City, (where his regiment was stationed,) and which was then threatened by the enemy. Col. Mulligan reached Lexington on the ninth, and found the place occupied by a part of the Eighth Missouri, the First Illinois cavalry, and four hundred home guards. The Irish battalion swelled the force to about three thousand five hundred. Col. Mulligan, being the senior officer, took command. On the tenth a letter was received from Col. Peabody, of the Thirteenth Missouri, stating that he was retreating from Warrensburgh, twenty-five miles distant, and that Price was pursuing him with ten thousand men. A few hours after, Col. Peabody entered Lexington with his regiment.

On the twelfth, Price's advance force of three thousand men, under Gen. Harris, approached Lexington from the south, when the First Illinois cavalry, and the Thirteenth Missouri, were ordered out to meet them. A sharp and decisive action occurred in the evening, two miles south of the city, near the Fair ground, which resulted in considerable loss to the rebels, they having fallen into an ambuscade prepared for them by the Missouri regiment. The Union loss was four killed and a small number wounded.

From this time till Wednesday, the eighteenth, the fighting was confined to skirmishing between the hostile pickets. The aspect was now changed by the arrival of immense reinforcements to the rebels, by which their three thousand were increased to twenty thousand, with thirteen pieces of artillery. In the meantime, Mulligan had not been idle. To the north-

east of Lexington, within its limits, are a large college and grounds, including an area of fifty acres. Fortifications were constructed around the college, and earthworks, three or four feet high, were thrown up. The outer line of intrenchments extended to a seminary, fifty yards from the college, and almost to the brick dwelling of Col. Anderson, occupied as a hospital by the garrison, which stood between the seminary and the river. They also approached closely to the ravines and deep gullies between the grounds and the river on the west, and extended through the wooded banks of the river, which bound the college grounds on the north.

On Wednesday morning the pickets were driven in by the overwhelming forces of the enemy, who planted two batteries in front, one on the left, one on the right, and one in the rear. From these, at a given signal, a terrific fire was opened, which was promptly answered. About noon the hospital was taken, and filled by rebel sharpshooters, who poured a deadly fire upon the Union troops. The hospital contained the Chaplain and one hundred and twenty sick and wounded men. Towards evening, the Montgomery Guards, Capt. Gleason, of the Irish battalion, was brought out, and ordered to charge upon the hospital, and retake it. They charged up the slope to the house, took it, and drove the enemy, in wild confusion, down the hill. During the day, some of the outer works were taken by the beseiging force. Our troops retired in good order to an inner line, where they obtained shelter.

The next morning the fire was resumed, and continued all day, but with comparatively little loss on either side. The weather was intensely hot, and the garrison could only obtain its water from the river; to reach which, was almost certain death, so constant was the firing from the rebels both day and night. During Thursday night two wells were dug.

On Friday morning a brisk cannonading was opened, and the fusilade of small arms was begun, and kept up incessantly till the afternoon. The rebels had constructed movable breastworks of hemp bales, rolled them up the hill, and advanced their batteries so as to command the fortifications. Hot shot were fired at them, but without effect, they having

been thoroughly water-soaked. The outer breastworks were soon carried by the enemy. The Union lines were broken, and the rebels rushed in. The Union troops, however, repulsed them at every point; but the cartridges giving out, it became evident that the struggle could not be protracted. Suddenly the rebel fire ceased, when it was ascertained a Major of the home guards had, on his own responsibility, hoisted a white flag. It was taken down, but again raised by the same person. Affairs now reached such a condition, that Col. Mulligan, notwithstanding his unwillingness to surrender, decided to take the advice of a council of his officers, and capitulate. Capt. McDermott went out to the enemy's lines, with a handkerchief tied to a ramrod, when a parley took place. The terms were soon arranged and made known; the officers were to be retained as prisoners of war, the men to be paroled. The surrender took place at four, P. M., on Friday, the twentieth, after fifty-two hours of continuous firing.

At the capitulation Col. Mulligan shed tears. Some of the horses of Col. Marshall's cavalry died during the siege. A few privates of his regiment, unwilling that their horses should fall into the enemy's hands, shot them dead on the spot.

The privates, on taking the oath not to serve against the Confederate States, were put across the river, and marched to Richmond, whence they marched to Hamilton, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, where they were declared free to go where they pleased.

The rebel loss is believed to have been equal to, if not greater than, Col. Mulligan's, which was two hundred killed and wounded. Gen. Price admits only a loss of twenty-five killed and seventy-five wounded.

Gen. Fremont, in accounting for the failure to reinforce the besieged garrison, telegraphed the War Department, three days after the surrender, that Gen. Sturgis could not cross the river with four thousand men, because of the capture of the ferry boats by the rebels; that Lane's force, from the southwest, and Davis' force, from the southeast, upwards of eleven thousand in all, could not get there in time.



## SKIRMISHES AND GUERRILLA OPERATIONS.

Two engagements with the enemy occurred at Blue Mills Landing, near Liberty, on the eighteenth of September, the first between five hundred of the Third Iowa regiment, with one piece of artillery, under Lieut. Col. Scott, and about four thousand rebels under Gen. Atchison. After a desperate struggle of an hour's duration, in which Scott lost one hundred and twenty killed and wounded, and all his artillery horses, he retreated slowly half a mile, dragging his cannon by hand. He subsequently took a position with his howitzer on an eminence, and waited for the enemy to renew the attack. But he was not pursued. Not long afterward Col. Smith's Sixteenth Illinois regiment, with four cannon, approached Blue Mills by another road and engaged and routed the rebels as they were crossing the Missouri river.

The steamer *War Eagle*, in company with the steamers *White Cloud* and *Des Moines*, left Jefferson City on the eighteenth of September, on an expedition up the Missouri river. The *War Eagle* had on board six companies of the Twenty-Second and a portion of the Eighteenth Indiana regiments, under command of Lieut. Col. Hendricks of the Twenty-Second; on board the other two steamers were the Twenty-Sixth Indiana, under command of Col. Wheatley. Arriving at Booneville the troops of the Eighteenth Indiana were transferred to the steamer *Iatan*, and the remainder of the Twenty-Second Indiana, (which had marched across the country, in command of Major Tanner,) were taken on board the *War Eagle*. The *Iatan* received the rest of the Eighteenth Indiana. The expedition again started up the river; the troops on board the *War Eagle* and *Iatan* were under command of Lieut. Col. Hendricks, while those on the *White Cloud* and *Des Moines* were under command of Col. Wheatley. The former were destined for Glasgow and Cambridge, and were to reconnoiter about the neighborhood of those places for bands of rebels reported to be in those localities. Col. Wheatley's forces were bound for Lexington. Late in the evening of the nineteenth Col. Hendricks' forces landed five miles below Glasgow. Three companies were detached from

one steamer and three from the other, under command of Major Gordon Tanner, of the Twenty-Second Indiana, as a scouting party to go to Glasgow and surround the place. At the same time, and unknown to Col. Hendricks, a picket guard of sixty men was sent out by Col. Wheatley, who had tied up his boats for the night near where Col. Hendricks had landed. The consequence was the parties met in the woods, a short distance from the boats. Mistaking each other for enemies they commenced firing, which for a few minutes was incessant. Before the mistake was discovered three of the Eighteenth and one of the Twenty-Second were killed and seven or eight wounded. Among the latter was Major Tanner, who received a mortal wound from which he afterwards died at Jefferson City. The expedition returned the next day, without accomplishing the object of its mission.

#### BATTLE OF FREDERICKTOWN.

Intelligence having reached Col. Carlin, commanding the forces at Pilot Knob, that Gen. Jeff. Thompson, with a large rebel force, was in the vicinity of Fredericktown, he ordered Capt. Hawkins, of the Missouri cavalry, to proceed with a detachment of forty men to reconnoiter in that direction. On Tuesday, the sixteenth of October, when within five miles of Fredericktown, his advance guard was suddenly attacked and two of his men taken prisoners. Capt. Hawkins succeeded in driving the rebels within their lines, and then sent for reinforcements. While awaiting their arrival he was thrice attacked, but each time repulsed the enemy. Late on Wednesday evening reinforcements arrived, consisting of six companies of the First Indiana cavalry, under Maj. J. Smith Gavitt, and the Twenty-First Illinois infantry, Col. Alexander commanding. Thursday morning, while on the march, the advance guard came in contact with the rebels, when a skirmish followed. The main force now came up and engaged and routed the enemy. Apprehending the approach of a larger force of rebels, the Union troops at night fell back on Pilot Knob.

On the Sunday following the troops stationed at Pilot Knob

marched to Fredericktown to attack Thompson's force, reported to be four thousand strong and intrenched. On Monday morning they arrived at Fredericktown to find that the enemy had evacuated it the day before. Col. Carlin's force was composed of the First Indiana cavalry, Col. Conrad Baker, the Twenty-First, Thirty-Third and Thirty-Eighth Illinois, the Eighth Wisconsin, and a battery of six pieces, under command of Major Schofield, making in all three thousand five hundred men. At noon these were joined by fifteen hundred men—the Seventeenth and Twentieth Illinois, the Eleventh Missouri, a section of Taylor's battery, and two companies of Illinois cavalry—under command of Col. J. B. Plummer, of the Eleventh Missouri. This force had been dispatched from Cape Girardeau, by Gen. Grant, to co-operate with Col. Carlin. The latter gave Col. Plummer a part of his command and he immediately started in pursuit of Thompson, who was found occupying a position one mile out of town on the Greenville road. An immediate attack followed. The rebel artillery consisted of four pieces, masked, upon the slope of a hill about six hundred yards distant. The principal body of their infantry, under Col. Lowe, was posted in a corn field to the left of the road. Taylor's battery opened fire, and by its effectiveness soon caused the enemy to respond. The Seventeenth Illinois then engaged the rebel infantry in the corn field, while the other regiments deployed to the right and left. The Thirty-Eighth Illinois was now ordered forward from the town, and promptly came upon the field, leaving as a reserve the Eighth Wisconsin and one section of Schofield's battery. Two sections of the latter were at once ordered into action, and the line of battle was formed, and a steady advance made upon the enemy's lines. The infantry firing of the Seventeenth and Twentieth Illinois, and Eleventh Missouri, on the left, was so deadly that the enemy were forced to fall back. Their retreat soon became a rout, the rebels flying in every direction, pursued by the Union troops. At this time the enemy's infantry on the right of the road, where Thompson commanded in person, beat a retreat, when the First Indiana cavalry was ordered to charge and pursue them. Thompson, however, had rallied a portion of

his troops about half a mile in the rear of his first position, and brought one gun into battery on the road, supported by infantry on either side. The cavalry, led by the gallant Col. Baker, charged and took the gun, while exposed to a deadly fire from the enemy's infantry. A column, which had been ordered forward to the support of the cavalry, failing to reach the point in time, the enemy recaptured and carried the piece from the field. It was here two of Indiana's noblest and bravest sons fell—Major Gavitt and Capt. Highman.

The rout now became general. The enemy were pursued by the victorious troops for several miles, until the approach of night prompted their recall to town. Captain Stewart's squadron of Illinois cavalry followed them until late in the night, and brought in several prisoners. One field piece was taken by Col. Ross' Seventeenth Illinois.

On the following morning the enemy was pursued by the greater portion of our forces for ten miles, but finding that he could not be overtaken, the Union troops were ordered back to Fredericktown.

Our forces engaged in this battle were commanded by Col. J. B. Plummer, who was afterwards specially commended, in general orders, by Gen. Grant. There were taken upon the field eighty prisoners, of whom thirty-eight were wounded. The Federal loss was six killed and sixty wounded. The rebel forces numbered about four thousand, of whom one hundred and fifty-eight were buried on the field.

#### FREMONT'S PURSUIT OF PRICE.

On the twenty-seventh of September Gen. Fremont left St. Louis, with fifteen steamers and fifteen thousand men, and sailed up the Missouri to Jefferson City, where he halted several days to collect additional material necessary for a march into the interior. Gen. Price, hearing of this formidable movement, evacuated Lexington, leaving only a small force behind to guard it.

On the sixteenth the garrison at Lexington was surprised by Major White, with one hundred and fifty men, and the place and all the sick and wounded recaptured. Sixty pris-

oners were taken. Not having sufficient force to hold Lexington, Major White abandoned it, after first placing the hospital patients on board a steamer and dispatching it to St. Louis.

Gen. Fremont, who had collected a large army at Sedalia, now began a forward movement to the south-west. This was the commencement of that long and tedious march to Springfield, which was remarkable for its severity and privations. But little transportation was used. The soldiers were compelled to lie upon the ground, in the rain and snow, without tents. Hundreds were left to sicken and die on the road. Springfield was reached on the first of November, and found deserted. While at this place Gen. Fremont, on the second of November, received a peremptory order from the War Department relieving him from his command, and designating as his successor, Gen. David Hunter; who reported for duty the next day, and, almost immediately, withdrew the Federal army from south-west Missouri.

The causes assigned for Fremont's removal were: neglecting to reinforce Lyon and Mulligan; issuing a proclamation confiscating rebel property in a manner not in conformity with the act of Congress of August sixth, which confiscated only property *used* in rebellion, which proclamation the President afterwards compelled him to modify; extravagant expenditures in constructing fortifications in and around St. Louis; and the corrupt manner in which Quartermasters' supplies were furnished and accounted for in his department.

#### GENERAL HALLECK'S ADMINISTRATION.

In December Major General Henry W. Halleck, lately of California, was assigned to the command of the Military Department of the West, which included Missouri. He at once entered upon active duty, having his headquarters at St. Louis. His first act was to issue and enforce a series of "General Orders," which had the effect to stop all further attempts of the secessionists of St. Louis to stir up strife, and to place them in complete subjection to military rule. All found in arms against the Government, or who gave aid and

comfort to the rebels, in any portion of the State, were confined and held as prisoners of war; while spies and bridge-burners, whenever caught, were executed. Union refugees, who had thronged into St. Louis—having been plundered and driven from their homes by the rebels—were taken in charge by the Provost Marshals, and quartered upon avowed secessionists of that city. All municipal officers of St. Louis were required to take the oath of allegiance prescribed by the Missouri State Convention, or else subject themselves to arrest. Gen. Halleck made such disposition of the forces at his command as enabled them to be entirely successful in every engagement they had with the enemy. On no occasion were the Union troops allowed to be defeated or disconcerted by Price or other rebel Generals, because of inadequate numbers. However just the criticism of Gen. Halleck's efforts in other fields may have been, it is an undeniable fact, that his management of the Missouri campaign was most successful.

#### THE BLACK WATER EXPEDITION.

The expedition known as "Black Water" set out from Otterville on the thirteenth of December. The brigade under Col. Jeff. C. Davis, of the Twenty-Second Indiana, and composed of the Eighth Indiana, Col. William P. Benton, Eighteenth Indiana, Col. Thomas Pattison, Twenty-Fourth Indiana, Col. Alvin P. Hovey, First Indiana battery, Capt. Martin Klauss, and one squadron of First Iowa cavalry, Major Torrence, started from camp at nine o'clock at night, and marched eighteen miles by daylight. The following day it was joined by the brigade commanded by Col. Fred. Steele, of the Eighth Iowa, consisting of the Twenty-Seventh Ohio, Col. Kennett; Twenty-Second Indiana, Lieut. Col. John A. Hendricks; First Kansas, Col. Thayer; one battery of First Missouri artillery, Lieut. Marr, and four companies of regular cavalry, Lieut. Amory. The whole force, under the command of Gen. John Pope, moved in the direction of Hall's store and Chilhowee. Near the latter place, the rebel forces it was intended to intercept and capture, were over-

taken. A march of thirty-one miles during the day, and darkness, prevented an attack until the morning. The cavalry, however, was sent out to watch the enemy, and burn the bridges on the line of his retreat. This they failed to do; and morning found the enemy, four or five thousand in number, fourteen miles off, successfully making his retreat. The troops were much chagrined at the loss of the expected opportunity to test their valor. They had so often, after hard marches and high expectations, been disappointed, that they became much dispirited and dissatisfied.

Gen. Pope, after giving a day's rest to the troops near Warrensburgh, determined to return, and, in so doing, to scout the country along the Black Water. The first day's march was completed. The General had given orders to go into camp. At about three o'clock in the afternoon, a countryman brought intelligence that a rebel force, twelve hundred strong, was a few miles below on the river. Little credit was given to the accuracy of the information. Col. Jeff. C. Davis, riding up at the time, Gen. Pope expressed a desire that he would take command of the cavalry, consisting of five companies of the Iowa First, and two of regular cavalry, and a section of artillery; in all, three hundred and fifty men, and make a reconnoissance in that direction. Col. Davis, taking the countryman along as a guide, marched promptly and vigorously in search of the rebel camp. Passing through a place called Knob Noster, the enemy's first pickets were discovered about three miles from Milford. Col. D.'s escort of ten men charged upon them, drove them in, capturing one of their number. From him the position and force of the enemy were ascertained.

The column now moved rapidly forward, driving in the rebel pickets, until the bridge and mill at the crossing of the road with the Black Water was reached. Here the enemy's main force was discovered, drawn up in line on the opposite side of the stream, and strongly posted in a short bend, with both flanks protected by its deep waters and impassable banks. The long, narrow bridge, which crossed the river, was guarded by one hundred and fifty men, commanded by the notorious Magoffin.

Col. Davis, discovering that the only means of reaching the main force of the enemy was by carrying the bridge without halting his forces, ordered an assault. Two companies of the Fourth regular cavalry, under command, respectively, of Lieut. Gordon and Lieut. Amory, advanced with the utmost gallantry and vigor, supported by the five companies of the First Iowa cavalry, under Major Torrence. The dash was made by the troops in the most gallant manner. The conflict was short and bloody, revolvers and sabres were freely used by the brave troopers. The bridge was carried, and the force quickly formed on the opposite side for a charge on the main lines. The troops were put in motion, and the bugles sounded the first notes of "the charge;" then the enemy hoisted a white flag, and asked what flag our forces fought under. Davis remanded the messenger back immediately, bidding him inform his commander that no such pretexts for hoisting flags of truce would be tolerated. The first flag had not been lowered before a second one was raised and brought to the front. The bearer demanded to be informed "who commanded these troops." Col. Davis gave his name, and asked that the object of the visit be made known at once. The bearer of the flag stated that the object was to secure time for consultation, to which Col. Davis promptly replied: "Go back and say to your commander that I regret the lateness of the hour will not allow me to grant his request; tell him that I have no desire unnecessarily to shed the blood of my countrymen; but my duty is plain and imperative, and, unless he surrenders his command immediately, I shall make the Black Water red with blood in ten minutes."

The commander, Col. Robinson, accompanied by Cols. Magoffin and Alexander, in a few minutes came to the front and surrendered the entire command as prisoners of war. Nine hundred and fifty men, with arms and equipments, seventy-five wagons as commissary and baggage train, with considerable other property, were thus captured. The prisoners were then marched to camp, which was reached at nine o'clock at night; and the result of the expedition was made the occasion for much rejoicing by Gen. Pope's army. The



march to the Black Water, ten miles from camp, and the capture and march back to camp, occupied only six hours. The fighting occupied but a few minutes, resulting in the killing of one Union soldier, and the wounding of eight others. One of the rebels was killed near the bridge, and several were wounded nearer their camp.

Gen. Pope broke up his camp near Warrensburgh on the nineteenth, and marched his command to Sedalia, arriving there the same afternoon. Besides the prisoners captured by Col. Davis, small squads were picked up by different commanders at several places, making the whole number brought into Sedalia nearly thirteen hundred, including three Colonels and seventeen Captains.

On the twenty-eighth of December, Gen. Prentiss, with four hundred and fifty troops, encountered and dispersed a body of rebels, nine hundred strong, under Col. Dorsey, at Mount Zion, Boone county, killing and wounding one hundred and fifty, and capturing thirty-five prisoners, ninety-five horses, and one hundred stand of small arms. The National loss was three killed and eleven wounded.

#### BATTLE OF SILVER CREEK.

A battle was fought on the eighth of January, 1862, at Roan's Tanyard, in Randolph county. The rebels, one thousand strong, under Col. Poindexter, on Silver creek, were attacked at four o'clock in the afternoon by Majors Torrence and Hubbard, with four hundred and eighty men. The rebels made but a feeble resistance, owing to the want of an efficient commander. After an engagement of only half an hour, they were routed. In their flight they threw away their guns and overcoats. The Union troops burned the rebel camp, consisting of one hundred and five tents, twenty-five wagons, eighty-seven kegs of powder, and a large quantity of provisions, equipments and clothing. Darkness preventing pursuit, the Union forces moved to their camp, twenty-three miles distant. Their loss was twenty-five killed and wounded, while that of the rebels was estimated at not less than eighty.

On the eleventh of January, Waldo P. Johnson and Truett Polk, of Missouri, were expelled from the United States Senate by a unanimous vote of that body, for having connected themselves with the rebel army and government.

On the twenty-ninth of January, General Earl Van Dorn assumed command of the Trans-Mississippi District of the Confederate States, comprising portions of the States of Missouri and Arkansas, making his headquarters at Pocahontas, Arkansas. About this time Gen. Jeff. C. Davis' division, composed of the Eighth and Twenty-Second Indiana, Thirty-Seventh Illinois and Ninth Missouri, accompanied by two batteries of twenty-four pieces, and three companies of cavalry, under Major Hubbard, marched from Versailles in the direction of Springfield, where Price was stationed. The latter learning of the advance retreated towards the Ozark mountains and Wilson's creek, leaving behind six hundred of his sick and a large amount of military stores and equipments. Price had twelve thousand effective men and fifty pieces of artillery. Gen. Curtis soon joined Davis, and with their united force marched upon Price on the twelfth of February, and drove him for four days, during which there was constant skirmishing. Price now reached Cross Hollows, Arkansas; further pursuit was, for the time being, abandoned.

Gen. Curtis, on the twenty-third of February, with a portion of the Union troops under his command, occupied Fayetteville, Arkansas; the rebels at his approach fled in great confusion across the Boston Mountains. Before leaving they burnt a portion of the town and left behind them a quantity of poisoned meat, which, unhappily, was partaken of by the national troops, resulting in the poisoning of forty officers and men of the Fifth Missouri cavalry.

#### BATTLE OF PEA RIDGE.

The main encampment of the Army of the South-West was at Cross Hollows, Arkansas, on the Fayetteville and Springfield road, at its intersection with the Bentonville road. Rumors reached the camp that Gen. Van Dorn, with a large

body of rebels, that had been concentrated fifty miles south, contemplated an attack. Gen. Curtis ordered the garrison at Fayetteville to fall back upon his camp, and directed that the detachments of troops, which had been sent out in several directions, be immediately recalled. Scouts, who had closely reconnoitered the enemy's camp, brought the exciting intelligence that Van Dorn was already moving northward with thirty thousand men.

On the first of March Gen. Sigel, in command of the first division, moved his camp from Osage Springs to a point near Bentonville, to secure a better region for foraging purposes. On the same morning, in pursuance of instructions from Gen. Curtis, Col. Jeff. C. Davis, commanding the third division, broke up his camp at Cross Hollows and took position on the heights of Pea Ridge, on the north side of Sugar creek, commanding the main road. Col. Carr's division (the fourth) remained at Cross Hollows. On receiving intelligence of the rebel advance, Gen. Curtis decided to concentrate his forces at Sugar Creek, a short distance south of Pea Ridge, a good point of defense and abundantly supplied with water, and to which Col. Davis had already advanced, and where he was partially intrenched. On the fifth Gen. Sigel received orders to join Gen. Curtis at Pea Ridge. On the sixth he marched from Bentonville in obedience to those orders. His rear guard consisted of the Thirty-Sixth Illinois and a portion of the Second Missouri, and one battery, numbering in all about six hundred men. This rear guard was suddenly attacked and surrounded by four rebel regiments of infantry and cavalry. A vigorous engagement ensued, but Gen. Sigel being himself present, managed this handful of men so successfully that he cut his way through the enemy, and made one of those masterly retreats which had already rendered his name famous. Planting a portion of his guns, with infantry to sustain them, he poured the grape and shell into the advancing squadrons, until, quailing before the murderous fire, they broke in confusion. Before they could re-form Sigel limbered up and fell back behind another portion of his battery, planted at another turn in the road. Here the same scene was enacted. Thus it continued for ten miles. The roads in

many places were very narrow and badly cut up, making the march one of great difficulty. He finally formed a junction with Cols. Davis' and Carr's divisions the same evening, losing only twenty-eight in killed and wounded, and only a few prisoners.

Gen. Curtis, during the sixth, was diligently preparing earth-work defenses, and cutting timber, to check the progress of the enemy along the Fayetteville road, where they were confidently expected. As the Union camp was, in its front, a strong natural position, and difficult of access on either flank, Van Dorn decided to make his attack on its rear, thus cutting off Curtis' base of supplies. The rebel commander left the main road near Fayetteville and turned westward, passing through Bentonville and re-entering the main road near the Missouri State line, about eight miles north of Sugar creek. Leaving a small force to make a feint upon Curtis' front, Van Dorn, during the day and night of the sixth, moved almost his entire force round the west side of our army; Gen. Price occupying the Fayetteville road near Elkhorn tavern, north of Curtis' camp, while McCulloch and McIntosh lay north of Sigel's and Davis' divisions. The distance of the main bodies of the two wings of each army apart was nearly three miles, thus forming in fact four distinct armies. On the night of the sixth Gen. Curtis' line of battle was extended along the bank of Sugar creek, facing southward, with the right resting on Sugar Creek Hollow. During the night he became convinced that the enemy had moved his forces so as to attack the rear and right of the Union army. Early on the morning of the seventh, a change of front was ordered, which brought the line of battle across Pea Ridge, with the new right resting on the head of Cross Timber Hollow, which is the head of Big Sugar Creek, while the left still rested on Sugar Creek Hollow, at the point where the right of the former line of battle had rested.

#### THE ENGAGEMENT NEAR LEETOWN.

So soon as the line was established, Col. Osterhaus was ordered with some cavalry and light artillery to make a dem-

onstration in the direction of Leetown, to break what was supposed to be the reinforced line of the enemy. The First Missouri cavalry, under Col. Ellis, and the Twenty-Second Indiana, under Col. John A. Hendricks, were ordered to support this movement. Col. Osterhaus advanced about a mile beyond Leetown, and found the enemy in force, moving rapidly along the road leading from Bentonville to Elkhorn tavern, where Col. Carr's division had now sharply engaged the rebels. The falling back in some disorder of the Third Iowa cavalry gave proof of the necessity of reinforcing Osterhaus, and Col. Jeff. C. Davis was ordered forward to the center with his entire division, who sustained and superseded Col. Osterhaus, supported, also, by Gen. Sigel's command, which had remained till nearly the close of the day on the left. Davis, on reaching the scene of action, found Col. Osterhaus, with the Forty-Fourth Illinois, Twenty-Second Indiana, and some artillery, in position on the left of the road and contesting the approach of the enemy, over a large open field in his front. In the meantime the enemy was rapidly approaching and advancing his forces on the right of the road, and had already lodged large numbers in a scrub oak thicket, extending to the Union camp. The second brigade of Davis' division, consisting of the Thirty-Seventh and Fifty-Ninth Illinois, (formerly Ninth Missouri,) with Davidson's Illinois battery, (of Peoria,) commanded by Col. Julius White, was immediately deployed to the right and at once became engaged in the most vigorous manner. The increasing and excessive fire of the enemy gave evidence that he was being rapidly reinforced. Col. Davis ordered the Eighteenth Indiana, Lieut. Col. H. D. Washburn, and the Twenty-Second Indiana, Col. Hendricks, of the first brigade, Col. Thos. Patison, to make a flank movement to the right and perpendicular to the enemy, and then to move forward and attack him. This was accomplished with alacrity, but not, however, until Col. White's brigade had begun to recede before the excessive fire of the enemy, who had now concentrated his forces to the number of several thousand, under McCulloch and McIntosh, with a large body of Indians under Albert Pike and Ross. Being overwhelmed, White's brigade was directed to fall

back and change front to rear on its right, and Col. Pattison's brigade to change front forward on its left, so as to attack the enemy in his rear, who was now exultingly following up his temporary success. The Eighteenth Indiana soon executed the movement as directed, and opened a well directed fire upon the enemy's rear, which had the effect of drawing his fire and disconcerting his pursuit, thus enabling Col. White's brigade to re-form their lines as ordered, but not until the enemy had succeeded in capturing two guns of Davidson's battery, which, owing to the precipitate advance of the rebels, and disabled horses, could not be withdrawn. The Eighteenth Indiana pushed rapidly forward and drove the enemy from this part of the field. The Twenty-Second Indiana, during all this time, engaged a large force of Arkansas troops and Indians, and, after a sharp engagement, put them to flight. In the meantime Col. White's brigade renewed the engagement, when the enemy fled from the field, leaving behind him many of the killed and wounded. Among the former were Gens. McCulloch and McIntosh. Col. Osterhaus' command, during the progress of this attack upon the enemy's center, rendered invaluable aid to Col. Davis' division in successfully defeating and driving the rebels from the field. The enemy made an attempt to re-form in his former position, near the Bentonville road, but was easily driven from it by the action of our batteries. Two regiments of reinforcements, with two pieces of heavy artillery, arrived at this time from Sigel's command, and were assigned a position on the right, so as to be able to move more readily to the support of Col. Carr's division, which had for several hours been hotly engaged in the vicinity of Elkhorn tavern. Gen. Sigel soon arrived himself, and accompanied by Osterhaus' command, moved in the direction of Carr's left. Col. Davis, at the same time, threw forward Col. White's brigade to the Bentonville road and Elkhorn tavern road. The enemy having retreated and night being upon them, Davis ordered his troops to bivouac on the field they had so gloriously won.

## THE BATTLE AT ELKHORN TAVERN.

On the morning of the seventh of March, the fourth division, under command of Col. Carr, was ordered to take position on the right, and engage the enemy in that quarter. Advancing up the main road to a point about four miles from the State line, Col. Dodge's brigade, composed of the Fourth Iowa, the Thirty-Fifth Illinois, and the First Iowa battery, Capt. Jones, filed off upon the road leading from Bentonville to Elkhorn Tavern, and immediately opened its battery upon the enemy, who was posted in a wood on a declivity in front. The artillery fire was promptly replied to, and a brisk encounter of artillery and infantry speedily ensued. Col. Vandever's brigade, composed of the Ninth Iowa, the Twenty-Fifth Missouri, the Third Illinois cavalry, and the Dubuque (Iowa) battery, Capt. Hayden, passed about half a mile beyond the Tavern and took position on the left of the road. In front of them the ground descended to a dry ravine, and the opposite bank, which was somewhat abrupt and covered with scrub oaks, was held by the enemy. About nine o'clock, A. M., the engagement commenced at this point, the Dubuque battery opening upon the rebels. The rebel batteries responded and in a few minutes the whole line of the division was briskly engaged. The rebels charged upon the Union battery and succeeded in capturing one of the guns before they could be driven back by the infantry. One hour's fighting in position on the slope accomplished nothing for Col. Carr's division, except to reveal the presence of an immense force of the enemy preparing to charge upon the Union troops.

Fearing such a movement might result in the loss of a battery, Col. Carr withdrew to a better point, about a hundred yards to the rear. Here the fight was kept up for some time, the rebels repeatedly attempted to charge, but were as often driven back by the well directed volleys of our troops. In one of these charges another gun was lost. It now became necessary again to fall back, and this time a stand was made near the Tavern, and along the road leading to the east. Hour after hour passed away, and still that one division was coping with a rebel force nearly quadruple its number. They

were driven back, inch by inch, until they were only a mile and a half from the camp. Owing to the engagement near Leeville, it was impossible to send reinforcements to Carr until the afternoon. At four o'clock Gen. Asboth arrived with two infantry regiments and a battery from the second division. Carr had then fallen back to an open field a mile from camp. The reinforcements thus received enabled him to hold his ground until night closed upon the conflict. The lines of the contending armies, during the night, were not more than three hundred yards apart. Each party rested on their arms and passed the long hours till dawn without lighting fires.

Gen. Curtis became convinced before the day closed that the enemy had concentrated his main force on the right, and, therefore, commenced another change of front, forward, so as to face the enemy where he had deployed on the Union right flank, in strong position. This was accomplished during the night, Gen. Sigel bringing his division to a position on the left of Carr soon after dark, while Col. Davis, at midnight, moved his division to the main road and thence north to the cleared land south of Elkhorn Tavern, where it took position on the right of Carr's division. Col. Pattison's brigade, of Davis' command, was deployed a few hundred yards to the right of the Fayetteville road to support Klaus' First Indiana battery, which was placed at the edge of an open field intervening between the range of hills at Elkhorn Tavern and the timber protecting the Union camp. Here the five companies of the Eighth Indiana, under Lieut. Col. Shunk, joined their brigade. They had the previous day participated in the engagement with Col. Carr's forces, and had bivouaced on the field during the night. Davidson's battery was placed in a similar position on the left of the road, supported by Col. White's brigade.

Gen. Sigel, having learned the exact position of the enemy's batteries, commenced to form his line of battle by changing his front so as to face the right flank of the enemy's position. He first ordered the Twenty-Fifth Illinois, under Col. Coler, to take a position along a fence, in open view of the enemy's batteries, which at once opened fire upon them. Immedi-



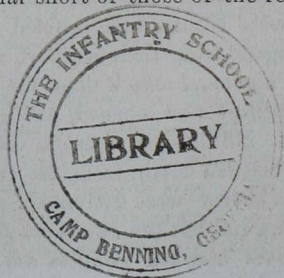
ately a battery of six guns was thrown into line one hundred paces in the rear of the advanced infantry, on a rise of ground. The Twelfth Missouri then wheeled into line, with the Twenty-Fifth Illinois on their left, and another battery of guns was similarly disposed a short distance behind them. Then another regiment and another battery wheeled into position, until thirty pieces of artillery, each about fifteen or twenty paces from the other, were in a continuous line, with infantry lying down in front. Each piece opened fire as it came into position, and the fire of the entire line was directed so as to silence battery after battery of the enemy.

Throughout the morning there was constant skirmishing and light encounters with the portion of the enemy opposed to the centre and right; but on the left not a gun was fired, until the whole of Gen. Sigel's command was in readiness. At eight o'clock the decisive engagement commenced. Soon after sunrise, Davis began the attack with his artillery, which brought responses from masked batteries, one of which opened with grape and canister, so near the flank of Klaus's battery, that he was compelled to retire. This battery withdrew on discovering that Pattison's brigade was about to charge it. White's brigade, being much exposed to an enfilading fire, was ordered to fall back, and take shelter under the timber. By this time the position of the enemy's batteries was well developed, and Davidson now took a more commanding position in the open field, where he was soon joined by Klaus; and in a few moments the contest was opened and maintained with great spirit on both sides, until Sigel's forces were ready for action. The approach of Sigel's infantry on the left of Davis' division, rendered the position of his batteries secure, and enabled him to withdraw Col. White's brigade from their support, and prepare the entire division for a general attack upon the enemy's left.

Sigel's artillery now opened, and engaged with spirit in the contest. No human courage could stand the terrible fire which belched forth from his cannon. The crowded ranks of the enemy were decimated, and the battery horses shot at their guns, but the rebels stood bravely to their post. For two hours and ten minutes did Sigel's iron hail fall

“thick as autumn leaves, furious as the avalanche, deadly as the simoom.” One by one the rebel pieces ceased to play. Onward crept our infantry; onward moved Sigel and his terrible guns. Shorter and shorter became the range. No charge of theirs could force that iron hail, or dare to venture on that compact line of bayonets. They turned and fled. Again Sigel advanced his line, making another partial change of front. The favorable opportunity now offered, and all the troops of Davis’ and Carr’s divisions, (comprising the right and center,) were ordered to advance across the field. The left, under Sigel, moved close to the hills occupied by the enemy, driving him from the heights, and advancing steadily to the head of the hollows. Col. White’s brigade, of Davis’ division, together with the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second Indiana, soon warmly engaged the enemy, who began to yield to the steady fire and determined advance of our troops, and finally broke and fled in much confusion, enabling Davis to turn the left of the enemy, and cross-fire in his center. This final position enclosed the enemy in the arc of a circle. A charge of infantry, extending throughout the whole line, completely routed the whole rebel force, which retired in great confusion, through a deep and almost impassable defile of cross timbers.

Thus ended the first battle in Arkansas. After an engagement of fifteen hours, extending through the larger portion of two consecutive days, the rebel forces were driven from the field, and the Stars and Stripes hoisted on the contested ground. No accurate statement has ever been made of the losses in this great battle. The Union army suffered heavily, but their casualties fell far short of those of the rebels.





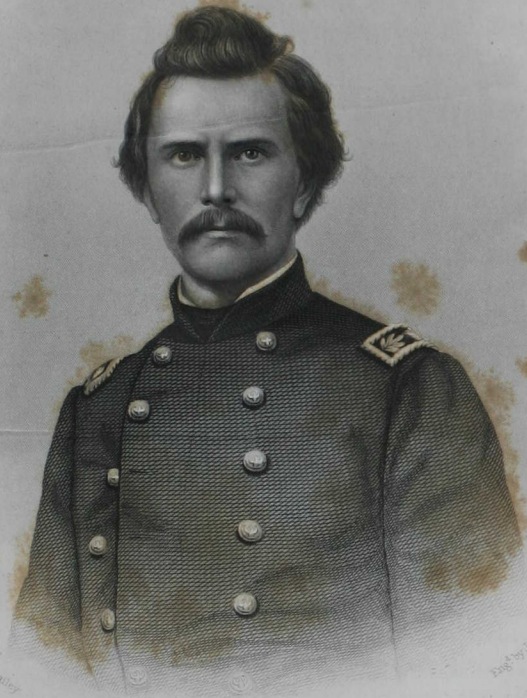
Hudson Tamme

Eng. by J.C. Burtre, N.Y.

"thick as a stump, leaving nothing in the avalanche, deadly as the lightning." One by one the rebel forces ceased to play. Onward crept our infantry; onward moved Sigel and his terrible guns. Shorter and shorter became the range. No charge of their own. Never had they been so late to venture on that compact line of battle. They advanced and fled. Again Sigel advanced by his own orders, and changed change of front. The terrible, concentrated fire of all the troops of Davis' and Carr's divisions (in front, rear and center,) were ordered to advance across the hill. The left, under Sigel, moved close to the hills occupied by the enemy, driving him from the heights, and advancing steadily to the head of the hollows. Col. White's brigade, of Davis' division, together with the Eighteenth and Twenty-Second Indiana, soon warmly engaged the enemy, who began to yield to the steady fire and determined advance of our troops, and finally broke and fled in much confusion, enabling Davis to turn the left of the enemy, and cross-fire in his center. This final position enclosed the enemy in the arc of a circle. A charge of infantry, extending throughout the whole line, completely routed the whole rebel force, which retired in great confusion, through a deep and almost impassable defile of cross timbers.

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Engr'd by F. N. Bailey

Eng'd by J. C. Moore, N.Y.

*Gordon Tanner.*

MAJ. GORDON TANNER.

22<sup>nd</sup> Indiana Reg<sup>t</sup>.

